Practical Talks and Plain Precepts for Farmers.

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

THE FARMER'S SON.

The question of the exodus of the brightest of our boys from the farm home is attracting the attention and receiving the discussion among our best thinkers which the problem certainly deserves. That in many cases the best and ablest of our sons leave the farm at an age when their brain and muscle could tell so much for the betterment of agriculture, is one of the reasons why agriculture today is not occupying the high place it ought to hold among the professions. If the conditions of farm life can so change that the brightest boys can receive a good general, followed by a good technical education, and be kept at home by conditions which compare favorably with those of the city, then will the exodus be the other way, and farming be looked upon as a worthy means of livelihood.

We are glad to give this issue to two letters from the Maritime Homestead, which in our opinion come very near the cause of, and suggest the remedy for, this evil.

WHERE THE BLAME LIES.

That so many of our young men continue to desert the homesteads of their fathers to devote their energies in other branches and frequently in other countries, has for long been the chronic lament of many. Agricultural journalists have written upon the subject, and public speakers have found in it much food for eloquence. It is curious, however, that this lament invariably takes the form of a reproach to our young men. They are said to be getting uppish in their ways, to deem vulgar the horny-handed toil of their fathers; to long with an irresistable longing for the three-legged stool, the high collar, and the impossible tie;—in fine, for the atmosphere of the counting house and for the genteel occupation of ink-slinging. "Yes, Tom's gone to town to a dry goods store; the work that his father does is too vulgar for him."

I would just like to say right here that it is a remarkable thing that public men who have expressed interest in the subject in question, should in the most accommodating manner, accept the explanation of the older generation, and blame the young people. In doing so, they place the saddle on the wrong horse in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred. The sons are not to blame:—the fathers are! The reason for the exodus of our young people from an abricultural life may be summed up in one word. Money! When parents realize the injustice of keeping a grown-up son working on their farm, for his keep and mighty little over that; and will pay for their son's work at least as much as they would to a hired hand, then much of the trouble would be at an end. It is a positive iniquity to expect your son to work for nothing, simply because they are unfortunate enough—from their own standpoint—not to be the sons of some other farmer. It is hard for the son of a farmer to see a hired man taken on at good pay, and do actually less work, and be less interested in what he does do, than that son himself, who, poor devil, is expected by his generous parents to give them his unremunerated services in return for the distinguished service they did in bringing him into the world, and nursing him successfully through his period of teething, measles and other cheerful afflictions of childhood. I can well imagine the deep-breathed horror with which some of your readers may peruse these comments; but let them be true to themselves; let them seek right into their heart of hearts, and the still small voice will surely whisper: "I have not done the right thing by my son; it is my own fault that he has gone away. In trying to save money, I have lost my son. I have been meanly penny wise and pound foolish."

Take another aspect of the question: A farmer has several sons, one or two of whom have no natural inclination towards farming, and consequently seek a livelihood, say in some city dry goods store. Holiday time comes, and they return to the old homestead decked out in the raiment of the city, and with well lined pockets for the careless expenditure of a good-going holiday. The brothers who have remained at home view the metamorphosis with mingled feelings;—and the city boys walk off with the girls. And the poor, hard working lad who toils from daylight till dark for his clothes of city cut, hears the laugh of his sweetheart at the city joke, digs his hands deep in his empty pockets and damns the country. And do you wonder?

That is the root of the exodus of our youth from the farms, and this is the remedy: Pay your sons a fair wage just as you would pay a stranger. Give them an interest in life, a sense of independence, a share in your business, and your trouble will become an inconsiderate trifle. The children for the most part don't want to leave the country. It is a matter of expediency. Where do the thoughts of a wanderer from his home ever turn in loneliness—if not to the country of his childhood.

A PRODIGAL.

A FARMER'S SON SPEAKS.

To the Editor of the Homestead: —

The writer in your last issue regarding the true cause for the exodus of young people from our farms, but echoes the sentiments of many long suffering sons, who still would fain be dutiful.

Here's my personal experience: I am one of three sons. I have remained with the old people; my brothers went to the city. Both have now banking accounts, each of which would go far to start me humbly, but sufficiently in business for myself. One of these brothers is about to be married to a gentle and beautiful girl; the other is engaged. Such is the result of a few years hard, earnest intelligent work in a city, such is the lot apparently awaiting the steady, intelligent lad.

Now, turn to me. I am twenty-five years of age; have had a fair school education, and have steadily to the attainment of further education by the best of my ability sought for the perusal of good reading, and of two or three agricultural papers. I suppose I work as hard as any farmer in the country, in fact were there twelve days in the week, even that number would be scarcely sufficient to do what must be done, as I would wish it done.

I have no banking account. I never had any money to bank. My humble requirements as to clothing my mother or father undertook to look to at infrequent intervals. My tobacco and any little extras are the product of a barter at the adjacent store. My position with my good parents is better only in housing and in food than of the better treated southern slaves. My parents are not poor. As a rule we have a hired helper; and I know that the last few years have yielded handsome returns on crops, dairy products, etc.

There can be no doubt that many country lads are without natural inclination towards agriculture. In my opinion a good agriculturist is born just as a good machinist, or a good doctor. You can't make a good machinist of a man lacking natural mechanical ingenuity, nor can you expect a boy to develop to a successful farmer if he aspires to some other method of livelihood. We cannot all be farmers, but more of us might remain on the farm than do.

I have frequently read the expressions of our agricultural experts to the effect that the chief hope of swift agricultural advancement rests with the rising generation. This is chiefly because our fathers are so conservative in their methods, so emphatic in their antiquated opinions, and so opinionative in their ignorance. There are none of us so deaf as those who won't hear. Those of our fathers who are not utterly deaf, only just hear that which reconciles with their own faint flickers of progressive spirit.

Thus, though the hope of maturer citizens must ever rest with the young people, it cannot reasonably do so under the handicaps inflicted by these maturer citizens upon the younger generations. Naturally the younger generation accept progressive methods but just as naturally, their parents reject them, and cling to the others, ancient and obsolete. They will not look around the country and see for themselves that the successful farmers are young men of progressive spirit that the best and most important government positions are filled by young or compatatively young men—why? Because young men are alive to that fact and keep abreast of the times. It would probably be better for the country's agricultural interests if there wasn't an elderly and unprogressive individual person engaged in farming. They are a hindrance. They won't move themselves in the matter of agricultural advancement, and they won't permit their sons to move. Further, they place it beyond the power of such sons to assert themselves by making them white slaves—human stock bred for utility purposes, whose unfrequent reproaches wrung from their long suffering souls are ever met with the hypocritical argument: "You are my son, did I not bring you into this world?"

What unreasoning pathos to inflict on any thinking man!

What favor have parents done for any son merely by introducing him to this world for the purpose of enduring his free labor which involves the death of that son's ambition, the element necessary to progress and to the production of useful citizenship. Indeed, it is a matter of considerable uncertainty as to whether any parents have really done their children any particular kindness by producing them at all.

Now here comes the hard part of the whole case, and its occurrence is frequent: What ultimate benefit does the stay at home son get? On the death of his father he generally finds that the farm is carefully and equally apportioned between his city brothers and himself, and that his father's place has been taken by them, his position remaining practically the same. The sons who are away from home are always the dearest sons; and like the prodigals industrious brother, very unhappy feelings frequently move the spirit of the poor-stay-at-home son, as on every possible occasion he hears the enthusiastic eulogy of his parents on the brilliant progress of the city brothers.

It is no good reproaching our young people for their departure from the farm. Ye who talk from your high-collared affluence reverse if you can your position and that of the unpaid blood slave, in his unprogressive and hopelessly discouraging atmosphere, place the blame in the right quarter i. e., with the parents.

Justice is all the sons ask. When that is forthcoming the difficulty will vanish. Let the sons displaying natural agricultural tendencies be encouraged by every possible means to remain on the farm. Give them responsibility, give them an interest in their work; they will work better for you than a hired man! As for the sons who show no natural inclination for farming, send them to South Africa or Boston, where you will, for they are not constituted to impress with their half-hearted efforts the agricultural progress of this great land.

THE BROTHER OF THE OTHER PRODIGAL.

THE FARMER'S HOME.

The domesticity of the life of the farmer and his family has been often discussed, and it certainly is a subject which deserves a great deal more attention than it has in the past received. The farm house, and farm life can be made attractive or repulsive. If, as is unfortunately not uncommon the latter is seen, then the young people begin to get a glance at some more pleasant condition of things than exist in their ill-arranged and unpleasant home, the desire to "get away" at any hazard is fanned into increasing strength and the glories of the city are irresistable. To this is very largely due the exodus from the farm to the city which has been so greatly deplored of late, and which has exercised so sinister an influence in many country districts. This is not only the case in Canada. The evil tendency exists in the United States as well, and a farmer's wife, writing in the Baltimore Sun, says that the lot of the farmer's wife is anything but a happy one, and that with "no extra money to spend for what our city friends term relaxation, such as theatre parties, trips to seashore and to mountains, it is no wonder the farmer's wife soon loses her goodlooks and becomes a companion for "the man with the hoe" and it cannot be doubted that the farmer and his boy or help has the advantage as he at least works in the open air in sunshine, while his wife has to remain in a possibly unattractive home, of which the kitchen is her domain from early morning until after dark, bakens to raise and the thousand and ing, boiling, frying, day after day, with the hired man to cook for, chick one things that go to make up the life of the average farmer's wife The picture is certainly not attractive, and the lot of the farmer's wife in nine cases out of ten is not a happy one. The difficulty of getting hired help for the farmhouse is one of the hardships of farm life and makes the life of the farmer's wife truly an arduous one, and the only way to overcome this is by endeavoring to keep the girls on the farm. This can be done by a very material reform in the economy of rural life. The house must be more up-to-date and the resources of civilization which are now easily obtained brought into play and made to follow up the benefits accorded by the public schools. The remedy for the evil complained of, lies in the hands of the farmers themselves. They must encourage the travelling library municipal telephones, which will bring household into touch with household. They must have good roads and ready means of communication, and spare no means nor expense to promote the construction of electric railways. They will find it to their advantage to give the necessary lands for the purpose. With such progressive methods put in practice there is no reason why rural life should not be infinitely more pleasant than urban. The Farmers' Institutes which are proving such great agencies of education have done much to promote the improvement of the farm house and its surroundings; but the farmers themselves must co-operate, and it is to be hoped that a very few years will see great and rapid advances witnessed in respect to the matters referred to.

Minard's Liniment cures garget in cows.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

ALMOST LOST.

But Saved Through a Letter from an old Acquaintance.

To the Editor of the Monitor:—

I feel it a duty to let the public know through your paper what a close call I had and how I escaped. I was engaged as brakesman on the C. P. R., and contracted rheumatism, which soon became chronic. I became unfitted for work, and finally was unable to walk, in which condition I was when a letter from a friend in Winnipeg told me of Dr. Clarke's wonderful Little Red Pills, and how they had cured several of his acquaintances. I resolved to try them and it was only after taking six bottles that I began to improve. I am now, I am pleased to say, as well as ever, and back at my old occupation. I believe I would have died had it not been for this marvellous medicine.—A. F. Wood C. P. R., Montreal.

Thos. F. Gallwan, Marbank, Ont., says: Your pills are giving good results. My case is one of exzema of 17 years standing.

F. H. Yaets, Marlbank, Ont., says: I have had stomach trouble for over two years, and tried different remedies. Three boxes of Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills did me more good than anything I ever tried.

Peter D. McFadyen, Riverdale, P. E. I., writes: I have used your pills for stomach trouble and found them a wonder. Your catarrh cure is also a perfect cure.

Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills are a certain cure for rheumatism, asthma, paralysis, 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 everywhere. The Canada Chemical Company, Peterboro, Ont., will forfeit $10 for any case that these pills do not help.

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.

Keep Your Memory Busy.

Memory does not "fail"—except in loss of all the faculties; simply gets weak and languid for want of use—just as the physical organs do.

People often say "My memory is failing," when it is really as good as ever, if they would give it a chance. A word, a date, a name an incident comes up—when you want it. There is no possible way of remembering it. You make two or three efforts give it up, and say:

"There's no use; it's gone from me."

Nonsense! It hasn't. It is there just as much as it ever was only there are a lot of things over it. Keep at work bring your will to bear upon it; try and try and after a while you can get it; so says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

And, better, you will find that the exercise required in remembering it will help you next time, and that a little toil and determination put together will accomplish wonders in the whole range of the faculties. Look over your memory, see where you are the most deficient and exercise it in that respect. You can do it at any odd time—while you are walking, reining, resting after a day's work, or listening perforce to a dull speaker. Don't let a few failures discourage you The long corridors of recollection, lined with valuable material, will be opened for you, because of your importunity, if you use it.

Value of Knowledge.

Many people are satisfied to have just and only just enough knowledge to get along with. Not so with the late Senator Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota; one of the most scholarly men the United States has produced. He once said:

"I believe in superfluous knowledge. I have little faith in the thing called genius. I think any young man can attain success, and great success, by good, hard, studious labor, not intermittent labor, but conscientious, constant effort The men who have achieved success are the men who have worked, read, thought more than was absolutely necessary, who have not been content with knowledge sufficient for the present need, but who have stored additional knowledge and stored it away for an emergency reserve. It is this superfluous labor that equips a man for everything that counts most in life."

Take Time.

To say yes to a proposition which involves a big expenditure of cash.

To consider a suggestion for a night out with the boys.

To make up your mind as to a man's disposition and honesty.

To weigh an innuendo against a woman before repeating it,

To investigate before condemning on hearsay evidence,

To explain your proposition before looking for a favorable reply.

To think of what is best to be done in a trying situation that is to come.

To arrange your business affairs before starting on a long journey.

To answer your wife's questions about current events.

To consider your husband's taste in making up a dinner menu.

Asthma can be Cured.

Thousands of testimonials conclusively prove that Asthma can be permanently cured by inhaling catarrhozone, a vegetable antiseptic that destroys the germs causing the diseases. Catarrhozone gives immediate relief to the distressing cough and suffocating sensations, makes breathing easy and regular and insures undisturbed sleep. Catarrhozone cures Asthma that doctors are unable to relieve, and can cure you. The Catarrhozone inhaler is made of hard rubber, fits into the vest pocket, can be used at work, in church, in the street, in bed—any place—at any time. Two months' treatment (guaranteed) price $1. trial size 25c. Druggists or N, C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.
Try Dr. Hamilton's mandrake pills.

—One way to come squarely at the real spirit that actuates our own and other nations in the prosecution of certain wars, would be to assume that God had positively made known to mankind that the end of all things sublunary would come next week. We would then realize just how much of sincerity and righteousness there is in our efforts to "civilize a barbarous humanity." One day this and all such questions, personal and national, will be viewed in just such light—the light of the judgment throne of Almighty God.

A pipeful of "Amber" Plug Smoking Tobacco will burn 75 minutes. "Test it?" Save the tags, they are valuable.

He—"It is reported around town that we are engaged."

She—"Is it? What idiotic things people do say."

A LASS OF ARRAN.

(Continued from first page.)

"It is Will! It is Will!"

They brought him into the Brodick house, and while one man ran for the doctor the elder applied gimself such rude surgery as his long experience of sea life had taught him. Will was insensible and bleeding from the nose and mouth, but in a few hours he had regained consciousness and was sleeping off the fatigue of his gigantic efforts. Then Mrs. Brodick rested a little from her labors over him and asked the elder how he had been so badly hurt.

"We should all have been but dead men if the Great Father of the lake of Galilee had not been with us," said Brodick reverently. "Will did wonders with his help. We found the little craft on the reef, but we did not dare to go close to her in the black night. She had foundered but her topmast was above the water line, though often washed by the big waves, and on this mast there were two men and a wee laddie twelve years old. They had tied the poor bairn to the cage and were gripping aard themselves, and we stood by them all night long. And so whenever there was a bit lull in the wind then Will called out—and you ken what a voice he has—loud and clear as a trumpet: 'Hold on! Hold on until morning!' And at the first peep of light we went to them, but we could not get close and it was Will that swam off and brought them all to the boat, and the third time he was at the last pinch of strength, for the waves throttled him and beat him and his burden out of the water, both of them senseless and poor Will bleeding sair and the very image of death. But he'll be a' right in a day or two, and as long as he lives he may take the joy of them three lives for his guerdon. He is a brave man."

"And a good man, Robert."

"Aye, or he would not be brave."

Will remained four days at Brodick's and during that time was tenderly cared for by the women of the house. It was a good time for him—a new, delicious torpor, full of the presence of Helen, filled him with rest and happiness. And to have this noble, unselfish giant as dependent on her mercy and kindness as a baby brought the love in Helen's heart to a rich and sudden ripeness. On the afternoon of the fourth day Mrs. Brodick opened the door of Will's room. He was sitting in a big chair by the fire, but he never saw her, for Helen's arms were around his neck and her face was against his face, and the whole world was in their embrace. Then the good woman softly closed the door and went on tiptoes into the house place. There was a radiant smile on her face and she roused the elder from his afternoon nap, saying:

"Wake up, Robert! I hae good news for you. It is a' right, it is a' right in yonder."

"I ken it would be."

"And they shall have a big wedding. You shall gie them the cottage on the brae head, and I will plenish it. Man Robert, just to think of the pleasure they will be to us, they and their bairns—little lads and lassies, called by our names and running in and out of the house, and maybe a minister among them. If there is a big family we might spare one of the lads."

"The very best of the lot, Mattie."

"To be sure. By the time he gets through the theology college he will be warldlike enough. Let us go and speak to the bairns. They are awfu' shy to tell their own tale, I have nae doubt."

And they went in together and just looked at the lovers, and the tale was told. And then there were hand grips and kisses and the good mother could not keep her projects for their happiness and would have Helen sit down with her and "talk o'er the napery and crockery." And Will and the elder spoke of the house and the boat and of Will's final purpose to join the great North sea trawling fleet, and to all this pleasant planning and talk the exercise came at length as a solemn peace and blessing.

After it the two women went away together for a last five minutes' talk, and the mother said, "you are very happy, Helen, and you are going to be far happier, my dear lassie."

"I believe so, mother."

"Love is the great thing in life, Helen."

"I am sure of it and yet, mother—"

"What dearie?"

"It is not the greatest thing. I thought once that it was, but I found out through many weariful, sorrowful days that honor and truth and courage are still greater things and that love is not worth a penny bit unless it grows out of the same stem with them. That is why I love Will. I cannot separate his love from his honor and truth and courage, and so my heart rests surely on him."

I could not love you dear, so much
Loved I not honor more.

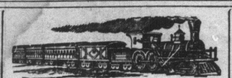
Pimples, Blotches and Skin Eruptions.

How unsightly, sometimes even disgusting, and certainly very mortifying to the sufferer. They indicate simply impure blood, and lowered vitality of the elementary organs, which can be quickly changed by taking Ferrozone after meals. Ferrozone cleanses the blood of all poisons and eruptions, makes it rich in red corpuscles that manifest themselves in a healthy ruddy complexion. To have a pure, soft skin and good complexion simply use Ferrozone regularly. Price 50 cents per box or six boxes for $2.50 at druggists or N. C. Polson & Co. Kingston, Ont.
Try Dr. Hamilton's mandrake pills.

LATE LITERARY NEWS.

Not to be familiar with those leading figures in the world of finance and production who are denominated "Captains of Industry" is not to be able to read the daily papers understandingly. The Cosmopolitan has undertaken to have prepared by the sketches of some sixty of these foremost men in the industrial world. No more entertaining reading ever appeared in that magazine. The undertaking is exciting wide interest in every part of the world.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.



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—AND—
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—AND—
Boston via Yarmouth.

'Land of Evangeline' Route

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 29TH, 1902, the Steamship and Train Service of this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):—

Trains will Arrive at Bridgetown:
Express from Halifax..... 12 04 a.m
Express from Yarmouth..... 2 22 p.m
Accom. from Richmond..... 5.30 p.m
Accom. from Annapolis..... 7.30 a.m

S. S. "Prince George," 'Prince Arthur,' and 'Boston,'
2400 Gross Tonnage, 7000 H. P.
by far the finest and fastest steamers plying out of Boston, leave Yarmouth, N. S., daily, immediately on arrival of the Express trains, arriving in Boston early next morning.
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1,250 Gross Tonnage; 3,000 Horse Power.
ST. JOHN and DIGBY,
Daily Service.
Leaves St. John..... 7.45 a.m
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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.

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FANFARE

imported 1890 by J. W. Akin & Son, of Scipio, N. Y., is entered for registry in the French Coach Horse Stud Book of America, and his recorded number is 721.
PEDIGREE: Bred by M. Paisant, of Periers en Auge, department of Calvados, got by the government stallion Epaphus, dam N. by Le More.
DESCRIPTION: Jet black; weight 1280. Perfect disposition. Fine roader.
☞Will stand for the present at my stables at Bridgetown.
TERMS: Season $10.00; warrant $15.00.
J. R. DeWITT.
Bridgetown, April 30th, 1902.—3m

$44,916.00
Was the amount paid in one year to
50 Graduates and 50 Under-Graduates
—OF THE—
MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE
HALIFAX, N. S.
Who were less than two years rom college.
Average monthly salary..... $37.43
Tuition cost (average 4 months)..... 34.00
Wages per month..... $20.00 to $60.00
We do not guarantee situations in order to secure students, but Maritime trained students get good salaries. If your income is less than this you had better send at once for our Illustrated Calendar.
KAULBACH & SCHURMAN,
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CARRIAGE SHOP
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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 Varnishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 2tiy

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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.

Notice to the Public
As I am an authorized agent of the Herbaroot Medical Company, of Montreal, for the sale of Herbaroot Tablets and Powders, the great family medicine and KING OF BLOOD PURIFIERS, for the cure of Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Torpidity of the Liver, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Constipation, Pains in the Back, Female Weaknesses, and all impurities of the blood, I would say to those in poor health that I will send by mail to any address on receipt of price, Herbaroot Tablets.
200 days' treatment, with guarantee, - $1.00
100 " " " " " - .50
Herbaroot Powder, per package..... .50
Inhaler..... .25
Herbaroot Powder cures Catarrh, Sore Throat, stops Headache and relieves Asthma.
T. J. Eagleson, Bridgetown, N. S.

NOTICE
All persons having legal demand against the estate of Samuel M. Witham, late of Clarence, deceased, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested within six months from date, and all persons indebted to the estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to
IDA MAY WITHAM,
Administratrix.
Clarence, March 28th, 1902.

HOME AND CHILD
Does your horse "feel his oats"? What a difference between the grain-fed and the grass-fed horse! The first strong and full of ginger, the second flabby, weak and tired out before he begins. The feeding makes the difference.
Children are not alike either. One is rosy, bright-eyed, full of life and laughter, another is pale, weak and dull. The feeding again is responsible.
Sickly children need special feeding. They don't "feel their oats". Scott's Emulsion adds just the right richness to their diet. It is like grain to the horse. The child gets new appetite and strong digestion.
Scott's Emulsion is more than food. It is a strong medicine. It rouses up dull children, puts new flesh on thin ones and red blood into pale ones. It makes children grow. Scott's Emulsion makes ordinary food do its duty.

This picture represents the Trade Mark of Scott's Emulsion and is on the wrapper of every bottle.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE,
TORONTO CANADA
50c and $1. all druggists.

BUY THE HIGH SPEED
'STANDARD'
Rotary Shuttle,
Combines 2 machines in one.
The Lightest Running and Fastest Stitching machine made.
Latest Improved Attachments that do work that no other machine can do.
The Standard stitches one-third faster than any old style machine, thus saving one day in three.
W. A. CHESLEY,
Granville St. Bridgetown

The People's Holiday.
A CHEAP FARE FROM EVERYWHERE
—TO—
CANADA'S
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EXHIBITION.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
AUG. 30th TO SEPT. 6th, 1902.
Over $12,000 Offered in Prizes.
Also, a number of Interesting Specials.
Live Stock enter on 30th August and leaves on 6th September.
Entries Close August 18th. Late entries pay double fees. Exhibits carried at low rates.
Live Stock judges will explain their awards and spectators will find seats beside the ring.
Watch for our amusement programme.
Speed department at Moose Park. Announcement of Classes and Purses will appear later.
For entry forms, prize lists and all information, address
D. J. McLAUGHLIN, President, W. W. HUBBARD, Manager and Secretary. St. John, N. B.

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Doors, Sashes, Mouldings, Building Material and Finish of all kinds.
Screen Windows and Doors a specialty.
Prompt Attention given to Jobbing.
Plans and Estimates Furnished.
Your patronage solicited.
Box 92. BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Navigation Open!
Schr. PACKET leaves Tupperville fot St. John this week.
The TEMPLE BAR leaves Annapolis for St. John about the 23rd.
The subscriber will have a full stock of Lime, Cedar Shingles, Salt, etc., first schooners.
We still have a quantity of hard and soft COAL.
J. H. LONGMIRE & SON,
Bridgetown, March 12, 1902.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED
We want at once trustworthy men and women in every locality, local or traveling, to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cards and advertising matter tacked up in conspicious places throughout the town and country. Steady employment year round commission or salary, $65 per Month and Expenses, not to exceed $2.50 per day.
Write for particulars. Post Office Box 337,
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WANTED
Good, smart agent to represent us in Nova Scotia for the sale of hardy Fruit and Ornamental stock. Sample case supplied free. Good pay weekly. We offer special inducements to any one who will make a specialty of ornamental business, having over 600 acres in cultivation we are in a position to give best possible satisfaction. Apply now. Pelham Nursery Co., Toronto, Ont.

TO LET
The Brick House belonging to the estate of late Robt. E. F'Randolph.
April 3rd, 1901.

The Household.

Decorative Effect of Green Leaves.

Few people appreciate the decorative value of green leaves in home adornment. Flowers appeal to everyone, and to have every available nook and corner filled with artistically arranged bowls and vases throughout the summer is an unwritten law of modern aesthetics, and one of the most delightful fashions of the day, says the Tribune. But the exquisite foliage effects that may be produced by the use of the numberless varieties of forest leaves growing on their own graceful branches are only just becoming a part of the house beautiful. The average woman would never dream of filling her vases with leaves occasionally, instead of flowers, and yet the effect of a uniformly green decoration occasionally is indescribably cool and refreshing. There is a certain gray stone fireplace in a country house near this city that is always decorated with green, and the effect is lovely. "Color always seems to spoil it," said the house mistress, as she put two delicate beechen branches against the silvery gray of the stone in a couple of green Japanese jugs on the mantel, and then deftly arranged a mass of oak, chestnut and sassafras foliage at the base of the heavy granite slides. "See," she added, putting a vase of yellow lilies near the green tracery of the beechen sprays, "they quite ruin the effect here though they are perfect on the little oak table in the corner against that piece of tapestry. I find the law of becomingness has to be considered as much with inanimate objects as with human beings But to go back to foliage effects," she continued, "no one adores flowers more than I do. but I make it a rule occasionally to deck the house and table with nothing but green leaves and the effect is always noticed and admired."

It is not generally known that an open fireplace affords in summer excellent conditions for a fernery, combining as it does fresh air with shade. There are two ways of utilizing a chimney in this way which are equally pretty. One is to have a piece of flat sheet iron, turned up at the edges, so as to retain the moisture. Upon it place ferns in pots of different heights, and then conceal the pots with selected rocks. Ivies and mosses can also be planted with the ferns and an artistic rookery will be the result. Another pretty effect that may be produced is to arrange logs that have previously been hollowed out like a trough one above the other. Dirt is placed in the troughs, and in each ferns are planted, so that every log is a rustic jardiniere in itself. If both logs and rocks are carefully chosen they are decorative in themselves, as the lichens with which they are often covered are indeed beautiful.

Experiences for the Inexperienced.

Some things which all young housekeepers and some old housekeepers need to know and which are told in no cooking book, household magazine or other compendium of housewifery, are the various dodges and substitutions practiced by those to whom necessity is the mother of invention. We can all remember the time when we did not know enough to freshen our crackers by placing them in a hot oven for a few minutes; rather than wastefully throw them away, we patiently ate the soft and tasteless things. There was also a period when if our soup was oversalted before coming to the table, we had not learned to add a teaspoonful of brown sugar to the tureen. If too much pepper was the fault, it was a dense mystery yet to be unfolded, that a cup of cream or milk would alleviate it. We know now that if our pastry flour be exhausted and we wish to make a cake before the delivery wagon calls, we may use common bread flour if we piece it out with one-third or one-quarter corn starch. The butter, too, in cake-making, may be replaced with suet or chicken fat, if carefully tried out and not mixed with other shortening; a speck of salt must be added. The housewife who plans to make graham bread and finds the graham flour bag empty, may mix with her warm water, yeast and molasses such remnants as were left from the breakfast cereal, making the dough pretty stiff with white flour.

We learned long ago that there is nearly always tao much syrup in canned fruit, and some of as added it to our mincemeat at Thanksgiving or at Christmas; but we do not make mince pie every day nor at all seasons. Therefore we use the syrup of peaches apricots, cherries, or whatever, for pudding-sauce, merely heating it; or it may be heated with a lump of butter just before serving; or it may be thickened with flour stirred up in cold water, with a little extra sugar and again the butter; and if the canned fruit was very delicious indeed, in quality, gelatine soaked and added to the superfluous syrup makes a fruit jelly that cannot be surpassed.

When making molasses cookies, if the jug flatly refuses to quite fill the measure, piece out the recipe with the brown or even white sugar; but we must not imagine that if we have nearly enough molasses it will do without adding the sugar. The gingerbread or cookies must have sufficient sweetening. Again, if we fall short of sour milk when that ingredient is required, we may pour in sufficient cold water to fill up the bowl or cup, but we must not use sweet milk with sour it is more disastrous than adding new cloth to an old garment.

Useful Hints.

When tea gets cold, don't throw it away but dilute it with water and wash your oilcloth with it. Cold tea is also the best thing to wash ferns with.

When you have to use currants, wash and dry them well, and then flrop them, a few at a time, on a plate, and you will soon hear if there are any stones in them.

Remember when making short paste that the butter is added to the flour before the ingredients are mixed together; but in the case of puff paste good for tarts, the butter is not added till after the mixture is on the board.

Smelts are delicious covered with lemon juice and allowed to stand for an hour before cooking. Then roll them in flour and saute or fry them in deep fat. If, after the fish have been rolled in the flour the heads and tails are fastened together with a toothpick, and they are cooked in that shape, they may be used as a border for the platter, while the potatoes occupy the centre. The fastenings should, of course, be removed before sending them to the table.

Sweet Corn Croquettes.

Take any left-over corn, chop fine, add two parts mashed potato to one of corn, salt, pepper, shape any way you wish, dip in egg or not, cook in deep fat, or make in flat cakes and fry in spider; serve with fried eggs.

Ham Toast.

Take remnants of cold ham (boiled or fried) chop very fine, pepper, salt and a dash of cayenne; a little hot water, a little sauce, apple sauce, for instance, makes a delicious breakfast.

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.

Joker's Corner.

THE JOKE WILL TURN.

Chauncey M. Depew, the senator from New York, and Samuel L. Clemens, the humorist, were crossing the ocean on the same steamer. One evening, after dinner, says the New York Herald, it was suggested that, following the time honored custom in the United States, the diners make speeches. Mr. Clemens made a characteristic address, such as might have been expected from one whose writings are so well known under tae nom de plume of Mark Twain.

"It was understood," said Senator Depew, when called on to speak, "that Mr. Clemens and I should write out our speeches for this occasion in advance and their exchange manuscripts. We have done so, but I regret to say that I have forgotten Mr. Clemens' speech."

The senator then took his seat. His auditors roared in appreciation of the joke.

The next day an Englishman met Mr. Clemens on deck.

"I say," he remarked, "I have always heard that Senator Depew was remarkably clever, but what wretched drivel of his that was that you were obliged to recite last night!"

NOT A TITLE.

Mrs. Norton came home from a call one day in such a disturbed condition that it was evident tears were not far in the background. She lost no time in beginning her explanation.

"John," she said to her husband, "I am so mortified I don't know what to do."

"What is the matter, my dear?"

"I have just been calling on Mrs. Peverill. You know her husband, Major Peverill?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have just learned today to my horror, that 'Major' isn't his title at all, but his first name."

"Why, certainly, I've always known that. What is there so mortyfying about it?"

"Nothing" said Mrs. Norton with a groan, "only that I've been calling him 'Major' every time I've met him for the last six months."

WASHINGTON TRADITIONS VERIFIED.

At a little dinner the other night, the statement was made that the colored race had longer memories than white folk. Mark Twain, who was present, agreed with the remark, and to prove it told the following:

"Some years ago when South, I met an old colored man who claimed to have known George Washington. I asked him if he was in the boat when General Washington crossed the Delaware, and he instantly replied: 'Lor, massa, I steered dat boat.' "

"Well, said I, 'do you remember when George took the hack at the cherry tree?'"

"He looked worried for a minute, and then, with a beaming smile, said: "'Why, massa, I dun drove dat hack myself!' "

WHAT A SWEDE THOUGHT FUNNY.

A belated wayfarer was passing a public house late at night when a foreigner was ejected therefrom who bore all the signs of extremely rough usage but nevertheless was laughing immoderately. 'What is the joke?' the gentleman asked 'Why,' said the other, 'a man came up to me just now, and and he said, 'Tabe that you bloomnose, and said, "Take that you blooming Norwegian," ' and he fell to laughing again. 'But,' said the gentleman, 'I don't see anything funny in that.' 'No,' the man answered, 'but then he hit me a crack in the eyes and afterwards knocked out my teeth saying, "And take that too you blooming Norwegian." ' But still I can't see anything funny.' 'Ho, Ho, Ho!' the other yelled 'The joke is that I'm a Swede.'

REPLANTING THE SEEDS.

Nubbins (shouting across the garden fence to his next door neighbor)—"Hi, there! What are you burying in that hole?"

Neighbor—"Oh, I'm just replanting some of my garden seeds."

Nubbins—"Garden seeds, eh! Looks to me very much like one of my hens you have."

Neighbor—"That's all right. The seeds are inside her."

SCOTCH THRIFT.

The ferryboat was well on her way when a violent storm rose, and fears were entertained for her safety.

The ferryman and his mate, both Scotchmen, held a consultation, and after a short debate the ferryman turned to his passengers and remarked an