*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 HOME.

TRAINED BABIES.

BY J. GOLDSBURY.

I have been greatly interested in your little articles on trained babies, and I should—like a fool that a father usually is in that respect—be tempted to tell of my own trained babies, for I claim no unusual wisdom, only that I have recently had in my house a wonderful example of the trained baby, such as would delight Mrs. Schnell and Jessie T. Boyle

First. It could "go to sleep all loney hisself." But, by the way, his mother never talked baby talk to him, but plain English in few words, and he seemed to understand every word. Then, to see a busy, active baby, ten months or a year old, sit at the table and never "muss the tablecloth," or meddle with the dishes, or tip over the glass of water or sauce, all within reach, although so active he had all the time to jump or perform harmless athletics, probably in training for football or baseball. As he had his proper lunch before the first course, he rarely asked for anything at the table, and, if he did, he knew that "No, Lee," meant No.

Then, did you ever think a ten-months old baby could be trained to help mother, rather than be "always a bother" and hindrance? Christ went about doing good, and why should not his little ones be trained to follow him in that respect, and be made to feel that they are important factors in the household, and thus grow up to be helpful citizens, instead of anarchists or those for whom "Satan finds some mischief still," or some still mischief to do?

Lee was encouraged to help mother, and though Mrs. Jones was perfectly able to keep a nurse girl to wait on baby, she had trained him before he was a year old so that when she had swept, he wanted on his dusting cap, and, with his little dusting cloth, would creep round and dust the chairs, etc., as high as he could reach.

Now, this is no fancy sketch, but is just what almost any mother can bring about; and such a baby, when a boy, will not be a nuisance everywhere, and a criminal when grown up, but will be a useful citizen, while those who are brought up to be served and waited on may make such citizens as one now in jail in our city, whose record for gambling and murder has made this city of Minneapolis famous through the whole land.

What better use can be made of mother love than to train their little ones in ways of usefulness and helpfulness; to teach them that "No means No"? And the result will be law-abiding citizens, ready trained for the best Christian service. It surely begets the highest love in return.

I have seen babies who kept the mother or nurse dancing as if on a hot gridiron night and day. It seemed as if they never slept; born emperors of the Nero type, always able to drive the mother to distraction till they grew up and left home, the mother love being used all the time, though unwittingly, to ruin the child; ruined, too, by mistaken kindness. Yes, but when the baby is sick? The well trained baby will rarely be sick.—The Advance.

HOW TO MANAGE BOYS.

A young teacher, who has had great success with a class of little "ragamuffins" in the worst quarter of a large city, was once asked to tell something of the method by which she had transformed the lawless street urchins into respectable little citizens, in so many cases.

"I haven't any method, really," said the young woman, modestly. "It is only that I try to make the boys like me, and I say 'don't' just as seldom as I possibly can in my work with them. They had learned to lie, steal and fight; but truth, honesty and courtesy were unknown terms.

"So I began telling them a story every morning about some boy who had done a brave, honest, or kind thing, and held him up for their admiration. And after awhile I asked them to 'save up' good things they had seen or done to tell at these morning talks. Their eagerness about it, and pride when I was pleased with their little incidents, showed me they were being helped.

"There was just one boy who seemed to be hopeless. He was apparently indifferent to everything, and sat for weeks during the morning talks with a stolid expression, and never contributed anything to the conversation. I had begun to feel rather discouraged about him, when one morning he raised his hand as soon as it was time for the talk to begin.

"Well, Jim, what is it you have to tell us?" I asked encouragingly.

"'Man's hat blew off as I was comin' to school. I ran and picked it up for him,' he jerked out, in evident embarrassment at finding all eyes fastened on him.

"'And what did the man say?' I asked, hoping that a 'thank you' had rewarded his first attempt in the right direction.

"'You young scamp, you'd have made off with that if I hadin't kept my eye on you!' said the boy in the same jerky fashion.

"'And what did you do then?' I asked in fear and trembling.

"'Didn't do nothin' but jest come along to school,' said the boy, soberly. 'I reckon he don't know no better; prob'ly he hadn't had no sech trachin' as I have got,' and he lapsed into silence with an air of perfect satisfaction.

"I think he had a pretty severe rebuff, but he has told a great many pleasant things since that day, so you see he was not disheartened.

"Some people would say, I know, that I ought to tell how bad stealing and lying and fighting are; and yet as long as they will listen to me while I say, 'Do be honest, do be truthful, do be kind,' I shall not keep the other things before their minds."

Whatever may be said for other methods, here—which she did not even call a method—commends itself.—Christian Observer.

ROSES THAT WILL LAST.

"I want some roses," said a lady, as she stepped into the florist's. As the man moved toward the door to get them, she added, "I want roses that will last." A curious smile came over the face of the florist as he said: "Perhaps you would like to choose them." Roses that will last! Where are they? Alas, there are no roses that will last many hours—how I have tried to make them last; they are so beautiful we want them to stay, but their time is short, and that is the reason why we should give them all the opportunity possible to do all the good they can. I have known wonderful work done by flowers. I know a woman who went to see a friend and was told that she was dangerously ill, and the doctor said no one could see her. My friend who made she call had but little money, but she bought the most beautiful fragrant rose she could get the following day, and went again to see how the sick one was, and was told that the doctor said she could not live. My friend said: "Will you ask the nurse to lay this rose on her bosom?" And as there could be no harm done in so doing, it was laid there, and then she went homeward, praying that the life that was so needed might be spared. And God used that rose for the restoration of that woman. In an interval of reason her attention was arrested, and the doctor said that it had a strange effect on the patient, and from that moment a change for the better took place.—Margaret Bottome, in "Ladies" Home Journal."

EXERCISING THE SKIN.

"The trouble with most bad complexions," said a doctor to a roomful of schoolgirls the other day, "is that the skin does not get exercise enough."

This was a new idea; they had never thought of it before, and, while they were bewailing the presence of a muddy skin and of eruptions on the face, they had not dreamed that they could help the matter.

Well, here is the doctor's advice, given in a nutshell to the girls that gather in this home corner for the weekly chat:

Take a tonic every morning, in the shape of a cool sponge bath, followed by a vigorous rubbing with a dry towel, not too coarse, the face and neck receiving their full share of the friction. This sets the blood to moving briskly and electrifies the system. Take a warm bath at bedtime, and wash the face slowly, carefully and thoroughly with warm water and castile soap. The oily matter exuding from the skin catches minute particles of dust, which can not be removed in any other way; and many eruptions are caused by neglect of this simple precaution. After this wholesome cleansing, dip the face into a basin of clear, cold water, and the skin will be left firm and healthy.

Half an hour a day will give time for the baths; and there will be rest and refreshment, as well as an improved complexion, as a result.

A German prescription for preventing cold sores and boils from coming to a head is to paint them five or six times daily with equal parts of boracic acid and water.

A baking powder box (round, and as large as a teacup) will chop apples or warming potatoes three times as fast as a knife. If too dull to do good work, file the edge and pound a few holes in or near the bottom to let the air out, and keep it from drawing the apple, etc., up into the box.

CORRECT WAY TO STONE RAISINS.—Free the raisins from the stems and then put them in a bowl. Cover them with boiling water and let them stand for two minutes. Pour off the water, open the raisins, and the seeds can be removed quickly and easily without the usual stickiness.

PLAIN FRITTERS.—Stir together a pint of flour, half a pint of cold water, the yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of olive oil or melted butter, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat with an egg beater until very light. Then mix in the white of the eggs, beaten stiff, and fry in hot grease, dropping in a tablespoonful at a time. Drain in cheesecloth, dust with pulverized sugar and serve. Or omit the dusting of sugar and serve with orange, lemon, raspberry, or any simple fruit sauce.

Mr. Edward W. Lincoln, in his report to the Worcester county, Massachusetts, horticultural society, states that from practical experience there is no alternate bearing in fruits. The reason why trees do not bear in successive years is chiefly from the fact that they have been allowed to overbear the previous year. He experimented chiefly on pears. From a single tree of the Belle Lucrative he pulled off two thousand young fruit. Not only does this practice tend to give regular crops every year, but the size and quality of the fruit is much enhanced by this practice. He thinks there is no more reason why fruit growers should not systematically thin out the abundant crops than there is for not hoeing out superabundant corn and potatoes.—Moulton's Monthly.

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THE FARM.

GROWING PEKING DUCKS.

A great many people, first and last, have been seized with an irresistable desire to go into poultry-raising upon a large scale. They have followed out the desire with varying results, but the majority have made lamentable failures. Erpecially has there been failure when the attempt has been made to make chickens and eggs the chief source of income. There is one branch of the poultry business, however, in which certain individuals have made quite a distinct success, and that is the raising of young ducks for market. Long Island is particularly noted as the location of the greater number of these mammoth duck plants, though an equal degree of success appears to have followed the efforts of parties in other parts of the country along the same line. The Peking is the duck used for breeding purposes in all these great duck hatcheries. This is because of its white color—making pin-feathers less objectionable in the dressed specimen—its large size and, in particular, its habit of wonderfully rapid growth from the shell up to six or eight weeks of age. One who has never raised these ducks can scarcely realize with what amazing rapidity the Peking ducklings will shoot up. It almost seems as though one can see them expanding before his very eyes! I have kept all kinds of poultry, with the exception of geese, and speak advisedly when I say that for rapid growth—the rapid doubling and doubling again of size—there is nothing in the whole list that has come under my notice that can at all compare with the growth of a young Peking duck. In the meantime, the young duck is eating in a way to well-neigh cause a famine! But he turns what he eats to good purpose, and gives a satisfactory profit if he is fed to his utmost capacity for a few weeks and is then sent promptly to market. Kept a little beyond the proper limit, and he will soon be "eating his head off," for a duck's bill is a veritable shovel, and a shovel that will always be worked effectively when anything in the way of food is in sight. I suppose there is a limit to a duck's appetite, but just at this moment I do not recall ever having witnessed it.

In large cities there is a demand at particular seasons of the year for young ducks, and it is to meet this demand that the business of duck raising on a truly mammoth scale has been established. All of these establishments hatch with incubators, some of them having a capacity of 9,000 or 10,000 eggs every four weeks. Moreover, as Peking ducks' eggs are remarkably fertile, almost as many little ducks are hatched out as there are eggs put into the incubators. The little ducks are brooded by hot-water pipes passing through long sectional brooders, and are fed from start to finish on a forcing diet. As these ducks are, in many cases, to take the place of unobtainable, or too expensive, wild ducks, the idea has been conceived of feeding them on celery during the last few weeks of their growth to give the peculiar game flavor which wild ducks acquire by feeding upon wild celery in the marshes. So pronounced is this flavor of celery fed ducks that one firm, at least, has acres upon acres of celery growing to feed to its thousands upon thousands of ducks.

It goes without saying that ducks love the water, and in the case of the breeding stock it is undoubtedly better if access can be had to a pond or stream, but in the case of young ducks being grown rapidly, the absence of water for swimming purposes is not a detriment, but probably a positive advantage, for it would undoubtedly be much more difficult and very much more expensive to put flesh upon a duck that has access to water for swimming. Too much exercise is not conducive to the putting on of flesh, and a quick putting on of flesh is an important point in this business.

As a duck for the farm the Peking is admirably fitted in every way except color, and this is no objection where the birds can have access to water to keep their plumage white; but where ducks are kept simply for consumption, and where water for swimming is not at hand, I should much prefer to keep the beautifully colored Rouens, which are of large size and thrifty habit of growth. They are excellent birds from a practical point of view, while, as ornaments to one's ponds or poultry yards, they cannot be surpassed, being always attractive in appearance, whether there is a chance to swim or not. With a white duck, however, the case is far different, for where water is not at hand it will shortly get its plumage into a decided filthy condition that makes its presence an eyesore. But for duck breeding on a large scale, where quick and large growth is of the first importance, the Peking cannot be surpassed.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

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A MODEL MAINE CREAMERY.

The Turner Centre Creamery is acting on the principle that it is just as well to do things as they ought to be done as it is to have them all wrong. The officers are determined to bring their product up to a still higher standard of excellence than it has ever before attained. To bring this about every department of the work from beginning to finish, at the factory and with the patron of the farm, is being reviewed with the purpose of bringing every feature to the highest possible standard of excellence. The managers of this factory in the years that it has run have put a vast amount of study into the business and know their ground in every step taken.

A new code of exacting rules governing the care of milk was sent out to the patrons some weeks ago. Now a system of inspection at the farm has been organized and is already entered upon. The premises of every one of the several hundred farmers who are supplying cream to the factory, are to be inspected by an officer of the association. The condition of the stable is to be noted, the cows, the cream in which the milk is set and its surroundings, the purity of the water, the ice supply, and the cleanliness of all the utensils used in the handling of the milk and cream. If patrons do not come up to requirements they will be dropped from the lists. The purpose is that all cream must come into the factory as pure and as perfect as when drawn from the cow. Handled then with skilled help and with the best apparatus known, it is intended that the reputation of the butter made shall keep full pace with the best to be found on the market.—Maine Farmer.

A FARMER AND HIS STRAW.

Mr. Wells is a farmer who is disposed to "diversify" and to utilise all the products of his farm to the best advantage—to do, in short, those things that, it is popularly believed and declared, are certain to result in golden returns to all farmers who do them. To prove his faith by his works, Mr. Wells baled a carload of fire wheat straw—those who sold and bought it admit the excellence of its quality. The freight bill accompanying the account says there were ten tons of the straw; the account of the sale says there were eight and one-half tons, which Mr. Wells says is about right; therefore the railroad got pay for hauling 3,000 pounds of wind, probably to get the wherewithal to pay interest and dividends on stock that is water.

For his eight and one-half tons of fine baled straw Mr. Wells received in cash $4 65. The straw sold to a paper mill for $8 a ton, realizing a total of $25.65. Of this sum the railroad got $16, the commission firm $5 and the farmer for his straw, labor and cost of baling and hauling to the station, the balance, $4.65 It will be seen that the railroad got $1 88 a ton for its service; the commission firm 58 cents a ton for the simple item of "commission"—only 20 per cent of the gross amount—and the farmer got 54 cents a ton!

Mr. Wells says he likes to do good farming, likes to "diversify," likes to utilise all the by-products of his farm, would like to believe that the cause of agricultural depression is with the farmers themselves, but an experience of this kind goes a long way toward convincing him that while systems of agriculture may need changing, those of transportation and business of the commission sort need changing much more radically. The experiences of farmers all over the country are bristling with just such injustice and extortion, and yet millions of our unseeing fellow-citizens wonder what farmers have to complain of, why agriculture is depressed, and why business and industry are paralysed!—Farm, Stock and Home.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

A Strange Tale Told by a Well Known Minstrel.

The Painful Results of an Injury Received Many Years Ago—Was Treated in the Best Hospitals of Two Continents, but Pronounced Incurable—A Fellow Patient Pointed Out the Road to Recovery.

From the Owen Sound Times.

The marvellous efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has again been demonstrated in this town. The Times referred to the astonishing cure of Mr. Wm. Belrose, a well known citizen. This was followed a few weeks ago by the remarkable cure of Mrs. Monnell, of Peel street, whose life had been despaired of by herself and family and friends. A few days ago the Times reporter was passing along Division street, when it was noticed that a new barber shop had been opened by Mr. Dick Cousby, a member of a family who have lived in Owen Sound for nearly half a century. Knowing that Mr. Cousby had been seriously ailing when we came from England, a few months previous, and at that time had little hope of recovering his health. The Times man dropped in to have a chat, and before the conversation proceeded very far, it was evident that there had been another miracle performed by the wonder-working Pink Pills.

"Well, let us start at the beginning of my troubles," said Mr. Cousby, when the Times began probing for particulars. "Twenty-one years ago I left school here and joined a minstrel company. Since that time I have had parts in many of the leading minstrel companies as comedian and dancer. In the spring of 1887 I thought I would try a summer engagement and took a position with Hall & Bingley's circus, then playing in the Western States. One morning during the rush to put up the big three-pole tent, I was giving the men a hand, when the centre pole slipped out and in falling struck me across the small of the back. While I felt sore for a time, I did not pay much attention to it. After working a week I began to feel a pain similiar to that of sciatic-rheumatism. For a year I gradually grew worse and finally was laid up. This was at Milwaukee. After some time I went to St. Paul and underwent an electric treatment, and thought I was cured. I then took an engagement with Lew Johnston's Minstrels, and went as far west as Seattle. About two years ago I made an engagement with Bowes and Farquharson to go on a tour through Europe in the great American Minstrels. Before sailing from New York I suffered from pains between the shoulders, but paid very little attention to it at the time, but when I reached Glasgow I was scarcely able to walk. I remained in this condition until we reached Manchester, where I obtained temporary relief from a doctor's prescription. For two years the only relief I had was by taking this medicine. In May of 1893 while at Birmingham I was taken very bad and gradually grew worse all summer. An engagement was offered me as stage manager for Onsley's Minstrels and I went out with them, but in three months' time I was so bad that I had to quit. All this time I was consulting a physician who had been recommended as a specialist, but without any relief. Hydropathic baths and other similar treatments were resorted to without avail. Finally there was no help for it and I went to Manchester, and on Dec. 12th, 1893, went into the Royal Hospital, where the physicians who diagnosed my case pronounced it transverse myelitis, or chronic spinal disease. After being in the hospital for five months I grew worse, until my legs became paralyzed from the hips down. Dr. Newby, the house surgeon, showed me every attention and became quite friendly and regretfully informed me that I would be an invalid all my life. For a change I was sent to Barnes Convalescent Hospital, Cheadle, having to be carried from the hospital to the carriage and then on to the train. After a week there, a patient told me of a cure effected on himself by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being thoroughly discouraged, I asked for my discharge and I was sent back to Manchester, where I began taking Pink Pills. After the use of a few boxes I recovered the use of my legs sufficiently to walk several blocks. I then concluded to start for Canada and join my friends here. I continued taking the Pills, constantly getting stronger. I have taken no other medicine since I began the use of Pink Pills, and I have no doubt as to what cured me. I now feel as well as ever and I am able to take up the trade of barbering, at which I worked during the summer months. When I remember that the doctors told me I would be helpless all my life, I cannot help looking upon my cure as a miracle." As Mr. Cousby told of the wonderful cure, his good-natured countenance fairly shone with gratitude. He is so well known here as a straight-forward respectable citizen that The Times need say nothing in his behalf. His plain, unvarnished statement would go for a fact with everyone who knows him.

These Pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood, or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2 50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.—*Advt.*

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EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, ON SATURDAY, the Thirteen h day of JULY Next, at the hour of Twelve o'clock noon,

Under and by virtue of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made the sixteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety five, in a suit for the partition of the lands and premises hereinafter described, wherein Catherine Breen Stinson, Thomas S. Bahan, Nathaniel Young and Elizabeth Young, his wife, and Andrew W. Lee and Bridget Ellen Lee, his wife, plaintiffs, and Joanna Stanott, Mary Stinson, John McPhee and Eliza Jane McPhee, his wife, Ellen Connell, Mary A. McManus, Catherine Ryter, Catherine Stinson, Hugh Muldoon and Ann Jane Muldoon, his wife, Jane F. Mulherrin, Robert Dayton and Elizabeth Dayton, his wife, Thomas W. Bean, Charles Bean and Mary Bean, his wife, Hugh O'Brien, Richard O'Brien, Edmond O'Brien, Patrick A. Grady and Margaret A. Grady, his wife, Thomas Nolan and Georgie Nolan, his wife, James McCurdy and Mary Elizabeth McCurdy, his wife, Milton H. Bogrett and Emma Catherine Bogrett, his wife, Patrick Stinson, Abraham Elston and Ellen Elston, his wife, defendants, and by amendment, Nellie L. Stinson, Thomas S. Bahan, Nathaniel Young and Elizabeth Young, his wife, and Andrew W. Lee and Bridget Ellen Lee, his wife, plaintiffs, and Joanna Stinson, Mary Stinson, John McPhee and Eliza J. McPhee, his wife, Ellen Connell, Mary J. McManus, Joseph Lewis and Margaret Lewis, his wife, Catherine Ryter, Catherine Stinson, Hugh Muldoon and Ann Jane Muldoon, his wife, Jane F. Mulherrin, Robert Dayton and Elizabeth Dayton, his wife, Thomas W. Bean, Charles Bean and Mary Bean, his wife, Hugh O'Brien, Richard O'Brien, Edmond O'Brien, Patrick A. Grady and Margaret A. Grady, his wife, Thomas Nolan and Georgie Nolan, his wife, James McCurdy and Mary Elizabeth McCurdy, his wife, Milton H. Bogrett and Emma Catherine Bogrett, his wife, Patrick Stinson, Abraham Elston, and Ellen Elston his wife, defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the lands and premises described in the plaintiffs' bill as:

All those two lots of land situate fronting on Orange street, in the City of Saint John, and Province of New Brunswick, and distinguished on the plan of the said City, by the numbers six hundred and ninety-four (694) and six hundred and ninety-five (695), together with all buildings and erections thereon." Which said lots will be sold separately.

Dated the sixth day of May, A. D. 1895.

THOMAS P. REGAN,
Referee in Equity for the City and County of Saint John.

MONT. MCDONALD, Esq.
Plaintiffs Solicitor. 19 161

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