

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

A correspondent has written to me this week, asking me to settle a disputed point for her by giving my opinion of the possibility of "brotherly love" existing between two young people of opposite sexes, and I suppose ordinarily attractive personality.

I am not vain enough to imagine for an instant that my opinion could have much weight, one way, or the other, but I have no objection to giving it, though I have an idea I have dealt with the subject in these columns before, but I suppose there is always something new to be said even though the theme may be old, so I have thought the question worthy of a more extended answer than the correspondence column would permit.

I believe platonic affection to be an utter impossibility, directly opposed to the natural order of things, and my opinion is not based either on hearsay, or theory, but on personal experience, both of my own and my intimate friends. I admit that history affords many instances of sincere and lasting friendship between men and women, but then I do not think they were often young people, but rather persons of mature years, whose affections had lost their youthful ardor, and whose heads rather than their hearts, furnished the ruling power of their lives. But then, I am not dealing with history now, I am merely giving my own views on the subject, and I can say with truth that I never saw a case in which it succeeded.

Of course I have known numbers of young people who knew better than anyone else had known since the world began, and who started out with a cheerful confidence in themselves, born of ignorance to perform impossible things and do what wise men had been trying to do for ages without success—square the circle and find the philosopher's stone—but the adventurous voyagers on life's unknown and stormy sea invariably came back to the port from which they had sailed so gayly, with their white sails torn to shreds, their steering gear lamentably out of order and their compass broken; if they were not utterly lost. If they live to return at all, they come with their opinions greatly modified, and a number of their angles nicely rounded off, from contact with larger crafts; but I am afraid a good many of them go down with all on board.

A young man and a young woman make up their minds that platonic love is not only desirable but quite possible, and they agree that it is their mission to convince the world of the truth of their theory. If both are heart-free, the plan succeeds admirably for a time; they are friends, and nothing more, true, devoted, faithful friends, dear as brother and sister but lovers, never; and they believe in themselves and each other. All goes well for a little while, and they are more than ever convinced of their own wisdom, and the folly of all the rest of the world. They are quite happy, because they not only find great pleasure in each other's society, but they are filled with importance at the thought of the great service they are rendering mankind in demonstrating the grand truth, that platonic love between the sexes is perfectly natural, and feasible. But suddenly an unforeseen element enters into the scheme of action and one or other of the parties to the compact falls in love; and then good-bye to theories; plain hard facts take their place and the brave bark Platonic Affection founders frequently taking one of the crew with it. Even if the wrecked one survives, he is never quite the same again, but bears the marks of the buffeting the waves gave him, for the rest of his life.

Love, the king, has stepped in and asserted his supremacy, as if to punish those who dared to defy him, and all their petty theories are shattered at a single blow. The fact that one partner in the impossible scheme of platonic affection has learned to love someone else, opens the eyes of the other like a flash of blinding light, and the truth is revealed with awful suddenness that a love which was far from brotherly had been masquerading in the garb of platonic regard, and the disguise was cast aside too late.

I do not believe it was intended in the plan of creation that men and women who are not related to each other would love in any but the one way; I think a very sincere friendship is possible between people of opposite sex provided they are not both heart free, and what the world calls eligible; but when it comes to the love, which binds two young hearts together in the impracticable bond of which Plato dreamed, and wrote, and which would involve a constant and close companionship the experiment will be tolerably certain to end in failure, for the simple reason that it is not in accordance with the laws of nature, and nature is a very obdurate old parent who will not stand much opposition from her children: she has made certain provisions for the welfare of the human race, and if their provisions fail to suit certain individual cases, the great mother can scarcely be expected to change all her laws on that account. The one natural, and healthy love between young men and young women, is the love that ends in a happy marriage, and no other

love is possible in the great majority of cases.

Of course there may be exceptions, but I think they are so rare as to be scarcely worth taking into consideration.

I know that the experiment has frequently been tried, and that the outer world has heard a good deal more about the experiment than its subsequent failure, but that does not alter the matter in the least, or make the path of the ardent seeker after the ideal platonic love one whit the easier.

This is my honest opinion of that most deceptive mirage, and I am very sorry that I must differ so decidedly with my correspondent, who is evidently a very ardent believer in what she calls, "brotherly love."

MISCHIEF—You will find your answer to your question at the beginning of this page, and I fear you will not be very well pleased with it, but remember that I have had some experience in playing with that keen edged tool, and I feel quite certain you have not, if you had, you would have taken a different view. Yes, I have often been asked the question before, and I expect I shall often be asked it again, so I have dealt with it more fully than usual for the benefit of all intending querists.

KATIE—I shall be only too glad to give you any advice or help in my power, but I wish you had mentioned which of your parents you had lost, as it would have been rather easier to advise you if I had known.

You need not trouble about the calls at all as your recent bereavement absolves you from all social obligations for at least three months. You have not told me whether you will continue to live in the same place after your marriage, or whether you are going away, and that would make the greatest possible difference in my advice to you. If you are going to live at a distance, it will be best to send your card with P. P. C. written on the lower left hand corner through the post, to those friends and acquaintances, who called upon you at the time of your loss, and you can use your own discretion about calling personally upon your more intimate friends, it will be quite correct to do so, but I want you to understand how little is expected even of an intending bride when she is in deep mourning. You need not send any intimations to acquaintances who have not called upon you since your bereavement, unless you know of some very good reason which prevented them from doing so. Visits of condolence are not supposed to be returned, at least until the mourner returns to society again, when those should be the first calls she returns. In your case, as you will be obliged to return your wedding calls, it would be especially unnecessary, and show better taste to remain in seclusion until your marriage frees you to mingle in society again to a certain extent.

I am very glad you are going to wear your mourning after you are married, instead of casting it off at once; there is too little respect shown for the memory of the dead now, and it is refreshing to know of one who voluntarily continues the outward signs of mourning, when she might dispense with them altogether. But I think under the circumstances you might shorten the period a little, making it a year and a half, instead of two years.

And now about your wedding dress! Do you know I would prefer the white dress? You speak of being too old, of course I don't know what you mean by that, but if you are on the right side of thirty-five have the white dress by all means. Soft cream colored cashmere trimmed with surah silk would do admirably, and if you did not care to wear it on all your reception days, you could easily wear a black silk if you have one. I have seen brides who were not in mourning at all, wear their black silk on one of their reception days. You are quite right about the announcement cards, they often make a great deal of trouble, and the plan you suggest will be much the wiser. If the wedding is to be at all early in the evening, anywhere between six and eight o'clock, you need not trouble about a supper, indeed in any case, as it is to be so really quiet it would be unnecessary, what you suggest will do very nicely, only I think I would have chocolate also, and if it would not be too much trouble just a bowl of either chicken, or lobster salad, and some small biscuits, split buttered and of course cold. You could substitute them for the sandwiches you liked, and I really think they would be less trouble to prepare. I suppose you will have some kind of light cake, such as ice cream cake, fig, or lemon, besides the wedding cake, and that will make quite a nice little feast. Yes, the shops are full of pretty spring goods now. I hope you will write and tell me how everything passed off, as I shall be glad to hear, and I wish you all manner of luck and happiness.

TOM, DICK AND HARRY—Not quite right, because etiquette has decreed that a gentleman or a number of gentlemen, must never be "at home" when they wish to invite their lady friends to a social function given by themselves. They must always "request the pleasure or the honor" of their company. "Messrs Blank request the pleasure" will be the proper form, the rest of your form, is quite correct. Many thanks for your kind expression of approval for my columns.

Will "Blue Eyes" accept my warmest thanks for the very beautiful Easter booklet she so kindly sent me? I hope to thank her in person very soon.

## Apricot Bavarian Cream.

Prepare one part of whipped cream. Pare one quart of ripe apricots, and press them through a colander into a tin pudding-pan. Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cupful of cold water, for about half an hour. If not thoroughly dissolved, stir over a kettle of boiling water; strain and pour over the apricots. Mix well, and set the pan into a pan of icewater or finely cracked ice, and stir slowly and constantly until the mixture thickens, then add one-half of the whipped cream, pour into a mould, and set away to harden. This may be prepared in the morning for lunch or tea, but should not stand over night. When it is to be served, turn out on a flat dish

and serve with the remainder of the whipped cream heaped around the jelly form.

As this is an English recipe, of course canned apricots, or even canned peaches must be used instead of the fresh fruit, and I think they will be quite as good.

## A Delicious Dessert.

Make a little more than a pint of blanc mange by putting an ounce of gelatine into a pint of milk. Then add the beaten yolk of two eggs and the strained juice and rind of one lemon, and sweeten to taste. When the mixture has come to a boil, stir in a gill of cream very slowly. Line a mould with a thin coating of calf's foot jelly and when nearly cold arrange a row of blanched almonds around the mould and cover them with a thin coating of jelly to keep them in place. Then pour in the blanc mange and put the mould on ice for twelve hours.

Arrange about it finely chopped currant or apple jelly, which should be served with it.

## Banana Fritters.

Beat 3 eggs, stir in 2 cupfuls of milk, and thicken with a pint of flour. Into this stir 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder and two thinly sliced bananas. Fry at once.

## THE VAMPIRE BAT PEST.

One of the Drawbacks to Cattle Raising in Central America.

There are some drawbacks to the Isthmian cattle business that would rather astonish the American cowboy were he to go there. The chief of these is the vampire bat, says a Sun correspondent writing from Panama. One reads stories of the vampire bat sucking the blood of human beings, and at least two books by naturalists of repute say that these bats do suck human blood. Vampire bats are found by the thousands in Veraguas and Ciriqui. I asked at every place for a person whose blood had been sucked by vampires, but could not find a soul. And yet people sleep out of doors without even a blanket to protect them—slept bare-headed and barefooted. The vampire had every chance to alight on a human big toe, as he is said to do, and, while soothing the foot with his fanning wings, to suck out the life blood. I could not find any such case, however, nor had that observant Englishman, C. Freedy, who lived twenty years in David, ever found any. But the vampire is the pest of the cattleman. He is particularly fond of real blood, but older stock and horses, colts, mules and burros all suffer. I did not catch a vampire at his work, though I saw hundreds of them, but the cattleman all tell the same story. The vampire settles somewhere on the back of the beast in the pasture at night, and then, while slowly fanning its wings to and fro, cuts a circular piece of skin one-quarter of an inch in diameter. Through this hole he sucks the blood, till satisfied. One would think the loss of blood do much damage were that all, but a half a dozen vampires may feast on one poor calf or on the back of a saddle horse in one night. The calf is badly weakened by the loss of blood, while a saddle horse so served is worthless until the wounds are entirely healed. But that is not the worst result of the bite. The region swarms with a pestiferous fly that soon after daylight finds the wounds and lays eggs in it. Unless the wound is properly cleaned and dressed with a little weak saline within forty-eight hours after the vampire's attack the animal will be destroyed by the progeny of the fly. The percentage of calves thus killed is large, in spite of the watchfulness of the cow herders.

## A SOCIETY'S NOBLE WORK.

HOW THE ANCIENT ORDER OF FORT ESTERS SAVED A BROTHER.

The Startling Experience of Mr. Isaac Briggs of London—A Sufferer for Four Years—His Lodge Came to the Rescue After Doctors Had Failed—He is Again Able to Be Out.

From the London Free Press.

The home of Mr. Isaac Briggs, at 501 Charlotte St., this city, is one of the most prettily situated and well kept of the many homes in the workmen's district of London. The front is carefully boulevarded, and at the side and rear of the cottage home is a lattice work covered with vines, and there is also a garden. Within view are fields and woods, and in fact there was nothing needed upon the occasion of an autumn afternoon visit to make the lot of a sick man amid such surroundings as pleasant as possible.

And so it was not to be wondered at that Mr. Briggs was found in a cheerful mood. But a conversation with the gentleman revealed the fact that there were very good reasons why any man under the same circumstances, and enjoying the same bright hope, could not but allow his face to beam forth with what he felt. The story as told will be found interesting, and that it is absolutely correct there are many of the friends of Mr. Briggs will testify, should such testimony be needed. Mr. Briggs has been an invalid for four years and has been unwell and under medical treatment for eight years. It was in 1885 that he first felt the twinges, the aches and the pains that foretold trouble. He secured medical attendance, and learned that his liver was out of order, his kidneys were bad and that he suffered from dyspepsia. However he worked along for four years, when the terrible malady affected his system in a way painful to relate. It came directly after an attack of "the grip." Mr. Briggs was yet in his "fifties," and to all appearances was a well preserved and strong man. But almost without warning the joints in every part of his body were as solid and immovable as though they had been padlocked, and the strong man became as helpless as a babe. Many doctors were consulted, and they all promised relief and occasionally a slight relief did come. But it was only temporary, and the unfortunate man, in consequence of these relapses, was gradually losing his hold upon hope. The days were long and weary that he spent upon his bed, with the dismal prospect ahead of being held a close prisoner, to be released only by death.

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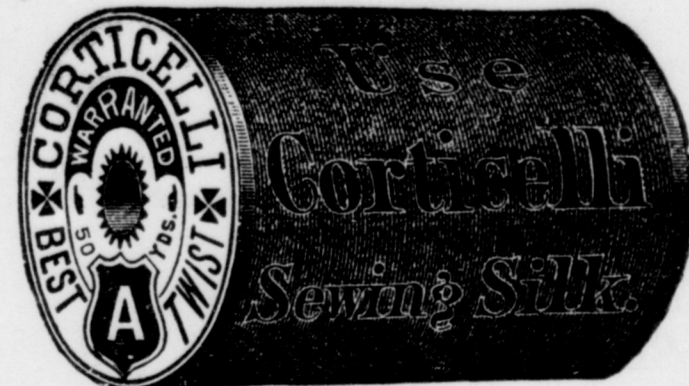
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The family, too, began to lose faith in medical skill. They had given a trial to some of the foremost practitioners of the city, but always with the same unhappy result. Patent medicines of various descriptions were likewise tried, but in vain. Then about Christmas tide came news that had almost been expected. Mr. Briggs had not long to live, the doctors said. Gradually he grew weaker until early in the spring so seriously ill did he appear to be that the end was daily looked for.

Court Forest City, A. O. F., of which Mr. Briggs is a member, proved just at this juncture to be a friend indeed. During all his illness the brethren had looked carefully after his wants, and had been very attentive. And no one regretted more than they the unhappy prospect. One night the court was discussing the case when it was suggested that Pink Pills should be tried. Stories had been told of what they had effected in other cases. Then why not in this? Finally the court agreed to present one dozen boxes of the pills to Mr. Briggs. The attending doctor told his patient that the pills were only good for cases of paralysis, but he consented to their being given a trial as a last hope. Accordingly Mr. Briggs began taking them. Very soon a change was noticed. He grew more cheerful and suffered much less. His whole system seemed to be awakened to new life, just as was the world outside, for it was the glad springtime of the year.

With renewed strength came renewed hope; and the invalid began to look upon Pink Pills as his deliverer. He used them faithfully, taking six a day. In a month he was able to leave his bed, and he did so with a thankful heart. Only those who have been forced to undergo long confinement between bed clothes can realize the pleasure and joy there were in that first day spent in the neat little parlor, seated in a big arm chair beside the window where the sun sent in its warm, bright rays. Since then Mr. Briggs has been about daily. He uses crutches yet, but he grows stronger every day. Now he can use his hands, eating with a knife and fork, and the joints continue to grow looser and pliable, giving only a faint idea of the veritable knots into which those of the hands and feet were tied. There was a cessation of the pains, too, a most pleasing fact to the invalid, and the blood vessels that had become lost to view and dried up are now quite healthy looking.

Mr. Briggs has only used twenty boxes of the pills, at a cost of \$10. Certainly his bill for medical attendance shows a marked decrease.

Mr. E. W. Boyle, druggist, 652 Dundas street, who is also secretary of Court Forest City, was also interviewed with respect to the case, and his statements were all confirmatory of what Mr. Briggs had said. He said he had a tremendous sale of the pills. No other similar medicine ever approached to the same demand.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling, therefore, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Bear in mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for pale people and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

# Winter Has Gone

And Sleighs of all kinds should be stored away carefully in a dry place. Bring out your wagons and carriages. If you need a new one do not pass by the firm of EDGECOMBE & SONS, FREDERICTON. The cut below illustrates a business carriage



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