

Auld Scotch Songs.

I like the air that fits the words,
An' words that fit the air,
That seem to go inside ye;
An' find a lodgin' there;
Ay, there's somethin' in an auld Scotch
sang
That's dearer far to me,
Than a' the mixtie-maxtie stuff
Ye bring from Germany.

Though Wagner to the German soul
May teem with beauties rare,
Yet to the rugged Scottish heart
They never can compare
Wi' "Scots wha hae" or "Scotland Yet,"
Or glorious "Auld Lang Syne,"
There's something in these Scottish songs
That almost seems divine.

"Land o' the Leal" wad gar the tear
Start frae the sternest e'e,
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I wad lae me down an' dee.
You may call them vulgar ditties,
Common-place, old fashioned things,
Well, the tune is somewhat ancient
That the lark or mavis sings.

But some things Time n'er touches,
They are ever bright an' fair,
The ripplin' waves of ocean,
The feathery clouds of air,
The hills, the burns, the sunshine—
Though old they're ever new,
An' Scotland's grand old melodies,
They are immortal too.

Farming and Stock Raising

New difficulties seem to beset our farmers each year, in unfavorable weather in visitation of insect pests, or in diseases which attack the crops, and in some way or other the result in four years out of five is short crops and consequent loss. Year after year these misfortunes occur and bewailed and explained. Remedies are suggested, and with strong presumptions that they are correct they are pressed upon the farmer, but still no great improvement is made, so that the story of loss goes on year after year. It is altogether likely that over a great part of the cultivated portions of the older provinces of Canada, the old-fashioned style of farming can no longer give adequate returns for the labor of a family in the amount of produce yielded by an average farm.

In Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, and in fact all the lower provinces we had last year a very short grain crop. The oat crop was seriously damaged by the red leaf blight, and did not recover with the result that the crop was only 75 per cent. average. In his annual report commenting on this shortage, the secretary of Agriculture calls attention to the prevalence of this blight not only in these provinces, but also in the United States and in Ontario, and expresses the opinion that it is due to the loss of fertility in the soil, and consequent want of vigor in the plant.

The Secretary further remarks that in all probability our farmers must be prepared to ward off attacks of rust by using the precautions that are now found necessary in Europe: Preparing the seed by treatment with saline solutions with hot water. What he says of the oat crop and of the protection of the seed from the enemies of the plant is no doubt expressive of a general truth. Our cultivated grains owing to soil exhaustion and to the multiplication of enemies, must be fortified and protected. More work and more skillful treatment must be given to insure good crops. As has been said so often, and as must be repeated continually, in order to din the truth into generation after generation of farmers, the first and fundamental improvement is to improve the mechanical condition of the soil by drainage. Draining is the absolute and undoubted remedy for much of the trouble and loss to which the farmer is subjected. To the people of northern and humid climates it is an unmixt benefit. To the farmers of northern and eastern Nova Scotia it would prove a wonderfully enriching agency, while making their lives in every way more pleasant.

The most extraordinary thing is that, while every farmer is now persuaded that this is true, not one in a hundred is making any effort to secure these advantages, and it is quite certain that they never will.

In every case where there is a farmer's institute, or any gathering of farmers, someone says a good word for draining, and no one gainsays it; but the men who give tacit or outspoken assent as the case may be, never think of using this beneficial treatment on their farms. The consequence is plainly to be seen. Agriculture is at a low ebb as compared with the other arts; and daily, farmers are abandoning their homes, their properties, and their improvements, and are going into the towns, there to become servants or laborers, instead of masters, as they might be so long as they remained on their own lands.

In Nova Scotia the rural districts are no longer growing in extent or population, but the towns are growing at their expense. The same condition so manifest in the older New England States is rapidly coming to pass here, and the aban-

doned farm is a constant feature in the landscape.

The importation of food into Nova Scotia is enormous for a new country of its size and population. Our flour, our oatmeal, our pork, our beef, and our poultry, are to a large extent imported, and in fact, we are just as much dependent for our food on outside sources of supply as is Great Britain, although, perhaps not to so great an extent.

Our farmers do not nearly feed us; indeed they do not feed themselves. Ontario flour goes to almost every farmhouse in Pictou County, and no doubt other counties are in the same position. If this proves that farming is at a low ebb, it also proves that the Nova Scotia farmer could be sure of much better prices than the man who supplies his market. To the extent of the freight charges at least, he is protected against his distant competitor, and this on all the coarse and heavier farm products means a great deal. In some lines he cannot at present compete. Except for the use of his own family, and this is a most important exception, he cannot profitably grow wheat; but he may, and night, and should grow oats, barley, peas, hay, and potatoes, and produce dairy products, poultry, eggs, beef and pork.

In dairy products and the growth of pork and poultry, he should be second to no farmer in Canada. And if there is today an appearance of a move at all, it is in this direction. Beef-cattle are neglected and dairy cattle are favoured. Cheese factories are slowly increasing in number, and of the dairy interest increase, pigs and poultry are sure to follow. It is not becoming in any one to boast, but the writer will venture to say that he thinks a good well-made, and ripened cheese from one of our best cheese factories is the best cheese he has eaten in Canada; and when this is true of our cheese it may, and should be of the general output.

We can produce first-rate cheese, and we can produce it in large quantities; and that being so, we have one most encouraging prospect before us, as there seems no danger of over production of choice cheese. With the same attention to this selection and care of cows that is shown in the best dairy districts, the farmer in Nova Scotia can make money without being much affected by failure of the grain crop. His pastures and hay lands are, and will be, his support.—North Sydney Herald.

The Latest Lymph.

A lymph to cure drunkards! The announcement of such remedy has been made by Dr. Leslie Keeley, of Dwight, Ill., after having performed 5000 successful experiments upon confirmed drunkards.

Dr. Keeley says that he is absolutely sure that a single injection of bicarbonate of gold any man can be transformed from a disciple of the devil into a first class prohibitionist. The treatment is only required for a few days, or at least two weeks. Out of the thousands of the worst specimens of drunkards in Illinois and Iowa, whom the doctor has treated at his institute in Dwight, there has not been one that went away un cured.

"I give them all the whisky they want when they come to me," said Doctor Keeley, "and excellent whisky, too. My, how some of the old toppers do guzzle it for about two days. In the meanwhile I'm getting in the lymph."

The third day after having "shots," as it is called, of the bicarbonate of gold, there is little whisky asked for. The patients do not abhor it, but they feel first rate without it, and don't have a bit more craving for liquor than a child has. An appetite for food increases, and the ex-drunkards brace up in spirits and manliness.

The chemical action of the lymph upon the system of a person who has used a great deal of alcohol apparently counteracts the effects of the poison and drives away any appetite for strong drink. The lymph is also a cure for the opium craze. The most confirmed users of the deadly drug are healed of their malady in a fortnight. Cocaine is another prey to this gilt-edged liquid, and a modification of the injection is expected to banish an appetite for tobacco, although but few experiments have yet been made.

Dr. Keeley's institute is the Mecca of a constant stream of sodden drunkards who are pouring in from all directions.

Dollar Sign.

The dollar sign, says an American paper is not a monogram of "U.S.," but dates from the days when the transfer was made from Spanish to American dollars, and accounts were kept equally in dollars and reals. Thus, one dollar || eight reals (American and Spanish accounts). Later the sign \$ was placed between cancellation mark, |8|; then the perpendicular lines crossed the \$, and finally the 8 shaped into an S, and combined with the cancellation line, evolved the present sign (\$)—English Mechanic.

He Felt Lively.

"Yes," said the night clerk of the Golden Eagle, "you see some mighty queer people in this business, for a fact."

"Don't say!" we replied with interest. "When people go off travelling they act different from what they do at home," continued the N. C. thoughtfully. "You don't notice it so much in the daytime. You've got to be on the night watches to see guests get off the reservation, and have ghost dances."

"Do, eh?" "That's what. For instance, there was a tall, thin, kinder sad-looking chap put up here about three weeks ago, who was a high roller from 'way back. The very first night he got out on the Bad Lands and came back shouting. There was a theatrical troupe in town, and two of the actresses were about retiring as he passed up stairs whooping like a lot of Sioux chasing a sutler's wagon. He rapped on the actresses' door, and as they wouldn't open it, of course, he blew cigarette smoke through the key hole, and yelled "Fire!"

"Made a panic, didn't it?" "That's no word for it. Looked like a sheet and pillow-case party in an insane asylum. We read the riot act then, but he put up a warm talk with the proprietor, and squared it somehow. He was a velvet talker, as sure as you're born. The night after that he coaxed me into a dice game, and skinned a hundred and sixty outer me quick'n a wink."

"Made his expenses, eh?" "Exactly; well the next morning he came with his head swelled and his grip packed. He said he hated to leave us, as he'd had such a quiet, pleasant, genial sort of time; but duty called him, and he must away. So I made out his bill."

"Made it pretty large, too, didn't you?" "Bout the usual—but wait. I handed him his account, and what do you think he said?"

"Can't imagine." "Why," he said "Great Scott! don't you make a reduction to clergymen?"—San Francisco Examiner.

Sixteen Dollars a Head Tax.

John Gilmary Shea, the well-known editor of the Catholic News, publishes an article in that journal, which at the present time is not without interest to Canadian readers. Under the heading of the present article he says: "The first congress after the centenary of the constitution goes out with a reputation that shatters all respect for the United States government. It is getting to be an incubus on the nation, powerful for evil, unproductive of good. Its appropriations bringing the country to the verge of bankruptcy amount to 1,000 millions of dollars, which for a population of sixty millions of people is more than sixteen dollars a head. Every man with a wife and four children must expect to pay from his earnings a hundred dollars to meet this extravagance. As there are tramps and worthless classes, neither of whom pay their proportion of taxes, but manage to evade them, the hardworking honest man will really pay one hundred and fifty dollars. This is for a government that renders no real service to the country, which pays millions in fraudulent pensions, which gives no harbor defenses, maintains no schools or charitable institutions, provokes the Indians by oppression and brings upon us costly Indian wars, which supports an immense army of office holders, usurps many rights of the States, gives immunity to murderers. Pay your hundred and fifty dollars, hard working and hard worked citizens, and praise the fifty-first congress. If this extravagance continues, the sooner we have a national convention and abolish the present government the better."

A Clergyman at Fifty.

How is it that when a minister comes to be fifty years of age he is looked upon as almost past usefulness.

Commenting on the dead line being at 50 the Canadian Presbyterian says:—

A man of seventy-six is at this moment directing the Conservative battalions, and may probably lead them to another decisive victory on the 5th of next month. What loyalty ever proposes to ask Sir John to retire because he is seventy-six? Down at the old parliament buildings on Front Street another man of seventy-one is leading the Ontario Liberals with rare tact and skill, and his following never cheered more enthusiastically than they do at this present moment. Does any Grit suggest that Mr. Mowat should retire because he is seventy-one? You cannot find a dozen Grits or Tories in Ontario who would say that either of these veteran statesmen should give way on account of his age. Nearly all the lawyers who earn \$100 a day are fifty-one and one of them is about seventy. Sir John McDonald's friends care for his health and comfort with a tenderness that is almost pathetic.

The old man is rarely seen walking without the aid of some one's arm. Were he a minister of Christ instead of a minister of the State he would have been kicked out long ago. Were Mr. Mowat a minister of the Gospel he could not get a call from any congregation in the constituency he has represented for nearly twenty years.

Household Receipts.

All materials for cakes—flour, currants, &c.—should be slightly warmed, in order not to chill the batter.

HAM CROQUETTES.—Take a quarter of a pound of grated ham or tongue, and mix with it two ounces of mashed potatoes; melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add the mince, season with a little pepper, a very little stock, a little powdered sweet herbs and parsley; stir until quite hot, then add, off the fire, the yolks of two eggs; lay the mince on the plate to cool, make into croquettes, roll them in eggs, and then in baked bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

BOILED CHEESE.—Put one tablespoonful of milk into a saucepan, with a bit of butter the size of a nutmeg, and a quarter of a pound of good cheese, grated fine. Put the whole on a slow fire until it boils, then add one egg well beaten. Stir well together, turn into a dish and brown. Serve hot.

KNUCKLE OF PORK.—Boil the knuckle till almost cooked. Place it in a pie-dish and pour over it the following batter. Break one egg into a basin; add half a teaspoonful each of salt, pepper, sugar, chopped sage and onion, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, and two tablespoonfuls of wine. Beat up well with a wooden spoon. Stir in ten ounces of flour, and add gradually a pint of water. Beat for ten minutes, pour over the knuckle, and place it in the oven. Bake for one hour.

PINK VELVET CREAM SOUP.—Put into a saucepan a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, stir over the fire until they bubble and are quite smooth; and then begin to add hot milk, a half a teacupful at a time, stirring the flour, butter, and milk together until smooth before adding more. When you have put in a quart of milk, season with a level teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, and quarter of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Color with a teaspoonful of boiled beets rubbed through a sieve. Spinach, cabbage, or any other vegetables may be added in the same way to this delicate soup.

The Parting of the Ways.

Wilkins and Watkins were college chums and close friends. They had been hard students and had taken little outdoor exercise. When they shook hands and said good by at the end of their college career, they were in impaired health. Both had dyspepsia, liver troubles and troublesome coughs.

Wilkins had plenty of money and decided to travel for his health. Watkins was poor. "I must go to work for my living," said he, "but I will try the remedy that Robinson talks so much about.—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery." In less than two years, Wilkins came home in his coffin. Watkins, now in the prime of life, is a bank president, rich and respected, and weighs 200 pounds. "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' saved my life at a critical time," he often says. "Oh, if poor Wilkins had only tried it!" For weak lungs, spitting of blood, all lingering cough and consumption in its early stages, it is an unequalled remedy.

Marriage.

It is not a pleasant thing to go through the world without sympathy, and to meet only those who have no interest in us except to make us contributors to their welfare and their selfish ends. In marriage, as it should be, there can be no selfishness. Each member works for the other's good; each contributes to the other's welfare. In the outside world it is different; each seeks to use the other for selfish purposes, and this makes life a contest, a battle. If such a state of things were to prevail in the home and married relation, then marriage would so far be an evil, and not a good.

"Gentle Spring" loses many of its terrors when the system is fortified by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When multitudes, this wonderful tonic-alterative has long superseded all other spring medicines, being everywhere recommended by physicians.

An American mate, on board a ship manned with a crew who had had no nautical experience, took packs of cards, and nailed one card close to where each rope was made fast, and named the rope after the card. The result was such orders as "Let go the ace of spades," "Man the nine of hearts and nine of diamonds," "Haul tight the queen of clubs."

THE WORLD OVER.

About 75 per cent. of St. John school children have had la grippe this season.

Knife all those who do not agree with you especially in politics; it proves that you are "liberal and tolerant."

Mr. Parnell will marry Mrs. O'Shea in the rosy month of June and will set up an establishment at Brighton.

A petition is in circulation in St. John addressed to the governor general asking the release of Daniel Hatfield, of St. John, sentenced to Dorchester for life for rape committed on Catherine O'Donnell.

Mrs. B. Hagerman of Bear Island met with a painful accident recently. While doing her household work she by some means chanced to upset a pailful of boiling water over her person, badly scalding her lower limbs and feet.—Gleaner.

Among the many families of emigrants that have gone to the northwest this spring are some of the people from the common walks of life in the old country, people of strong constitutions, some little capital and a common education. People such as these must do well. Several carloads have passed through the province by the C. P. R. for the northwest.

The will of the late Cardinal Newman has been proved for probate by the executors at £3,574. The beneficiaries under the will are Fathers Neville, Bellasis, and Pollen, all members of the Birmingham Oratory, in whose close companionship were passed the Cardinal's later years.

The future of English lawyers was considered at a meeting in London, and it was an opinion that the chief professional duties of a lawyer in the future would be those of general advisers and diplomats in the management of the concerns of others.

The Provincial Secretary's statement shows that a grant of \$300 was made during the recess, to the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu, Chatham, in recognition of the fact that many poor persons have been lodged and nursed by them without compensation.

Apple blossoms in all their natural beauty and fragrance were seen in a New York drawing room the other day. They were cuttings from a New Jersey orchard and three weeks before had been bare whips upon a tree. They had been put in water and set in a window in the sun. Cherry blossoms can be brought out in same way, and the lilac is very susceptible to this treatment, a little lime being put in the water in each case.

During last year eggs to the value of over three millions sterling were imported into England, of which 714 millions came from France and Germany, 200 millions from Belgium, and 75 millions from Russia. Eggs are now imported from Australia, although they must be about seven weeks old before they can be placed on the English market.

Considerable astonishment was created the other day by the declaration of a railroad engineer in the testimony of a disaster in New York city that he would prefer to run through the black darkness rather than through a tunnel lighted by glaring electric lamps. The light, he said, was so blinding that it was far more difficult to recognize a signal than if a faint light was shown in complete obscurity.

MRS. ROBINSON, Hopewell Corner, writes: Dear Sir, I have used your British Liniment for one year, and must say it surpasses all the Liniments I have ever used for Sore Throat, Lamé Back, Pains in the Side, and all complaints for which a Liniment is needed. I had a pain in my side so bad that I had to give up work. I gave my side a good bathing with your Liniment and it gave me immediate relief so that in twenty minutes I was able to go about my work.

At the meeting of the Canadian cabinet at Ottawa, last week, at which all the members were present, it was decided to intimate through the Governor General and the British minister at Washington, to secretary Blaine that the Dominion government were now ready to open negotiations with the United States in the direction of reciprocity and awaited the pleasure of the United States government as to the time when they would be ready to receive the Canadian Commissioners.

Louis Cyr, the Canadian who holds the championship at heavy-weight lifting, has again proved that he is the strongest man in the world by accomplishing two unprecedented feats of strength. He lifted, with the aid of a rope, two 160 pound dumb-bells with a man balanced on them the aggregate being 516 pounds. He raised the man and the bells two feet from the floor. He accomplished this feat with the index finger of his right hand. He also beat the world's record for the hand and back lift by raising a platform weighing 261 pounds, on which were 20 men, the combined weight being 3,790 pounds. Cyr lifted this weight with his hands and back.

ALL SORTS.

"Pop."

He shakes the popper o'er the coals,
She eyes the kernels by his side,
As round about like prisoned souls
In sore unrest, they tortured glide.
They both are blushing—'taint the fire,
Though now the kernels 'sin to hop;
He brings his chair a little nigher,
And then a big corn utters "Pop!"
Encouraged thus, his courage mounts;
She looketh down as half afraid;
And, though his heart doth give a bounce,
He stammers forth, "Be mine, sweet maid,
At my fireside forever back."
He almost lets the popper drop.
"Dear John," she says, "Please go and ask"
And then a kernel hollers "Pop!"

Brick bats—Crack crickets.
Often in very poor Spirits—The cork.
A new setting—Marry in haste and repent at your father-in-law's.
Cold comfort—Ice-water.
Weather report—A clap of thunder.
A dressing case—A tailor's suit at law to recover a debt.

The following is a curious definition of a dentist—"A dentist, love, makes teeth of bone For those whom fate has left without, And finds provision for his own By pulling other people's out."

Old Mrs. B. came to town last week on an excursion, and when she was asked why she was in such a hurry to leave, she replied, "I've got to; you see as how I came in on an exertion train, and my ticket perspires to-night."

A young woman applied at the relief bureau in Galveston the other day with a paper containing the following—"This unfortunate woman is the daughter of an old and childless father, and she supports several young brothers by her work."

Mrs. Shoddy, to shopman: "Show me a thermometer—one of your best." Shopman: "This, ma'am, is one of our finest—Venetian glass and the best quicksilver." Mrs. Shoddy: "Silver! That would be nice for the kitchen; but I want one for my boodere. Haven't you one with quick gold?"

An American visiting Montreal gave a waiter a silver dollar as a fee. Said the waiter, "Sir, did you intend to give me a dollar?" "I did." "Well, sir, this coin is at a discount. I can take it only for ninety-two cents. Eight cents more, please."

A gentleman at an evening-party in the Far West, observing another gentleman eyeing his umbrella, stopped the proceeding thus—"You handle that umbrella, you touch that umbrella, you even look at that umbrella, and I'll cram it down your throat, and then spread it!"

Host—in agony about his polished in laid floor: "Hadm't you better come on the carpet, old fellow? I'm afraid you'll slip, you know." Guest—with a wooden leg: "Oh, it's all right, old fellow, thanks! There's a nail in the end, you know."

A plain man often looks with envy on one who has risen to place and power; but, if he could see all the steps that have been taken to bring him there, or all the perplexities that surround him now that he is there, he would not barter his present peace of mind for the coveted greatness.

Too much love, or too much expression of it, never yet spoiled a child; it is undue indulgence that does that, and is what the mother should guard against. She must have a well-defined idea of what is just to expect of her child, and work to that as the builder does to his plan, if she would develop a respectful self-respecting character.

The roaming correspondent of the Burlington (Iowa) Hawk-Eye tells a pleasing story of a self-sacrificing traveler, who devoted his energies to the work of devouring everything upon a certain railway station dining-counter; and, having at length accomplished the feat, walked away, saying: "There! The next fellow that comes along here will get something fresh!"

A lady stood patiently before the receiving-teller's window in a bank, the other day, but no one took any notice of her till she attracted the attention of the money-taker by tapping with her parasol on the glass. "Why don't you pay attention to me?" she asked petulantly. "I'm sorry, ma'am; but we don't pay anything here. Next window, please," was the polite response.

At the best no one can know much. Compared with the infinite realms above and beyond us to be yet discovered, the knowledge of the most learned man covers but a tiny spot; and what fraction of such a spot ours may cover is but a small matter. But it does matter to ourselves and to all around us the use we shall make of what we do possess—whether we shall carry it around for exhibition, or whether we shall convert it into a living force to elevate our own natures and to bless and help mankind.