MEDICAL.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
REMEDY FOR PAIN
WHAT IT WILL DO.

Relief. [illegible] one or two applications of St. Jacobs Oil relieves pains and aches of every description permanently. This is the average experience in ten years.

Cures. [illegible] a single bottle have cured [illegible] in those lands of [illegible] to date [illegible] lose, there [illegible]

The T[illegible] lands of testimonials [illegible] the cures [illegible]

The [illegible] lives instance [illegible] lively [illegible] that what ever may [illegible] cent. The experience of [illegible] aches and pains.

Pains and [illegible] to classify briefly as the [illegible] Sciatica, Lumbago and the [illegible] Very likely be [illegible] fied also as to pain [illegible]

Treatment. [illegible] part affected thoroughly [illegible] by light and moderate [illegible] the body from direction.

THE CHARLES [illegible] Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

DR. WILKINS' RED BLOOD PILLS.

Nothing Like Them on Earth.

They produce a natural fresh pink color of the cheeks and lips. The most remarkable and the most perfect of all health-giving remedies. The greatest of all flesh formers. They purify, enrich and strengthen the blood. The only safe, sure and certain remedy for all those distressing complaints so peculiar to the Female sex. They act promptly on the relaxed mucous membrane of the digestive canals and in this way restore its functions. Male People using these PILLS rapidly acquire a beautiful, clear and healthy appearance.

Price 50c a Box, or Six Boxes for $2.50.

For sale by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, by addressing

Dr. H. P. Wilkins,
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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER

It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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ORGANIC WEAKNESS, FAILING MEMORY, LACK OF ENERGY positively cured by Hazelton's Vitalizer. Also Nervous Debility, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Ambition, Stunted Development, Loss of Power, Pains in the Back, Night Emissions, Drain in Urine, Sleeplessness and all ailments brought on by youthful folly. Address, enclosing 5c stamp for treatise, J. E. HAZELTON, Graduate Pharmacist, 303 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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"MOTHER GREEN'S TANSY PILLS," such successfully by thousands, safe and sure. Act only on the generative organs, and cure suppression from whatever cause. Should not be used if Pregnancy is suspected or possible, until the question is positively beyond dispute, as their employment will be attended with apparent results than those desired. By mail $1.00. Full particulars (sealed) 3 cts. THE LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, CANADA. FOR SALE AT WADE'S DRUG STORE.

ON A HOMELY SIMILE

"AS A HEN GATHERETH HER CHICKENS UNDER HER WINGS."

Text of the Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sunday Morning Sermon—An Eloquent Discourse Demonstrative of the Saviour's Brooding Love for Sinners.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 26.—Rev. Dr. Talmage selected for his morning sermon the text, Matthew xxiii, 37, "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

WHY THIS SIMILE?

Jerusalem was in sight as Christ came to the crest of Mount Olivet, a height of 700 feet. The splendors of the religious capital of the whole earth irradiated the landscape. There is the temple. Yonder is the king's palace. Spread out before his eyes are the pomp, the wealth, the wickedness and the coming destruction of Jerusalem, and he burst into tears at the thought of the obduracy of a place that he would gladly have saved, and apostrophizes, saying, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings and ye would not!"

Why did Christ select hen and chickens as a simile? Next to the appositeness of the comparison I think it was to help all public teachers in the matter of illustration to get down off their stilts and use comparisons that all can understand. The plainest bird on earth is the barnyard fowl. Its only adornments are the red coph in its headdress and the wattles under the throat. It has no grandeur of genealogy. All we know is that its ancestors came from India, some of them from a height of 4,000 feet on the sides of the Himalayas. It has no pretension of nest like the eagle's eyrie. It has no luster of plumage like the goldfinch. Possessing anatomy that allows flight, yet about the last thing it wants to do is to fly, and in retreat uses foot almost as much as wing.

THE HEN AS A TYPE.

I am in sympathy with the unpretentious, old fashioned hen, because, like most of us, she has to scratch for a living. She knows at the start the lesson which most people of good sense are slow to learn—that the gaining of a livelihood implies work, and that successes do not lie on the surface, but are to be upturned by positive and continuous effort. The reason that society, and the church, and the world are so full of failures, so full of loafers, so full of dead beats, is because the people are not wise enough to take the lesson which any hen would teach them—that if they would find for themselves and for those dependent upon them anything worth having they must scratch for it.

Solomon said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." I say, go to the hen, thou sluggard. In the Old Testament God compares himself to an eagle stirring up her nest, and in the New Testament the Holy Spirit is compared to a descending dove, but Christ, in a sermon that begins with cutting sarcasm for hypocrites and ends with the paroxysm of pathos in the text, compars himself to a hen.

One day in the country we saw sudden consternation in the behavior of old Dominick. Why the hen should be so disturbed we could not understand. We looked about to see if a neighbor's dog were invading the farm. We looked up to see if a stormcloud were hovering. We could see nothing on the ground that could terrorize, and we could see nothing in the air to ruffle the feathers of the hen, but the loud, wild, affrighted cluck which brought all her brood at full run under her feathers made us look again around us and above us, when we saw that high up and far away there was a rapacious bird wheeling around and around, and down and down, and not seeing us as we stood in the shadow it came nearer and lower until we saw its beak was curved from base to tip, and it had two flames of fire for eyes, and it was a hawk.

But all the chickens were under old Dominick's wings, and either the bird of prey caught a glimpse of us, or not able to find the brood huddled under wing darted back into the clouds. So Christ calls with great earnestness to all the young. Why, what is the matter? It is bright sunlight, and there can be no danger. Health is theirs. A good home is theirs. Plenty of food is theirs. Prospect of long life is theirs. But Christ continues to call, calls with more emphasis and urges haste and says not a second ought to be lost. Oh, do tell us what is the matter!

Ah, now I see; there are hawks of temptation in the air; there are vultures wheeling for their prey; there are banks of death ready to plunge; there are claws of allurement ready to clutch. Now I see the peril. Now I understand the urgency. Now I see the only safety. Would that Christ might this day take our sons and daughters into his shelter, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing!" The fact is that the most of them will never find the shelter unless while they are chickens. It is a simple matter of inexorable statistics that most of those who do not come to Christ in youth never come at all.

HUMAN BIRDS OF PREY.

What chance is there for the young without divine protection? There are the grog shops. There are the gambling hells. There are the infidelities and immoralities of spiritualism. There are the bad books. There are the impurities. There are the business rascalities. And so numerous are these assailments that it is a wonder that honesty and virtue are not lost arts. The birds of prey, diurnal and nocturnal, of the natural world are ever on the alert. They are the assassins of the sky. They have varieties of taste. The eagle prefers the flesh of the living animal. The vulture prefers the carcass. The falcon kills with one stroke, while other styles of beak give prolongation of torture.

And so the temptations of this life are various. Some make quick work of death, and others agonize the mind and body for many years, and some like the living blood of great souls, and others prefer those already gangrened. But for every style of youth there is a swooping wing, and a sharp beak, and a cruel claw, and what the rising generation needs is a wing of protection. Fathers, mothers, older brothers and sisters, and Sabbath school teachers, be quick and earnest and praverful and importunate, and get the chickens under wing.

My hearers, if we secure the present and everlasting welfare of our children, most other things belonging to us are of but little comparative importance. Alexander the Great allowed his soldiers to take their families with them to war, and he accounted for the bravery of his men by the fact that many of them were born in camp and were used to warlike scenes from the start. Would God that all the children of our day might be born into the army of the Lord! No need of letting them go a long way on the wrong road before they turn around and go on the right road. The only time to get chickens under wing is when they are chickens.

Hannah Whitall Smith, the evangelist, took her little child at 2 years of age when ill out of the crib and told her plainly of Christ, and the child believed and gave evidence of joyful trust which grew with her growth into womanhood. Two years are not too young. The time will come when by the faith of parents children will be born into this world and born into the bosom of Christ at the same time. Soon we parents will have to go and leave our children. We fight their battles now, and we stand between them and harm, but our arm will after awhile get weak, and we cannot fight for them, and our tongue will be palsied, and we cannot speak for them. Are we going to leave them out in the cold world to take their chances, or are we doing all we can to get them under the wing of eternal safety?

WE NEED THE PROTECTING WING.

But we all need the protecting wing. If you had known when you entered upon manhood or womanhood what was ahead of you, would you have dared to undertake life? How much you would have been through! With most life has been a disappointment. They tell me so. They have not attained that which they expected to attain. They have not had the physical and mental vigor they expected, or they have met with rebuffs which they did not anticipate. You are not at 40 or 50 or 60 or 70 or 80 years of age where you thought you would be. I do not know any one except myself to whom life has been a happy surprise. I never expected anything, and so when anything came in the shape of human favor or comfortable position or widening field of work it was to me a surprise.

I was told in the theological seminary by some of my fellow students that I never would get anybody to hear me preach unless I changed my style, so that when I found some people did come to hear me it was a happy surprise. But most people, according to their own statement, have found life a disappointment. Indeed we all need shelter from its tempests. About 3 o'clock on a hot August afternoon you have heard a rumble that you first took for a wagon crossing a bridge, but afterward there was a louder rumbling, and you said, "Why, that is thunder!" And, sure enough, the clouds were being convoked for a full diapason. A whole park of artillery went rolling down the heavens, and the blinds of the windows in the sky were closed. But the sounds above were not more certain than the sounds beneath.

The cattle came to the bars and moaned for them to be let down that they might come home to shelter, and the fowl, whether dark Brahma or Hamburg or Leghorn or Dominick, began to call to its young, "Cluck!" "Cluck!" "Cluck!" and take them under the wagon house or shed, and had them all hid under the soft feathers by the time that the first plash of rain struck the roof.

So there are sudden tempests for our souls, and, oh! how dark it gets, and threatening clouds of bankruptcy or sickness or persecution or bereavement gather and thicken and blacken, and some run for shelter to a bank, but it is a poor shelter, and others run to friendly advisers, and they fail to help, and others fly nowhere, simply because they know not where to go, and they perish in the blast, but others hear a divine call, saying, "Come, for all things are now ready." "The spirit and the bride say come." And while the heavens are thundering terror the divine voice proffers mercy, and the soul comes under the brooding care of the Almighty "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings."

WE WANT WARMTH.

The wings of my text suggest warmth, and that is what most folks want. The fact is that this is a cold world, whether you take it literally or figuratively. We have a big fireplace called the sun, and it has a very hot fire, and the stokers keep the coals well stirred up, but much of the year we cannot get near enough to this fireplace to get warmed. The world's extremities are cold all the time. Forget not that it is colder at the south pole than at the north pole, and that the Arctic is not so destructive as the Antarctic. Once in awhile the Arctic will let explorers come back, but the Antarctic hardly ever. When at the south pole a ship sails in, the door of ice is almost sure to be closed against its return.

So life to many millions of people at the south and many millions of people at the north is a prolonged slaver. But when I say that this is a cold world I chiefly mean figuratively. If you want to know what is the meaning of the ordinary term of receiving the "cold shoulder," get out of money and try to borrow. The conversation may have been almost tropical for luxuriance of thought and speech, but suggest your necessities and see the thermometer drop to 50 degrees below zero, and in that which till a moment before had been a warm room. Take what is an unpopular position on some public question and see your friends fly as chaff before a windmill.

As far as myself is concerned, I have no word of complaint, but I look off day by day and see communities freezing out men and women of whom the world is not worthy. Now it takes after one and now after another. It becomes popular to depreciate and defame and execrate and lie about some people. This is the best world I ever got into, but it is the meanest world that some people ever got into. The worst thing that ever happened to them was their cradle, and the best thing that will ever happen to them will be their grave. What people want is warmth.

Many years ago a man was floating down on the ice of the Merrimac, and great efforts were made to rescue him. Twice he got hold of a plank thrown to him, and twice he slipped away from it because that end of the plank was covered with ice, and he cried out, "For God's sake, give me the wooden end of the plank this time," and this done he was hauled to shore.

The trouble is that in our efforts to save the soul there is too much coldness and icy formality, and so the imperiled one slips off and floats down. Give it the other end of the plank—warmth of sympathy, warmth of kindly association, warmth of genial surroundings. The world declines to give it, and in many cases has no power to give it, and here is where Christ comes in, and as on a cold day, the rain beating and the atmosphere full of sleet, the hen clucks her chickens under her wings, and the warmth of her own breast puts warmth into the wet feathers and the chilled feet of the infant group of the barnyard, so Christ says to those sick and frosted and disgusted and frozen of the world come in out of the March winds of the world's criticism; come in out of the sleet of the world's assault; come in out of a world that does not understand you. I will comfort, and I will soothe, and I will be your warmth, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing." Oh, the warm heart of God is ready for all those to whom the world has given the cold shoulder.

But notice that some one must take the storm for the chickens. Ah, the hen takes the storm. I have watched her under the pelting rain. I have seen her in the pinching frosts almost frozen to death or almost strangled in the waters, and what a fight she makes for the young under wing if a dog, or a hawk, or a man come too near! And so the brooding Christ takes the storm for us. What flood of anguish and tears that did not dash upon his holy soul! What beak of torture did not pierce his vitals? What barking Cerberus of hell was not let out upon him from the kennels?

Yes, the hen took the storm for the chickens, and Christ takes the storm for us. Once the tempest rose so suddenly the hen could not get with her young back from the new ground to the barn, and there, she is under the fence half dead. And now the rain turns to snow, and it is an awful night, and in the morning the whiteness about the gills and the beak down in the mud show that the mother is dead, and the young ones come out and cannot understand why the mother does not scratch for them something to eat, and they walk over her wings and call with their tiny voices, but there is no answering cluck. She took the storm for others and perished. Poor thing! Self sacrificing even unto death.

And does it not make you think of him who endured all for us? So the wings under which we come for spiritual safety are blood spattered wings, are night shadowed wings, are tempest torn wings. In the Isle of Wight I saw the grave of Princess Elizabeth, who died while a prisoner at Carisbrook castle, her finger on an open Bible and pointing to the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Oh, come under the wings!

But now the summer day is almost past, and the shadows of the house and barn and wagon shed have lengthened. The farmer, with scythe or hoe on shoulder, is returning from the fields. The oxen are unyoked. The horses are crunching the oats at the full bin. The air is bewitched of honeysuckle and wild brier. The milkman, pail in hand, is approaching the barnyard. The fowls, keeping early hours, are collecting their young. "Cluck!" "Cluck!" "Cluck!" and soon all the eyes of that feathered nursery are closed.

The bachelors of the winged tribe have ascended to their perch, but the hens, in a motherhood divinely appointed, take all the risk of a slumber on the ground, and all night long the wings will stay outspread and the little ones will not utter a sound. Thus at sundown, lovingly, safely, completely, the hen broods her young. So, if we are the Lord's the evening of our life will come. The heats of the day will have passed. There will be shadows, and we cannot see so far. The work of life will be about ended.

The hawks of temptation that hovered in the sky will have gone to the woods and folded their wings. Sweet silences will come down. The air will be redolent with the breath of whole arbors of promises sweeter than jasmine or evening primrose. The air may be a little chill, but Christ will call us, and we will know the voice and heed the call, and we will come under the wings for the night, the strong wings, the soft wings, the warm wings, and without fear, and in full sense of safety, and then we will rest from sundown to sunrise, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings." Dear me! How many souls the Lord hath thus brooded!

Mothers, after watching over sick cradles and then watching afterward over wayward sons and daughters, at last themselves taken care of by a motherly God. Business men, after a lifetime struggling with the uncertainties of money markets and the change of tariffs, and the underselling of men who because of their dishonesties can afford to undersell, and years of disappointment and struggle, at last under wings where nothing can perturb them any more than a bird of prey which is 10 miles off disturbs a chick at midnight brooding in a barnyard.

My text has its strongest application for people who were born in the country, wherever you may now live, and that is the majority of you. You cannot hear my text without having all the rustic scenes of the old farmhouse come back to you. Good old days they were! You knew nothing much of the world, for you had not seen the world.

By law of association you cannot recall the brooding hen and her chickens without seeing also the barn, and the haymow, and the wagon shed, and the house, and the room where you played, and the fireside with the big backlog before which you sat, and the neighbors, and the burial, and the wedding, and the deep snowbanks, and hear the village bell that called you to worship, and seeing the horses which, after pulling you to church, stood around the old clapboarded meeting house, and those who sat at either end of the church pew, and indeed all the scenes of your first 14 years, and you think of what you were then and of what you are now, and all these thoughts are aroused by the sight of the old hencoop. Some of you had better go back and start again.

In thought return to that place and hear the cluck and see the outspread feathers and come under the wing, and make the Lord your portion and shelter and warmth, preparing for everything that may come, and so avoid being classed among those described by the closing words of my text, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." Ah, that throws the responsibilities upon us! "Ye would not." Alas, for the "would nots!" If the wandering broods of the farm heed not their mother's call and risk the hawk and dare the freshet and expose themselves to the first frost and storm, surely their calamities are not the mother's fault. "Ye would not!" God would, but how many would not?

When a good man asked a young woman who had abandoned her home and who was deploring her wretchedness why she did not return, the reply was: "I dare not go home. My father is so provoked he would not receive me home." "Then," said the Christian man, "I will test this," and so he wrote to the father, and the reply came back and in a letter marked outside "Immediate," and inside saying, "Let her come at once; all is forgiven." So God's invitation for you is marked "Immediate" on the outside, and inside it is written, "He will abundantly pardon."

Oh, ye wanderers from God and happiness and home and heaven, come under the sheltering wing! Under this call I see you turning from your old way to the new way, the living way, the gospel way. A vessel in the Bristol channel was nearing the rock called the "Steep Holmes." Under the tempest the vessel was unmanageable, and the only hope was that the tide would change before she struck the rocks and went down, and so the captain stood on the deck, watch in hand. Captain and crew and passengers were pallid with terror. Taking another look at his watch and another look at the sea, he shouted: "Thank God, we are saved! The tide has turned! One minute more and we would have struck the rocks."

Some of you have been a long while drifting in the tempest of sin and sorrow and have been making for the breakers. Thank God, the tide has turned! Do you not feel the lift of the billow? The grace of God that bringeth salvation has appeared to your soul, and, in the words of Boaz to Ruth, I commend you to "the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou hast come to trust."

The Great Scientific Food.

There is quite as much science in the composition of a perfect food for the baby, as there is involved in the discovery of a planet in the heavens, and the marking of its proper course.

Thousands of young lives are daily dependent on prepared foods, for subsistence and life. It therefore requires a perfect scientific knowledge of food elements, as well as a thorough knowledge of the complexities of the digestive system, in order to give to mothers a food that can take the place of mother's milk, when this is lacking in quality and quantity.

Medical evidence clearly proves that up to the present time science has given to the world but one perfect food, known as Lactated Food. This wondrous composition is pure, wholesome and nutritious, and is peculiarly adapted for the formation of flesh, bone and muscle. Experienced mothers declare that Lactated Food has been of inestimable value in the home, and letters are sent to the manufacturers daily by loving mothers, asserting that this great food is a life-saver. No other artificial food can show such a record of successes amongst infants and young children.

Mother, we advise you to give it a trial at once, if your babe in not doing well with other foods. If you wish to test Lactated Food send in your post-office address to the Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, and a full-sized can will be sent free of charge.

Keelerville Captions.

KEELERVILLE, Feb. 20.—Roads badly snowed up; a team can scarcely get through. W. J. Loucks and W. Keeler spent Sunday at the revival services at Perth Road. Mrs. G. Loucks is recovering from an attack of sickness, which she has not had for several years. The adopted baby of Q. Moore has had a severe attack of inflammation on the lungs, and is slowly recovering. A number of children in the vicinity have had the whooping cough. R. T. Keeler is getting out his summer's wood. John Clark had his leg badly broken while cutting timber in the bush. J. Keeler is spending a few days on the Carrying Place with his brother, who is dangerously ill.

"Brace Up"

Is a tantalizing admonition to those who at this season feel all tired out, weak, without appetite and discouraged. But the way in which Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the tired frame and gives a good appetite, is really wonderful. So we say, "Take Hood's and it will brace you up."

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills.

Another Dime Novel Episode.

PARSONS, Kan., Feb. 25.—Wednesday night, just after the Missouri, Kansas and Texas passenger train, No. 2, pulled out of Adair station, I.T., three desperadoes confronted the agent and robbed him of $800.

Eighteen citizens, who appeared on the scene, were made to hold up their hands and were marched, at the point of the bandits' guns, to one of the commercial stores in the town, which was robbed of $300.

The robbers then marched the men to the stock yards, where their horses were hitched. They then mounted and departed.

Cure for Constipation and Headache.

Dr. Silas Lane, while in the Rocky Mountains, discovered a root that when combined with other herbs, make an easy and certain cure for constipation. It is in the form of dry roots and leaves, and is known as Lane Family Medicine. It will cure sick headache. For the blood, liver and kidneys, and for clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Druggists sell it at 50c a package—enough for five weeks.

Pleasant and agreeable, in both action and taste, is our Magic Cough Cure. 25c at Mitchell's.

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Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphate, or any Injurious.

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Sold by all grocers.

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COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER
Has no Superior in Purity, Healthfulness and Economy.
It is distinguished from alum powder by the bread, etc., made with it, having no tendency to dry up.

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White Rose in 1 and 2 oz. Cartoons
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Very interesting pamphlet on "How to Keep Well," sent on receipt of address—
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BY STINSON JARVIS.
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TO CONTRACTORS.
TENDERS FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A RESIDENCE IN THE TOWN OF NAPANEE, ONT., for S. G. Warner, Barrister, etc., will be received, at the office of the undersigned, (where plans and specifications may be seen) up to 12 o'clock Noon, MONDAY, 6TH OF MARCH.
Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
W. SEWLANDS, Architect.
Office: 352 King street, Kingston.

DOCTORS, NURSES, MOTHERS
IF YOU WILL SEND STAMP with your address, you will realize that Dr. Kirkwood has invented for your special benefit in his Selected Pure and Suction Syringe a necessary article to every lady. Mention this paper. Canadian Agency, KIRKWOOD RUBBER CO., 6 Lombard street, Toronto.

THE FARMER'S CORNER.

MANY THINGS OF INTEREST TO CANADIAN AGRICULTURISTS.

The Poultry Yard—Handy Coops and Laying Boxes—Three Specimens and How to Make Them—They Cheat the Innocent Hen into Believing She Stole Her Nest.

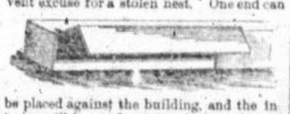
The readers of your paper generally have the best of everything placed before them, says a correspondent of the Country Gentleman, and, it is largely the contributions of practical men and women, these designs for laying boxes and coop for hen and chickens seem appropriate to be submitted

for criticism and instruction. Both have been in use in our yards for twelve years past, and have proved satisfactory beyond any others that have meantime come under our notice. If neatly and well made, occasionally painted and properly cared for, they will last many years; some of ours have been in constant use for fifteen or more seasons, and the first cost need not be great.

An empty shoe box or similar packing-case will furnish most of the lumber. The material for the coop should be ½ inch, dressed on one side. The bottom frame 1 by 2 inches, halved together at corners; ridge-piece 1½ inches; wire-cloth in upper

front ½ or 1 inch mesh. The slats for front, of hard, strong wood, ½ by ½ inch; the centre one movable, and all let into mortices, top and bottom. There is a movable bottom board, 19 by 29, of ½ inch stuff. The front board of coop can be best secured with wooden buttons. We have abandoned hinges as they rust fast. This board, when down, can be used to place feed on. The bottom boards will save many a brood from marauding skunks and rats.

The laying boxes have the merit of seclusion, which will please biddy and prevent excuse for a stolen nest. One end can



be placed against the building, and the interior will be made quite dark and perhaps stop egg-eating. No bottom or back should be used, so they may be easily whitewashed and kept clean. The front, when raised, can be rested back on the top while gathering eggs.

To Reduce the Cost of Milk.

The question of how to reduce the cost of milk is one that perplexes every dairyman in the country. But in most cases the easiest way of doing it is by getting rid of the poor cows and putting better ones in their places. This is best done by breeding them. If you have no more than one good cow, and breed only from her for future use in time the herd will be completely renovated. It would seem that every man can see this. When an observing man notices the difference in yield between a good cow and a poor one, it ought to set him to thinking, and the outcome of his cogitations would naturally be that it did not pay to keep poor cows. When one good cow will yield as much as three poor ones it does not require much intelligence to see that the extra feed taken to support three cows instead of one is that much feed thrown away. And when the labor of caring for the extra number of cows and the stable room they occupy is considered, the missionary work of the one good cow should terminate in a big reform in the management of that herd.

Interesting Trade Returns.

There are many items of interest for Canadians in the "Trade Returns" for 1892, especially those relating to the exportation of live stock products to Great Britain. Thus, while the value of exports of live animals has decreased from $9,165,000 in 1891 to $8,035,000, partly due to the sudden termination of the export cattle trade, on account of scheduling Canadian cattle, yet the increase in two items of live stock export products much more than counterbalances this item. Thus butter has increased from $865,000, in 1891 to $1,275,000 in 1892, and cheese has increased from $9,657,350 in 1891 to $12,091,050, and Canada now holds the proud position of being the largest exporter of the latter product to British markets, leaving the United States far in the rear. That she will strive to maintain and strengthen this position, there is no room for doubt. In other articles, such as apples, eggs, bacon and hams, poultry, there has been a substantial increase, but the figures for which are not yet to hand. Altogether, the exports from Canada to Great Britain show an increase of nearly $15,000,000, which is most satisfactory at a time when so much is heard on the score of depression.—London Farmer's Advocate.

The Canadian Baldwin.

The celebrated horticulturist, T. H. Haskins, says: This apple is probably the most valuable of the list of Famouse seedlings that have become well known. It is certainly the longest keeper among them, and in quality for any use it has few superiors. The tree is an upright grower, vigorous and healthy, and in hardiness against severe cold it is not inferior to the well-known Wealthy. As grown here in northern Vermont, it proves to be a good all-winter keeper. As regards fungous spottings, it is much less affected than its parent under the same conditions, in fact hardly more so than the Wealthy. In Canada, where it has been considerably disseminated, it has become quite popular, but it has been found rather more sensitive to the action of the sun's heat in winter, causing the bark to become unhealthy on the southwest side of the trunk, than the Fameuse. This is particularly the case when planted on south or southwest slopes, and on light soils. On heavy soil, with a north slope, the trees are free from this evil. Even on level land they are rarely injured; but a south or southwest slope is undesirable for this as for many other sorts of fruit trees.—Mirror and Farmer.

Wonderful Pencil.

The world is full of wonders for those who are simple-hearted enough to see them. "Harper's Young People" reports an excellent example.

Polly was drawing pictures on the slate for 3-year-old Ralph.

"Look at this dog, Ralph," she said, "Isn't it nice? I drew it out of my own head."

"Oh no," answered Ralph solemnly; "it came right out of the pencil. I saw it come."

Then he added, with an air of deep thoughtfulness, "There's lots of dogs in the pencil, but I don't know how they got there."

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