

Wives * and * Daughters

Woman Suffrage in Practice.

Woman suffrage is now being tried in an American State and in a British Province, and in both cases its practical workings will be watched with a good deal of interest by all who are paying attention to that important reform.

In New Zealand, laws and political customs are very similar to ours in Canada. The woman suffrage law went into practical operation in the recent general elections held in that province. A correspondent from that far-off country states as follows: "Sir Robert Stout, a prohibition leader, was returned, and the anti-liquor element is largely increased in the new House. The candidates had their women committees as well as men; the women had their own committee rooms and a complete electioneering organization. They went to the same booths to vote as did the men and experienced no annoyance. It is said that the moral tone of the successful candidates is considerably raised as the result of the women's work."

In Wyoming the last election demonstrated the following important facts, as a result of woman's suffrage:

1. That woman's suffrage makes it necessary for both parties to nominate their best men.

2. It secures quiet and orderly elections.

Hon. Mr. Warren, United States senator, says:

"Our women consider much more carefully than our men the character of candidates, and both political parties have found themselves obliged to nominate their best men in order to obtain the support of the women."

Hon. H. L. Andrews, Speaker of the Wyoming House of Representatives, has said:

"I came to this territory in 1871, with the strongest possible prejudice against woman suffrage. The more I have seen of it, the less my objections have been realized. The women use the ballot with more independence and discrimination in regard to the qualifications of candidates than men do. If the ballot in the hand of woman compels political parties to place their best men in nomination, this, in and of itself, is a sufficient reason for sustaining woman suffrage."

Ex-Chief Justice Fisher, of Cheyenne, says:

"I wish I could show the people who are so wonderfully exercised on the subject of female suffrage just how it works. The women watch the nominating conventions, and if the Republicans put a bad man on their ticket and the Democrats a good one, the Republican women do not hesitate a moment in scratching off the bad and substituting the good. It is just so with the Democrats. I have seen the effects of female suffrage, and instead of being a means of encouragement to fraud and corruption, it tends greatly to purify elections and give better government."

Teas and Tea Making.

Many of our Canadian readers had, no doubt, the opportunity of drinking the teas as they were served up at the recent great World's Fair. Even to such, as well as to many others who were not there, the following description of the various teas that are now popular in almost every home will be of interest:

China had no official exhibit at the World's Fair, though bright-colored, high-priced packages of ordinary Oolong were sold in the Canton section of the manufactures building, and in the Chinese village on the Plaisance a tea was served which did not merit notice. Whether China depended on her reputation, or was not pleasantly disposed to the American World's Fair, or underestimated the strength of her competition, her lack of exhibit here must prove her loss.

Japan, however, used every opportunity of displaying this commodity, in large and beautifully decorated jars at the agricultural building, in the package, and in the beverage at the charming tea-garden on the lagoon near the fisheries building, and in a little tea-room off the bazar on the Plaisance.

The jars in the first named exhibit were for sale, and at the tea-garden, where the entrance included with a cup of tea, a sweet cake or biscuit, a little additional money secured a quarter-pound souvenir. Very foreign and delightful to the tired sight-seer, was a half-hour spent there. Japanese boys in their native costumes served, and the slow clatter of their wooden clogs on the hard walks stimulated interest. The tea master, as he was called, whisked boiling water and powdered tea together, which was served almost immediately without cream or sugar. It had a delicate

color, mild flavor, was clear, but did not lack strength. This tea-garden was established by an association of native tea merchants, and though the finest tea was not offered, what was served was greatly superior to that usually sold in this country. In the room or garden opening out of the bazar, cups of fragrant tea, or tea ice, delicate and pleasant even to one not a genuine lover, brought refreshment to many. Question, Is tea ice served in Japan?

Java had an attractive booth in her little village where tea and coffee were served. The tea was good, and one could buy a small package, but the majority of visitors preferred coffee. Something might be allowed for fame. Packages of tea, as well as the beverage, were furnished by the Malays at their village. Tea culture is a new industry in the Straits Settlements, but of sufficient importance for representation at the fair.

Mingling with the odors of sandalwood and foreign perfumes at the East India pavilion, came the fragrance of tea which was served by white-robed natives, in a corner behind beautiful screens. One had a fine opportunity while sipping the tea to glance at the exquisite carved and inlaid work and decide what of the rare, curious, and beautiful things should receive closer attention. The tea was of Assam growth, and diagrams on the wall acquainted any who read that the cultivation of tea in India was established about 30 years ago, and that in 1892 the crop of India and Ceylon was 110,000,000 pounds.

The Ceylon, or Cingalese tea, was the larger of the tea exhibits. While there were many tea booths, the most attractive resorts were the mat pavilion on the lake front, where the Cingalese men in white jackets and brightly-colored skirts served the ever present crowd, the Ceylon room in the agricultural building, curiously built of native woods, where tea was served, or sold in packages, and the little extemporized "corner" in the Ceylon exhibit in the woman's building, where one paused to buy a cup of tea for the sake of seeing the little native woman in home costume. She was dark-skinned and large-eyed, and picturesquely draped in a decidedly Oriental cloth. She wore heavy earrings and many bracelets, but one involuntarily looked for the nose jewel many of us saw in the East Indian pictures of our childhood days, and saw it not. Her voice was pleasing, but she looked warm and tired when she was not talking or busy, and maybe longed for home, even though her wildest dreams could not have foreshadowed such an experience as had been hers the last six months.

India and Ceylon teas are black and have a peculiar but pleasing "bouquet" of their own, and it is claimed that they possess a finer flavor, with more body and strength, than the black teas of the Flowery Kingdom which Russia uses exclusively. England is well satisfied with the teas of her own empire, while those who cling to the green leaf must seek it of China. One advantage possessed by India and Cingalese teas is the little handling involved, as after picking, the curing and firing is done by machinery.

A practical illustration of a tea plantation, curing and firing, was shown in the teakwood temple on the lake front. Tea lovers were gladdened by the variety of samples to be seen, from dust and the poorest quality to the finest grades, and an indifferent individual was stimulated to learn some of the things worth knowing in the tea market. One thing will not be forgotten, that a sight of the Golden Tip, which has sold lately in London from \$150 to \$175 a pound, was granted to the common buyer free.

Here are the teas of the world, but what of the tea-drinkers? A wonderful procession passes, in foreign robes and home-spun dress, prince and peasant, the leader of society and the man of letters, the group of friends and the solitary devotee. Over against Boston's tea-party are heard the delightful words of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt blending with the delicate fragrance of the tea, and Holmes charms "Among the Teacups."

The Cheap Pleasures Best.

A bright writer in Harper's Weekly comes to the conclusion that the expensive pleasures in life are not, after all, the best. He says:

"The comparatively cheap pleasures seem to be the best, not only for this Christmas, but in life generally. There is so little that the very rich can buy for themselves that need stir envy in people who are just comfortably off. Warmth is such a delightful thing in winter, but you and I can get as much as we want of it, and a millionaire can have no more. And then there are so many cheap ordinary things to eat that are just as good as or better than the expensive things. An epicure who lives somewhere in the western part of this State was saying the other day that, having a particular dinner in view, he sent to a judicious man in New York for the best fish that the market offered. They sent him a fresh cod, and he admitted that no fish could be better, and moralized (those

are his remarks above) on the comparative cheapness of the fleshly gratifications that were really best, such as potatoes and chickens and fresh air, and tea and water (warm and cold), and soap and sleep. When one considers how good a big 5-cent sandwich tastes when he is really hungry, and what a poor thing a \$5 dinner is when he is not, and how little difference there is between good wine and good water when it has once passed one's gullet, and how much of that difference is in favor of the water, it really lends a dangerous charm to economy and simple living, and makes one wonder that thrift is not more catching, and that the delights of avarice should be so generally monopolized by the aged."

A Warning to Young Women.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York City, in speaking before the students in a young ladies' college, recently made the following stern arraignment of the purposeless lives of many of their class:

"If it happens that I am speaking to any young woman whose property, actual or prospective, renders work unnecessary as a livelihood, and who, on that score, excuses herself from actual service of some kind in others' behalf, I am going to say to you, in kindly candor, three things: You are a dishonor to your sex; you are a traitor to your kind; you are a renegade from the cause of the Divine Master. Let me add, for your sake and that of your father and mother, that an aimless life is property upon which the devil usually holds the first mortgage. Aimlessness is certain to drift, and the drift is never up stream. What begins with aimlessness easily hardens into selfishness; and selfishness, with means to gratify it, is the prolific mother of a large and bad brood. This is a terrible picture of waste and failure. Surely we do not need to keep it before us to make us respect profoundly our girl's longing for work. Shall a child ask bread and we give him a stone?"

"Would a father say to his son, 'My boy, your mother and I are lonely without you; you must stay at home, go out to afternoon teas and parties with us and keep us company in the big, empty house; I have enough for us all, so there is no need of your bothering your head about supporting yourself.' 'It would distress you,' says the writer of a powerful article on 'The Waste of Women's Intellectual Force,' 'to have a group of idle sons, 30 or 40 years of age, hanging around your home; you would not expect them to be contented, and you would probably blame yourself for having somehow erred in their training. But you like to have a group of idle daughters about you. You think it very strange if they are discontented, and you rarely feel that to them, as well as to their brothers, the real opportunities of life should have been widely opened.'"

"On this high vantage-ground, how clearly marked out is the path before us! Our daughters must bring their womanhood, as our son's their manhood, to help the world, because there is a 'difference between them,' and their work, 'though parallel, is not identical.' Many things the one can do that the other cannot possibly do. And for the rest, the only question of 'right' is which can do it better?"

Unhealthy Diet.

Adulteration of food is the subject ever and anon before the country. It seems that those of us who thought we had a respectable diet have been eating and drinking things that may not be mentioned. Honest, old-fashioned butter has melted and run out of the world, and instead thereof we have trichinosis in all styles served up morning, noon and night. All the ailments of the brute creation set before us in raw shape, or done up in puddings and pies and gravies. The wonders and mysteries and incomprehensibilities of hotel hash eclipsed by this blissful oleomargarine. Even the candies that we bring home to our children are under chemical analysis found to be crystallized disease. Lozenges of red lead and sweetened death. Coffees and teas, the innocuous beverages of millions, are so depraved that we feel like saying with Charles Lamb, when an unseemly mixture was placed before him, "If this be coffee, give me tea, and if this be tea, give me coffee." Even the medicines, to which we appeal in dire distress, through apothecary admixture, fail us and kill when they ought to cure. Alas! for the alum in the bread, and the chalk in the milk, and the glass in the sugar, and the Venetian red in the cocoa, and the heaven-knows-what in the syrup!

What we want is to organize a movement by which purchases shall be made at the suspected grocery stores and apothecary shops, some of each style of edibles and medicines, and that they be skillfully analyzed and the results published with the percentage of adulteration, the name of the store and the number of the street. Let that be done in all our cities, and this inquiry will be stopped in a twelvemonth. In 1851, Mr. Wakely, in London, undertook the work, and though it threw the city into a fit of protest and indigna-

tion, the evil was for some time perceptibly abated. The ghastliness of American diet to which millions of people are subjected, may account for much of the sudden death and otherwise unaccountable insanity and the increasing suicide.

It is amazing that there is any good health left after the systemized and almost universal poisoning process. Let us agitate the subject in pulpit and printing press and by legal vigilance, by so much as we care for our own health and the health of the people. But what is worse, adulteration has got into religion and the bread of life has been evilly tainted, and the milk of the word watered. Free grace is the divine provision for the human family. In our time we mix it all up. A little grace will do with a decoction of humanitarianism and a few grains of spiritualism, and a liberal sprinkling of worldly philosophy, and a decided coloring of art, making it vermillion or ultra-marine, and then we take the tongs of the altar and stir it up and stir it down, and mix it up and mix it out, until much of the religion of this day is deception and death, instead of life.

Spiritual adulteration is the curse of the church of Jesus Christ in our day. There will never be any improvement on the old gospel. Everything added weakens its original power. What the world wants is Bible pathology and Bible therapeutics and Bible pharmacy in order to cure its disorders, and not the world's quackery. What it wants to feed its spiritual hunger is not the cake of human confection, which may please the taste, while it gives no brawn to spiritual character, but the strong meat of the Word and the bread of which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger. Away with the adulteration of food and medicine from your groceries and drug stores, and away with spiritual adulteration from the churches and theological seminaries. If we should all go back to primitive Christianity, the progress of the gospel, which is rapid now, would be a hundredfold accelerated. We want less of these modern admixtures, less of the gospel Pauline, — [Rev. Dr. Talmage.]

Cure for Diphtheria.

Diphtheria has become one of the most dreaded of scourges to the household, and is especially dangerous to the children. It has been too common a thing to read of whole families of children being swept off in a few days of this dreadful disease. Any remedy will be hailed with gladness, not only in Canada but everywhere. The following is given for what it is worth:

Apply coal oil with a camel's hair brush or a throat swab to the white spots that appear in the throat with the disease. The oil seems to destroy the bacterial growth at once. The article reads as follows: "The membrane of diphtheria consists of a most rapidly growing plant, and among the other elements in petroleum is a large amount of sulphur, which is very inimical to diphtheria membrane. At once the membrane seems to become thinner, that is, ceases to grow, and that which has attained its growth breaks down under the softening of the oil, and eventually disappears. The person applying the oil should be careful to stand a little to one side, so that should the patient cough no particle of the expectorated material can get into the eye of the operator, as the human eye is of all culture mediums for diphtheria bacilli about the most favorable. There should not be an excess of material on the brush, as a drop too much might strangle in the disabled condition of the throat and larynx." This is probably a familiar cure to the medical profession, but it may be of service where professional help cannot be at once obtained.

Women on Police Force.

In Chicago thirty women have been appointed police matrons by the authorities, and their position and authority are as much recognized as that of the men. To their care is committed the women and girls arrested or suspected of crimes. The press department of the W. C. T. U. now states that during the past year these matrons have cared for 35,000 women and girls. Many of these cases have been as brands plucked from the burning. In all our large Canadian towns and cities there ought to be some arrangements in the police system for matrons' care of both females and young boys. We know now of cases where young men incarcerated in prison have been converted and reformed through the visits and influence of Godly women.

Woman's Best Exercise.

A celebrated physician on being asked: "What is the exercise most conducive to physical beauty in women?" replied very decidedly, "Walking."

Tennis he declared to be too violent, and too much of it is likely to lengthen the arms and make the height of the shoulders uneven.

Cycling renders women uneven in their walk. They gradually come to move with a plunging kind of motion the reverse of graceful, and frequently cultivate weakness of back, which makes them hold themselves badly.

Riding is one-sided, and women who have ridden for years usually have one hip higher than the other.

Croquet does not really give exercise, and after a survey of all the ways he knew in which women take physical

exercise he considered none so conducive to health and beauty of form as walking.

It ought to be persevered in and done in all but the worst weather, and particularly in winter.

It is the cheapest and safest, too. A woman may be hurt with a ball at tennis, injured by horse or bicycle, or receive a blow on the head from a club at golf, which is now being indulged in by women. — [Canton Repository.]

Household Hints.

Save stale pieces of bread, and when an easy day comes, dry them thoroughly in an open oven and with a rolling-pin crush as fine as dust. These, then, will always be at hand for preparing oysters, cutlets, croquettes, etc.

Go to bed at night to sleep; and not to think over the troubles of to-day, nor the anticipated trials of to-morrow. One woman said: "I plan my next day's work each night after retiring." Poor, little, nervous thing, she looked it.

Keep celery fresh by rolling it in brown paper sprinkled with water, then in a damp cloth, and put it in a cool, dark place. Before preparing it for the table, submerge it in cold water and let it stand for an hour. It will be found very crisp.

When one is fatigued tea is an efficient restorative. It forms an agreeable, warm drink, which is neither heating to the blood, nor oppressive to the stomach, particularly if taken slowly when one is sitting quietly. Large quantities, however, induce nervous disorders.

In these days of culture in the various arts there are two that are sadly neglected, namely, the art of talking well, and its twin sister, the art of listening. To be able to talk well is unquestionably a gift, but that the art cannot be in a great degree cultivated is equally beyond doubt.

With the Poets.

The Coming Day.

A better day is coming, girls,
Just wait a little longer;
Its morning breeze now sweeps the
trees,
Its light is growing stronger.
The car of progress rushes on,
Fresh spoils of conquest bringing,
And on the higher plains of life
The birds of hope are singing.

Hark! on the zephyrs of the West
A strong, new sound is swelling!
Of equal rights and juster laws
Its stirring notes are telling.
Blind prejudice and hoary wrongs
Are swiftly disappearing,
And woman pleading for her own,
Commands respectful hearing.

Wyoming, in her mountain home,
Her lesson still repeating,
To Colorado, newly won,
Displays her star in greeting;
And both, in gold and silver decked,
Like queens of ancient story,
Now watch and wait, while Kansas
comes
To join them in their glory.

Across the States this spirit spreads
Back to its primal sources,
Where woman's rights, in modern
sense,
First mustered in their forces;
Where Lucy Stone and Susan B.
Led kindred souls to battle
For woman's higher hopes and needs,
And raised her from a chattel!

Through storms of ridicule and scorn
They bore their cause undaunted,
Till through the land from shore to
shore,
Its burning truths are planted.
Their light is shining brightly, girls;
Each year 'tis growing stronger;
Truth must prevail and error fall—
Just wait a little longer!

Pass It On!

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on;
'Twas not given for these alone,
Pass it on;
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

Did you hear the loving word—
Pass it on;
Like the singing of a bird?
Pass it on;
Let its music live and grow,
Let it cheer another's woe,
You have reaped what others sow,
Pass it on.

'Twas the sunshine of a smile—
Pass it on;
Staying but a little while!
Pass it on;
April beam, the little thing,
Still it wakes the flowers of spring,
Makes the silent birds to sing—
Pass it on.

Have you found the heavenly light?
Pass it on;
Souls are groping in the night,
Daylight gone;
Hold thy lighted lamp on high,
Be a star in some one's sky,
He may live who else would die,
Pass it on.

Be not selfish in thy greed;
Pass it on;
Look upon thy brother's need,
Pass it on;
Live for self you live in vain,

Live for Christ you live again;
Live for Him, with Him you reign—
Pass it on.

—Henry Burton, M.A.

The Children's Room.

How peaceful at night
The sleeping children lie
Each gentle breath so light
Escaping like a sigh!
How tranquil seems the room, how fair
The one who softly enters there!

Whose hands are those, unseen,
That smoothe each little bed?
Whose locks are those that lean
Over each pillow'd head?
Whose lips caress the boys and girls?
Whose fingers stroke the golden curls?

Whose are the yearning eyes,
And whose the trembling tear
Whose heart is this that cries,
Beseeching God to hear?
Whose but the mother's, in whose face
Love shows its sweetest dwelling place?

Her hopes in beauty bloom,
And heaven sends down its light
Which lingers in the room
Where mother says "Good night."
Soft treading by the sleepers there,
Her very presence seems a prayer!

The Captain's Secret.

There was bay upon his forehead,
There was glory in his name;
He had led the country's cohorts
Through the crimson field of fame,
Yet from his breast at midnight,
When the throng had ceased to cheer,

He took a faded blossom
And kissed it with a tear.
A little faded violet,
A bloom of withered hue;
But more than fame
Or loud acclaim
He prized its faded blue.

We have all a hidden story
Of a day more bright and dear;
We may hide it with our laughter,
It will haunt us with a tear.
And we've all some little keepsake
Where no eye can ever mark,
And, like the great commander,
We kiss it in the dark.

A little faded violet,
Perchance a loop of gold,
A gift of love
We prize above
All that the earth can hold.
—Samuel Minturn Peck.

We can never realize our depth in sin
until we try to realize what we might have
been in the Father's house if we had only
stayed at home with him. — [Purvis.]

Some Cold Weather Rules.

[From the Samaritan.]

Never lean with the back upon any
thing that is cold.
Never begin a journey until break-
fast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then
immediately go out into the cold.
Keep the back, especially between
the shoulder blades, well covered; also
the chest well protected.

In sleeping in a cold room, establish
a habit of breathing through the nose,
and never with the mouth open.
Never go to bed with cold or damp
feet. Never omit regular bathing, for,
unless the skin is in active condition,
the cold will close the pores and favor
congestion and other diseases.

After exercise of any kind never ride
in an open carriage or near the window
of a car for a moment; it is dangerous
to health or even life.

When hoarse speak as little as pos-
sible until the hoarseness is recovered
from, else the voice may be perman-
ently lost or difficulties of the throat be
produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire
and never continue keeping the back
exposed to the heat after it has become
comfortably warm. To do otherwise is
debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere
into a cooler one keep the mouth
closed, so that the air may be warmed
in its passage through the nose before
it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather,
especially after having taken a slight
degree of exercise, and always avoid
standing on ice or snow, or where the
person is exposed to cold wind.

Be to do exceeding abundantly above all
that we ask or think, according to the power
that worketh in us. — Eph., iii., 20.

An Exciting Ride.

It is not often one has a boat for a
buggy and a fish for a horse. But
that was a recent experience, as told in
the California Magazine. Says the
writer:

"One of the most exciting rides I
ever took was behind a ten-foot shark.
In pulling my boat over a shallow
lagoon one day in the Gulf of Mexico,
I came upon a school of twenty or
more sharks, lying on the bottom. In
a moment I had my grains—a small
spear—fastened into one, and away
went the fish like a shot. The line
was soon exhausted, and as the board
to which it was attached went over the
side, I grasped it, and, losing my
balance, went overboard, and found
myself dashing along behind the shark.
The lagoon was not over three or four
feet deep, so I determined to hold on
while shoal water lasted. The lagoon
was half a mile square, and I was towed
for some distance, my companion row-
ing the boat after us, and, finally, in-
tercepting my steed and taking me
aboard, when we succeeded in bringing
the shark to a neighboring island."