HOUSEHOLD.

THE LAZY GERM AND THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.

A very common complaint among mothers is the lassitude of their daughters. The average high school girl wears a lackadaisical air, has a sallow if not eruptive skin, and a general appearance suggestive of anemia. The public school exerts every remedial energy in its power through its course in physical culture to bear upon this very condition, but that is not sufficient, and it remains for the home life and watchfulness and guardianship of mother influence and care to correct the evil. This lassitude, this inertia, which creeps over a girl who is sitting in a vitiated atmosphere hour after hour, day after day, and lending all her forces toward brain action, is but a natural result of causing the blood to flow to the head, leaving the extremities weak and inactive.

Little girls up to the age of 12 and 13 years romp and play both before and after school, and on the way to school, and in this way keep themselves in good physical trim, but these high school young ladies have different ideas and different tastes. They have dignity and bearing on the street and in the home. Play is no longer for them, therefore, the tax of school duties and school restraints grows arduous. They sit for hours with cold hands and feet, their appetites lag or demand a perverted diet, sometimes their tempers grow sullen. Upon reaching home after lessons are over for the day, they immediately attack a quantity of "home-work" laid out by the teacher for the morrow. They rail against schools and teachers and work, and sometimes decide that the ability to accomplish the grade work is not theirs. Some girls actually lose heart and give up an education, owing to the discouragement which, if they only knew and understood, is entirely physical. This is where the mother must take hold and assist in the work the teachers are doing by getting their daughters in good physical condition, by watching and keeping them so, that they may be enabled to endure the strain and to bear the effort which is required of them. Every mother expects her daughter will pass her grades in regular order and attain good percentages in her work, but every mother must realize that this work in the higher grades is rigid and also that the mentality required to accomplish it depends to a great extent upon the physical condition.

There are three very necessary requisites to make this condition what it should be. They are plain, wholesome diet, fresh air, and plenty of sleep before midnight and there is no doubt that the sleep after the mid hour will be added. If a young girl feels the need of social pleasures, let the mother see to it that these relaxations occur on Friday or Saturday evenings, so that there will be time to recuperate before school duties begin. When the day's recitations are over and a girl returns to her home it is an exceedingly good plan for the mother to adopt to put on her hat and accompany her daughter on a brisk walk in the fresh air—the benefit will be mutual. If, however, the mother's duties and cares do not admit of this diversion, let the daughter do the day's marketing, attend to the selecting and returning of library books, and various small errands that every household demands. This keeps her active and out of doors, and the change of work is diverting. She is much more inclined to do her 'house work' with a will after the change of occupation. Then, too, housework is healthy and will stir the blood.

Washing dishes, having the hands in warm water, the brisk stepping around in dusting a room; in fact many of the lighter tasks that may be given in this line, are well qualified to develop a good circulation of blood and a healthy system. Every girl needs some regular employment of this kind. It will help her body to develop useful muscle and strength; it will drive away morbidness, anemia and the blues. The mind's activity will grow proportionately.—The Brooklyn Eagle.

SHE TAUGHT HIM.

Soon after Mr. and Mrs. Twinkleton had returned from their honeymoon trip, Mr. Twinkleton's mother took her daughter-in-law aside and spoke to her confidentially.

"Tom has been a good son, my dear," she said, "and will make a good husband. His only fault is untidiness. I have never been able to cure him of it. I wonder if you can?"

"I will try," said the little wife, thoughtfully.

That evening, when Twinkleton came home from business, he left his hat on the dinner table, where it remained during the meal, Mrs. Twinkleton appearing sweetly unconscious of it.

"Hullo!" said her husband, at the close of the meal, "what's my hat doing there? I think it ought to have been hung up."

"So do I, dear," said his wife, pleasantly, but meaningly.

Twinkleton laughed a little self-consciously, and placed his hat on the peg.

Next morning, when changing his suit, he threw the discarded garments on the floor. When, on the following evening, he found them in the same place, he complained that the floor had not been swept.

"Certainly it has" said Mr. Twinkleton, "but I told Jane not to disturb any of your personal belongings. And there is a wardrobe for your clothes."

Twinkleton picked up his garments with a puzzled expression, and placed them in their proper receptacle.

And so it went on; Twinkleton's clothes, his pipe, and his personal effects generally were left piously wherever he laid them down, until, in the bitterness of his soul, he complained one day that the place looked like a pig-sty.

"Yes, my dear; I agree with you," said Mrs. Twinkleton, pleasantly.

Twinkleton looked up sharply, but made no remark.

"But don't let it worry you, dear!" she continued: "You shall put your things wherever you please. Of course, it would look better if you put them in theis places."

Twinkleton is now on the high road to becoming a tidy man.—Bristol Times and Mirror.

NEW YEAR COMFORT.

So many links are gone, I cried,
Between the past and present
I miss mine old familiar friends,
Their kindly words and pleasant.

I miss the method each one had,
Their faults and jests and sorrows—
My yesterdays seem now so short,
And very long the morrows!

Hush! Strong and beautiful a thought
Came to me like a token.
God may be drawing in the chain,
But not one link is broken!

—Naomi Alder, in Christian Age.

FOR SALE.—One pair good working oxen in good condition; 5 years old, weight about 2800, girth 5 feet 9 inches. Will sell cheap for cash. Apply Box 134, Kentville, or E. J. Zwicker, Lawrencetown, where oxen can be insuected.

AGRICULTURAL

Free Distribution of Seeds on Application to the Seed Commissioner, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa

This is a valuable report of 96 pages, containing interesting reading for farmers. The report contains a summary of the business transacted, a reprint of the constitution, by-laws and regulations of the Association, the methods of keeping records of registered seed, the names and addresses of seed growers who are producers of registered seed, and selecting seed grain and other seeds of various kinds.

Part III of the report contains papers and addresses by the following persons' Dr. James T. Robertson, manager Macdonald Agricultural College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que.; Hon. Sydney A. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa; Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture, Regina, "Wheat Growing in the Canadian West;" Prof. R. Harcourt, O. A. C., Guelph, "The Relations Between Soil Conditions and Crop Improvement;" Dr. Charles E. Saunders, Experimental Farm, Ottawa, "Quality in Wheat;" Prof. F. T. Shutt, Chemist, Experimental Farm, (1) "Soft Wheat Problems," (2) "The Action of Certain Smut Preventives on the Vitality of Wheat;" Mr. John Buchanan, O. A. C., Guelph, "Some Effects in Varieties of Cereal Crops Arising from Different Conditions of Growth;" W. T. Macoun, C. E. F., Experimental Farm, Ottawa, "The Improvement of the Potato;" Mr. George Robertson, St. Catharines, Ont., "Some Results in Horticulture from the Selection of Seeds;" Mr. L. S. Klinck, Macdonald Agricultural College, Ste Anne de Bellevue, Que.; "Methods of Storing Seed Corn." Mr. W. L. Smith, Toronto, "How best to Encourage the Dissemination of High-class Seeds."

The Seed Control Act, 1905, containing a reprint of the Act, with general explanations and instructions.

Circular on Seed Testing, giving an outline of the objects of testing seeds for purity and vitality, and some general notes applicable to the condition of the trade in agricultural seeds.

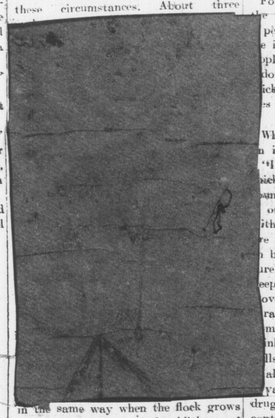
GEO. H. CLARK,
Seed Commissioner.

HOW TO DISPOSE OF SURPLUS

(Grant Davis, Huntington Co., N. J.)

If we are able to get chickens of such breeds as Plymouth Rocks very early, we sell when at broiler size by shipping to New York, as they will bring more money there than in the smaller towns. If not sold as broilers, they are kept until they weigh six or eight pounds. The buyer, whether dealer or consumer, looks with much disfavor upon the Leghorn varieties. Pure-bred Barred Rocks only are kept on my farm and one advantage of this is in securing uniformity when the cockerels are dressed for market.

Nine times out of ten on the average farm, chickens do not get all they should have to eat. Our chickens have practically free range, but it is so managed that they have access to food and can eat whenever they wish. It is surprising how they grow under these circumstances. About three



in the same way when the flock grows too large by the annual addition of the pullets raised.

SOUND ADVICE REGARDING POULTRY.

The practical success in poultry keeping as a business enterprise made by Fred Almy of Rhode Island is well known to many of our readers. This farm was described at some length in New England Homestead of August 19, 1905. Mr. Almy's address at last week's New Haven meeting of the Connecticut state board of agriculture touched upon his various experiences in handling market poultry, and called out many questions from those in the audience. Mr. Almy says that in recent seasons he hatched about 3000 chickens annually, mostly in the last half of March and in April. In his business operations he places much stress upon getting laying hens for eggs at a time of year when prices are high. He feeds plenty of cracked corn and coarse dry bran. A winter mixture which he uses very largely is three parts corn, one oats, one wheat, one barley.

He prefers to have chickens hatch early, and then keeps them growing by feeding well, avoids crowding, and under this general plan his experience shows that the chickens will go to maturity in the fall, and begin to lay eggs when eggs are worth while.

He uses a coop made of hemlock boards. The fowls get plenty of fresh air, and he has never had any serious trouble with roup or similar diseases. He keeps about 40 to 45 hens in a house. The houses are usually 8x12 feet ridge pole 6 feet above the ground, sod floor. Rhode Island Reds are the birds mostly kept in his part of Rhode Island. The fowls are never confined to the house any day of the year. He is now getting 35 to 40 dozen eggs a day from 1800 hens.

How much do your Rhode Island Reds weigh, was asked from the floor.

"The pullets at laying maturity weigh about 5 pounds. Year old fowls will not weigh any more. I never keep a fowl older than a yearling hen."

What per cent of the eggs hatch?

"I believe the eggs on our farm will hatch 75 to 80 per cent during spring and early summer."

How many fowls can one man take care of?

"That depends largely on the man. I would say 1000 to 1500, but this means very hard work and long hours."

Taking his entire flock of hens they will average to lay about 130 eggs per year. In the winter time he gives green feed about twice a week, cabbage and beets, also cut clover.

KEEPING THE FLOCK HEALTHY.

Touching upon poultry diseases, Dr. Wood, a Massachusetts specialist on the program said: "Don't breed from a bird which has ever been seriously sick. Breed only strong, vigorous specimens, and from these the chicks will live. In operating an incubator follow the instructions of the manufacturer. When hatched, for the first 36 to 48 hours, the chief requisite for your chicks is warmth and rest. Don't handle them, but keep them quiet and warm. Almost 90 per cent of the trouble of your chicks comes from too much handling or chilling when very young. The temperature when hatched is 102 to 108 degrees. Don't put the newly hatched chickens into brooders which are too cold. They should be higher than 95 degrees. I do not hesitate to keep the brooder at 110 under the hover. Then in a box brooder the temperature outside the hover will not be over 75 or 80 degrees. On the fourth day they get into the exercise department, and when seven to ten days old are ready to run outdoors. Remember that the important thing during the first few days in the life of the chicks is to keep them moving.

For chicken pox Dr. Woods says the most satisfactory treatment is a 5 per cent solution of hydrogen dioxide in water. Bathe the sores, then apply the ointment made of one part iodoform and 20 parts vaseline. When chicken pox is on the farm, the premises should be disinfected thoroughly.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.

What about chicken cholera, asked an interested farmer.

"I believe there is very little real chicken cholera in this part of the country," replied Dr. Woods. "There is one thing to do. Start right out with a club and kill all the fowls that are affected. Don't let a cholera chicken bleed upon the premises. It will surely carry infection; bury the carcass deep, then take all suspects and remove from your house, clean up, spray the premises, scrape the dirt from the floor, wash the infected drinking vessels, then whitewash the walls. Corrosive sublimate in very small proportions in drinking water is valuable in winter. Buy at your drug store a bottle of tablets, each containing 1.1000 of a grain of corrosive sublimate. Dissolve 12 of these tablets in a quart of drinking water. This will cure the disease in its mild state and prevent trouble in well fowls."

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And it contains no drugs and no alcohol.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.

Joker's Corner

A STOCK EXCHANGE STORY.

The following little incident has its amusing side. Two members of the Stock Exchange—so the story runs—had been at enmity for years and years, and at last one Christmas it occurred to the aggressor that the time had arrived for burying the hatchet. Acting upon the generous impulse, he hastened to his ancient enemy and proposed peace, which was heartily welcomed. "Well, old man," said the first, with hand outstretched. "I am glad the bitter feeling is over. I heartily wish you all that you wish me." The other brushed away the proffered hand. "Hang it," he cried—"I thought you came to be friends and now you want to start the thing all over again." The reconciliation has still to be effected.

EASILY EARNED.

At the trials of an election petition, a witness was called to prove "bribery." "One of the gentlemen says to me, 'Hodge, you must vote for us,'" said the witness. "And what did you answer to that?" "'Well,' says I, 'how much?'" "And what did the agent say?" "He didn't say nothing. The other gentleman comes to me and says, 'You must vote for us, Hodge.' "And what did you answer?" "I said, 'How much?' So he arst me what t'other gentleman offered, and I told him five shillings." "And what did this agent do?" "He gave me ten." Counsel sits down triumphant, and his opponent takes up the questioning. "Did you vote for the second man?" "No." "Did you vote for the first?" "No—I ain't got a vote!"

A PARVENUE'S POSSESSIONS.

A capital little story is told of a lady who was too anxious to impress the world with the antiquity, historic associations, and general value of her bric-a-brac. Unfortunately for her, included among her guests on one occasion was a learned professor whose erudition was the cause of disaster.

"There's a teapot that was used by William the Conqueror," she announced with pride, as her visitors gathered about.

"But, dear madam," said the professor, with whom truth is given precedence over every other consideration, "they never brewed tea in England until some years after William came to these shores."

The owner of the teapot ignored the interruption, but the article was soon put away.

"Here is a pipe that one of the Caesars smoked in the ninth century," she declared triumphantly, the while she looked severely at the professor.

"But, my good woman," he declared, "tobacco was unknown then and for centuries after."

The pipe was put away with a slam, and from beneath a pile of silk patches in a sewing bag the angered lady produced a book.

"There," she announced in strident tones, "is a Bible that belonged to my great-great-grandmother. I hope that modern wisdom has not learnt that all were heathens in her time."

But the professor looked at the title page. The book was printed in 1886.

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

Mother—You can't stay all the winter in this damp place. Why don't you tell your husband you must go away?

Bride—I—I don't dare.

Mother—Why not?

Bride—If he says 'No,' I shall be miserable because I can't go; and if he says 'Yes,' I shall be miserable because he can live without me!

NOT HOPELESS.

Proud Father—Did you ever hear my little girl recite? I believe she'll be an elocutionist when she grows up.

Friend—Oh, it may not be so bad as that—she may outgrow it!

IT WAS FLAVORED.

One summer day three painters were painting the inside of a house in the country. Towards tea time these painters began to wish for something to drink. So they held a conference, with the result that the leader went to the mistress of the house and said

"The frames of your oil paintings are very dingy, ma'am. We'll clean them for you if you've got any whiskey."

"How much whiskey will be needed?" asked the guileless old lady.

"About a quart, ma'am," said the painter.

So the old lady brought to the three painters a quart of whiskey and they drank it up, and cleaned the picture frames with water.

At sunset the old lady coming in to inspect the frames, expressed herself as delighted with them.

"Oh!" she said, "they look beautiful. And who'd have thought a quart of whiskey would clean so many? It was lucky I saved it. It was what I washed Fido in last Saturday."

An Irishman was passing a lawyer's office, and poked his head through the open window, and said:

"And what do you kape here for sale?"

"Blockheads," said the smart young lawyer.

"Well you must have a fine trade," said Pat, "for I see you only have one left."

EGGS AND THE EATER.

The latest egg story relates how a lady of some prominence in musical and literary circles stopped at a seaside boarding-house where the meat was—well, she preferred eggs. The eggs were usually fried, sometimes with ham, sometimes with bacon, and occasionally were scrambled. The lady was confined to her room one day and ordered a breakfast of boiled eggs. The maid looked nonplussed. A few minutes later the landlady herself appeared in the room.

"La, ma'am," she cried, "there ain't an egg in the house fit to boil—I don't buy them that fresh!"

And the lady had been eating those eggs for six weeks!

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