



POETRY

On the Death of James Ernest Livingston, Harcourt, Kent Co., N. B., aged 24 Years, 3 Months, Who Died of Pneumonia at Eufestown, on December, 3rd, 1896

He was kind and tender hearted,
Morally brave as few could be,
He could answer "no" when tempted
As the angels love to see.

He was gentle as a woman,
Slow to censure or distrust,
Stooping down to those below him
As the flowers to the dust.

Though as pure as morning dewdrops,
He was brilliant as the Sun,
By his bright and sparkling humor
Friends ever gaining one by one.

Always fearful lest he grieve you,
But if done, would rectify
In so kind, sincere, a manner
Angels seem to hover nigh.

He so loved, so young and noble,
In the flush of manhood's pride,
He has gone where dwells our Saviour,
He has crossed on Jordan's tide.

Though he's gone we'll not forget him,
But will keep his memory green
Treasured in our heart's affection
Lies that sacred love unseen.

Though no more on earth we'll see him,
Trusting still our Saviour's grace
When our earthly cares are over
We will meet him face to face.

MRS. JAMES LIVINGSTON,
Harcourt, Kent Co., Dec. 26th 1896.

Off Georges Banks.
Off Georges Banks the sun went down
In crimson splendor gleaming,
As past the bar a vessel sailed
With graceful pennant streaming;
And in her wake across the blue
A stormy petrel flew.

Then from their ambush crept the winds
To wake each sweeping billow;
And in their grasp the strong masts shook
Like slender twigs of willow,
And struck by whips of foaming spray
The good ship bore away.

Through darkling clouds the lightning clove
A jagged path asunder;
And in the gloomy vaults overhead
Deep rolled the sullen thunder;
While high above unnumbered graves
Up leaped the hungry waves.

Gray rose the dawn; and dreamily,
As though 'twixt sleep and waking;
Low lapped the waves, as on the rocks
Their long, green lines were breaking;
And in the changing sky afar,
Paled out a single star.

Then seaward from the lonely reefs
The sun came up all slowly,
His first beams touched a white white face,
Among the seaweed lowly—
A dead face lashed to floating planks
Drowned there—off Georges Banks.

That Bad Teddy Brown.
The worstest boy I ever see
Is j's' that Teddy Brown,
He's j's' as bad as he c'n be
For one day he came down
To visit me awhile, an' play,
An' said our pa's an' ma's
Jes' give us things on Christmas day,
An' th' aint no Santy Claus.

I haint go'n' play with Teddy Brown!
I'd like to well as not,
But he says Santy can't come down
A chimney like we got,
An' he says how would his sleigh go
Last Christmas time, because
There wasn't then a speck o' snow?
So th' aint no Santy Claus.

He's jes' the worstest boy I guess
That ever was, an' I
Haint go'n' to play with him, but jes'
Go on an' pass him by;
So'd you, ef you could hear him say
That j's' our pa's an' ma's
Will give us things on Christmas day
An' th' aint no Santy Claus.

Good-Bye Old Year.
Good-bye, Old Year! Thy step so slow,
Thy feeble form, thy locks of snow,
Proclaim thou'rt run thy destined race—
Must sink within the year's embrace,
With all the years by Time laid low.

'Tis sad to see thee overthrow!
The old must die, 'twas ever so!
The fresh, the fair, must have thy place,
Good-bye, Old Year.

Each leaf of thy blurred book doth show
For fair resolves, but debts I owe;
Thine heir—the young year, fair of face
Perchance the record may erase;
The last stroke sounds! Ah! thou must
Go.

Good-bye, Old Year.

New Year's in Various Countries.
The Mexicans celebrated New Year's day with human sacrifices.

Jan. 1 was made the beginning of the legal year in England in 1752.

Sweden did not adopt Jan. 1 as New Year's day until the year 1753.

The legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland took place on Jan. 1, 1801.

Jan. 1 was made New Year's day in France by royal edict in the year 1564.

On New Year's day in ancient Egypt there were processions in every temple.

The month of January is said to have been named by Numa Pompilius in 672 B. C.

The emancipation proclamation of Abraham Lincoln was issued January 1, 1863.

The New Year in Sparta was celebrated by the consecration of youths to military service.

The present system of beginning the new year with Jan 1 was adopted in Scotland A. D. 1600.

For nervous headache use K D C.

At A Penny Apiece—£20,000.

If you had as many pennies as there are natural holes through your skin, how many pennies should you have?

You would have enough to make £20,000. Now figure up the holes for yourself. Yet you couldn't afford to sell them for a penny each, even in hard times. They are worth more money. These holes, or sweat glands, pour out quarts of sweat every day—water mixed with salt and poisonous humours. Stop these holes, partly or entirely, and the skin's work is at once thrown on the lungs and kidneys. Then you fall ill with some disease or other. With what disease depends the nature and location of your weak spot.

A lady, whose name we are permitted to mention, will not soon forget the spring of 1890. It was then that for the first time in her life she was afraid to be left alone; not from fear of enemies, but from sheer nervous excitement. She was obliged to have elastic put into her slippers to let them out—her feet were swollen so; and her hands were in the same condition. In the morning her face would puff up and large lumps form under her eyes and on her cheeks. Then a rash made its appearance all over her body, vanishing again almost immediately as a blush comes and goes on the face.

The suddenness of this she compares to the sting of a wasp or hornet. An intense itching accompanied it, so she could not lie in bed or be quiet in any position on account of it. She was in misery night and day and scarcely knew what to do with herself. Her legs got so painful and felt so tired she was put to it to get about. For eighteen months (it must have seemed like as many years!) she was tormented in this way.

Meanwhile she consulted two doctors, and attended successively at the Newcastle Infirmary and at the Dispensary. But nothing more than temporary ease came of the treatment they gave her. The doctors recommended a change of air, and in August, 1891, she went to North Sunderland. She found relief at that place, but not from the air.

Now we must get back to the spring of 1890, and inquire what, if anything, preceded this strange outbreak. At that time the lady says, she first felt languid, tired and constantly sleepy. She was troubled with bad headaches and attacks of giddiness. Her appetite failed; she could eat but little, and after eating had a feeling of weight and fullness at the chest and sides. Her whole system was depressed, and the life in her appeared to sink, as the water does in a cistern where there exists a hidden leak somewhere. Then came what has already been described.

At North Sunderland, whither she went for a change of air, she met a gentleman named Cathart, who expressed a most intelligent opinion of her case and advised the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Convinced by his reasoning she procured a supply of this well known remedy and began taking it.

Her letter concludes in these words: "After I had used the Syrup only a few days I felt a decided improvement in all respects. My appetite revived, my food digested better, and soon the rash and lumps entirely disappeared to return no more. I have since enjoyed the best of health. You are at liberty to make my statement public if you think it may be useful to others. (Signed) Mrs. Sarah Charleton, 27 John Street, Arthur's Hill, Newcastle, February 7th, 1893."

We congratulate this lady on her recovery and thank her for allowing us to publish the above details of her experience. The doctors called her ailment eczema, but it was more than that. Her blood was loaded with the poisonous acids generated by indigestion and dyspepsia—the same as the poisons of gout and of acute inflammatory rheumatism. The irritated nerves of the skin produced the rash, as the clogged pores were unable to excrete the poison. The purifying power of Seigel's Syrup expelled this poison through the kidneys and bowels, and by stimulating insensible perspiration over the whole surface of the skin.

Of this disease an English physician says: "When it becomes chronic all treatment fails."

Yes, all treatment except the one which cured Mrs. Charleton.

Sharp Legal Practice.

A country guest of a certain London hotel, having a dread of pickpockets, went to the clerk and handed him a £20 note to put in the safe. A-king for it next day, he was thunderstruck when the functionary to whom he had given the money coolly denied any recollection of the matter. Whereupon the countryman went to a lawyer. "Get another £20 note," said the lawyer, "and go, accompanied by a friend, back to the hotel. Apologize to the clerk for your mistake; say it was a defective memory; attribute it to absent mindedness; deposit the second £20 note in the presence of your friend and come back to me." The mystified ruralist observed the instructions to the very letter. "Now," said the lawyer, "go back alone to the clerk and ask him for your £20 note. Knowing that your friend saw him receive it, he will give you back the second one. Then take your friend with you next day, approach the clerk, ask him boldly for that £20 note, and, as there was no witness to your receipt of the second note, he will be forced to return that also." The ruse proved completely successful, much to the gratification of the countryman.—Comic Cuts.

The Best Way To Cure

Disease is to establish health. Pure, rich blood means good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier. It tones up the whole system, gives appetite and strength and causes weakness, nervousness and pain to disappear. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, prevent constipation. 25c.

Butter Making On The Farm.

MRS. JENNIE LANGDON (Moscow, Tenn.)

I am a farmer's wife, and during my four years of married life, have made butter making a speciality, and after much experience, consider myself successful. Butter is a complicated product, and depends upon a number of conditions; the cow, the food she eats, the water she drinks, the milk pails, pans, and the place where the milk is kept and various other things that could be mentioned. We must have the milk before we can make the butter. Our cows are mixed with Jersey, we keep them in good condition by allowing them to graze during the day; and at milking time, I feed them on cotton seed, a little meal bran and a pinch of salt mixed. We give them shucks upon which they feed during the night, and sometimes give them a few nubbins of corn, but do not give many as this has a tendency to make the butter oily. We see that our cows drink pure water; this is very essential, it adds greatly to the flavor of both milk and butter. Before going to milk wash the hands and carry water to sponge the cow's udder. Be sure and strip the cow of all the milk, the last of the milk is the cream and that makes the butter. I have a separate place for my milk and milk vessels, strainer and milk cloths, which I keep scrupulously clean, airing them daily, using flat jars and pans in which to strain milk for cream to rise. I arrange my milk to churn in the morning. I do not like to keep cream too long, it sours and that ruins the taste of the butter. Do not churn too long, that makes the butter rancid. Never allow the milk to get too hot, your butter will be white and puffy. Never add water to the milk while churning, this ruins the taste of both milk and butter. If the milk gets foamy while churning, add a piece of salted butter to the milk and place the churn by the fire (I use a stone churn, preferring that to any other) and keep turning it around while churning, not allowing it to get too hot; in a short while it will cease foaming and butter will begin to come; or you can place the churn in a deep vessel of warm water which has the same effect. I never wash my butter, for it destroys the sweet flavor. You can get all milk from the butter by using a butter paddle; use fine salt, free from specks. I have a little house I call my milk house, dug in the ground, about four feet deep, covered over, in which I keep my milk and butter during the hot months. It keeps the milk nice and cool and the butter sweet and firm. I send butter to market in firm cakes during the hot months. My butter is of a golden color, fine grain and sweet flavor. Your farmers' wives try my plan, and you will have no more fret and worry over your milk and butter.

Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

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