Practical Talks and Plain Precepts for Farmers.

Edited for the Farmer readers of the MONITOR by an Annapolis Valley Agriculturist

THE NEW FARMR.

We were somewhat amused to read in the last issue of the "Homestead," the following pen picture of "The New Farmer," his surroundings, etc., and we are glad there is more truth than imagination in the picture.

The machines, labor and time-saving, are here, and we are not prepared to say that it is not the wisest economy to spend money in their purchase, especially if one is forced to battle with the great problem, increasing yearly, the difficulty of securing satisfactory hired help.

It is not so much their wages you feel badly about, but the valuable time they waste for you. Think of watching your hired man perfecting for three days his one accomplishment, that of killing time, and performing three-fourths of a piece of work which you in desperation finish in two hours.

Is it not economy, in the face of this, to buy all the labor-saving machines one can, and reduce the hired help to a minimum?

True, they mean an outlay of cash at the start, but with care they will serve you a long time, and every one of them will either save the work of one or more men, or make it so much easier for the farmer that he can work longer hours and be less tired at the end of his day's work.

The tired city man who turns longingly to thoughts of "the old farm" of his boyish memories and is impelled to go there or to some place as nearly resembling it as may be that, like Antaeus of the classic fable, he may recuperate his wasted energies by once more touching mother earth, would do well to forget all traditions of pastoral life or prepare himself for the shock of a great disappointment.

The man with the hoe, the sturdy artist with the scythe and cradle, the sower who went forth to sow with a bag of seed around his neck, the husbandman plowman, whose strong hands kept the implement from turning flip-flaps when its point struck a root, the tripping milk maid carolling a song—all these things and many other familiar objects which the city man inseparately associates with the old farm, bear about the same relation to the modern farm that the traditional salorman of the days of wind propelled craft bears to the coal passer or the oiler in the shaft alley of the modern steamship.

The best education for the up-to-date farmer is a course in mechanical engineering. His barn is no longer a barn of the poets, with great wind swept floor spaces under fragrant mows. It more resembles a storehouse for miscellaneous machinery. Its pervading odor is the smell of machine oil, and one makes his way about it with circumspection, unless indifferent to torn clothing and abraded cuticle.

Scythe and cradle hang rusting on pegs in out-of-the-way places; the flail, which erstwhile made merry music on the barn floor, has become bric-a-brac, to be decorated with ribbons and stood in a corner; hoe, mattock, spade—in a word, everything familiar and typical of man's contest with the soil—which still does and always did, show greater aptitude for raising weeds than for raising useful and profitable crops—is relegated to disuse, and if still unsoured, only serves to remind one that even in farming the fashion of this world passeth away.

In breaking the soil for planting, the familiar plow which gave even a strong man plenty to do in managing it and his team, has largely given place to the reversable sulky plow on which the farmer rides as comfortably as on a waggon seat and which he controls by levers actuated by his foot, leaving his hands free to manage his horses, his corn cob pipe, or his cigarette, if he prefers.

With this he does much better work than with the plow of ancient times does it more quickly and with much less vociferation—not to speak of profanity. He is not nearly as picturesque when thus engaged as when holding down the plow handles, and occasionally taking a flight over the heads of his horses when the old furrow ripper struck a snag and turned over, but he accomplishes more, and puts his immortal soul in less imminent danger.

But it does not realize the ideals, imagine Burns writing his "Ode to a Daisy" while sitting cross-legged on a sulky plow! even this, however is menaced by the power gang plow, and perhaps within another year or two the farmer will sit on his verandah and control his plow by means of a switchboard.

His plowing finished, the farmer proceeds to pulverize and smooth his land. Time was when he dragged it with a harrow of fence rails and scrap iron, his team straining every muscle to move the ponderous and ungainly construction which had an unconvinuing habit of coming to pieces in mid-field. If it "harrowed up" the land, it did the same to the soul of the operator.

To say that it "went everyhow" was to describe its motions when it went at all, in words perfectly intelligible to the farm laborer.

The farmer now mounts the seat of the sulky harrow, flicks a fly off the flank of his off horse, and away he goes. The machine pulverizes and smoothes the soil much better than it was formerly done. Here, too, the horse is menaced with displacement as a prime motor. As a mechanical proposition, oats and hay are even less economical as fuel than anthracite coal in strike time.

In fertilizing his land the modern farmer has the advantage of the work of the chemist who provides just what it needs in the form most convenient for application by machinery. The unspeakable operations connected with the hand distribution of barn yard compost are no longer necessary.

The New Manure

If this material is used the labor of spreading it is performed automatically by a machine which affects a dessication and distribution unattainable by hand implements. The quarter acre of reeking quagmire, once known as the barnyard, through which one must wade ankle deep in crossing it, has disappeared from the modern farm for which everyone having occasion to visit it, and who brings with him some respect for his shoes may devoutly give thanks. Composting and ensilage conserve the nitrogenous components of barnyard ozone much better than was done when they were left to "weather."

For planting there is a machine for every kind of seed, cunningly designed well built and perfectly adapted to the work for which it is intended. It makes no mistakes, never skips an inch, sows no more thickly in one place than in another, and does its "stunt" with an intelligence which even the impossible Jones of the Rollo books could not have displayed.

For grain and grass the "Broadcast seeder" is used. This is attached to an ordinary waggon, and the only human co-operation it requires is keeping its hopper full. It will also distribute all kinds of dry commercial fertilizers, and will put them where they will do most good.

A mechanical grain drill is provided for such grains as need to be planted systematically in rows or hills. It is infallible in its operation, and would plant corn, for example, in the middle of a macadam road, if this was required of it. Among other attachments it has a land measure, something like a cyclometer, which records the acreage planted and would calculate the yield if it were not for the elements of uncertainty introduced by weather vicissitudes and the variable industry of crop destroying birds and insects. To cover the seed it has planted it is provided with a system of hoes which are adjusted to work straight or zigzag.

The New Weeder.

A variant of this apparatus weeds as well as sows. Still another is the bean planter, which is quite remarkable in its intelligence, so to speak. It drills the holes in the ground, plants the beans, covers them and marks the position of the next row at one operation. It will even alternate corn and beans, turn and turn about, or plant corn or beans, distribute fertilizer and cover everything impartially. In fact it will do anything for which the farmer has the intelligence to adjust it.

The potato planter would make a farmer of a generation ago sit up and rub his eyes. It requires that the potato be supplied. It picks the potato up and looks it over—or seems to—cuts it in halves, quarters, or any desirable number of parts, separates the eyes and removes the seed ends. It plants whole potatoes or parts thereof as desired as near together or as far apart as the judgement of the farmer on the driving seat suggests.

Having dropped the seed it covers it, fertilizes it, tucks it in like a child put to bed, and paces off the next row with mathematical accuracy. With a phonograph attachment it might even repeat the familiar invocation. "Now I lay me," etc., if any advantage was discovered therein in the case of a tuber.

Certain vegetables, notably tomatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, celery, lettuce and some others need to be started in cold frames, and transplanted for the practical business of growing. For this purpose there is a plant-setting machine, which will handle a sprout as if it loved it, establish it in its new environment roots, give it a copious drink of water from a tank it carries, and covers from four to six acres in a day. The transplanting is said to be done so quickly that the plant is said to be established in its new position before it realizes the fact that it has been moved or has time to become homesick.

More Machinery.

The various operations generally known as "cultivating" were once the bane of the farmer's existence. For them he needed a hickory back with sole leather hinges and frequent stimulation from the switchel jug. The hoe was his implement of greatest general utility. With it he destroyed the weeds, loosened the soil, shaped up the hills, and did many other laborious and extremely monotonous tasks.

It was, moreover, discouraging work. He could only do it by daylight, whereas the weeds kept growing night and day, and by the time he had finished the last row of his field, behold, the weeds were a foot high at the point where he had begun, and he must do it all over again.

Now he has a machine for each and every operation of crop tending, with a drivers seat as comfortable as that of a buckboard. These machines seem to know a weed from a crop plant instuitively, and while they will smake the former out by the roots without compunction, they pass the plant unharmed—provided, of course, it is growing in its proper place. Some of these machines will do almost anything except entertain the farmer while at work with agreeable and instructive conversation; but they have been highly specialized, and for every operation connected with the tending of every kind of crop there is one machine which performs it a little better than any other.

Gathering the Crops.

When the crop is ready for gathering, mechanism is seen at its best. The perfection of the modern reaper and binder is is illustrated by an incident which occurred this year in Illinois. A farmer had driven his reaper into the edge of a field ready for cutting, and diamounted from his seat to get a drink of cider.

While thus occupied the horses took fright at something and ran away. They tore round and around the field cutting a full swath at every jump, gathering up the grain, binding it with twine, and tossing the bundles to one side. Before the team was caught it had covered six and a half acres, leaving only patches here and there to be gone over. This was accompanied in something less than twenty-four hours.

With a team of New York fire department horses a farmer could do wonderful things in the harvesting line. Mowing by machinery is no longer a novelty, and the old-time champion mower which once led the gang disposed in echelon, and whose compensation was gauged by the "lick" he could maintain, now hangs over the fence and makes sarcastic references to "new-fangled methods of farming."

In the big field sweet Maud Muller and her congenitors are seen no more, raking or tossing. The sulky rake and tedder will turn and spread the hay crop of four acres in an hour. Maud Muller has become a typical summer girl, whom no right-minded judge would consider interesting. Even loading hay on the waggon is now done by machinery.

With these accessories at the farmer's command, the city man who follows him afield to see him perform the familiar functions of his craft would do well to go in a buggy. If he goes afoot he will not be able to keep up. Nothing is as it used to be in the good old days. It may be better, but that depends upon the point of view.

In the Farmhouse.

Indoors the city man misses all that made the farmhouse a museum of treasures. The sewing machine has usurped the place of the erstwhile spinning wheel, the brick oven has given place to the portable range, and the old blue churn has made way for the patent device which lacks every element of romance or of interest. If he goes to the milking not even the hired girl goes with him. He finds a farm hand performing the operation by artificial induced vacuum and pouring the warm milk into a whirligig spiraster where that is removed from it which gives him an uneasy sensation in the region of the abdominal diaphragm, if he recalls how, in guileless infancy, he was wont to drink the fluid dipped at about 90 Fahrenheit from the milkmaid's pail.

Should he wander to the well to explore its crystal depths, look for the the great frog which should be there, and contemplate sentimentally the old oaken bucket, he finds nothing more interesting than a flat stone surmounted by a cast-iron lift pump with an anti-freezing attachment, and realizes that the aforesaid bucket has been metamorphosed into a lead pipe leading down to the sunless depths where surface water high in nitrates and nitrites, and not free from a well-defined trace of ammonia is stored. Probably he will not feel thirsty for water.

Of a truth the old farm is no place for a city man who cherishes memories of a boyhood rubricated by annual visits to the homestead of his grandfather.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price, 25 cents.

DOWN IN DIXIE.

Amid the Singing Pines Away from Frost and Cold.

Just now a number of our readers are planing where they will go for the winter and no doubt the majority of them will do as they have done in the past, buy round-trip excursion tickets, good for six months, to Southern Pines, N. C., and those who want to make side trips of a few weeks to Florida, Louisana or Texas can get round trip tickets from Southern Pines to the points they desire to visit at the most favorable rates and thus save unnecessary expenses. Southern Pines is the headquarters for Northern Tourist. It is located in the high sand hills among the Long Leaf Pines on the Seaboard Air Line Railway, which is the most direct route between New York, Washington and Jacksonville, Florida.

We advise our readers who are expecting to make a Southern trip to write to Mr. John T. Patrick, Pinebluff, N. C., and he will send them, free of charge, printed matter that will be of much interest.

THE FARM BOY.

The following are extracts from a prize essay written by Charley Hayne of Johnson, Nebraska, a 13-year-old boy, for a farmer's institute. The subject of the essay is "The Boy on the Farm." We quote only a few paragraphs from the remarkably good composition.

"Though he should do his share of the work, the boy on the farm ought to be given some time of his own. He ought to have plenty of good books and games. If allowed to finish at a common country school he will have a fair education. The boy should have a room and a place for his things. He ought to have a pig or a calf. He might do as a boy in Kansas did. The farmer gave the boy a small potato and told him could have land to raise the increase there of until the boy became of age. At the end of the fourth year the boy had four hundred bushels of potatoes and the man wanted to be released from his bargain. Another man in Kansas gave one of his children two old hens and said he would feel the increase for four years. Two years have passed, and the boy has 200 chickens and $64 in the bank. The man says he is afraid that in two more years the boy will own the place and charge him rent for living there.

"Give the boy a share of the garden truck. If he has a colt or a calf he is more apt to care for it and the rest of them better. You could let him have a pair of skates, a gun, and maybe a watch without missing the cost very much. If he wants to use a hammer, saw or axe let him use them, but teach him to put them in their places when he gets through with them.

"What advantage has a farm boy? Perhaps you may say that he has none; but does the city boy have all the sunshine or exercise that he needs?

The city boy does not come in contact with nature as much as does the country boy. Compare the farm boy of today with one of 50 years ago.

Then he didn't get much schooling, generally went barefoot, and even when the snow was on the ground he had to put on a pair of old shoes that his brother wore the winter before.

"A boy should always be thankful that he doesn't have to shuck corn barehanded and always take a down row; or bind wheat by hand. Who invented the labor-saving machines that are on the up-to-date farms; did the city boy invent these? The common country boy knows enough to "make his head save his heels."

"What more can a farm boy want? He has good reading matter, good schools, good exercise and a good living."—American Boy.

Just Mak nz Believe.

(From the Youth's Companion.)

This lapse of memory is accountable for many a failure on the part of "grown-ups" to comprehend the mental processes of their imaginative superiors—the children. Some clumsy person calls the most charming device of fancy "another of those naughty flis." By that condemnation he sets up a well-nigh impassable barrier between himself and the childish dreamer.

Not long ago a grown up was accosted on the street by a dainty maiden of four, who nodded a bright good morning and then said, "Isn't there going to be a wedding down there?" pointing across the square.

"I think not," said the obtuse adult. "I haven't heard of any wedding."

"Are you sure? I think there is going to be one!" persisted the little maiden.

"I don't see any flowers or carriages and I guess you are mistaken," replied the champion of dull fact.

Then the tiny pleader drew nearer, and with an entreating touch of her hand and a voice lowered out of hearing of the fairies, she breathed:

"Please say there's going to be a wedding! I'm just making believe!"

Could the power of imagination go further? Could there be a simpler device for turning this dull world into a garden of flowers and sweet music than this gentle "making believe?"

Imagination often proves to be the door that opens into a high philosophy of life. We all remember Dickens' brave little Marchioness. "Did you ever taste orange pekoe and water?" she demanded of the gay Dick Swiveller. He replied that he never had tasted that ardent beverage.

"If you make believe very much, it's very nice," said the small servant, "but if you don't, you know, it seems as if it would bear a little more seasoning, certainly."

As long as life has its ups and downs it is by no means impossible that to us all—old as well as young—there may come a time when we shall be glad to have acquired the accomplishment of making believe very much.

—One of Thoreau's quaint sayings was, "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone." On this basis, there surely were never such opportunities for wealth as at the present time, when we are surrounded by beautiful, attractive and tempting objects which are freely bought and used by our neighbors and acquaintances. To be able to resist temptations to buy things which we are just as well off without, and to indulge in amusements and recreations which are not for our physical or moral well being, to be able to limit ourselves in regard to creditable indulgences, these are evidences of a strong character. One of the first and most important lessons which the mother of today must teach her child is to let things alone. When the baby has learned to admire the pretty flowers without picking them, to see candy, fruit or other things which he knows "taste good" without putting them in his mouth; when the child has learned not to do things simply because "the other boys and girls" do them, then he can be trusted to go out into the world alone, for he can resist temptation. When such a boy grows to manhood his wants will be few, his desires will be so well under control that he will be indeed what Thoreau would call "a very rich man."—The Congregationalist.

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Because it is the most lasting chew.
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Because the tags are valuable for premiums until January 1st, 1904.
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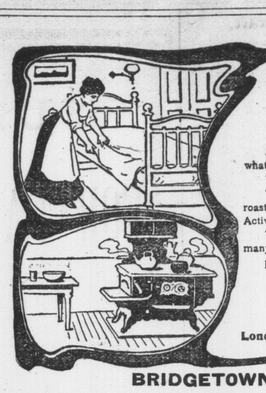

"Famous Active" Range

Does its work while you do yours.

Arrange the fire, put on the cooking and leave it—you know positively what your range is doing while you are doing other work.

The "Famous" Thermometer registers the exact heat of the oven.

The little basting door on the oven door gives access to the baking or roast without cooling the oven, and is put on no other range than the "Famous Active."

The "Famous Active" has all the good points of all other ranges, and many exclusive ones of its own.

Free booklet from our local agent or nearest branch house.

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London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

BRIDGETOWN FOUNDRY CO., Agents.

The Matrimonial Scheme Exposed.

The scheme of the matrimonial agents' thriving business, seemed to be to first insert a personal after the style of the following, in one of the papers:

MATRIMONY.—Am of attractive appearance, in the prime of life, worth $75,000, and I want to marry an intelligent, honest gentleman, regardless of circumstances or station in life. More attention is paid to hunting for gold than a true companion, hence the number of unhappy marriages, so why not go about it in a business-like manner? It is of no consequence how people become acquainted, the paramount thing is the individuals, and I have set aside custom, as the happiness of a lifetime is of more moment, believing there is somewhere in this broad land a genuine man whom I can love and with whom I can share my fortune, if he will lay aside his scruples, as I have none, long enough to address Miss Weller, 50 Dearborn St., Chicago."

In one section of the country "Miss Weller" would be signed to the advertisement, while in another it would read as though written by a man and would have the signature "Mr. Weller."

Many and many a guileless person became imbued with the idea that Mr. Weller or Miss Weller as the case might be, was (his or her) ideal. A letter to that effect would follow, and in return the lovelorn one would receive a missive, typewritten and very prosaic, asking for further information, and signed with the name the matrimonial agency was then going under. The letter usually stated that Mr.—or Miss—Weller's address and photo would be sent on receipt of $5. The $5 usually was forthcoming, and the agency gave the anxious swain the address of some woman who had been corresponding with a view to matrimony, or vice versa. At this stage the agency, feeling that the two souls would soon be beating as one—or, if they didn't, thinking it was not the fault of the agency—would consider its responsibility at an end.

A Goat Ranch.

Charles S. Onderdonk, of Lamy, N. M., who recently purchased a beautiful residence in Denver, is a man of great wealth and has an annual income that runs far up into the thousands. He depends for all the luxury with which he surrounds himself, on goats. There is no time of the year when he has not on his ranch—the largest goat ranch on earth—at least 10,000 goats. Often, prior to the periodical shipments, he has as many as 20,000. There are 28,000 acres of ground for them to graze over, and they are such frugal little beasts that they can pick up livings where other animals would starve. They eat the foliage of low trees when the grass is scanty, and even strip off the bark sometimes and really fatten on such food.

The ranch is just the sort that the ycungest kid intuitively longs for. It covers a large part of Glorieta mountain, a great elevation east of Santa Fe. It also contains Apache canon, with its precipitous sides and rocky ledges, along which the intrepid quadrupeds skip and climb in their careless breakneck fashion, and it is great fun for them, for nothing tickles a goat so much as risking his neck, and on the Onderdonk farm he can take chances every hour in the day.

Mr. Onderdonk raises but two kinds of goats—Angoras, for their hair, and "Corientes" for their skins. The word Corientes means simply "coarse ones," and it is from the skin of these tougher animals that famous kid goods are made.

The hair, which grows luxuriantly on the Angoras, is used in many ways, especially is it valuable in the manufacture of mohair goods. The meat of the goat is little used by Americans, but the Mexicans, who inhabit the country around the Onderdonk ranch, are quite fond of the meat, and nearly all of it is sold to them or exchanged for labor on the ranch.

A Hero.

"Oh, how cold!" escaped my lips as I stumbled through the door of a miserable attic tenement, says a writer in the Watchman.

The mother was out, but her 12-year-old boy was mounted guard over the other children as they played about the poorly furnished room. I shivered as the wind whistled through the broken window panes, causing me to pull my overcoat over my ears. The boy was in his shirt sleeves, but I refrained from asking questions as to the whereabouts of his coat, in case its absence might have been the means of providing a crust of bread for the fatherless family.

"Are you not cold, my boy?" I asked. "No," said he, "not very." Yet I noticed how his pretty pearly teeth chattered. I waited awhile, and spoke to him; then I took a look into the cradle, where, sleeping quietly and comfortably, the baby lay covered with the boy's coat! Talk about the bravery of men who face cannon; in the heat of passion they will do anything. But here was a hero, on a bitter cold day, in his shirt sleeves because he wanted to shield his little brother from the biting effect of a cold February wind.

Men say the age of heroism is past. It is false! So long as the nation raises boys like this one, she has within herself the germs of a heroism that will keep her forever in the very forefront of the world's history.

The Day of Miracles Not Past.

A Toronto Star reporter investigated the case of Mr. George Warner, and found that after thirteen years of almost total deafness, he had been cured by inhaling Catarrhozone.

This proves that where Catarrhozone treatment is employed, impaired hearing and deafness can be cured. Catarrhozone always brings quick relief, and is warranted to give lasting satisfaction. All sufferers from impaired hearing, deafness, head noises and ringing in the ears are advised to inhale Catarrhozone and derive the great benefit it is capable of affording. Price $1, small size 25c. Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure Constipation.

—Face your trials honestly, call them by their names, but utterly refuse to sit down with them as Job did with his friends for any long bemoaning. Suffer you must, but you need not brood. Give your sympathy to others, but fight as for your life against the luxury of self-pity.

Minard's Liniment cures LaGrippe.

Going South FOR WINTER?

If you are contemplating going South during the winter of 1902 and 1903 you can get valuable information free of charge by writing John T. Patrick, Pinebluff, N. C. He can save you money in hotel rates, can direct you which is the best railroad route to travel, can direct you where to rent neatly furnished cottages or single rooms. WRITE HIM.

VERANDAH ... CHAIRS ... and Rockers.

We have two lots Verandah Chairs that we are selling at greatly reduced prices.

LOT No. 1.—25 Chairs, $1.15, for 95c

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Also Easy Chairs and Rockers in Split and Reed Bottom. Just the thing for warm summer nights

REED BROS.

THE BEST

Is always the cheapest!

That is what you get when you buy your

MEAT AND PROVISIONS

—FROM—

B. M. WILLIAMS

He always has THE BEST.

AN OLD LADY'S STORY.

To the Editor of the Monitor:—

Sir,—I was troubled with rheumatism for about eight years, and tried a great many different kinds of medicines without getting relief. Last spring I began to get worse and I could hardly walk. It was then that I tried Dr. Clarke's Wonderful Little Red Pills, and two boxes cured me. I have had no rheumatism since taking them. I am eighty-two years of age, and can walk now quite smartly thanks to this remedy wonder.—(Mrs.) Paul McDonald, Eden Lake, Pictou Co., N. S.

We have yet to know of a single case where these wonderful pills have not been almost entirely successful in affecting a cure, Canada Chemical Co. Peterborough, Ont.

They cured me of rheumatism after I had been given up.—Andrew Closkey, Victoria, B. C.

Ex-Kid Bailey, St. Johns, writes: I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Clarke's Wonderful Little Red Pills. They worked a miricle in my case and cured me after many years of suffering. I do not think their equal is to be obtained.

Nothing like Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills for the cure of heart trouble, weakness, and blood diseases. Have used them everywhere with success.—Dr. E. F. Mann, late of H. M. Forces South Africa.

Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills permanently cured me of headache. I suffered for years and only took two boxes. That is a year since. I have not had a symptom since.—James R. Jackson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

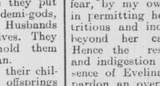
I do not believe there is a medicine to compare with Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills. They cured me of indigestion and catarrh of the stomach, after nine years' suffering.—H. S. McDonald, G. T. R. shops, Montreal.

Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills are a certain cure for rheumatism, asthma, paralysis, catarrh, eczema, coughs, backache, indigestion, stomach and liver troubles, female complaints, even when the diseases have been standing for many years. Price 50 cents per box For sale by local druggists. The Canada Chemical Co., Peterborough, will forfeit $10 for any case that will not be helped by these pills.

Dr. Clarke's Sure Cure for Catarrh, and Dr. Clarke's Sure Cure for Eczema, same price. $10 will be paid for any case they will not cure. Sold by S. N. Weare.

She will not let him in the house
Until he wipes his feet.
Then she sails out in long-trained gowns
And wipes up all the street.

Minard's Liniment is the best hair restorer.



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—AND—

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'Land of Evangeline" Route

On and after MONDAY, OCTOBER 24TH, 1902, the Steamship and Train Service of this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):—

Trains will Arrive at Bridgetown:

Express from Halifax	12.14 a.m
Express from Yarmouth	1.54 p.m
Accom. from Richmond	4.15 p.m
Accom. from Annapolis	7.20 a.m

S. S. "Prince Arthur,"

2400 Gross Tonnage, 7000 H. P.

by far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston, leave Yarmouth, N. S., every Wednesday and Saturday, immediately on arrival of the express train, arriving in Boston early next morning.

Returning leave Long Wharf, Boston, every Tuesday, and Friday at 2 p. m.

Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

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1,250 Gross Tonnage; 3,000 Horse Power.

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Leaves St. John	7.45 a.m
Arrives in Digby	10.45 a.m
Leaves Digby	2.00 p.m
Arrives in St. John	5.00 p.m

The S. S. "Percy Cann," will make daily trips between Kingsport and Parrsboro till the completion of the new Steamer.

Trains and Steamers are run on Atlantic Standard Time.

P. GIFKINS,
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REPAIR ROOMS.

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THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs that may be desired.

Best of Stock used in all classes of work.

Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.

ARTHUR PALFREY.

Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 23tf

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Screen Windows and Doors a specialty.

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NOTICE

We have just received

1 car Morrow's Lime, and
1 car Coarse Salt.

To arrive:

150M Cedar Shingles, (4 grades)

Have also lately received a small cargo of **PORT HOOD COAL** which is giving splendid satisfaction and which we can sell right.

J. H. LONGMIRE & SON

Aug. 13 h, 1902. Bridgetown

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

ALL KINDS.

Central Book Store

B. J. ELDERKIN.

The Household.

Household Hints.

Use stonemasons' dust instead of soap for scouring tables and floors. It will make them beautifully white.

A cloth saturated in vinegar is about the only thing that will clean the little mica "windows" in the coal stove.

A new soft paint brush is a good thing to dust carved furniture with, as the bristles will penetrate the deepest crevices.

When your wiping towels begin to get thin, double them and quilt them on the machine. They make soft cloths for washing china and silver.

If a teapot pours badly, rub a little butter around the spout. This will prevent the tea dripping or trickling down on the clean tablecloth.

Cover window sills of kitchen and bathroom with enameled cloth or ordinary oilcloth to save the window sills from wet saucers and cups that disfigure paint.

Covers of bleached muslin slipped on over pillow ticks and the pillow slips drawn over them add to the good appearance of the pillows, as the striped ticking does not show through.

To clean a dirty sponge, put a piece of ordinary washing soda the size of a walnut with a tablespoonful of kitchen salt in a basin and pour on it boiling water. Let the sponge stand in this mixture for some time and then rinse well in cold water, when it will be found to be perfectly clean.

The uses of sandpaper are manifold. In the kitchen it is invaluable for cleaning pots, pans and kettles. The coarsest kind is used, and if a roll is kept on the kitchen shelf pieces can be cut off when needed. On the writing-table sandpaper is useful in giving the finishing point to a pencil after sharpening it.

Do not put washing soda directly in dish water or for scrubbing. It will not dissolve readily; besides, if you use too much it will ruin the hands. The best way to use it is to dissolve a pound in one quart of cold water and allow it slowly to come to a boil. Bottle when cool and use a few tablespoonfuls when required. It is a cheap and strong cleansing fluid.

To be Happy Expect Little.

Thinking happy things tends to happiness itself. Then let the unhappy thoughts slip. Some of the unhappiest, I know, come from expecting too much of people.

The housekeeper expects too much of her servant. Wives expect too much of their husbands. They want to keep them on the pedestal where they put them in their dreams, and demi-gods, says the Pittsburg Press. Husbands expect too much of their wives. They want to find angels and hold them in the form of mortal woman.

Parents expect too much of their children. They forget they are offsprings of their own natures and limitations. Because the child of Mrs. A., who is herself a beautiful organist, plays fugues from Bach, or sonatas from Mendelssohn works, Mrs. B. is made ashamed that her child can barely pick out a simple melody, with hesitating fingers and tear-dimmed eyes. The child has no musical talent and knows it. Her parents hadn't any before her, but the mother doesn't count that into the reckoning at all, and so makes herself and her children miserable because she will not recognize her child's limitations.

Live Well to Look Well.

It is impossible to look well unless one eats well. Good food supplies the body with proper nourishment, and, therefore is the cause of strengthening and beautifying it. When we cultivate health we insure for ourselves beautiful bodies and we bring success in our daily affairs nearer on account of being better fitted to perform our duties. In the social, as well as the business world, the girl with good health and a pleasing personality overshadows the girl whose face and form plainly reveal a lack of hygienic living. Good health demands the following five necessities: Good food, pure air, plenty of exercise, cleanliness, and pure, elevating thoughts. That old proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," holds volumes of condensed wisdom. It is a foolish idea to wait until one gets sick before regarding the full importance of health and what a vital thing it is to happiness. Our bodies were given to us to be properly taken care of, and to give outward evidence of the inward beauty of the souls they contain.

Need of Laughter.

Laughter is a good, healthy, muscle-making, lung-developing exercise, and it is as good for girls as boys. And humor can be cultivated in a girl's mind without any abatement of the dignity and modesty and charm of her womanhood. Not the unpleasant and constant frivolity evidenced in "smart" speech or quickness of repartee, but the humor that looks at the world with a twinkle in the eye and sees its absurdities, its smallness and fun, says the Pittsburg Press.

It should be a part of every woman's mental equipment, for women are called upon to bear so many of life's small worries as well as its greater ones. The bringing up of children, the care of servants and the many social duties that become a burden—all are made easy and possible to put up with by the woman with the unfailing sense of the bright side of life. It is a sense that lasts through life, through its many ills, its disillusions, its tribulations, even its tragedies.

The Waking Cure.

There's nothing like out of doors to drive the blue devils away, to make up for something one has lost, to make up for something one has never had," says Katherine Pope in September Pilgrim. When I am tired, I go for a long car ride on the gripman's special. When I think my family is disagreeable I go for a walk. When I know I am disagreeable, I go for a walk. When my friends omit to send me invitations, I go for a walk. When my clothes look time-worn and discourage I go for a walk. When my favorite players are in town and the prices to see them correspond with my desire to see them, I go for a walk. When ennuie is the only feet worn, I go for a walk. When my late sweetheart decided that it was the other girl after all, I stayed at home in the dark room and cried for awhile. But afterward I got up and went for a walk. And now it is all right.

The Children.

Children are faithful friends. The world is false and treacherous. People are often friends because they seek a benefit. Friendship is made a tool for gain. The friendship of a child is unselfish It gives to you its heart, its whole little being. It will not deceive you. Older hearts may forsake or forget you; its heart remains true to you.

Trial has taught you the vanity and emptiness of all human aims and wishes. Only in the hearts of children do you find unalloyed comfort. Their hearts will cleave to you though the heavens fall.

Lightning Remedy for Cramps.

Some people have cramps pretty often, others only now and again. But when you do have them its a mighty quick relief you want. Polson's Nerviline is as sure as death to relieve cramps in five seconds—it's instantaneous, just a few drops in sweetened water and the pain is gone. Buy a bottle of Nerviline today and keep it handy. Nerviline is a common household necessity and only costs 25 cents.

Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake Pills cure Constipation.

Joker's Corner.

Amusing Excuses for Children.

The drudgery of teaching in the public schools is sometimes lessened for the teacher with a sense of humor, by some of the things that come within his or her experience.

One of these things is the remarkable epistolary efforts of some parents who are compelled to write notes asking to have their children excused for absence from school. A teacher who has a large and varied collection of these excuses has consented to have some of them appear for the pleasure of our readers.

One mother whose boy had been absent for a day wrote as follows:

"Kind Maddum: Ezcooze jaims for not bein there on yistiday. We have a pett gote an it et up his (jaimses) pants an his pa could not git him no others ontil las nite. So pleze excooze.

p. s. we will keep the gote tyed up hereafter so pleze excooze him this time."

Hardly had "jaims" been "ezcoozed" when another absentee of the day before appeared with a note reading as follows:

"Respected Miss: Please to excuse Willie for absentz. He fell down stars just before school time and we feered his internal insides was hurt at first, but we find they aint. The doctor says that go part of his anattomy was hurt but the brewzing of the epydermis of the outside hide and also his hipp hurt some. But he narrowly escaped fatal deth. So kindly excuze

"HIS MOTHER."

A dull boy who had steadily fallen behind his class, and who was in danger of missing promotion at the end of the year, brought the following note of inquiry from his mother:

"Would it be any good to hire a tooter for Henery? I desire him to be promoted with the rest of the class, and if you think a tooter would promote him kindly let me know if possible where such a tooter could be procured and also probable expense of said tootering.

A little girl whose tendency toward affectation was marked brought the teacher a note that gave proof of the fact that the child's affectation was evidently inherited from the maternal side of the house. The excuse was as follows:

"Dear Miss W.: The non-eppearance of Evolina Louise at school yesterday was an unavoidable necessity occasioned by indisposition superinduced, I fear, by my own lack of forethought in permitting her to partake of innutritious and indegistible concomitants beyond her capacity to assimilate. Hence the resultant indisposition and indigestion necessiating the absence of Evelina from school. Kindly pardon an over-fond mother's lack of judgment and excuse my daughter's absence for which I am in a measure if not altogether responsible for I should have made my will power superior to hers and thus saved her from the mastication of injurious incomitants. I beg to assure you that it will not occure again."

HE FAILED TO CALL.

Capt. Fitz-Gerald of Tampa, Fla., is an Irish Yankee who went South over 50 years ago. He was intimately connected with the late H. B. Plant in the upbuilding of Tampa and the west coast of his adopted state says the New York Tribune, and has enjoyed the friendship of many of the prominent men of this country. President Cleveland, after the conclusion of his first term, went to Tampa for the fishing and soon was captivated by the captain. Many were the days they passed together in a fishing boat, and Mr. Cleveland enjoyed the captain so thoroughly that, upon leaving the place he cordially invited the captain to call upon him when in New York, and promised to make it pleasant for him.

But the captain said: "No, Mr. President, I had one experience calling in New York, and that's enough for me. Years ago John Jacob Astor came here, and I reckon he had a good time, for when he went away he made me promise to call on him the first time I was in New York. When I did get there some months later, I set out to call and walked up to Mr. Astor's house, but on arriving there, I hesitated, walked part way up the steps, then my courage gave way and down I came. I walked round the block trying to get my nerve up to ring the bell—you see, I wasn't sure it was the proper time of day to call, and all that—and after I had tried three times to get to the top of those steps and retreated three times and trotted around the block three times, I pulled myself up short and said: "Here goes—no more nonsense." And just as I got my foot on the step, determined to go in this time, Mr. Astor's private detective grabbed me by the collar and, after yanking me about a bit, said:

"Git out of here, you old lunatic, I've been watching you for half an hour, now git out," and I got.

"Now Mr. President," continued Capt. Fitz-Gerald, "I reckon if I was to try to call on you in New York I'd be collared by two men, and not even have a chance to walk round a block." And Capt. F