The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1885. VOL XV—NO. 1

NEW DRY GOODS.

PERKINS & STERNS

ARE fully equipped for this season's trade. Large stock, well bought, and will be sold cheap.

Staple Department.

Flannels,	Grey Cottons,	Dress Goods,
Winceys,	White Cottons,	Seal Cloths,
Cloths.	Print Cottons.	Shirtings.

Millinery Department.

Trimmed Bonnets,	Plush Hats,	Ribbons,
Trimmed Hats,	Straw Hats,	Feathers,
Plush Hoods.	Felt Hats.	Flowers.

Silk Department.

SILKS, very best makes, and very cheap,
SATINS, newest shades, and priced low,
VELVETS, all colors, and good value,
PLUSH, newest shades, and extra cheap.

Household Goods Department.

Tapestry Carpet,	Oil Cloths, 1 to 4 yds. wide,
Brussels Carpet,	Linoleums, 1 to 4 yds. wide,
Wool Carpets,	Mattings, 4 and 1 yd. wide,
Rugs and Mats, &c., &c.	Blankets, &c., &c.

Large Stock of Linens, Woolens and Fancy Goods.

People from city and country will do well to see our goods before purchasing.

PERKINS & STERNS.

Charlottetown, September 30, 1885.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.

ARE NOW OFFERING THEIR

NEW FALL GOODS,

which, for Variety, Quality and Value, surpass anything before offered consisting of

DRESS GOODS,

IN CASHMERES, SOLIELS AND BERBER CLOTHS,

Dress and Ulster Cloths, Mohair Cloakings. &c.

Tweeds, Worsteds, Flannels, Shirts and Drawers, &c., &c.

TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES at bottom figures.

Our **CROOKERY** is without doubt the Best ever offered, and the Prices the Lowest.

Oats, Butter, Eggs, Hides and Pelts, and all Farm Produce bought, and the Highest Market Price paid.

REUBEN TUPLIN & CO.

London House, Kensington, Sept. 9, 1885.

Morris & Ireland's

NEW IMPROVED

Eight Flange Fire-proof Safes!

The only Eight Flange Safe in the World.

Always preserve their contents in Fire.

Over Eighty Thousand in use.

Contains more improvements than any Safe made, such as

THE PATENT INSIDE BOLT WORK,

More secure from Burglars than any other Fire-proof Safe, and no expense in repairing Bolts and Locks.

Patent Hinged Cap,
Four-Wheel Locks,
Inside Iron Linings,
Solid Angle Corners.

These Safes are now being sold in these Provinces in large numbers, and give the greatest satisfaction, being the most highly finished, best made, and cheapest first-class Safe ever produced.

These celebrated Safes had the champion record in the great Boston Fire, and since that time great and important improvements have been made.

Before giving your order to any other concern, send for prices and descriptive Catalogue.

JOSEPH JACOBS, General Agent.
MORRIS & IRELAND, Boston, Mass.

Nov. 5, 1884—1y

SEWING MACHINES.

The CHEAPEST PLACE to buy

—IS AT—

MILLER BROTHERS,

QUEEN STREET.

No less than **Twenty Different Varieties** to select from, selling at prices that will defy competition.

Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

MILLER BROTHERS,

Dealers in Sewing Machines, Pianos & Organs.

October 7, 1885.

"WATERWORKS NECESSITATES SEWERAGE"

REDDIN'S DRUG STORE, CAMERON BLOCK

OWING to the apathy of the Council the sanitary condition of the city is not likely to be improved for years to come. In view of this fact, we have ordered a large stock of

Drugs & Chemicals

to combat with all prevailing diseases.

Eno's Fruit Salt,	Carbolic Disinfectants,
Hop Bitters,	Chloride of Lime,
B. Blood Bitters,	Thym Cresol,
Fellows' Syrup.	Insect Powder.

We invite attention of Physicians to our

FINE STOCK OF TRUSSES.

Dispensing a Specialty.

D. O'M. REDDIN, Jr.

—Charlottetown, September 23, 1885.

Have You Heard It? Heard What?

That W. P. Colwill has the Largest, the Cheapest, the Best Assortment of Crockeryware ever offered in Charlottetown.

If you want a Cheap Lamp,	Assorted Glass, China and Earthenware,
If you want a Cheap Teapot,	If you want any of the above-mentioned Goods, all of which I have just imported direct from England,
If you want a Cheap Tea Set,	If you want the best Iron Stone China made by Thomas Furnival & Sons, you will get them all Cheap at
If you want a Cheap Dinner Set,	
If you want a Cheap Chamber Set,	
If you want a Cheap Glass Table Set,	
If you want the Cheapest China,	
If you want the Cheapest lot of	

W. P. COLWILL'S.

Charlottetown, Sept. 23, 1885—3m

THE WANZER

Sewing Machine,

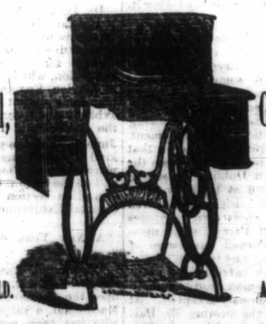
The Most Perfect Machine in the Market.

EVERY WANZER GUARANTEED.

Office and Warerooms, MacEachern's Buildings, Queen St.

TWO DOORS BELOW WATSON'S DRUG STORE.

ONLY Gold Medal, CENTENNIAL, 1876. AGAINST THE WORLD.



ONLY Gold Medal, IN CANADA, 1883. AGAINST THE WORLD.

Over 200 First Prizes in Competition with the Leading Makers of the World.

LEADING POINTS.

Light running and noiseless. No cog-wheels, gears, or head motions. Large space under arm. Self-setting Needle, Self-threading Shuttle, Automatic Bobbin Winder, Double feed. Principal parts made of best hardened Steel. So simple a child can run it. Adjustable in all its parts.

The Wanzer is in use in the leading Convents throughout the Dominion. The Wanzer is in use in 7,000 National Schools in Ireland. The Wanzer is used by all classes, and is pronounced the best by all. From 1861 to 1883, Wanzer received first prize wherever competition was held. Honest and legitimate competition encouraged. We don't need to advertise other men's goods to draw attention to our own.

Wanzer received from His Majesty Francis Joseph the 1st of Austria, the only Knight's Cross on British soil for best Sewing Machine.

J. F. WILLIS & CO., Only authorised Agents for P. E. I.

August 6, 1884.

HATS, HATS,

HARD AND SOFT FELT, AT

STANLEY BROS.

Also, a full stock of all kinds of

Gents' Furnishings

BROWN'S BLOCK, OPPOSITE MARKET HOUSE.

Charlottetown, Aug. 19, 1885.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon 6th day, 4h., 50m., p. m.
First Quarter 14th day, 8h., 47m., p. m.
Full Moon 22nd day, 5h., 37m., a. m.
Last Quarter 28th day, 9h., 46m., p. m.

D M	Day of Week.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Moon Rises.	Moon Sets.
		h. m.	h. m.	morn	aft'n
1	Sun	6 47	4 41	0 37	2 21
2	Mon	48	39	1 46	3 24
3	Tues	49	38	2 56	4 24
4	Wed	50	36	4 6	5 16
5	Thur	51	35	5 12	6 3
6	Fri	52	34	6 19	6 49
7	Sat	53	32	7 22	7 35
8	Sun	57	31	8 22	8 16
9	Mon	58	29	9 17	8 57
10	Tues	7 0	28	10 8	9 44
11	Wed	1	27	10 53	10 35
12	Thur	3	26	11 33	11 29
13	Fri	4	25	aft. 9	morn 24
14	Sat	6	24	9 40	1 22
15	Sun	7	22	1 10	morn
16	Mon	8	21	1 37	0 21
17	Tues	10	20	2 5	1 21
18	Wed	11	19	2 33	2 26
19	Thur	13	19	3 3	3 31
20	Fri	14	18	3 37	4 36
21	Sat	16	17	4 16	5 40
22	Sun	17	16	5 3	7 0
23	Mon	19	15	5 56	8 15
24	Tues	20	14	6 57	9 15
25	Wed	21	13	8 4	10 14
26	Thur	23	13	9 16	11 6
27	Fri	24	12	10 27	11 58
28	Sat	25	11	11 39	aft. 25
29	Sun	26	11	morn	0 52
30	Mon	7 28	4 10	0 48	1 39

DR. P. CONROY,

Physician and Surgeon,

Great George Street,

CHARLOTTETOWN.

Feb. 13, 1884—1y.

DR. S. R. JENKINS,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office at Residence of Dr. Jenkins,

PRINCE STREET.

Charlottetown, Jan. 28, 1885—1y

SULLIVAN & McNEILL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Solicitors in Chancery,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES—O'Halloran's Building Great George Street, Charlottetown.

☞ Money to Loan.

W. W. SULLIVAN, Q.C. | CHAS. E. MCNEILL.
jan17 1884

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 2, 1882.

"Gentlemen: My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.

Yours truly, W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully, HIRAM PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

THE

North British & Mercantile

FIRE AND LIFE

INSURANCE COMP'Y,

OF EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1809.

Subscribed Capital, - - $9 733,432.00
Paid up Capital, - - - 1,216,667.00

Transacts every description of Fire, Life, and Annuity Business on the most favorable terms.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Insurances may be effected at the lowest current rates.

Insurance upon Public and Private Buildings effected on especially favorable terms.

G. W. DeBLOIS,
General Agent for P. E. Island.
Office, No. 35 Water St., Charlottetown.
December 17, 1884. 1y

M. HENNESSY,

Furniture Dealer,

No 35 Great George St., Charlottetown.

All kinds of Furniture made to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Undertaking attended to in all its branches, either in town or country, cheaper than ever. Caskets and Coffins, latest styles, always on hand.

Charlottetown, March 19, 1884—1y

GEORGE M. HARRIS,

Auctioneer,

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Office and Salesroom nextdoor to J. D. McLeod's Store, Queen Street.

Charlottetown, Sept. 22, 1885—tf

(*For the Herald.*)

Note and Comment.

The Harvest—Catching Codfish—The Ocean—Fort Augustus Church—Cultivation of Taste—The Hotel Scheme—St. Peter's Bay—Home Again—A Child Lies Dead.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended," and the crops are saved. Potatoes are still being dug, and any quantity of sinners remain unsaved.

The crops are good in quality and quantity, but the prices are several degrees below good, varying in both quality and quantity. There are fat cattle, for which lean offers are made. Pork is all around the barnyard, but grunts with dissatisfaction at the low estimation in which it is held, and mutton bleats disconsolately for want of purchasers. Politicians are raising "Cain" about the arrangement, one party shouting "Anathema" at the National Policy, and the other party saying—nothing. Noisy fools and quiet fools are necessary evils, that is, if quiet people are fools. The noisy ones are crying now about St. John and Antigonish, all the way from East Point to the Pacific Slope.

The North Shore is still smiling beautifully, and codfish in the briny deep wag their tails about and fin their way to catch clams and shark, and other inducements stuck on a hook with a line stuck on one end of it, and a biped over all who pulls the poor thing up, cuts its throat, disembowels it, knocks its head off, tears its back bone out, splits it open, and pitches the mortal remains into salt, with as little compunction as Stanley would shoot an ourang-outang, simply because fish is good for man, and cod liver oil good for consumptives of every land and every clime. Now isn't that eloquent?

There are not many who fish just now. It is evening, and at the time at which I write a solitary sail wings its way to shore, and as far as the eye can reach on land I am alone. But each grain of sand speaks, and every rippling wave has something to say, and one does not feel all alone. The ocean mirrors the power of Deity, and one's thoughts will turn to its Great Creator, of whom Derzhavin wrote in the lines:—

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost.
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness,—is a cypher brought
Against Infinity! Oh! what am I, then? Naught.

Fort Augustus Church looks well after the touches of skill and art which it has received. It is well attended, and the popular and beloved parish priest has the hearts of his people, who esteem him as both brother and father. The church is a comfortable one, well arranged, and its beautiful altar and paintings add to its religious charms. It is altogether a handsome and commodious house of worship, not the least attractive feature in its arrangements being the fine orchestral organ, which gives music to her sister song in pæans of solemn praise.

The Island indeed has many beautiful houses of worship in connection with the various religious bodies. Also in several of the settlements may be found many pleasant and comfortable homes, adorned by the cultivation of taste, internally and externally. This is well, for no matter in what form the cultivation of taste may manifest itself—in paintings and sculptures, in the analysis of scenery, in the grouping of flowers, in the embellishment of the window or the mantel, in the cultivation of kindly criticism, and the appreciation of the true and beautiful in nature and art generally—kindliness of feelings, refinement of manners, pure home affections, and a deeper devotion to religion, will be its sure attendants.

Get up a good hotel, such as has recently been talked of and written about, in Charlottetown, to supplement other excellent houses which the city can boast of; and let the country follow in providing more suitable accommodation for both home-travellers and tourists from abroad, and there is not the slightest fear of it (notwithstanding what croakers, old fogies and asses like "Steeple Cleydon" may say) this Island has attractions which will bring thousands of visitors and thousands of dollars annually, and no doubt some would be sufficiently charmed by it to stay. A little more earnest enterprise and prudent speculation is required among those who have the cash. Villages nestling in the arms of beauty—especially on the sea-shore, are all around us. Some lie right along the line of railway, and may now possess sufficient accommodation for the number of visitors they receive, but many stay away fearing the lack of accommodation, whose cash would help to swell our railway revenue, and pour into the coffers of a good hotel. Take St. Peter's for instance, and what more charming spot can we conjure up. True, there are some excellent houses where the few travellers which at present visit it, may put up, and home comforts may be obtained, but with a good hotel on the north side of the village, which is nearest to the sea-shore, and that hotel at reasonable rates, well advertised, and in the proper hands, there is every reason to believe, that a large number of visitors, especially foreigners, would enjoy themselves in the locality for three or four months of the year. The Bay is a magnificent sheet of water, good enough for Hanlan to row upon, or the best regatta which could be "scared up." The sea-shore, only two or three miles distant, is a "thing of beauty" during the summer. The entire scenery has been touched by the hand of heaven—Providence has smiled in and round it everywhere, and if mortals do their part, there is no fear of the result. It is to be hoped the present proprietor of the MacLaine House will take the hint, for a good hotel could not be in better hands.

I witnessed the return home of "a wanderer" the other day after four years of absence. They met and wept and smiled. "The little Island is as good as anywhere, and there is no place like home" was what he said. No matter how some may act, myself among the rest, it seems to be a sentiment which is universally received, that "there is no place like home." How exquisitely tender and beautiful the touches of an anonymous bard upon this subject:—

I've wandered on through many a clime
where flowers of beauty grew,
Where all was blissful to the heart, and lovely to the view,
I've seen them in their twilight pride, and in their dress of morn,
But none appeared so sweet to me as the spot where I was born.

The sacred principle of veneration for home and its cherished objects runs all through every grade of humanity. It prevails as much in the humble cottage of the poor and uncultured, as in the splendid mansions of the opulent and great. It is the last passion that grows cold in the human breast. Even the Indian savage, dead to sympathy as his heart is for the white man, cherishes an almost idolatrous reverence for his wigwams, his hunting grounds, and the graves of his forefathers.

A child lies dead in a house close at hand. It was only a babe, a little toddling, prattling thing, and it is dead. There is sorrow in the house. We cannot but weep for the dead, even when every feeling, when our reason warns us that the transition to them from life to immortality is full of happiness; that they have welcomed the passage through the dark valley as the harbinger of peace, the herald of joy. Yet, after all, how soon, even the most affectionate, consign the dead to comparative forgetfulness. Generation after generation have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as we are now. They passed away as a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so likewise shall it be when both the reader and myself are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world will have the same funeral wind on its way, and the attraction for offspring that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for her children. A little while and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our prayers will be said, the grave clods will cover us, and our bodies will be left to the companionship of worms. Our friends will return from our resting place, and it may be for some short time we shall be spoken of; but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Such is life after death. The days will continue to move, and the living will laugh in the very chamber in which we died, and the eyes will glisten again with joy, and even the nearest and dearest may cease to think of us. We shall be "forgotten and clean out of mind." I have written enough for this time.

BARONET.

October 26, 1885.

(*For the Herald.*)

Lost Pearls.

Once, coming out of a crowded ballroom, I heard a young and beautiful girl say: "I have lost my pearls, my lovely pearls, and I know they will be crushed to pieces. What shall I do?" It seemed to me that she was but echoing the cry of the whole world; the cry of thousands of those who have found out too late what their "beautiful pearls" were worth to them. We are every day losing pearls of priceless value, and not the least among them may be counted the precious moments of Time, given us to spend in our Master's service—to enable us to one day have a place in his Kingdom, and hear at the last those words of comfort, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Among the pearls lost too often before we know their value are the treasures of love, in some lives scattered broadcast over their pathway. Many a woman has ruined her life and doomed herself to much remorse and sorrow, because she gave up the man who loved her and whom she loved, on account of another having a better position, more wealth, and, it may be, a title. Then there are the pearls given us, and also taken away, by Him who in His infinite goodness "doeth all things well." Look at that young mother pressing the farewell kiss on that childish face, now so quiet and calm in death. Many have seen the moan of anguish wrung from that mother's lips ere she closes those baby eyes in their last slumber; ere she lays those little limbs to rest in their last cradle. Many the prayer sent up to Heaven to spare that precious pearl so dear to her, the life of that little one. But God took it unto Himself, and her heart is full of that sense of irreparable loss of the treasure taken from her. Then look at the lives of thousands of those around us. What would not many a dying sinner give to have back at the last the priceless pearls of purity and virtue thrown so thoughtlessly away, when, in the hey-day of life and pleasure, they plunged recklessly into the dissipation and fast living which have ruined their lives! They will soon have to render an account to their Master of a life wasted, wrecked and ruined, so that now, looking back over the years that should have been so bright, they have but little hope for pardon, and with what fear and trembling comes from the dying lips the words, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

Pearls of Time spent in frivolous amusement; pearls of Love cast away as valueless and crushed beneath our feet in the hurry and turmoil of life; we surely have to render an account of the use we have made of such priceless gifts, and what defence can we offer for ourselves in wasting the gifts He has so freely given? None, except that we intended to do better after a while; we intended some day to lead better lives; we meant some day to "call the angels in;" but we left it so long that we found the angels had passed our gates, and we have naught but our own reflection, our own self-reproaches, and have laid up for ourselves in the future the remembrance only of what "might have been," and, in far too many instances, "a harvest of barren regret."

JEAN GOURLIE.

Fattening Sheep in Winter.

Comparatively few farmers succeed in fattening sheep in winter. A neighbor told me yesterday that last fall he bought one hundred and fifty sheep, fed them straw, hay, corn-stalks and grain all winter, and sold them for forty-five dollars more than he paid for them. "I got a lot of good manure," he said, "and that and the forty-five dollars is all I have to show for the feed and labor. It does not pay."

If you can buy sheep in the fall for three cents a pound, and sell them in the spring for six cents a pound, it will pay. It will pay still better to buy them for four cents, and sell them for eight cents per pound. We can sometimes do even better than this. One thing is certain: it does not pay to try to fatten poor sheep in winter. If sheep are not in good growing condition in the fall, get rid of them.

If you are going to buy sheep to fatten, select the very best that can be found. You do not want old sheep, and you do not want lambs. If the sheep are long-wool, or Southdown grades, select those that are yearlings, or two-year-olds; if merino grades, then year-old wethers are best. Buy more than you want, if need be, and select out the best to keep over winter, and sell the poor ones now for what you can get. Careful selection is the main point.

With good sheep, liberal and regular feeding, dry, comfortable quarters, fresh water every day, and salt once a week, fattening sheep in winter is decidedly profitable to the farmer and beneficial to the farm. In other words, it will provide both money and manure.—JOSEPH HARRIS *in American Agriculturist for Nov.*

Fattening Hogs.

In fattening good, strong, vigorous hogs, over a year old, corn and water make a good food. We do not say there is nothing better; but if we lived in the great corn-growing sections, we should not look for anything cheaper or more fattening.

In fattening younger pigs, however, a greater variety of food is desirable. We want the pigs to grow and fatten at the same time. For this purpose we need a good breed, or a good grade of hogs. We need warm, dry, comfortable quarters, and plenty of good, easily digested food. The best and most easily digested food is milk. The slops from the house, or the refuse from a hotel, including scraps of meat and fat, and bread and vegetables, are proverbially excellent. On the farm, any food we do not know what else to do with, goes to the pigs. This is right. But if we want to *fatten* the pigs, we must see that they have some kind of grain, in addition to such food as cabbage leaves, beets, mangels, sweet apples, small and partially rotted potatoes, etc. The secret of economical feeding consists in giving the pigs all the grain they can eat, without weakening their appetite for the mixed and cheaper food and vegetables. When corn is the principal food for young fattening pigs, a little bran, or rather, what we call "fine feed," is very desirable. If the corn is fed whole, a good plan is to mix the fine feed with the water—say a pint to each gallon of water—and let the pigs have all they will drink of it. If the pigs have all the vegetables they will eat, they will not drink much water, and more fine feed, say a quart to a gallon of water, may be used. If the pigs do not take to the fine feed and water, mix in a little cornmeal till they get in the habit of drinking it.—*American Agriculturist for November.*

How to Administer Medicine to Swine

If the medicine cannot be given in his food, as when he has no appetite, or is in great pain, it must be administered direct. To do this is quite difficult, and most farmers give it up, or adopt the Homeopathic treatment, because it is so much easier. When properly managed, it is not very hard either for the pig or the attendant. The pig is caught by a slip-noose in a strong rope, which goes through the mouth, and holds back of the tusks. He will pull back with all his might, and the rope must be made fast quite short, to the top of a post or fence. Then his legs are secured so that he cannot spring forward. Now, if an old shoe with a hole in the toe is given to him to chew upon, he will champ away upon it as angrily as possible, and the medicine can be poured into his mouth through it—a little at a time, or he will choke and strangle and cough. Another way is to hold the pig in the same way, or as for ringing, and to pour the medicine into one nostril, through an oil can, such as is used for oiling machinery. Either of these methods render it possible to give medicine to a pig as effectually as to any animal, and it is not probable that his rage will have any evil effect, as in the case of a struggling child.—*American Agriculturist for November.*

A Georgia negro maintains that the efficacy of prayer depends entirely on the manner in which the petition is worded, and says: "If I ask the Lord to send me a turkey I won't get it, but if I ask him to send me after a turkey I always get one before daybreak."