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Montreal.

N. M. D.

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FIRST PART.

THIS WIND.

(Edward W. Dutcher in Pall Mall Magazine.)

Out from the caves I spring at morn.
Freed from my thrall at last;
With an angry roar and a cry of scorn,
A challenge I blow on my brazen horn,
With fierce and defiant blast.

The ships at sea are my easy prey,
And I drive them before my breath
Through the midnight gloom till the break
of day,
Out from the hold of the sheltering bay,
To whirl in a whirlwind of death.

The sturdy oak of a hundred years
Like a reed I twist and break.
Then rush away with a thousand cheers,
Nor heed the cry that is wrought in tears
For the havoc my legions make.

No human hand can compel to rest
My steed untrammelled and wild;
But a voice comes to me from the west,
And I rattle the down on the sparrow's breast
And kiss the lips of a child!

THE THREE GRACES.

(Translated from the French of Au-
bry-Vezan.)

I.
Every morning at precisely 9 o'clock,
As I left my house in the Rue de la
Tour-d'Auvergne to go to my office,
There passed along the sidewalk by
my door three young girls to whom I
had given the name of "The Three
Graces." They suggested to my mind
the ideal of the three little mythologi-
cal deities whom our old professor had
always represented to us as possess-
ing the type of "beauty which is ig-
norant of its being," or, at least, which
does not parade itself. But they had
a charm which the daughters of Venus
and Mercury could never have had;
in spite of the quiet modesty of their
manner one felt in looking at them
that they had been born and brought
up in this great cosmopolitan city of
Paris.

They were undoubtedly sisters.
There was a large one, a medium one
and a little one. One had brown hair,
another auburn and the third was very
blond. They always walked shoulder
to shoulder, keeping step perfectly,
dressed in costumes exactly identical,
with hats trimmed in apparently the
same piece of ribbon and carrying lit-
tle satchels alike; they were going, I
supposed, to some studio, where they
would all sit down together and copy
the same picture. They marched
straight along the street at rather a
rapid pace and talked to one another
in very sweet voices. Their conversa-
tion seems to be always of happy
things, for their lips were usually
parted in smiles, which gave glimpses
of remarkably white teeth.

And so, every morning for the space
of a second or so, we found ourselves
face to face, I just leaving the house
and they walking past it.

I could never discover in them the
least sign of interest in my per-
sonality; on the contrary, they in-
terested me enormously, and I always
followed them with my eyes as far
as I could see them. The sight of my
three graces had awakened in me
matrimonial visions; I understood
what certain novelists have called
"the pure joy of friendship."

It happened that for some time my
mother had been saying to me upon
every occasion:

"Alfred, your 25th birthday has
passed. How much longer do you in-
tend to lead the unsatisfactory life
of a bachelor? And if I should be
the one who would take care of you, I should
like to know!"

This discourse, reiterated, could not
but produce an effect upon my mind,
and I thought seriously of changing
my mode of life. And besides, to be
frank, I was tired of a bachelor's ex-
istence and wanted a house of my
own.

The three graces contributed not a
little to the influence which brought
me to this state of mind. After hav-
ing excited my curiosity and sym-
pathy they had shown me a heart, all
three of them, and to my dismay I
discovered that I was deeply in love
with them all.

This would never do, and I made up
my mind to choose one. For my own
convenience, as was ignorant of their
names, I gave to each the name of
which seemed to suit her best. The
blonde I called Octavie; the dark
beauty, Charlotte, and for the red-
haired one, after hesitating between
Jeanne and Leonie, I finally decided
on Leonie.

"But which one?" I asked myself
ten times a day.
Octavie charmed me particularly. I
had always had a weakness for
blondes. They are sweeter, more ten-
der and more easily managed. I am
no tyrant, but I did not want a wife
who had a sharp tongue, and would
never allow me to say a word in my
own house. Well, then, having de-
cided on Octavie, the next thing was
to declare myself and receive her
answer. Here was an obstacle to
overcome! I could not stop them on
the street, but in hand, and propose
marriage to one of them. They would
think me crazy. I might follow them
to their studio, find out their name
and address from some one, and then
send my mother to call upon them.
But to follow a young girl, from ques-
tioner motive, seemed rather ques-
tionable. They would know it and dis-
trust me.

Trying to think of some way to
make my desire conform to conven-
tionalities, I walked one morning
along the Rue Droiet, when I saw,
coming along the street, a wedding
procession on its way to the church.
In the first carriage sat Octavie,
dressed all in white, and wearing in
her pretty hair, above a blushing face,
a wealth of orange blossoms.

In the second carriage I beheld my
rival, beaming radiantly, unconscious
that she was the cause of a broken
dream.

II.

For a week I did not see them. Then,
on the eighth morning, as I was leav-
ing the house, along came the two re-
maining graces. I had already de-
cided that Leonie should be my
bride. The only reason I had chosen
Octavie was that she was blonde. Well,
was not red hair really blonde, too?
There is a saying that red-haired peo-
ple are either entirely good or entirely
bad. This one was surely entirely
good. She had the sweetest of smil-
ing lips and a skin like satin.

This time I went to my mother for
assistance.

"Octavie is gone," said I, "but Leon-

tie is left, and you must think of
some way that I can meet her."

It happened that mother knew a
person who was acquainted with some
one who was a relative of another who
visited the parents of my chaperons.

"Then it is very simple, and do not
worry any time," said I.

She soon found out all about them
and said to me one fine morning:

"This very day I shall talk with your
future mother-in-law."

I was too excited to go to my work.
Sending word to the office that a sud-
den calamity prevented my presence
there, I took the first cab that came
along and was driven to the Bois de
Boulogne. Here I seated myself un-
der an oak, my hat on the grass, and
let the cool breeze blow on my heat-
ed forehead.

The next moment I saw coming to-
ward me a number of people.

"There has been a wedding," said
some one near me; "here comes the
bride and groom and all the guests."

"In a little while," I thought, "it will
be my turn. I, too, shall come with
Leonie and our friends to walk in
our happiness under the shady trees."

Suddenly I bounded up from the grass.

"Too late," said I to mother, on my
return; "I met Leonie and her hus-
band on the boat."

I was not disheartened, as one might
think. In default of Octavie and
Leonie I did not have Charlotte?
Very well, Charlotte should be mine!
In fact, I discovered that she was
much more attractive than her sisters.
My own taste was not unreasonable.
Preference for blondes had made me close
my eyes to the beauties of the brun-
ettes. She had large brown eyes and
a fiery and animated expression of
countenance. She would make the
best mistress of them all, for, flatter-
ing as it is to command, it is sweeter
far to obey when the order issues
from the lips of one we love.

In order to secure possession of the
third and last grace it was necessary
that I should act with promptness and
decision. I determined to take mat-
rimony into my own hands. It could not
be that after all this time the young
girls had not noticed me. I acted on
the supposition that Charlotte had al-
ready made up her mind as to what
sort of a man I was. But for several
days she did not appear. Then, as I
was about to despair, she dawned on
the horizon of the Rue de la Tour d'
Auvergne. Armed with my resolu-
tion, I stood waiting at the foot of my door-
steps. When she was about a foot
from me I advanced and said, respect-
fully:

"Mlle. Charlotte."

She raised her head laughingly, and
the brown eyes met mine.

"You know my name, monsieur."

She asked, coldly.

"I have guessed it," I replied.

Was there a gleam of laughter in
the brown eyes? Probably not, for
she drew back and spoke more coldly
still.

"What do you wish, monsieur?"

"If you do not object," I hesi-
tated.

"Kindly say what you wish to; I am
in a hurry."

"Mademoiselle, for a long time I
have esteemed you highly, and sought
for an introduction. I—well, the truth
is, I have fallen deeply in love with
you, mademoiselle, and I wish—"

I paused again.

"I know you are in love with me,"
she said, coldly. "You have talked,
and we have mutual friends. If that
is all, I will bid you good morning."

And she turned to go.

She knew that I loved her. The
thought made me bolder still.

Mademoiselle, I wish to propose for
your hand in marriage."

She stopped, and looked at me
thoughtfully, then said: "My cousin
has already proposed for my hand to
my mother."

"Has he been accepted?"

"He is to receive his answer to-
night."

"Oh, Mademoiselle," I cried desper-
ately, "will you not intercede for me?
Tell your mother I am a good man—a
worker, methodical, and well off. Will
you, Mademoiselle Charlotte?"

"For a long time I was not sure but
that you loved one of my sisters—"

"No!" I interrupted, "it has always
been you."

"Well, I must speak tonight. To-
morrow if I pass without looking at
you it will mean that your case has
been lost. If I smile and bow you may
call me mamma."

With what anxiety I awaited the
appearance of Charlotte the next
morning cannot be described. At last
she came. I stood at the foot of the
steps, again and she drew nearer and
nearer. She had reached me, and was
passing without a glance or sign that
she was conscious of my presence.

"Charlotte, you cannot mean it!" I
cried, with my heart beating loudly.

"I cannot stop, M. Alfred," she re-
plied, raising her pretty eyes to mine,
then dropping them again, quickly.

"But I think—perhaps—if you should
call, mamma would receive you."

During the passage way I have re-
ferred to runs a wooden trough in the
house through which, either in win-
ter or summer a continual stream
of water is flowing, and as fowls
drink a great deal I am sure, they ap-
preciate always getting it fresh and
clean. The water is brought into the
hen house through inch and a quar-
ter inch pipes from a small pond 100
feet in the rear.

In considering that the farmer
wants to save as much of his time as
possible in his work about the farm,
I would suggest that in building a
hen house with a walk in the rear
that he would soon construct it that
the fowls can be fed and watered
from the passage way. The roosts
and nests being placed there the eggs
can be easily collected (which should
be done daily) without disturbing the
layers, and the droppings removed
every day, and which saved from
manure is very valuable, though not
half enough appreciated by many of
our farmers. But being very rich it
should be used with caution. If you
raise currants and gooseberries, the
bushes will be greatly benefited by a
liberal application round the roots,
and in growing onions you can use it
freely. Onions contain considerable
sulphur, so are good to feed to the
poultry in a moderate manner, chop-
ped up and fed in the warm mash.
But as I pointed out in the paper I
read at Hampton, it is better to avoid
feeding the hen too strong tasting
foods, as they are likely to give the
eggs an unpleasant taste and so spoil
our reputation for good flavored eggs.

During the cold fall and winter
mornings feeding a warm mash with
a pinch of salt, and occasionally some
fat, such as lard, is very beneficial.
Powder thoroughly mixed in it will
help the hens in a great measure to
produce eggs when the highest prices
can be obtained. This should be fed
in a crumbly condition, giving enough
only to satisfy, otherwise the food

FARMERS' MEETING.

The Gathering and Supper at Perry's
Point on Tuesday Night.

The Paper Read by W. A. Jack of This City
on Poultry.

Agricultural Society No. 23 held a
farmers' meeting and supper in their
new hall at Perry's Point, parish of
Kingston, Tuesday evening. There
was a large attendance of farmers and
of the fair sex. The latter were very
attentive to the wants of the hungry.
At 8 o'clock the chair was taken by
the president, Mr. Williams of Long
Reach.

O. W. Wetmore of Clifton spoke on
small fruits. There were also speeches
by Messrs. Lyon and Lamb.

The following paper was read by
W. A. Jack of this city:

Whenever I think of Clifton, Kings
county, New Brunswick, my thoughts
are of strawberries and the beauties
of its scenery. But a farmer has not
time to think of the beauties of the
landscape. With farmers it is hard
work from before the sun rises until
at least it sets. They work on no
nine hours system. But do they make
the most out of their farms that they
might? At least in one respect I do not
think they do. For a farmer's number
one thing is to keep the soil in the best
condition possible. The soil which dis-
tinctly belongs to the farm is kept so that
the farmers can say, in answer to the
question "Do you keep poultry?" O
just a few hens round the house for
my own use. Many of these poorhens
occupy miserable quarters, but
nevertheless called the hen house, eat-
ing their meals on cold winter days
in a dish outside the farm house door;
combs frozen; laying an occasional
egg during the cold months. Ham
and eggs taste well at all times,
especially on a cold winter's morning.
But you cannot expect eggs from
frozen hens any more than you can
expect rich milk from poorly fed
cows.

The limited time at my disposal in
preparing this paper forces me to
curtail my remarks to a very great
degree. But in dealing with the sub-
ject I hope to interest my hearers, and
at the same time encourage those who
in the past have paid little attention
to poultry, and show them how they
have neglected their own interests in
this respect.

In the paper I read at Hampton in
January last, and which has been
published in the Sun, Telegraph and
Co-operative Farmer, I there gave an
idea of how a hen house should be
constructed to secure warmth, which
is the first necessary thing to induce
hens to lay in winter when eggs are
selling at the highest prices.

My hen house is about 80 feet long
by 15 wide, divided into six pens
averaging 10x12 feet, each containing
about 15 layers in general, though I
am a little under that number at
present. From my own experience I
have secured better results from
small flocks than large ones. A three
foot walk extends along the entire
back, with a door leading into each
pen. The hen house is built against a
sloping hill side, which pretty well
protects it from the cold north winds.
The back is constructed of three inch
deal placed on end, battened; the
front and ends are all double board-
ed, battened and shingled, with a flat
roof. Four pens have double walls
and two have not, and there is a
board ceiling extending about 50
feet partially filled with sawdust. I
do not use artificial heat, except when
we get a stretch of bitter cold weath-
er, but during any sunshine I have
never found any need result from
using it, in fact quite the contrary.

During this winter in the first cold
snap, before the snow came and when
the temperature outside was 11 below
zero, inside the thermometer indicated
24. Last week when it was so bitter,
16 to 20 below zero in the city, inside
was very comfortable at 32. There
was no fire in the stove during the
night, but I was well banked with
snow outside. I have never had a
comb frozen.

A hen house against a
hill side care must be taken to have
your drainage good, so that if no floor
is used the ground will always be
free from dampness.

Along the passage way I have re-
ferred to runs a wooden trough in the
house through which, either in win-
ter or summer a continual stream
of water is flowing, and as fowls
drink a great deal I am sure, they ap-
preciate always getting it fresh and
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a pinch of salt, and occasionally some
fat, such as lard, is very beneficial.
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help the hens in a great measure to
produce eggs when the highest prices
can be obtained. This should be fed
in a crumbly condition, giving enough
only to satisfy, otherwise the food

will go into fat instead of eggs. While
the general tendency is to over-feed
our fowls it is possible to under-feed.
I have done it myself, so speak from
experience.

At noon scatter a few handfuls
of grain among the straw. This will
keep them busy until the evening
meal, which should be grain of some
sort, and should be fed at least half
an hour before dark—my proportion
being a moderate sized handful per
hen.

Wheat is probably the very best
grain for poultry that exists, and as
it has been grown in the parish of
Lancaster, St. John county, by the
sea side, it can be raised anywhere
else in the province. Buckwheat
grain I consider excellent, but it does
not want to be fed too heavily, other-
wise it will go to fat instead of eggs.
Barley is good for a change. Oats if
of inferior quality makes very poor
feed for poultry, and unless the birds
are starving they will leave a great
deal on the floor, which goes to waste.
Body is required in this grain. If I
could get the potato oats all the time
I would use no other.

To get the best egg returns from
poultry, feed so as to make as much
variety as possible. In this I have
sawed they do not differ from the
human race. In the months that the
grass is absent the fowls should have
green food of some sort in the shape
of "greens." Cabbage I consider
the best, which wants to be hung up
in the hen house just out of reach,
but within easy jumping distance
from the ground. Turnips and
rangelas are also good stuck on a
nail, but in eating the latter the
fowls do some exercise, which is
an objection. Boiled potatoes are
good, fed in moderation.

If the farmer can easily reach the
St. John market, and feeds his fowls
for winter eggs, which bring the
highest prices, it will pay him to in-
vest in a bone cutter, which costs in
the city from \$7.50 upwards, and this
material, consisting as it does of raw
meat and bone, takes the place of the
worms and insects the fowls get in
summer. If you cannot feed your
birds with cut bone try and give meat
in some form two or three times a
week. Keep them well supplied with
a sharp grit (gravel). I cannot get
any that suits me about St. John so
import from the states the very best
thing in this line mica crystal grit.
Never fail to give oyster shells, and
see that they always have fresh clean
water within reach at all times.

The hen house should be white-
washed at least twice a year, and the
roosts occasionally wiped with a
cloth saturated with a liquid lye
killer, or paraffine oil.

The nest should be frequently
cleaned, dusted with insect powder,
and re-filled with fresh straw.

Don't forget to supply the fowls with
a dust bath; road dust makes the
best, which is not a scarce article on
a country road in the dry season.

In discussing the question as to
what breeds would be most profitable
for a farmer to keep, I feel that his
aim should be for birds both suitable
for the table and for their eggs. The
St. John market of the present day
gives the best prices for a yellow
skinned fowl, which get in the
Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Bra-
mas, Cochins, and such like birds
among the thoroughbreds.

In the Plymouth Rocks, of which
there are a number of varieties, the
two best known and most popular are
the Barred and White. In them you
get a most useful and hardy all-round
fowl, a layer of a medium sized brown
egg, and they make good mothers and
setters. As table birds they make
splendid roasters. The chickens grow
rapidly, and with proper care and
feeding they will show good results
at the end of four months be put on
the market weighing eight pounds per
pair, or four pounds each.

With the Wyandottes, of which
there are several varieties, the best
known being the White and Silver
Laced. In this breed you also get a
hardy all-round fowl. They are good
mothers and setters, and lay a very
fair sized egg, of a light or dark
brown shade. Their comb is rose, and
sets low on the head.

I keep the white variety, which I
have been told are the best layers. I
have one hen of this breed that has
laid this winter 47 eggs in 55 days,
each egg averaging from 2 to 2.2 oz.
The Wyandottes are especially
adapted for broilers (which the St.
John market wants), for with proper
care and feeding they mature early,
and make nice plump little chickens.
The American poultry breeders who
raise broilers for the market place
them there at from five to six weeks
of age.

I have never kept the Brahmas, and
I have yet to be educated to the fact
that they would ever make a satisfac-
tory all-round fowl for the farmer in
this country. It is true they are lay-
ers of perhaps the largest brown
eggs, and make splendid table birds
at the age of seven or eight months,
but to my mind it is a long time to
wait for results. But by crossing Leg-
horns on the Brahmas hens or pullets
you would produce good layers and
table birds.

Of the Cochins I would say the same
as far as keeping them in their pur-
ity is concerned, though I know very
little about the breed. The Dorkings
having a white skin are better adapted
for the English market.

In the matter of cross breeds: If you
possess fowls in this class that have
the yellow skin, and are suitable for
the market, besides being good layers,
my advice would be to keep them.
But do not let their good qualities run
out by either inbreeding or breeding
from inferior stock.

The Leghorns stand at the head of
the list as the layers of the largest
number of eggs. My fancy is the
White, which I have never been with-
out since I started in the poultry
business; they are credited with lay-
ing the largest eggs. The Brown lay
perhaps the greatest number of a
smaller size.

The Hamburgs are also wonderful
layers. Though their eggs are some-
what small.

Pullets are the best layers in all
breeds and crosses, though their eggs
are not always as large as those laid
by one or two years old hens. When
a hen has arrived at two or two and
a half years of age, unless a few are

WEEKLY SUN!

Special Notice to
Our Readers.

Two Issues a Week, the First
on Saturday, January
1st 1898,

Thus Giving the News to
All Subscribers While
It Is Fresh and
Timely.