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SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1889. NO. 33.

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NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE
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Is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. Strictly a medicine, to be given in the food, once daily, in small doses. Prevents and cures all diseases of hens. Worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent free by mail. Ask your druggist, grocer, general store, or feed dealer for it. If you can't get it, send at once to us. Take no other kind. We will send postpaid by mail as follows:—A new, enlarged, elegantly illustrated copy of the "FARMERS' POULTRY REARING GUIDE" (price 25 cents); tells how to make money with a few hens, and two small packages of Powder for 60 cents; or, one large 2 1-4 pound can and Guide, $1.20. Sample package of Powder, 25 cents, five for $1.00. Six large cans, express prepaid, for $5.00. Send stamps or cash. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 24 Custom-House Street, Boston, Mass.

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N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.
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Sackville, N. S., Aug. 1889.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

An Old Picture.

I sit in the old, old house alone,
And my heart is heavy with pain,
For the sake of the dear old days long gone,
That can never return again.
The sun has set in a red-rose lake,
And a faint star gleams above;
The shadows grow, and the winds awake,
As I dream of my dear dead love.

Her portrait hangs in the quaint old room,
And I see, as I sit and dream,
Her clear eyes looking across the gloom,
In the flickering fire-light gleam;
And the past comes back, and a sweet sad strain
Is borne on the night-wind's wing;
It is only the ghost of an old refrain
Of a song that she used to sing.

As I look and listen, the pale sweet face
In the picture seems to move,
As those dear sad eyes, by an angel grace,
Are brimming with pitying love.
The picture is still, and the faint notes die;
But my heart is at rest, for I know,
They came as a message from her on high,
In the peace of the after-glow.

Gentleman Jim.

BY DANIEL O'CONNELL.

In the diamond shaft worked Gentleman Jim,
Handsome of face and stout of limb,
Coarse of dress; but something in him,
Whether down in the coal mine, solid and grim,
Or wandering alone in holiday time,
Won the love and respect of all in that clime.

He had no sweetheart, he had no wife,
Some mighty sorrow had dimmed his life—
His earnings, hardly won and small,
Were aye at the orphan's and widow's call—
Of those who had perished in shaft or winze.
He was the friend of all living things,
And moving along in those toilsome ways,
He wore the demeanor of gentler days.

In April last, when the mine fell in,
Beneath the timbers stood Gentleman Jim;
With a giant grasp he flung two of the boys
Clear of the danger—with deafening noise
The shaft gave way on every side:
The boys were safe, but Jim—he died;
Died as men die, and will die again,
Giving their lives for their fellow-men.

When rocks and timbers were cleared away,
And Jim borne up to the light of day,
They took from his bosom, stained with blood,
Two withered leaves and a withered bud
Pinned on a card. 'Toute a te!—Marie,'
Was written beneath them; beneath it he,
On this relic his heart for years had worn,
Had written, 'All withered—except the thorn.'

What life romance, what story of wrong,
This man had locked up in his soul so long,
None who loved him may ever know;
But the tale of his glorious, chivalric deed
Shall not perish as long as men hold this creed—
That the hero whose blood for his kind is shed
Wins a deathless fame and an honored bed;
A monument grander than sculptor e'er gave,
Is the glory that hallows the martyr's grave.

Select Literature.

Checkers.

'Playing checkers!' exclaimed grandfather Weatherby with a look of great surprise.

'Well, what's the harm of checkers, grandfather?' asked Dick in a rather fretful tone. 'You play checkers yourself. It was you that taught me to play.'

'Yes, checkers are very well in the evening when all the work's done,' said grandfather. 'I believe in having fun at the right time; all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. But checkers in the day time! You never saw me doing such a thing as that, did you?'

'Daytime's good enough,' grumbled Dick.

'Yes, plenty good enough for a boy that never means to amount to anything,' said the old farmer.

'I've done my chores and all that father set me to do,' said Dick.

'That's just the sort of talk you hear from that sort of a boy,' persisted his grandfather. 'He does first what he's set to do, and then he sits down in the shade on a summer day and plays checkers. Why, when I was your age I could have covered every one of my twelve squares with a silver piece of my own earning. Perhaps it was because I didn't have such an easy going father as you've got. But that oughtn't to make the difference. A boy ought to have it in himself, and then it's sure to come out somewhere.'

Dick swept his hand across the board with an impatience due partly to the keen criticism of himself, partly to his inward conviction that he deserved all that was said. But it was impossible to get angry at the half sober, half joking words of the genial old man.

'I guess you're about right, grandfather. I guess it was in you and it isn't in me.'

'More's the pity,' said his grandfather, now wholly serious. 'Seems to me this isn't the kind of a world for a boy to sit back in and just do what he's told to do and nothing further. Why everything about him seems to be saying: 'Look about you, you young lubber, and see how everything's working with you if you'll only take a hand in it. Look at the earth and the sun and the rain—all ready to be your servants. You never see them idling around.''

Grandpa Weatherby, having said his say, set out with sturdy strides toward his own farm, a mile distant. Dick was stung more deeply by his words than the old gentleman imagined.

'Come, let's go on,' urged Sam Jones, a lounger of the neighborhood. 'That was a tiptop game you spoiled.'

But Dick turned away from him in ill humor with himself and every one else. There was more truth in what had been said than he liked to acknowledge. He, a boy of 14, had never raised his hand to do a thing that was not required of him, and the requirements had been very moderate. He had attended school through the school season, doing light work the while, and in the summer had engaged in the farm work in the easy going style his grandfather had alluded to.

'I guess it is just as he says,' mused Dick as he carried the checker board into the house. 'There isn't many a boy about here that doesn't begin to look out for earning a bit by the time he is as old as I am. There, old checker board, I'm getting too awfully fond of you. You may go into that corner, and stick there, for all of me, until I have shown grandfather I'm good for something—if I can.'

Dick strolled thoughtfully out into the fields, wondering in what direction he had better turn his energies. There was plenty of work all about him and he knew well that his father would hire him and, except in the matter of the light duties which he always exacted from his sons, would pay him a fair price for his work.

'What's all that going on over in Deacon Blaisdell's fallow?' He had walked until he had reached the boundaries of his father's farm, when his attention was attracted by a wonderful amount of whooping and hallooing a little way beyond.

'It's a drove of cattle—and a big drove, too. Bad business if they get into the fallow.'

He made his way out to the road, which was now filled with the cattle pressing on through the dust. Deacon Blaisdell's fallow was not fenced, and the drovers were making their best efforts to keep the restless herd from straying among the logs and bushes.

It would be unlike a farmer's boy not to offer his mite of help in such an emergency. Dick took his stand in the thinly manned line, and by dint of persistent shouting and brandishing of branches gave valuable aid. In the course of time the drove had passed by, with the exception of one lively steer which had made its way far into the fallow.

'I'll give you fifty cents if you'll get that critter out for me,' said the driver to Dick.

'Ho! that'll do for my nest egg,' said Dick to himself. 'I'll do it, mister,' he added, aloud.

Picking his way among briers and bushes until he got the steer between himself and the road, by a little clever manœuvering and a good deal of activity, he before long succeeded in sending the animal trotting after the rest of the herd, now some distance down the road. And then Dick came, out of breath, up to a wagon driven by one of the drovers to receive his well earned pay.

'Poor thing,' he said, looking at a calf which lay in the wagon, gasping as if in great suffering. 'Is it sick?'

'Not so much that as overdriven,' said the man. 'We had only a few such young ones—fact is, I don't hold to taking such, but it is such a likely one I thought it might worry through. But I guess it ain't got much chance in this hot sun, and I can't wait for it to get shade. Say,' he added, pausing with the half dollar in his hand, 's'posin' you take it for your pay.'

'I wonder if it'll live?' said Dick.

'Well, I don't say for sure 'twill,' said the man. 'You will have to take your chances at that. It's only that if you manage to bring it 'round, it's well worth five dollars to you, and if you lose it, you lose your fifty cents. You take your choice, you see. It's a fine breed.'

Dick was too good a farmer not to be able to see at a glance the possibilities that lay in a fine calf.

'I'll take it,' he said.

The man helped him with it out of the waggon, and Dick had a hard time getting it into a shady place, where he left it lying until he could bring some cool water. The poor creature would not, or could not, drink, so he bathed its head and then sought the help of his mother, a reliable councellor in all matters pertaining to kindness to dumb animals, particularly of the weak and helpless sort.

'Nothing better than you have done,' she said. 'Let it lie in the shade and rest. By and by it will take water, if it ever picks up at all.'

She was right. Before night the exhausted animal lifted its head and opened its eyes as if in grateful acknowledgment of Dick's care and solicitude. After a few swallows of water it willingly took the warm milk which stood next in the list of mother's restoratives. Dick's father came around and looked at the invalid. Dick told him its history, adding: 'It's coming to like everything, father.'

'Good looking calf,' said father with an approving nod.

'Yes,' said Dick eagerly. 'I'm going to take good care of it and feed it up, and it'll make a good cow in time. Be worth a good deal, hey, father?'

'At my expense, I suppose?' said father.

Dick had not got so far as to think of that. He had only, as the worn out animal revived, considered one side of the question—the pleasure of raising it by his own care, and its becoming after awhile the proud possessor of a valuable cow. But here was the other side presented. His calf must be pastured through the summer, and when winter came on provided with food and shelter.

'Well—I don't mean just that,' said Dick, after a few minutes' thought. 'I want to keep it here, but I don't expect to have it kept for nothing. I want it to be every bit mine and nobody else's, and I'd like to pay you regular rates for it—that is, if you'll hire me to work, so I'll have something to pay with.'

'I will,' said the farmer, well pleased at seeing the boy interested in work of any kind.

Dick, as we have guessed, had high hopes of the profits he was to make on his calf, which, as it quickly recovered from the effects of its march, gave good promise of not disappointing him. But he soon began to realize that it would require a very fair amount of what his father called 'good solid work' in order to provide for his new charge.

He was not naturally fond of work, and more than once felt tempted, when the weekly pay for the pasturage of his pet was coming due, to make a proposition to his father to take the animal off his hands, paying him a fair advance on what he had paid for it. But his pride always arose between him and such a way out from under the burden he had undertaken. His piece of live stock was doing well, increasing in size and beauty with a rapidity which he could almost see from day to day, and the older it grew the less he felt inclined to part with it.

Winter taxed him still more severely. He was then attending school, and much of the time found that it took nearly all his leisure in the short days to provide for the support of his fast growing animal.

'Don't work the boy too hard,' said mother, one day.

'It won't hurt him a bit,' said father. 'The vim he's showing, the steady stick to it that it's bringing out of him is worth a long sight more than the calf is.'

'Right you are,' said grandfather. 'No, it won't hurt him. He gets a little time to take a game of checkers in the evening, don't he?'

'Sometimes, when he doesn't have to study,' said mother, laughi[illegible] 'He takes too much after you, father, to let the checkers go.'

The calf quickly outgrew her calfhood, developed into a dainty young heifer, [illegible] of grace and beauty in the eyes of many beside her proud owner and had settled down into the dignity of a young matron, when one evening Grandfather Weatherby came over and challenged Dick to a tilt at checkers.

'I'll do it, sir, but you'll be likely to beat me all hollow,' said Dick. 'I haven't played very much this long time.'

He handed the board to the old gentleman, then stepped up to his room for a moment. Grandfather leisurely set his men and then stood in astonishment as Dick took his seat before the board.

'What—hey? What's all this?'

Dick was also setting his men—not, however, the red ones that usually played against the black, but twelve shining gold pieces. He sat back in his chair and laughed at the old gentleman's astonished face before saying:

'I'm a little older than you were, grandfather, when you set your board with silver pieces, but as these are gold, don't you think I'm about even?'

'Ho, ho!' laughed the old man. 'He said he couldn't beat me; but I am beat—the worst kind!'

'It's the price of my cow,' said Dick. 'Sixty dollars, and cheap enough at that, father says. Father's bought her of me, so she stays here on the farm. I wanted to sell her and put my money into something else, but I'd hardly have the heart to let her go away. Mother says she's the best milker on the farm. And I've kept the calf, so I'll have another cow before long.'

'Good for you,' said grandfather approvingly. 'You've made a good start. Now listen—my farm's too big for such an old fellow as I am to see to. I'll give you an acre off it for every one of those gold pieces.'

'Grandfather, you don't mean it!' exclaimed Dick. 'Such land as that of yours for five dollars an acre'——

'No, I don't mean that,' said grandfather. 'You're to keep your money to work the land with, and wait till I get through. I say I'll give you the land just as long as you work it well and make the best of it. You'll need it when there are so many boys in the family besides yourself.'

'I can't play checkers to-night, sir,' said Dick, shaking his head as he arose and gathered up his money. 'I'm too much upset with my new greatness. Twelve acres! What shall I do with it? How shall I begin?'

'You've got a calf to begin with,' said grandfather. 'Better buy a few more and go to stock raising. When your stock outgrows your land you can sell some of it off. And then you'll be able to buy more land. Only you may be sure that for every acre you want of me I shall charge you full price.'

Incident of Travel.

BY A 'KING'S DAUGHTER.'

It was the early twilight of a rainy Saturday afternoon. The streets were slippery with mud and both horse and steam cars were crowded with people eager to reach their homes, where they could exchange wet garments and dripping umbrellas for the warmth and shelter of the fireside. In one of the trains leading out of Boston sat a middle-aged woman and a little girl. As frequently happens on Saturday, the cars were full and the conductor had all he could do to elbow his way down the aisle. He punched the tickets rapidly, wasting no time in words. On reaching the child, he said briefly, 'We don't stop at Revere. Go on to Lynn, and take the next train back.'

Only two or three people overheard the remark. These glanced carelessly at the little girl, saw that she had an older attendant, and busied themselves again in reading or conversation. The woman seemed to fidget somewhat, but asked no questions. She kept glancing around, apparently scanning the faces of her fellow-passengers. Presently the car grew very warm, and a young lady sitting in the seat behind unfastened her cloak and threw it partially off. As she did so, the rays from a lamp overhead fell upon a *tiny silver cross* fastened to her dress. It caught the eye of the woman, who instantly exclaimed, 'O, you are a *King's Daughter!* I recognize the badge. Now I feel easy, for I know you will help me.'

'Certainly, if I can,' was the ready response.

Thereupon she told her story. The child at her side was an entire stranger, returning to her home in Revere. An aunt who accompanied her to the station, heedlessly put her in the wrong train, merely saying to the occupant of the seat, 'Please see that Nellie gets off all right,' when the signal for starting was given.

'I am a stranger in these parts,' continued the woman, 'and my destination is far from Boston. I know nothing about this road. It seems cruel to leave a child only nine years old to find her way alone on a dark, rainy night in a strange place. What if it were my little girl,' and she smiled kindly upon Nellie, who, with childlike confidence, was no at all disturbed by the state of affairs.

Fortunately, the young lady was thoroughly acquainted with the road, and was able to tell the hour of a return train to Revere. She knew, too, the location of the ticket-office, and felt sure that there would be time to get off and buy a ticket, for the child had no money of her own. On reaching Lynn she hurried out with Nellie, who, by this time, was a little frightened at the crowd, the increasing darkness, and the confusion of cars and engines, and her little hand clung tightly to the stranger's.

There was only time to show her the waiting room, to provide a ticket, give careful directions about the train, bestows a kiss and a cheery word, and silently commend the little waif to the watchful care of her heavenly Father, before the conductor swung his lantern, and cried 'All aboard!'

'*Dear little cross,*' thought the young lady springing on the car just as it began to move, 'had it not been for you I might have lost this opportunity for a little service to my King. Hereafter, I will always keep it in sight when traveling, praying that it may open the way for other trifling acts of kindness done '*In His Name.*''—*The Congregationlist.*

What is Overloading a Horse, and How Proved?

The following taken fr[illegible] *Bishop on Statutory Crimes*'—edition of 1873, page 689—is believed to be sound law, *the world over*, on the above subject.

It was written by Mr. Angell, in reviewing a decision of a Massachusetts Court in 1869 that there was no cruelty because other horses *of the same weight* were able to draw the load in question. *It was the first and last decision of the kind ever rendered in Massachusetts.*

'Must an animal be worked until he breaks a blood vessel or drops dead, before the law takes cognizance? Is the horse to be strained, or worked to the extreme limit of his strength, before such straining or working becomes a cruelty (that is, before the act of his master becomes 'overloading?') Can an expert, or any number of experts, say what is the limit of strength or endurance of any horse, simply by knowing his weight? It seems to me that these questions can be easily answered. Horses, like men, are of different ages, constitution, temperaments, formation and degree of strength. One horse, just like one man, may be twice as fast, twice as tough, twice as strong, as another of precisely the same weight; and inasmuch as horses, like men, are liable to a great variety of sicknesses, and suffer, just like men, from previous overworking and from heat, want of proper rest, food, water, shelter and care, it follows that the same horse, like the same man, may be able to perform without injury more labor in one day than another.

'Can a thousand experts prove that all men of a weight or size are equally competent, on every day of the year, to perform a given labor? Can their testimony establish how much load a man of given weight should carry, and how far he should carry it on a given day, without regard to whether the man is old or young, sick or well, strong or weak, tough or tender, already tired or rested, full-fed or starved, or the day hot or cold? And does not precisely the same reason apply to the horse, —*that what one horse can do one day has no force in showing what another ought to do on another day*, unless you show the weather, age, strength, toughness and bodily condition of the two to be precisely similar? I say, then, that it is just as impossible for any number of experts, knowing only the weight or size of a horse and nothing of his age, health, strength, toughness and bodily condition, to establish what is, or is not, overloading him, as it would be, knowing only the size or weight of a man and nothing of his age, health, strength, toughness or bodily condition, to establish what is or is not an overload for him.

'How, then, are we to determine when a horse is overloaded? Just exactly and precisely as we determine when a man is overloaded. First, *we are to determine his own evidence.* If a man stops and says, 'I am overloaded, I am working too hard, I feel that the task put upon me is too heavy,' that is evidence. So when the horse, ordinarily kind and willing to pull, comes with a heavy load to a rise of land and, after one or two efforts, stops and says, as plainly as he can speak it, 'I am overloaded, I am working too hard, I feel that the task put upon me is too heavy,' that is evidence; and there is no court or jury, or man with the heart of a man, who will not recognize it as such. Besides, the signs of overwork are just as visible in the horse as the man. No magistrate or juror would have any difficulty in deciding in his own mind whether a case to which his attention might be attracted in our public streets was or was not a case of cruelty.

'Is not, then, the testimony of competent, intelligent and credible bystanders, who see how the horse looks and acts, and his bodily condition, health, and capability to perform the labor required, the best evidence that can possibly be obtained? Where can you get better? And when disinterested and intelligent witnesses, who are present and see and hear all that is said and done in a given case, voluntarily leave their ordinary avocations and come into court to testify that they are fully satisfied that the case is a clear case of cruelty, can such evidence be overbalanced by that of any number of experts who are not present, see nothing that occurs, know nothing of the age, health, strength, or bodily condition of the horse at the time, and who base their calculations simply upon the avoirdupois weight of the animal? *It is perfectly evident, then, I say, that the highest and best evidence* which any court or jury can ask or possibly obtain in a case of overloading, overworking, or overdriving, is the evidence of the horse himself, as interpreted by those present when the cruelty is inflicted.

'Cruelty begins very far short of taking the extreme strength of the animal. God has given to men and animals an excess of strength, to be husbanded carefully and used occasionally. But to task that strength to its full limit unnecessarily is against nature, breaks down the man or the animal before his or its time, and is a cruelty against which men, having speech and reason may protect themselves, *but against which animals, having neither speech nor reason, like men, must look to them for protection.*'

Important to Working Men.
Artizans, mechanics, and laboring men are liable to sudden accidents and injuries, as well as painful cords, stiff joints and lameness. To all thus troubled we would recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the handy and reliable pain cure for outward or internal use.

THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.—S. L. Loomis, who predicted the result of the United States census of 1880 within 18,000 of the actual figures estimates, that the census of 1890 will show the population to be 67,250,000. That is an increase of more than 30 per cent. in ten years.

—Opeleka Remedies—just the thing wanted. Safe to take and sure to cure.

Dress the Hair
With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the **Efficacy** of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, *and firmly set.*"—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

A Great Ocean Race.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—One of the most exciting ocean races which has ever been recorded was that finished Wednesday when the 'Teutonic,' of the White Star line and the 'City of New York' of the Inman line, rushed past Sandy Hook lightship within a few minutes of each other.

The 'Teutonic' won by a neck, her corrected time being thirty minutes less than that of the 'New York' owing to the fact that the port engines were slightly out of order. For three hours the 'New York' was handicapped by a defect to her machinery. At length the outlines of a great ship began to rise out of the sea in their wake, and finally the 'Teutonic' was made out gaining rapidly upon her. But now the defect had been overcome by the engineer and the 'New York' picked up her former high rate of speed, and when night closed in the 'Teutonic' was still in sight, but some miles in the wake. Next morning the vessels held the same relative position as the evening before.

All day long the 'New York' held her lead, and all day the 'Teutonic' kept close behind her. During the following twenty-four hours the two vessels held the same relative proportions as on the previous day. During the twenty-four hours that followed and which ended Monday at noon, the 'New York' drew ahead about four miles. Then for another twenty-four hours the 'New York held her lead, but was unable to gain a single mile upon her swift rival. During the next twenty-four hours, which ended Wednesday at noon, the New York made 478 miles. But, in the meantime, the Teutonic had gained considerably, and had made 495 miles, the best single day's run of the race. The New York's officials claim that they were delayed at this time in order to take a pilot on board, but they did not see the Teutonic stop for a pilot. At noon the Teutonic was only a few miles astern.

Soon the ships were almost side by side, and in this manner they struggled bravely to the finish, the Teutonic gradually forging her way ahead and passing the goal before her rival. The corrected time of the Teutonic was 6 days 7 hours and 3 minutes, that of the City of New York, 6 days 7 hours and 33 minutes. The New York, which has usually beaten the Teutonic in her races with this vessel, has a record of 6 days, 4 hours and 17 minutes, the best time that either has yet made.

A Good Corn Sheller for 25 Cents.
A marvel of cheapness, of efficacy, and of promptitude, is contained in a bottle of that famous remedy, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It goes right to the root of the trouble, there acts quickly but so painlessly that nothing is known of its operation until the corn is shelled. Beware of substitutes offered for Putman's Painless Corn Extractor—safe, sure and painless. Sold at druggists.

—An act recently passed by the legislature of Pennsylvania makes it incumbent on the veterinary surgeons of that state to register their names and addresses at the county seats, and proofs of their competency, before they be allowed to receive fees for practice. We think our farmer brethren will agree with us in saying this is a good law—one which ought to prevail in every state. Much the larger share of 'hoss' and 'cow' doctoring in the country is the basest empiricism. Illiterate persons, who have never studied anatomy or *materia medica* of any sort, but at best are merely graduated hostlers, assume to know and to cope with all manner of diseases to which domestic animals are subject. They make up in impudence and positiveness what they lack in knowledge and merit, and if their treatment succeeds in effecting a cure, well and good; if not, the fees are exacted anyhow. We do not say that much may not be learned by long and patient observation, and that an observant person working among animals year after year, may not pick up valuable knowledge of their nature, habits and diseases, and derive in some degree knowledge of remedies; but we do know that the organisms of horses, cows, etc., are of the higher sort in animal economy, and believe that those who would usefully minister to their diseases should have a thorough knowledge of their patients as well as of their subjects.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

—Boils, carbuncles, and other skin eruptions indicate that the system is endeavoring to reject poisonous acids, and that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is imperatively needed. It is the most reliable of all blood medicines. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other.

SLEEPING ON A STOVE.—We have sofa-beds and mantle-beds and secretary-beds, but who ever heard of a combination stove and bed? yet that may be found in China, that curious old country, whose customs are so ancient and changing that we may be sure they used this contrivance long before our modern combination beds were invented. A gentleman who has travelled in the north of China says that the climate is quite cold, and there are no stoves or fire-places in the wayside inns. In some of the general rooms are small charcoal braziers; but the bedrooms, which are very scantily furnished, contain neither stove nor bed. In their place is a brick platform, long enough for a man to stretch himself at full length upon, and raised a foot or two from the floor, with an opening in the side. Into this aperture the servant pushes a pan of burning coals, and when the bricks are thoroughly heated, the traveller spreads out upon them the bedding he has brought with him, and lies down to rest upon his stove.

Consumption Cured.
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*