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May 28

*The matter which this page contains is carefully selected from various sources; and we guarantee that, to any intelligent farmer or housewife, the contents of this single page, from week to week during the year, will be worth several times the subscription price of the paper.

SPRING.

Springtime has come, with her promise of flowers,
Come with the budding of bare, leaf-
less trees.
Come with the sunlight and swift-pass-
ing showers,
Whisper of summer to be in the
breeze.
Shine out to meet her, earth stars that
have hidden
Under the ground through the deso-
late days,
Haste to the least to which all things
are bidden
To welcome the springtime, and
yield her our praise.

How shall we render her thanks for her
coming?
Long reign the Winter, and cruel
die away.
While in far happier lands she was
roaming,
She who has come back to rule us to-
day.

How shall we show her our true adora-
tion?
Though earth and heaven together
should sing,
Yet not sufficiently great the ovation
Which we would give her—our well-
beloved Spring.

Snow-drop and crocus have blossomed
before her,
Messengers of her glory to be;
Blue skies stretched radiant their can-
opies o'er her,
Swallow and Cuckoo return o'er her
nest.

So with all reverence come forth to
meet her,
Nature uniting in one joyous voice,
Mountains and valleys re-echo to greet
her.

Spring is come back to us—All things
rejoice.

—C. Grant Duff.

THE HOME.

Housecleaning.

Now Edna Elizabeth, don't lay out to
kill yourself cleaning house! It is
mighty nice to get it all done in a few
days, I know, but it is a deal nicer to
feel as if you had a little life and
strength left to enjoy all after you are
through."

This is what mother says almost
every housecleaning time, and I always
say, "Yes, mother, and go about my
work in the sensible manner she
taught me years ago, though she, dear
old soul, still thinks me in need of her
counsel and teaching."

Yes, it is a long, long time since
then, but I still remember the young
girl who stood in the back door with
sleeves rolled up to her elbows, hair
tucked up in a mob cap, at least all
that would stay tucked up, and a big
blue denim apron quite enveloping her
from head to foot. How she did work,
and how she did blush when someone
came up to the fence where she was
struggling with a dusty carpet and
took the stick out of her dusty hands as
if by right and thought that old carpet
so rigorously as to quite rend it in
two.

The same girl or old maid will clean
house this spring, yet the work does
not have the pety in it that it used to
have, and there will be no one to hang
over the fence and say some pleasant
word to live in her memory through all
the long hard day.

Then this girl will not wear any blue
denim apron, since she has invaded
denim, or denim invaded her, I am at a
loss to know just which. "Why we
keep all that kind of thing for the best
rooms," mother would say.

No, she will not wear a blue denim
apron. Ah, no, if that were the only
difficulty, but it is not, for the mob
cap will be replaced by a towel and
there will be no trouble about the
hair; it has ceased its rebellious curl-
ing long ago, what there is left out of
the pretty mob cap, with the curling
hair, have all vanished with the
golden days of youth, whose bur-
dens were never heavy, whose hours
were never too long, for joy came in the
morning and faded through all the
day and vanished not with the evening
light.

Though these have all gone, house-
cleaning remains just as fashionable as
ever. Each spring and fall it natters its
way and there is no appeal, so we
quietly submit.

"Now, Lisbeth, you had best do your
baking this week; I can help you on
the fruit cake and cookies."

Mother always planned to do a good
amount of cooking and baking before
she began to clean, and I have found it
a very good plan indeed. But one
thing we never did, that is, clean in
the very early spring, while it is
cold, damp and muddy. The bright,
warm days of the latter part of
spring, when all nature seems to be
rejoicing at the return of warm
weather; when through open doors and
windows the air comes with the sweet
woody smell of trees and shrubs and
grass. The caw of the crow actually sounds
sweet after the long death of bird-
muzz; and out from some fence corner
comes the long-looked-for note of the
meadow lark always hailed with de-
light, for we know that spring has
surely come when we hear his wonder-
ful notes, that grows only the sweeter
the more one hears them.

These are the days for housecleaning;
when one can take every one of
doors, spread the soft green grass knee
deep with bedding, to get filled full of
"ozone" in exchange for dust and dirt,
and fill long lines with soft white
curtains, sheets, and bed spreads, that
shall come in full of the air of heaven
to grace the clean rooms.

Then it is just the time to fill the
porches with all the furniture one can
get out; it is such a fine place to clean
and stretch it with warm air and sun.
Though we seldom take but one
room at a time we frequently put all
outdoors we can, the sunlight and air
are such cleansers. From mother I
have learned to make haste slowly,
finding it a good way to save time.
Then when through I am ready to take

a long walk out to the lake, down by
the river side, or through the woods
with basket, knife and shears, bringing
home many a pretty bit of nature to
adorn the clean rooms.—Edna, in
Housekeeper.

Guinea Pigs.

ANNE E. WILSON.

A few weeks ago we were among
those who had never seen a Guinea pig.
Certainly, those who have only heard
the name, would miss it far if they
tried to picture to themselves from
that the little animal which it repre-
sents, for in nothing as far as we can
see, are they at all akin to the pig, ex-
cept that both squeal.

The little boy of our household was
not long ago riding with his father, who
is a physician. At one house, he be-
came so much interested in a family of
Guinea pigs, that two were given him
as a present. He brought them home
in a box, and never before, I think, did
two pets give greater pleasure and less
trouble.

They are little creatures, somewhat
the shape of young rabbits, only with
small, short legs, small ears and bright
eyes. Their hair is soft and silky, and
our two, whom the children have dub-
bed Jack and Jill are spotted with
brown, black and white, Jack having
most of brown, Jill the most white.
They wash their faces as rabbits and kit-
tens do and are fed on cabbage, lettuce,
hay, biscuit, etc. They are fond of
bananas and sugar cakes.

The six little girls carry them about
the house in the time of their com-
munications, and under their aprons. They
are gentle and harmless, but we cannot tell
as yet whether or not they will develop
any real affection for their human play-
mates. They have a cunning way of
sneaking volitionally whenever things
do not suit them, which always brings
the children scampering from every
part of the house, most likely a few
grown people besides, to see what is
the matter with the Guinea pigs.

Sometimes, we sit at the table talk-
ing, they will break forth suddenly,
squealing with all their might from
some invisible quarter and we discover
one or both concealed under the long
hair of one of the little girls. But
mother thinks this is carrying things
too far, and has strictly forbidden their
being brought to the table.

As this is our first acquaintance with
the Guinea pig, every new accomplish-
ment which it performs is a com-
plete surprise. Yesterday morning, as
we sat around the fire, the Guinea pigs
frisking about the floor like two play-
ful kittens, we heard from the corner
over their box a musical sound as of
the wind breathing soft and low, and
found it was Jack singing or talking
to his little mate. When bedtime
comes, the children turn them loose in
their dolls' playhouses with a pile of
cotton batting for the corner for them
to struggle in and hide their eyes, for
it is in what they always try to do
when any supposed danger approaches.

They have a curious habit of sleep-
ing by turns, one watching while the
other sleeps. When the little watch-
er gets sleepy and tired he can't stand
it any longer, he sets up such a squeal-
ing as never was heard, until he wakes
up his companion and induces him to
change places. This is very interest-
ing and amusing, but as it happens
several times during the night, it
makes them not very desirable neigh-
bors, so papa never forgets to put them
into their own box before he retires
and to defend that in the most distant
corner of the hall.

There is one horrible story about
them which comes to us by tradition.
It is said they sometimes become in
their old age vicious cannibals, even
devouring their own offspring. This
seems utterly incredible of such gentle
little creatures, even if ill-fed or starv-
ing, so we do not intend to believe it
until we must. One thing is beyond a
doubt, they have a most marvelous
faculty for taking care of themselves,
for with the many little feet that are
pattering round the Guinea pigs all the
time, not once has anyone stepped on
them. When some big body comes
near them, they curl up and make a
destruction seems inevitable for the
mites, instead of the pitiful squeal or
dead body, we see a small object scud-
ding across the room like lightning to
a place of safety. We all think Guinea
pigs are the dearest little pets in the
world.—The Housekeeper.

THE FARM.

The Culture of Pumpkins.

The use of pumpkins as a fall and
winter food for cattle cannot be too
highly recommended, and the fact that
they are the cheapest and most easily
raised of all our winter green foods is
not generally known, or at least not
acted upon. Coming at a time when
pasture is getting very short and before
the farmer wants to commence using
his roots, they bridge the gap between
summer pasture of soiling and winter
barn feeding, and keep up the flow of
milk which so often falls off about this
time.

Those who plant them usually drop
just a few seeds in the hill with the
corn, and let them take their chance
and make something if they can. This
is wrong, for the pumpkin being a plant
that requires a great deal of moisture
and sun, does not get enough of either.
The former it has to share with the
corn, which also needs lot of moisture,
especially during the growing season,
and the sunshine is shut off by the
foliage of the corn; in addition to this
there is very little land that is rich
enough to support two crops. Pumpkins
are especially grown by themselves like
other crops.

For a pumpkin patch choose a light
soil. A sandy piece of bottom is the best
thing, the richer the better, of course;
though comparatively poor soil will do.
After ploughing and harrow-
ing, lay it off in check rows ten feet
each way. At each check dig a small
hole and put in one or two forkfuls
of manure, or which is quicker, throw
out a double furrow with the ploughing
and then put your manure in the
checks. The pumpkin, like corn, is a
coarse feeder and does not need the
manure to be thoroughly rotted, but
makes large returns for a liberal appli-
cation. Cover up the manure with
three or four inches of earth, making a

perceptible "hill." Sow four or five
seeds in each hill as soon as danger of
frost is over, which in this part is about
the first of May. When in second or
third leaf, thin to two plants in a hill,
and if the ground is rich, they may
with advantage be again thinned to
one, when danger from the striped bug
is over, about the time the plants begin
to run. They should be cultivated al-
ternate ways every couple of weeks till
they begin to run, which will be in
about two months from sowing, when
they will very soon completely cover
the ground, and so keep the weeds down
themselves.

The pumpkins should be gathered as
soon as the first light frost has killed
the leaves, and stored in a cool place
where frost will not reach them. A
good plan is to put them on a barn
floor, or other place, where they can be
sorted as they are fed, using the first
that are beginning to rot. In this way
they may be kept till the first or middle
of January, where the thermometer
does not fall below fifteen or twenty de-
grees of frost.

Besides being excellent food for cat-
tle, hogs are very fond of them, and they
are a great means of keeping them in
health while being fattened. Sheep also
eat them with relish when they get ac-
customed to them.—Country Gentleman.

The Forehanded Man.

The forehanded farmer always has
something to sell. His crops are
varied. He hesitates to put too many
eggs in one basket, or to give too
much attention to one particular crop.
He needs to produce plenty of live
stock and to have it ready for sale at
pretty much any time, but particularly
at the time when his taxes or other
well defined and well understood pay-
ments come due. His hogs form a
stable crop, but he can without much
difficulty raise as well as few cattle and
calves every year, a bunch of lambs or
of weaners, an acre or two of potatoes
and a crop of turnips to follow the
early ones. He has a good flock of
fowls and probably one of turkeys, of
ducks or of geese, either of which will
afford spending money for the lesser
part of the household every month of
the year. Being forehanded he keeps a
few good milk cows, the female
calves from which, if by a good sire, are
always in demand, because good milk-
ers, and the sires may be either killed
the winter for home use or sold for
beef. Then his folks are apt at butter-
making, and good butter is always in
demand at paying prices, and his skim
and butter milk make an admirable
food for cattle and calves, poultry and
pigs, and the more he has of it the bet-
ter. His aim must be to get into stock
as much as possible to consume all his
farm produce, for the forehanded farmer
cannot afford to haul hay, or corn,
or butter, or any of his products, or
carry it, then, in a manufactured form,
and therefore at a minimum of ex-
pense. The days of grain, tobacco,
cotton, hemp, etc., etc., are passed.
Small farms, diversified farming, rota-
tion of crops, and everything else that
is now the order of the day. It is that
or nothing.

But here is a caution. The season is
at hand in which the farmer will put in
twelve or fifteen hours a day at work
and see that every line on the farm
does the same. He will hardly stop
during that time long enough to eat his
food properly, and take no time to
either read or think. Is this good
policy? Is it either prudent or profit-
able? The women in the house will be
compelled to work hours longer than
the men outside. Will that pay? Some
of these are mothers and have duties
and responsibilities as such, which if
found in any kind of stock work, or
anything else, will be a relief from work.
Surely the farmer will not overwork his
wife more than he would his stock, or
himself to a point where thinking is out of the
question and planning impossible. The
average farmer, however, will survive at
nothing short of getting the work done,
no matter how, or what the conse-
quences, so long as it is done. It is a
tool-hardy policy. It will not pay
either in money or health. Let us take
time to think, to read, to plan and to
live. There are duties in these regards
that we owe to ourselves, our wives,
our progeny, and our success, that are
not met with in brute force.—Colman's
Rural World.

The vast facilities of the J. C. Ayer
Co., of Lowell, Mass., enable them to
place The Superior Blood Purifier—
Ayer's Sarsaparilla—within easy reach
of the poorest invalid. Don't be in-
duced to take a "cheap" substitute.
Always remember that the best is the
cheapest.

BAKER TO THE QUEEN.—There is at
Perth, in Scotland, an old woman who
might use the sign "Baker to the
Queen" in a much more literal sense
than those dignified words usually have.
She can make shortbread to Her Ma-
jesty's liking, and no one else can. Sub-
sequently, 365 days in the year she
makes, bakes, packs and sends to the
Queen a loaf of that dainty.

In all cases, where a mild but effec-
tive aperient is needed, Ayer's Pills are
the best. They improve the appetite,
restore healthy action, promote diges-
tion, and regulate every function. No
pill is in greater demand, or more high-
ly recommended by the profession.

"Don't you believe the world is grow-
ing better?" asked the enthusiastic
young woman. "Well," replied the
old gentleman, "the older people are
less pious and the younger people are
less wicked, and I think the world is
better than it was a few years ago."
But I do not think the young men of
the present day have half the enter-
prise or judgment of those of my time."

Sufferers from the grippe should not
despair—Putnam's Emulsion is the best
tonic for them. A bottle or two taken
as they are getting well will hasten
their recovery—perhaps saving them
months of lassitude and debility.

Farmer.—"Yes, I'll give you a meal
of vicarious if you give me one and just
half an hour's work on the woodpile in
the backyard." "Tramp—Me? Work
on a woodpile? The day will come,
sir, when you'll be sorry for this insult."
A recruiting officer for Gray's In-
fantile army.—Chicago Tribune.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS
Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

EIGHT LONG YEARS OF PAIN AND
SUFFERING.

A Well-Known Goderich Lady Restored to
Health and Strength After Physicians Had
Failed—Gives Her Experience for the Pub-
lic Good.

(From the Goderich Signal.)

The marvellous change which has
taken place in the physical condition
of Mrs. Cullen Fraser, Britannia
street, during the past twelve months
has been the chief topic of conversation
among her many friends and acquaint-
ances of late, and to all who know of
the terrible manner in which she has
been afflicted, her lifting up appears to
have been little short of miraculous.
Mrs. Fraser has a wide circle of ac-
quaintance in Goderich and vicinity,
and having resided in that town for over
thirty years—ever since her husband,
who was a merchant in Bayfield, re-
tired from business and located here.
Having heard of the wonderful change
that had been brought about in her
physical condition, a representative of
The Signal called upon Mrs. Fraser at
her pleasant home to congratulate her
on the improved state of her health, and
to find out in what manner the happy
change had been effected. It was
graciously received and the following
statement was voluntarily given by
Mrs. Fraser:

It is now over eight years since one
morning as I was performing ablutions,
when passing my hand over my
face, I experienced a pain on the cheek
similar to that which is felt when a
thorn which has penetrated the flesh
is touched. The pain continued after
that and appeared to move all over my
head and neck. From the cheek it
went to the upper lip, then to the lower
lip, then to the forehead and head and
then to the eyes. So intense was the
agony which I suffered that I was un-
able to touch my hair and eyebrows,
and my eyes felt like veritable balls of
fire. My gums were so affected that I
was unable to masticate my food, and
as a result I suffered greatly from lack
of nourishment. My face became so
swollen from the heat of the pain that
my best friends could hardly recog-
nize me, and the only relief I could
get was from chloral and the use of
opiates. Finally my local physician,
who had been tireless in his efforts to
help me, said the case was hopeless,
and I was left to my fate.

My case seemed utterly hopeless. I then went to Clin-
ton and consulted one of the most
skilled practitioners in that town, who
diagnosed my case and said he could
recommend no treatment that would
benefit me. I came home utterly
broken down and not knowing what to
do. I had read in the newspapers of
the marvellous results accomplished
by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,
but as I had never placed much con-
fidence in proprietary medicines so
widely advertised, and had relied more
on the methods of skilled practitioners,
I had not given the matter of using
them much thought. I was, however,
determined to give Pink Pills a trial,
and had two boxes purchased at the
drug store of James Wilson.

From the first box I cannot
say that I experienced any noticeable
benefit, but by the time I was half-
through with the second box I knew I
was mending rapidly, as the terrible
pains had ceased, to a great extent, and
I had begun to feel more like my former
self. That was the first relief, and
my friends began to drop in rapidly and
congratulate me. As a result of the ex-
citement consequent upon the fact that
sometimes as many as ten or a dozen
would come in to see me during the
course of a day, I had a relapse—a re-
turn to the old pains—but continued to
take Pink Pills, and am pleased to say
that I gradually got back to my normal
condition, in which I am today. This
summer, since August, I have been en-
tirely free from the malady, which has
never been the case during the previous
seven summers, but I occasionally take
the Pink Pills, as my doctor advises
me to do, so as to keep the system
sound. I attribute the marked im-
provement in my health solely to the
use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and
have not failed to recommend their use
to many of my friends who have made
great use of the benefit derived by me
from them.

In conversation with James Wilson,
druggist, it was learned that Dr. Wil-
liams' Pink Pills have a very large sale
in Goderich, and that many testify
to their great value as a blood purifier
and a nerve tonic. Mr. Geo. A. Fear,
druggist, also speaks highly of the re-
sults attained by the use of Pink Pills
among his customers, and says he
finds them the best selling remedy in
his store.

Such remarkable cures as that of Mrs.
Fraser have been too few in the past.
Thanks to the better knowledge
that the people are obtaining of Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills they are now be-
coming more numerous.

This medicine contains in a con-
densed form all the elements necessary
to give new life and richness of the
blood, and restore shattered nerves.
They are an infallible specific for such
diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial
paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neu-
ralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache,
the after effects of la grippe, palpita-
tion of the heart, pale and sallow com-
plexion, a tired feeling resulting
from nervous prostration, all diseases
depending upon vitiated humors in the
blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysi-
pelas, etc. They are also a specific for
troubles peculiar to females, such as
suppressed or irregularities, and all
forms of weakness. In men they effect
a radical cure in all cases arising from
mental worry, overwork or excesses of
whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold
in boxes bearing the firm's Trade
mark. They are never sold in bulk,
by the dozen or hundred, and any
dealer who offers substitutes in this
form should be avoided. The public
are also cautioned against other so-
called blood-purifiers and nerve-tonics,
put up in a similar form intended to
deceive. Ask your dealer for Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People
and refuse all imitations and substitu-
tes.

These pills are manufactured by the



Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-
ville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and
may be had of all druggists or direct
by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine
Co. from either address, at 50 cents, or
six boxes for \$2.50.

A certain debating society is discuss-
ing the question as to which is the an-
grier—the husband who goes home and
finds that the dinner is not ready, or
the wife who has dinner ready and
whose husband does not come home.
It is believed the debate will end in a
draw.—Washington Magazine.

JO