*.* 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.

### THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

Slow dies the wintry day, the winds of March
Break with their icy breath the evening hush,
And snow-clad hills reflect the sunset flush
That paints with purple all Heaven's Western arch:
But, from the laden branches of the larch,
Upon the frosty air a happy thrush
Pours floods of melody and flings a gush
Of gladsome music to the winds of March.

Thus when our life's drear winter lingers long—
When with the eve there comes no vision sweet
To our sad eyes, and hope has taken wap—
Oh, may some distant strain of seraph song
Burst forth, and tell us that our faltering feet
Stand on the threshold of a joyous spring
—Chambers' Journal.

## THE HOME.

### Taking Up Carpets.

When a carpet is taken up to be cleaned the floor beneath it is generally very much covered with dust. This dust is very fine and dry and poisonous to the lungs. Before removing it, sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid to kill any poisonous germs that may be present, and to thoroughly disinfect the floor and render it sweet.

### A Home Tool Chest.

A home tool-chest is an essential part of the outfit of a kitchen. Every housekeeper should be provided with a thoroughly good hammer of ordinary size, in addition to the tack-hammer; two good screw-drivers, one of medium and one of small size; a saw of a size convenient for a woman to use, and not too large to saw a ham bone; a gimlet, a file, wrenches, and boxes of nails and screws of several sizes. These articles should be kept in a stout box, with a cover, and should be out of the reach of wandering children, seeking what mischief they can devise. However useful manual instruction may be to the rising generation, no housekeeper wishes that the window-ledges and other parts of the woodwork of her house should be a field for such practice. Moreover, if the tools are handled by every one, they are apt to get out of order. Young gentlemen with aspirations toward carpentry should be supplied with tool-chests of their own, and be given a suitable place in which to practice.—*Tribune.*

### Co-operative Housekeeping.

Fifty families of Evanston, Ill., have formed a co-operative housekeeping association. They all live in their own houses, but the cooking is done in one building separate from any other, and the food is transported to destination by means of "Norwegian kitchens." These Norwegian kitchens are made of galvanized tin, with compartments for two kinds of vegetables, one each for tea and coffee, one for meats, another for fruits, all surrounded by hot water. These are labelled with the names and addresses of the families. They are set on shelves in three layers in the wagons, each of which can hold sixteen Norwegian kitchens, and each is heated with a small stove. The bills of fare as published appear to be of sufficient variety, and extra delicacies are furnished patrons at cost price. Three meals a day are served: breakfast from 6 to 9, luncheon at 12, and dinner at 6. The cost of meals per week at present is fixed at adults, $4 each; children of twelve years and under, $2. At a one-half hour's notice extra meals are furnished patrons for guests at a cost of 25 cents each.

### Why Girls Should Play the Violin.

Mr. Louis Lombard, Director of the Utica Conservatory of Music, in his recent report to the State Music Teachers' Convention, gave utterance to the following views: I would like to point out to young women the desirability of playing some instrument other than the pianoforte, were it only for the sake of novelty, and I hope to be pardoned for quoting from an article I published on this subject some months ago. Careful practice upon a stringed instrument refines the ear and trains that organ to a nice perception of tone and intonation. A violin can always be tuned perfectly, and at a moment's notice; this, we all know, cannot be said of a piano. The violin can be carried by the player anywhere, thereby saving him the inconvenience of performing upon an unfamiliar instrument. Furthermore, a good violin can be bought for less money than a bad piano usually costs. A violinist of moderate attainments can touch the hearts of his listeners, while it requires almost a Chopin or a Liszt to produce a similar impression with the cold and ungrateful pianoforte. The violin, more easily than the pianoforte, lends itself to the production of pathetic effects.

### Small Losses.

Miss Catherine Sedgwick, the popular writer for young people fifty years ago, in one of her short stories gives this bit of warning about habits:

"My concern is not at present with the serious losses of life, but with those vexing ones that never, to the sufferer, seem to meet with any right appreciation or sympathy from others. Telling them is like telling dreams. It is strange that those who suffer constantly from these minor losses, should not rid themselves of the careless habits that cause them. You have been told, I suppose, a hundred times (for we old people are very generous in giving you our theoretical wisdom), that a habit is easily avoided, but seldom cured. There is our dear ——, who never gets up in the morning to dress herself without spending some precious minutes looking for her frock, her petticoat, or some main article of dress, which she believes to be irretrievably lost. I have a friend who in her childhood lost her bonnet or shawl, or both, every time she took them off; her gloves as soon as she bought them, her thimble every time she used it, and everybody's scissors, and yet she has gone all through life disquieting her own soul and disturbing her friends with her losses. The wonder is that she never became used to this infirmity. She is always astonished at her own losses, and quite wretched while they last. A good portion of her life was spent in hunting for her keys, 'pursuing the pleasures of the chase,' as our friend, M—— D——, used sarcastically to call it, and now, after sixty years' experience, you may see the children any hour in the day 'hunting' for grandmamma's spectacles, and hear her expressing her amazement at their loss and her despair of ever finding them. Avoid careless habits now, my dear young friends, while you can."

### Electricity in the Home.

It is asserted that the electric heater is so nearly developed, on a thoroughly practical basis, that it can be made available at a slight increase in cost over present methods, an increase which, the electricians say, should be more than made up for in the superiority in cleanliness and convenience. Domestic life will then be attended with many comforts and conveniences. The cook will only need to touch a button and the pot will boil, the oven bake, the turkey roast, the pump move, the washing machine turn; while the electric refrigerator will freeze the water, preserve the meats, vegetables, milk, butter, eggs and other supplies. No coal, no wood, no dust, no dirt, no oil, no gas. The lady of the house will be relieved of care. She presses a button, and every nook and corner of her dwelling glows with cheerful light. Touch another, and the electric fire glimmers in every room, diffusing genial warmth. The electric lift takes her up or down stairs. The telephone conveys her orders to market, and distributes her social commands among friends and neighbors.

### Not So Simple as He Seems.

A clam is considered as the emblem of stupidity and callousness. But you will make as great a mistake if you put the oyster in the same category as when you class a Chinaman and a Japanese together. The oyster is so strong of muscle, as we all know, that no human fingers are able alone to open the doors of his domicile if he chooses to keep them closed; liver and stomach and digestive organs he has, all as sensitive as ours; respiratory organs as complicated as the human lungs; machinery for obtaining his water supply and for preventing an overflow, and wondrously contrived mechanism for the trapping of his food. Finally, he has a heart whose pulsations may be seen after his house has been torn from him. With this very limited understanding of the anatomy of the oyster, it is not difficult to comprehend how cultivation and care may not only improve its outward appearance and augment its lines of beauty, but how they also cause the quality of its meat to surpass that of the "natural," or uncultivated oyster, as much as grain-fed poultry surpasses the product of the barn-yard. When your host places before you oysters that are plump and round and thick and deep and light colored and mantled narrowly by a fringe quite thick to the very edge, then you may be sure that they have not only lived with few disturbances, but under a high state of cultivation.—*Scribner.*

### A Boy Hero.

There is lying at the hotel in this city, says an Ellsworth (Kan.) correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a boy who is a hero and who almost gave his life that another might be saved during the storm and blizzard which swept over this State about a month ago. Frank Carpenter and his little brother had been out rabbit hunting on the day that the blizzard began, and they were caught far away from home on the prairie without shelter. Frank is fifteen years old, and his brother seven. When the storm came, little Robert began to cry on account of the cold, and Frank started him running toward home in the hope of keeping him warm until they could reach a house. The storm was so severe that they soon lost all bearings, and could do nothing but wander about aimlessly. Robert got colder, and Frank at last discovered that his brother would freeze to death if he did not do something to save him. He took off his clothing until he had barely enough to cover himself, and put the clothes on Robert. In this way he managed to keep sufficient warmth in him, but in so doing he was in danger of freezing, and in fact did freeze his feet and fingers. Not only were his fingers and feet frosted, but the severe cold on his unprotected body caused him to approach very near unto death. In order to keep himself alive, he left his brother and started out over the country in an endeavor to find the road that he felt sure was near where they were. When at last he did discover it, he discovered that he was near a house, and went in to get men to go after his brother. He did not stay by the fire, but went to guide the men, and not until Robert was safe did he fall to the floor. He was brought here for treatment, and is doing well, but the doctors say he will lose one foot and three fingers. His good constitution enabled him to stand the severe cold without any bad effects to his general health.

## THE FARM.

### The Orchard.

I am not an advocate of keeping orchards under the plough, raising root crops among the trees or attempting what is called "clean culture." On these methods the roots of the young trees get more or less torn, the bark scratched, and the trunks twisted and pulled out of shape. All things considered, I prefer to get an orchard into grass, and would choose, not orchard grass, which is coarse and tufty, but blue grass, which is fine, velvety and makes a lovely lawn. On this grass I would keep a lot of sheep; in fact, a flock large enough to need feeding some bran or meal in addition to the grass. By this means more fertility will be added to the soil in the sheep droppings, and the orchard will yield a double crop without impoverishing the land. When a bearing orchard is thus treated, what a pleasure it is to walk in it

"—— And see the young lambs
Run sporting along at the side of their dams,"

and watch the blossoms in early spring; the swelling fruit during all the summer-time, and the ripening fruit in autumn.

The treatment just outlined is for apple orchards. Pear trees do best when the ground is well mulched and liberally dosed with wood ashes. I believe that this mode of cultivating pears will effectually ward off the deadly blight and prevent the trees cracking in consequence of the surface of the soil becoming baked and overheated. Plums and cherries, where they can be grown free from the black knot, will do well either way. It is a good plan, when it can be conveniently carried out, to let the pigs and chickens have the run of a plum orchard that they may eat up the fallen fruit and help to keep down the curculio, that "little Turk" which is so destructive to this choice fruit.

I believe we often make a great mistake in allowing fruit trees to overbear. We feel a pride in seeing them, as we say, "loaded with fruit." This is just as absurd as it would be to load up a fine team and take a pride in seeing the horses pull and strain in the harness to move it. No sensible man will treat a good team in this way for fear of injury from over-exertion. Trees may be hurt by being overloaded as well as horses. Besides, quality is the main thing we want in fruit and in all farm and garden products. This is what brings the top price and commands the market. A 1 fruit will always sell. It is better to get the same bulk and weight of apple flesh in a comparatively small number of choice specimens, than it is in a great lot of little, scrunty, gnarled apologies for apples. It is a choice between half the number of "counts" and half the value of the product, for a bushel of splendid-looking large apples is worth twice as much as the same quantity of little things only fit to feed to the pigs.

To secure the best quality of fruit, there needs to be judicious pruning and even thinning. Why should an orchard be trimmed according to the same rules as a vineyard? The choicer kinds of grapes are not got by allowing the vines to grow as they please. Their growth must be controlled by pruning and pinching. For the finer hot house kinds, the gardener is obliged to thin the grapes in the cluster with a small pair of scissors. If he did not do this he would never get a bunch fit to grace the table or compete for a prize. We should probably get more regular crops of fruit if we were more careful about letting the trees overbear. Too much fruiting one season compels a rest the next.

There are many more items of orchard managemennt, such as measures for keeping down insects, gathering, packing and marketing the fruit, which cannot be touched in this article. Suffice it to say, that fruit-growing, when done intelligently and thoroughly, is one of the most pleasant and profitable branches of farming. It comprises in its scope the smaller fruits belonging to the berry family, as well as the larger kinds of fruit, of which we think when the word "orchard" is used.—*Lindenbank in Montreal Witness.*

### Fresh Meat for Fowls.

While nobody of very great experience in caring for poultry will pretend that furnishing them with more or less meat in some form is not essential to their good condition to aid in the production of eggs, the question with many is, "When and what kind of meat shall we procure to supply the needs of our fowls?" We reply that the thing is more attainable than at first view appears possible.

In the first place, far more scraps of meat might be made available in every household than all are aware of. Any bits of dry or forgotten relics of roasts, or broils, or soups may be carefully cut into bits and served in small quantities every day to your flock. The avidity with which these are devoured invite to new efforts to supply their wants; and by consulting your butcher, you will find the livers, lungs and hearts of the creatures killed in the shambles will often be sold at extremely low rates, and after being boiled, furnish a rich and exhilarating repast to your fowls. A sheep's head, though formidable in appearance and clumsy to handle, is the next best thing; and when it is chopped in fine pieces with a dull axe, and packed into a large dinner pot and boiled till the meat and brains drop from the bones, you will be astonished, not only at the great amount of rich food thus obtained, but at the greediness which your flock manifest to dispose of it. An occasional meal of this meat—that is, a meal which allows every hen at least three or four lumps of meat the size of a hazel-nut—will tell in favor of thrift.—*American Poultry-Yard.*

— Bone alone is excellent both as organic and as mineral manure. It was first used in England, in the year 1830, and has since been applied to the soil in almost every conceivable form. Bone meal can not be used amiss on any crop. It does not so readily decompose as superphosphate, and therefore will not assimilate with the plant as rapidly as in the case of the phosphates, though its effects are most lasting. It should not be used to any great extent on light or sandy soils, as it does not so readily become soluble on these soils, and it is therefore not so profitable a fertilizer. Bone meal should not be sown broadcast without harrowing in, as the ammonia will escape if the bone be exposed to the atmosphere, but can be used with the drill when preferred. Our advice, however, would be that it be sown broadcast and lightly harrowed in, and though coming in direct contact with the seed, is not as likely to injure it as is the case with phosphates, though in all cases with chemical manure, this should be avoided. Use from 300 to 400 pounds per acre. Ask for Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co.'s manures, and you will assuredly find that your confidence has not been misplaced.

TESTIMONIAL.

ST. JOHN, N. B., 30th Nov., 1891.

*Gentlemen,*—It affords me pleasure to be able to add my testimony to the value of your fertilizers. I have watched it carefully for the past two years, and have visited many farms where it was being used, and noted the result. I have also gained the opinions of many farmers using it, and in no one instance have I heard a word of complaint. In fact all agree that it will do all that you promise for it and even more. I have seen beautiful fields of grain growing, and abundant yields realized on a very small expenditure for this fertilizer, which I believe to be the best ever offered to the public in this province. Last summer on the farm of Mr. Fred. E. McDonald, in Cambridge, Queens Co., I saw a beautiful field of potatoes growing, one-half of which had been planted with barn manure, the other half with your potato phosphate. Mr. McDonald informed me a few days ago that at digging time he found more than half the yield from the barn manure was rotten, while the yield from your fertilizer was perfectly sound, and I know of numerous instances where like results were noted. The members of our Agricultural Society, who use your fertilizers, are loud in its praises, and I have talked with several who would not be without it for many times its cost. I believe it is the best and cheapest fertilizer obtainable in the province, either for grain or root crops, and farmers need only give it one trial to be convinced of its value for themselves.

J. A. S. MORT,
Secretary of the Agricultural Society of the City and County of St. John.

## TEMPERANCE.

### Temperance Among the Hardy Maine Trappers.

A New York trader, who, according to his own confession, is quite devoid of any sentiment in favor of abstinence from intoxicants, thus gives his experience in the Maine woods the past winter in one of the evening dailies:

"I usually spend five or six weeks during the trapping season in the wilds of Maine buying skins that have already been trapped and contracting for future deliveries, and I can't help noticing how the trapping grounds are narrowing to smaller and smaller dimensions year by year. The trappers are forced to go further and further away every season. The head waters of the Androscoggin, the Penobscot, the Kennebec, the Passadumkeag, the St. John, and the wild regions drained by their numerous tributaries, are now the chief sources of supply for furs in Maine. Dead River, Megalloway, and Grand River, are the principal centres from which the trappers set out for their season's work in the wilderness. The furs are purchased principally in Lewiston, Brewer, Auburn, and a few other large places, and buyers are constantly travelling through the backwoods region during the season gathering up pelts.

"The trappers usually, though, prefer to have a regular customer in some particular buyer, stationed in some one of the large towns, with whom they can negotiate for the purchase of their skins, and to whom they can ship the results of their season's work in bulk, thus assuring themselves of the market price, and escaping the dickering and oftentimes sharp dealing of travelling buyers. I purchased $20,000 worth of skins this season, one-third of the lot from trappers, and the remainder from large buyers. Small as the fur trade of Maine has become, it is still worth over $100,000 a season to those engaged in it.

"The trappers start for the woods early in the fall, loaded down with their traps and guns, and improve every hour from that time until the deep snow and heavy ice make trapping unprofitable, if not impossible. These Maine trappers, as I have found them, although they spend three-quarters of their lives in the deepest wilderness and live almost the life of the savage, are the meekest and mildest men I ever came in contact with. They subsist on a diet of fat pork, game and fish. Everything they cook, the daintiest beast or bird, or the choicest of wild meat, seem to be used only as something that will give different flavors to their pork, for pork always goes into the dish in such proportions that one unused to that style of cooking would naturally suppose it, and not the fish or the game, was the choice morsel of the meal.

"One thing about these hardy Maine woodsmen is a matter of constant surprise to me. I know that no hunter or trapper in the comparatively tame hunting regions of New York or Pennsylvania, would think of venturing into the woods a distance of five miles from home without a capacious flask of some kind of liquor to protect him, as he declares, from the cold. But no stimulant stronger than coffee, and much of that called coffee simply by courtesy, as it approaches no nearer to the fragrant berry than parched beans can make it, is carried into camp by Maine hunters and trappers, although they plunge into a wilderness, going scores of miles from home, and to be gone weeks at a time, in weather the rigors of which are unknown to our home backwoodsmen.

"I have met many of these hardy men and it is only rarely that I find one who will accept an invitation to drink. The first one of them, who undoubtedly out of courtesy, took a drink from my flask, I will never forget. He had never tasted strong drink in his life before. The liquor I had with me was the best old rye whiskey, and this trapper, a strapping young fellow, took but one swallow of it. He immediately began to gasp and strangle. The water ran from his eyes in streams, and when he had recovered himself sufficiently to speak, he handed the flask back to me and thanked me, and said he didn't care for any more. That was eight years ago. I have seen that trapper every season since, and he has never again tasted liquor.

"I find very few of these Maine backwoodsmen under thirty who know what strong drink of any kind tastes like. Among the old-timers you once in a while find one to whom you may safely hand your flask without danger of its being refused, yet it is a rare thing for even one of these to carry any liquor of his own accord.

"There is another peculiarity of the Maine hunters that has always been a striking one to me, for it is one very rare among the Pennsylvania or New York backwoodsmen. That peculiarity is their indisposition to dilate upon individual prowess in their calling, or to tax the credulity, if not the patience, of the listener with tales of hair-breadth escapes from wild beasts after terrific hand to hand combats.

"But they have their adventures, I know. I know Maine woodsmen who carry many an ugly scar and have many a suggestive trophy in their possession, which in themselves tell eloquent stories of great perils escaped and ugly beasts overcome. It is only by tact and skillful inquiry and apt suggestion that I have ever been able to extract from any of these retiring hunters stories of their adventures."

—If you have a hacking cough that keeps you awake at night, send 12 cents in stamps to G. A. Moore, chemist, St. John, N. B., for a box of Hacknomore lozenges. He will send them to you by mail. They give immediate relief.

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