

## WOMAN and HER WORK.

I suppose there are few qualities of the human heart that we think so little about when we are not in actual need of it, and value so highly when we chance to require it; as that most meet and beautiful gift of sympathy. I say gift, because only a few possess it naturally, and the genuine article can never be successfully cultivated: it must come straight from the heart and be the outcome of one of the heart's most generous impulses, or somehow it is sure to fall short of the mark, and lack "the guinea stamp" of purity, the genuine ring of the true metal. It need not be expressed in words; indeed the truest sympathy is often shown by a silent pressure of the hand, or a loving look from eyes that brim over with tears called up by our sorrow. I am not even sure that the power of speech is needed to express sympathy, for who has not felt in time of trouble, the mute pressure of a dog's honest head upon his knee and seen, look of dumb, helpless grief in his love's eyes over a sorrow that was not his own, and which he could not even understand, but still could sympathize with?

A sorrow shared, is a sorrow lightened; and the mere knowledge that some other heart beats in sympathy with ours, and long, however vainly, to ease our pain, is the greatest help that can be given; a priceless gift to the recipient, and yet such a little thing to one who gives it, that the only wonder is why advice should be so plenty, and sympathy so lamentably scarce, when one costs no more than the other.

I am afraid we are a little apt to confuse sympathy with pity, and often shrink from offering the one, lest it should be mistaken for the other, knowing how many people there are in the world who seem unable to distinguish the wide difference between the two sentiments, and who would prefer to bear their burdens alone, and go through the world uncheered by sympathy, rather than run the least risk of being subjected to the indignity of being pitied.

"I can bear my troubles by myself: I want no one's pity," is a remark I have often heard, and heard it curiously enough, from the lips of those who would be the very first to lavish the tenderest sympathy the human heart was capable of upon anyone who was in trouble, and who furnished a strange illustration, that was almost a perversion of the truth, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

The proudest man or woman amongst us need not be ashamed to receive sympathy because it is one of those things which need never weigh heavily on anyone's mind, since it can always be returned, paid back in kind, if not to the one who gave it, at least to some saddened brother or sister who needs it, and to whom it may prove a substantial help in a dark hour.

Many poets have sung of love, and many have chanted the beauties of friendship, but few, too few have done anything like justice to the marvellous power, exercised over the human heart by sympathy, or the bitter desolation of a life bereft of it.

Lord Byron learned how to value sympathy through the singular lack of it which darkened and embittered his short life, and he spoke from his heart when he said: "There's nought in this bad world like sympathy: 'Tis so becoming to the heart and face— Sets to soft music the inharmonious sigh, And robes meet friendship in a Brussels lace."

Poor Tom Hood with his sad face and merry heart knew it when he said in his own quaint way—

"How blessed the heart that has a friend  
A sympathizing ear to lend  
To troubles too great to smother  
For as ale and porter, when flat are restored  
Till a sparkling bubbling head they afford,  
So sorrow is cheered by being poured  
From one vessel into another."

Yes, girls! Sympathy is a wonderful thing and I don't think any of us need ever be afraid of giving too much, since, one day or another we are all bound to need it, and when that time comes God grant we may not ask it in vain.

I so seldom hear from any of the girls whom I used to call mine, that I have come to the conclusion that the love they so often expressed for me, and of which they used to send me such generous quantities in their letters, was very short-lived, and they have forgotten all about their friend, Astra. As for the boys, whom I once welcomed so cordially to my corner of PROGRESS,—well, I cannot trust myself to speak about them; I feel too deeply on the subject, because some scientists contend that men are more faithful than women, and I would fain have believed them. I will only say, that I should be more sorry than I can tell, if I thought all our pleasant talks were over, and I should have no more amusing half hours with the large family of boys and girls whom I looked upon as my special property.

I have not forgotten you, however, girls, and though I have not been inundated with the appeals for freckle and sunburn lotions, which have been my portion for the last two summers, I have kept your little wants in mind; and have been diligently adding to my store of freckle, tan, and general complexion, lore, so, to show that I am not cherishing any "hard feelings" on account of your desertion. I will give you the benefit of some of my researches. In the first place the "clear healthy pallor" so charming in the high-

born heroine of the society novel, is very seldom encountered outside the pages of that publication. True, we see something like it in real life, very often indeed, but then we call it sallowness, and the victim is never supposed to put on airs over it, or consider it a mark of special distinction! On the contrary she would usually be most willing to exchange with someone who was possessed of a little wholesome color, and who was foolish enough to consent to such a one-sided bargain.

I am afraid that clear healthy pallor is a sad delusion, because we all know that one of the first things an actress does when she wants to make herself look beautiful is to tint her cheeks a delicate rose color, and surely there is no such aid to beauty as a bright complexion. The rosy cheeked girl can wear colors, and fabrics which her pallid sister may not even approach, without apparently turning gray or green. She cannot wear a white dress without looking like a corpse, she must avoid nearly all shades of green as if it were a pestilence and unless she wants to look like a tallow candle yellow must be a forbidden color also. Pale blue is out of the question, so is pale pink, and what is life worth when you can only wear the darkest shades of gray and slate color picked out with cardinal, navy blue, dark brown, dark red, or black, with the full consciousness that the only one of the five in which you look well is red, and red is nearly out of fashion, while everyone else is wearing heliotrope or lettuce green.

Worst of all there is no use in the pallid girl endeavoring to dabble in art, and call rouge to her aid, since the contrast between pink cheeks and an otherwise sallow face would be too startling to be either becoming, or to deceive the cold and cruel eye of the critic: so the only thing left for the pallid beauty is to resort to nature and persuade that hard-hearted dame to plant the roses herself.

The first thing one wants is plenty of blood, and in order to obtain it, a good deal of attention must be paid to the diet; meat must be eaten very sparingly, once a day at the outside; but soups and broths may be taken as often as possible. Vegetables should be the staple food; and I daresay I am telling you something you never heard before, when I say that of all complexion foods, lettuce is the best. Eat as much of it as possible, because it contains enough opium to clear and freshen the complexion, and it also possesses the valuable property of absorbing, through the aid of the same drug, impurities of the blood, which often appear on the face, in pimples and eruptions.

All white soups, or "cream soups" as the cookery books call them, are excellent, so are soft boiled eggs, and almost all vegetables, carrots above all others. I am conspicuously fond of dainties myself, but I am afraid all the very nicest things are fatal to a good complexion—except fruit, of that we can scarcely eat too much, provided it be ripe and fresh. But all candy, all pastry, and everything in which our hearts delight, from caramels, to doughnuts, from butter scotch to oyster patties and from preserved ginger scotch short cake, is under a hopeless ban. Terrible, is it not, to be unable to gratify one's vanity and one's taste for the good things of life at the same time?

All dark brown beverages too, such as the strong and comforting cup of coffee at breakfast which tones us up for the wear and tear of the day or refreshes us for the after supper dances, must be relinquished and if he take tea or coffee at all it must be half milk, or else it will turn our skins brown and change us from the dazzling blondes the lettuce and brown bread have helped us to become, into sallow brunettes.

Thank goodness, we can indulge in cocoa and chocolate to the verge of intoxication, and absorb sweet milk, sour milk and buttermilk until we don't know whether we are afraid of learning to grunt, like the historic little pig; and we may drink lemonade by the pailful with the comforting certainty, that there is nothing known to science which is better for clearing the skin.

One word more, and this final clause is very important. If you are much troubled with pimples, don't be satisfied with the advice so often given to people who suffer from eruptions on the face—"It is much better to have it there than in your system, it is an effort of nature to throw off some internal disturbance." Such counsel is most unwise; pimples come usually from an impure state of the blood, which should be attended to at once; and if neglected they will soon ruin the skin giving it a coarse granulated appearance, which can never be really cured. Each pimple in healing, leaves an almost imperceptible scar which can be plainly seen under the microscope, and which destroys the texture of the skin as surely, if not as quickly as smallpox. Therefore, if you find yourself becoming subject to a sort of breaking out of pimples every spring and summer, consult a good physician at once, and follow his treatment carefully.

Perhaps few girls are aware that buttermilk applied freely to the face in summer is not only a cure but a preventive of tan, and sunburn. Also that lemon juice is said to be the only harmless and at the same time certain cure for freckles, but it requires so much time to effect a cure, that most people grow discouraged and give it up just as it is beginning to do its work. It will require months of unceasing care and unlimited lemon juice but the cure will be sure. A very reliable remedy which is also harmless is said to consist of powdered nitre and corn starch in equal parts applied with a linen cloth which has been dipped in glycerine. Apply at night.

Dear me, girls this is cooking week and not one recipe written yet! Here have I been wasting precious time gossiping with you about your complexions when I should have been conducting you into the kitchen and making you ruin those same complexions trying my recipes, over a hot stove.

Well! the cherry season is here now, and it is not too late to give you some capital recipes for preserving them in all their freshness, for next winter.

"To can cherries, procure sound, ripe fruit. Fruit which is partially ripe, as we have often said before, is never fit for canning, although some authorities recommend such fruits, but the result is always unsatisfactory. "Look the cherries over very carefully, urges the New York Tribune."

Do not stone them. Some housekeepers clip off half the stem, others prefer to remove the whole stem—this a matter of fancy. When the fruit is all prepared, put it into clean cans and cover with a light syrup in the proportion of 5 pounds of granulated sugar to 5 pints of cold water. This should be enough syrup for 10 quarts of cherries.

"After filling the jars to the brim with syrup put on the covers, leaving the rubbers off, or if they are patent cans close them. Pack the jars in a large flat bottomed kettle and put them on a rack used for the purpose. Pack towels between the jars to prevent their knocking together, or if more convenient wisp of hay will serve. Four lukewarm water in the boiler as high up as the neck of the jars. Let the water boil and cook the cherries in this way for 15 minutes after the water begins to boil.

"At the end of this time remove the jars one by one to a shallow pan containing a little boiling water. Take off the covers and fill them up again with boiling syrup, which should have been reserved for this purpose. Considerable syrup will have been absorbed during the cooking, leaving space for the new syrup. Put on the rubbers and seal the cans up tight. When the jars are cold, tighten them again with all your strength, wipe them off with a cloth, and they are ready to set away in a dark, cool closet, the temperature of which should never rise above 60 degrees.

"A good sour cherry has a rich, fine flavor of its own and is very juicy, but is of medium size. To preserve it allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Stem and stone the cherries, saving every particle of juice. Add to the juice enough water to make a cupful for every three pounds of sugar used. Boil the sugar and liquid together for a moment or two, stirring it till the sugar is dissolved. Add the cherries and cook for 10 minutes. Then fill jars with them, adding the syrup in equal quantity to each jar. Seal them up, and when they are cold tighten them again and set them away. Some housekeepers take the extra precaution to tie a layer of cotton batting over the mouths of the jars of all their preserved fruit."

The last recipe, is the one I always use myself, but I generally allow a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, as we all have a fondness for sweet things. Of course every rightly constituted person dislikes the work of stoning cherries, but I know a way of stoning them which robs the task of half its horrors. Take a new hairpin—an old one is useless—and insert the round end in the place where the stem came out of the cherry; scoop quickly and the stone will pop out at once; you will be able to do a quart in less time than it took to stone a cupful under the old regime, and you will stain your fingers very little.

Here is a very nice summer pudding, and it is open to the objection of plainness, just think over all I have said about plain fare, and good complexions, and then eat it and be thankful.

### Fruit Pudding.

To a large teacupful of finely powdered bread crumbs add the yolks of 4 eggs and a quart of milk. Stir these together, flavor with vanilla and bake. When it is done, remove it from the oven and spread on the top a thick layer of strawberries which have been slightly mashed and very well sugared, and over this a meringue of the white of the eggs, sweetened and flavored to taste. Return to the oven and brown lightly. Any of the small fruits—raspberries, huckleberries, blackberries, cherries or peaches—cut fine will take the place of strawberries in their season. Sweetened cream serves well with this pudding, though it is not supposed to need a sauce.

GILBERTA—I did mean what I said, most decidedly, and I had no idea I was making a surprising statement, it was only the truth. No, you only mixed it in so far as attributing "Ring our Wild Bells" to Poe, our compositor did the rest. You know I had been speaking of Poe, and I said: "He never wrote a poem called 'Ring our Wild Bells'"; but it appeared in print as "We" that is all, and the fault lay entirely with my writing. I am glad you found the poem. After a few washings in hot water, with good electric soap, the stain will disappear entirely; the same thing happened to me, and I thought the garment was ruined, as I did not know of anything to take it out at once, but about three washings cleansed it thoroughly. Many thanks for your recipe, I am always grateful for contributions. I shall always be glad to hear from you.

ASTRA.

### Love Is Immortal.

Great Nature grinds with ceaseless force  
Her images to dust;  
Men die, tall towers crumble down,  
In answer to her "must."  
And yet, no single atom falls  
Exhausted into space,  
Each molecule of matter finds  
Its own appointed place.

And so, throughout the moral world  
Men's minds, complex and strange,  
Are, all in all, no more than just  
Mad vortices of change.  
Still, in this sad, unstable life,  
Where all are rudely tossed  
In tempests of uncertainty,  
No jot of love is lost.



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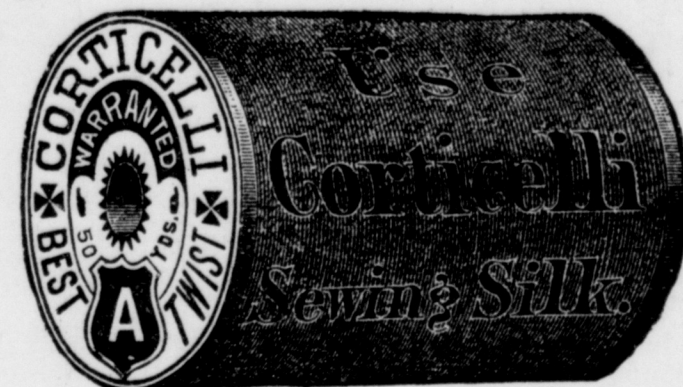
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### Women in the World.

Miss Braddor, the novelist, is reported to have earned \$500,000 by her pen.

Don't expect marriage to make a great change in the habits and aims of a young man—or a young woman either.

Don't marry for physical beauty alone; for, unless mated with beauty of mind and spirit, it is truly an apple of ashes.

Don't try to buy love by rich and numerous gifts; love got in that way is not worth the having, for it is not love at all.

Henrietta Herschfeld, the first woman graduate of the Philadelphia College of Dental Surgery, is assistant court dentist in Germany.

Mr. Arthur Balfour has frequently said that his most valuable political advice comes from his sister and housekeeper, Miss Agnes Balfour.

Don't marry one whose tastes and ideals in life are so different from your own that there could never be singleness of aim and purpose in the home.

If a woman says to you, "I will never see you again," hope; but if she says, "Notwithstanding, I shall always see you with pleasure"—travel.—Rochebrune

### "Progress" in Boston.

PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

## <> PICNICS. <>

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DATES now open in August—Aug. 1, 2, 5, 7, 12 and 14; and from August 17th to end of month. Call or send for circular showing rates, &c., at 3 Pugsley Building, City St. John. July 29, '93.

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**STEAMER CLIFTON** will, after July 1st, commence her usual Summer Excursions. She will leave her wharf at Indiantown every Thursday at 9 a. m. for Hampton, calling at Clifton, Reed's Point and other wharves on her way. Returning will leave Hampton at 3.30 p. m.

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