*** THE matter which this page contains is carefully selected from various sources; and we guarantee that, to any intelligent farmer or housewife, the contents of this single page, from week to week during the year, will be worth several times the subscription price of the paper.

OUR COUNTRY.

Our country!—'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enamell'd with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, deck'd with flowers of old,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star,
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding faun
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide;
For plenty here her fullness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And, sent to seize her generous store,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breath the air of liberty!—
Still may the flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise!

—WILLIAM JEWETT PARODIS.

THE HOME.

Kind Sisters.

"Here comes mamma," said Janie.

"O, mamma, must I save some of my sweets for Grace?"

"I think a good little sister would."

"But Grace did not give me any of hers yesterday."

"Did she not? How did you like that?"

"I did not like it at all. And I want to make her not like it, too. Because I think she was mean."

"Dear, dear, and is mamma going to have two mean little girls, then?"

Janie looked at her mother, and then was quiet a minute. Then she ran and threw her arms around her neck, and said, "No, no, mamma dear! You shall not have any mean little girls at all! I expect Grace forgot; and I will go and give her some of my sweets now, so that she will not ever forget again!"

Her mother smiled. "I think that is the way to mak her remember," she said. "And I am so glad that I am to have two kind little girls."

Never Soiled His Lips.

We could not help overhearing an elderly gentleman conversing with half a dozen young college boys, the other day. He told them that never in all his life had he soiled his lips with a profane or an obscene word, or a drop of strong drink. He made the assertion with no semblance of conceit, but with the ring of gratitude in his voice that God had kept these, if no other, stains from marring his character. A kind of prig, or a goody-goody, milk-and-water personage, do you fellows who are just blossoming into manhood, call him? Ah! but you should have seen his erect carriage, his dignified, yet modest bearing, his pure face, and most of all the loving and admiring glances with which those boys regarded him. Perhaps some of them prayed that night more earnestly than ever, for clean lips and a pure heart.

A Wonderful Bible.

An aged German women in Ohio has a Bible that belonged to her grandmother, a native of Bohemia, at a time when Protestants were sorely persecuted. The grandmother dearly loved her Bible. An order had been given that all copies of the Scriptures found in the hands of the people should be burned. The priests came to search her house when she was busy preparing to bake. She got a minute's warning of their coming, and she had just time to take her valued Bible, and wrap it carefully, and put it in the centre of a mass of dough, and then place it in the warm oven. Here the dough was baked into a loaf of bread, with this Bread of Life safe in its centre. The priests never dreamt of looking into the oven and breaking up the loaf; and so the precious volume has come down to our times. How happy our times, when we have the Bible in the greatest abundance, and perfect liberty, and indeed every encouragement, to read its pages!

A Pretty Little Girl.

The *New York Ledger* tells of an exhibit at the Fair that seems to have a peculiar interest for the children. It is a collection of the portraits of Queen Victoria, made when she was a little girl. Some of them are done in lead pencil, some are colored pictures, and others are the old-fashioned daguerreotypes, such as you have seen of your grandpa and grandma. They are graceful little pictures, and show the queen to have been a blonde little girl with very yellow curls, very blue eyes and very nice skin.

Alongside of the pictures there are some old histories and newspapers, printed when the pictures of little Victoria were taken. And in all the books and papers, the little Victoria is spoken of as "a pretty little girl." That is all that is said about her. At that time, you know, little Victoria did not expect to become queen of England, and no one had any idea that she would ever come to the throne. But when her uncle died and her father, too, she was made queen.

Rosy Cheeks.

What a pleasure to see the healthy rosy hue of the cheek speaking of health and happiness. We say health and happiness, for the two cannot become dissociated. We feel envious of their possessor. If we take particular notice we shall find that in these cases the complexion is good, the skin soft and supple, the eye bright, the lips red, and the spirits vivacious. What a contrast to the yellow "washed out" face of the town girl with her pale cheeks, bloodless lips, and "all gone" feelings and looks. These symptoms may especially be noticed in factory girls, and in those leading a sedentary life where sunlight and healthy recreation are absent. But it is not only in the home of the poor that this bloodlessness, or anæmia, as it is called, exists. It is found equally among the rich—among those surrounded by every luxury, as among those pinched for the bare necessities of life. What is the cause of the difference? Late hours, absence of sunlight, insufficient outdoor exercise, excess of pastry, and an unnatural method of living are among its primary causes. But we also find another difference between the rosy-cheeked girl and the pale-faced one, viz., that there is a deficiency of iron in the blood of the latter. You may say "That's just why we are taking iron pills or chalybeate waters," as the case may be. It is quite true you should take iron; it is a substance which is essential to the system, but it ought to be taken in a form which can be easily assimilated. Practically the forms above-mentioned are useless, for the body absorbs them with difficulty. A better way would be to try two bipalatinoids of carbonate of iron, which is a form of iron medical men now prescribe extensively. These bipalatinoids do not blacken the teeth or possess any astringent action whatever, so have no unpleasant after effects. You will, after trying them for about three weeks, probably find the color return to the cheeks, there will be a return of the feeling of energy or "go," the lips will become red, and you will feel healthier, and consequently happier. Above all, do not eat too much pastry, do not stay up too late at nights, and do not omit to take plenty of healthy recreation.—*Hearth and Home.*

Bits of Wisdom.

A young girl once heard a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman—a woman who had rounded the full term of ninety years, and with eyes still bright and clear looked out upon the inrolling waters of eternity. The girl was impressed by the emphasis with which the venerable dame said to her, "Bessie never insist on having the last word." The determination to have the final word leads to more quarrels and more bitterness of feeling at home than almost anything else in domestic life. The fact is, that one may so control her tongue and her eyes that she may allow her opponent the pleasure of this coveted concluding thrust and yet placidly retain her own opinion, and in the homely colloquial parlance of the up-country, where one finds strong-willed people living together in great peace with the most pronounced diversity of characteristics, "do as she's a mind to."

Another bit of wisdom may be condensed into a pithy sentence. Avoid explanations. In some families nothing is taken for granted. Every action, every decision, every new departure, every acceptance or rejection of an invitation, must be endlessly talked and fussed over, explained, and re-explained. In that way lie all sorts of stumbling-blocks. As a rule, beyond your parents or your husband there is nobody who has the right to demand of you explanations at each seep of your onward path. Don't give them. Establish a reputation for keeping your own counsel. It will serve you well in many a crisis, and be no end of a comfort.

Again, don't be forever setting people right. There is a household fiend with a memory for dates and details, who can never sit still and hear papa say that he went down-town on Monday, at eight, without correcting the statement with the remark that the hour was half past. If mamma happens to allude to Cousin Jenny's visit as having occurred last Thursday, this wasp-like impersonation of accuracy interposes with the statement that it was Friday, not Thursday, which brought Cousin Jane. A dozen times a day exasperating frictions are caused by needless corrections of this sort, referring to matters where exactness is not really imperative, the affairs in question being unimportant, and no violation of truth being for an instant intended.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Teach Girls How to Use Money.

A practical result or illustration of such teaching is more telling than a volume of mere theory.

It has just been my pleasure to entertain a living proof that young girls can be early taught to spend money to the best advantage.

My guest was twelve years of age, the daughter of refined parents; the father, a judge of great reputation in his own state; the mother, thoroughly domestic, but a wise ruler in her own home, as I learned before seeing the daughter.

On the day of her arrival, my young friend showed me a long list of purchases her mamma had given her to make. I sighed inwardly as I glanced over it, thinking: "That means a day's shopping for me—and such a responsibility." The next morning, as cares were pressing, I handed "Timothy's Quest," to my womanly little guest, saying: "The paperhangers need so much looking after, you must excuse me." She looked thoughtful an instant, then said: I think I will do my shopping this morning, and get it off my mind."

"I thought she had more sense," I mentally ejaculated, but said aloud: "Really, dear, you see how I am situated, I cannot accompany you; wait patiently until to-morrow." As I proceeded, the honest brown eyes opened wide, and with womanly grace, the child in a tone of surprise said: "There is not the slightest need of your going, indeed, I do not want you to, you are so busy!"

"But your mother surely expected me to select what she sent for?"

"Why, no, she never thought of imposing such a task upon you. I do nearly all of the buying at home, the babies keep mamma so closely confined. Then she says I never can learn any younger."

Still I hesitated, saying: "What does a girl of your age know of 'corduroy?' I noticed that on your list."

Very modestly she replied: "Why, I know the price and quality mamma uses for brother's clothes. She thought I might do better here."

Slow to yield the point, I said: "Where are your samples of the silks you want to buy?"

"I haven't any. I know that mamma wants to pay, and the colors she wants, and I must do the best I can, just as she would."

Half convinced, I gave her the name of a reliable firm and awaited the result with bated breath. In an amazingly short time my young guest reappeared, and I was forced to admit that the purchases were really more judiciously made than they would have been had I aided her. She laughed heartily, saying: "It seemed so strange to be treated like a little girl; at first they would hardly show me anything, thinking I only wanted samples. At home they treat me just as they do mamma, show me what they have and wait for me to decide."

"No wonder," I replied, looking into the face of the speaker. "Truly, there are girls and girls, and mothers." Then I questioned her as to her accomplishments. She said: "I commenced to buy when I was just a little girl, and now I buy all my own clothes. Papa gives me an allowance, and I am trying to save all I can out of it to put in the savings bank."

Such a daughter is indeed a treasure. Is not the example worthy of imitation? —*By Mrs. Helena Thomas, in N. Y. Observer.*

THE FARM.

The Farm as a Training School.

It remains true even to-day that the farm is the chief and the best school for the training of capable men that exists in this country. It is otherwise in Europe, where one does not find a class corresponding to the independent American farmer. But with us the farmer is a superb trainer of boys. His lads are learning real things, while the town boys too often are merely studying in books the pale reflection of things.

The farmer boy knows early about land and soils; about crops and their rotations; about the seasons and the weather and the signs of the sky. He grows up in familiar acquaintance with animals. He owns a dog, he has a favorate horse, he rides wild colts, he feeds the horned cattle. He helps in the planting and in the harvesting. He is usually versed in wood lore, and knows trees and plants, birds, squirrels, rabbits and ground hogs. He hunts with a gun, and goes fishing. He develops superb health. He helps repair the fences. He learns about tools and masters the complexity of farm machinery. In short, the range of his practical knowledge becomes very great. —*Albert Shaw, in Sketch of Leland Stanford.*

Draining Downward.

Have you experience in draining surface water from a level meadow by digging well-holes five feet deep, more or less, and filling the same with stones, with dead furrows leading to them when the soil is of sand formation below the thin mud clay? The success of this mode depends on the character of the sub-soil and of the strata below, which must be sufficiently porous to allow the water to pass off freely and escape without filling the hole. This can be determined by making the experiment with at least one hole, and pouring in a hogshead or two of water at a wet time. The additional information would be desirable that this free escape of water should be continuous. If the surface of the ground is quite level it would be necessary for the ditches leading to the holes to be made gradually deeper as they approach the holes, in order that some slope or descent be given them. The distance asunder of such holes would depend on quantity of water to be carried, frequency or depth of the ditches, and free escape of water from the holes below.—*Country Gentleman.*

Preparing Fowl for Market.

"It is singular," said one observant frequenter of the markets to a *Tribune* reporter, "that marketmen won't learn to further their own interests by preparing fowls in a decent way for market, but it is true that outside of Connecticut and Vermont turkey-raisers appear to do all they can to spoil the appearance of their fowls. The usual way of dressing a turkey is to chop off its head, plunge the body into a pot of boiling water, and next rip the feathers and bits of cuticle together off the hapless bird. The result is that the fowl, by the time it reaches the market stall, has a raw, watery, blotched and repulsive look, and is worth from two to five cents a pound less than a fowl that has been dressed in a proper way. Here is the Connecticut way, and I wish every poultry raiser would profit by the description. With a sharp knife the poultryman makes a deep, short slit in the bird's throat, just beneath the bill, hangs up the turkey by its legs until the blood runs out of its body, and then he plucks off the feathers without scalding the fowl, in the same way that he would take the feathers off a partridge or other game bird. A Connecticut man would as soon think of scalding a cow in butchering it as he would of scalding a turkey. A turkey dressed the Connecticut way has a pinkish yellow tint and a clean, full, wholesome and handsome look."

An Eider Duck Farm.

There are pleasanter capitals to reside in than Reykjavik, the chief town of Iceland. There are cities which have reached a point somewhat nearer civic perfection than it can at present boast of, but those who take the trouble to journey thither will find much to interest them. The city—for its cathedral authorizes the use of the wood—consists of a straggling collection of wooden houses, which remind the traveller of some small and desolate village on the west coast of Scotland. A large square building, like some giant barn or mammoth county constabulary, first strikes the eye. This is the Governor's house, almost the only stone building in the town. All the available space on the shore not taken up with houses is covered with codfish, drying in the sun, and giving out an intolerable stench. All the rocks, palings and even the roofs of the houses themselves are covered with these gleaming testimonies of the city's chief occupation or trade. Other products of the place are eider down, horses and hot water. One of the larger eider duck farms is situated on a small island in the bay, and, with the permission of the owner, can be visited by strangers.

The scene, as pictured by a writer in *The Globe*, of London, is not without interest. Behind, far away, on the horizon line, rises the snow-capped peak of the Snaefel Jokula, nearly 6,000 feet in height, which, though more than sixty miles away, glistens and shines like silver in the morning sun. In front lies Reykjavik, the civil and ecclesiastical metropolis of Iceland. Not much agricultural labor or ingenuity is expended by the eider duck farmer upon his property. It consists, for the most part, of a large open field of stunted grass, which has been blown by the wind and worked by the action of the weather into round hummocks, such as may be frequently met with all over the barren and devastated country of Iceland. In the recesses and holes and cavities between the hummocks the eider ducks may be seen sitting on their nests. Of these there are several scores, and the birds themselves when sitting are perfectly tame, some of them even allowing a stranger to stroke them with the hand. They are not all hatched at the same time, and many are still in the egg when others are hatched and swimming about in the sea. The drake, as is so frequently the case with the male bird, is a handsome, showy creature, with much white in his plumage. He is excessively shy and wary, while the female, whose plumage is brown and glossy, is, on the contrary, tame and confiding. The duck lays from five to six eggs at the beginning of June, and it is no unusual thing to find from ten to sixteen eggs in one nest, together with two females, who sit either at intervals, or, if necessary, both together at the same time, and, strange to say, seem to agree remarkably well with one another. The period of laying lasts some six or seven weeks, and the birds are in the habit of laying three time in different places. From the first and second of these both the down and the eggs are taken away, but from the last it is very seldom that the farmer removes either. Should he do so with any degree of persistency the birds would desert the locality, and he is not such a fool as to destroy the duck with the golden eggs.

In some cases the owner resides on or near the farm. In this particular instance he visited the island from the mainland once a week at the least. So soon as he and his men arrive at the nest they carefully remove the female, and take away the superfluous down and eggs. The duck immediately begins to lay afresh, and covers her egg with new down, which she plucks from her own breast. If the supply is inadequate, the male comes to her assistance and helps to cover the eggs with his down. This being white is easily distinguished from the brown covering which the female supplies, and is not so good in quality. The nest is now, as a general rule, left until the young ones are hatched. There is not much callowness and helplessness about these youngsters. About an hour after they are out of the shell they quit the nest together, when it is once more plundered.

The best down and the greatest number of eggs are obtained during the first three weeks of the laying period, and it has in general been observed that the birds lay the greatest number of eggs in rainy weather. The female is a close and persistent sitter, and so long as she is sitting the male, with commendable constancy, remains on the watch hard by, but so soon as the young are hatched he considers his responsibility at an end, and leaves them to their own devices and the care of their mother. It is a curious and pretty sight to see how the latter looks after her brood. She leads them out of the nest, so soon as they creep out of the eggs and precedes them to the water, while they toddle after her. When she reaches the waterside she takes them on her back and swims with them for a few yards; she then dives, and the young ones are left floating on the water like yellow corks, and henceforth are obliged to look after themselves. Indeed, the farmer seldom sees his flock again till the next breeding season, for they become comparatively wild, and live out among the damp rocks in the sea, where they feed upon insects and seaweed, and other like vivers. Some idea of the value of the crop may be gleaned from the fact that one female during the whole time of laying generally gives half a pound of down, which is, however, reduced one-half after it is cleaned.

This down is divided into thang-dunn or seaweed down, and gras-dunn or grass down. The latter is generally considered to be the best in quality. The down is very valuable, and fetches from $4 to $5 a pound.

The three takes of down vary considerably in quality, the first being superior to the second, and the second to the third. The birds themselves, apart from their down-giving capacities, are of little value. The down taken from dead eider ducks is valueless, as it has lost all its marvellous elasticity.

An eider duck farmer is excessively proud of his ducks, and regards them with intense and peculiar affection. The owner of the farm, just described, was in the habit of saying that he would rather lose one of his children than one of his ducks, but to any one who had seen both, this statement would seem to have had but little comparative value.

Rural and Farm Items.

A lot of eggs that might well be classed as "first class," will get an inferior rating when sent to market in the dirty condition so often seen. A half dozen stale and poor eggs among a case full of fresh, will send the whole lot into an inferior division, though they be large, clean and of the uniform color desired.

In the days of post roads and turnpikes a twelve inch tire, such as that provided for the wheels of the truck that recently bore the Broadway cable, was not uncommon. In some cases tolls were in inverse proportion to the width of wagon tires, and teamsters gladly widened their tires, with the knowledge that they would thus greatly cheapen their daily journeys. The broad tired heavily laden wagons served to hammer new turnpikes into prime condition.

The State Board of Agriculture of Connecticut is authority for the statement that if it were not for the Russian Jews, the deserted New England farms would still remain neglected instead of showing new life and activity; while the mills everywhere have a full quota of Russian hands. In Indianapolis, where 100 were sent a few years ago as operatives in furniture works, there is now a congregation of 2,000. In Denver, where places for 200 were found as tailors, there are now 6000 in all the branches of the tailoring trades, as well as on farms.

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

TEMPERANCE.

I am glad our "Convention" has taken advanced ground on temperance lines, as indicated in our standing committee's report, which had such a hearty endorsation. I do think it quite time our religious bodies did more than simply hurriedly pass resolutions. The religious and temperance advocates have the power in their own hands—let politicans say what they may—to wipe out the liquor curse, as effectually as was southern slavery. And if united, no government would dare refuse their petitions. I trust the new committee will, at least, be as painstaking as were their predecessors.

A curse which opens and fills 8000 drunkards' graves every year in Canada should not be fostered even to put $7,000,000 "blood money" into the treasury.

The murderous Jews, who voted the money to induce Judas to betray the innocent One, had too much conscience to secure this "blood money" back into the treasury; and yet our government are willing to sell 8000 body and soul each year for $7,000,000. Surely each of these "lost ones" are worth $888.88 to the country. Let me repeat the appalling figures of the cost of item in the United States officially reported in 1880:

	Per Annum.
Liquor bill,	$900,000,000
Tobacco,	600,000,000
Bread,	505,000,000
Meat,	308,000,000
Woollen Goods,	237,000,000
Cotton Goods,	210,000,000
Boots and Shoes,	196,000,000
Public Education,	85,000,000
Foreign and Home Mis.	5,500,000

From census of 1880 and other reliable sources. Let your "young people" readers—and old too—try to comprehend the above and then ever after be one to help reverse the figures, or the similar ones in our own country. And do this by the proper use of the ballot box.

W. J. G.

After Breakfast.

To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Continue the medicine after every meal for a month or two and you will feel "like a new man." The merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla is proven by its thousands of wonderful cures. Why don't you try it?

Hood's Pills cure constipation. They are the best after-dinner pill and family cathartic.

—Mrs. A. Simpson, 208 Bennington St., East Boston, Mass: "I had been afflicted with dyspepsia for the last four years, was so bad, that often I did not dare to eat, as it caused me terrible pain. Hearing of K. D. C., I procured a package. It gave me almost immediate relief. One package cured me. I have not leen so well for a number of years. I cheerfully recommend it, and feel justified in saying that dyspeptics who can get this medicine, have no excuse for suffering."

—Mr. James Shand, the well-known auctioneer, says: "Had considerable expectoration and disagreeble cough. Physician recommended Puttner's Emulsion. Took six bottles—cough vanished. Am convinced your preparation brought about my speedy convalescence."

—Skoda's Little Tablets cures headache and dyspepsia.

Burdock Blood Bitters CURES Scrofula.

Scrofula is a tainted and impure condition of the blood, causing sores, swellings, ulcers, tumors, rashes, eruptions and skin diseases. To remove it, the blood must be thoroughly cleansed and the system regulated and strengthened. B.B.B. is the strongest, PUREST AND BEST purifier and cures all scrofulous disorders rapidly and surely.

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MONTREAL.

To the Heirs, Executors, Administrators and Assigns of Thomas Appleby, late of the City of Saint John, deceased, and all others whom it may concern:

WE hereby give notice that in default of payment of certain mortgage monies owing to the trustees under the last will and testament of George W. Ritchie, deceased, by virtue of the Indenture of Mortgage made by said Thomas Appleby, deceased, and Fanny Lucy, his wife, bearing date the first day of April, A. D. 1884, we shall, on **Wednesday, the Eleventh day of October next,** at 12 o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, proceed to a sale of the lands and premises mentioned and described in said Indenture, in execution of the powers thereby vested in said trustees.

Dated the first day of September, A. D. 1893.

H. W. PRITH,
ELIZABETH I. RITCHIE,
Trustees last will George W. Ritchie, deceased.

A. H. DeMILL,
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A. W. SAWYER,
President.

Wolfville, N. S. August 9, 1893.

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