THE FARM.

THE FARMER'S HOME.

The details of the dairy, of the flocks and herds, are of vital importance to the husbandman, but success along these lines is an empty achievement if, the details of the home are neglected. The farmer's work is necessarily of an irksome character. Underneath the surface, when the farmer's life is stripped of its romance and poetical sweetness sung by poets and day dreamers who never milked a cow in fly time or stood at the "tall end" of a threshing machine a day in their life, we find a sense of responsibility, a feeling of submission to the daily grind that grows wearisome as the years roll on. There are days when the fields look larger than ever, and times when it seems as though the work in hand could never be accomplished.

The farmer's life is not all sunshine or poetry of motion. It has its discouragements and disappointments as well as all other vocations. But there should be in the life of every farmer one refuge—one place of sunshine and cheer, where the work and worry of the day can be cast aside, where the cheerful glow of love and joy shall dispel the gathering gloom, and new hope and strength given for the morrow's labor and renewed courage to meet the trials and disappointments of the day.

Several years of our life have been spent as "the hired man," during which we have entered, in that capacity, all sorts and kinds of farmers' homes. We are sorry to say too many of them ought, from their environments, to be the happiest places on earth—surrounded by all bounties and beauties of nature—are cold, and bleak, and bare within. Not lacking in the interior furnishings, as in many cases the appointments of the household were fine, approaching the elegance affected by our city brothers; not lacking in books, music, and works of art; but in them we found a dearth of the hearty hospitality, the sense of good cheer, and the presence and mingling of congenial spirits. There was ever present a sense of oppression and reserve.

The grind, the hurry, the weariness of the labor of the field was reflected in the atmosphere of the home, and the stern features of the ancestors, frowning in their antiquated frames on the walls, seemed to cast a spell of despondency and gloom about the hearthstone. No wonder the boys leave the farm as soon as they are able. The lights, the laughter, the jest, the music and glamour of the town are to them new and delightful experiences, while the home is but the memory of the solemn, careworn face of father, and the longing, pleading eyes of mother.

The farmer's home should be the happiest, jolliest place on earth. Here are bestowed the richest of God's blessings—robust health, purest food, water, air, and sunshine. Why should it not be the type of Eden? Fathers, leave the cows in the stable, the pigs in the pen, the plow in the furrow, the harvest in the fields; throw off your cares with your frock and boots, and give up yourself, soul and body, to the pleasures of the fireside. Open the parlow, build a fire in the grate, and ask the neighbors in; pop some corn, bring up some apples, see to it that everybody around you is having a good time, and you will be surprised to see how well you have enjoyed yourself. You will once more find yourself in love with your wife, the children, the neighbors, and the farm.

It will take aches and pains out of your back, smooth the wrinkles from mother's brow, and bring joy and gladness to the children. Every cow in the barn will stop chewing her cud to look you a morning greeting, and the way will seem lighter and brighter. The art of home-making is as essential as the art of milk-making. You will be a long time dead. Make the most of life as you go.

ABUNDANT WATER FOR COWS.

As a rule very few dairymen water the cows twice a day, and a very small number have water in the barns and water for the cows in the stables. Here and there one has his stables provided so that the cows can drink when they like; not only is this necessary when the weather is very stormy and cold, as it often is in the northern states, but even on moderate days a cow will be much better, will drink more, and give more milk from the same food if allowed to drink in a warm stable. One of the best devices made for watering cows in the stable, says L. O. Follow, consists of an "V" shaped trough running the whole length of the stable, immediately over the center of the manger, and about three and a half feet from the floor of the manger. It thus does not inconvenience either cow or attendant, and the water can easily be led from a tank or pumped directly into the trough.

It is necessary that the cow, in addition to the water needed for rumination and digestion, must have enough to put eighty-seven per cent in the milk she gives. A cow weighing 1,000 pounds in full milk should have about twelve gallons of water each day, and if twelve gallons be taken at one time it will, in very cold weather, give the cow a terrible chill, so it will sometimes take hours before the cow feels comfortable, so that the secretion of milk can commence again. Besides, it makes the food in her stomach so liquid it cannot be raised for rumination. Of course, nature soon takes out the surplus, but the process continues, and the contents become too dry and solid, so she is handicapped both ways, when were the water at hand she would take a little just when needed for best results.

The universal testimony of all who supply their cows with sufficient water in the stable is that the same lot of cows will give from ten to even as much as twenty per cent more milk, on the same food. And no one who keeps cows for profit can ignore such a result.

It will require considerable work to attend properly to all details in a well managed dairy. But no one can afford to neglect them if they expect to attain success.

Well, a great many people do not want to do what is right because it will require a little extra care. But you will never find any way to real success except the "narrow way." The best way is always the narrow way, regardless of what you are trying to follow up. Because it is narrow it will never be crowded—not because of lack of room at the gate to get in, but because of lack of heart and courage and continuity of effort and merit.

COLD AND ROUP.

We believe from experimental knowledge as well as a course of reasoning, founded upon some knowledge of medicine and pathology, that there is a difference between cold and roup.

Cold with fowls comes from no ventilation and over-crowding. The place may be too warm, or the fowls are sitting in a draught of cold wind.

The symptoms are drowsiness and chirping or sneezing.

The treatment—First, remove the cause, if overcrowded, separate. If too warm, give good ventilation.

If there are cracks and crevices where draughts of cold air strike the fowls close them.

Second, five drops of aconite and ten drops of nux vomica tinctures in one pint of water, and let the fowls run to it and drink instead of water.

The roup is a blood disease and may be diagnosed by sneezing, sweeling of the head, eyes swelled shut, and by catching fowls and separating bills, the tongue and mucous membrances will be found covered with a white, sticky coat.

Treatment—For external application take one-half teaspoonful of turpentine, one-half teaspoonful of coal oil, one-half teaspoonful of lard; put in tin cup; put on stove and heat, stirring all the time until well mixed; set off. Either use while warm or stir until cool to keep the ingredients well mixed. Then apply three times per day by rubbing all the parts affected.

For internal treatment take one tablespoolful of sulphite of soda to a half teacupful of water, put soda in water slowly stirring all the time, it will not all dissolve, after stirring a few minutes add ten drops of fluid extract of aconite and give a teaspoonful every two hours; continue until the white sticky coating is removed.

The aconite will control the fever and inflammation, the sulphite of soda will correct the blood lesion. In other words, the white, sticky, mucous coating is a demand of the system for an alkali and an antiseptic.

The sulphite of soda meets both of these conditions.

If this treatment is followed nearly every case will recover.

Recollect that when roup is developed the fowls affected should be kept by themselves.

PROPER CARE OF THE YOUNG PIG.

The first day after the pigs are farrowed the sow should not have any food but she should be watered. The second day she may have a light feed of ground oats or bran mixed with dishwater. Keep the bed dry and clean, and gradually increase the amount of food, being careful to not overfeed or to give her any sour slop. By the time the pigs are two weeks old the sow should be full feed. The pigs need plenty of sunlight, and should never be shut into a dark pen. As soon as they are old enough to learn to eat, make a little shallow trough and put into it some freshly-drawn milk. Then rouse the pigs from their bed and when once they have tasted the milk they will soon learn to drink it. Feed them a few times at the bed, then they will follow you to where you feed the sow. The sleeping shouse should be situated some distance from where the sow is fed so as to compel the pigs to take exercise. It is absolutely essential that they have it. If the weather is cold and they are inclined to stay in the nest too much they should be compelled to move about. Have a small pen near the sow's feeding place into which she cannot go, but which will admit the pigs. Give them at first fresh, warm milk, then mix shorts in it and substitute skim milk for the whole milk. Feed all the shorts and milk they will eat up clean, and never feed more than that. Always have it sweet. The food should be changed occasionally. Ground oats with the hulls removed mixed with milk, and ground wheat with hominy meal is good. The pigs should have plenty of pure water at all times, and should have access to dry wood ashes and salt, mixed in the proportion of three-fourths ashes to one-fourth salt in a shallow trough. They should also have some green rye, grass or clover. When eight weeks old the pigs will have learned to eat so that the sow may be taken away and they will not miss her.

HAND-IN-HAND.

Health and Happiness go Hand-in-Hand—With Stomach and Nerves all out of Sorts, Health and Happiness are Unknown.

Frank A. Gadbois, Cornwall, Ont.: "I was for several years a great sufferer from indigestion, dyspepsia and nervousness. I took many remedies without any relief. I saw South American Nervine advertised. I procured a bottle, and I can truthfully say it is the best medicine I ever used, and I strongly recommend it to anyone suffering as I did. A few doses wonderfully helped me, and two bottles have made a new man of me." It cures by direct action on the nerve centres.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

A SHORT CUT TO RELIEF

FROM THE ITCHING AND BURNING OF ECZEMA.

What is Eczema, anyway? Let him who has been afflicted answer.

It is an itching and burning of the skin almost beyond endurance.

It is thousands of little vesicles filled with an irritant fluid, which burst and flow over the raw surface of the denuded skin, causing more torture than all other skin diseases combined.

It comes on almost any part of the body and is no respecter of age, as old people as well as tender infants are the subjects of its attack.

What about the cure? Physicians seem prone to regard it as almost beyond their reach.

What about Kootenay Cure? Why, it's the very remedy wherever there is any deterioration of the blood.

In the case of Mr. G. W. Dawson, Fulton P. O., Ont., stated under oath, it simply worked marvels. He had Eczema for five years, was treated by many physicians in Canada and the United States, but got so bad at last with the frightful itching and burning that he thought he would go insane. Six bottles of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure cured him.

Mr. William Marcham, an Engineer, living at 242 Catherine Street North, Hamilton, makes a sworn statement that he suffered intensely with Eczema which covered his whole body. He was in the City Hospital for six weeks and was discharged at the end of that time as incurable. Four bottles of Kootenay entirely cured his Eczema.

Other proofs of the remarkable efficacy of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure may be had by addressing the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

Hundreds of people testify *under oath*.

The New Ingredient used in Kootenay Cure will revolutionize medical science.

One bottle lasts over a month.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

REMARKABLE NEW COIFFURE.

The Duchess d'Angouleme coiffure which attained so tremendous a vogue in the early part of the century, when the lovely Duchess was exiled to England, is underoing a revival, and seldom have end-of-the-century women encountered a fashion that was more diffioult to revive. It is probably the most complicated method of hairdressing that prevails to-day, but perhaps for that reason it is likely to be the most popular.

To accomplish it bunch the hair up straight from the nape of the neck, firmly tie it on the top of the head and then arrange it to imitate bows. There must be a parting from ear to ear, but it must not be far back from the forehead. All the hair behind this division should be brushed back and tied together with the back hair. The front hair has a central parting. There is an arrangement of short curls brought into a bunch at each side by means of a side comb, or there may be a group of coques to right and left of the parting. These coques were originally called "comb curls," because they were not allowed to fall but were stiffly arranged and hel din place by small combs or hairpins.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Relieved in One Day.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures tetter, salt rheum, eczema, barber's itch and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 35 cents.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

FORCE OF HABIT.

I guess that new man must be an actor, said the star boarder to the landlady.

Why so?

Because he threw up his arms and dodged when you passed the eggs.

A HEALED HERALD.

Thinks Rheumatism is Born of the Lower Regions, but Proclaims South American Rheumatic Cure a Heaven-Sent Healer.

Henry Humphreys, East London, sends his unsolicited testimony: "I was seized with painful rheumatism in my left foot. I could not rest with it day or night, the pain was so intense. I tried many remedies, but they had no more effect on me than water on a duck's back. I was persuaded to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I followed the directions closely and in a very short time this wonderful remedy effected a complete cure, and there has not been the slightest hint of a return of the disease. It is a sure remedy and I delight to herald the goodness all over the land."

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

THE LADY'S AGE.

The Prince of Wales about five years ago met a charming lady well known in London society at Homburg. "You are young enough," he said in the course of conversation, "for me to be able to ask your age." "Twenty-five," was the ready reply. This summer his Royal Highness met the lady again. "What," he asked again, with a humorous smile, "is your age, I wonder?" "Twenty-five," again said the lady. "But you said that the last time I met you," remarked the Prince, with a smile. "Well, sir," laughed the lady "and would you have me contradict myself?"

THE WHITE AND BLUE FLAG

THE GREEK FLAG IS BATTLE STAINED AND BLOODY.

Cherished With a Nation's Devotion—First Flung to the Breeze Seventy-Six Years Ago—Anniversary of the Formal Defiance to the Sultan and the Outbreak of the Revolution.

April 4, is one of rejoicing throughout Greece. On that date, 1821, Germanos, Archbishop of Patras, first unfurled the standard which is now the national flag of Greece on the ramparts of the Monastery of Megaspelion, near that city, writes a correspondent, Megaspelion is almost impregnable. Many of the cells of the monks are hewn out of the solid rock. It is accessible only by one gorge in the mountain, and this narrow pass has been, and can be again, defended against an army of Turks by a regiment of Greeks. The stripes in the Greek flag are blue and white, the blue suggestive of the azure sky and water which environ Hellas, the white typical of the glistening marbles of which her shrines are built, and of the pure and stainless lilies which blossom in the fields of the fertile Morea. I recently saw in the audience chamber of the palace at Athens this historic flag, now battle stained and bloody, which Germanos flaunted at Megaspelion 76 years ago. This flag is now borne by the regiment of the Crown Prince Constantin on the Thessalian frontier. It may seem strange to us that an Archbishop should lead a revolt.

THE FACTS IN THE CAST,

Fully justify Germanos in his action. The Suliotes, whose country can be seen from the mountain near Patras, had been fighting the Turks 13 years, winning victory after victory over vastly superior numbers. The secret society of the Hetaria was then in its infancy, but encouraged by the brilliant exploits of Marcos Bozzaris, the commander of the Suliotes, Ipselanti, a petty Greek leader of the Morea, undertook to arouse the members of the league and make the revolution general. All Pasha heard of it and ordered that the primates of the Greek Church and Bishops of the Morea should be sent to Tripolitza and held as hostages until the Hetaria should disband and lay down arms. Archbishop Germanos was then near Megaspelion. He designed the national standard, had one made, flung it to the breeze and called on every Greek in "the name of God and liberty" to take up arms and defend it against the Moslem crescent! The response to his call was instantaneous. Megaspelion was attacked by a large army of Turks. For several days they tried in vain to pass the narrow gorge. Finally despairing of this, they climbed the mountain behind the monastery and rolled huge bowlders down the inaccessible precipice which overhangs the monastery, hoping to crush the roof in. One tremendous rock got half way down. The Monks, seeing it coming, and hearing the roar as it tumbled down, hastened to their chapel to pray, for they thought the craft of the enemy would prevail if

THIS METHOD OF WARFARE

Was kept up. As they prayed the noise ceased, and looking up they saw that the mighty mass of rock had stopped half way down the precipice. It is there to-day, and can be seen by any tourist. What holds it there is a mystery. It has no visible means of support. The only probable solution is that the mountain is magenetic, and that magnetic forces stopped this engine of destruction in its course. Megaspelion, thus apparently preserved by a miracle, is the richest monastery is Greece, and strangers are entertained free of cost by the hospitable monks.

April 17 Archbishop Germanos, in command of his poorly armed rabble, captured Patras, driving the Turks out of the city which they burned as soon as they realized they were defeated. By the 1st of May, 1821, the spark thus lighted had spread, and the torch of war blazed from Macedonia to Crete. The Sultan was infuriated. His gifted young Greek interpreter, Demetrios Morousos, and 10 of the most illustrious Greek families in Constantinople were instantly murdered. On Easter Sunday, as Archbishop Gregorios, the Grand Patriarch of Constantinople and the ranking Primate of the Greek Church, came out of church, after the celebration of the Easter services, he was seized by the Sultan's emissaries, butchered, and his dead body hung up on the walls of the palace two whole days, to be scoffed at and spit on by every good Mussulman. The body was finally

DRAGGED BY THE HEELS

To the Bosporus and thrown in. Gregorios was at this time 90 years old, and was greatly respected for his blameless life and consistent piety. Not satisfied with this outrage the Sultan, unrestrained by his "Holy Allies" of Europe, hanged nine Greek Bishops, hundreds of priests, and the streets of Constantinople ran with the blood of Greek Christians. The Turks of Asia Minor followed the example of the Sultan, and thousands of Greek families were massacred. These are only a few of the Turkish atrocities which marked that era. They served to increase the army of Germanos, and Hellenes everywhere determined to win the fight or die in the attempt. In 1827 the battle of Navarino ended the war, and Greece was desolated, but freed forever from the Turkish yoke, excepting Crete, which by an accidental delay caused by the confusion that followed the battle was left out in the final arrangements of the Powers.

January 19, 1872, Greece declared her choice in favor of a republican form of government. Capo d'Istria was elected President of

THE YOUNG REPUBLIC.

Spiridion Tricoupis was appointed Secretary of State, Petros Mavromichalis Secretary of War, Andreas Xaimis Secretary of the Interior, Conduriottis Secretary of the Treasury. But Europe would not countenance a republic, and Otho of Bavaria was the first of the modern Kings of Greece. He was deposed by the Greek Parliament and succeeded by the present popular and able King George, whose oldest son, Constantin, was born in Athens, and is probably a member of the Hetaria.

The Island of Crete has never accepted the suzerainty of Turkey. Geographically she belongs to Greece. Her Sphakiotes have never been defeated. For centuries after a temporary repulse they have retreated to their citadel of mountains, to return again and again to battle for their land and liberty. They will never yield. The last one will die before he bends his neck to the yoke of the despised Turk.

A FARMER'S WIFE

TELLS A STORY OF YEARS OF PAIN AND SUFFERING.

Doctors Utterly Failed to Help Her and Morphine was Continually Resorted to—Became So Weak She Could Scarcely Perform Her Household Duties.

From the Beaver Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Stone have been residents of the township of Ernestown, about ten miles east of Napanee, for a period of about three years, and in that time have gained the esteem of all their neighbors. For six years previous to this time they had lived in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, and it was during their residence there that Mrs. Stone was attacked with an illness that made her life miserable for years. To a reporter who recently interviewed her she told the following story: "During the early part of our residence in Colorado, my illness first came on. At the outset every two or three weeks I would be attacked with a pain in my stomach. Later on it greatly increased in severity, and at times was so bad that I would scream aloud with the pain. A doctor was called in, but the only benefit I ever received from his treatment was

through the injection of morphine into my arm, as a result of which the pain would gradually pass away. The medicine which was given me, however had not the slightest effect, and the doctors appeared to be greatly perplexed, and thereafter continually resorted to injections of morphine whenever the attacks came on. These attacks continued at intervals until our return to Canada, when they increased in frequency and intenseness. The result was that I grew very weak, and my whole system appeared to be giving out. My complexion turned a yellowish hue, and I had little or no appetite. Latterly, I would be attacked with fainting spells, preceded by attacks of dizziness. I became utterly unable to stand fatigue, and could with the greatest difficulty perform my household duties. A doctor was called in who treated me for some time without benefitting me any. Then he gave me what I now know to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after I had used two boxes I felt somewhat better. I then purchased the pills myself and continued the treatment. I found that the pain was gradually decreasing. I could get rest and sleep at night, which had hitherto been almost impossible. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for several months, and the result is that they have effected a complete cure, and I am now enjoying the best of health. I can assure you it is a great relief to be free from the trouble that made my life miserable for so many years and I have to thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for succeeding when doctors had failed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MARRYING ON $10 A WEEK.

"Young Higginside married, you say, on $10 a week? That took nerve, anyhow. What was he working at?"

"Nothing. It was the girl that was earning the $10."

WOMAN, WHY?

You have Sallow Skin, Pimples, Eruptions, Discolorations.

Why Resort to Cosmetics and Powders to Hide the Effects?

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills regulate the System and restore to the cheek the Healthful Rosy Bloom and peach Blush of Youth. 10c. a vial.

Disorders like these arise from sluggish liver. From one or two pills a dose, will clarify and purify the complexion in short order. Dr. Agnew's Pills at all druggists. See that you get what you ask for. 10c. for 40 doses.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.