

BABY'S HEALTH.

Mothers all over the Dominion will be spared many an anxious hour if they will keep always at hand a box of Baby's Own Tablets and give them to their little ones as occasions may require. These Tablets have saved thousands of little baby lives and grateful mothers everywhere acknowledge the good they have done their little ones. Mrs. E. J. McParland, Wylie, Ont., writes:—"I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets enough. When I got them my baby girl was very bad with whooping cough, and cutting her teeth besides. With both these troubles at the same time she was in a bad way and slept but little either day or night. After the second dose of the Tablets I found there was already a change for the better. She slept well through the day and nearly all night, and this was a great relief to me, as I was nearly worn out losing so much rest at night. She cried almost incessantly before I began giving her the Tablets, but in a short time the cough ceased, she cut six teeth, grew cheerful and began to gain wonderfully. In fact, I believe I owe her life to Baby's Own Tablets, as I do not think she would have pulled through had it not been for them. I can recommend the tablets to any mother who has a cross, fretful, sickly child. These Tablets will cure all the minor ailments of little ones; they are guaranteed to contain no opiate, and can be given with advantage to the youngest and most delicate child. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, at 25c. a box, by writing to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

EIGHT LESSONS FROM THE BEE.

1. The bee teaches us to be industrious. No bee ever shirks his work.
2. He teaches us to be loyal and obedient. Bees obey and love the queen who rules them.
3. They teach us to be fond of our homes. No bee leaves his home except for a time, if he can help it.
4. They teach us to be clean. Nothing can be cleaner than the home of the bee.
5. They show much sympathy or kind fellow-feeling for each other in distress, and will never leave a friend in trouble without trying to help him.
6. They are very early risers.
7. They delight in fresh air.
8. They are very peaceful, and seldom quarrel or fight among themselves.—*Exchange.*

H. F. McLeod

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A HOUSE TO LET.

BY E. M. GUERNSEY.

The once beautiful house had waited years the coming of the desirable tenants. The architect in the Winn home designed and built the house for a birthday gift for little flax-haired Kenneth Winn. And when the pretty house was well set in a great apple tree near to Grandma Winn's window, the two "comrades," grandma and Kenneth, eagerly waited the tenants' arrival.

"I think," grandma said, "Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird will come early. The Martin family are often a little late."

"I hope the Bluewings will come first. Bluebirds are so pretty and Martins are not," Kenneth said.

Kenneth said the boys in the neighborhood were killing the birds. The little boys could kill a song bird easily with a slingshot.

A Mr. and Mrs. Bluewing did arrive first and speedily began living in the house. They accepted the building material, hair, thread and cotton-wool, the comrades slyly laid on the broad window ledge.

It was easy to tell the day the little Bluewings opened hungry mouths by watching Mr. Bluewing's movements.

But the comrades could only wonder how many bird babies were nestled in the house. Not until the little Bluewings began singing lessons and flying exercise could bills be counted.

The summer wore on happily, all the Bluewings were so neighborly with the comrades; but the autumn cold came and the good-byes had to be spoken.

"Come again," Kenneth called after the birds when they moved from the summer home.

In the following spring a Mr. and Mrs. Bluewing came very early. They were evidently at home. The "comrades" were soon convinced their old tenants had arrived.

All went happily, Mr. Bluewing's chirp was so friendly and sociable. The "comrades" spoiled him by so much help in building material and food.

A family of little Bluewings came to busy Mr. Bluewings, and Kenneth kept the window ledge crumbsprinkled.

One morning Mr. Bluewing was missing. Mrs. Bluewing was uneasy. So Kenneth began a search. He found Mr. Bluewing lying in a myrtle tangle. Grandma hurried to get a basket on the window ledge, and Mrs. Bluewing fluttered about. Then Grandma Winn, her face telling of pity for the wounded bird, said, "Kenneth, it was a brutal deed. There is no excuse for killing this beautiful song bird. God gave the pretty creature life."

And Kenneth stood straight, an earnest little man, saying, "Grandma, I will never forget poor Mr. Bluewing, and I never will hurt a harmless bird."

Kenneth has grown into a tall young man. His "comrade" no longer lives in the Winn homestead. The bird house is "to let." Bluebirds and Martins no longer spend summer in the Winn orchard, target practice is popular in the neighborhood. Bird enemies are numerous, so numerous that the bird loving Winn family are not able to stay the slaughter.—*Christian Work and Evangelist.*

CLEVER LITTLE HAMMERHEAD.

A great many other birds build very elaborate nests or houses, but none seem to have acted with quite the same modern architectural spirit as the Hammerhead. Most birds, too, are content with providing warmth and shelter for their little ones, without having any care for themselves; but our bird seems much more civilized than that. It is not a very large bird—not more than twenty inches in length; yet it builds a house nearly ten feet long, and lays it out in rooms!

It selects a sheltered ledge of rock when possible, sometimes choosing a spot almost inaccessible to man, but sometimes building also on the open plain. The structure is half as wide as it is long, and has a domed top, as if the feathered architect knew that the arch is the strongest possible shape. The walls are built of twigs interwoven firmly, and filled in with clay; and so substantially is the work done that, when completed, a heavy man may walk over it without injuring it in the least. The house is built on a slightly inclined surface, and the door is placed at the lower end in order that the floods of rain which fall in that country may not pour into the dwelling.

The doorway is the smallest opening possible for the bird to enter, and is frequently so disguised that it is no easy matter to discover it, even though you may have first seen the bird dart through it.

The outer doorway opens into a small antechamber, which leads through a small entrance into a larger room, which in turn opens by a doorway into a spacious apartment raised one step above the floor of the other chambers, and carpeted with soft leaves and velvety moss. In the last and choicest apartment the mother bird lays from three to five snow-white eggs; and there the little birds first peep forth from their shells.—*From "Strange Nest-Builders," in May St. Nicholas.*

DOMESTIC SIGNALS.

The father of a large and expensive family had brought a guest to dine with him, says the *Chicago Tribune*. The dinner was in progress. He helped the guest liberally to everything that was on the table, but before serving the members of the family he glanced at his wife, who made a slight and almost imperceptible signal to him, in accordance with some preconcerted code, and it worked in practice as herein set forth: "Caroline," he said to the eldest daughter, "shall I help you to some more of the chicken—n. m. k.?"

- "Just a little, please, papa."
- "Some of the mashed potato—a. y. w.?"
- "If you please."
- "With gravy—n. m. k.?"
- "No, thanks. No gravy."
- "Johnny, will you have some more stewed tomatoes—n. m. k.?"
- "No thanks."
- "Some of the mashed turnips—a. y. w.?"
- "If you please."
- "Pardon me, Mr. Thorgson," the guest said, "but you have excited my curiosity. May I ask what 'a. y. w.' and 'n. m. k.' mean?"
- "Hugh!" spoke up Johnny, "I thought everybody knewed that. Them letters mean 'all you want' and 'no more in the kitchen.'"—*Selected.*

EASING THE CHEST.

It is the cold on the chest that scares people and makes them sick and sore. The cough that accompanies the chest cold is racking. When the cold is a hard one and the cough correspondingly severe, every coughing spell strains the whole system. We feel sure that if we could only stop coughing for a day or so we could get over the cold, but we try everything we know of or can hear about in the shape of medicine. We take big doses of quinine until the head buzzes and roars; we try to sweat it out; we take big draughts of whiskey, but the thing that has its grip on the chest hangs on and won't be shaken loose.

If the irritation that makes us cough could be stopped, we would get better promptly, and it is because Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is so soothing and healing to the inflamed throat that it is so efficient a remedy for coughs and colds. This really great medicine is a simple preparation, made of extracts of barks and gums of trees, and it never deceives. It heals throat and the desire to cough is gone. When the cough goes the work of cure is almost complete. All druggists sell Adamson's Balsam, 25 cents. Try this famous Balsam for your sore chest and you will find prompt relief.

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UNDERTAKER

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**JUST A COLD
SETTLED IN THE KIDNEYS,
BUT IT TURNED TO DROPSY.**

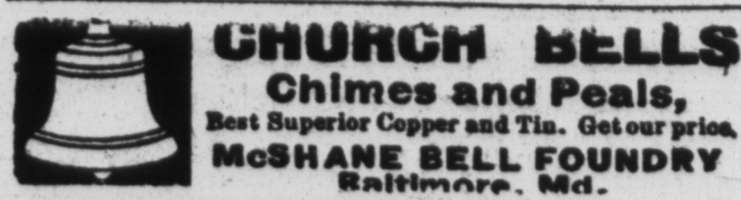
IT WAS CURED BY

**DOAN'S KIDNEY
PILLS.**

Read of This Wonderful Cure.
It May Do You or Your Friends Some Good to Know About It.

Miss Agnes Creelman, Upper Smithfield, N.S., writes:—"About 18 months ago I caught cold. It settled in my kidneys, and finally turned into Dropsy. My face, limbs, and feet were very much bloated, and if I pressed my finger on them it would make a white impression that would last fully a minute before the flesh regained its natural color. I was advised to try DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, and before I had used half a box I could notice an improvement, and the one box completely cured me. I have never been troubled with it since, thanks to DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Price 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25; all dealers, or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



Tearing down signals does not delay storms. Opium-laden "medicines" may check coughing, but the cold stays. Do not trifle; when you begin to cough, take Allen's Lung Balsam, free from opium, full of healing power.