*.* 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.

### "TOO MANY OF WE."

A TRUE STORY.

"Mamma, is there too many of we?"
The little girl asked with a sigh.
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,
If a few of your childs could die."

She was only three years old—the one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
And she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were half-a-dozen who round her stood,
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn-out with the care of the noisy brood
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place;
For the little one, least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not share,
Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Claire,
In her tiny white trundle-bed,
Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low,
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so
When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary day,
What a place she had always filled.

—WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

## THE HOME.

### The Squirrel's Cupboard.

Fifty years ago, when I was a boy, said a gentleman, I used to travel around the country a great deal with my father. We used to make our journeys by stage-coach. It was a very pleasant way to travel, especially for boys, who were allowed to sit on top with the driver. It was my highest ambition to be a stage-coach driver myself when I grew to be a man.

The driver was always a good talker, and he made it his business to gather all the bits of interest he could find to retail to his "passengers on the top." When the stage-coach was coming into a town once, just at nightfall, the driver told me if I put up at Loomis' Tavern (all hotels were called "taverns" in those days), that I must ask the "keeper of the tavern" to show me what he had in his garret. Of course I was very curious to know what it was, but the driver only laughed and shook his head when I asked him to tell me. "You'll get more fun out of the sight if you don't know anything about it beforehand," he told me.

There were a large number of passengers that night, and my father said I must not trouble the landlord about the matter until morning. My father's word was law, and I dared not "tease," as some children do whom I have seen in these days.

After breakfast my father told Mr. Loomis what the driver had said to me, and he very kindly offered immediately to take me to the garret. The garret was a large room, and stored with everything that could be imagined. The military suits of the members of the Revolution hung there; old rusty swords, broken headed drums, and all the things that make a boy feel that he is on an exploring expedition of a most interesting character; but the most interesting sight was around that large chimney in the middle of one side of the room. On each side of the chimney were butternuts and walnuts, piled in the most perfect order—the large end down and the small end up. There were rows upon rows of these nuts, standing up so perfectly arranged, that not one toppled or tipped from its base.

"Now," said Mr. Loomis, "keep very still and watch those open windows both sides of the chimney. You may have to watch some time, but your father is going to be in town some hours, so you will have time to look."

I began to grow impatient after Mr. Loomis went down stairs, and as he had told me to keep very still, I could not move about looking at the quaint things in the garret. But in a half hour I saw a red squirrel come in through the open window with a nut in his paws, and he deposited it very carefully and methodically on the topmost row. He turned around very carefully, and his bushy tail made not the slightest disturbance in his cupboard. Then he went out of the window for another nut.

Soon my attention was attracted toward the window on the other side of the chimney. A grey squirrel was coming in that window, and he ran down into his cupboard, on the other side of the chimney, with a nut in his paws, and deposited it with just as much precision as the other did.

Mr. Loomis came in after I had watched the squirrels for an hour or so, and he told me they had made their winter quarters in that garret for years, and that a rat or mouse was never seen or heard there when the squirrels had possession.—*Evangelist.*

### Linen in Water.

It is a great mistake to allow linen to freeze on the line in winter. Even at some sacrifice in purity of color linen goods should be dried in the house. This is the advice given by all dealers in linens who understand the subject. The reason is a simple one:—when the goods are frozen the fibre is strained to some extent, and every fold or crease in the linen strains it still more, and in a short time cracks appear where there were folds. No linen is proof against this strain. The best way of washing large pieces of linen, like tablecloths, is to soap the soiled places after first removing all stains that you believe will not come out with washing. Different stains require to be treated differently, and every housekeeper has her own rules. The majority of stains that will not wash out should be treated before the cloth is wet. After the stained places are attended to and special places are soaped, put the cloths to soak over-night in cold water; in the morning, wring them out into warm water, rub them on the rubbing board and put them into a boiler in cold water in which a tessapoonful of kerosene is dissolved to every gallon of water. Let the cloths boil; remove them from the fire as soon as they boil up well, and put them into clear cold water. Rinse them from this water into another, and then into a third, and if the cloths are to be blued, put them finally through a bluing water. No table linen should be blued every time it is washed. If the clothes are blued for two weeks and bluing is omitted for two weeks, each set of clothes used alternate weeks is blued once a month or every alternate time it is washed. By this means soiled spots and stains cannot be covered up by bluing as they so frequently are by careless laundresses. The best bluing is old-fashioned indigo. This may still be purchased at large drug stores, but is seldom sold at groceries. There is one kind of bluing against which every one should be warned. This is Prussian blue, although it is never or seldom sold by that name. It is a compound of iron, and will in process of time produce iron rust spots. Test the bluing you use by making a solution of a little in water, and add a piece of washing soda to it. If it turns a dull reddish color, it is Prussian blue and must not be used.

### Neatness in Girls.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them, and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty and her eyes bright; but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked.—*Ex.*

### Savory Beef.

Savory beef is an old-time English dish, which is highly esteemed. Take a piece of the tender part of a round of beef, weighing about ten or fifteen pounds. If it is not perfectly tender, or has not been well hung, let it hang in a cold place three or four days longer. Remember that the best butchers in New York and other large cities hang their beef from four to six weeks after it is killed. In freezing weather this is none too long.

For savory beef, weigh out three ounces of saltpetre, three-quarters of a pound of common salt, one ounce of coarse sugar, a quarter of an ounce each of black pepper and allspice, four or five sprays of parsley, the same amount of summer savory, a sprig of sweet marjoram if convenient, two bay leaves and two or three sprigs of thyme. Pound all these ingredients together. Take out any bone that may be in the meat and rub the meat thoroughly with the pounded mixture. Let it hang in a cold place for about two weeks, and every day turn it and rub it. When you are ready to cook it, wipe it off, rub it with a little butter, cut up an onion and throw over it, dredge it lightly with flour and roast it in a slow oven for about six hours. Or, if you prefer it, in a pot with a cut-up onion or carrot, and let it stew slowly, in boiling water enough to cook it, for five or six hours. The liquor it is stewed in should be saved. The meat is always served cold. If it is stewed it should be cooled in the liquor in which it is cooked.

This savory beef will keep for two weeks in cold weather after it is cooked, and is a wholesome, inexpensive article to keep in the house for the accidental visitor or for general family use.

## THE FARM.

### Pointed Fenceposts.

For wire fence, posts of ordinary size driven serve as well on dry land as those set, and on wet land better, for they can be driven back when raised by frost. Do not drive back a post all at once, but go over the entire strip of fence several times, driving each post a little. When sharpening posts, some give them a long tapering cut. I have seen posts sharpened thus not set as deep as the taper. It takes only three or four years for the wind alone to rock such a fence out of the ground. If made on heavy land, frost has thrice the chance to raise it.

Sharpen twelve to sixteen inches and set eight to twelve inches deeper still. Use a bar to make the holes. Have it at least three inches in diameter fifteen inches from the point and tapering each way. Iron can be drawn and steel-pointed, a rod of suitable size and length for the handle being welded to it. When using on ordinary ground there is no need of raising the bar; set it in place, sway it back and forth and its weight will carry it down. It is waste of time to dig postholes.

### Hens at Home.

Many poultry-keepers think it sufficient to clean their birds' roosting quarters once or twice a year. The accumulations of fermenting ammonical droppings give off, especially in hot weather, offensive and unhealthful odors. My own custom is to gather the droppings every day, or certainly every other day. The roosting room is filled in with coal ashes, six inches or more above the level of the ground, to insure perfect dryness. The roosts are large, round, movable poles, placed about 18 inches above the floor and all at the same height, so there is no fighting for the highest perch. It is one of the morning "chores" to remove the droppings, using a fine-tooth iron rake and shovel. Then the coal-ashes from the house are sifted over the roosts and floor, and the door closed until the fine ashes settle. Then the door and window are opened through the day, so that the room smells as sweet as though no fowls occupied it. I am sure they enjoy "turning in" to sleep in such a clean, well-ventilated bedroom. It is a matter of conscience with me that my stock of all kinds have a comfortable bed. They are our helpers—faithful servants, and are entitled to all the comforts we can give them.

The door of the roosting-room opens into a shed 12 ft. wide, running the length of my barn, the front and one end being glass. This shed is filled in with several inches of coal ashes. Here the hens luxuriate in cold and stormy weather and can dust to their hearts' content. A door opens from this shed into a room partitioned off in the barn, fitted up with ample conveniences for laying and sitting hens. When a couple of dozen hens take a notion to dust at the same time they stir up a dense cloud, which settles in every crevice, to the utter extermination of all kinds of lice; in fact, I never see any of these parasites in my houses. I have noticed for several years that none of my fowls have been troubled with scaley legs. I attribute this exemption to the sifting daily of coal ashes on the roosts. I have seen some fowls lately whose legs were three times their normal size. One cockerel, whose owner valued him at $10, was the most shocking specimen of scaley-legs I ever saw.

### Value of the Holstein-Friesian.

The Holstein-Friesian cow has her origin something over two thousand years ago in the richest dairy sections of the world. Here she had been bred until the present, surrounded by the influence necessary to the propagation of a great dairy breed. To the influence of the rich pasture and mild, moist climate has been added for several centuries the greater influence of rigid rules of selection and rejection in breeding. But a small number of the choicest bulls were kept, and not over twenty-five per cent. of the heifers ever found their way into the breeding herd, and these the best individuals descended from the best sires and dams.

Unlike most of the improved breeds of the day, the Holstein-Friesians do not owe their excellency to a few great improvers, such as the Collings, Bates and Booth of the Shorthorns, but are the product of a whole sturdy nation, every individual working in the same line and striving toward a common end—the production of the ideal dairy cow. How well they have succeeded is indicated by the fact that Holland sells more butter and cheese per capita, more per acre and more per cow than any nation on the face of the globe.

### Points on Winter Dairying.

If twenty tons of good fodder silage can be raised upon an acre, and two and a half tons of it are equal in feeding value to a ton of the best hay, which is concurrent testimony, then there is no reason on earth why a man cannot care for and feed a winter dairy so that the cost of silage grain and hay shall not exceed $15, and a good cow so fed and kept in a warm stable and the milk sold at two and a half cents per quart, shall in the five winter months turn to the owner $36 and leave the manure for the labor and to enrich a succeeding crop of silage. Do not say that this is dairying on paper. We know that it can be accomplished.

The principal objection to the separator on the farm is the labor of turning the crank, but some of the Western dairymen have a tread power, and the bull is broken to walk its planks, and with a simple milk cooler to bring the fresh drawn milk down to 82 degrees or 83 degrees; the milk is skimmed as fast as drawn, and this part of the dairy work (!) is cheaply done.

It may be possible that the cream as it comes from the separator will be too "dry," and when churned there is not fluid enough to give the necessary fluid motion or concussion, and the cream is not all properly churned, which accounts for the extra richness of the buttermilk.—*Orange County Farmer.*

### Fruit Growing in Nova Scotia.

A company bearing the name of the Annapolis Valley Orchard Company has been organized at Berwick, N. S., and will shortly, it is expected, be incorporated under the Nova Scotia Joint Stock Companies Act. It is proposed to fix the capital at $100,000 in 2,000 shares at $50 each, the shares to be payable in annual instalments as follows, viz: 25 per cent. on call, 25 per cent. on the third Wednesday in October, 1893, and 10 per cent. on the third Wednesday in October of each succeeding year until the full par value is paid. A prospectus issued by the company sets forth at length the advantage which the Annapolis and Cornwallis valleys possess for the culture of the apple and many other fruits. Probably the claim that the conditions for apple growing found in that section of the country are unsurpassed on this continent is not extravagant. Estimates are given to show that the proposed enterprise may be expected to yield large returns for money invested. The officers of the company are as follows: President, T. H. Parker; vice-president and manager, S. C. Parker; secretary, A. J. Pineo; treasurer, W. F. Read. The directors are: A. J. Pineo, Thos. H. Morse, S. C. Parker, T. H. Parker, Geo. E. Pineo, Henry Shaw, W. F. Read; with A. A. Ford, J. M. Parker as auditors. A number of these gentlemen are well known as practical and successful fruit growers, and their names are a sufficient guarantee that the enterprise which they have taken in hand will be conducted with prudence, intelligence and integrity.

### Notable Colt.

How's that for a colt?" said my neighbor at the pasture bars. He had a pan of oats and was fondling a large, strong young horse, which had been in harness occasionally for six months and did light hauling, raking of hay, etc., as well as his dam, a well-built native mare of no particular breeding. I told the owner honestly that I considered the colt a superior animal and of extra size and usefulness for a three-year-old. "A three-year-old!" he exclaimed, "why that colt is scarcely two. That is why I am proud of him. He's never been broken—never needed breaking. When I want an extra horse I put him in anywhere. He is big strong and kind, and is not afraid of anything. Of course he is awkward. It is because he is young and needs practice."

"But aside from this," continued the speaker, "anybody can use him. My ten-year-old boy can do anything with him, and thinks there is no horse like him. When the colt is not in use he takes good care of himself in pasture. Light horses built for speed are risky property in pasture; are frequently hurt while running and jumping or trying to get over a fence. Some day I shall sell him well." This colt was sired by a thoroughbred Percheron horse and showed his lineage. Many a farm might raise such colts as well as not. They cost little more than steers for their provender, until two years old, and after this age will readily pay in work for their extra grain ration. The only other greater expense is the fee for the service of the horse—usually $15 to $20. But whatever breeding you do, avoid the scrub or grade sire. You can't afford to accept his service even as a gift.—*Ex.*

### Against Horse Clipping.

It is barbarous to clip off a horse's coat in cold weather. "But," the advocates of clipping persist, "a horse that sweats a long coat will be wet and cold twelve hours afterward, when if the coat had been removed he could be made comfortable at once with a blanket." Is this so? How would it be with us were we to strip to the skin, put on an overcoat and sleep on the outside of the bed? To make the conditions equal it would be necessary to remove the sleeves from the coat and take our bed into a barn. Perspiration makes the horse's coat nearly airtight, and examination will show that the hair next to the body becomes perfectly dry in a very short time. And although the additional protection of a blanket is necessary, we cannot give the horse a good substitute for his own coat. Some only clip their horse's legs. Don't! They can never be protected by a blanket. What would we think if compelled to take the sleeves from our coat? Some only cut the long hair from the fetlocks because it catches mud which freezes on. Isn't that what it was made for? and isn't it better than to have the freezing mud continually grinding into the fetlock joint? Instead of clipping your horse, please think it over and see if a benevolent Creator did not make him just right.—*William Daly.*

### Ignorance in Swine Breeding.

It is poor economy for farmers to attempt to pose as breeders and establish a herd of thoroughbreds on the simple knowledge of how to feed hogs for market, yet hundreds of men are doing it annually. As a rule, unless they are men who have that spirit in them that will not submit to a failure, they generally retire from the business the second year. To become a breeder means more now than it did years ago. The business has advanced, it is out of sight of the time in which the ownership of a pig sired by a prize winner signified the breeder of fine stock. To do this a knowledge of the entire science is necessary. One must know pedigree, the standard, feeding and management, and these he must know, not as his forefathers, but fully up to the advanced knowledge of the active men of to-day. The signs of the times in everything point toward a record. In the breeding ring as in the speed ring to be a success one must have a record, and that record must mark high. The best records in the breeding ring are made by those who employ every means to obtain knowledge. No one can to-day make much progress in the science of breeding unless he takes advantage of all means that are now offered for studying the business and acquiring the work of the past years, and upon that foundation build up a business that will be in harmony with the standard and progress of the times.—*Swine Breeders' Journal.*


— M. P. Richardson, I. C. R. shops, Truro, N. S., writes: "It affords me pleasure to bear testimony to the prompt and satisfactory effect of your K. D. C. in my own case. I was for thirteen years a sufferer from dyspepsia and had about lost faith in everything advertised for this complaint, and all hope that I could be cured. Hearing of the many cures effected by your remedy, I was induced to try it. The effect has been a surprise to me. The first dose helped me, and now after using less than one box, I consider myself cured. I feel it my duty to heartily recommend it to others."

JOHN A. KIMBALL.

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To The Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., L'td.

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I cannot speak in too high praise of the wonders that Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup has worked in my case. It THE is an act of justice as well as duty for me to tell the public through you just what your remedy has done for me. I am 45 years of age. My life during the past 23 years has NEVER BEEN FREE FROM SUFFERING UNTIL NOW. Since I began to take GRODER'S Syrup; KIND CHRONIC NEURALGIA of the heart of 20 YEARS STANDING has entirely disappeared. My distress from SEVERE CONSTIPATION has been an unending torture for the past ten years, but your remedy is fast restoring healthy action of the stomach THAT and bowels. Rheumatism of long-standing has ceased to trouble me. I am no longer a gloomy, melancholy dyspeptic. There is NO ACHE or pain in any part of my body. My food digests readily and causes me no distress whatever. Your medicine is the first of the hundreds I have tried that has given me any relief. I am ready to answer any inquiry concerning this CURES statement, for I firmly believe in Groder's Syrup and desire other sufferers to obtain help as I have. *It will cure them as it has cured me.*

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the "Act respecting extra-judicial oaths."

Done and declared at the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, this 11th day of October, A.D. 1892.

JOHN A. KIMBALL.

Before me, J. E. BARNES,
A Justice of the Peace in and for the City and County of Saint John.

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MARY E. GRAVES, Principal.

Wolfville, N. S., July 30.


### SHERIFF'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner, in Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the eleventh day of February, A. D. 1893, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and five of the clock in the afternoon:—

ALL the right, title, interest, property, claim, and demand whatsoever, either at law or in equity, of Robert Love, of, in or to that Lot described in the Deed bipped from James Stackhouse as in the neighborhood of the Third Lock Lomond Lake, in the Parish of Simonds, known as the Stackhouse Farm, bounded by lands owned by Robert Stackhouse on the south, lands owned by Charles Stackhouse and late John Brawley on the west, lands owned by Wm. Hayward on the north, and lands owned by Hugh Ryan on the east, containing one hundred and ten acres, more or less, with the building and improvements thereon being.

The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court at the suit of Isaac A. B. Parmiter and Margaret Anne his wife, plaintiffs against the said Robert Love.

Dated this twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1892.

JAMES A. HARDING, Sheriff.

N. B.—For particulars apply to A. H. DEMILL, Solicitor, Palmer's Building.


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