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WONDERLAND OF SCIENCE

CURIOUS AFRICAN BIRDS OF REMARKABLE INTELLIGENCE.

The Hunting Eagle of Natal—Weaver Birds Which Build Odd Nests and Make Cunning Pets—Dazzling Bee Eaters—A "Rain Doctor."

Africa, the wonderland of science, has within her dense forests and rolling uplands more curious and interesting birds than are found in an equal area in any other part of the world.

Those most ingenious feathered architects, the weaver birds, are represented in numerous varieties, and are generally diffused over the southern districts of South Africa. The birds and their curious nests, figured in the illustration, were photographed by Dr. Emil Holub, the distinguished Austrian savant and explorer, recently in this country. Somewhat like

TAWNY EAGLE AND YOUNG.

the tailor bird of Australia, the African weaver bird is provided with a bill which makes it marvelously adept at constructing the hanging ball of grass which constitutes its home, swinging safe out of reach of prowling animals.

The nests are usually in colonies, and are hung to trees which grow over rivers or marshes.

While building the weaver birds have a singular habit of hanging by their feet form their nests, dropping and fluttering, with wings extended, while they sway themselves slowly from side to side, producing a very pretty effect, especially when a number of the nests are close together.

These weaver birds make very cunning, though mischievous, pets. Layard, the naturalist, kept a number of the birds in a large cage for some time. They became very tame, and would answer readily to the call. When they were supplied with cotton or thread they would weave it most industriously into the bars of the cage, forming a dense mass, impossible to unravel. They perform their work entirely with their bills, clinging the while to the side of the cage with their powerful claws.

Mr. Layard's birds showed their intelligence by unfastening the bolts of the cage door with their deft bills and escaping. Yet so attached were they to each other, that they never left the room, although the windows, on each occasion, were wide open.

Sometimes a weaver bird's nest is hung on the tube of a last year's nest, Mr. Jameson, the ornithologist, once pulled down one of the double nests, and while trying to put his hand up to the tube had a narrow escape from being bitten by a snake. The reptile was lying in the nest, and had swallowed the old bird as well as her blue eggs. This shows that the hanging nests are not proof against snakes, however inaccessible to ordinary marauders.

In Natal the weaver birds are gregarious, and are troublesome to all cereal crops, as they live there almost entirely on grain and grass seeds. Along the coast they are exceedingly fond of sucking the nectar from the cape-broom, a thorny tree which bears a bright scarlet blossom before the leaves appear.

The bee-eaters are another singular tribe of birds, including quite a number of species, which inhabit South Africa. The carmine-throated bee-eater (the merops nubicoides of science) is among the most gorgeous of tropical birds; their appearance in flocks is almost dazzling. Most of the body and tail (except the tip of the

WEAVER BIRDS AND NESTS.

latter, which is green) is of a beautiful carmine, shading to pink on the under parts, while the plumage immediately about the eye is black, and the top of the head is green. The two long feathers of the tail give the bird a swallow-like appearance, and in their flight they are extremely graceful. Like the swallow they procure their food chiefly while on the wing.

The birds nest in colonies in holes in river banks, the nests being about two or three feet apart, and usually six or eight feet above the water. The tunnels are excavated for about four feet, when the orifice is widened to form a nest. A flock of bee-birds, in their rich attire, hovering and singing to their nest tunnels, is one of the most curious and beautiful sights to be seen by the naturalist of Africa.

In the vicinity of Kuruman, Colesburg, Nell Poort and other parts of Southern Africa the tawny eagle, (aquila rapax) is very numerous. This eagle is remarkable for its daring and skill in attacking its prey, and from the study of a living specimen in the Zoological Garden in Regent's Park, which became quite tame, it has been suggested by a naturalist that it would make an excellent hunting eagle. In Africa these eagles constantly accompany persons in pursuit of game, and have been seen by them to carry off wounded hares and other animals.

The depredations of the tawny eagle on the flocks cause them to be killed by settlers, but they are still very numerous in the Karroo county. A pair once darted down on a flock of merino ewes and lambs, and only flew off after having dispatched forty of the latter. The sheep were in charge of a small bush-boy at the time, in a secluded kloof, and the eagles paid no attention to the boy; they were only put to flight when the unfortunate owner made his appearance with a gun.

A nest of this eagle was found inhabited by young birds in the month of January. It was a large mass of sticks in the top of a high, scraggy and almost inaccessible tree on the banks of the Dwan river. The eggs are white, more or less spotted and blotched with dry, blood-colored spots and patches. The throat of one of the eagles which had been killed was found to contain frogs and fish; he was sitting by the river, close to the water's edge, evidently fishing. A striking peculiarity of the tawny eagle is that in the adult bird the most of the feathers are parti-colored—a portion of each feather being rich rufous and the remainder dark, purplish brown.

The hammerkop, or "rain doctor," a member of the stork family, is one of the most remarkable of African birds. Its name—n'jaja, in the native dialect—has been given it on account of its peculiarity of screaming loudly before a rain sets in. It is also called the "philosopher." One can observe it for hour walking up and down on some small woody place along the river bank. During its "meditation" the hammerkop frequently shakes its head, but will not utter a sound. Often its noiseless walk will turn suddenly into a wild dance, the cause of this abrupt change of behavior being the arrival of its mate, just come from adding the finishing touches to the large and curious mud nest, which the pair have been for several weeks busily constructing near the river bank.

This nest is so extraordinary a structure that it immediately attracts the attention of the traveler. Dr. Holub describes two, one of which was two hundred and fifty, and the other six hundred pounds in weight.

The nests are usually in the forks of trees, are about two feet high, and measure from eight to nine feet in circumference. It is really a rain-proof hut, and so well built that it lasts for years. Sticks,

HORNBILLS AND NEST.

bones, large stones and various material are cemented into the mud. The entrance is from six to eight inches square, the walls being from five to seven inches thick. On a number of occasions Dr. Holub found other birds occupying the deserted nests of the hammerkop. One was occupied by a big-eared South African owl, incubating its three eggs; and in another locality a pair of Egyptian geese were found in possession of a nest, in which they had laid nine eggs.

The hornbill, or "rhinoceros bird," is an African species of ugly and unwieldy appearance, but of very curious interest from the sagacity it displays in handling its domestic affairs.

It is customary with the hornbills for the female to breed in a cloister. A hole in a tree, as high up and as well concealed as possible, is lined with grass and feathers for a nest.

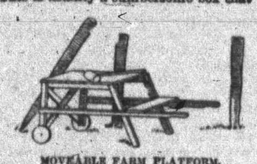
The intelligent head of the hornbill family is not satisfied, however, with this protection for the brooding female.

As soon as she has laid her four white eggs, he turns his odd bill into a mason's trowel, and deliberately walls in Madame Hornbill with mud. The entire nest hole is closed, excepting an oval aperture not larger than a silver dollar.

Through this the patient female may protrude her beak, but not her head, while she is fed by the male; and she may not once venture forth from her prison during the long incubating period of four weeks, nor indeed until the young are well grown. The object of this strange procedure is the protection of the female bird and her brood from predatory foes. It is not practised by any other species of birds.

Wheeled Platform for Driving Posts.

In driving fence posts a platform of some kind is required for the operator to stand upon when manipulating the sledge. This is usually a cumbersome box that is



MOVEABLE FARM PLATFORM.

rolled and tumbled from one post to another as the work progresses and if the ground be uneven the support is very unsteady and the work unnecessarily tiresome for the operator. It takes but little time to construct a wheeled platform like the one here shown. The top or platforms three feet in length and two and a half feet wide and twenty-eight inches from the ground. The wheels should be six or eight inches in diameter and may be of wood or iron, the handles are four and a half feet long with a step nailed on top of them as shown in the sketch. This arrangement will prove handy in gathering apples from the lower branches of the trees, and for many other purposes about the farm. It can be made from bits of boards and is easily moved about.

In the Orchard.

Fruit takes less from the land than any other crop, and usually is easier to grow than any other farm crop. The moral to this is to raise more fruit.

Gather up the windfall apples and feed them to the pigs regularly. Every such an apple has in it a worm that will make a codling moth next spring to do you damage.

By using early apples for making cider it may be turned into quite good vinegar before cold weather. The cider ferments much faster while the weather is hot. A little old vinegar to act as yeast will hasten this, and so also will a little yeast, sweetened so as to supplement any deficiency of sugar in the fruit. Most of the summer apples have too little sweetness to make the best vinegar unless sugar in some form is added. The reason why cider is usually made late is because the work does not come at a hurrying time. But it would be better if cider were always made early; it would then become vinegar before winter and much less would then be drank. The early apples are very quickly rotted if not cared for, and making them promptly into cider vinegar is the best means of disposing of such as are not saleable.

His Greatest Pleasure

At a dinner party in Baltimore many years ago, at which were present among the guests George Peabody and John Hopkins, some one inquired:

"Which did you enjoy most, Mr. Peabody, making your money or giving it away?"

"Well," answered Mr. Peabody, slowly, and John Hopkins was observed to be interested in the answer, "I enjoyed making money. I think it is a great pleasure to make money. And when it was first suggested to me that I give money away, it did not please me at all. In fact, it distressed me. But I thought the matter over, and concluded I'd try it on a small scale. So I built the first of the model tenement houses in London. It was a hard pull. But after it was done, I went around among the poor people living in the rooms, so clean and comfortable, and I had quite a new feeling. I enjoyed it very much. So I gave some more and the feeling increased. And now I can truly say that, much as I enjoyed making money, I enjoyed giving it away a great deal better."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"Health for the Mother Sex."

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"HEALTH for the MOTHER SEX."

This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for diseases peculiar to women which can and does effect a complete cure. Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa and the PAIN to which every woman is PERIODICALLY subject, yield to Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound, entirely and always. Price 75c. For sale by every druggist in this broad land. Letters of enquiry from suffering women, addressed to the "A. M. C." Medicine Co., Montreal, Marked "Personal," will be opened and answered by a lady correspondent and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of "the mother sex."

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If you are Thinking

About taking life insurance, either an endowment for yourself or a life policy for the protection of your family, and you were offered your choice of two policy contracts; one, a mass of microscopic type involving burdensome conditions and penalties and the other a straight promise to pay, printed in large type and framed in simple language, containing no conditions except one—the payment of premiums,

Which One Would You Take?

Assuredly the simple and safe Policy—the one which issues from

MANUFACTURERS' LIFE

The solid, sure and successful Insurance Company.

CHOOSE A CANADIAN COMPANY

That pays its policy claims immediately upon satisfactory proof of death.

That issues a simple policy contract, easily read and easily understood.

That gives a policy under which, if you travel in any part of the world, it will not be voided thereby.

That issues an absolutely non-forfeitable policy.

That has a large percentage of Surplus to Liabilities.

☞ It is beyond dispute that the insured in a Canadian Company has advantages in the way of lower rates, better security, and larger dividends than can be offered by any foreign company.

The Manufacturers' Life Guarantees:

Ninety per cent. of the surplus to policyholders

Thirty days of grace for payment of renewal premiums

Paid up policy or cash surrender value after three years.

Loans to policy-holders after three years, thus avoiding the necessity of lapsing.

In case of lapse, policy may be revived within one year thereafter, if in good health.

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A VERY INTERESTING NOVELTY.

For three 3c. stamps, Adams & Co., 11 and 13 Jarvis St., Toronto, will send a set of 16 Paper Dolls, with changeable heads and bodies.

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A word to the wise is sufficient, you know,
Although the thermometer's far from zero,
Take heed of the rhyme,
For now is the time
To order your coal while the prices are low.

Be Wise!

CRAWFORD

Is waiting to fill your order at the lowest price.

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COAL!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—BEST IN THE MARKET.

Yard No. 1—Ontario street.
" 2—Clarence Street wharf.
" 3—St. Lawrence wharf.

Chief office—St. Lawrence wharf. Branch office—Cor. King and Clarence streets, opposite British American Hotel, Kingston.

Prompt and satisfactory delivery a specialty. Coal all under cover and well screened. Telephone communication.

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BOOTH & CO.,

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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Successor to MISS W. M. SMITH, 267 Princess St., over Sawyer's Boot & Shoe Store.

THE WICKEDEST WOMAN

HER TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINTH CONVICTION.

Jane Cakebread Has Acquired That Reputation in London by an Unparalleled Record—Lady Henry Somerset's Vain Effort to Reclaim Her From Evil Ways.

Once more has Lady Henry Somerset unwittingly added to the gayety of London. This time she has done so vicariously. The vicar, if we may use a term which of late years has been monopolized and hallowed by the church, is that hopeless old inebriate, Jane Cakebread.

Perhaps you don't remember the story of poor old Jane? She is one of the most notorious characters in London. She has spent some fifty-four years on this earth. The first eighteen were spent in the country in presumptive innocence and rustic purity. Then Jane came to London. In a short time she fell—a victim to the temptations of the great city. Then it was that she took her present name. What her real name is nobody knows. For the last thirty years she has divided her time between the houses of ill repute and the jails. She is known as the wickedest woman in London. Yet it is rather the quantity than the quality of her offenses that has earned her this unenviable fame. She has beaten the record. She had been arrested and convicted 288 times when Lady Somerset got hold of her. That good woman saw a chance to rescue a brand from the burning. Jane was not bad at heart, she was not cruel, she had never willfully harmed a human being. She was merely drunken and immoral—drunken because she liked drunkenness, immoral because she lived by immorality. Take away the temptation to drunkenness, and the incentive to immorality, thought good Lady Henry, and there you are.

So she prepared for Jane a nice, comfortable little cottage and the gentlest of supervision down in the bracing air of Surrey. Jane was touched by the kindness of her would-be patroness, but she took time to revolve in her mind whether she should accept this scheme for her sobriety and comfort. Finally she yielded. At her urgent entreaty, however, she was granted a day to say good-by to her old friends before beginning her new life. The farewells were celebrated in the good old style to which she had long been accustomed, and the result was that by nightfall Jane Cakebread had achieved her 289th arrest, and gotten a month of hard labor in Cambridge Prison. All London was amused when the story of the arrest was published next morning. Jane's portrait was in the illustrated papers. Reporters thronged to visit her in her cell. To them she denied that she had ever seriously contemplated accepting Lady Somerset's offer.

"I might 'ave been a little short at first," she said, "not knowing the hargument and what it all meant, but she was very kind, and has beautiful eyes. What

is to happen to me now? Are we not told, 'Boast not thus of the morrow for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth?' I means no offence, but I'm not going to no 'ome—not I, at present, anyhow. 'Oh it's not an 'ome at all,' they says, and I'll just do what I likes, and perhaps that's so—but I'm going to my own friends, I am."

It will be seen that Jane can quote Scripture. Sir Havelock Ellis, in his book on the "Criminal" tells us that no class of the community has so large a percentage of Christian believers as the criminals. Rarely, if ever, do you find an avowed atheist among them, seldom a deist, but almost always a firm believer in some orthodox cult. Curiously enough, that is the very reason why criminals are so little subject to the spiritual influences of Christianity. Forms and creeds have so long received a lazy acquiescence as things of course that they have lost all power of stimulating the imagination or awakening the dormant conscience. The prison chaplains, the members of the Salvation Army, and now Lady Somerset, have all been baulked in their efforts to reclaim this irresponsible, careless, abandoned old woman, sinning much, but sinning mostly against herself, believing in a heaven that rewards the good and a hell that punishes the wicked, but never taking serious thought whether she is on the road to one or the other.

Boston, Oct. 14, 1895.—I went out to Chestnut Hill to-day, and called upon Mrs. Ormiston Chant to ask her what she knew about Jane Cakebread. She says she never saw the woman, and has no personal knowledge of her history or the efforts to reform her. But she knows that Lady Henry Somerset has had her in charge for some time. In the course of the conversation, Mrs. Chant said: "I have never seen Jane Cakebread or her picture, but know from the type how she looks. She has a low, broad forehead, a nose wide at the nostrils and turned up at the end; she has black hair—I know this because she withstands the effect of liquor so well; she has a broad chin, or she never could have faced a judge 289 times; her finger nails are small, wide, and the tips of her fingers blunt. If there was a note of the piano that could give the tones of her voice I could strike it.

"Among women of her class we have three types—the light, divided into the fair and the sanen hued; the browns, divided into the dark brown and the red brown, the black, divided into those with gray eyes and those with black. I know the physical, mental, moral and social peculiarities of all of them."

An Ancient Traveler's Outfit.

A small "Traveler's Guide," dated 1780 has just come to hand. It contains a good deal of advice as to the luggage which should be taken. We take a few paragraphs from this booklet, leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions as to whether a century of travel has improved us in this connection. "Take," says the "Guide," "two suits of clothes, one coffee colored and one blue, a chest flannel, a pair of leather breeches, a sleeping suit, three pairs of stockings, two pairs of gloves, two wigs, one hair bag (?), two caps, two hats, two pairs of shoes, one pair of slippers, six 'undershirts,' four 'overskirts,' six neckties, six collars, six handkerchiefs, four pairs of cuffs, three cravats, two pairs of cotton hose, two pairs of socks." But this is not all as is shown by the following items: "Take a Bible, a book of sermons, a 'Travelers' Guide,' two albums, a diary, a quire of white paper, quills and ink, an almanac, a mirror, a silver watch, a silver snuff box, a silver spoon, a pair of silver shoe buckles, a silver tie pin, three silver studs, a gold seal ring, a knife and fork with silver handles, a sewing case, an opera glass, a compass, a wax light and a tinder box, a tooth brush, a silver toothpick, a sword, a silver mounted cane, a padlock with which to fasten your door at night on the inside, a clothes brush, a box of medicines."

Not Merely Relief But Cure.

It is said of many remedies that they relieve for a time but the disease afterwards returns. Burdock Blood Bitters, being a radical cure, not only relieves but permanently cures dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, sick headache, bad blood, etc. Hundreds of healthy witnesses tell gladly that B.B.B. cures to stay cured.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The Little Boy Was Just Like Adam—He Blamed the Girl.

Human nature is the same to-day as it was on that historic sixth day when "God created man in His own image."

This fact was nicely exemplified the other day by two sweet and innocent little children. The scene was in one of those magnificent towns that surround a modern mansion which stands in a little wooded park out in the west end. Rose bushes in variegated bloom dot the lawn, and along the fence creeps a profusion of trailing vines. Cedars and maples and ornamental trees spread their branches, through which the rays of the afternoon sun break and fall in prismatic lights on the sward below. At one time, before the great city pushed its way so far westward, an old apple orchard probably marked this spot, then in the country, for amidst the shrubbery in the lawn stands an apple tree. Beneath this old apple tree two children—a cute little boy and a sweet little girl—were playing the other afternoon. On the porch of the mansion sat their aged grandmother in an easy chair. She is a kind, intelligent lady of culture—a typical southern woman of those old ante-bellum days which produced so many noble men and women. She is well-known in St. Louis, for she had been a leader in society and in the church. The snows of seventy-five years have whitened her hair, and she is still full of vigor and has a keen interest in life. As this kind grandmother was watching her grandchildren at their innocent play under the apple tree she noticed that the little boy was eating a green apple. She called the little fellow and said to him: "You must not eat that apple, dear. It will make you ill." Quick as a flash the little grandson, pointing to the little girl, replied: "Well, she pulled the apple off the tree and gave it to me." "Now, you see," remarked the aged grandmother, "that little boy is just like Adam—he places all the blame on the girl." Truly this beautiful lawn, with its trees and flowers, bore a striking resemblance to the Garden of Eden.

James Russell Lowell's Marriage.

After his graduation he thought of entering the divinity school; but he decided at last to study law. Although he was on the very verge of giving it up twenty times, he persevered, and received his degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1840. He opened an office in Boston, but it is doubtful whether he ever had even that "First Client" whom he was afterward to describe in a humorous sketch. Not liking the law as a means of livelihood, he finally abandoned it, as Holmes had done only a few years earlier.

Lowell became engaged to Miss Maria White, who greatly influenced his life. In 1841 came the publication of a volume of poems, some of which had been printed already in the magazines, while others were hasty and crude rhymes, which he kept out of after editions of his poems—just as Whittier rejected his own early verses. Lowell was barely 20 when his book appeared; but there was more than one poem in it which gave high promise of his future. In addition to his ability he had a deep love for letters; and this it was which led him, a year later, to start a monthly magazine. But the magazine soon came to an end, leaving its proprietors in debt.

Until he met Miss White, Lowell's interests and his ambitions were almost wholly literary. Under her influence he came to have a strong sympathy for the slaves. He swiftly saw that in real life there were causes to be fought far better worth the struggle than any mere craving for personal fame. His love for letters never lessened, but it was linked thereafter to the love for human freedom. He was married at last in 1844, in which year he brought out a revised edition of his poems. A few months later he gathered from the magazines certain prose criticisms, chiefly about the older English poets—criticisms which he thought so lightly of in later years that he did not allow them to be included in his collected works. And about this time he was a frequent contributor to the Philadelphia "Freeman," the anti-slavery journal formerly edited by Whittier.

London's Great Lily.

Those who have never beheld the glories of the Victoria Regina may enjoy that delight at the present moment. One of the finest specimens yet recorded is flowering in the garden of the Royal Botanic Society, Regents' park. One cannot think of it, indeed, without an extra gush of perspiration on such a morning as this. The steaming warmth of its residence must be such as would astonish even a native of Bombay, but on second thoughts it is so awfully hot in Fleet street that fifty degrees more need not concern us much. The spectacle is worth some brief sacrifice of comfort. The plant has ten leaves, which cover a surface of 400 feet, and several flowers are open commonly at once. On such a day as this, cloudy though baking, they may probably not close their scent valves when the sun gets up. If so, visitors will have a chance to learn what the sentimental poet meant by wishing to die of "odorous agony." Those who have watched a bloom of Victoria Regina unfold declare that the rush of perfume from its opening lips is so strong that it seems almost to be felt. We need not believe this quite implicitly. The gravest and best of men may be tempted into poetic license when his theme is peculiarly thrilling, and he has no contradiction to fear. How many living mortals have risen before sunrise to observe a flower burst in the earliest ray? Those who have performed that remarkable feat would naturally wish to get all the credit possible. If an accomplice averred that the rush of perfume caused a ripple on the water, they would need some conscientious self-restraint to disavow him. However, the scent of these vast white flowers is "strong enough for anything"—that is certain. Inexperienced enthusiasts constantly wonder that all patrons of horticulture who have room enough and conveniences do not grow Victoria Regina. Perhaps enthusiasm is always inexperienced. Did they know the endless trouble and annoyance of a tropical lily tank, they would be doubly grateful to the authorities of Kew and Regent's park, and such few private individuals as persevere in spite of them.

"Philander," said a pretty girl to her bashful beau, "I wish you'd tie this ribbon at my neck; I can't see how to do it without a glass."

"Of course, I'll only be too glad to," he said, and at once grappled the strings.

After an unsuccessful effort of five minutes, during which he got as red as a brick house, and perspired like a pitcher of ice water on a July windowsill, he stammered:

"I—I don't think I can tie a respectable knot, Miss Mary."

"Suppose, Philander," she whispered, with a pretty little blush, "suppose you call in a preacher to assist."

Like the unveiling of a beautiful mystery, the situation unfolded itself to Philander, and he feels better now.

For Dyspepsia

And Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitaliser. It never fails to cure. At Wade's.

Try the Bijou cleaning fluid for silks and kid gloves at McLeod's drug store.

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W. R. McRAE & CO., Agts., Kingston.

A NEW CLUB.

Name Suggested for a New Social Organization in London.

LONDON (Special), Oct. 28.—It has been facetiously suggested that a new social club in progress of organization in this city should be entitled "The Dodd's Kidney Pill Club," as the present members are all enthusiastic advocates of that remedy and in common with many other citizens declare that in all cases of kidney trouble no other agent has been found so completely effective. Most Londoners have at their fingers' end the particulars of the many marvellous cures through the use of this specific. In every drug store in the city the city the medicine is kept in large quantities and warmly recommended.

Messages From Morton.

MORTON, Oct. 28.—The youngest child of A. E. Sliter, aged six months, died this week. The funeral took place on Sunday. Rev. Mr. Fee, Queen's, holds services here every Sunday. J. C. Judd has returned to Toronto, taking his mother there to spend the winter. Coon Bros. will have their new engine in running order in about a week. Charles Burch has arrived with all the material to build the Wiltsie bridge across the Morton river. The farmers have the root crop all in and report a good yield, but say the land is too dry for fall ploughing.

Wood Yard.

James Campbell, corner of Wellington and Barrack streets, always has on hand a good stock of best maple, cut and uncut, dry slabs, pine and cedar blocks. All cheap for cash. Telephone, 116.

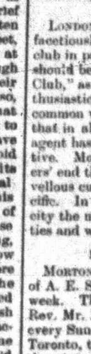
Nerves on Edge.

I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross. Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy.—MRS. E. B. WORDEN. At Wade's Drug Store.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

Piles are cured in twenty-four hours by using Dr. Williams' Pile Ointment. It never fails. In boxes 25c. Sold only at Wade's drug store.

7 Bicycles



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1 MONARCH, 26 lbs. Regular price, $75.00, now $55.00.

1 GALES. Regular price, $125.00, now $85.00.

1 GALES. Regular price, $100.00 now $83.00.

2 PRINCE. Regular price, $90.00, now $54.00.

The above Wheels are New and First-Class. To be had at

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