

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, MAY 25 1895.

THE MOTHER IN THE KITCHEN.

Mrs. Rover Thinks All Daughters Should Learn to Cook, and is Very Severe in Her Denunciation of Those who Don't Know How—A Bride's (Cooking Experience—Economies in the House—Mishaps and Blunders in the Kitchen.]

"Give us this day our daily bread." What deep significance! How it links together our everyday thoughts with thoughts of God. Why, then, should any true woman not feel elevated by giving, or helping to give, our daily bread?

It is a well-known and a much-regretted fact that the usual course of woman's education does not include domestic science, this "loaf giving," which is so apt to be, after all, her allotment. To this omission we trace much of our discomfort and unhappiness. A mother, strange to say, allows her daughter to go through all the blunders that she herself made, and, perhaps, at the expense of husband, self and children.

Take for instance, the study of music, literature or art. Years must be given to rise above the average; then, perhaps, she plunges all at once into matrimony, a profession or place for which she has made no preparation whatever; in fact, she is prepared for one place, and accepts another. The mother of such a one has not by any means performed her duty. Man must eat, and Savarin tells us "a man of culture only, knows how to eat." In training our daughters to be wives and mothers, let us not forget that higher education is necessary. Cookery, the foundation of health, is the art which has rendered the most important service to civilized society.

Every girl, at the end of her school days, should spend one year in the careful study of cookery, and should, with her own hands, be able to prepare all dishes necessary to a well-ordered house. She should acquaint herself with the better way of performing household duties, and should thoroughly understand the proper combinations of food. Taste is always benefited by sight and smell; consequently, cookery brings out all our finer senses. After this is all mastered, she is a woman, ready to enter "society." You there recognize her at once; she is distinguished by her good cheer, healthful countenance and easy manner. So unlike her poor unfortunate sisters, whose lack of training has induced bad health, bad complexions and long faces; thin and lanky and always tired; living upon whist and scandal.

Now and then one finds a woman who thinks it beneath her dignity to enter her kitchen or to thoroughly train her servants. Among this class we note the wives of our smaller merchants; mothers of puny, nervous, badly behaved children, who prefer any place rather than staying at home. To such as these, our warning and advice is frequently overlooked; but let me tell you that these false notions are at the bottom of all our servants trouble. Do not suppose for a moment that the kind, friendly, but rigid, guidance of an intelligent mistress does not lead to mutual benefit of both mistress and maid. If you do, you have never tried it. And before training others, first learn to perform the same duties yourself, and then, and not until then, should you undertake the care of a home.

The head-masters of all colleges, the superintendents of the large workshops, all started at the lower round of the ladder. The kitchen department of the house is, perhaps, more difficult to understand than any other. A woman can easily be taught to sweep and dust, which is the same thing over in the same way month after month; but to cook requires brains, and takes much ingenuity and thought. Many mothers think their daughters may learn, as they have, by experience which means blunders and blunders, and must be paid for in sadness. She will not, and she thinks she cannot, take the time to train them, forgetting that the time thus spent brings comfort and true happiness and makes women of her daughters. As mothers then, let us acquaint our daughters with the keys of the storeroom before those of the piano; put her in the kitchen at least two hours each day, giving her careful instructions how certain duties must be performed. Begin by teaching her marketing, next how to purchase dry materials, such as tea, coffee and sugar; acquaint her with each one of these articles that she may know, when an order has been given for Java coffee, that Java has been received. That, when selecting tea, the special kind for which she paid has been sent. Three months will be short enough time for this department. Next, teach her how to make certain simple dishes that will be the key-stone to the meal. When quite perfect in the fundamental principles, such as broiling, roasting and baking; when a loaf of bread and cup of coffee can be well and quickly made, and she has learned the art of boiling a potato and rice, then should she be taught to prepare a meal.

During this training period, a young servant is best, as she will more kindly take such orders as the daughter must necessarily give. An older cook, if she is

not a sensible one, will rebel at the slightest command. The mother must watch carefully and closely the market-book; see that all leftovers are put to account; and that orders are executed with quietness and promptness. At the end of the year, after this training, the daughter will enjoy the duties that have been put upon her, and will probably relieve the mother entirely from housekeeping. A man who is fortunate enough to secure such a prize might say, as a friend did to me after six months of married life, when I asked him if he had gone to housekeeping: "Yes, our income was so small, I never dreamed of housekeeping; but my wife, who had managed her mother's kitchen, and had been taught to occupy the position of mistress of it, managed so well, that the expense of housekeeping was very much less than that of boarding. We live well, and are able to lay up each week, a small amount." Of course, this was an accomplished woman, a college girl, who had spent a year in the management of her mother's house, taking in the mean time, two lessons per week in a training school of cookery, that she might learn the easy movements of her work, and the newest ideas.

Outside of the actual cooking, the daughters should be trained also in the management of servants. A fact to be remembered is that in a well-regulated house, where the mother is a gentlewoman and the mistress of her profession, servants remain year in and out until they become part and parcel of the establishment. By neglect of this management, we are, as a class, losing our dignity and character. The average American cook is at the head of the house, and she that should be mistress, through her ignorance, is in subjection to her.

A young woman—bright, as the world goes—a few weeks ago married a clergyman on a small salary. From the wedding trip, they went immediately to the dainty little house which had cost the groom his savings and much time. A cook or maid of all work was to have arrived the night before they returned; but—the same story—she did not appear. They arrived, however, and were obliged to remain in the house over night. The bride was at her own mercy for breakfast. The mother-in-law had kindly sent in the marketing the day before, so that the first breakfast might be a happy one, without annoyance. But "the things" sent in were uncooked, and who was to cook them, and how? The groom suggested that they both should go down to prepare the breakfast, and they did. The first thing they took from the refrigerator were the chops. She looked at her husband, and asked: "How are they cooked?" "Why, I don't know about that," he said. "Oh, dear," she said, "I thought all men knew how to cook." So, after much talk over them, and the table being arranged, which, of course, she could do to perfection, they decided that the chops should go into a pan and be covered with hot water. After boiling for fifteen minutes, she was obliged to lift them out, and they were not brown. The entire conversation at the breakfast table was a wondering why they were not browned after boiling so hard.

This is a true story, and was told to me by the bride, without a blush. I could not help wondering how her mother had so neglected her duty, and what a weight she must have upon her conscience. Why a girl so beautiful, with such an honest face, should take a position, and promise "before God" to fulfil it, without having in her heart the slightest idea of what was before her, I could not tell. Her mother, of course, was the one to blame, for she certainly knew that her daughter was taking a false oath, and, under any other circumstances, would be a State's prison offence. Should her husband have told her, the next morning after their marriage, that he had studied in a divinity school but found that he was obliged to take another profession, of which he knew nothing, and could not thereby support her, she would have immediately called him a cruel monster, and with the feeling that she had been deceived, left him to return to her father's home, with a sense of justice on her side. On the other hand, he had just the same right to demand of her a knowledge of the profession which she had undertaken, and sworn to fulfil, and would have had the same right to rebel. When will mothers learn to educate their daughters for the profession they are to follow? and not allow them to suddenly leap into matrimony unprepared and untaught. As we must eat three times a day, no matter what our position may be in this world, the housewife is supposed to be able at least to sustain the laborer of the house by giving these three meals in a dainty, slightly and wholesome way. And what art or science

repays our labors more kindly than the successful application of Nature's laws? It removes the physical sufferings from our fellow creatures, and makes home all that the word implies.

SARAH TYSON ROBERTSON.

A PAPER PRINTED AFLOAT.

The New York the only War Ship in the World that gets out a Newspaper.

The sailormen in the cruiser New York, which was Admiral Madsen's flagship, have a newspaper. They call it the Ocean Wave. They print it themselves, and they brag that their ship is the only war ship in the world that supports a newspaper. The Ocean Wave is issued weekly, and has six 6x8 inch pages. It is owned, edited, and controlled by the sailormen. It is set up aboard and printed aboard on a foot press. There are six men on the editorial staff. They are called editor, foreign correspondent, out-of-town correspondent, spar reporter, birth reporter, and gundeck reporter. The reporters gather the news of everything going on board ship. The editor discusses weighty naval problems, the foreign correspondent talks about other navies, and the out-of-town correspondent writes things about other places than aboard ship. The paper announces that it is printed in the interest of all good man-o'-war-men in the world, and that it is entered at the Post office of Neptunus Rex as strictly first-class mail matter. A part of the expenses of the paper are paid by advertising. The advertisements of several Brooklyn stores that cater to the trade of sailormen are printed. In addition to news, the paper prints a lot of original poetry written by the sailormen. Some of it is good; some of it isn't as good as some of the best. The officers of the ship haven't anything to do with the management of the paper, and they haven't access to the advance proof.

TROUT TICKLING.

A Connecticut Expert Who Catches the Shy Fish With his Hands.

Old Capt. Lew Nettleton, who lives not far from the junction of the Race Brook with the Wepawang River, has been accustomed for years to catch all the trout he eats with no other implements than his bare hands. Trout are very plenty in the Race, and the shallowness of the stream, combined with its overhanging banks, makes it an ideal place for trout tickling. To those who have angled with fly and bait for this cunning fish, talk about catching them in the hand may seem romance. Nevertheless it is an established fact.

Capt. Nettleton fishes only on cloudy or overcast days, when his shadow will not fall sharply upon the stream. Nor can he hope to tickle with any success when the stream is high. Low water is in his favor, for then the trout are hiding in pools and small basins under the banks. He does not first spy out his game, but simply tries at random the favorite lures. Lying flat on the banks a yard or so back from the brook, he slowly works his way to the edge. Then he lowers one arm cautiously to the water and begins to grope under the bank among the roots and rocks. Very gently his hand moves, and the very lightest brush from the waving fin or tail of a trout will tell him the game is near. At the first touch the fish generally moves away a few inches. When the fingers have gently rubbed its velvety sides a second or third time it grows calm and seems to enjoy the sensation. Continuing a steady, soft tickling the captain slips his hand further and further toward the head of the foolish trout. In cases where the whole operation had been watched from the opposite bank it has been noticed that the fish seems to surrender to the soothing touch as if under the influence of a spell, so that it will lean over upon the hand. When his hand is just back of the gills and the pectoral fins the captain closes on the fish with the suddenness and power of a rat trap. With one quick flit he sends his victim flying over on the opposite bank. So stealthy are the old man's movements that he has been known to tickle four trout, one at a time, from a single pool.

In Scotland, the old man's native country, he says this trick is a very common one, and is called "guddling." The method pursued there is to wade barefooted up a shallow stream in the hot season, when the water is very low. The trout will fly before the wader and take refuge in secluded holes under rocks and stumps. Then the guddler proceeds to slip his hand under the rock or stump and feel for trout, which, once under his magic touch, he quickly flips out onto dry land or into a basket.

Scientists who admit the possibility of trout tickling, say that it is only during the spawning season that trout are susceptible to such manipulation. But as the New England brook trout do not spawn until late in July and August, and the captain catches them only in the open season, that is, from April 1 to July 1, the practice in his case does not seem to support the theory.

Little Tommy's Kite and the Sparrows.

Tommy Cruthers, the son of a well-known resident of Nashville, Tenn., was until this week the proud possessor of a kite which had been the envy of his playmates the whole flying season. Tommy's grandfather brought him the kite from Japan nearly a year ago, and the little fellow has been keeping it carefully housed since then, waiting for an opportunity to mount it. It attracted considerable attention on its first appearance, and has been the delight of the neighborhood ever since. In point of fact, the kite was a thing of beauty, representing a big brown bird with spread wings of gorgeous hue. This week while Tommy was flying his kite it struck a plane of air not more than fifty feet up, and went skimming along on it like a real live bird, now and then darting a little to right or left, but bearing straight on till it rested squarely over a neighboring barnyard. Then the fun began. The yard was full of fowls, clucking and scratching

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and nesting, and when one of the more alert cocks spied the big bird outspread overhead he sent the news of danger circle lating around the enclosure to the tune of double quick. In a moment the whole lot was in a commotion. Roosters crowed, hens cackled and squawked and gathered their broods around them, running hither and thither for safety. The poor things expected every minute to be their last, perhaps, and were not a little astonished when the hovering bird failed to swoop down upon them and scatter death and destruction in their camp. At this stage of the game, while the chickens were still uncertain as to their fate, reinforcements arrived in the shape of a flock of English sparrows. The spy little fellows were game from tip to tail, and stood not upon the order of their going, either, but lit into that gorgeous Japanese kite like animated hailstones pelting a spread sail. It was fun to see the evident enjoyment those sparrows took in putting that kite to rout. They pecked and dabbled and tore and clawed the poor wren, literally ridding the kite before Tommy knew what was happening and could draw it in.

Patti's Pastime.

A favorite after-dinner pastime of Mme. Patti's at Craig-y-Nos, when a party of young people are assembled there (the diva has a strong partiality for girls), is to place her husband at the fine orchestra. While he plays, the whole company, Patti at the head, march up and down the large hall blowing toy trumpets. The performance always elicits pearls of laughter.

A Preaching Feat.

The Dean of Norwich recently performed no ordinary feat in the Chapel Royal, St. John's. He preached a masterly sermon on the relation of intellect to the Agony of Our Lord to a congregation of thirteen. It is easy for an eloquent man to address a vast congregation, but to address in choice language a lucid and learned argument to a handful of worshippers is in something as rare as it is enviable. Another Dean shortly before preached to an audience of three in the same place.

Peers that Preach.

Preaching peers are not very common, although the church of England can point to the Earl of Stamford; and Lord Radstock was also at one time a great gun at mission

services. The Earl of Selborne, too, was a well-known Sunday-school teacher, but a Nonconformist preaching peer is a much greater rarity; so the announcement that Lord Overton is to conduct services in the Presbyterian church at Nica is exciting no little interest in that gay resort. Lord Overton is a well-known figure in pulpits of the free church of Scotland.

The Bachelor, Ocean Swell.

The late Lord Alcester was known as the dandy of the naval service. His nickname was "The Swell of the Ocean." When in health he was smart and erect, although inclining to stoutness. His daily dressing was a tremendous business. No young man about town was more faultlessly attired than the old sailor, who persisted in wearing lavender kid gloves in the depth of winter, and was usually bedecked in luxuriously furred overcoats. He was a bachelor, and there is no heir to his title.

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