

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.

A SPRING CHANSON.

The glad springtime is here again;
'Through the fields sing all day;
We've violets in the sheltered glen,
And gorse bloom on the brae;
Along a green and daisied world
The lights and shadows flit;
The cherry trees with buds are pealed,
The crocus lamps are lit.

From gnarled apple boughs the buds
Of perfumed white and red
Are peeping forth; in scented woods
The wind flower lifts its head;
In lonely swamp and hollow springs
The wild marsh marigold;
Beneath the flow'ring currant sings
A blackbird gay and bold.

The shimmering sunbeams sport and play
Upon the beecher fall,
And rest on the laburnum's gay
Beside the garden wall.
Oh, glad spring time! from shore to shore
Your gifts are scattered free,
And best of all, you bring one boon
My true love back to me! M. Root.

THE HOME.

Man's Christian Anderson.

I told him how his stories had been
The nearest books of my childhood,
And seemed associated with all that was
Delightful in the memory of it. I told
Him how happy and flattered I had felt
At finding the name of the little boy in
"Ole Shute-Eye" the same as my own,
and that had unconsciously I had ap-
propriated his experiences and half be-
lieved them to be my own.

This little confession seemed to touch
Anderson strangely. Tears filled his
eyes; he asked both my hands and
pressed them warmly.

"Now you understand," he said, "what
a happy lot it is to be the children's
poet."

I rose to take my leave, but lingered
talking, and on my expressing a desire
to hear him read to me upon his sofa,
adjusted his pillows, and began to
recite from memory "The Ugly Duck-
ling."

His manner was easy and conversa-
tional, full of caressing inflections, such
as one employs in telling a tale to a
child. In the pathetic passages he was
visibly affected, and he closed almost
solemnly.

"It is the story of my own life," he
said. "I was myself the despised swan
in the pond; you, the ugly duckling, in
the house of the Philistines." I felt im-
mensely, as he finished his recital, that I
understood the man. I had caught the
keynote of his character. All that was
good and noble in him rose in vivid
light before me. I turned to him again.

"—H. H. Boyesen, in the March Century.

A Lesson for Fathers and Sons.

Ebenezer Webster, Daniel Webster's
father, a sturdy New Hampshire farmer
and miller of the last century, was one
of those intelligent and generous parents
who most cherished purpose is to give
their children a better education than
they have enjoyed themselves. Every
one was poor then in the northern parts
of New Hampshire; there were but few
books, and none but district schools;
and, therefore, all the latter years of
Ebenezer Webster's life were a severe
struggle to accomplish this purpose.

Daniel Webster relates, in one of his
letters, an affecting conversation which
occurred one hot day in July, 1792, in
the hay-field, between his father and
himself when he was about ten years
old. It shows something of the charac-
ter of both the father and the son.

A member of Congress came out to
the hay-field to see Captain Webster (he
was called captain from his having
commanded a company in the Revolu-
tionary War), and when the member
had left, the old man called the boy to
him, and they sat down on a hay-cock
together under an elm-tree.

"My dear father," he exclaimed, "you
shall not work. Brother and I will
work for you, and wear our hands out,
and you shall rest."

"My child," said the father, "it is of
no importance to me—I live but for
my children; I could not give you elder
brother the advantages of knowledge,
but I can do something for you. Exert
yourself—improve your opportunities—
earn—earn—and, when I am gone, you
will not need to go through the hard-
ships which I have undergone, and
which have made me an old man before
my time."

The ten-year-old little Daniel threw
himself on his father's breast, and as he
sobbed, he registered a vow deep
in his heart that he would never idle
away a moment that could be devoted
to study. In 1796, when Daniel was 14
years old, his father, who had been made
county judge, at a salary of four hundred
dollars a year, was able to send him to
the famous academy at Exeter, N. H.
When he had been at school a few
months, and was at home for the vaca-
tion, his father told him that he meant
to send him to college.

The very first day of his stay at Exeter,
he attended a great deal of company about
so-called hypnotism, and it is a sub-
ject upon which the general public
seem extremely ignorant, and one
which has led very often to mischievous
results, we think, as well as to quote
the opinion of Dr. Caldwell, professor of
Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh. Lec-
turing a short time ago on the subject of
Hypnotism, he said it was merely a
new name for mesmerism. With regard
to the method of producing the arti-
ficially induced sleep, he stated that
there was nothing in the nature of
electricity nor magnetism about it, and

to get abashed with all his classes, and to
graduate with distinction. His father
lived to reap the reward of his parental
devotion by seeing the unfolding of his
son's unequalled talents. Daniel
Webster's reverence for his father, and
his appreciation of the good old man's
affection and self-sacrifice, were con-
spicuous traits of his character. In the
height of his fame, his lips quivered and
his voice trembled whenever he spoke
of him; and once every year he took his
own children to the log-cabin in which
his father had lived, and to the humble
grave in which his remains repose.

Such an eminent instance of parental
devotion and filial appreciation, when
rightly considered, creates one's con-
ceptions of human nature, and strength-
ens our faith in the capabilities of man.
—New York Ledger.

Donald and Gladys.

One day Donald and Gladys had a
quarrel. You see, while both were
away gathering more stones for the high
tower they were building, Gypsy, the
dog, came up to smell of the new edition,
when—crash! it tumbled right down
upon her meddlesome nose. So away
she scampered, without waiting to
make the call she had intended to
make on Donald and Gladys.

Gladys saw the rain first.
"Why, Donald," she exclaimed, wrath-
fully, "didn't you know any better to
knock that down?"

"I didn't knock it down," said Don,
stoutly.

"Yes you did, 'cause I didn't!"

"I didn't," shouted Donald.

"But you did," persisted Gladys, giv-
ing him an angry push, and then, slap!

slap! went two small pairs of hands, and
"O! oh!" cried two distressed voices.

Gladys's mamma called: "Gladys,
come! Come, Gladys!"

Donald hadn't any mamma, but Miss
Little, his old kindergarten, who was
taking care of him while papa was in
Europe, came down the steps to meet
the little ones.

"Why, Donald, how did this happen?"
she asked.

"She said I tumbled the tower down,
and I didn't," he answered defiantly.

"Couldn't you have told her pleasantly
that you didn't?"

"No, I couldn't possibly; she was too
mean."

"Then what did you do?"

"Oh, I just pushed her—she pushed
me first—then she slapped me, and I
gave it to her back again."

"Why, Donald?"

Donald wished Miss Little wouldn't
look at him that way, and make her
voice sound so sorry; but he said,
crossly, "Well, I don't care much."

He was so hot and cross he wished
Miss Little would scold him, so he could
say ugly things back to her, as he used
to say to nurse. Somehow he never had
the courage to say such naughty things
to anyone who wouldn't scold him, al-
though he couldn't have told you why.

"Donald," said Miss Little after din-
ner, "why are you not out playing?"

"Well, you see, he answered gloomily,
"I keep on thinking how mean Gladys
was this morning."

"Doesn't that remind you of how
naughty a little boy was to slap her
back?"

"No, sir, ma'am! She said I did when
I didn't; and, Miss Little, I'm most sure
I can't forgive her's long's I live 'n
breath!"

"Donald, Donald!" cried Gladys's
mamma.

"Why, what do you 'spose she wants
to?" said Don, looking frightened.

"I didn't slap Gladys very hard."

"No," said Miss Little, as she went
out to meet Gladys and her mamma and
Uncle Bert; "probably she wants to see
you about something else; but, Donald,
just think how bad you would feel if you
had hurt her! We never know how hard
we strike when we're angry. You must
be thankful you did not hurt her so that
perhaps she would never be well again."

"My!" exclaimed Donald, "I believe
I'd be so thankful I'd forgive her quick's
a wink."

"O Donald!" cried Gladys, running up.
"You didn't knock it down. Truly, you
didn't."

"I know it," said Don, heartily.

"And, say, did I hurt you very much?"

"Hurt me? Oh, no! But you see,
Don, Uncle Bert says it was Gypsy who
knocked it down. I'm sorry 'cause it
was you. I think I must be a naughty
girl."

"No, you're not," exclaimed Donald,
gallantly. "Come, let's build another
tower!" —Harper's Young People.

Health Paragraphs.

GOING TO SLEEP.—Scientific investiga-
tions assert that, in beginning to sleep,
the senses do not unitedly fall into
slumber, but drop off one after another.
The sight ceases, in consequence of the
protection of the eyelids, to receive im-
pressions first, while all the other senses
preserve their sensibility entire. The
sense of taste is the next which loses its
susceptibility to impression, and then
the sense of smelling. The hearing is
next in order, and last of all comes the
sense of touch. Furthermore, the senses
are brought to sleep with different de-
grees of profundity. The sense of touch
sleeps the most lightly, and is the
most easily awakened; the next easiest
is the hearing; the next is the sight; and
the taste and smelling awake last. An-
other remarkable circumstance deserves
notice; certain muscles and parts of the
body begin to sleep before others. Sleep
commences at the extremities, begin-
ning with the feet and legs, and creeping
towards the centre of nervous action.
The necessity for keeping the feet warm
and perfectly still as a preliminary to
sleep is well known. From these ex-
planations it will not appear surprising
that there should be an imperfect kind
of mental action, which produces the
phenomena of dreaming.

Roots for Rooters.

An Iowa farmer who has for several
years raised pure-bred Poland-China
hogs experimented with roots of various
sorts to help out their bill of fare. The
result he communicates through his
local *Homeowner*:
"I have tried about a dozen kinds of
beets and mangels and have come to
the conclusion that for my use I pre-
fer the mammoth mangel for early fall
feed and some good kind of red turnip
beets for winter use. For the latter
many would prefer a sugar beet. I begin
to feed the mangels in July or August,
according to whether my pastures are
dried up or not. My hogs greedily eat
tops and all. By the time winter sets in
I generally have the mangels all fed out,
and store the turnips and sugar beets
for winter use. I consider beets for hogs
a paying investment. I have thought
several times that feeding beets kept
my hogs from having cholera."

—Before coal came into common use
some elderly men talked, in zero even-
ings, about the rapidly passing fossils,
and the confident prediction was made
that "at the farthest, our children's chil-
dren will see the day when the wood
will all be gone, and then they will have
to freeze to death." A son once re-
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THE FARM.

Beginning with Bees.

There is wonderful difference between
the honey yields of different localities;
one man may report: "I never had a
good crop," while another a few
miles distant will say: "My bees have
done scarcely anything." There are
localities where comb-honey cannot be
profitably produced, and others where
it will not pay to run for extracted
honey; in most cases a judicious com-
bination gives best results. Comb-honey
is largely sold by its appearance; there-
fore choose a location where honey
plants are such as to produce the finest
and best honey. If possible, locate
near large alfalfa fields; or where the
mountain sides are covered with the
different species of sage, or in places
where California lilac abounds. An
apiary should be located in a valley, so
as to give the bees greater range of
flight. The swarming tendency is more
or less common in all positions of the
apiary. If well shaded, and along some
river bottom, swarming can be con-
trolled very easily; if in a mountain or
foothill country, you will have abun-
dant swarms, and the main difficulty in
location like this is to keep them from
swarming too much. To get stocked up
with bees better go to some successful
beekeeper with the times, and pur-
chase from him three or four colonies
in movable frame hives. It is best not
to start with too many, but learn as
you go.

The debated question, "Which bees to
start with?" is of little moment to a be-
ginner. After you find out your loca-
tion, then try the different races until
you find one that suits you. Some races
do well in one location, some in
another. After getting your bees home
and on their permanent stands, read
some good book on beekeeping and sub-
scribe for one or more good papers. I
think a bee journal of average interest
than a bee book, because the journal is
constantly presenting the new and val-
uable discoveries made by the most pro-
gressive apiarists of the day. Bee cul-
ture could only be learned by study and
practice. Learn all you can from books
and papers, then practically apply them;
visit some successful apiarist.

One visit will sometimes be worth a
good many dollars to a beginner. After
you are started well study your market;
try and build up a good home market.
Sell nothing but a good article, though
it may be a little more expensive, than
other things of the same kind. Try and
have a neat, attractive shape. Try and have all your
honey first class. Honey should be left
in the hives until thoroughly evaporat-
ed and sealed up. Do not extract it
before it is all capped. Try and use a
one-sized frame throughout the apiary;
two or more sized frames are a great
bother.—Pacific Rural Press.

TEMPERANCE.

National Drink Bills.

Dr. Burns, an English economist, has
just published his annual report upon
the drink bill of Great Britain and Ire-
land. His conclusions are somewhat
startling. Last year the total amount
spent on intoxicating drinks in the
United Kingdom aggregated some \$70,000,000. This means an annual expendi-
ture of \$18.75 per head for every man,
woman and child in the United King-
dom. It means an expenditure of \$38.75
for every family of five persons.

Which one of the expensive
drinks has decreased, the use of the
cheaper alcoholic beverages has in-
creased enormously. In the 12 months
England consumed \$400,000,000 worth
of beer alone. This sum spent on a single
alcoholic stimulant would have paid
nearly twice the expenses of the army,
the navy and the civil service.

Looking at these statistics from a
strictly economic point of view, one be-
gins to see why the English laboring
man has to wage such a continual struggle
against poverty and starvation. The
average wages of a laboring man in
some 50 cities in England and Wales is
estimated at \$4.70 per week.

Granting that he secures continuous
work throughout the year, he makes
\$235. With the yearly drink bill of the
average family amounting to \$37.75, it
is not a matter of surprise that English
workmen do not live as comfortably
as do their brethren in the United States.

The unrestricted use of alcoholic
stimulants has become the great and over-
shadowing obstacle in the way of bet-
tering the condition of the English work-
ing classes. This is best illustrated in
that great and barren region known as
the East End of London. Here some-
two million people are huddled together
in abject and hopeless poverty.

Cases of actual starvation are very
numerous. Statistics show that a large
number of school children come to school
without breakfast, and that a great pro-
portion of them rarely get more than
one meal a day. Nevertheless this re-
gion is filled with public houses, each
of which takes in from \$75,000 to \$100,000
per year.

Statesmanship, philanthropy and re-
ligion have proven utterly inadequate to
deal with the problem of intemperance
in England. It increases steadily year
by year, and its effects upon the coming
generation and the future of the coun-
try must be marked and serious.—
Minneapolis Tribune.

—A recent contributor to the *Western
Christian Advocate*, writing of intem-
perance and insanity, quotes Dr. Par-
chafee as giving the cause of insanity in 376
cases of which he had knowledge, and of
those intemperance was responsible in
164. He quotes Dr. Griesinger, profes-
sor of clinical medicine and mental
science in the University of Berlin, as
citing drunkenness as "one of the most
important causes of domestic troubles,"
to which 241 more of these cases of
insanity were accredited. He further-
more says: "Drunkenness stands mid-
way between psychical and physical
causes. Its effects are very powerful
and very complex." He adds: "On
the one hand, the acute use of alcoholic
excesses is principally, purely physical,
in part direct, by causing irritation
and changes in the nutrition of the brain,
by the development of chronic stasis
within the cranium; in part indirect,
by producing drunkard's acrobatics,
fatty degeneration of the liver, serious
gastro-intestinal diseases; in short by
complete ruin of the constitution." He
then cites drunkenness as producing im-
portant psychical causes, by the quarrels
in families which it drunkenness so fre-
quently occasions, and the sad mental
impressions which it causes, domestic
discomfort, withdrawal from the family,
ruin in business, and loss of self-re-
spect which it must force home upon
the drunkard. "This is weighty scien-
tific testimony which ought to warn all
users of intoxicants of the peril involved
in the drinking habit in the way of
physical and mental deterioration and
ruin. The insane asylums of this
country steadily increase in numbers,
and like our prisons, are, many of them,
overcrowded. Alcoholism, directly or
indirectly, is undoubtedly chief among
the causes.

—"I feel entirely cured of Flatulencia
(a dyspeptic symptom) by the use of
one bottle of B. B. B."

—Mrs. Scott, Portsmouth, Ont.

not yet reached the possibilities of an
acre by more than half. A little fig-
uring on the basis of earth's area and its
inhabitants will indicate its capacity to
maintain any probable population for
thousands of future years.—G. Wilson.

A large rambling farm-house that
used to be heated with gorse-dimby
with a number of coal and wood stoves
is now very successfully warmed by a
wood-burner, made on the principle of
a Todd stove, bricked in all around to
give body of heat. Rough condors is
used without cutting the ceiling being
large enough to hold several cords at a
time. The boys of the family run on
the furnace, which heats several large rooms
on the first floor, and from a register in
the hall moderates the temperature of
the chambers above. The gorse does not
maintain in case of emergency, but are
seldom needed. Many a mother's life
might be prolonged if she had the prob-
lem of heating solved for her in this
way.

Celery is gaining rapidly in public
favor. Many regard it as a nerve tonic
in its action on the system; others claim
for its beneficial effects upon disordered
kidneys, and as such a palliative in
rheumatic complaints originating in an
abnormal condition of these organs. At
any rate it is a wholesome vegetable
and may well make a part of the
daily diet. A Rhode Island gardener's
plan of growing it seems to favor this
result. The soil is very rich and the
plants are set seven inches apart each
way. A little wood shavings is required at
first, but the plants soon shade the cen-
tre soil, and that puts a stop to weed-
growth and hoeing. The soil being
shaded does not crust over, but remains
friable. Shade causes the stalk to self-
bleach, saving the exhausting labor of
"banking" or other artificial means of
bleaching. Several times the usual num-
ber of plants can be grown on the same
ground; in this case there are 120,736
to the acre.

Halifax Business College

SEND FOR CIRCULAR
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S. E. WHISTON, Esq., Principal,
WHISTON'S
Halifax COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

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back upon the time spent at St. Allison School
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For the benefit of those who wish
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Burdock
Blood
Bitters
Cures HEADACHE
Cures HEADACHE
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REGULATES
THE
KIDNEYS.

GATES'
INVIGORATING SYRUP!

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superior in all respects to every house-
hold medicine, and should be in every house.
For Constipation, Colic and Laxative.
A little night and morning will soon break them up
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Nothing can be found to equal, as it causes no
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One swallow gives instant relief.
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Yield at once.
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