AGRICULTURAL

MODERN FARMING.

Oh, Eden was a farm,
And Paradise was charming;
But let me show the joys
That come with modern farming:
To mill: a kicking cow
And get your cranium broken,
And speak specific terms
That better were unspoken;
To fix a neighbor's fence
When you don't think you "oughter,"
To mow a swath of grass,
Up ankle deep in water;
To load a load of hay
That's full of briers and thistles,
Which makes a man misquote
From missionary missals;
Or turn a furrow o'er
That oft objects to turning,—
These are the joys for which
The city youth is yearning.
Oh, "reaping" tastes sublime
In Fashion's lyric ladle,
But some hot summer day
Suppose you try to cradle;
And when your work is done
Exclaim "How blest my fate is!"
And then come home and sup
On pickled pork and "taties,"
And late into the night
Sit in the corner churning,—
These are the joys for which
The city youth is yearning.
To fight an ugly steer,
And have a nasty tussle,
And thank the powers above
If you don't strain a muscle,
Or maybe break your back
And mutter "Dern the dago!"
Then chase the Kickapoos
To cure you of lumbago;
To deal in cows and calves
With some ungodly grazier
Or dishonest cattle men
Who shave you like a razor;
To tame a surly dog
That's ugly as the dragon;
To try to break a colt
And only break your wagon;
To send the dollars out
And see the cents returning,—
These are the joys for which
The city youth is yearning.

THE POOR FARMER'S WIFE.

An article in a certain domestic magazine gives first: a most pathetic picture of what is termed the life of a farmer's wife and then as a remedy suggests that she become a business partner upon the farm by engaging in some kind of remunerative work such as raising poultry, writes Mrs. O. W. Crawford. Now none of we farmers' wives object to this advice; but the writer also advises her to raise some sheep, cattle or something else and make money for herself, insinuating that if she can only make money, all the woes described in the first of the article will vanish like smoke into thin air.

How plausible! First declare that the most tathetic sight on earth is the over-worked, discouraged and disheartened farmer's wife with hope deferred, ambitions frustrated and a soul longing for nothing so much as rest—sweet rest—and then advise, as a remedy, that she assume new responsibilities with plenty of hard work along with them.

It is the veriest nonsense. What farmers' wives need is to learn how to care for themselves; learn not to try to do all their nature can endure without actual pain, for they are not made of cast iron as some persons seem to think.

When a woman's health breaks down while living and working upon a farm, as it does sometimes, I must admit, who is to blame? Primarily herself; next her husband.

In the first place the young wife is ambitious to accomplish all she possibly can to help get rich; so doing without hired help in the house is one of her favorite methods; secondly, the young husband is proud of his wife's ability to turn off work and allows her to do much more than she is really able to do, even though she feels strong enough.

But farmers' wives are not the only ones whose health breaks down and who fill untimely graves from overwork. No doubt we can all recall instances of those who have done so, and yet they were not living on a farm. Keeping boarders in town to help eke out the meagre family income, has hurried more than one poor woman out of the world, as many could testify if they would.

Keeping house on the farm is not all poetry, neither is the majority of housekeeper's lives, but there is certainly more time for self-improvement on the farm, such as reading, practicing music, studying, writing and drawing, than can be secured in a home in any town, no matter how small, unless one is leading the life of a hermit. In town there are so many things to distract one's attention, so many callers to interrupt and often waste valuable time, so many little things enticing one to fritter away the precious moments, that it seems as though more real comfort can be had in a farm house than in a town residence. The life of a farmer's wife is very much what she makes it. After living as one for more than twenty years, I know whereof I speak and judge from experience and not from theory. A lady who had lived both in the city and in the country once told me that the exaction of social life and the interruptions to her daily work in her home in the city was much more wearing upon her than was the life upon the farm; notwithstanding she attended to the dairy, spinning and weaving in their seasons, besides the ordinary routine of housework.

Now that there are so many labor-saving utensils in use in the farm house, a woman may be a farmer's wife and still find time to rest without sighing for that which is eternal.

STERILIZING MILK JARS.

The Country Gentleman gives the following process in answer to an inquirer as to the best method of destroying germs in the family milk jar that passes back and forth so freely and it must be added from family to family to an unknown extent. The correspondent had asked if he should "boil or bake" the jars. "There is a tendency to slur this most important work, so much that one is sometimes tempted to denounce the otherwise ideal system of selling milk in glass jars, and recommend sticking to the cans. Jars should be washed first in cold or lukewarm water; then in fairly hot water, in which a little sal soda has been dissolved, and finally rinsed in fairly hot water, say 150 degrees. This is the cleaning of the bottles; some may consider the sal soda washing unnecessary but we believe it is safest. We next come to the sterilizing. As we presume L. A. M. has no steam boiler at command, we shall not discuss the construction of a suitable steam chest. A boiler sufficiently large to hold all the bottles must be provided, and when clean they are placed in the water, which must not be kept too warm. Cover the boiler and keep the water boiling for not less than ten minutes, and be not afraid that they be overdone by boiling longer. Do not burn your fingers by picking the bottles out of the boiling water, but leave them in till cooled down to 130 degrees, then take them out and set them bottom up in the rack or basket, which, of course, must be perfectly clean. The object is to prevent the bottles becoming brittle by sudden cooling. By baking it is possible to obtain higher temperature and absolute sterilization, but take it all in all we believe the boiling will be found more practical and be sufficient for all purposes."

POULTRY NOTES.

Lice and filth are two great friends.

Use only fresh and fertile eggs for setting.

Don't cry over bad luck but keep on trying.

If you have a good layer, save her eggs for hatching.

Make a good selection now for your breeding stock.

It takes brains as well as heat to run an incubator.

Never retire at night until everything is safe and secure.

Damp quarters are sure to bring disease among your flock.

Exercise is a cheap medicine and cleanliness a good disinfectant.

Before you enter the poultry business be sure that is what you want.

If you are looking for play work, leave the poultry business alone.

Be careful about crowding so many chicks together in your brooders.

If your hens have bowel trouble it is, likely, caused by feeding too much.

It will be of little use to lock the hen house after your best birds have been stolen.

Keep pure breeds as they are more uniform in size and characteristics than mongrels.

Don't cheat yourself by taking stale eggs to market. "Be sure your sins will find you out."

Give the hens warm water and you will have better results. Warm milk is very good for them.

If your brooder chicks are dying from bowel disease you should keep the temperature high these cold nights.

That small crack may not seem very large, but when the hens get the roup from it, it seems to be greatly magnified.

COST OF THREATENED WAR.

The Enormous Amount of Money the People of Europe are Taxed.

How much it costs in times of peace to be always prepared for war — and more than that, to threaten war continually—is shown by some statistics collected by a journal of Brussels.

The twenty independent countries of Europe have a combined population of three hundred and sixty-six millions; the most densely populated is Belgium, with two hundred and thirteen people to the square kilometre. At the other extreme is Norway, with six people only to the kilometre.

These countries maintain armies on a peace footing, with the colors every day, aggregating more than three million four hundred thousand men, who are supported, armed and manoeuvred at an expense to the taxpayers of one billion and sixty million dollars a year.

In addition to the soldiers constantly under arms in time of peace, the armies of the twenty countries on a war footing—that is, those who have to be kept in a more or less complete state of readiness for war while still following the callings of peace—number more than twenty-one millions of men.

A direct consequence of this vast burden on the nations is their prodigious indebtedness. For the whole of Europe this indebtedness is twenty-three billions, three hundred millions of dollars—a sum so vast that it is almost impossible for the mind to comprehend

If it were necessary to pay all the debt at once, every man, woman and child would have to pay about sixty-five dollars; and as women and children cannot pay any such sum, nor any man except substantial or wage-earning citizens, it is plain that the burden is a very heavy one on all productive industries.

Practically the nations of Europe are bankrupt, though they are not nominally so as long as they manage to pay the interest on the amount of their indebtedness.

Upon every French person there rests a national debt of one hundred and twenty five dollars; upon every Englishman one hundred and five; upon every German fifty-five; upon every Italian eighty-three, and so on. On the other hand, the Swiss, who do not maintain a standing army and have no use for a navy, have the smallest burden of debt in Europe—less than five dollars per head.

FEMININE NATURE.

Adult Son—Mother, does a girl mean to encourage or discourage a man when she——

Mother—My son, there is no need of going into details. When a girl starts out to either encourage or discourage a man, the man has never any doubt about what she means.

REPEATING ORDERS.

Patron (at church fair festival)—Oyster stew, please.

Waitress (to cook)—Oysters, two.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

BY JEAN MURDOCK, CHARING CROSS.

To be away from home, whether at school, at business or at sea is one of the greatest hardships to be met with in the world. First, because we must go among strangers who care nothing for us, second, though after a time they do learn to love us and we them, what is that compared with the love we have been accustomed to at home, when father, mother, sisters, and brothers combine to make life one day of cloudless sunshine? third, though after a time we do make friends what are they compared with those of our childhood—the true and tried ones—who know all our foibles and make allowance for them? fourth, what though we do love our work very much, how can we help the thought—my mother watched me at this, my sisters or brothers or father aided me in the same work at home.

Here everyone has something more important to think of than the lonely stranger who is breaking her heart for the love they care not to bestow, for the caresses they have no mind to give They are at home among their loved ones, they have family and friends to work or chat or stroll with and they are too happy to spend a thought on the homesick stranger who longs for companionship and friendly ties.

If they happen to be loving, kind-hearted people such as are sometimes met with, and wish to be friendly to the less fortunate one, and spend a great deal of time in trying to make her happy, does it not only more forcibly remind her of her own dear home? And she wonders if the merry boys and girls have forgotten her, if the dear mother remembers to place her chair at table, if the loved father thinks to include her in that murmured blessing he uses as he places his worn hand on some of the little sister's or brother's heads. Ah! yes. She knows they think kindly of her there; let the world be cold as it will, let it buffet and toss her around at its pleasure, yet still there is one warm fireside with a vacant chair, placed in loving remembrance of the absent one, there are staunch hearts loving and true that follow each step in sympathy with the trials and disappointments, in pride for the triumphs and honors won.

There is one dear old home snugly hidden among green fields and whispering boughs, where the freshest zephyrs play and the earliest roses bloom, where the walls can scarce be seen for the scarlet creepers that cling to them so lovingly. There is one spot in the wild beautiful country where the dear little birds sing their happy nesting songs all day long, where the woods are full of flowers and bees and croaking frogs, where plays the little winding stream by which in our happy childhood we used to sit and fish, dabbling our bare brown feet in the clear, dimpling, sparkling water, or where we sung ourselves to sleep in very lightness of heart. To this little babbling brook we drove the gentle mild-eyed cows through th edaisyed meadows to drink just as the sun glinted his good-night beams over the western landscape far away. Oh! happy, happy time! gone forever are your golden hours of happy, careless merry childhood.

But we cannot be away from home forever, and there is the time when we will go back to it; such a happy time, when the young sisters and brothers cling about us with loving, welcoming caresses, when we are folded again to the dear mother-heart that has yearned over us in all our wanderings; when we feel the father's hand pressed again in loving blessing on our "bonny heads" and are rested and refreshed beyond words to tell at feeling again what we have so long missed—the sweet and tender home influence. Ah! there is the time when we can with full hearts say with our true poet,

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

LITERAL OBEDIENCE.

Curious Instances of Religious Belief in India.

Sir Joseph Crowe in his recent "Reminiscences' gives several instances of the manner in which religious belief in India may conflict with the practical affairs of life.

He had numerous servants there, for a man who had been hired for one sort of work always refused to undertake anything else, and the consequence was that the place was full of people either idle or fast asleep. When they did work, however, it was often under certain restrictions which a stranger was not likely to guess in the beginning.

At one time the bungalow was overrun with mice, and so a boy was ordered to buy half a dozen traps and set them. He obeyed, and next day took his master round triumphantly to show that each of them was occupied by a prisoner.

A few days later it was evident that the mice were still rampant all over the bungalow and the master called his boy.

"Have you set the mouse-traps?" asked he.

"Yes, sahib."

"How many mice did you catch?"

"Fifty."

"What did you do with them?"

"I let them out again."

"But," said the master, "they were to be caught and killed."

"Oh, said the boy, "I never kill anything!"

And then the sahib remembered that the Hindu religion makes that merciful but inconvenient provision.

This explained to him a circumstance he had observed in the house of a neighbor who kept a dog. The animal suffered from vermin, which a servant was hired to pick off and destroy. The man did indeed spend his day in removing them, but he only transferred them from the animal's back to the ground, whence they incontinently hopped on again.

AT HIGH PRESSURE.

I hear that Dobbs' baby is a little mite of a thing. Does it cry much?

With all its mite.

READY NEXT TIME.

There seems to be an occasional slight misunderstanding as to the nature of the aurora. Certain people have, indeed, regarded it as a fixed appearance, as regular in its course as the sun and moon. When a beautiful display took place, not long since, a certain lady was asked next morning if she had seen it.

"No," she said, in an aggrieved tone. "Did you?"

"Oh, yes; we watched it for a long time."

"And I saw you that very afternoon and you didn't tell me there was going to be one!"

Of a more cheerful and contented nature was another lady who was in Paris during a fine appearance of these "northern lights."

"Did you see the aurora last night?" asked a friend.

"No; I didn't know there was one."

"Oh, yes; it was perfectly beautiful. You ought to have been out watching it, as we were."

"Well, I'm sorry," quoth she, "but never mind. I'll see it to-night."

A BLOODTHIRSTY MONARCH.

The king of Benin, on the west coast of Africa, believes in the efficacy of human sacrifices. When times are good he kills a large number of slaves, and in seasons of calamity he kills an equally large number of these unfortunates, and in both cases to appease the gods, who are supposed to be equally angry at the good and ill fortune of mortals.

SAVED A THOUSAND LIVES.

To have saved over 1,000 lives is a somewhat unique experience. This record belongs to Captain Weiss, of the steamship Belgian King, to whom a presentation was made in Newcastle, England, recently. It has been his good luck to pick up several vessels in distress at sea, including the liner Palmyra, with 850 people on board.

LA GRIPPE'S VICTIMS.

A Scourge More to be Dreaded Than Pestilence.

The Story of a Nova Scotian Lady Who Almost Lost Her Life Through the Ravages of This Trouble—Unable to Feed Herself and Had to be Carried to and From Bed.

From the Acadian, Wolfville, N.S.

In the spring of 1894 the many friends of Mrs. Mary Freeman, in Wolfville, N.S., very gladly welcomed her return home after a long absence from her native town, but it was with the deepest grief that they beheld in her the prey of a disease of almost incredible severity. It appeared to all that the brightest future in store for her was but a few months of suffering exististence. Not long after her return, however, the people of Wolfville were surprised to hear that after using a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she had become almost completely well. Anxious to hear the truth of this surprising report, our reporter waited on Mrs. Freeman at the earliest opportunity. From her he received a full account of her painful illness and remarkable recovery. In January of 1889 Mrs. Freeman, who was then living in Foxbury, Mass., was severely attacked by la grippe. She had partly recovered when a relapse followed, and while recovering from its effects, she was seized by acute rheumatism and neuralgia. The combined sickness resulted in completely breaking down her constitution. Upon recovering from neuralgia, she one day noticed a little pimple on her left ankle which became exceedingly painful. It grew rapidly, soon becoming as large as a gold dollar and breaking into a running sore. Others immediately followed and soon the whole body was covered, the limbs becoming terribly swollen. The most eminent physicians of Boston were appealed to, but beyond informing her that the ailment was due to a completely run-down system, they rendered her no assistance. In the spring of 1894, she came to Nova Scotia, hoping that a change of climate would effect a cure but to no purpose. Bone ulcers, greatly exceeding in painfulness the sores which first appeared, manifested themselves. She soon lost the use of her limbs, became unable to feed herself, and was compelled to be carried to and from her bed. Her eyes became weak and she was thus denied the enjoyment of reading. After many remedies had been tried and proved useless, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were finally appealed to. Scarcely six boxes had been consumed when the ulcers showed symptoms of healing, the appetite grew better and her general health greatly improved. Since that time her condition has steadily improved, and her health is now far better than it was previous to her serious illness. Save a slight stiffness of the limbs, she shows no signs of the terrible scourge she has passed through. Mrs. Freeman is not unmindful of the great obligation she is under to this remarkable medicine, and she is anxious that the wonderful cure which it has effected should be generally known.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who, for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and cure when other medicines fail.

Health Through the Kidneys.

Hardly any organs of the human system play a more vital part than the kidneys. A derangement of these, even to a slight degree, will lead to trouble that is likely, if not stayed, to prove fatal. There is only one way for the system to be rid of this disease, and that is by trying a medicine that will act specially, and is a specific for kidney disease. This is the strong factor in the great South American Kidney Cure. It is prepared specially for these organs, is radical in its banishment of disease located here, and rich in the healing powers necessary to complete restoration.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

Weak and Nervous

Whenever the body has been weakened by disease, it should be built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"About two years ago I suffered with a very severe attack of inflammation of the bowels. When I began to recover I was in a very weak and nervous condition, and suffered intensely with neuralgia pains in my head, which caused loss of sleep, and having no appetite, I

Became Very Thin

and weak. Fortunately a friend who had used Hood's Sarsaparilla with great benefit, kindly recommended me to try it. I did so and a perfect cure has been effected. I am now as well as I ever was, and I would not be without Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house for anything." MRS. G. KERR, 245 Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A MARTYR TO RHEUMATISM.

Released From Pain in One Day.

"It is my desire," says Mr. James Kerr, farmer, of Kars, Ont., "to tell for the public good of the great blessing South American Rheumatic Cure has been to my wife. She has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for 25 years; had doctored with all physicians, far and near, but never received perfect relief until she used South American Rheumatic Cure. It banished all pain in one day, and seven bottles cured radically. I think two or three bottles would have been sufficent had it not been for delay in securing medicine. I most cheerfully and freely give this testimony, and strongly recommend sufferers from rheumatism to use this remedy, as I believe it will cure in every case."

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

A lawyer in Ireland sent a letter to a Chicago mechanic, informing the latter that he was heir to an estate worth $15,000,000. In a postscript the lawyer asked for a fee of $250, to investigate further. The mechanic directed the lawyer to sell the estate, and keep a million for his fee.

THE COLD SWEAT OF HEART DISEASE

Is Dispelled in 30 Minutes by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

The thousands who suffer from heart disease will understand what is meant by Mrs. Roadhouse, of Willscroft, Ont., when she says: "Cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face." With everyone who suffers from heart trouble it is a death struggle, for it is hard to say when the cord of life will not snap with this disease controlling the system. In the interests of human life, let all who suffer from heart trouble always act promptly, and use a remedy that is effective. Death may easily occur if it is a case simply of experimenting with medicines that are not specially intended to remove the trouble in this direction. Dr Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a heart specific, and will give relief within 30 minutes after the first dose is taken, and cure permanently, as many have already testified through these columns.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.

First Tramp—This is an anniversary wid me, pardner.

Second Tramp—Anniversary of what?

First Tramp—Dis day t'ree year ago wuz de last occasion on which I smoked a hull cigar.

THE MEMBER FOR ALGOMA.

Mr. George H. McDonnell, M. P. for Algoma, Recommends Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—It Relieves in 10 to 60 Minutes.

Let no one be surprised at the high character of the testimonials received by the proprietors of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. This medicine merits the best things that can be said of it, for be the trouble Cold in the Head, Catarrh, Hay Fever or Catarrhal Deafness, relief is so speedy and effective that it charms all. This is the view of the popular member of the House of Commons for the District of Algoma, who has used this medicine, and does not hesitate to tell the people of Canada of its great worth.

Sample Bottle and Blower sent on receipt of two 3-cent stamps.

S. G. DETCHON, 44 Church St., Toronto.

Sold by W. E. Richardson