

The Household.

TO REMOVE STAINS, INK, FRUIT, WINE, MILDEW, ETC.—One teaspoonful of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of pure cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of oxalic acid, half a pint of rain water. Wipe off with clear water any article that cannot be washed, after using the mixture. A tablespoonful of the juice of white currants is better than the lemon juice, when procurable. This may be used upon the most delicate fabrics without injury to color or material. Shake up when using it.

TO GET RID OF FLIES.—The smoke of the dried leaves of a pumpkin burnt on a bright fire will cause flies to quit an apartment instantly, or it will kill them. Birds must be withdrawn before the operation, and persons should abstain from going into apartments immediately after, as the smoke causes headache. The employment of laurel oil is also a preservative against flies, as they cannot bear the smell of it. In Belgium, butchers have long applied it, and with great success, to the doors and windows of their shops.

—To restore rubber rings for fruit cans, let them lie in water in which you have put one part ammonia to two parts of water. Sometimes they do not need to lie in this more than five minutes; but frequently a half hour is needed to restore their elasticity.

DESSERT IN A HURRY.—A quickly made dessert is this; make a batter as if for common griddle cakes, then add an egg, and some fruit, say stewed or canned berries, drain the juice from them, and stir them into the batter; fry in a little lard, and serve with pudding sauce.

—A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung, and then applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. Headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the head and back of the neck.

—To brighten the carpet, dampen a sponge in water having a few drops of ammonia in solution, and wipe off the dust.

—If brooms are dipped in boiling soda weekly, they will become so tough that they will last much longer, sweep like a new broom until they are nearly worn out, and will not cut the carpet.

—An excellent dressing for chopped cabbage is made by heating a small cup of vinegar with a lump of butter or a well-beaten egg; salt and pepper to suit your taste. Pour while hot over the cabbage.

THE DINNER TABLE.—Let the table-cloth always be a spotless white. Let the table napkins be neatly folded into some nice shape. Let the silver be bright. The glasses bright, and even if no hock or similar wine be taken, a colored glass, such as a green one, placed on a table, always sets the table off. Let a few flowers or a nice fern be placed in the middle of the table; and if you have a lamp let it be shaded so that the light falls on the table, and not on the eyes.

SONG OF THE BALDHEADS.

Tell me, in merry accents,
That I have an unatched roof—
Tis the hairy head that lacks sense—
Baldness is of thought a proof.

Hair is vulgar, hair is useless,
To brush and comb's a bore,
Making life dull and joyless—
I need brush and comb no more.

Life is short and hairs are numbered,
And though flies are hardly borne,
Still at night I've always slumbered
When the nightcap I have worn.

In the world's broad field of battle,
Who'd be at the barber's call,
Listening to his tiresome tattle?
Better bare his billiard ball.

Fear no future, baldhead brother,
You were bald in infant days:
Crave not tribute of another—
Brain it is, not hair, that pays.

Lives of great men all remind us
That our smooth and polished parts
Leave all hairy heads behind us—
Let us thank the favoring fates.

Footprints of old Time's fleet walking
No one sees on our smooth crowns.
Mind no more the idle talking
Made by evasive mop-headed crows.

Let us, then, O hairless brother,
Proudly o'er life's pathway roll—
Remember that dear mother
Earth is barren at the pole.

—“You see,” said a timid young man at a debating society, “I merely throw out the idea.”

“The best thing you could do with it!” growled the president.

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Temperance.

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was rosy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother—
“Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of a banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Then I was king, for I ruled in might;
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the height of fame have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name,
I have taken widows' milk given shame;
I have emptied the mouth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste;
Far greater than any king am I,
Or any army beneath the sky.”

“I have made the arm of the driver fall,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said: 'Behold how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.'”

Ho! ho! pale brother,” laughed the wine.
“Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?”

Said the water-glass, “I can not boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirst I've quenched, and brows I've lav'd,
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved;
I have slept in the sunshine and dropped
From the sky.”

And everywhere gladdened the landscape
And eye,
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow
Fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you
That I have lifted and crowned anew,
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine captive free,
And all are better for knowing me.”

These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.

DANGER IN THE WINE CUP.

There's danger in the wine cup,
Newer than was ever
They who have
drained it find, alas! Too often
early graves. It sparkles to allure,
With its rich, ruby light; There
is no antidote or cure, Only its
consequence fight. It changes
men to brutes; Makes
women bow their heads;
Fills homes with anguish,
want, disputes,
And takes from children
bread. Then
dash the glass
away, and from
the serpent flee;
Drink pure
cold water
day
by
day,
And
walk
GOD'S FOOTSTOOL FREE!

A SAD STORY SOON TOLD.—Mr. Oliver Dyer and Mr. Van Meter were on their way to a temperance meeting, some time ago, when they heard a voice of sorrow and distress from the upper loft of a tenement house in the Fourth Ward. Directed by their impulses, they ascended the rickety stairs, and found a drunken man standing in the centre of the room, a woman weeping by the window, and a little boy lying upon the floor. These gentlemen were informed by the sad-faced and broken hearted woman that her husband came home intoxicated, and requested his boy to go down stairs and buy a bottle of rum. The boy had signed the pledge in Mr. Van Meter's school for “Little Wanderers,” and was endeavoring to explain to his father what he had done. He did not refuse to obey his father; he was merely remonstrating with him, when the drunken brute struck the boy a blow which broke his neck and killed him instantly. The man was arrested; and when he came to his senses in his cell, he became affected with softening of the brain, and shortly after he died in a state of idiocy. His wife, the mother of the dead boy, went to the home of her mother and father in Vermont. The man who killed his own son was once a merchant in the city of New York; but he drank wine at parties, and encouraged an appetite which finally overcame him, and he fell into the lowest depths of intemperance, which resulted in loss of property, loss of character, loss of life.—[Ex.]

VERY PROSPECTIVE.—The most likely thing to become a woman.—Why, a little girl.

“Lots of room for one more.”

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Words of Wisdom.

—Pity the man who censures what he has not the ability to perform or the courage to attempt.

—It is easier to suppress the first desire than to suppress all that follow it.

—He submits himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long, for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or another.

—The best recipe for getting through life in a commendable way is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others in the world.

—The men who perform things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry have to do things twice over. The tortoise beats the hare at last.

—Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in firmness of mind and mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do as well as to talk; and to make our words and actions all of a color.

—A hidden light soon becomes dim, and if it be entirely covered up, will expire for want of air. So it is with hidden religion. It must go out. There cannot be a Christian whose light in some aspect does not shine.

Farm and Garden.

THEORY AND PRACTICE IN FARMING.

Writers for agricultural papers should deal more in fact than in theory. While theories may seem plausible, and read very well, the practical farmer knows that they oftentimes prove a delusive dream. It is a very easy matter for a glib writer to raise an immense crop of some particular vegetable—on paper. He can tell you how and when to prepare the ground, when to plant the seed and just how to manage the crop. He will tell you what element the soil must contain for the production of this crop, and what fertilizers to use. The result is a big success—on paper. Perhaps he never raised a good crop in his life; the chances are that he never did. The practical farmer tries to carry out the theory and reports a failure. The conditions of soil, seasons, heat and cold, and insect ravages are so varied that theories amount to very little in farming.

Now what do these theories amount to? As practical farmers we must deal with facts. We must learn by experience how to adapt ourselves to circumstances; how to manage a crop to the best advantage on different soils, and in wet and dry seasons; how to meet the enemies that are destructive to the crop, and what means to apply to prevent their ravages. Practical farmers found a sure agent for the destruction of the potato bug in Paris green, and when this fact was published in the agricultural papers, it was worth a dozen theories concerning this bug from a scientific man. And so in nearly all matters pertaining to farm work. Give us less theory and more practical results.

—When I was a boy in my teens, my father had a valuable young horse of the gentlest to handle, but a rousing kicker on cold winter nights, shattering the stable behind him, and even the joints over him, and jarring the whole connected string of buildings, including the house. At length my father suspended an old sleigh-bell over his back, and when he hit it, it so startled and frightened him, that he ceased from his antics, and was cured of the habit.—[Kuros, New Marlboro, Mass.]

—When you come in from the wood lot, cold and tired, take a good drink of hot skimmed milk. It may not be quite as sweet as new milk but it will tone up the whole system in a short time.

—There is one point that should be deeply impressed on the dairyman's mind, and that is, if he wants to make a first-class article of butter he must churn often. Never let the cream get over three days old, no matter how cold it may keep. If cold, it will get old, flat, and frinky. If sour, the whey will eat up the best butter globules. Churn as often as you can.

Children's Corner.

"WHOSOEVER."

There were children at the door
Conning Bible verses o'er.
Which word, all the Bible through,
Do you love best? queried Sue.

I like faith the best, said one;
Jesus is my word alone;
I like hope; And I like love;
I like heaven, our home above.

One more small than all the rest:
I like whosoever best;
Whosoever—that means all—
Even I, who am so small.

"Whosoever!" Ah! I see;
That's the word for you and me;
Whosoever will may come,
Find a pardon and a home.

BE CONTENT.

It was a cold, windy day; but
Elsie's mother thought as she was
quite well and strong, it need not keep
her from her school, only a square
away.

Elsie stood by the bright grate
putting on her warm wraps. The
flames from the soft coal darted up
cheerfully, and everything around
looked pleasant but Elsie.

"Oh, dear," she growled to her-
self; "if I could only have furs like
the other girls, there'd be some com-
fort in going out."

Elsie supposed no one heard her.
But somebody did; and there came a
voice from the back parlor window:
"What girls, Elsie?"
"Oh, all of 'em."
"Is this one? Come here and see."
Elsie looked out of the window, and
turned crossly away.

There, just leaving the back gate,
with a basket of cold food on her bare
arm, was a most forlorn little girl.
Barefoot and ragged, it seemed as if
she must surely freeze.

Elsie couldn't forget her; and
better thoughts came, by-and-by—
thoughts that made her quite content-
ed with such things as she had.—
[Young Reaper.]

THE PRETTY DRINKING CUP.

Millie has a dainty silver cup which
auntie gave her. She is very proud
of it, and one day, when Cousin Belle
was visiting her, she said,
"No one has such a pretty cup as
this?"

"I saw a bird drinking from a pret-
tier one than that one day," said papa.
"Birds don't drink from cups, do
they?" asked Belle.

"Yes, sometimes. This was a leaf-
cup, the cup of the pitcher-plant, and
it has a lid, and holds water as well
as your cup."

"And do the birds really drink out
of it?"

"Yes; the rain and the dew gather
in the cup, and by and by a thirsty
bird comes along. 'Now I will have
a drink,' says Birdie, and he sips from
the leaf-cup, and lifts up his head as
if to thank God for the drink. No
wonder; the heavenly Father loves
and cares for the birds, as well as for
the children?"

THOSE QUEER CHILDREN.

"Here, now," said a mother to her
little boy, "take this good medicine.
It's sweet as sugar." "Mamma, I
love little brother," the boy replied;
"give it to him."

Little Tom's canary was too sick to
sing a full tune, but he could twitter
some. Tom, after listening attentively,
exclaimed, "Mamma, birdie only sang
half a verse that time!"

Father to his little son, who has just
handed him the teacher's report of
progress and conduct for the last
month—"This report is very unsatis-
factory; I'm not at all pleased with
it." Little Son—"I told the teacher
that I thought you wouldn't be, but
he wouldn't change it."

Little Mollie was caught by her
mother stealing apples from a tree, and
was severely rebuked. Her mother
told her she must not touch those
apples, as she was going to make pres-
erves of them. On the following Sun-
day little Mollie's schoolteacher asked
her why God forbade Adam and Eve
to eat of the tree in the midst of the
garden. "Because he wanted to
make preserves of the apples," was
the childish reply.

EPITAPH.

'At rest beneath this church-yard stone
Lies stinky Jimmy Wyatt;
He died one morning just at ten,
And saved a dinner by it."

He asked her if she'd have ice cream;
"I do not eat it, thanks," she said.
"What—what?" he stammered in surprise
And then he tumbled over—dead.

ON ROLLERS.

She went to the roller skating rink,
And put the sliders on,
A strap or two about her shoe,
And then she's off and gone.
She slide, she slide, she glide, she glide,
Upheld by fear nor fetter,
But at last the gentle maid was 'threwed,'
The roller skates upset her.