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NAIRN
SHANNON
EDINBURGH
ASHURST
FORTH
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46.—Johnston's Dictionary. 47.—Cromwell. 48.—Daily News: thus, Dorset, Arklow, Iona, Longford, Yeddo, Navan, Endor, Warsaw, Sidon. 49.—Sweet-meat. 50.—Cowper, Milton, Dryden. Thus:—

Chu Mpe D
Off Ice R
Wea Lth Y
Por Ten D
El Op E
Ro Na N

51.—Shakespeare; Robert Burns; ShelteR, HerO, AdverB, KinE, EaR, Scott, PaolB (Pablo), EmU, AltaR, RaiN, ElveS

How to Get Along.

Pay as you go.
Never fool in business matters.
Do not kick every one in your path.
Learn to think and act for yourself.
Keep ahead rather than behind the times.
Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.
Have order, system, regularity and promptness.
Use your own brains rather than those of others.
Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.

More miles can be made in one day by going steadily than by stopping.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford because it is fashionable.

Learn to say No. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

HUMOROUS.

THE CHIPMUNK.—The chipmunk is the smallest of the squirrel tribe. They are striped goods, having three black lines wove into them, running the same way the squirrel duz. Az a spekulator in corn the chipmunk stands at the hed ov all the small operators, beating the blujay, in hiz yearly opershuns, about a quart. The chipmunk carries hiz corn in hiz mouth, and when he cums out ov a cornfield loaded with the cereal, hiz cheeks stik out like a duch baby's. Sumtimes the chipmunk iz kaught and kept in a kage, and iz made to turn a wheel for a living, this iz the only useful work they hav ever been known to du. I hav often lookt at them at work in their wheels, and dont kno which i pitty the most, the chipmunk, or the party who has to tend them, both ov them mit be in better bizzness. They are the only insekt who dig their holes and sho no pile ov dirt at the entrance. I hav asked several smart men what bekums ov the dirt, but they all shook their heds and lookt awfull wize. When i waz a boy i used to ketch chipmunks bi running away from skool, and the day that i brot in two ov them waz a big day for me.

They tell this story of a Maine greenhorn, who recently made a visit to the Hub:—Seeing a hotel sign, he entered and inquired the price of lodging. "One dollar," said the obliging clerk, handing him a pen and pointing to the register. "What am I to do with this here pen?" said the rustic. "Why, put your name on the book," said the clerk, "and I will assign you a room at once." "Not as you know on," said the young man from Maine; "you don't catch me. My father signed his name once into a book, such as those 'ere patent-right fellows carry round—not nigh so big as that—and he had to pay \$1,000. No, siree, I can pay my way, but I don't sign no note, you bet!"

THEY DIDN'T GET MARRIED.—A few days ago a Detroit widower, who was engaged to a Detroit widow, each having two or three children, and both being well off, determined to test her love for him, and at the same time discover if she was actuated by mercenary motives, as some of his friends had asserted. He called upon her at the usual evening hour, and, after a while, remarked: "My dear, you know I have two children, and to-day I had my life insurance policy, amounting to \$25,000, changed to their sole benefit in case of my death."

"You did quite right, my darling," she promptly replied. "I have three children, as you are aware."

As soon as we were engaged, I had every dollar's worth of my property so secured that they alone can have the benefit of it."

He looked.

She looked.

The marriage didn't come off at the time last week, and it may never occur.

We have taken wood, potatoes, corn, eggs, butter, onions, cabbages, chicken, stone, lumber, sand, calico, sauer-kraut, second-hand clothing, coon skins, and bug juice on subscription, in our time, and now a man writes us to know if we would send the paper six months for a large owl. There are few things an editor would refuse on subscription, and if we come across any fellow who is out of owl, and in need of one, we'll do it.—Osborne (Kan.) Farmer.

There has been a separation between an uptown lover and his sweetheart. She presented him with her photograph, which, on his bended knees, he swore he would always wear next to his heart. Last Sunday he pulled his handkerchief from his back pocket, when lo! the photograph fell at the lady's feet. She says he is either a liar or else his heart does not lie in the right place.

It was a rich old widow who wondered that the handsome young man had fallen in love with her. "Yes, it is wonderful," said Mr. Sprucup; "but I do love you to distraction; why, I even love the ground you walk on." "I thought so," observed the widow; "but I am not in want of a landlord at present."

THE MIZER.—The mizer digs hiz heart out hollow to stow away hiz munny in. He akumulates bi littles, and never opens hiz harte, only on a krak, to let another shiling in. An old mizer iz a sad sight enuff, but next to an idiot, a young mizer iz the most revolting thing on earth. Mizers enjoy what they don't use, looze what they save, and die possessed of the only treasure that iz of no use to them. The most terrible sarkasm iz a mizer's phuneral, the heir often makes it gorgeous, and expensiv, and then pitches hedlong into the pile the old phool haz left.

A Scotch Story.

A certain minister having become much addicted to drink, his presbytery had to interfere, and get the minister to sign the pledge. The result was that the sudden reaction proved too much for him, and he became so ill that the doctor had to be sent for. The doctor said he must begin to take his toddy again. This the minister said he could not do, as he had taken the pledge. The doctor replied that he might get a bottle or two quietly, and that nobody but their two selves and the housekeeper would know it.

"Man," said the minister, "my housekeeper is worse than all the presbyters put together, so that would not do."

However, it was arranged that the doctor should bring in the whisky and sugar, and that the minister was to make up the toddy in the bed room with the hot water he got for shaving purposes in the morning. The result was the minister got speedily well, and one day on going out, the doctor said to the minister's housekeeper:

"Well, Margaret, your minister is quite himself again."

"There's nae doubt of that, sir," she replied, "he's quite well in the body, but there is something gane far wrang wi' his upper story."

"What's wrong there, Margaret?" asked the doctor.

"Weel, sir, I dinna ken, but he asks for shavin' water six or seven times a day."

The Past Winter.

We have just passed the most pleasant winter ever experienced in Canada, as far as the weather has been concerned in making it so—just sufficient frost to keep the atmosphere clear and dry, and snow sufficient to give us excellent sleighing, without inconvenience. Stock have thriven better than they would have done if the weather had been more variable. The winter wheat has been well protected; if we do not have thawing and freezing weather for the next two weeks, we may expect a good crop of winter wheat. The clover is also in a healthy state at present. The prices of all agricultural products have been good, except for hops and barley. It is our impression that the prices of both these products must rise. The exporting of

live stock to England will give us a stimulus to raise large cattle and better horses. The dairy-men, on account of the low price of cheese in the early part of the season, were rather discouraged, but the prices improved; the prospects are that good prices will be realized for new cheese this year.

Correspondence.—Continued.

Some time ago I noticed in the ADVOCATE some remarks respecting the different varieties of spruce, in which you express a doubt as to whether the black and white spruce are really different varieties. Seen from a little distance they are very similar, but, nevertheless, they are two distinct species. The black spruce, *abies nigra*, has the leaves needle-shaped, four-sided, not two-ranked, uniformly green, cones ovate, 1 inch to 1½ inches long, with thin-edged scales. The white spruce, *abies alba*, has the cones oblong cylindrical, 1 or 2 inches long, the scales with thickish edges, otherwise nearly like the white spruce. In both varieties the cones hang from the ends of the branches and do not fall to pieces. In this respect they differ from the balsam fir, *abies balsamea*, which has the cones upright on short side shoots, falling into pieces when ripe, the scales separating from the axis, leaves flat, becoming more or less two-ranked, whitish beneath—but is too well known to require further description. The bark of the black spruce is of a darker color than that of the white spruce, but the wood is whiter and harder, so that in the Old Country, whenever it can be procured, it is used for the floors of ball-rooms. In Canada East the essence of spruce is distilled from the branches, which is used in making spruce beer, a very refreshing summer beverage and not intoxicating; formerly much used by the French Canadians. As ornamental trees there is nearly no difference between the white and black spruce, but for this purpose the balsam fir excels them both, as it naturally forms a pyramid, as I have often seen it growing wild where it had room to spread. Growing in the woods amongst other trees it shoots up to a good height and size. In Canada East it is always used by the French Canadians for the purpose of making sugar troughs. It is easily split and hollowed out, and does not communicate any unpleasant flavor to the sap. It is also used for making butter tubs, or tinnettes, as they are called. The gum, which issues from the bark in small bladders, is collected in the spring by the French Canadians and Indians, generally in the swamps to the north of Quebec, and is sent to England as Balsam of Canada. Mixed with grease it is applied to the face and hands by men when at work in the woods during the summer to keep off the mosquitoes and sand-flies. It is of a healing nature when applied to the chaps in the hands, or slight cuts; for deep cuts it is better mixed with a little turpentine. It is also used in making a varnish for water-color or pencil drawings. I have seen it applied to water-colored prints, when the colors were faded, and they were brought out in their pristine brightness. For this purpose the pictures must first be stretched in a frame, then sized with a clear solution of ising-glass, and when that is dried in, varnish with a mixture of one-third balsam of Canada and two-thirds spirits of turpentine. This would form a cheap and excellent varnish for the picture of the "Offer" which you have given as a premium for new subscribers this year. SARAWAK.

Try It.

I find the best thing to clean a horse with is a broom corn scrubbing brush. There is nothing like it, as it never can scratch his legs, as the curry comb of tin does, while it does more work in the same time than curry comb and brush put together. S. G., Wolfe Island P. O.

Seeing in your last number of the ADVOCATE an enquiry from "Farmer," asking if you knew any cure for hard lumps on horses. A neighbor of mine had a colt hooked by a cow. It had a lump on its side as large as a peck measure and as hard as a stone. I told him to rub it with geese grease. He did so, and there was about a bucketful of matter ran out of it, and in about six weeks it had entirely disappeared. Last year I had an ox with a lump on his jawbone, about as large as a hen's egg, and as hard as a stone. I began rubbing it with warm goose grease. In about a week it became very soft, broke open and disappeared. If I had not seen both cases myself, I could hardly have believed it, and I can recommend it as a sure cure. C. M., Windsor, N. S.

Puzzles.

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h. 39.—Thames, Tyne.
on. 41.—Captain Marryat.
oultry. 43.—Sir John
on.