







**HOME.**  
Home's not merely four square walls,  
"Thou'g with pictures hung and gilded;  
Home is where affection calls,  
Called with shrines the heart hath builded!  
Home!—go where the faithful dove—  
Sailing 'neath the heaven above—  
Home is where there's one to love!  
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,  
It needs something to enclose it;  
Home is where the heart can bloom,  
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!  
What is home with none to meet?  
None to love, none to greet us?  
Home is sweet, and only sweet,  
Where there's one we love to meet us?

Crust of bread, a pitcher of water, and a thatched roof, and love, there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a white parrot or a flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

Oh sweet a word is Home. Children who love home, and seek their pleasures there, very seldom go astray. It is Christianity that has made home what it is, and without religion half its charm is absent.

No matter how dark and cold it is without, all is light and warmth within. The storm may rage, and sleet rattle against the walls, but Providence shelters you in the bosom of your very best earthly friends. What cause for thankfulness is here! As you enjoy each favour, think of the blessed Saviour, through whose grace they are continued to you.

Before I was as old as you now are, I had begun to look at books of poetry. Well do I remember the old volume of Cowper's "Task," and the pictures of the lace-knitters, and of poor Kate. Even then I enjoyed, as you now may, what this Christian poet says of winter evening pleasures. And a thousand times have I felt these pleasures increased by the recollection of his lines:

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

You learn to love such evenings, and to think the company of parents, brothers, and sisters, the best company in the world, you will have every day an amount of real pleasure which is unknown to those who go to opera-playhouses, and crowded parties. You will not, indeed, become a fashionable young lady, but you will be wiser and happier than any one was ever made by fashion. The study of good books, and especially of God-inspired word, will lay a foundation for joys which will last all your life time, and will not grow less when wealth, and youth, and beauty, and friends, have departed.

Winter pleasures, are not, however, confined to the evening. They belong to morning, noon, and night. In warmer seasons we go out and learn more of nature and things abroad; in winter we converse with dear friends, with books, and with ourselves. Winter is the time for study. Try to make it your entertainment. Determine to improve your mind, and to be constantly learning something that you never knew before. Study with alacrity and cheerfulness, and you will find it less injurious to your health than to fret over your books. You will learn faster, and be more agreeable to all around you.

Your brothers will teach you many a healthy, innocent play, which will give you exercise in bad weather, without going out. But you must not become so delicate as to house yourself merely because it is cold. There is nothing better for a young lady than a rapid walk on the frozen ground, when the air is cold and bracing. When she returns from it, she feels lighter and brighter all the rest of the day.

Make it one of your pleasures to remember the poor in this cold season. It is the time of their greatest want and suffering. Think of the half-naked children who might be clothed with what you often waste. Your fingers cannot be better employed than in working for them. They will remember you for it perhaps even after you have left the world. Do not forget the case of that good Christian, named Dorcas, who lived and died at Joppa. She was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did. And when the apostle Peter approached her lifeless body, laid out in an upper chamber, it was surrounded by widows, who stood by, weeping and showing the garments and coats which Dorcas made while she was with them. Be ready to join in every charitable work of this kind which may be going on in your neighbourhood.

**HOME.**  
Home's not merely four square walls,  
"Thou'g with pictures hung and gilded;  
Home is where affection calls,  
Called with shrines the heart hath builded!  
Home!—go where the faithful dove—  
Sailing 'neath the heaven above—  
Home is where there's one to love!  
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,  
It needs something to enclose it;  
Home is where the heart can bloom,  
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!  
What is home with none to meet?  
None to love, none to greet us?  
Home is sweet, and only sweet,  
Where there's one we love to meet us?

Crust of bread, a pitcher of water, and a thatched roof, and love, there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a white parrot or a flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

Oh sweet a word is Home. Children who love home, and seek their pleasures there, very seldom go astray. It is Christianity that has made home what it is, and without religion half its charm is absent.

No matter how dark and cold it is without, all is light and warmth within. The storm may rage, and sleet rattle against the walls, but Providence shelters you in the bosom of your very best earthly friends. What cause for thankfulness is here! As you enjoy each favour, think of the blessed Saviour, through whose grace they are continued to you.

Before I was as old as you now are, I had begun to look at books of poetry. Well do I remember the old volume of Cowper's "Task," and the pictures of the lace-knitters, and of poor Kate. Even then I enjoyed, as you now may, what this Christian poet says of winter evening pleasures. And a thousand times have I felt these pleasures increased by the recollection of his lines:

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

You learn to love such evenings, and to think the company of parents, brothers, and sisters, the best company in the world, you will have every day an amount of real pleasure which is unknown to those who go to opera-playhouses, and crowded parties. You will not, indeed, become a fashionable young lady, but you will be wiser and happier than any one was ever made by fashion. The study of good books, and especially of God-inspired word, will lay a foundation for joys which will last all your life time, and will not grow less when wealth, and youth, and beauty, and friends, have departed.

Winter pleasures, are not, however, confined to the evening. They belong to morning, noon, and night. In warmer seasons we go out and learn more of nature and things abroad; in winter we converse with dear friends, with books, and with ourselves. Winter is the time for study. Try to make it your entertainment. Determine to improve your mind, and to be constantly learning something that you never knew before. Study with alacrity and cheerfulness, and you will find it less injurious to your health than to fret over your books. You will learn faster, and be more agreeable to all around you.

Your brothers will teach you many a healthy, innocent play, which will give you exercise in bad weather, without going out. But you must not become so delicate as to house yourself merely because it is cold. There is nothing better for a young lady than a rapid walk on the frozen ground, when the air is cold and bracing. When she returns from it, she feels lighter and brighter all the rest of the day.

Make it one of your pleasures to remember the poor in this cold season. It is the time of their greatest want and suffering. Think of the half-naked children who might be clothed with what you often waste. Your fingers cannot be better employed than in working for them. They will remember you for it perhaps even after you have left the world. Do not forget the case of that good Christian, named Dorcas, who lived and died at Joppa. She was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did. And when the apostle Peter approached her lifeless body, laid out in an upper chamber, it was surrounded by widows, who stood by, weeping and showing the garments and coats which Dorcas made while she was with them. Be ready to join in every charitable work of this kind which may be going on in your neighbourhood.

**HOME.**  
Home's not merely four square walls,  
"Thou'g with pictures hung and gilded;  
Home is where affection calls,  
Called with shrines the heart hath builded!  
Home!—go where the faithful dove—  
Sailing 'neath the heaven above—  
Home is where there's one to love!  
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,  
It needs something to enclose it;  
Home is where the heart can bloom,  
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!  
What is home with none to meet?  
None to love, none to greet us?  
Home is sweet, and only sweet,  
Where there's one we love to meet us?

Crust of bread, a pitcher of water, and a thatched roof, and love, there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a white parrot or a flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

Oh sweet a word is Home. Children who love home, and seek their pleasures there, very seldom go astray. It is Christianity that has made home what it is, and without religion half its charm is absent.

No matter how dark and cold it is without, all is light and warmth within. The storm may rage, and sleet rattle against the walls, but Providence shelters you in the bosom of your very best earthly friends. What cause for thankfulness is here! As you enjoy each favour, think of the blessed Saviour, through whose grace they are continued to you.

Before I was as old as you now are, I had begun to look at books of poetry. Well do I remember the old volume of Cowper's "Task," and the pictures of the lace-knitters, and of poor Kate. Even then I enjoyed, as you now may, what this Christian poet says of winter evening pleasures. And a thousand times have I felt these pleasures increased by the recollection of his lines:

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

You learn to love such evenings, and to think the company of parents, brothers, and sisters, the best company in the world, you will have every day an amount of real pleasure which is unknown to those who go to opera-playhouses, and crowded parties. You will not, indeed, become a fashionable young lady, but you will be wiser and happier than any one was ever made by fashion. The study of good books, and especially of God-inspired word, will lay a foundation for joys which will last all your life time, and will not grow less when wealth, and youth, and beauty, and friends, have departed.

Winter pleasures, are not, however, confined to the evening. They belong to morning, noon, and night. In warmer seasons we go out and learn more of nature and things abroad; in winter we converse with dear friends, with books, and with ourselves. Winter is the time for study. Try to make it your entertainment. Determine to improve your mind, and to be constantly learning something that you never knew before. Study with alacrity and cheerfulness, and you will find it less injurious to your health than to fret over your books. You will learn faster, and be more agreeable to all around you.

Your brothers will teach you many a healthy, innocent play, which will give you exercise in bad weather, without going out. But you must not become so delicate as to house yourself merely because it is cold. There is nothing better for a young lady than a rapid walk on the frozen ground, when the air is cold and bracing. When she returns from it, she feels lighter and brighter all the rest of the day.

Make it one of your pleasures to remember the poor in this cold season. It is the time of their greatest want and suffering. Think of the half-naked children who might be clothed with what you often waste. Your fingers cannot be better employed than in working for them. They will remember you for it perhaps even after you have left the world. Do not forget the case of that good Christian, named Dorcas, who lived and died at Joppa. She was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did. And when the apostle Peter approached her lifeless body, laid out in an upper chamber, it was surrounded by widows, who stood by, weeping and showing the garments and coats which Dorcas made while she was with them. Be ready to join in every charitable work of this kind which may be going on in your neighbourhood.

**HOME.**  
Home's not merely four square walls,  
"Thou'g with pictures hung and gilded;  
Home is where affection calls,  
Called with shrines the heart hath builded!  
Home!—go where the faithful dove—  
Sailing 'neath the heaven above—  
Home is where there's one to love!  
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,  
It needs something to enclose it;  
Home is where the heart can bloom,  
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!  
What is home with none to meet?  
None to love, none to greet us?  
Home is sweet, and only sweet,  
Where there's one we love to meet us?

Crust of bread, a pitcher of water, and a thatched roof, and love, there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a white parrot or a flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

Oh sweet a word is Home. Children who love home, and seek their pleasures there, very seldom go astray. It is Christianity that has made home what it is, and without religion half its charm is absent.

No matter how dark and cold it is without, all is light and warmth within. The storm may rage, and sleet rattle against the walls, but Providence shelters you in the bosom of your very best earthly friends. What cause for thankfulness is here! As you enjoy each favour, think of the blessed Saviour, through whose grace they are continued to you.

Before I was as old as you now are, I had begun to look at books of poetry. Well do I remember the old volume of Cowper's "Task," and the pictures of the lace-knitters, and of poor Kate. Even then I enjoyed, as you now may, what this Christian poet says of winter evening pleasures. And a thousand times have I felt these pleasures increased by the recollection of his lines:

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

You learn to love such evenings, and to think the company of parents, brothers, and sisters, the best company in the world, you will have every day an amount of real pleasure which is unknown to those who go to opera-playhouses, and crowded parties. You will not, indeed, become a fashionable young lady, but you will be wiser and happier than any one was ever made by fashion. The study of good books, and especially of God-inspired word, will lay a foundation for joys which will last all your life time, and will not grow less when wealth, and youth, and beauty, and friends, have departed.

Winter pleasures, are not, however, confined to the evening. They belong to morning, noon, and night. In warmer seasons we go out and learn more of nature and things abroad; in winter we converse with dear friends, with books, and with ourselves. Winter is the time for study. Try to make it your entertainment. Determine to improve your mind, and to be constantly learning something that you never knew before. Study with alacrity and cheerfulness, and you will find it less injurious to your health than to fret over your books. You will learn faster, and be more agreeable to all around you.

Your brothers will teach you many a healthy, innocent play, which will give you exercise in bad weather, without going out. But you must not become so delicate as to house yourself merely because it is cold. There is nothing better for a young lady than a rapid walk on the frozen ground, when the air is cold and bracing. When she returns from it, she feels lighter and brighter all the rest of the day.

Make it one of your pleasures to remember the poor in this cold season. It is the time of their greatest want and suffering. Think of the half-naked children who might be clothed with what you often waste. Your fingers cannot be better employed than in working for them. They will remember you for it perhaps even after you have left the world. Do not forget the case of that good Christian, named Dorcas, who lived and died at Joppa. She was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did. And when the apostle Peter approached her lifeless body, laid out in an upper chamber, it was surrounded by widows, who stood by, weeping and showing the garments and coats which Dorcas made while she was with them. Be ready to join in every charitable work of this kind which may be going on in your neighbourhood.

**HOME.**  
Home's not merely four square walls,  
"Thou'g with pictures hung and gilded;  
Home is where affection calls,  
Called with shrines the heart hath builded!  
Home!—go where the faithful dove—  
Sailing 'neath the heaven above—  
Home is where there's one to love!  
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,  
It needs something to enclose it;  
Home is where the heart can bloom,  
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!  
What is home with none to meet?  
None to love, none to greet us?  
Home is sweet, and only sweet,  
Where there's one we love to meet us?

Crust of bread, a pitcher of water, and a thatched roof, and love, there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a white parrot or a flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

Oh sweet a word is Home. Children who love home, and seek their pleasures there, very seldom go astray. It is Christianity that has made home what it is, and without religion half its charm is absent.

No matter how dark and cold it is without, all is light and warmth within. The storm may rage, and sleet rattle against the walls, but Providence shelters you in the bosom of your very best earthly friends. What cause for thankfulness is here! As you enjoy each favour, think of the blessed Saviour, through whose grace they are continued to you.

Before I was as old as you now are, I had begun to look at books of poetry. Well do I remember the old volume of Cowper's "Task," and the pictures of the lace-knitters, and of poor Kate. Even then I enjoyed, as you now may, what this Christian poet says of winter evening pleasures. And a thousand times have I felt these pleasures increased by the recollection of his lines:

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

You learn to love such evenings, and to think the company of parents, brothers, and sisters, the best company in the world, you will have every day an amount of real pleasure which is unknown to those who go to opera-playhouses, and crowded parties. You will not, indeed, become a fashionable young lady, but you will be wiser and happier than any one was ever made by fashion. The study of good books, and especially of God-inspired word, will lay a foundation for joys which will last all your life time, and will not grow less when wealth, and youth, and beauty, and friends, have departed.

Winter pleasures, are not, however, confined to the evening. They belong to morning, noon, and night. In warmer seasons we go out and learn more of nature and things abroad; in winter we converse with dear friends, with books, and with ourselves. Winter is the time for study. Try to make it your entertainment. Determine to improve your mind, and to be constantly learning something that you never knew before. Study with alacrity and cheerfulness, and you will find it less injurious to your health than to fret over your books. You will learn faster, and be more agreeable to all around you.

Your brothers will teach you many a healthy, innocent play, which will give you exercise in bad weather, without going out. But you must not become so delicate as to house yourself merely because it is cold. There is nothing better for a young lady than a rapid walk on the frozen ground, when the air is cold and bracing. When she returns from it, she feels lighter and brighter all the rest of the day.

Make it one of your pleasures to remember the poor in this cold season. It is the time of their greatest want and suffering. Think of the half-naked children who might be clothed with what you often waste. Your fingers cannot be better employed than in working for them. They will remember you for it perhaps even after you have left the world. Do not forget the case of that good Christian, named Dorcas, who lived and died at Joppa. She was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did. And when the apostle Peter approached her lifeless body, laid out in an upper chamber, it was surrounded by widows, who stood by, weeping and showing the garments and coats which Dorcas made while she was with them. Be ready to join in every charitable work of this kind which may be going on in your neighbourhood.

**HOME.**  
Home's not merely four square walls,  
"Thou'g with pictures hung and gilded;  
Home is where affection calls,  
Called with shrines the heart hath builded!  
Home!—go where the faithful dove—  
Sailing 'neath the heaven above—  
Home is where there's one to love!  
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,  
It needs something to enclose it;  
Home is where the heart can bloom,  
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!  
What is home with none to meet?  
None to love, none to greet us?  
Home is sweet, and only sweet,  
Where there's one we love to meet us?

Crust of bread, a pitcher of water, and a thatched roof, and love, there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a white parrot or a flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

Oh sweet a word is Home. Children who love home, and seek their pleasures there, very seldom go astray. It is Christianity that has made home what it is, and without religion half its charm is absent.

No matter how dark and cold it is without, all is light and warmth within. The storm may rage, and sleet rattle against the walls, but Providence shelters you in the bosom of your very best earthly friends. What cause for thankfulness is here! As you enjoy each favour, think of the blessed Saviour, through whose grace they are continued to you.

Before I was as old as you now are, I had begun to look at books of poetry. Well do I remember the old volume of Cowper's "Task," and the pictures of the lace-knitters, and of poor Kate. Even then I enjoyed, as you now may, what this Christian poet says of winter evening pleasures. And a thousand times have I felt these pleasures increased by the recollection of his lines:

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

You learn to love such evenings, and to think the company of parents, brothers, and sisters, the best company in the world, you will have every day an amount of real pleasure which is unknown to those who go to opera-playhouses, and crowded parties. You will not, indeed, become a fashionable young lady, but you will be wiser and happier than any one was ever made by fashion. The study of good books, and especially of God-inspired word, will lay a foundation for joys which will last all your life time, and will not grow less when wealth, and youth, and beauty, and friends, have departed.

Winter pleasures, are not, however, confined to the evening. They belong to morning, noon, and night. In warmer seasons we go out and learn more of nature and things abroad; in winter we converse with dear friends, with books, and with ourselves. Winter is the time for study. Try to make it your entertainment. Determine to improve your mind, and to be constantly learning something that you never knew before. Study with alacrity and cheerfulness, and you will find it less injurious to your health than to fret over your books. You will learn faster, and be more agreeable to all around you.

Your brothers will teach you many a healthy, innocent play, which will give you exercise in bad weather, without going out. But you must not become so delicate as to house yourself merely because it is cold. There is nothing better for a young lady than a rapid walk on the frozen ground, when the air is cold and bracing. When she returns from it, she feels lighter and brighter all the rest of the day.

Make it one of your pleasures to remember the poor in this cold season. It is the time of their greatest want and suffering. Think of the half-naked children who might be clothed with what you often waste. Your fingers cannot be better employed than in working for them. They will remember you for it perhaps even after you have left the world. Do not forget the case of that good Christian, named Dorcas, who lived and died at Joppa. She was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did. And when the apostle Peter approached her lifeless body, laid out in an upper chamber, it was surrounded by widows, who stood by, weeping and showing the garments and coats which Dorcas made while she was with them. Be ready to join in every charitable work of this kind which may be going on in your neighbourhood.

### The Road to Health.



### Holloway's PILLS.

CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND BAD BLOOD.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. W. KIRKUS, Chemist, 7, Prescott Street, Liverpool, dated 6th June, 1851.

To Professor Holloway.

Sir—Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years. A customer, to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had been troubled for years with a disordered liver, and bad digestion. On the last occasion, however, the violence of the attack was so alarming, and the inflammation set so severely, that death was entertained as her only hope. To her relief, she was induced to try your Pills, and she informs me that after the first, and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She continued to take them, and although she used only three boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have sent you many more cases, but she, from her kind and grateful thanks, and the good she has done, speaks more in favour of your astonishing Pills. (Signed) R. W. KIRKUS, Chemist, 7, Prescott Street, Liverpool, dated 6th June, 1851.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF RHEUMATISM, FEBER, IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Copy of a Letter inserted in the "Hobart-Town Courier," of the 1st March, 1851, by Major J. Welch.

Margaret M. GIBSON, sixteen years of age, residing in New Town, had been suffering from a violent rheumatic fever for upwards of two months, which had entirely deprived her of the use of her limbs. During this period she was under the care of the most eminent medical men in Hobart-Town, and by them her case was considered hopeless. A friend prevailed upon her to try Holloway's Pills, which she commenced to do, and in an incredible short space of time she was cured. Her recovery is attested by a certificate signed by the following statement—

From Messrs. Thos. & Son, Proprietors of the Lynn Advertiser, who can vouch for the following statement—

August 2nd, 1851.

To Professor Holloway.

Sir—I desire to bear testimony to the good effects of Holloway's Pills. For some years I suffered severely from a pain and tightness in the chest, which was accompanied by a shortness of breath, that prevented me from walking about. I am 54 years of age, and notwithstanding my advanced state of life, these Pills have so relieved me, that I am desirous that others should be made acquainted with their merits. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, and comparatively active, and can take exercise without inconvenience or pain, which I could not do before.

(Signed) HENRY COE, North Street, Lynn, Norfolk.

### AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF THE GRAVEL, AND THE MOST PAINFUL RHEUMATISM.

Copy of a Letter addressed to J. K. HOLLOWAY, Esq., by Mr. Thos. Clark, a Settler at Lake George, New South Wales, dated 25th Feb., 1851.

Sir—A Mr. Thos. Clark, a Settler at Lake George, was a considerable time afflicted with a complaint of the Liver, together with the Gravel. His medical attendants, after trying all their skill, readily told him that his case was hopeless, and any further efforts useless. In this situation, and with every other day would terminate, I had a friend recommended him to try Holloway's Pills, and as a friend he did so, and he has given him considerable relief, he therefore recommended taking them according to the directions, and a new restoration to health. He will feel great pleasure in confirming this statement, or even make an affidavit to the same effect, should it be required.

(Signed) WILLIAM JONES, Proprietor of the "Gulliban Herald," New South Wales.

### WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, IN CASES OF RHEUMATISM.

Persons suffering from Dropsy, either about the turn of life, or at other times, should immediately have recourse to these Pills, as a number of persons who have been cured, bear testimony to their efficacy in their difficult stages, when all other means had failed.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints:

Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the Skin, Bowel Complaints, Colic, Constipation of the Bowels, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Femoral Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits, Gout, Head-ache, Indigestion, Inflammation, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Lumbago, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of Urine, Scrofula or King's Evil, Sore Throat, Stone and Gravel, Secondary Symptoms, The Douleurux, Tumours, Ulcers, Venereal Affections, Worms of all kinds, Weakness from whatever cause, &c. &c.

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by S. L. TULLY, Provincial Agent, No. 15, King Street, St. John, N. B.; A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quebec; J. G. Sayer, Beek, Bond of Bell, Sheldice; J. A. Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James G. White, Belleisle. In Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 6d., 4s., 6d., and 7s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients are affixed to each Box.

### No 17, King Street.

### Cheap Hat, Cap, & Fur Store.

THE Subscribers will open their New Store, No. 17, King Street, on Saturday, May 1, with an extensive variety of new and fashionable GOODS, imported by late arrivals and manufactured expressly for this Establishment.

It being fitted up in the Modern Style and adapted to their trade, and the articles will be marked at prices decidedly to the advantage of the purchaser; which combined will offer an additional inducement to our Customers and the public to continue their patronage. A Call is respectfully invited to our Store, at the following date—

April 30, 1852.—J. LOCKHART & CO.

### Window Glass, Feathers, &c.

Just received, and offered for sale, 14,000 FEET large sizes, superior quality White Window Glass; 80 bags Stamped FEATHERS, three different qualities, all extra selected; 10 boxes, assorted sizes, LOOKING-GLASS PLATES; 2 cases Writing PAPERS and Blank Writing BOOKS; 25 dozen assorted CHAIRS, &c.

1000 pieces, New Patterns, PAPER HANGINGS; 25 dozen assorted CHAIRS, &c.

Patterns of superior and high-priced Paper Hangings are to be seen, any of which can be ordered, deliverable in ten or twelve days.

JOHN KINNEAR, Prince Wm. Street, Sept. 21.

### Havana Cigars and Tobacco.

FIVE THOUSAND HAVANA CIGARS, and Five boxes superior Cheyong Tobacco. "Dandelion of Old Virginia," just received and for sale by

THOMAS M. REED, Head of North Wharf, Aug. 24.

### BURNING FLUID, &c.

3 CASKS PORTER'S BURNING FLUID; 10 lbs. Crushed SUGAR; 14 lbs. Late and Allocated MATS. FLEWELLING & READING, June 1.

### BEEF AND PORK.

30 BARRELS Prime BEEF, New York City Inspection; 20 barrels MESS PORK. For sale by

JOHN V. THURGAR, North Market, Wharf, Aug. 17, 1852.

### Anvils, Bellows, and Vices.

25 BLACKSMITH'S ANVILS; A few Blacksmith's VICES.—For sale by

W. H. ADAMS, Sept. 14.

### IMPROVEMENT OF OUR COMMON SHEEP.

In the improvement of sheep, as well as of all other animals, the male is considered of more importance than the female, and more care is therefore necessary in selecting one, for the production of perfect animals, it is absolutely essential that both male and female be well bred; and if not individually perfect in every point, the conformation of the two combined must be such as to produce a perfect creature. So that, in endeavoring to improve our common flocks of sheep, we should not only get good, first rate bucks, but should select out from the flock the ewes of the best age and make, to put with him; and in choosing them, should have an eye to those particular points we wish to have well developed in the lambs. In this way much may be done to improve our ordinary breeds of sheep, without much outlay in purchasing improved stock. A knowledge of the principles of breeding, and care in the selection and management of the ewes from which we intend to breed, and the choice of a buck adapted to the ewes, are of more importance than we are generally aware of. If judiciously persevered in for a few years, greatly improve any flock of sheep.

Farmers often procure a buck which, however useful he might be for other flocks, is altogether unsuitable for the flock he is intended to serve. Again, in a large flock of ordinary sheep, there are many ewes of various kinds, with characteristics entirely different from each other; hence a buck that might be first rate for the one, and calculated to improve the breed, would be altogether adapted for the other, and would propagate superfluous rather than neutralize them; yet how common it is to get the whole flock run together, and have the indiscriminate use of the same bucks. Instead of this careless, heedless, and profitless way of breeding, the flock should at this time be judiciously assorted into lots of forty or fifty, having a buck with each lot possessing strongly the particular points in which the ewes are somewhat deficient; and the judicious expenditure of capital, which the lambs are raised. Where a small flock is kept, and only one buck instead, a farmer can often select out some ewes of a particular conformation, that would be better served by a neighbour's buck than his own. The neighbour, too, may be in the same circle, and the judicious use of ewes to be served by each other's buck, would be mutually advantageous to the owners, and beneficial to the flock.

The best time at which to place the bucks with the flock, depends a great deal on the breed of sheep, and the object of the breeder. In the case of the Leicester, the best time is when the ewes are in the prime of their season, and the lambs are raised. Where a small flock is kept, and only one buck instead, a farmer can often select out some ewes of a particular conformation, that would be better served by a neighbour's buck than his own. The neighbour, too, may be in the same circle, and the judicious use of ewes to be served by each other's buck, would be mutually advantageous to the owners, and beneficial to the flock.

The best time at which to place the bucks with the flock, depends a great deal on the breed of sheep, and the object of the breeder. In the case of the Leicester, the best time is when the ewes are in the prime of their season, and the lambs are raised. Where a small flock is kept, and only one buck instead, a farmer can often select out some ewes of a particular conformation, that would be better served by a neighbour's buck than his own. The neighbour, too, may be in the same circle, and the judicious use of ewes to be served by each other's buck, would be mutually advantageous to the owners, and beneficial to the flock.

The best time at which to place the bucks with the flock, depends a great deal on the breed of sheep, and the object of the breeder. In the case of the Leicester, the best time is when the ewes are in the prime of their season, and the lambs are raised. Where a small flock is kept, and only one buck instead, a farmer can often select out some ewes of a particular conformation, that would be better served by a neighbour's buck than his own. The neighbour, too, may be in the same circle, and the judicious use of ewes to be served by each other's buck, would be mutually advantageous to the owners, and beneficial to the flock.

The best time at which to place the bucks with the flock, depends a great deal on the breed of sheep, and the object of the breeder. In the case of the Leicester, the best time is when the ewes