

**Green Bone as Poultry Food.**

AN EXCELLENT ARTICLE THAT SEEMS TO BE CONCLUSIVE OF ITS VALUE.

Is green bone a profitable food with which to feed poultry? This is the question I want answered. We think it is, and our reasons are that hens fed on green bones will lay a larger percentage of eggs than they would if not fed the bone. A larger number of the eggs will be fertile; the chickens hatched will be hardier than chicks hatched from eggs laid by hens that were not fed green bones, especially if these are winter eggs or your fowls are confined in yards. Why so? Because the composition of bone contains nearly all the elements of an egg, which is proof positive. Here is bone analysis by Brezeline:

Gelatin and blood vessels.....	33.30
Carbonate of lime.....	11.30
Phosphate magnesia.....	1.16
Phosphate of lime.....	51.04
Fluoride calcimus.....	2.00
So. and chl. sodium.....	1.20

Total.....100.00

Drevenstedt says: "An egg is concentrated food weighing one and one-half ounces, composed of lime, soda, sulphur, iron, phosphorus, magnesia, oil and albumen, which are nearly all found in the composition of green bone. So if we feed it to the hen we supply her with the proper materials with which to make eggs, for the hen is the mill, the crop is the hopper, the egg the grist. Every particle of the egg, yolk, albumen and shell comes from the assimilated food through the blood cells. If we feed fat and heat-forming foods there cannot follow the largest egg production. Whatever the appetite of a healthy hen craves is lacking in her food."

Fed two or three times a week, or just a very little each day, it certainly is a healthful, egg-producing, tissue-forming food, insuring rapid and great growth of chicks, and taking the place, in a great measure, of the bug and insect meat fowls obtain in a natural state. It should not, understand, be forced upon them too largely, as confined fowls need coarse food, such as grass or clover, as surely as they do grain and flesh, else looseness of bowels, torpid liver, indigestion and other evils must ensue.

Fowls running at large also need meat if they have but dry, grasshopperless, bugless, wormless feeding grounds. How does the chicken eat when given access to all kinds of food at liberty? A bug or two, a few nips of green stuff, then a few kernels of grain, a sip of water now and then, and off it goes after an insect; now a scratch for one or two worms and some seeds, a few more beakfuls of grass or weed, and it is off for a bath in the dusting place. The nearer the breeder can duplicate this natural, little-at-a-time varied manner of feeding, with his yarded fowls, so much the nearer will he come to realizing profit on his investment and pleasure for his pains.—*Farm News.*

**Salt for Stock.**

We are surprised, when passing through the country, to find so few farmers who use rock salt for their stock. Whenever we find a man who uses it he always speaks of it in the highest terms. The writer can say from experience that there is no other way of salting stock nearly so satisfactory in every way as by the use of the rock. It is a settled fact that stock salted once a week take too much when given to them, which has the effect of wasting much nutrition in the animal which the system requires, and before the next salting day comes around ill effects are caused in the system by the lack of salt. This being the case, the farmer who depends upon weekly salting, be he ever so regular, cannot fail to lose milk from his cows and flesh from his steers and other fattening stock. Some resort to the plan of putting a little salt into the food every day or two. Now this is all chance work, and cannot give the best results, as the animal itself is the only proper judge of how much to take, and will never take too much or too little when given free access to it. Now, when stables have been fitted up with salt boxes in the stalls, the supply can be kept constantly before them by using either barrel or rock salt—the former having to be supplied every few days, while a four or five pound lump will last for weeks. Another advantage in using rock salt is that it can be thrown into an ordinary manger and not interfere with the food. The animals can lick at it as desired, and no evil results or waste in food or salt can follow. Then, again, for field salting in the summer, a lump can be thrown on the ground, exposed to sun and rain, without loss or other objection, while when barrel salt is used the box will be half the time empty, and irregular salting results.

Money spent for wood ashes will always be well invested. They are suitable for all classes of soils, do not injure the land or the crops, and supply both lime and potash as plant food.

**The Date for the Wedding.**

Mrs. Swayback sighed when her daughter told her that Mr. Trivvet had asked her to be his wife and that she had become engaged.

"I suppose I ought not to feel badly about it," Mrs. Swayback added, wiping away a tear with the corner of her apron. "It is woman's destiny to be married. I left the home of my happy girlhood to become Mrs. Swayback, and now you must leave to become Mrs. Trivvet. Still, I cannot help feeling my loss very deeply. A mother can never lose her daughter with indifference; she can never give her up—not even to the best man in the world—without deep reluctance."

By this time Mrs. Swayback was sobbing violently, and her daughter was trying to comfort her.

"I shall come to see you often, mother, darling," she said.

"Of course you will, but it is a great trial to part with you, my child. You must not mind your fond mother's crying a bit over it."

"Dry your eyes, mother. I'm sure you couldn't desire a finer young man than Mr. Trivvet for a son-in-law, and of course you expected me to get married some time."

Mrs. Swayback's sobs broke out afresh, and for a time she refused to be comforted. Then she applied her handkerchief vigorously to her eyes and asked:

"When is the wedding to be?"

"In about six months, mamma, dear."

"Six months!" exclaimed Mrs. Swayback. "What on earth does the procrastinator mean by putting it off that long? Mary Ann, I don't believe he intends to marry you at all, so I don't. If he had, he'd insisted on having the wedding come off inside six weeks at the furthest."

**Simply Absent-Minded.**

There were eight or ten of us in the sitting room of the railroad station when a deputy sheriff entered with a handcuffed prisoner.

"See here, Bill, I'm goin' to hitch you to this seat and go after a drink. I haven't bin so thirsty since the war."

"What's the matter of my goin' along?" asked Bill.

"It wouldn't jest look well, yo' see, and folks would be apt to make remarks. Mebbe I'll bring some back in a bottle."

The officer hadn't been gone two minutes when a man entered with a bundle under his arm and walked over to the prisoner. Taking a key from his pocket he unlocked the handcuffs and pitched them out of the back door into a ditch. Then the prisoner shed his coat, hat and vest and put on others, and as he sat down again his friend produced a pair of shears and cut off his long hair and whiskers with wonderful celerity. The deputy was gone about ten minutes, and when he returned his man had glasses on his eyes, a newspaper in his hand, and could not be picked out of the crowd. The deputy didn't try to pick, however. He came to a standstill in front of the seat where he had left Bill and looked all around and rubbed his eyes and looked again. Then he felt the empty seat and looked puzzled and scratched his head.

"Lost anything?" asked one of the crowd.

"I reckon I hev, but am not sure of it. Did I bring in a prisoner and handcuff him to that seat?"

"Of course not."

"A smallish man with long hair and whiskers and a leetle lame?"

"No such man here."

"Didn't you hear me say I'd bring him sunthin' in a bottle?"

"No."

The officer felt in his pocket and produced a warrant for William Saunders for grand larceny and handed it over to the man to read.

"Yes, I see," was the reply, "and why don't you arrest him?"

"By George! but that's what I want to do, of course! I knew I'd either arrested him or was goin' over to Red Cove to do it this afternoon, and I beg your pardon fur actin' so stupid, and am much obleeged fur yo' trouble."

He started off at a brisk pace, and walked down the platform, but returned after a minute or two to put his head into the room and say:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but I wanted to say that I haven't been drinkin' too much; I'm simply absent-minded, you know. Come to think of it, I'm sure I arrested Bill Saunders two days ago and lodged him in the county jail."

Miss East (touring in Oklahoma) "Where were the remains of your late husband interred, Mrs. Lackman?"

The Widow Lackman (sadly) "There wasn't any remains. He met a bear."

By not smoking cigars, said Uncle Allen, who was in a contemplative mood, I suppose I have saved in the last 50 years not less than \$5,000, and the young fellow that's going to inherit my money will probab'ly spend that \$5,000 for cigars inside of ten years.

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**DIRECTORY.**

**SOCIETIES.**

**K** NIGHTS OF TENTED MACCABEES. Diamond Tent No. 208. Meets in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block on the first and third Tuesday in each month.

H. E. AUSTIN, Com. C. W. BURGESS, R. K.

**M** APLE LEAF TRUE BLUE LODGE No. 42. Regular meetings held on the 2nd and 4th Wednesday in each month. Hall in McArthur's Block.

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**C** ANADIAN ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS Trent Valley Lodge No. 71. Meet in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block on the first and third Mondays in each month.

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**L** O. L. No. 996. MEET IN THE ORANGE Hall on Francis St. West on the second Tuesday in every month.

LEWIS DEYMAN, W. M. J. T. THOMPSON, JR., Rec-Sec

**I** NDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS. Court Phoenix No. 182. Meet on the last Monday of each month, in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block.

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**C** ANADIAN HOME CIRCLES. FENELON Falls Circle No. 127, meets in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block the first Wednesday in every month.

P. C. BURGESS, Leader. R. B. SYLVESTER, Secretary.

**A. F. AND A. M., G. R. C. THE SPRY** Lodge No. 406. Meets on the first Wednesday of each month, on or before the full of the moon, in the lodge room in Cunningham's Block.

E. FITZGERALD, W. M. REV. W. FARNCOMB, Secretary

**CHURCHES.**

**B** APTIST CHURCH—QUEEN-ST.—REV. James Fraser, Pastor. Service every Sunday morning at 10.30. Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30; Minister's Bible-class on Tuesday (fortnightly) at 7.30.

**M** ETHODIST CHURCH—COLBORNE Street—Reverend T. P. Steel, Pastor. Sunday service at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 2.30 p. m. Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30.

**S** T. ANDREW'S CHURCH—COLBORNE Street—Reverend M. McKinnon, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m. Christian Endeavor meeting every Tuesday at 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

**S** ALVATION ARMY—BARRACKS ON Bond St. West—Adj. and Mrs. Miller. Service held every Thursday and Saturday evenings at 8 p. m., and on Sundays at 7 a. m., 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 7 p. m.

**S** T. ALOYSIUS R. C. CHURCH—LOUISA Street—Rev. Father Nolan, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2 p. m.

**S** T. JAMES'S CHURCH—BOND STREET East—Rev. Wm. Farncomb, Pastor. Service every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 11.30 a. m. Bible class every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**M** ECHANICS' INSTITUTE—P. KELLY Librarian. Open daily, Sunday excepted, from 10 o'clock a. m. till 10 p. m. Books exchanged on Tuesdays and Saturdays from 12 a. m. till 3 p. m. and in the evening from 7 to 9. Reading room in connection.

**P** OST OFFICE—F. J. KERR, POSTMASTER. Office hours from 7.40 a. m. to 8 p. m. Mail going south closes at 8 a. m. Mail going north closes at 3 p. m.

**NEWSPAPER LAW.**

1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning the paper does not answer the law), when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office and state the reasons for its not being taken. Any neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for payment.
2. If any person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.
3. Any person who takes a paper from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay.
4. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post-office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can arrest any one for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscription to run along for some time unpaid, and then orders it discontinued, or orders the postmaster to mark it "refused," and have a postal card sent notifying the publishers lays himself liable to arrest and fine, the same as for theft.