. 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.

Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks.

Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks
Sit together, building blocks;
Shuffle-Shoon is old and gray,
Amber-Locks a little child,
But together all that play
Age and youth are reconciled,
And with sympathetic glee
Build their castles fair to see!

"When I grow to be a man"—
So the wee one's prattle ran—
"I shall build a castle—so,
With a gateway broad and grand.
Here a pretty vine shall grow,
There a soldier guard shall stand;
And the tower shall be so high
Folks will wonder by-and-bye!"

Shuffle-Shoon quoth: "Yes, I know,
Thus I builded, long ago!
Here a gate and there a wall,
Here a window, there a door:
Here a steeple wondrous tall,
Riseth ever more and more;
But the years have leveled low
What I builded long ago!"

So they gossip at their play,
Heedless of the fleeting day.
One speaks of that Long-Ago
Where his dead hopes buried lie;
One with chubby cheeks aglow
Prattleth of the By-and-Bye.
Side by side, twin castles grow—
By-and-Bye and Long-Ago!

Long-Ago and By-and-Bye—
Ah, what years atween them lie!
Yet, O grandsire, gaunt and gray,
By what grace art thou beguiled
That thou sharest in the play
Of that little lisping child?
Children both, they build their blocks,
Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks.

—*Eugene Field.*

THE HOME.

Solitude.

One of the greatest blessings of country life, which we fear is seldom appreciated in these over-nervous, crowd-loving days, is the chance which it gives to be alone. No man or woman can work out what is best in themselves in a continual crowd. Occasional solitude is every individual's right.

A lower moral tone always exists where human beings are herded together in too great proximity. This is the great curse of the tenement-house. The continual contact of various individuals wears on the nerves and engenders a mechanical way of living, without independent thought or motive. This truth has been recognized by our best and greatest poets. Gray speaks of "the madding crowd," and George times to be alone" believing that this was Herbert says: "By all means use some-essential to the very best fulfillment of the individual powers. If you read the history of the best and noblest men and women, you will find that they were people who spent hours in communion with themselves, first in order to strengthen and prepare themselves for communion with their fellowmen. George MacDonald often speaks of the power of solitude in developing the character.

In this everyday busy world the chief object of the majority seems to be in a perpetual crowd. The mass of people seek the city, not so much from necessity for work, as from a desire for the excitement of crowds. Young people who have once acquired an appetite for sensationalism, which city life so often gives to the giddy and thoughtless, have taken their first step on a downward career. There is little hope for the young man or woman who requires the continual stimulus of society to drive away the insiduous disease which, for want of a better name, we call ennui. The beginning may be a few gossips of a village; then the pleasure-loving crowds of a great city, and we all know to what a low ebb the individual has come who merely seeks pleasure as the aim of his life.

While the pursuit of pleasure as a relaxation is not only good, but desirable, when it is sought merely as an end it is always contemptible. One of the wisest rules in a woman's college, which was among the first incorporated in this country, was the silent hour, when all in the crowded building sought each her own room to be alone for twenty minutes, morning and afternoon. While this hour was originally intended to be devoted to prayer and was looked upon at first as savoring somewhat of cant, it proved to be in the end a custom generally recognized by all the students as a semi-daily rest from the ever-surging, noisy crowd that filled those college halls. It would be an excellent thing in every family if there were more recognition of the individual right to be occasionally alone. The mother of the family earns this solitude often by burning the midnight oil, stitching or knitting, while her thoughts run over the daily problems of her work. Wherever it is possible the children of a family should each have separate rooms. This will not only give them a right of proprietorship in their belongings, which every independent soul enjoys, but every one will also have an opportunity for solitude with their own thoughts. A well-known writer has said: "The gregarious instinct is animal—the sheep and deer living on in us—to be alone is spiritual."

Last Days.

A year ago, at this time, two who loved one another dearly were spending their last sweet days together. They did not dream that any parting was near. No shadow of death projected itself over their sunny pathway, and they went gaily on, the whole life of the household set to the melody of their unclouded happiness.

Suddenly one chilly wintry morning the bolt fell. There was a husband desolate; there were little children motherless; there was a wee baby, like a rose leaf blown from a faded rose, lying in utter helplessness on the nurse's lap. The world went on just as before, but the clock of time seemed for a while to have run down in that house which had been so bright and all in a moment grew so dark.

They never dreamed they were spending their last earthly days together, the two who drank the cup of love's bliss, with hearts so light and smiles so cheery: And this is the point of the reflection. Very many of us are spending our last days with some of our dear ones, or they are getting ready, perhaps unwittingly, to go away and leave us. Are these days being spent in so sweet and tender and loving a fashion that we shall have naught to regret when they are past?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Timely Items.

For immediate relief for a scald or burn the application of the white of an egg to the injured spot is said to be especially efficacious. It is also of service as an antidote for poisons, especially those of a corrosive nature, taken internally. The old-fashioned paste or flour and cold water remains, however, the truly "old reliable" for burns.

A soft rug of some thick woollen stuff, such as old carpet pieces, is a great relief for tired feet to those who have to stand at a table for any length of time, say washing dishes or kneading bread. The best kitchen floor cloth is linoleum, and the worst is oilcloth, as linoleum is warm and oilcloth is always cold.

Preventives for flies will never cease, but a most simple one, that is warranted to be very effective, is the presence of sweet clover in the room. This plant is abhorrent to flies, but it is also very objectionable to those who have hay fever.

Sweetbrier is one of the most delightful of our more common plants with which to decorate sitting-rooms, for its fragrance, though very sweet, is not liable ro affect one seriously. The leaves also are excellent to fill in pillows with, like balsam.

There is a very good old-fashioned method of sweeping carpets with a broom wet with warm salt water. It is the best way known to brighten the colors of the carpet and thoroughly remove the layer of dust that always settles back after the heavy sweeping over.

A good way to remove paint that has been spattered on a window pane is to wet it with alcohol, a small portion at a time if it is a large splash, and then rub it with the edge of a penny.

Without Wine Sauce, Please.

A young man sat at a hotel table with a gentleman and a lady friend, for whom he felt the greatest respect. The waiter said to the gentleman, "Will you have some pudding with wine sauce?" "Yes," was the answer. The young man's craving for strong drink was aroused at the mention of the wine sauce, and he also was about to reply affirmatively to the waiter's question, when his lady friend quickly said, "Pudding without wine sauce, if you please." "Without wine sauce," came the young man's reply. Afterward, in the parlor, he said to her, "I want to thank you for doing me a great favor." She looked astonished. "You do not know what it ment to me when you said at the dinner table, 'Pudding without wine sauce, if you please.'" He then told her his struggle against strong drink and how near he had come to falling, saved only by her timely example.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

THE FARM.

American Farm Life.

In the new number of *Scribner's Magazine* an appreciative author, Octave Thanet, publishes the first of her Sketches of American Types, under the title, "The Farmer in the North,"—a very clever and faithful characterization of types of farmers seen at the World's Fair. Of the New England farmer she says: For generations the New England farmer has cultivated economy until it is become a fine art. He has pared off his expenditures to so sharp an edge that one cannot touch them without being cut. He has been as saving as the Scotchman, and for the same reason, a cruel climate and a niggardly soil would starve him, else! I sometimes fancy many traits of resemblance between the Scotch and the Puritans. They have the same unrelenting energy, the same stern theology (in both cases considerably softened of late years), the same dry humor, the same very vigorous curiosity, frequently allied to a very anæmic sense of delicacy, the same moral and physical intrepidity that seldom brags and never surrenders, the same stoical coldness without and deep and tender affections under the crust, the same apparent pettiness of thrift that looks like sordidness, the same devotion to those things that make for righteousness, and the same ungrudging sacrifice of all of them, if the need come. The American farmer's wife is thus pictured: "I can see her, a faded, haggard, sallow woman, tired from the weary rising in the dark winter mornings, to the crawling from the unfinished pile of mending to the cold room upstairs, at night. I seem to see the broken woman, who was a joyous and ambitious girl, tugging ever more wearily at her Sisyphus stone of duties, growing more irritable, more complaining as strength and heart fail, until the day shall come when the tired mother will not creep down stairs. Then the neighbors will watch and nurse by turns, and the doctor, who might have helped years ago, will be called in to witness properly the end that he cannot avert."

About Cultivating Orchards.

The diverse treatment which orchards receive throughout the country affords a lesson showing the great benefit of giving them the best management, and the loss from neglected treatment. Neglect is too common, and poor crops and scabby fruit is the result. In contrast with these neglected orchards, says *Farm and Fireside*, are a few to which the owners give the best attention, and who receive good prices for the copious returns of handsome fruit. One orchard of this class, which has grown to full bearing size, affords the owner a handsome profit every year, while his careless neighbors receive not more than one-fourth of his returns. This well-managed orchard is kept in grass, which is grazed short by sheep, the grass afforded them being only one-half or two thirds as much as would give them full feed, the deficiency being made up with grain or meal. This is fed to them regularly in long, broad troughs. The sheep eat every wormy apple as it falls, and the fruit is thus kept nearly clear from insects. The droppings of the sheep enrich the ground, and a top-dressing of barn manure is added yearly. The sales of fruit from this orchard for many years have been equal to $100 from each acre it occupies. The shade of the apple trees prevents a rank growth of the grass, and the grazing of the sheep gives it somewhat the appearance of a lawn. The owners of some other excellent orchards, who cannot use sheep, apply yard or barn manure more copiously. In one of the best visited, the annual application of manure had gradually made it two or three inches deep; the result was a superb crop of apples. Other orchards, with less manure, are kept clean and mellow with a gang-plow or Acme harrow, to keep the surface clean and in a finely pulverized condition.

Potato Blights.

The Vermont experiment station has printed the following information about potato blights:—

Our potato vines are attacked by two distinct blights. The early blight attacks earlier potatoes, spreading slowly in July and August, causing premature death of vines, but no rot. The late blight attacks later potatoes in August and September, spreading rapidly in warm, moist weather and is followed by rot. Both diseases can be checked by spraying with Bordeaux mixture.

On the average, in the last two years our yield has been doubled by spraying. The total cost for chemicals and labor is $5 to $10 per acre. The strength of mixture we recommend for general use is:—Five pounds blue vitriol, five pounds fresh lime, fifty gallons (one barrel) water.

Slake the lime to form a thin white-wash, dissolve the vitriol in another vessel, strain both and mix thoroughly. Apply in any way so as to thoroughly cover the upper surfaces of the leaves. This is best done with a barrel spraying pump.

Remember that this is a preventive, not a cure, and the first application should be made before the disease appears.

Paris green should be added to the mixture as needed for the potato bugs.

We had good results also from adding soap to the mixture when applied in July, one pound of soap for each pound of vitriol. This checked the week of the flea beetles.—*New England Farmer.*

Dairy Suggestions.

If you have never churned granulated butter it is time to begin.

Canada forbids the adulteration of cheese, and Canada is right.

If the cows are "home grown" and are not gentle it is apt to be the owner's fault.

It never increases the milk supply to pitch milk stools at the cows or swear at them.

If your mean to make a success of dairying this winter, believe you can and go ahead.

At the price of feed and milk this season it will not pay to feed poor cows—it never does.

Perhaps one of the things needed about your place is an icehouse; if so, do not wait till the crop is wasted before building the house.

Look out for the man that wants to sell you the "right" to get more butter out of the milk than the cow put in it. Take the right to get out all there is in it, but pay no royalty for doing it.

Certificate of Analysis.

Laboratory of Dr. R. Bryce-Gemmel,
Consulting and Analytical Chemist,
228 Boylston Street,
Boston, Mass.

I hereby certify that I have carefully examined the sample of K.D.C., submitted by the K.D.C Co. Ltd, Feb. 10, 1893, and have been unable to detect any objectionable or injurious ingredients therein. It is a compound prepared from pure drugs, and it is my opinion that, if properly administered, it will give ready relief to sufferers from the different forms of the disease for which it is intended. It is a perfectly safe remedy.

Respectfully,
R. BRYCE-GEMMEL,
"Late Analyist Surgeon's Hall," Edinburgh, Scotland.

Witherby: "My wife keeps a scrapbook now of all the bright things our baby gets off." Plankington: "Why, is the little fellow old enough yet?" O, yes. He repeats everything I say."

A Montreal Man Speaks.

W. B. Carmichael, of Montreal, P.Q., writes to The Hawker Medicine Company: "Your Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry, quickly relieved me of a severe attack of Bronchitis."

A POSITIVE CURE for Catarrh, Hawker's Catarrh Cure. Sold everywhere, only 25 cents.

NEGLECTED COUGHS invite consumption. Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, and all thrart and lung troubles.

Little Willie: "I wish I was you, Mr. Self-made. Mr. Self-made (who has come to dinner)—"And why, Willie?" Willie—"'Cause you don't get your ears pulled for eating with your knife."

Peculiar to Itself.

So eminently successful has Hood's Sarsaparilla been that many leading citizens from all over the United States furnish testimonials of cures which seem almost miraculous. Hoods Sarsaparilla is not an accident, but the ripe fruit of industry and study. It possesses merit "peculiar to itself."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Nausea, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Billiousness. Sold by all druggists.

"I much prefer oil lamps to gas or electricity," said Miss Emerson, of Boston, to Miss Warren of New York. "Dear me? Why?" "Because oil is refined:"

AN OWEN SOUND MIRACLE

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF MR. WILLIAN BELROSE.

Attacked by Malararial Fever, followed by Partial Paralysis—Physicians said they Could do Nothing for Him—The means of Cure Discovered through Reading a Newspaper.

[From the Owen Sound Times.]

The *Times* has published very frequently the particulars of remarkable cures attributed to the use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These various article were credited to newspapers of good standing, and there was no reason to doubt their entire truthfulness, but as we had not happened to come across a striking case ourselves we had given the articles but little thought, and perhaps this may also be the case with some of our readers. A few days ago the opportunity was given us to investigate a case, however, which satisfied us, and will satisfy those who read this, that there is a marvellous efficacy in this now celebrated medicine. It was told us by one of our leading druggists that a well-known resident had an experience which fully equalled the wonderful cures of which so much has been published. The citizen referred to was Mr. Wm. Belrose, ship carpenter, who has been a resident of this town since 1866. The *Times* undertook to get the facts from Mr. Belrose in order to satisfy ourselves. He was working in the shipyard and when found was wielding the heaviest axe on the grounds, shaping the ribs for a big vessel on the stocks. None of the 300 men employed were working harder, nor appeared to be enjoying more vigorous health. In reply to a question Mr. Belrose said: "Yes, sir, I would not be using this big axe if I had not taken Pink Pills." The story as briefly told as possible is this: In 1890, after returning from the Pacific coast, Mr. Belrose went to Chicago where he secured employment in the erection of one of the big Phil Armour grain elevators. After being in that city for a short time he was taken with a malarial fever. After a week of suffering the people with whom he was staying spoke of taking him to the hospital, but Mr. Belrose objected. A consultation was held and it was decided that instead of going to the hospital—a place he dreaded—he would take the first train home. His ticket was bought and he was placed on the train. He was so sick that the only incident he could remember in the whole 600 miles' trip was the changing of cars at some junction. He reached home on August 7th, and at once a well known physician was called in. Recovery was slow and it was not until November that he was able to get out of the house. Then in his weakened condition he took a relapse. Winter wore on; but the best physicians were called in but with no avail. There was no improvement. The complications baffled all treatment. From the hips down a sort of paralysis seized the sufferer, and it was impossible to keep the lower extremities warm. The bed covers were increased, but proved of no consequence so far as the warmth of the patient was concerned. As a last resort a pair of heavy German felt socks were procured and pulled over the cold feet. But the artificial warmth failed to do what nature could not for some reason accomplish. At last the doctors decided that nothing more could be done, and soothing draughts were administered to ease the pain. Friends brought the electric battery and this treatment, though relieving, served only to make the pain more intense when discontinued. It happened during this treatment, however, that one of the visitors brought in, wrapped around a parcel, a paper giving an account of a cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After reading the article the sick man determined to give them a trial. Before a box was gone the good effects were noticed, the second box brought still further improvement. A third, fourth, fifth and sixth were taken, the end of each only proving a milestone on the sure road to complete recovery. Twenty boxes were taken in all, but the end fully justified the expenditure, for as Mr. Belrose put it, "I feel better and younger than I have felt for years. I eat heartily, I sleep sound and I can do a day's work alongside of anybody. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills under Providence did it all. Pink Pills should be kept in every house. Since they cured me I have recommended them to my friends everywhere, and I shall continue to recommend them."

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and sold only in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.—*Advertisement.*

"Pa, is there any difference between a cold and influenzy?" "If the doctor calls it a cold the bill is about four dollars. If he calls it influenza it's about eighteen dollars. The difference is fourteen dollars, my son."

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Mother Urged Me

to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

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