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**Fattening Chickens.**

The crate fattening of chickens is a profitable business for almost every farmer to engage in. It is a simple undertaking that can be managed by a member of the farmer's family who is sufficiently interested and enterprising to study the work and construct the fattening crates. No special building is required in which to place the crates. Grain on hand, with the exception of corn or peas, when finely ground and mixed with skim milk or buttermilk, is fed with profit to the chickens. If it is necessary to buy grain, fine ground oats is preferable. The cost of the food for fattening averages ten cents per chicken. It is advisable to produce chickens with white-colored flesh, as white-colored flesh is more palatable than yellow flesh; it is firm, fine in grain and exceedingly tender. There are fat globules distributed throughout the flesh and under the skin. When the chicken is cooked, the particles of fat melt into and increase the juiciness of the flesh. With unfatted chickens, water takes the place of the majority of the fat globules. When the chicken is roasted the water evaporates and leaves the meat dry. The muscles of the crate fatted chicken are more edible through lack of exercise. To kill a lean chicken is wasteful, the proportion of edible meat to bone and offal is so small.

All breeds of chickens, with the exception of Leghorns, Minorcas and similar small chickens, can be fattened in the crates with profit. Fatted chickens can be marketed in Canada and Great Britain for ten to sixteen cents per pound, plucked weight. A great number of farmers have engaged in the fattening business and are preparing their chickens for the home markets or for export. The following letter was received by the Department last week, showing the satisfactory results of the first year's chicken business and the encouragement offered to engage in it more extensively.

Last year I experimented on a small scale with crated chickens and the result was so satisfactory that this year I am going to prepare all my fowls in that manner. I should like you to send me the names of some reliable dealers in Ottawa or Montreal to whom I can ship the fatted chickens when ready.

Mr. F. C. Hare, Chief of the Dominion Poultry Division in this article will give directions for constructing the fattening crates and feeding the chickens. A subsequent article will contain information about killing and marketing the chickens. The fattening crates in use at the Illustration Stations are six feet long, sixteen inches wide and twenty inches high, inside measurements. Each crate is divided into three compartments. Each compartment holds four chickens. A frame is built of one inch by two inch lumber and covered with slats. The slats are placed lengthwise on three sides bottom, back and top, and up and down in front. The slats are one inch wide and half an inch thick. The spaces between the slats in front are two inches wide to enable the chickens to feed from the trough. The top slats are cut above each partition and three doors are formed. The doors are hinged to the rear of the frame. The crates are placed on stands sixteen inches

from the ground. A light "V" feed trough, two and a half inches inside, is placed in front of each crate and is carried on brackets nailed on the ends of the crate.

If only a small number of chickens are to be fattened, packing boxes can be adapted for the purpose. The open top of the box should become the bottom of the crate and one side should be removed for the front. Slats should be nailed up and down the front; also lengthways of the crate to form the floor. A board should be loosened in the top of the crate to remove the chickens, and a feed trough arranged in front. During the fall the crates can be placed outdoors in a sheltered position or in a vacant shed or barn.

Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, or chickens of a similar type weighing from two and a half to four pounds each are preferable for fattening. Chickens of medium size and of a broad square shape, with short straight legs set well apart, fatten the most profitably.

A suitable fattening ration is one that is palatable and that will produce a whit-colored flesh. Ground oats, ground buckwheat, ground barley and low grade flour are meals that have been fed with profit at the stations. The chickens are fed a mash exclusively. No whole grain is given. Several meal mixtures are given to illustrate how a ration can be formed:—(1) Ground oats, coarser hulls removed. (2) Two pounds ground oats, two pounds ground buckwheat, one pound ground corn. (3) One pound ground oats, one pound ground barley, one pound ground buckwheat. (4) Two pounds ground barley, two pounds low grade flour, one pound wheat bran. The ground meal should be mixed to a thin porridge with thick sour skim milk or buttermilk. A small quantity of salt should be added to the mash.

The chickens should remain in the fattening crates for about twenty four days. Before the chickens are placed in the crates they should be dusted with sulphur to kill the lice. The first week the chickens should be fed the mash sparingly three times a day, in order to accustom them to the change of diet and the confinement. After the first week the chickens should be given twice a day as much mash as they will consume. For one week before the chickens are killed a small quantity of tallow should be added to the mashes to increase the juiciness of the flesh. Fresh water should be given in the trough twice a day and grit and gravel twice a week. At all the Illustration Stations the chickens are fed from the trough throughout the fattening period. The cranning machine has not been used for two years.

**The Choice of Jeffy.**

"There's five!" Jeffy announced at dinner. He had spent nearly all the morning with them, and he was in the "addition table" at school, so he knew.

"Five? What a lot!" mama said, interestedly. "Are they all pretty ones, Jeffy?"

"Yes'm, all 'cept just one. He's homely. I guess it makes him ache, for he keeps a-crying. The other thr'-four,"—Jeffy had not got to the "subtraction table" yet, so it was not surprising he said three at first—"the other four," he corrected himself, "are puffy beauties, yes, sir! You ought to see 'em, mama!"

At tea-time there was another announcement. This time Jeffy's face was radiant.

"I can have one!" he shouted, in his excitement, "Mrs. Jumper says so! She says I can have first choice—there!"

"Why, isn't that beautiful, dear!" mama said. "Which one are you going to choose?"

"Oh, I can't tell yet—'sif! I'm going over every day an' decide. It takes a great deal of time. There's a white-an'-black one, an' a black-an'-white one, and two little Malty ones all over."

"And the homely one, Jeffy."

"Yes'm, of course, the homely one."

"Does it still make him ache?" Mama's voice was pitying and gentle. "It must be awful to be as homely as that, Jeffy!"

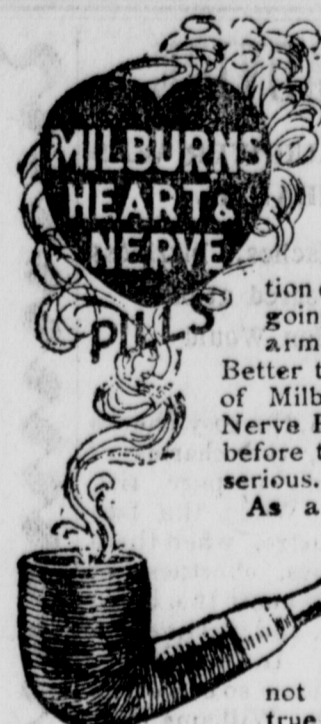
"He keeps on a-crying," Jeffy replied. He did not care to talk about the homely one.

Every day Jeffy went over to Mrs. Jumper's to decide. He decided differently every day. Monday he chose the white-and-black kitty; Tuesday, the black-and-white one. Wednesday he decided on the Maltest Malty one. But on none of the days—Thursday nor Friday—did he choose the homely one. Jeffy thought it grew, if anything, a little homelier.

Friday at dinner Jeffy announced his latest decision.

"I think the Malty that isn't quite so Malty," he said. "That one got such a puffy beautiful little face! But I'm going to take one day more to decide."

Saturday there was no school, and Jeffy could spend all the time he liked up in the sweet, clover haymow, deciding. He lay stretched out beside the little scooped-out nest in the hay, and stroked one after the



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other of the tiny, soft kitties with his kind little hands—all but the homely one. He was a little afraid to, for fear—but of course there was not any real danger. The idea of choosing the homely one! Still, the little forlorn crying kind of hurt, you could not help hearing it.

When Jeffy went home on Saturday he had his kitty snuggled up in his blouse. It was purring as if it was having a beautiful time.

"Why!" Mama took a peep. "Why, Jeffy, it's the homely one!"

"He's a very nice kitty," Jeffy said, stiffly. Then he fell to stroking the warm ball of fur, and his kind little fingers were very tender. Then, after a while he explained softly: "I took him up for a minute just to comfort him, because he was crying and so mis'ble, and I found out that he was the most lovinest one of all."—Anne Hamilton Donnell in "Youth's Companion."

**The Origin of Pumpkin Pie.**

Once upon a time—a long while ago, children—there lived a wise old man who was always trying to see what he could discover. Having made several perpetual-motion machines, and one or two airships, he was walking through the fields to avoid his creditors, when he came upon a pumpkin.

"This," he said to himself, bending down and feeling of the yellow orb, "is a vegetable growth; but I firmly believe that it acquires its hue from small particles of gold which it extracts from the earth."

So he put the pumpkin on his shoulder and took it home, telling all anxious inquirers that he was going to discover how to extract the gold from it.

At home, in spite of all his wife said, he cut the pumpkin up, and put it in a pot and boiled it—only he argued that he was melting it.

When at last it was a pulpy mass, he poured it out of the pot and right on top of a pen of dough that his wife had rolled out for the purpose of making a dried-apple pie.

Now you know the kind of a wife he had, do you not? A woman who will feed her husband on dried-apple pie deserves to be married to two or three inventors, doesn't she?

And so he put the pumpkin and the dough into the oven, asserting that he would harden it with the heat and produce a solid sheet of gold, and be so rich that he could afford to run for office on a reform ticket.

But, bless you! when the pumpkin and the dough came out of the oven it was not a solid sheet of gold at all, but a rich, golden, tantalizing section of goodness.

And the poor inventor was hungry, so he bit into it.

A few moments later several of his creditors broke into the house and came upon him, crying, "Look here! Where is all that gold you were going to get for us?"

And he never even looked up at them, but kept right on eating, saying, "Who cares for gold? Men, I have discovered pumpkin pie!"

And the creditors sat down also and ate, and they, too, were happy ever after.

So now, when you eat pumpkin pie you should be glad that the poor inventor did not succeed in making gold of the pumpkin. For if he had the pumpkin might never have gone further than to fill your teeth.—[Judge.

A swell, who conversed the other evening with two ladies to whom nature had denied the gift of speech, called it "a little exercise with the dumb belles."

Not remove over the past; not fretting over the future; but getting the best out of the present.—Sel.

**Where the Provisions Came From.**

A party of men seated in a third class railway carriage were inventing stories to pass away the time. They had all had a turn at it except an old sailor, who had remained silent all the time, until pressed by the others to spin them a yarn. He began:—

"I was once in a dreadful storm. All the provisions were washed overboard. I was very ill afterwards, and ate nothing for four days; at the end of that time I began to feel hungry, and the steward gave me beef, chicken, port wine, and eggs."

"But you said all the provisions were washed overboard. Where did the beef come from?"

"From the bullocks" (bulwarks), said the old sailor.

"And where did you get the chickens from?"

"From the hatch."

"And the port wine?"

"From the port hole."

"And the eggs?"

"Eggs?" said the sailor. "I didn't say eggs, did I?"

"Oh, yes, you did," said the other. "We've caught you now!"

The old sailor thought he was caught, and had to consider. At last he said:—

"Oh, yes; I did have eggs. The captain ordered the ship to lay to, and he gave me one."

NEW BRUNSWICK stockmen who have seen or read of Sir William Van Horne's splendid Clyde horses and herd of Dutch Belted cattle at the Fredericton Exhibition will be interested in hearing that he has lately entered the ranks of Canadian Shorthorn breeders. A few weeks ago he purchased some very fine cows and heifers at the dispersion sale of the late Hon. M. H. Cochrane, and since then has bought "Spicy Marquis" the magnificent three year old bull, which this year had the distinguished honor of taking first place in his class and the senior championship among Shorthorns at the Toronto Exhibition. He was imported by W. D. Flatt, of Hamilton, Ont., from the herd of that noted Scotch breeder, W. S. Marr, Uppermill, Scotland, and will go to head the select Shorthorn herd on Sir William's Manitoba farm at Selkirk. He is a massive roan of great quality with a wonderful wealth of flesh on rib, loin, quarter and round. With such a grand foundation and under the care of so skilled a stockman as Mr. James Yule, the Selkirk herd will undoubtedly send out many future showyard winners, and do much to farther popularize the Shorthorn breed in Canada.

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A grist mill, carpenter's work shop adjoining, house, two barns, hog house and three acres of land, at Northampton, seven miles below Woodstock, on the east side of the river, situated about two rods from the highway road and about six rods from the river. Apply on premises to HUGH GIBSON, Northampton. Aug. 19-1f.

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Two tenement houses on Water street, both now rented.

One tenement house and lot on Broadway South, always rented.

One tenement house and lot on Main Street South, now rented.

One farm of 92 acres within 2 miles of the town, pasture 20 horses.

One farm of 200 acres in Carlisle, Parish of Brighton.

These properties will be sold now to close on easy terms.

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In effect June 7th, 1903.

DEPARTURES—Atlantic Standard Time.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.20 A MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jet  
M St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton,  
Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston. Pullman Parlor car McAdam Jet. to Boston. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jet. to Halifax.

8.25 A MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook  
M Jet. and intermediate points.

11.28 A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque  
M Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.

1.50 P MIXED—Week days—for Perth Jet.  
M and intermediate points.

5.00 P MIXED—Week Days—for Fredericton,  
M etc., via Gibson Branch.

5.54 P EXPRESS—Week days—for Houlton,  
M Saint Stephen, Saint Andrews, Fred  
erickton, Saint John and East; Vanocoro, Sher  
brooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest  
and on Pacific Coast; Bangor, Portland, Boston,  
etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jet. to Montreal.  
Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jet. to Boston.

ARRIVALS.

11.28 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint  
John and East; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton  
Boston, Montreal, etc.

12.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Perth  
Jet.

12.25 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, Fredericton,  
etc., via Gibson Branch.

5.45 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque  
Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.

8.27 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Aroos-  
took Jet.

11.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton,  
Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St.  
Andrews, Bangor Portland, Boston, etc.

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