

May 25, 1895 -

WOMAN and HER WORK.

If science makes many more strides, and the microscope goes on writing their most cherished secrets from both nature and art, I am afraid the problem of existence will soon be solved by the gradual dying off of the human race, from deliberate starvation! I say the problem of existence, because as the majority of the population die off, there will be plenty left for the survivors to live upon, and consequently those who are blessed with a healthy appetite and freedom from fads, can riot on the fat of the land, and take the goods the gods send, with untroubled consciences.

I remarked some time ago that this was the age of fads, and lately I begin to think that the riding of hobbies is not confined to individuals, but that classes, professions and even science itself would seem to be afflicted with the general weakness. It is an actual fact that the wildest faddist of today need not lack confirmation for this most irrational theory, and support in his most extreme views if he only knows enough to consult the medical journals.

From time to time the cranks of the world have been given to discovering either sudden death or slow poison in the commonest articles of food, the ordinary staples of daily consumption which we have always regarded just as necessary to existence as the air we breathe, and which we absorbed just as naturally and unthinkingly.

For instance, a few years ago a slice of fresh bread was considered not only a perfectly harmless luxury, but absolutely wholesome as an article of diet! Now however, the scientist has discovered that the fermentation of the yeast, used in raising the bread, generates a poisonous fungus which is extremely dangerous to the human system, and which does not die, until the bread is two or three days old. I should think that it would be almost as dangerous dead, as alive, but there I am not a scientist and like St. Paul speak merely as a fool.

This discovery of course gave the staff of life a foremost place on the list of dangerous articles of food. Therefore sensible people must not eat fresh bread. Then another researcher after truth in its most dispassionate form, found out that nearly every cow, regardless of age or sex was suffering from some form of pleuro-pneumonia, latent, or otherwise unlike the human victim of this dread disease. The cow in question might be perfectly ignorant of her state of health, she might enjoy sound sleep, take her meals with regularity and relish, marry and bring up an interesting family, and in short engage in her accustomed associations without once suspecting that she was dying on her feet; and at the same time absolutely filled to overflowing with "germs."

She might have lived to a green old age, and died a peaceful death had it not been for the ever-active man of science, who comes along with little inoculating apparatus and thermometer, and proceed to inoculate the cow with something which he calls virus, and which permeates the cow system in a certain time and irritates it into feverish symptoms. Then the thermometer comes into play, the victim's temperature is taken, and the man of science yells in horror:—"My dear sir, your cow is infected with pleuro-pneumonia! She has probably had it all her life and very likely before she was born! You must have her slaughtered at once, and every calf she has brought into the world for the last ten years!"

"But," says the cow's owner, "we have had that cow a long time and we are very fond of her, she is in perfect health and we have always kept her milk for our own table and raised our babies on it, because it was so good and pure, and I am sure you would not find a healthier family in the country." "No matter," says the man of science. "The only wonder is that you were not all poisoned long ago, and you'll probably die of consumption as it is. That cow must be killed."

So the cow is sacrificed on the altar of faddism, and probably half a dozen more follow until the experimenter reaches some healthy young bovine on whom the inoculation fails to "take" and then he triumphantly demonstrates the wonders of science, and pronounces the last patent the only cow of the entire herd free from the taint. I wonder if it ever strikes that gifted man that there was nothing wrong with the cow until he put the fever into her blood himself, poisoned her, in fact? Was anyone ever vaccinated or inoculated either without their temperature rising?

"Oh, do be careful, please, you will wake the baby!" says the anxious mother. He was vaccinated a week ago, poor darling, and it is taking beautifully, but he is so feverish and ill that none of us have had any sleep with him."

She does not say "please step into the parlor and excuse me a moment, we are just getting the baby off to the larder, we had him vaccinated, and now we think he is developing small pox, so of course we want to take it in time, and get him out of the way." It seems to me that one proceeding would be quite sensible as the other, but no one thinks of that, and pleuro-pneumonia, scale is inaugurated at

once; timid people give up eating beef feeling sure that they might as well take a diet of arsenic, or strychnine at once, and beef goes on the condemned list as a deleterious article of food!

The exigencies of space prevent me from enumerating at length all the poisonous articles which the human race has been hilariously consuming from time immemorial, and which we should undoubtedly be still partaking of in happy ignorance, had it not been for the intervention of science. Suffice it to say that science has turned the searchlight of her microscope—if I may be allowed to mix my metaphors a little—on the innocent milk jug and found death lurking in its depths. She has chased the king of terrors into another of his favorite lairs, the comforting teapot, and she has corralled him in the tobacco pipe, the beer jug and the wine bottle. She has discovered that the once highly-prized, but low-priced water cross has a decided affinity for sewage; that the most toothsome and expensive ham ever imported from "the western city with the Roman name"—Cincinnati—or cured by our own justly celebrated Dunn, may be swarming with the deathless trichine; and she has not been satisfied to let the delicate mushroom rest under the vague suspicion which has always pursued him, that he may be a toadstool in disguise, but has clearly demonstrated that even when he can prove his right to the title of a mushroom of the purest blood he is highly poisonous and should be avoided as a pestilence.

All this was bad enough, of course; it aroused unpleasant suspicions in our minds, and made us disposed to quarrel with our bread and butter; but a worse show was in store when science donned a diving suit, and after bearding the retiring and exclusive oyster in his native village, announced that he was composed of little else but typhoid fever germs, of the most virulent type. This is indeed the last straw that a patient public can bear upon its long suffering back! The oyster has always been such an expensive luxury that we felt certain he must be genuine, if not "hand made" then at least "hand picked" and therefore reliable. But if he too is to be placed on the list marked dangerous, then indeed is life no longer worth living, and the only remedy I can see is to go back to first principles, and eat and drink our poison with the cheerful indifference, though not, alas! the happy ignorance of our forefathers. They ate, drank and enjoyed themselves, and they must have thriven on their unwholesome fare since so many of them lived to a great age.

It is just as well to die of mushrooms or oysters, or one imprudent indulgence in water cross, as of slow starvation; so let us, "my dear friends," as Mr. Chadbond would say, partake of the good things in this world, with thankfulness and moderation, not torturing ourselves too much over the possibility that they may not agree with us. Dyspepsia is bad enough when it comes, so why anticipate evils which may never exist?

Here are a few miscellaneous recipes which are guaranteed to be harmless.

Good Kitchen Utensils.
As fast as you can, acquire good kitchen utensils. Nothing so much expedites work as plenty of the proper kind of tools. The best vessels to cook in are earthenware. For cereals and fruit nothing else should be used. So much of the tin made now-a-days is poor and the tin cooks off in acid fruits, and scrapes off when you are stirring things. Iron pots and pans will darken almost everything that is cooked in them. Granite ware—the best—costs a great deal and wears out in time, but good earthenware lasts forever, unless you are careless and break it.

Baked Hominy.
Baked hominy is often a good dish to serve at dinner with meat in place of potatoes. To keep it from being dry or heavy it is improved by adding an egg and milk. Use that which is already cooked, and to each cupful add a tablespoonful of melted butter, a tablespoonful of salt, one of two eggs and a cupful of milk. Add the beaten yolks to the milk, add the salt and mix with the hominy. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff, stir it lightly and brown a light color in a pudding dish that is well rubbed with butter.

Hominy Croquettes.
To a cupful of cold boiled hominy add a tablespoonful of melted butter and stir hard, moistening by degrees with a cupful of milk, beating to a soft light paste. Put in a teaspoonful of white sugar, and last, a well-beaten egg. Roll into oval balls with floured hands, dip in beaten egg, then cracker crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

Beef Fritters.
Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a pint of water, let it boil a few minutes, thicken it very smoothly with a pint of flour. Let it remain a short time on the fire, stirring constantly that it may stick to the pan. Then pour it into a bowl and let it get cold. Add six eggs, breaking one at a time, and beating it in till all are broken and the dough is quite light. Put a pint of lard in a pan and let it boil,

and then drop the butter in. When the fritters are brown and crisp serve them up hot and sprinkle with sugar.

Little Loaves.
Take a quarter-pound of fresh butter and beat it to a cream. Add four table-spoonfuls of fine flour, two ounces of loaf sugar, one ounce of candied peel, cut into thick slices, six sweet and six bitter almonds, blanched and cut lengthwise. Mix these ingredients together, form them into rounds and bake them in six pattypans.

Sauce.—Half a bowl of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter and a wine glass of rose water stirred to a cream. Dredge in a tablespoonful of flour, and add a tencup of boiling water, stirring well for two or three minutes; grate in half a nutmeg; use the moment it is done. It is a delicious French dessert, although the title is so very homespun.

Banana Shortcake.
Cream one-half cup butter, one cup of sugar stir in one beaten egg, half a cup of milk, two cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in round or oblong tins. Over one cake spread a pint of whipped cream. Sweeten to taste into which has been stirred one large banana sliced thin. Lay the other over it and serve very hot.

Banana Blancmange.
Into a quart of boiling milk stir four tablespoonfuls of corn starch wet with a little milk and a quarter of a cupful of sugar. When it thickens set aside to cool. When properly cold stir in a small teaspoonful of extract of vanilla and two or three thinly sliced bananas.

Bavarian Rusks.
Four ounces butter, four eggs, two ounces of sugar, one half pint milk, one spoonful of brewer's yeast, or one teaspoonful of a good baking powder, two pounds flour. Mix the yeast with a little of the milk, which should be warmed, add the sugar, pour it into the centre of the flour in a deep pudding basin, and let it stand to rise for one hour, add the remainder of the milk and the eggs, beating the whole well with a wooden spoon, then put in a buttered tin, leave to rise for another hour, bake in a moderate oven, and, when cold, cut the cakes in thin slices, dry in a quick oven, having previously wrung them thickly with sugar.

Veal Cakes.
Stew the meat tender, chop and season; mix raw egg with mashed potato and sprinkle with flour; cut into cakes; lay on each a spoonful of meat, cover with another cake, press edges together and fry in deep lard.

Veal Cream.
Stew veal tender, add one slice of onion, one-third of a cupful of raw rice; simmer one hour. Add seasoning, one cupful of hot cream, and serve.

Veal Sandwiches.
These are almost as good as chicken, and much cheaper, and the water in which the veal is stewed may go towards the next day's soup. Boil the veal until tender, and when cold chop fine. Mix with a good mayonnaise dressing and spread between slices of bread.

Beefsteak and Mushrooms.
Boil the mushrooms in milk for eight minutes, then season, add a tablespoonful of butter, and thicken with a little browned flour. Lay the broiled beefsteak, which has been boiling meanwhile, on a platter and pour the mushrooms and sauce over it. Canned mushrooms will do as well as fresh.

Fried Bananas.
Cut in two lengthwise, dip in paste composed of two eggs, one level cupful of flour one-half cupful of water, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water. Fry in boiling lard to a delicate brown.

Orange Marmalade.
Take a dozen and a half of fine ripe oranges. Grate the peel lightly off four of these, or scrape them with a very fine knife. The rinds of the other may be rejected. Pare the fruit carefully, removing the inner white skin as well as the yellow. Cut the oranges into the thinnest slices; remove the seeds. Put the fruit and grated peel into the kettle, and boil steadily until the pulp is reduced to a smooth mass. Take from the fire, press through a colander and stir in six pounds of best white sugar. Return to the fire, boil rapidly, and stir constantly for 30 minutes or until thick. Put in tumblers, and when cold store away covered in the usual manner.

Astra.

Fashion's Fads.
"As well be out of the world as out of the fashion," says Colley Cibber and that we mostly all agree with him is shown by the agility with which we turn from one extreme to another in order to keep up with the race set by Dame Fashion. "What an ugly hat, or gown" we say, on being confronted by some novelty, but inside of a month, we are wearing a similar hat or gown with that complacent expression which is the result of knowing we are up-to-date, and have completely forgotten that we did not always consider it beautiful. Fashion dictates and we all bow down and submit to her decrees. A change in style brings change to every one. Special fabrics and patterns are manufactured to suit prevailing styles, so that a leader in fashion yields a destiny she may not always realize. For instance, with the increasing volume demanded in a fashionable sleeve, came the want of stiff lining which would hold the sleeve out gracefully, without adding much to the weight. Various materials were used without perfect satisfaction, and it looked almost as if we would have

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Express for Halifax	12.00
Express for Quebec and Montreal	12.00
Express for Sussex	12.00

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 12.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	6.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.00
Express from Montreal (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax	10.30
Express from Pictou and Campbellton	12.30
Accommodation from Montreal	24.00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

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D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office,
Montreal, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

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Leave Kentville, 6.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.45 a. m.	
Leave Halifax, 8.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.	

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:

Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5.50 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m.	
Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.00 p. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.45 p. m.	
Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.45 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 7.30 p. m.	
Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.00 p. m.	
Leave Kentville Daily, 6.00 a. m. Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a. m.	
Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 8.10 p. m.	

Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cape Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport; at W. Junction and Halifax with Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific trains for points West.

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