

Maritime Farmer

REDUCTION IN STOCK!

Having over-bought in the following goods, we are determined to close them out at

COST PRICES.

DRESS TWEEDS,

commencing at 3/4 cts. per yd.

DRESS GOODS,

175 PIECES, Commencing at 8 cents per yard.

GREY COTTONS,

10,000 YARDS, Commencing at 5 cents per yard.

WHITE COTTONS,

2,000 YARDS, Commencing at 6 cents per yard.

PRINTED COTTONS,

800 PIECES, Commencing at 6 cents per yard.

Black Lustres,

800 pieces, commencing at 14 cents per yard.

Wool Shawls, 200,

Commencing at 75 cts each.

COTTON FLANNELS,

800 pieces, commencing at 7 cents per yard.

A LOT OF WOOL GOOD,

At quarter prices to clear.

It would be to the advantage of buyers to call and examine prices before purchasing elsewhere.

DEVER BROS.

November 6.

Boys' and Youth's CLOTHING

Twenty per Cent. Off the Dollar.

AT REDUCED PRICES.

Overcoats and Ulsters,

Coats, Pants and Vests,

Tweed Suits

WITH LONG AND SHORT PANTS, suitable for boys from six to fourteen years old.

The above goods are offered at twenty per cent. off regular prices for cash.

THOMAS LOGAN,

GENERAL DRYGOODS STORE,
OPP. NORMAL SCHOOL.
Fredericton, Nov. 11, 1879. 8 ins.

THREE FARMS

FOR SALE in Carleton County, all in the Parish of Woodstock.

One Farm, 350 acres, on Connel Road; 50 acres of upland and 12 acres of Intervale cleared, balance well wooded. Good house and barn; well watered; within one mile of town and Woodstock Railway Station.

A very cozy and beautifully situated Farm of 27 acres, at Upper Woodstock. Good land and an accommodating terms. Truly a rare chance, as Woodstock is destined to be one of the first produce markets in the Province. Satisfactory reasons given for wishing to sell. Holders not farmers.

The above will be disposed of at a reasonable price and on accommodating terms. Truly a rare chance, as Woodstock is destined to be one of the first produce markets in the Province. Satisfactory reasons given for wishing to sell. Holders not farmers.

Apply to J. CRANDALL EVERETT, Woodstock, or J. A. & W. VAN WARE, Fredericton, Dec. 20, 1879.

GOOD TIMES COMING!

I will pay 30 cts. per pair, Cash, for all well-

Partridges,

WILMOT GUIOU.

Fredericton, Dec. 4.

Agriculture.

The New Year.

The year of grace 1879, is now numbered with the past. Whatever may have been our hopes or prospects at its beginning, all is now made plain, and we are able to sum up the results. So far as the returns for our labor, in crops of various kinds, we have nothing to complain. Indeed we have great reason for thankfulness for the manifold blessings vouchsafed. Hard as times have been, and low as prices for agricultural produce have ruled, farmers could rejoice in well filled barns, granaries and cellars, which will effectively keep at bay anything like the feeling which arises in one's mind when the crops are short and prices high. The close of the year brought a desirable change in the prices of dairy produce, which was very encouraging to dairy farmers. Farm produce of all kinds has rather an upward tendency, and we enter on the NEW YEAR full of encouragement. From all quarters of the Province, we learn of the determination of our farmers to increase their breadth of wheat and other grains, and to enter with greater spirit into stock raising and feeding for the British markets. We were agreeably surprised to learn a few days ago, from a very reliable source, that a party of farmers from Ontario had visited this Province with a view of locating themselves, in order to prosecute more successfully the raising and feeding of beef cattle, claiming that the nearness of New Brunswick to the sea board or port of shipment and its superior grazing lands, with its abundant supply of water, made it a more desirable location than Western Ontario for the purpose. Such an opinion expressed as it was by intelligent farmers and men of means, who desired to change their location to this Province, is worthy of more than a passing notice, and ought to stimulate our people who are thinking of taking hold of this branch of farm industry, while it is a strong rebuke to those who are always found grumbling at the sterility of our country and the poverty of our people. We met a merchant of the city of St. John a day or two ago in his counting room, and in a conversation he made the remark that he would back New Brunswick against the world, not only for inventive genius, but in all those qualities which constitute true manhood; and, said he, the time is not far distant when, as farmers, they will take an enviable position as compared with those of other countries. We honor and respect the man who utters such sentiments, particularly as we are persuaded he knows whereof he speaks. Such an opinion, expressed by a merchant who occupies a fine position as a merchant in our commercial metropolis, and whose boyhood's home was in the old countries, should make our young men vie with each other as to who shall occupy the first positions not only as inventors, as artisans and mechanics, but who shall be the "Meeh" in our Provincial Agriculture.

We therefore have as the result of using a well bred ram, a flock of lambs worth \$20, more than they would have been had an inferior one been used. And this it must be remembered goes on from year to year, so long as such rams are used. What sheep grower in the Maritime Provinces can afford to lose \$20 per year in the increase of his flock of sheep?

At this time it should be the business of every farmer to take the advantage of the rising tide of prosperity for which we have been waiting anxiously, and turn to the best account, all the knowledge we possess in our business of farm management.

Sheep are now in good demand, and will probably remain so for some years to come, and while good animals for breeding purposes can be had at moderate figures, none but the best should be used.

Take Pride in the Farm.

As a rule we find those of our farmers who study to make farm life attractive to those at home, have little if any difficulty to determine the calling which their children are desirous of following.

We have not failed to notice that the farmer who has his work done in his proper season; his buildings tidy and neat; the grounds around his dwelling adorned with shrubs and flowers; good stock in his barns; and home made cheerful and pleasant, does not fail to attract others to his profession and is almost certain to interest all those by whom he is surrounded in the ordinary work of farm life.

In the minds of his children are impressed the proper ideal of farm life and the important bearing which general agriculture has upon the best interests of their Country. The dignity of labor is never questioned; its importance is well understood and the thought of leaving the farm for any other occupation scarcely, if ever occurs to them.

Farmers should take pride in their farms, remembering that much depends upon them as to whether their children shall follow their calling or not; by all means give them good books to peruse during the leisure of their winter evenings; while agricultural periodicals and papers are necessarily that none can afford to do without.

Provincial Farmers' Association.

(Land and Home.)

How to Restore Fertility to Thousands of Exhausted Farms.

BY PROF. LEVI STOCKBRIDGE.

Notwithstanding this article was intended more particularly for the information of the farmers of the New England States, some of the suggestions it contains are so applicable to our Provincial agriculture, that we give the article in its entirety.

The above question is one not only of individual, but of the greatest national importance. Exhaustion—sterility, as a fact, means stagnation, poverty and want. On the other hand, fertility means individual, independence, general prosperity, and national wealth. That there are thousands of exhausted farms in the "old States" is self-evident. If the complaint is not universal, it is general, that the crops of these older fields do not pay the cost of cultivation, and it is better for the farmer to emigrate to the new lands of the West and Northwest than to undertake their renovation, even if it is possible. In many cases the complaint is a doubtfully sustained by the fact; but it does not follow that such soils cannot be improved, or that emigration to a new country would peculiarly benefit the farmer's condition. I honestly entertain the opinion that in a majority of cases it would not. If our exhausted lands cannot be made productive, and by a yield above cost pay for the improvement, unavoidable necessity will compel them to their abandonment. But that is not admitted; and it is believed that other causes than poor soil are potent in swelling the great tide of emigration. In fact, this is often put forth to hide the real cause. But this as it may, who ever goes or who remains, the exhausted soils are here, and ruin or their improvement are the only alternatives.

What ails exhausted lands? Why does it refuse to respond to the efforts of the English farmer to produce wheat or corn, or says "the land is sick of turnips" or wheat as the case may be. Are our fields, in like manner, sick of corn, clover, or grass? They probably are; and if so we should act precisely as would and intelligent physician when called to see a sick member of the family. Then let us "diagnose" this land disease. Much of it is so sick that at the present time it yields no wheat at all; some returns from 7 to 12 bushels per acre, from 15 to 20 of corn, 75 of potatoes, or 1500 pounds of hay. These fields when tilled by our fathers produced per acre 30 bushels of wheat, 200 of potatoes, 60 of corn, and 2 tons of hay. Why this difference? The mineral and chemical compositions of the soil is the same now as then. There has been no physical change or loss of soil material, no appreciable diminution of its quantity; it is all here so far as we can discern. Nothing has been done to it, however, but to till it and crop it. The tilling could not injure it; the crops it has produced must therefore have caused its present condition, and to them we look for an explanation. WHERE PLANTS GET THEIR FOOD. Plants, by the organs provided for that purpose, gather the materials for use in building their structure from the soil and from the air. Of their air-dried weight, our agricultural plants, on an average, are about 95 per cent. of atmospheric material and 5 per cent. of soil substance, though there is a marked variation from this proportion in some plants. Exactly what the material is which enters into the structure of plants, and the manner in which they gather it, is important for our purpose to know. They are a compound of many different elements, and can be easily separated into single elements or classes; the latter is quickly effected by fire. Take, for example, a block of white oak wood, air dry and burn it. About 98 pounds will, under the influence of heat disappear in the air. This woody material in its plant form was hard and dense like iron, and tough and as elastic as steel; but the fire has changed it to smoke and gases, and it is diffused in the atmosphere from which in some form the organs of the plant gathered it. The two pounds remaining after combustion, we call the ash of the plants. This test, though it destroyed the structure of our plant and separated it into two classes of substances, does not give us the elements which combined to form it. But we know that the dissolved portion was the gases, carbonic acid, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and that they were gathered from the air principally by the leaves, and by vital processes within the plant were changed to the form and given the quality which characterizes the oak. But the ash has no resemblance to the soil of the field even under the microscope, analysis alone determines its character and origin. By this process we find it is a compound of silicon, lime, potash, magnesia, soda, phosphoric and sulphuric acids and iron. HOW PLANTS GATHER FOOD. To the farmer's eye, the soil contains no such substances, but only grains of sand and some unknown fibrous material. The chemist, how-

ever, finds the soil particles are compounds of the same materials he separates from the ash, and is positive that it was from this source the plant obtained them; but how is it to us the important point? The soil feeding organs of plants are their roots, and these in the main are a mass of fine thread-like fibres, with no power but that of absorption. Whatever acid action or dissolving influence they may have on hard soil particles, the real work they perform is that of gathering water, and by diffusion carrying it upward to the stem and leaves. Solid substances, even in suspension and however small, they cannot take or convey; and if they gather lime, potash, and other elements, they must be first dissolved out of the quartz, feldspar, talc, mica and other minerals, which compose the soil substances, and be conveyed into the plant by the ascending water. The soil substances named, though but a very small proportion of the mass of all plants are indispensable to their development; but they are absolutely beyond the gathering power of the plant if not in a solvent state, however abundantly they may be contained in the mineral compounds of the soil. A potato plant may send its rootlets into a soil composed of potash feldspar, and a wheat plant may extend them all through the interstices of a phosphatic nodule in the Charleston basin, and the former perish for want of potash and the latter for phosphoric acid, because those elements are not in an available condition. A sterile soil, one which will not return sufficient crop to pay for tilling, may have in it enough of the named elements of plant nutrition for thousands of years, but the one may be so scantily stored with the elements, but produce them because what it contains is available. Solubility of the needed soil elements is the test of fertility; insolubility, sterility—this is exhaustion. The continuous growth of crops on the same soil removes its solvent material to the point we call exhaustion, because that in nearly all soils the roots will gather the solvent material faster than all the agencies of nature can develop it from the soil particles.

A virgin soil abundantly stored with solvent elements may return bountiful crops for a series of years; but the law is active and inexorable, and there will be an annual deficiency of plant in store, just equal to the difference between that which is developed and that which is removed. The new prairie and bottom lands of the West contain a large accumulation of solvent material, but perpetual cropping without rest or manure will gradually deplete them until they will be no better than the soils of old Virginia or Massachusetts. If the foregoing statements are correct, then our "thousands of exhausted farms" yet have in them homes abundant supplies of the elements of fertility; and even more than that—they are absolutely exhausted, or may be considered as such, until the mass is changed from the soil form to that of plants. "How can the farmer develop plant food out of this mass of insoluble soil, and thus make it produce paying crops?" is a question which I will endeavor to answer in my next communication.

Bacon as Food.

At this season when farmers have their hogs fattened for slaughter a few words in favor of bacon may not come amiss. The laboring classes in England, Scotland and France relish bacon more highly than any other kind of food, and large quantities of it are yearly imported into this country, yet it does not often find a place upon the farmer's table. In England, Berkshire, Wiltshire, Yorkshire and Hampshire counties are celebrated for its manufacture. As a rule, salted meats are less digestible than fresh meats, but bacon proves the exception, and its fat is less likely to produce irritation of the stomach than that of fresh pork, while it suffers less waste in cooking. Toasted bacon is a relishing addition to a slice of bread and needs only to be tasted to find favor in the sight of any man. The best way to prepare it is to cut it into thin slices and put them into a wire toaster and place it over very hot coals. Toast brown on each side, as if it were a slice of bread; or it can be placed on a large toaster fork with a little tin plate placed under it to catch the drippings and toast it a bright, golden brown. Fried bacon is not nearly so wholesome as when broiled or toasted. The process of converting pork into bacon varies even in the different counties of England, but the following is the plan usually adopted: When the pig has been slaughtered, singed, scraped and cut open, and has become well cooled, remove the head, tail, fore and hind feet and then cut straight down the back and take off the shoulders and ham. Rub the remainder thoroughly with the best of fine salt, and leave it hanging for one day where it will not freeze. Then, if it is to be wet salted, make a pickle of four pounds of salt, two pounds of brown sugar, two ounces of saltpetre and two ounces of salaratus, melted into five gallons of hot water. Boil the mixture, skim well, and when all the scum is removed set the brine away to cool. Then turn it over the bacon. The spare ribs can be cut away before the pig is salted for pickle not over four weeks; then wipe the ribs and hang the sides in the smoke-house, and smoke it by putting corn on the ear into a furnace or splander slowly. Dry salted bacon is made by rubbing a mixture of four pounds of fine salt, two pounds of sugar and two ounces of powdered saltpetre into the meat daily, for two or three weeks.

Some Points of Good Roads.

1. With a system of good, common roads, carriages, buggies, wagons, harness and even horses themselves, would last nearly twice as long, and thus from 40 to 50 per cent. of the expense for these necessary articles would be saved.
2. They would enable our people to dispense with a large portion of their horses, by enabling fewer horses to do the same work now done by a larger number.
3. The saving of time in making journeys, or which is the same thing, the conveyance of larger loads by the same teams, would furnish no inconsiderable saving of expense, which could add to the general wealth.
4. They would enhance the value of land; for farms at some distance from market would, virtually and practically, be brought within half their price.

Some one may ask this question: "What do you mean by a good road?" Answering this question in a practical manner, we would say that a good road should be hard, smooth, and as nearly level as practicable; hard, in order to diminish the friction, and enable heavy loads to be carried with the least expenditure of animal power; smooth, that is, free from holes or ruts; and the roads may not become muddy by rains, and that the tractive power of the horse may be most effective; level, in order that the heaviest loads may be easily carried without straining the horse, or without overtaxing his strength.

KEEPING EGGS FRESH.

I saw a very good arrangement for keeping eggs, at a friend's house, a short time since, and it was so simple and practicable that it ought to be generally known. It was a set of shelves, two feet long and eight inches wide. There were four of them, with a space of five inches between the shelves. They were made of hard-wood boards, planned and round holes bored with an inch auger ran the whole length—three rows of the holes on each shelf, and two in each row; one shelf would hold three dozen eggs. The eggs were set in, with the small end down, so that the yolk could not settle against the shell. The lady said she had kept eggs six months in this manner, perfectly sweet; also that the free circulation of air around them was very important, and there was no danger of cracking the shell—and I noted it in my mind as a thing well worth remembering.

A CASE IN POINT.

A witness in a case at Nashville was asked whether he had much experience in and knew the cost of feeding cattle, and to give his estimate of the cost of feeding a cow, to which he replied: "My father before me kept a dairy. I have had a great deal of experience in buying and selling and keeping cattle, as man and boy, in the dairy business for fifty years. I think my long experience has qualified me to know as well as any man can the cost of keeping and feeding cattle." "Well," broke in the attorney, impatiently, "tell me the cost of keeping a cow." "Well, sir, my experience, after fifty years in the business, is that it costs—well, it depends entirely on how much you feed the cow."

How many farmers would be in the same position as the witness, from the fact that no accounts are kept.

Poetry.

The Death of the Old Year.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing,
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die:
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you must not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go:
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have given with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
The cricket chirps; the light burns low:
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die:
We did so laugh and cry with you,
We had a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of merriment and jest,
But all his merriment is o'er,
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.
The night is stern and cold, my friend,
And the New-year, blithe and bold my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps; the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can speak for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: he up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in:
That standeth there alone.

At a window at the door,
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

The Flock for the Market;

OR, HOPE AND DESPERENCY.

Two hundred strong they poured into the field,
A gentle host, for one brief night's repose.
Before the market; for their doom was sealed,
I listened, while that multitudinous sound
Pealed from the highway thro' the twilight air,
A cry for light, while all was dark around;
A throng of voices like a people's prayer.
Slow broke the dawn; the flock went plodding on
Into the distance, some at once to bleed,
Some to be scattered 'mid moor and mead.
But while I sigh'd to think that all were gone,
A little flock, their flock-mate of the night,
Saw them from heaven and sang them out of sight.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

HOME INTERESTS.

A New Year's Greeting.

"A week ago, new-born to earth,
The Saviour cradled in our arms,
And now we hail another birth—
A year begins."

Another year has rolled into the boundless ages of eternity. The thought comes to us with a new and awful solemnity when we take into consideration the fact that each of us, in our waking and sleeping moments, in the most trifling acts of our everyday life have been adding another link to the long chain of the irrevocable past. The year that is gone is ours no longer; its lost opportunities can never be recalled; but we know that all our years are held in the "right hand of the Most High," and whatever has been good in it will not be forgotten by him. To some, no doubt, it has been crowned with happiness and prosperity and brought the glad fulfillment of bright hopes. To others it seems now but an open grave. Death has stripped their homes of all that they held most dear and the present has no joys for them. With such we earnestly sympathize, for it is not until his afflicting hand has been laid upon us that we can truly feel for the sorrows of others.

The New Year naturally brings old memories to the surface, and our hearts softened for awhile by the influences of Christmas and by the rest and leisure of the season, have time and opportunity of remembering all that is scattered but loved friends of our youth and of our home circle, and to recall ourselves to their recollection by some token of our regard. Here is an old recipe for a Happy New Year; "Take of unselfish love, three parts; of cheerful industry, one part; mix and use daily." A good deal of happiness may be got out of work, especially if it is a labor of love, and in a sunny room. Sunshine is a greater blessing than it is thought by many who take this, with God's other blessings, very much as a matter of course. In all labor there is profit, either mental or material; and in all good work there is satisfaction, if not happiness.

The past year has gone from us; what shall we do with the present, and what will it with us and ours? Veiled in blessed darkness, the future happily lies concealed from our vision, for did we know our lot, who would have the courage to face it? One lesson we should learn from the death of the old year and the birth of the new. Let us use the new year well, let us improve each day and

hour in kindly, loving charity to all, let us each day make some one happy to the utmost of our power; and then whatever the year that is just being ushered in brings, whether of joy or of sorrow, we shall be better able to enjoy prosperity or to bear our griefs, and to help those around us to bear their sorrows.

But in spite of all that has been said and sung about the joys of the New Year, in spite of all the pleasant thoughts of spring flowers peeping over their winter covering of faded and dead leaves, in spite of the beautiful hopes of summer blossoms and summer sunshine, in spite of the "future too, with all her glorious promise," the beginning of the New Year is always more a time of quiet thought, of sorrow and regret than one of mirth and merriment. After the first unthinking years of childhood are over, after the rosy flush of youth has faded away, and the afterglow is so far away down the vista of the years, when life's duties and responsibilities begin to stand out clearly in the noontide glare, when the burden and heat of the day press heavily on us, and when we miss from our sides the dear ones who, one by one, have been taken from us, then we cease to look forward with joyful hope to "next year," and rather turn our thoughts backward to the sweet and sad memories of the past, and ponder the days that are no more. There are but few moments more solemnly suggestive than those which follow when the wild wailing of the bells is hushed, and they hold their breath, as it were, to listen as the church clock, in proclaiming the midnight hour, tolls the death-knell of the old year which is just departing from us. Do we not then long for a halting place on the high road of life, where, pausing a while on our journey, we may look back over the way by which we have come, may glance at the tract we have yet to traverse, draw up plans for our future guidance, and gain fresh strength ere we trust ourselves on the untrodden ground which yet remains to be trodden? Ay, but it may not be. There is no Sabbath between year and year. We must make all our observations, form all our resolutions, on our voyage-on, on we must go; the rest will be hereafter, and only when time shall be no more.

And now the bells burst forth with joyous peal in honor of the new born year. Eighteen hundred and eighty lies before us, pure and spotless like the unsullied pages of a blank book, it rests with us whether these pages shall be brightly illuminated by acts of charity, deeds of kindness, and loving words; or blotted by selfishness, unkind thoughts and desires and acts of unkindness, the remembrance of which, regret them as we will, leaves a disfiguring stain. Three hundred and sixty five leaves seem a great many to fill at the beginning of the year, but they will pass by all too quickly. "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together," often unnoticed while weaving, but plainly visible in looking back at our work. Who knows how much happier they may help to make the coming year for some one? We hope you are not tired of the repetition, but we wish to all and each a "Happy New Year."

WARM SHOES FOR OLD PEOPLE.

The circulation of old people is slow, and they have to sit a great deal from infirmity, therefore they suffer much from the cold. Warm shoes can be made for them very easily. Take any odd piece of serge, cloth, frieze, or even of thinner materials, such as velveteen or cashmere, cut to the shape of the uppers of a shoe. Line with brown paper and strong calico, join at the back and bind the three together all round with braid. Get a pair of cork soles, cut brown paper exactly the shape of these, also flannel. Lay the brown paper next the cork sole, the flannel over it, and bind all together with braid. Now lay on the uppers, pin in position all round, and stitch on the outside very firmly and neatly. The cork soles must be bought a size larger than the foot.

Recipes.

To Spice a Round of Beef.

Take four ounces black pepper, two ounces saltpetre, two ounces allspice, one ounce cloves, one cup brown sugar and half a cup salt, all to be pounded and mixed well together. Put this mixture into a bowl. Rub the beef upon a large dish. Place the mixture a handful at a time into and turn the beef every second day for three weeks. Then cover with a paste made of flour and water, rolled thin. Bake in the oven until thoroughly done. Remove the crust and you will have a piece of beef worth eating.

A "Cabinet" Pudding.

Butter a bowl and line it with stoned raisins, lay biscuits, or stale cake, out in strips around it so as to leave a hole in the centre. Heat a pint of milk, beat three eggs and pour the milk over them, use a little salt and essence of lemon. Then turn the custard into the pudding, put a plate on the top, tie a cloth tight around it and let it stand half an hour. Then eat with a one hour and a half. Steam for a liquid sauce.