

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MAY 4 1895.

## FOR THE MOTHERS OF GIRLS.

"Jenny June" Tells Mothers What Course of Training to Give Young Girls—Hints as to the Literature they Should Read—The Need of Sympathy for Those Too Young to Enter Society and Too Old to Romp—"The One Motive of Organic Nature."

"The one motive of organic nature was to make mothers."

"This is the explanation of the superiority of woman to man, her contemplation of the nature of the child."

It is a little curious that we always speak of mothers as if they were, or ought to be, wise, experienced, nature, and capable of meeting every problem that presents itself with that ripeness of judgment that sometimes, not always, comes to age and much opportunity for reflection and observation.

We forget that the mother was born on the day her first child saw the light; that as a mother she is only as old as her children; that it is out of her ignorance, out of her mistakes, that experience comes; and that practically she has only instinct and the habits of her youth to guide her. The mother is unique in nature. She holds the secret of life, which she is still not able to solve; and is the eternal medium between God and the continued life of humanity.

It is young mothers could comprehend the vastness of the problem set them to solve, there would be no mothers, no life. We celebrate knowledge; it is a question if we do not owe more to ignorance, to that happy ignorance which gayly trips where angels would fear to tread.

At no period in the life of a daughter is the mother more beset by difficulties than at the opening age, when the child is leaving behind her childish plays and cares, and puzzling questions of her little girlhood, that could be answered by a little thought; or brushing up ones old mathematics, an example of which I may give as showing how a certain kind of teaching operates on a young mind: "Mama," said my little Alice to me one day, "is it good to die young?" "No, dear," I answered, after reflection. "Why do you ask?" "Because," said the child, "my teacher, at the Sunday school, said it was. I don't want to die; it is wicked not to want to die."

"No," I replied, it is right to live. We are here to live, and to put our lives to good use. If there is any wickedness it is in dying young, before we have learned all we have to learn in this life. Dying young is like leaving the primary department in school before we are ready for the intermediate; and you know that would be very bad. You would feel as if you had to go back to the primary. No, dear, the teacher was mistaken, or perhaps you did not understand her. All life is good life; this, as well as any other. But we must use it well; think of it as a precious privilege not as something that is good to get rid of."

"I don't, mama," cried Alice, eagerly, "I love to live; but I thought maybe it was not right to love to live."

At a later age fourteen or fifteen, the girl does not ask if it is wicked to "love to live." She lives, she knows it. Life, a newly awakened sense of life, is tingling in every fibre of her being. She begins to feel emotions—she does not understand them; but they agitate her. She wants sympathy; she does not know exactly for what; but its absence is a grievance. She feels intensely every pulsation of the life that throbs about her. She is fitful, changeable in her moods, and easily hurt; quick to take offense, yet strongly desirous to do something great; perform some heroic act; sacrifice herself for those she loves; and then die, and be "understood" at last.

For, at this stage and age, the girl believes most truly that no one understands her, not even her own mother. She considers herself unique, not at all like other girls, and her one idea is to separate her, self from a cold and cruel world, and devote her life, until her early death—fore she believes she will die young—to some beautiful and ennobling charity.

Poor little girl! She is careful and wise to keep all these brooding thoughts to herself, for she knows that, tragically though it may be to her, they would provoke shrieks of laughter from her big brother, impatient from her father, and fear and anxiety, lest she were going to be ill, from her mother. What is she to do? In all the world there is no place for her. Her elder sister is "in society," and busied with her own weighty concerns. Her father is "busy" downtown, her mother occupied with a thousand things and only troubled by her moodiness, not in the least aware of the overcharged heart that is thrown back upon its own morbid resources, that is crying out for love, pity, companionship, and, instead of receiving it, is sent upstairs to the third story to sit alone while a gay party is being entertained in the drawing-room.

For a girl at this age, under the absurdities of our conventional system, is an anomaly. She has no place in the economy of our social life. She is too old, or feels herself too old, for the society of "little" girls, and she is not old enough for the society of young women. This idea she resents bitterly. She feels much older at fifteen than she will at twenty-two; and she thinks, with consolatory bitterness, that if some people could only know what she thinks of them, they would not rate themselves so highly.

This period, so little understood, is ethically of the greatest importance. In it the other self is born; the essential woman the women whose life is to be a "living sacrifice."

It is an infinite pity that ignorance of the laws that govern moral and spiritual development, so often renders us oblivious of the influence that, like rich seed, might at this stage be so fruitfully planted in the girl's receptive mind. In her broodings and musings—her unexpressed aspirations and unfathomed desires—lie the germs of her higher nature, which is incapable of cultivation, as susceptible of growth as the limbs, or the hair. The most precious and impressive period of a girl's life is this critical, conscious age often considered the most disagreeable—an "awkward" age—"when a girl," as some one has said, "is all arms and legs, and doesn't know what to do with either." It is too much the rule enor-

mously exaggerate the value of physique, and let the moral qualities take care of themselves.

Love-lives of mind and spirit at a time when the emotional side of a girl's nature is abnormally active may be most disastrous; evil influences may enter, if good and true ones are not in occupation, and an opportunity not only lost, but real injury done—when the girl's nature wakes to deeper activity, and sympathetically affects the whole moral fabric of her being.

In former times there were natural duties in the family belonging to every period in the daughter's life. She was her mother's helper; and the small services she performed the useful routine of domestic life; left little opportunity for idle imaginings or introspective moods, while needed service in the home was a girl's first and most essential obligation. Modern methods have, however, eliminated all the old ideas of personal service from the family. Servants occupy the kitchen—a trained nurse the sick room. Every one is "busy"; no one has any time for anything or any one, not even for the girl and the questions she is beginning to ask herself, and upon the answers to which may depend her future life.

The want of a helpful environment to the development of womanly qualities doubles the anxieties and responsibilities of the mother; at the same time that she has less power either to control or direct her child's acts than was the case when mothers knew less, but were obeyed because obedience was the rule.

It is now very difficult for the mother to maintain any position of ascendancy. She has to contend with influences both from within and without. Often she must "bide her time." Her daughter, in rebellious or willful mood, is flattered, or led against even her own better judgment, and the mother is rarely sustained by home influence or public opinion, both forces tending in the direction of letting young people "have their own way." If the mother's did not begin "way back"—if the daughter has not inherited respect for those to whom she owes duty—if her home environment has not stimulated and strengthened sentiments of love and loyalty, no amount of intelligent consideration of the subject on the part of the mother will make up for the lack in the beginning. "Be careful of the beginning," says Thomas à Kempis: "after efforts come too late." If this is true of minor affairs, how much more true of a human soul?

But if the spirit of the age is against the girl in one way, or against the mother's point of view in her desire towards her daughter's welfare, it is helpful in another. The girl of fifteen is generally an omnivorous reader. A few years ago there was nothing between the schoolbook and the Sunday school story of the good children that died young, except the one, two, or three volumes of paper-covered novels. There is now a new class of books that is helpful and inspiring to young girls. The volume is of stories of "historic" girls and women, of "heroic" girls, of the heroes of the nations, of "Golden Days," "Hereward," "The Last of the English," "Theodoric, the Goth," and stories of chivalry, all belong in the same category, and interest young girls exceedingly.

If the right kind of books are used in connection with the history the girl is studying, abiding interest is created, and a light thrown on the lives of the men and women, who have lived, and performed great deeds, before the light of the nineteenth century dawned. Thus it is useful for the nineteenth century girl to know; for she is very apt to think that the world, at least that of woman, had remained stationary, like so many marble Galateas, until she was born. Yet a great writer has said that there was no inspired plan or purpose in the most of the French history—that of the Crusaders. That Crusades and Crusaders were the natural outgrowth of the splendid character of the woman who lived in the feudal times and in the feudal castles, which they were often called upon to defend.

From Livia, the wife of Augustus, down, what a long line of magnificent types there are for the young girl to admire and emulate. Seen in the distance, they obtain perspective and that halo of romance which fires the imagination, without assailing the heart; and insensibly creates standards which will in time be modified and equalized, but not lowered.

An invaluable influence in the life of the young girl is the modern custom in our high schools and colleges of calling upon the pupils for quotations freely chosen from any author. The list voluntarily chosen always includes the best, and accustoms the girls—obliges them, then in fact—to make frequent and careful studies of the best poetic and prose writers. When they have once learned to understand and appreciate true beauty of style and form of expression, they will not tolerate the inferior, and the mass of yellow-covered rubbish will have no charms for them.

It ought to be understood, and it will be when the study of child nature is pursued with even as much care as we give to plants or animals, that children are not born blank, like sheets of white paper, upon which anything or one chooses can be written; nor yet as fixed stars, that must run their course irrespective of condition or circumstances. There are epitomes of the universe, of nations, of races, and their stages of development represents the life of the race; their possibilities, its past as well as its future.

Watching and waiting must enter largely into the life of the mother. It surprises her at first to find that childhood and girlhood are a succession of phases, partly traceable to heredity, partly to embryonic development; that instead of showing fixed determination of character in giving directions, they often disappear and are succeeded by others which, while belonging to the type, are different

in manifestation, and create alarm or fond anticipation, according to the qualities they indicate. Short-sighted anger and punishment are worse than useless in cases where unfortunate tendencies are indicated. Wise direction, patient waiting, unfailing sympathy and tenderness, and stimulating influences in opposite ways, constitute the only course for the mother.

Individual sovereignty is pretty well understood, and generally asserted by the young woman of our time to such an extent, indeed, that few ties of early home or family are allowed to interfere with her desire to carve out her career in her own way. Yet it not infrequently happens that this is only accomplished after much friction; and bitter conflict with the mother's social prejudices. The mother forgets that her daughter is, first of all, a human being, and that her rights as such are to be respected. The obedience she owes her mother is secondary, and is not for the mother to exact, but for the daughter to yield. If the sense of her own right and duty to herself is stronger, the mother will gain nothing by a sullen and half-hearted submission, which may become open and defiant rebellion; but placing the whole case before the girl, frankly and dispassionately as she sees it, leave her to decide.

Should she finally determine to act in accordance with her own wishes, let the mother accept the situation, hard though it may be. She cannot see, or foretell the future; and the result may be better than she fears—the carrying out of her own plans, the opposite of her hopes. At any rate, the daughter is to live as woman long after the claims of the mother have ceased to be paramount. She has a right to a voice in the interests with which those years are to be filled. In any case, they will be sure to bring with them all the realization, all the justification of the wise mother.

"What I fear is," said one mother to her young daughter, "that you will blame me when you get older. You will say, 'Mother, you know you ought not to have allowed me to take this step.'"

"No mother," replied the girl: "I never shall; I shall know you had a very willful, and determined daughter."

The willful and determined daughter is the product of the age. She is probably necessary to the making of the twentieth century woman. That woman who is to be on school boards; keep our city streets clean; make our country neighborhoods beautiful, and care for neglected children; and perform those duties of municipal housekeeping that have been so long neglected.

The embryonic woman of to-day has the light of the future in her eyes, and the pressure of the future duty upon her heart. There is something of the Sybil in her consciousness of the mission entrusted to her; and the mother may reverently trust the rest to a Greater Power, after she has done her best.

JENNIE CUNNINGHAM CROLY.  
"JENNIE JUNE."

Leaves Slanting Inward and Outward.

The difference in the slant and position of leaves, as also the variety of size and shape, have, says Sir John Lubbock, reference to the organization, habits, and structural requirements of the plant. In the lime, beech, and elm, for instance, the leaves are in nearly the same plane with the branch—an arrangement admirably adapted to secure the maximum of light and air. In the maples, sycamores, and horse-chestnuts, the leaves are placed at right angles to the axis of the branch, because of the different disposition of the main stem and its lateral branches. Professor Kerner, in his Natural History of Plants, states that much of the diversity in leaves depends upon the infinite variety of soils. The general build of the chestnut tree, for instance, is cone-shaped, and its broad green palmate leaves slope down, wards and outwards. Every drop of water falling on these leaves runs down the grooves in them on to the leaves below, and is thus carried to the earth, falling in a circle around the bole of the tree. It is exactly in this circle that the feeding roots of the tree will be found. The sunflower in a similar manner sends the rain outwards from its stem; but the rhubarb plant, which strikes its roots straight downward instead of horizontally outwards, is furnished with leaves and stalks slanting inwards, so as to carry the water that falls to the very centre of the plant. Anyone walking in the country on a rainy day may notice that every twist, curve, and point of the leaves within view plays an active part in the irrigation of the roots.

A Tower of Stag's Horns.

Near to the Convent of the Carmelites, at Ispahan, in Persia, and near to the Shah's stables, there is a most remarkable tower. It is built of earth and the horns of aboves and stags. The story of this remarkable erection is that Shah Tamas killed, in one hunting-match, no fewer than 2,000 of these animals, in memory of which he caused this tower to be erected, and the horns of the animals to be employed in the construction thereof. Nowhere else can such an erection be boasted of. Laplanders, in building the rude huts, frequently make use of the antlers or horns of the reindeer or Arctic stag for that purpose, and invariably cover their summer-houses with the skins of that animal. Akbar, the great Mogul, constructed his house, and also an octagonal hunting-lodge, of ivory. Part of this latter building is still standing, being situated about twenty miles west of Agra. The exterior bristles with 128 enormous tusks, disposed in ascending lines, sixteen being on each of the eight sides.

The Path of a Rifle Bullet.

The path of the rifle bullet cannot be an even curve, owing to the nature of the forces which act upon it during the flight. Projectiles are acted on by the force of projection, and by the force of gravity; the path which they describe must, therefore, depend upon the ratio of these forces. The resistance of the air must also be taken into account, this resistance increasing or decreasing as the square of velocity. Gravity is an accelerating force which

## EXTREME NOVELTIES IN OUR

# Cloak Department.

The Latest Idea in Fashionable Shoulder Capes, 22½ inches, 25 inches and 27 inches deep, made very full, with great Circular sweep.

Black and Fawn Cloth Capes, Perforated, showing the Silk Lining through the perforations. at \$14.50, \$17.50 and \$21.75.

Black Broadcloth and Camel's Hair Capes, lined throughout with Silk and beautifully trimmed in scroll designs with Soutache braid, at \$11.75, \$17.75 and \$19.50.

Fawn and Tan Broadcloth Capes, Strapped and Appliqued, in scroll designs, etc., at \$5.25, \$7.50, \$9.00, \$11.75 and \$17.50.

Caadinal and Myrtle Green Broadcloth Capes, trimmed solid Applique Design in Black at \$15.25 and \$19.00.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

CORNWALL'S

# BICYCLE AGENCY

Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

"The Beeston Humber." "The Davies" "Uptodate," "The Rudge." "The New Howe."

The following well known English and American Wheels on our list:

"The Road King." "The Duke." "The Popular." "The Prince." "The Princess."

The Whitworth, The Hyslop, The Regents' The Fleet.

The Spartin, The Cupid, The Crescent.

ALL STYLES, 1895.

Full Line of Men's, Ladies', Girls' and Boys'

Cycle Accessories.

See our samples and get our catalogue before purchasing and you will not make a mistake.



Also full assortment of Cycle Accessories. See our samples and get our catalogue before purchasing and you will not make a mistake.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent, I. E. CORNWALL, Special Agent.

Board of Trade Building ST. JOHN, N. B. Send for Catalogue...

causes a body to fall 16ft. in the first second, 48ft. in the next, 80ft. in the third, and so on. The path of a projectile is, therefore, setting aside the resistance of the air, a parabola, that is, a curve similar to the one obtained by cutting a cone in a direction parallel to one side. The resistance of the air is, however, of great importance, as it tends to reduce the velocity of the bullet gradually, and therefore affects, to some extent, its path.

"M. Quad" a Prolific Writer.

Probably there are few persons who have not heard of "M. Quad," the humorist, who made the Detroit Free Press famous throughout the country, and who is now located in New York city. Yet it is the fact that the creator of "Brother Gardner" and the "Arizona Kicker" is but little known in literary circles, or even among working journalists. M. Quad, or Charles B. Lewis, has probably turned out more copy of a humorous and descriptive sort in the last fifteen years than any man writing for the press. There was a time when Peck of Peck's Sun rivaled him, but that was before he went into politics. Bill Nye writes but one article a week and other humorists are satisfied with a few columns a week. But M. Quad turns out two and three or more columns a day. Tales of adventure, sea yarns, short paragraphs, long articles of the Line Kin Club order, all flow from his fertile brain in a constant stream. Personally Lewis is a most companionable man. He is tall, well built, with light hair and moustache. He is an indefatigable worker, and says that in fact it rests him to work. Of course, he commands a good income, and it is certain that he earns every penny of it.

Japanese Dishes.

The Japanese national dishes possess little to recommend them to Occidental palates. To such they are antipathetic on account of their offensive odors and odd method of preparation. One of the dishes is composed of sea-weed shredded and matted. While this is not absolutely unpalatable, its smell is described as resembling that of sewage exposed to a hot sun. Another matted substance is made of thousands of small, slender fishes, which are dried and then grilled and eaten on buttered toast. Vegetable marrows, after being soaked for a long time in yeast, are eaten with soya, a sauce composed of sugar and salt.

Knew How it Was Done.

There has recently died in a Scotch town an extremely eccentric old gentleman (who, up till a short time before his death, kept a small general shop), of whom the following true tale is told. One day there came into his shop a man who wished to buy an empty soap box.

"All right," said Sandy, "ye can have one; but the price is tuppence!" "Tuppence!" ejaculated the would-be purchaser. "That's too much, Sandy; I can get them for less than that!"

"Less than tuppence? You're dreamin', man!" replied Sandy, who disliked nothing so much as haggling. "Where have ye had them for less?"

"Down at your neighbor's, Kelly Tamson's," replied the other.

"Oh!" answered Sandy, apparently much relieved, "That purtule's; no doubt ye wad git 'em fer less there, but I was never fule enough to leave my boxes outside on the pavement all night."

## TAKE DOWN YOUR CURTAINS

and send them to UNGAR'S.

No house cleaning can be complete unless last year's dust has been cleaned out of them.

Blankets must be put away.

Let UNGAR clean them.

With our new process, carpets can be cleaned on the floor. No taking up and relaying. Try it.

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS,

ST. JOHN, N. B., HALIFAX, N. S.

# Royal Emulsion

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

From the earliest days of medicine no remedy has achieved such a reputation as

# ROYAL EMULSION.

Its curative power is universally acknowledged to a degree unprecedented in the annals of physical research.

As a strengthening tonic in convalescence and for thin and weakly babies and children, and delicate women,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

All Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00 bottles.

Dawson Medicine Co.

MONTREAL.

# Consumption.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. (See Express and Post Office address. E. A. SUTTON, CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.)

DEAFNESS..

...and Head-Noises Cured by our new Improved Ear Drums. Have helped more to good hearing than all other devices combined. Safe, comfortable, invisible, and can be removed or inserted without dangerous force. Write for Pamphlet. EXCELSIOR EAR DRUM CO., Toronto, Ont. Mention this Paper.