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We can make all arrangements to bring your family and friends from the Old Country. Special attention will be given them.

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Train No. 7 Leaving Toronto 2.30 p.m., arriving Winnipeg 8.00 a.m. will be withdrawn after Sunday, Jan. 24.

Train No. 8 Leaving Winnipeg 1.30 p.m., arriving Toronto 9.00 a.m., will be withdrawn after Tuesday, Jan. 27.

Particulars from C.P.R. agents, or write Mr. G. Murphy, D.P.A., Toronto.

OCEAN STEAMSHIP AGENCY

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CANADIAN SERVICE. From Southampton From Portland, Me. Jan. 22 ASCANIA Feb. 7 Feb. 26 ASCANIA Mar. 14 Mar. 5 ALAUNIA Mar. 21

Steamers will call Plymouth east-bound. Rates—Cabin (11) \$46 25-up 1st class British eastbound, \$30.25 up. Westbound \$30 up.

THE ROBERT REPOD CO., Limited, General Agent, 50 King St. E., Toronto.

R. M. S. P. New Service.

MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICE (Under Contract with the Government of Dominion of Canada)



CANADA to the WEST INDIES.

FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS by Twin-screw Mail Steamers from ST. JOHN, N.B., and HALIFAX, N.S.

Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Barbados, Grenada, Trinidad and Demerara.

Excellent accommodation for 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class Passengers.

Steamer Capt. St. John Halifax CARAQUEE W. E. Smith, R.N.R. Feb. 1 Feb. 13 CHALIBUR Owen Lewis, R.N.R. Feb. 15 Feb. 27 CHIGNICTO Owen Lewis, R.N.R. Mar. 1 Mar. 13

SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR TOURISTS. For Illustrated Folder, Rates, etc., apply to the Agents—THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO., 50 to 52 King St. E., Toronto.

GO TO BERMUDA

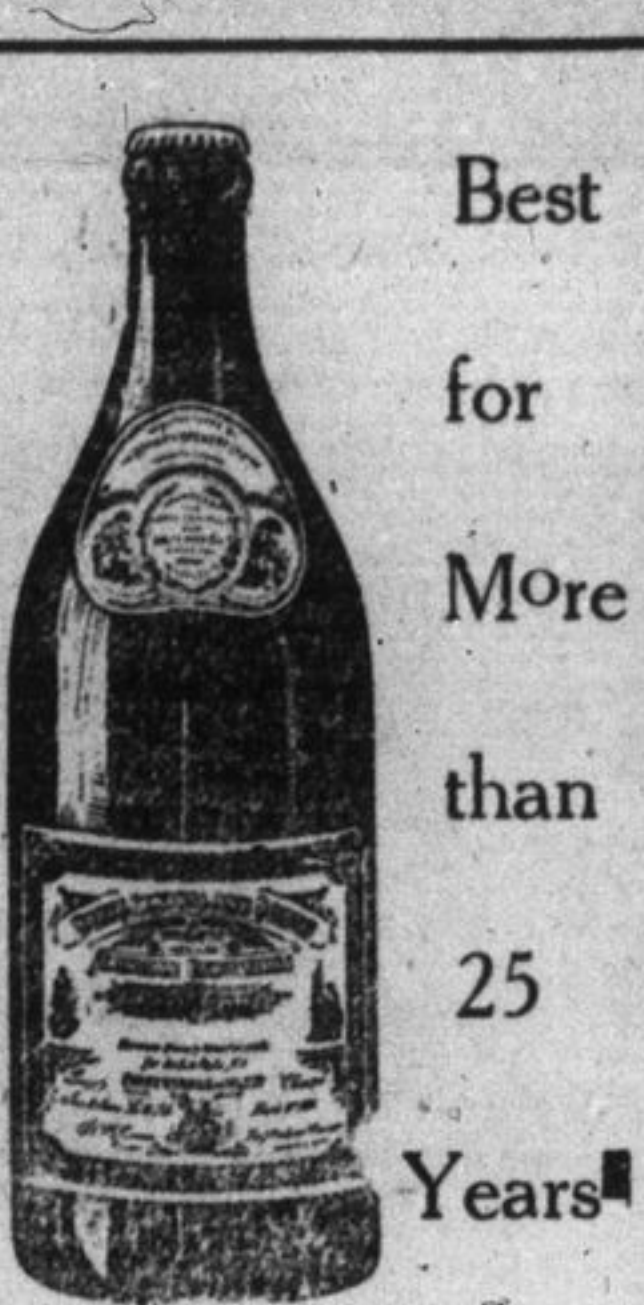
S.S. "BERMUDIAN," twin screw, 10,518 tons displacement, sails from New York 10 a.m., 28 January, 4, 11, 18, 25 February. Submarine signals; wireless; orchestra. Record trip 29 hours, 20 minutes. Fastest, newest, and only steamer landing passengers at the dock in Bermuda without transfer.

West Indies—New S.S. "GUIANA," and other steamers from New York at 2 p.m., 24 January, 7, 21 February for St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadalupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, and Demerara.

For full information apply to J. P. HANLEY, C. S. KIRKPATRICK, Ticket Agents, Kingston; QUEBEC STEAMSHIP CO., LTD., Quebec.

ALLAN LINE

To LIVERPOOL From Halifax St. John 31 Jan. 4 Feb. 7 Feb. 14 Feb. 21 Feb. 28 Feb. 6 Mar. 13 Mar. 20 Mar. 27 Mar. 31



WHITE LABEL ALE

has never been beaten for quality. Have this absolutely pure product of fine barley malt and Kent hops on your table.

Sold locally by

RIGNEY & HICKEY

136-138 PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

Brewed and bottled by

DOMINION BREWING CO.

LIMITED. TORONTO.

THAT TOBACCO

With the "Rooster" on it is crowing louder as he goes along. Only 45c. per pound. For chewing and smoking.

AT A. MACLEAN'S, Ontario Street.

SALTS IS FIN

KIDNEYS, QUIT MEAT

Flush the Kidneys at once when Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become over-worked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick.

Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys. The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will act fine.

This famous salts is made from the acids of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications. Agent, George W. Mahood.

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THE Pillar of Light

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CHAPTER XIII BEFORE THE DAWN

Discipline slackened its bonds that night. For one thing Mr. Emmett fell ill. Although inured to hardship in the elemental strife, being of the stocky mariner race which holds the gruff Atlantic in no dread, he had never before been called on to eat sodden bread, to drink condensed steam flavored with vanilla, and to chew sustenance from the rind of raw bacon. These drawbacks, added to the lack of exercise and the constant wearing of clothes not yet dry, placed him on the sick list.

Again, there were ominous whispers of unfair division in the matter of food. It was not within the realm of accomplishment that the pursur Constance, Enid, and others who helped to apportion the eatables could treat all alike. Some fared better than others in quality if not in quantity. The fortunate ones growled and talked of favoritism.

A crisis was reached when the second officer mustered the night watch.

When one sheep leads the others will follow. A stout German from Chicago asked bluntly:

"Vere's dere goat of blayin' at moun'-in' gart? Dere is vot von ting to gart, und dat is der kidchen."

Community of interest caused many to huddle closer to him. Here was one who dared to say what they all thought. Their feet shuffled in support. The officer, faithful to his trust, was tempted to tell the man, but he thought the circumstances warranted more gentle methods.

"Why are you dissatisfied?" he sternly demanded. "What do you suspect? Are you fool enough to imagine that you are being cheated by people who are dividing their last crust with you?"

"How do you know dat? Dose girls—dere are chokin' mit Mr. Pyne all der day. Dey can't do dat and be hungry, like us."

"You unmitigated ass!" said the disgusted officer. "There is food here for three people. They have fed eighty-one of us for two days and will keep us going several more days. Can't you figure it out? Isn't it a miracle? Here! Who's for guard and who not? Let us quit fooling."

And the doubters were silenced for the hour. The hymn-singer endeavored to raise a chorus. He was not greeted with enthusiasm, but a valiant spirit came to his assistance. A couple of hymns were feebly rendered—and wain—silence.

"Say when," observed Pyne calmly when he entered the service-room to find Brand trimming the spare lamp.

"Not to-night," said Brand.

"Why not? Hell may break loose at any moment, downstairs."

"What has occurred? I heard something of a dispute when the watch mustered at eight o'clock."

"Things are worse now. One of the men found a gallon of methylated spirit in the work-shop."

"Good Heavens! Did he drink any of it?"

"He and his mates have emptied the tin. Eight are helplessly drunk—the others quarrelsome. The next thing will be a combined rush for the store-room."

"But why did not the second officer tell me?"

"If he thought you had troubles enough. If he could depend on the remainder of the crew he would rope the sinners. Says he knows a slave knot that will make 'em tired."

Brand's eyes glistened.

met Constance on the stairs, coming to see her father before she stretched her weary limbs on the hard floor of the kitchen.

She never knew exactly what took place. It might have been politeness, but it felt uncommonly like a squeeze, and Pyne's face was extraordinarily close to hers as he cried:

"It's raining. No more canvas whiskey. Get a hustle on with every empty vessel!"

He need not have been in such a whirl, for the shower came it did not last very long, and there were many difficulties in the way of garnering the thrice blessed water. In the first place, the lighthouse was expressly designed to shoot off all such external supplies in the second, the total quantity obtained did not amount to more than half a gallon.

But it did a great deal of good in other ways. It brightened many faces. It caused the drunkards to be securely trussed like plucked fowls and dumped along the walls of the entrance passage, and it gave Brand some degree of hope that the rescue operations of the next day might be more successful.

When the rain cleared off, the moon flickered in a cloudy sky. This was a further omen of better fortune. Perhaps the jingling rhyme of Admiral Fitzroy's barometer was about to be justified:

"Long foretold, Long last, Short notice, Soon past."

And the hurricane had given but slight warning of its advent.

"I feel it in my bones that we shall all be as frisky as lambs to-morrow," said Pyne, when he joined Brand after the scurry caused by the rain had passed.

"We must not be too sanguine. There is a chance, now, I won't deny that, but the sea is treacherous."

"This reef licks creation. At Bar Harbor, in Maine, where a mighty big sea can kick up in a very few hours, whippersnappers get blown like mice under a change of wind."

"That is quite reasonable. Any ordinary commotion has room to spread itself in the tide-way. Here the tide is broken up into ocean rivers, streams with boundaries as definite as the Thames. The main body sweeps up into the bottle-neck of the Channel. Another tributary comes round the north of the Scilly Isles and runs into the tidal stream again exactly at this point. The result often is that what the pleasure boats can't take runs out into the Bay from Penzance there is a race over the rocks that would break up a stranded battleship."

"Say, do you like this kind of life?" "I have given up the best years to it." Pyne was smoking a pipe, one which Brand lent him. The tobacco was a capital substitute for food, especially as he had established a private understanding with Elsie and Mamie that they were to wait for him when possible and nibble a piece of biscuit he carried in his pocket.

This arrangement was to be kept a strict secret from all especially from Miss Constance and Miss Enid, whilst the little ones themselves did not know that the "observers" whom Pyne feared so greatly gave them surreptitious doses from the last tin of condensed milk, retained for their exclusive benefit.

"Do you mind me saying that you are a good bit of an enigma?" he hazarded between puffs.

"It may be so, but I like the service."

"Just so. I was never so happy as when I took my trip fourth engineer on a schooner in the Gulf of Mexico, that didn't signify being tied to a long-nosed oiler for the remainder of my days."

"Are you a marine engineer?" inquired Brand, with some show of interest.

"I hold a certificate, just for fun. I had a mechanical twist in me and gave it play. But I am an idler by profession."

The lighthouse-keeper laughed, so naturally that the younger man was gratified. Polite disbelief may be a compliment.

"An idler, eh? You do not strike me as a properly classed."

"It's the fact, nevertheless. My grandfather was named to invest a few dollars in real estate on the sheep farm where Manhattan Avenue now stands. My uncle has half; my mother had the other half."

"Are both of your parents dead?" "Yes, years ago. Lost at sea, too, on my father's yacht."

BREAKS A BAD COLD IN A JIFFY! TRY IT

"Pape's Cold Compound" ends cold and grippe in a few hours—Don't stay stuffed-up!

You can end grippe and break up a severe cold either in head, chest, body or limbs, by taking a dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" every two hours until three doses are taken.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages in the head, stops nasal discharge or nose running; relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quick blowing and snuffling! Ease your throbbing head—nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only 25 cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Be sure you get the genuine.

King: "You will remember it was said of the Emperor Augustus: 'Urbem latenter invenit, sed non latenter quit.' He found the city brick, he left it marble." The same noble result may be obtained in every healthy child properly educated."

The college-bred youth had not entered into any general conversation with Brand before. He had the tact now to conceal his astonishment at the manner of his friend's speech.

"You fling heredity to the winds, then?" he asked.

Brand rose to his feet, as was his way when deeply moved, as was his habit, "Thank God, yes!" he cried.

"A faint knock came to them through the chortling of the wind, the man, "One of our visitors," shouted Brand, "and here we are gossiping as though snugly seated in arm-chairs at the fireside."

He hurried to the gallery, putting on an oil-skin coat, and the man, "We must win through, and I guess I'll play ball with my father-in-law," quoth Pyne to himself as he followed.

This time it was the Falcon alone, and she signaled with a lamp that he seemed best to defer active operations until the following afternoon. The tide at dawn would not suit.

She went off, and the two men returned to the grateful shelter of the service-room.

Brand forbade further talk. Pyne must rest now and relieve him at a three o'clock. The younger man needed no feather-bed; he was asleep in amazingly quick time. There is a supperless hunger which keeps people awake at night with a full rafter in the house.

Thus far, the inhabitants of the lighthouse had been given quite enough nutriment to maintain life. There was passing reason why any, even the most delicate, should be in real danger during the next forty-eight hours. But scientific reasoning and the animal instincts of mankind clash at times; in that lay the danger which such shadow as deepening the lines in the corners of Brand's eyes.

Every hour, the officer on duty and some men of the watch visited him to report that all was well below. Some of the less drunken mutineers were pitifully sober now; the others were maudlin. Beyond the few words exchanged on his kindred topics, he was left alone with his thoughts throughout the silent watch. Pyne slept heavily. Glancing at times at the youngster's stalwart figure and firm, handsome face, Brand found himself reviewing the buried years. He thought of the days when he, too, looked forth on the world with the stern enthusiasm of triumphant youth.

Long-forgotten ghosts were resurrected, shattered ideals built up again. He wondered, if the decades rolled back, would he decide, a second time, to abandon the fine career which lay at his feet and withdraw his grief and his talents to the seclusion of lonely rocks and silent headlands, as men count happiness, during the decades. No cloud had arisen to mar the complete content of his life. The blossoming of the girls into delightful womanhood was an increasing joy to him, and it was strange, strange that his little household should be plunged into a whirlpool of events in the very hour when their domesticity seemed to be the most assured. The changeable moods of the elements found no counterpart in his nature. He, knowing the sea, did not expect it to remain fixed in one aspect. Whether in storm or calm the contrary would surely happen ere many days had passed. But life was a different thing. Now came it that at the very close of so many years of association with a fickle ocean she should play such a trick on him and his daughters, and fold them with perils, snatch them from the quiet pleasures of the life

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At first he thought it was Constance, and he wondered why she had muffled her face in the deep collar of a cloak, but the visitor paused irresolutely when her waist was on a level with the floor.

She uttered a little gasp of surprise. "You, Charlie?" he cried. "I thought you slept in the kitchen?"

"No, Mrs. Vansittart," he said. "I am assistant-keeper and I am here most all the time with Mr. Brand. But what in the name of goodness—" "It was restless," explained the lady hurriedly. "If I remained another minute among those women I should have screamed aloud. How peaceful you are here. Where is Mr. Brand?"

"Guess he's gone outside to squat at the water. But come right in, I can offer you a chair. Mr. Brand wants to see you, and this is a quiet time for a chat."

"How does he know me? What did he say?" Mrs. Vansittart pressed her left hand to her breast. With the other she kept the high collar over her mouth and cheeks. Pyne could only see her eyes, and the alarmed light that leaped into them increased his astonishment at her unexpected presence.

"It seems to me," he answered, "that if you just walk up four more steps and sit down you can ask him all those things yourself."

they had planned for his future and thrust upon them, even if they escaped with their lives, a publicity which he at any rate, abhorred and even dreaded.

He harbored no delusions on this point. He knew that the drama of the Gulf Rock was now filling the columns of newspapers all over the world. He and his beloved girls would be written about, discussed, described in fulsome language, pictured by black and white artists, and eulogized by wide-awake editors eager to make much of a topic dear to the public mind.

On the rock they were undoubtedly in grave danger. Death confronted them—death at once extraordinary and ghastly. No tyrant of the Middle Ages, with all its paraphernalia for wringing truth or lies out of cringing wretches, had devised such a fate as threatened if the inconstant sea should choose to render the reef altogether unapproachable for many days. Yet, if help came, he and those dear to him were already steeped in unavoidable notoriety, bringing in its train certain vague disabilities which he had striven to avoid for over twenty years.

And all this because one fierce gale, out of the many he had endured, sprang into being at a moment when his mates were incapacitated and his daughters happened to pay him a surprise visit.

"It is an insane freak of fortune," he muttered, "so incomprehensible, so utterly out of focus with common events, that if I were a superstitious man, I should regard it as bodeful omen, bringing in its train certain vague disabilities which he had striven to avoid for over twenty years."

There was at least one other troubling soul on the rock which divided some sinister portent in the storm. Mrs. Vansittart, even at this moment, was staring into the black void with questioning eyes.

He resolutely threw back his head as if he would hurl into outer darkness the gibbering phantom which whirled these words of foreboding. Although the lamp needed no attention just then, he climbed to the trimming stage merely to find relief in mechanical action. He carefully examined the adjustment, and to judge how the weather was shaping, went out into the gallery to look at the distant lights.

The three quick flashes of the Seven Stones Lightship were very clear. That was a good sign. The wind came from that quarter and, blustering though it was, driving gigantic waves before it, whippersnappers of foreboding. Although the lamp needed no attention just then, he climbed to the trimming stage merely to find relief in mechanical action. He carefully examined the adjustment, and to judge how the weather was shaping, went out into the gallery to look at the distant lights.

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Seeking the comparative shelter of the east side, he gazed steadily at the Lizard. Its two fixed electric beams, nearly in line with the Gulf Rock, were dull and watery. A local squall of rain was sweeping down from the land. Changeable, threatening, unsettled—the meteorologists might apply any of these terms to the prevalent conditions.

Far out in the Channel he saw the twinkling mast-head lights of several steamers. Blow high or low, mails must travel and vessels put to sea. On such a night, at other times, he would re-enter the lighthouse with a cheery sense of its comfort and homelike aspect. Now he dreaded the brilliant interior of the service-room, its garish aspect ill accorded with the patient misery, the useless repinings, the inebriate stupor which crouched beneath. If he and those committed to his charge were to be saved, either the sea must be stilled, or another miracle of the waves and fishes enacted.

There, alone on the gallery, amidst the din of howling wind and ceaseless plaint of the waves, he seemed to be torn out off from the suffering within. He lifted his eyes to the sombre arch of the heavens. Men said the age of miracles had passed. Pray God it might not be so!

When Brand went out, the sudden rush of cold air through the little door leading to the kitchen aroused Pyne. The young gentleman was rudely awakened from a seriously vivid dream. He fancied that Constance and he were clinging to the tail of an enormous kite, which had been made to hover over the rock by a green imp seated in an awfully small boat. They were solemnly advised by other gnomes, imps with sparkling, toad-like eyes, to entrust themselves to this precarious means of escape, but the instant they dropped off the edge of the gallery their weight caused the kite to swoop downwards. The resultant plunge into the ocean and Constance's farewell shriek were nothing more terrifying than the chill blast and whistle of the air current seated in an awfully small boat. He did not want to go to sleep again. He did not like emerald-hued spirits, which arranged such unpleasant escapades.

He straightened his stiff limbs and sat up.

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(To be continued.)



Specials

For Week of Jan. 26-31 Living Musical Box

You have never listened to such deep-throated melody and such thrills and runs as these lovely songsters produce and maintain all day long.

Special Importations of Prize Singers just to hand—many of which sell at \$3.00 to \$10.00 each. Regular price \$1.50 to \$3.00. This sale only \$1.00 to \$2.00.

German Trained Roller Warbling Canaries, in full song. Regular price from \$3.00 to \$5.00. This sale only \$1.50 to \$2.50.

Harris Mountain Warbling Canaries, our own importation, young and hardy birds, and every one a guaranteed singer, deep yellow or spotted, choice. Regular price from \$3.00 to \$5.00. This sale only \$1.50 to \$2.50.

Harris Mountain Hens, yellow or spotted. 50c each. St. Audenburgh Roller Hens, yellow or spotted. \$1.00 each.

Norwich Canaries—Deep yellow or spotted, from 6 to 8 inches long. Regular price from \$3.00 to \$5.00. This sale only \$1.50 to \$2.50.

Yorkshire Canaries, mostly all deep yellow, from 6 to 8 inches long. Regular price from \$3.00 to \$5.00. This sale only \$1.50 to \$2.50.

Yorkshire Hens, choice yellow or spotted, each \$1.00. Australian Lovebirds, known as the handsome of all cage birds. A \$10.00 value, a pair for \$5.00. Regular price \$2.00 to \$3.00. This sale only \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Egyptian Nightingales, beautifully red and drab brown plumaged, very rare. A local squall of rain was sweeping down from the land. Changeable, threatening, unsettled—the meteorologists might apply any of these terms to the prevalent conditions.

Large Breeding Cages with partition and seed guard sliding drawer. \$3.00 value for each. Regular price \$2.00 to \$3.00. This sale only \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Lacquered Brass Cages, with metal tipped perches, a \$2.00 value for each. Regular price \$1.00 to \$1.50. This sale only \$0.50 to \$0.75.

Some Brass Cages, with seed guard, a \$2.75 value. \$1.50.

Parrots \$8.48 Each.

We are in receipt of a shipment of 2