POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH 8, 1902.

The Paying Hen A HIN AND CHICKENS

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SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH'S PICTURE PUZZLES



"GIVE ME A MATCH, NEIGHBOR." FIND HIM.



"I WISH YOU WOULD SAW SOME MORE WOOD, FRED." WHERE IS HE?



"MAMMA IS WAITING FOR US." WHERE IS SHE?

ysm of pathos in the text compares himself to a hear.

One day in the country we saw

An Illustration Saving Love.

All Men Can Understand the Similie -He Who Runs May Read of That Mothering Love Typified in the Text From Which Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches This Sermon.

Entered According to Act or Parliament of Can-ada, in the year 1992, by William Bany, of To-ronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa,

Washington, March 2 .- A familiar Illustration from the barnyard is employed in this discourse by Dr. Talage to show the comfort and protrusting souls. The text is Matthew xxiii, 37. "Even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.

Jerusalem was in sight as Christ came to the crest of Mount Olivet, a neight of 700 feet. The splendors of ne religious capital of the whole orth irradiated the landscape. There temple. Youder is the king's Spread out before his eyes the pomp, the wealth, the wickderusalem, and he bursts 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 comb in its head-dress 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 lustre of plumage like the gold-finch. 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. Musicians have written in musical scale the song of lark and robin redbreast and nightingale, yet the hen of my text hath nothing that could be taken for a song, but only cluck and cackle. Yet Christ in the text uttered while looking up-on doomed Jerusalem declares that what he had wished for that city was like what the hen does for her chick-

Christ was thus simple in his teachings, and yet how hard it is for us are Sunday school instructors and editors and preachers and reformers and those who would gain the ears of audiences to attain that heavenly and divine art of simplicity! We have to run a course of literary disorders as children a course of physical disorders. We come out of school and college loaded down with Greek mythologies and out of the theological seminary weighed down with what the learned fathers said, and we fly with wings of eagles and flamingoes and albatrosses, and it takes a good while before we can come down to Christ's similitudes, the candle under the bushel, the salt that has lost its savor, the net thrown into the sea, the spittle on the eyes of the blind man and the

hen and chickens.

There is not much poetry about this winged creature of God men-tioned in my text, but she is more practical and more motherly and more suggestive of good things than many that fly higher and wear brighter colors. She is not a prima donna of the skies nor a strut of beauty in the aisle of the forest. She does not cut a circle under the sun like the Rocky Mountain eagle, but stays at home to look after family affairs. She does not swoop like the condor of the cordilleras to transport a rabbit from the valley to the top of the crags, but just scratches for a living. How vigorously with or claws she pulls away the ground o bring up what is hidden beneath!
When the breakfast or dining hour perives, she begins to prepare the re-

I am in warm sympathy with the unpretentious old fashioned hen be-cause. 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 up-turned 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 deadbeats is because people are not wise enough to take the lesson which any hen would teach them that if they would find for them selves and for those dependent upon them anything worth having they must scratch for it. Solomon said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." 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 des-cending dove, but Christ in a sermon that began with cutting sarcasm for hypocrites and ends with the parox-

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, affighted cluck which brought all her

made us look again around above us, when we saw that high ur and far away there was a rapacious caught a glimpse of us or, not able to find the brood huddled under wing darted back into the clouds. 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. Plen-ty 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 got into. The worst thing that every there are backs of death. their prey, there are beaks 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 "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing.

Fathers, mothers, older brothers and sisters and Sabbath school teachers, be quick and earnest and prayerful and importunate and get the chickens under wing. May the Sabbath schools of America and Greet Paritain, within the payt three Great Britain within the next three months sweep all their scholars into the kingdom. Whom they have now under charge is uncertain. Concerning that scrawny, puny child that the father dead, many years ago, the father dead, many remarked, "What a mercy if the Lord would take the child!" And the mother really thought so too. But what a good thing that God spared that child, for it became world renowned in Christian literature and one of God's most illustrious servants -John Todd. Remember, your child-ren will remain children only a little while. What you do for them as children you must do quickly or never do it at all. "Why have you never written a book?" said some one to a talented woman. She replied: "I am writing two and have been engaged on one work ten year's and on other five years—my two children.
They are my life work."

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? With most life has been a disappointment. They tell me so. They have not attained that which they expected to ottain an arrangement of the saw the grave of Princess Elizabeth, who died while a prisoner at Carisbrook castle, her forces 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 forty or fifty or sixty or seventy or eighty years of age where you thought you would be. I do not know anyone except myself to whom life has been a happy sur-prise. I never expected anything, and so when anything came in the shape of human favor or comfortable posi-tion 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 un-less I changed my style, so that when I found that 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 city were closed. But the sounds above were not more certain than the sounds beneath. The cattle came to the bars and mouned 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, dark it gets, and threatening clouds of bankruptcy or sickness or perse cution or bereavement gather and thicken and blacken, and some run for shelter to a bank, but it is poor shelter, and others run to friendly advisors, and they fail to help, 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 And while the heavens are thundering terror the divine voice proffers mercy, and the soul comes under the brooding care of the Al-

mighty "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing." 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 of 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 shut against its return. So life to many millions of people at the south many millions of people at the north is a prolonged shiver. But

Three Killed in Landslide.

Paducah, Ky., March 6-A landslide or

prood at full run under her feathers when I say that this is a cold made us look again around and world I chiefly mean figuratively. If ahove us, when we saw that high up and far away there was a rapacious bird wheeling round and round and down and down, and, not seeing us out of money and try to borrow. down and down, and, not seeing us out of money and try to borrow.

as we stood in the shadow, it came almost tropical for luxuriance of 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 ment before had been a wafm room. Take what is an unpopular position 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 women of whom the world is worthy. Now it takes after and now after another. It comes popular to depreciate and defame and execrate and lie about some people. This is the best world 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. 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 her 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 barling Cerberus of hell was not let out upon him from the ken-nels? Yes the hen takes the storm nels? Yes the hen takes 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 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 and call with their tiny voices, but there is no answering cluck. She took the storm for others and per-ished. 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 Bible and pointing to the "Come unto me all ye that and are heavy laden, and give you rest." Oh, come under the wings!

My text has its strongest application for people who were born the country, wherever you may now live, and that is the majority of You cannot hear my text withyou. You cannot hear my text with-out 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 fireside with the big backlog before which vou 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 see-ing 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 fourteen years, and you think of what you were then and of what you are now, and all those thoughts are aroused the sight of the old hencoop. S 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.' When a good man asked a young woman who had abandoned her home

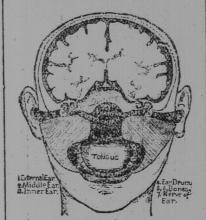
and who was deploring her wretch and who was deploying her wreth edness, why she did not return, the reply was: "I dare not go home. My father is so provoked he would not receive me home." "Then." not receive me home." "Then." said the Christian man, "I will test this." And so he wrote to the father, and the reply came back, and in a letter marked outside 'Imme-diate' 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 dantly pardon." Oh, ye wanderers from God and happiness and home and Heaven, come under the sheltering wing. 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 and, in the words of Boaz to Ruth. I commend you to "the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings hast come to trust."

Left Handedness. Luddeckens claims that this is not a habit, but is always due to physiological causes, often an expression of the influence of heredity. Normal ly the blood pressure is greater in the left cerebral hemisphere than on the right side. When this pressure is stronger on the right side, left handedness results. The term left handedness is unsuitable, since phenomena are noted upon one entire side of the body, as Luddeckens noticed in the case of his young son.

Fog Again Bothers United Kingdom. London, March 6-Fog is general all over the United Kingdom, and is a great hindrance to all traffic: In London tonight it is unusually dense,

DR. SPROULE

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.



Nearly every case of deafness results fratarrh. Many, many are the patients affled with deafness that I have cured after the

Until within a few years most of the deases of the ear were pronounced incuraband even today this belief is wide-spres Fortunately there is an error, for nearly the discases of the ear are curable.

Therefore, TAKE NO RISK! Do not let trouble of the ear of any kind run on frou week to week, month to month, or perhapyear to year, until the parts are so complety destroyed that there is little hope of regaining this valuable and important sense.

The Symptoms of Disease of the Ears. Deafness and ear troubles result from catarrh passing along the Eustachian tube that leads from the threat to the ear.

Is your hearing failing?

Are your ears dry and scaly?

Do your ears discharge?

Do your ears itch and burn? Have you pain behind the ears? Is there a throbbing in the ears? Do you have ringing in the ears?
Are there crackling sounds heard?
Is your hearing bad on cloudy days?
Do you have ear-ache eccasionally? Are there sounds like steam escaping? When you blow your nose do the ears

Do noises in your ears keep you awake? Hear better some days than others? Do you hear noises in ears?
Is hearing worse when you have a cold? Answer the above questions, cut them out and send them to me. I will then diagnose your ease free, and will write you out a claim description, and tell you what to do

Dr. Sproule, English Catarrh Specialist,

DeWET WOUNDED IN THE ARM.

Hit in Recent Action--Meeting of Boer Generals--Botha Plans to Cross the Orange River--Schalkburger Expected, Too.

London, March 5.—Telegrams received here from Klerksdorp, describing the Boer attack upon and capture of 467 British soldiers who were acting as convoy to an empty wagon train southwest of Klerksdorp on Feb. 24, shows that Gen Desary laid his plans with consummate care and precise knowledge of the ground.

The third Boer attack upon the convoy was delivered from various points and was most determined. By sheer recklessness they sought to ride down and overwhelm the British defence. The British

whelm the British defence. The British guns shelled the charging Boers but nothguns shelled the charging boers buy not held ing stopped their onslaught, which was delivered with unusual impetus. The convolvinules were subjected to a heavy fire Botha. and in many cases they were deserted by

the native drivers. They stampeded, put many of the defenders temporarily out of action and caused the wildest confusion.

They then divided and were overwhelmed.
A few minutes of confused fighting and all was over. The Boers galloped along the line firing at every man who showed the slightest tendency to resist until they reached and captured the guns. In the extreme rear the Northumberland Fusi-liers who had been cut off, succeeded in fighting their way out for some distance. When their ammunition became exhausted they charged with bayonets, but were speedily overpowered.

By 7 o'clock in the morning all resist-

speedily overpowered.

By 7 o'clock in the morning all resistance was at an end. The dead and wounded were scattered all over the field. Broken South Africa, to the Seychelles Islands. wagons and panie stricken horses and A new convict prison is to be constructed mules made a scene of indescribable con- there for the purpose. fusion. Not until General Delarey came in person was anything like order restor-ed. He stopped the Boers who were engaged in stripping the British wounded, by the free use of a sjambok, but they ntinued the work of despoiling directly is back was turned. Ottawa, March 4—(Special)—A letter.

published in an evening paper, from South Africa says: "Boers rob every clothing and all, and leave wounded and bleeding. The Minitoba fellows who were wounded the other day were treated in this manner and also had to suffer from fierce heat on their unprotected bodies for 12 hours. God help Brother Boer when e runs into the Canadians, from now."

London, March 4-A despatch from Harrismith, Orange River Colony, says that Boer prisoners report that General DeWet was shot in the arm during the recent attempt to break through the block-house line, held by the New Zealanders in the vicinity of Hawremith and Van

ter is coming. Colonel Plummer, the despatch adds, took 12 prisoners near Standerton last Friday. These prisoners include two adjutants and a signal man,

London, March 4 .- A return just issued gives the strength of the garrison in South Africa on Aug. 1, 1899, the reinforcements, casualties, etc., since that date, and the total strength on Jan. 1, 1902:

Strength of garrison, Aug. 1, 1899.
Re-enforcements to Dec.31, 1990, including garrison on Aug. 1, 1899.
Officers killed to December, 1901.
Noncoms and men.
Officers wounded.
Noncoms and men
Officers diel of wounds or disease
Noncoms and men

Accommodation for 1,200 prisoners of

war will be ready in Antigua by the middle of April.

The Scychelles are a group of 30 islands

in the Indian Ocean, with a population of 11,000. The chief town is Port Victoria, occupied by a British garrison. They are a dependency of the Mauritius-Berlin, March 4.—Count Von Buelow yesterday assured the reichstag, in a somewhat lengthy speech, that there was not the slightest likelihood nor desirability of Germany taking any steps to interfere in the course of affairs in South Africa. Such a course, the speaker said, was not in accordance with German interests and pollcy. If the government listened to Herr Gradnauer and his adherents, he continued, it would have to intervene not only in

pine Islands and in Finland. London, March 3-A correspondent of cent attempt to break through the blockhouse line, held by the New Zealanders in
the vicinity of Harrismith and Van
Reenen.

A correspondent of the Times, who is
with General Bruce Hamilton, sends a
despatch from Amersfort, Southern Transwell service it is recorded that General. aal, saying it is reported that General scarcity of provisions is also beginning to Botha intends to cross to the Orange River Colony in order to meet Mr. Steyn is being brought home to all the burghers.

Do Seeds Talk?



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