

Cod Liver Oil

1 BBL. FINEST QUALITY

NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL

Just received at

Wiley's Drug Store.

5 Gross Scott's Emulsion
COD LIVER OIL,

Just received at

WILEY'S DRUG STORE.

We are selling an excellent Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, either by the bottle or bulk, containing one-half Oil, combined with Hypophosphites, which we consider equal to any preparation in the market at about half the price. As we make it FRESH every week or two it is readily taken by children or patients requiring an article of this kind.

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Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrophula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and
HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
Is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and \$1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

MEN'S GLOVES

FANCY KNIT GLOVES,
BUCK GLOVES,
NAPA BUCK GLOVES,
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IMITATION LAMB GLOVES,
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KID FACED BUCK MITTS,
NAPPA BUCK MITTS.

A Full assortment of these Goods,
lined and unlined.

J. H. FLEMING.

Cough-Cures

Are abundant; but the one best known for its extraordinary anodyne and expectorant qualities is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For nearly half a century this preparation has been in greater demand than any other remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis, and pulmonary complaints in general. "I suffered for more than eight months from a severe cough accompanied with hemorrhage of the lungs and the expectoration of matter. The physicians gave me up, but my druggist prevailed on me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and soon began to improve; my lungs healed, the cough ceased, and I became stouter and healthier than I have ever been before. I would suggest that the name of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral be changed to Elixir of Life, for it certainly saved my life."
—F. J. Olden, Salto, Buenos Ayres.

"A few years ago I took a very bad cold, which settled on my lungs. I had night sweats, a rattling cough, and great soreness. My doctor's medicine did me no good. I tried many remedies, but received no benefit; everybody despaired of my recovery. I was advised to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, as a last resort, did so. From the first dose I obtained relief, and, after using two bottles of it, was completely restored to health."
—F. Adams, New Orleans, La.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. per bottle, 50c. per dozen.

BOWSER SWINGS CLUBS.

HIS STRIKING ATTITUDES AND FELL
BLOWS.

The Former Amuse Mrs. Bowser Immensely and the Latter Descend Upon His Own Devoted Cranium to its Stunned Detriment.



I am often told that I am too practical.

"Well, what is in the bundle?"

"A doctor's prescription—health—muscle—longevity. In other words, I don't propose to pay any more doctor's bills."

"Why, you have wonderfully good health, Mr. Bowser."

"And I propose to keep it. I haven't been exercising enough. I have brought home a small outfit."

"I think it is foolish and useless. You are strong and healthy, and you can make no change for the better."

"There you go! Always opposing everything I do! I wouldn't have your spirit for a boat-load of gold."

"Well, don't blame me, as usual."

"Blame you? As usual? Who ever blamed you? I should be sorry to suspect you of being light-headed, but you are acting very queer, Mrs. Bowser."

No more was said, and he got out the tools and lugged his bundle up stairs and began fitting up a gymnasium. In about an hour he called me up. He had two weights at the end of two cords running over a pulley, and as he worked one and then the other he said:

"This exercise strengthens the arms, shoulders and chest. I feel like a new man already. See those clubs?"

"Yes."

"Well, those are Indian clubs. They are more particularly for the arms. They are worked thus—and thus—"

He was swinging them over his head, and one fell upon his bald pate and he sank down as limp as a bag. I tore off his collar, ran and got water, and by and by he sat up and asked:

"What was I doing?"

"Exercising with the clubs. I knew you'd do it."

"And when my back was turned you hit me on the top of the head with a hammer?"

"Of course not. How can you be so foolish?"

He maintained an attitude of severity towards me for about an hour, and then slipped back up stairs to practice with the dumbbells. I slipped up after him, pretending to hunt for an old coat, and pretty soon I asked him what particular benefit he expected to derive from the use of the bells.

"Develop the arms and chest, of course," he replied.

"But you weigh 200 pounds now."

"That's nothing to do with being strong. It's muscles I'm after."

"What for?"

"For fifty reasons. Suppose I should be attacked by a loafer?"

"Yes."

"Suppose I grab a burglar here in the house?"

"Yes."

"Suppose a footpad should try to hold me up?"

"What would you do?"

"Do? Do? Watch me!"

He began making vigorous motions with a ten-pound bell, and a catastrophe followed. He hit the wall with it, let go his hold, and it fell upon his foot. Then he yelled. And whooped. And howled. And babbled about, and said he'd get even with me if he took a thousand years.

"Are you blaming me, Mr. Bowser?" I asked, as I found a chance to get in a word.

"Of course you're to blame!"

"What did I do?"

"No matter! I expected it from the first, but it's a long road which has no turn, Mrs. Bowser! You just wait!"

I got him down stairs and rubbed his foot with ammonia, and after two or three days it was all right again. I think he enjoyed being asked why he limped, and I think he told all inquirers that he had just put up a fifty-pound bell when the roof of the house gave way and a portion of the chimney fell upon his foot. I heard him hammering away up stairs again, and I went up to ask him what he was doing.

"Arranging the bar," he replied.

"What for?"

"To exercise on."

"Why, Mr. Bowser, you are going into practice again are you?"

"Certainly. I am not to be dismayed by two or three slight accidents."

"I wish you would let it alone. You are clumsy and awkward, and you will hurt yourself severely before you know it."

"Are you talking to me?"

"Of course."

"Clumsy and awkward, eh? That's all right! Just what I might expect from you! That's reason, however, why I should persist in this."

"Well, if you get hurt again don't blame me."

"Humph! Get out of the way."

"What are you going to do?"

"Katie."

"Practice on the bar. Look out for my legs!"

He was tried to catch one of his feet on the bar, or to let go and swing with one hand. At any rate he suddenly descended to the floor with an awful crash, jarring the center-piece loose in the next room below, and bringing up the cook to inquire:

"Is he dead this time, ma'am? If so, let me congratulate you."

He wasn't dead, but he had bruised his hips and shoulders and lamed his back. It took me a full hour to get him to bed, and he had nothing to say until I had telephoned for a doctor. Then he suddenly observed:

"I suppose you have already destroyed

the evidence of my guilt, eh?"
"What do you mean?"
"The ropes suspended the bar. Some one cut one of them while I was performing!"
"And you lay it to me?"
"I have nothing to say—not just now. If alive to-morrow we will end this state of affairs in as satisfactory a way as possible. In order to shield you as long as possible I shall tell the doctor that I fell down stairs."
—Detroit Free Press.

A LAND OF WONDERS.

SPOTS OF VENDOR AND STRIPS OF
THE "VALLEY OF DEATH."

Oases in a Rainless Region—Admirable Work of the Ancient Indians in the Science of Irrigation—Lessons Worth Learning.

Palpa, Peru.—Our main object in tarrying at this out-of-the-way Acadia was to make it the starting point of several excursions; for the little oasis, surrounded on all sides by desert sands, is in the midst of a most interesting region. First we paid a visit to San Xavier, one of the finest estates on the ocean-side of Peru, which lies about twelve miles from Palpa, beyond a range of low and sandy hills.

SAN XAVIER.
The San Xavier manor house is large and well furnished, with apartments as long and lofty as so many public halls, surrounded by a stone corridor whose massive columns support a series of round arches. On one side are extensive wine-presses and store-rooms and on the other a handsome old church which was built by the Jesuits about the middle of the last century.

THE VALLEY OF NASCA.
Thirty miles south of this estate, over rocky hills and arid sands, lies the valley of Nasca, which descends from the Sierra by an easy slope and gradually widens as it approaches the sea. This place is interesting only on account of its peculiar mode of irrigation. Though covered with rich haciendas, yielding marvelous crops of grapes, cotton, corn, sugar cane, melons, potatoes and all kinds of fruits and vegetables, nature has provided nothing for its watering in a region where rain never falls, except a tiny river which is dry eleven months of the year. But for the industry and engineering skill of the aboriginal Indians, the lovely valley would have been no better than the surrounding deserts.

ABORIGINAL IRRIGATION.
Long before the arrival of the destroying Spaniards they had contended with the arid obstacles and executed a work here which is almost unequalled in the history of irrigation. Cutting deep trenches along the whole length of the valley, they extended them so high up into the mountains that to this day the inhabitants do not know how far they were carried. The main trenches, known as puquios in the language of the Incas, are at the upper end of the valley, and each is about four feet deep, the sides and roof lined with cemented stones. These descending branch off into smaller puquios which ramify all over the valley in every direction, plentifully supplying every farm with pure, cool mountain water and feeding the little ditches that irrigate and fertilize the soil. The main trenches are several feet below the surface, and at intervals of about 200 yards there are ojes, or small holes, by which workmen may go down into the vault and clear away any obstruction. Diverging in every direction the puquios often cross one another, and by the time they have reached the southern limit of cultivation every drop of water has been exhausted. In the valley of Nasca no fewer than fifteen extensive vineyards and cotton plantations are thus watered by artificial means, and at Aja a small mill for cleansing the cotton is also turned from the ditches of the Incas.

COTTON LANDS IN PERU.
Going a little nearer to the sea one comes to the most profitable cotton estates in Peru, named respectively "Lacra" and "San Jose." Both contain mills propelled by water, with machinery for separating the seed and presses for packing the cotton. The product is all sent to the Lomas, a little port that has been opened expressly for it across thirty or more miles of desert. It goes on mule back, each animal carrying two bales, weighing 175 pounds apiece. The cotton is then piled on a large raft, which is launched in the heavy surf, and so brought alongside the waiting vessel. Not less than 40,000 quintals of it are annually shipped here from San Jose and Lacra alone.

HILL OF THE WITCHES.
A few miles from the little port the mysterious Cerro de las Brujas, or "Hill of the Witches," rises abruptly in the midst of the desert. Among many blood-curdling traditions connected with this Cerro that are kept alive through generation after generation of superstitious Indians, concerning bloody spectres and headless spooks that wave their hands to warn intruders away, is one of an old man named "Don Manuel," a living ghost who, having several murders on his conscience, came to live on Witches' Hill, and used to run about in the dead of night, screaming as if pursued by demons.

ANCIENT WAYS PRESERVED.
The next village, across a long strip of desert, is Chulca, a collection of cane huts surrounding a fine old church, in no way remarkable, except for being inhabited by a race of Indians who, in this isolated oasis of the wilderness, have managed to resist oppression from every source, and to preserve intact the spirit

of their ancestors. An example of their character is related by a recent explorer. His soldier escort was so unwise as to get into a wrangle with the Syndic of the village, in course of which the latter barefooted dignitary received a blow in the head from the butt end of the soldier's pistol. Instantly the whole population were wild with excitement. Assembling in the plaza they demanded that the fellow should be remanded at once to Lima for trial; nor would they permit him to remain over night in the town, but sent him off into the desert, weary as he was after a hard day's journey.

STILL JEALOUS OF THEIR RIGHTS.
So jealous are these Indians of their rights and so suspicious of all outsiders, that until within a few years there was one particular room in the Jefe's house, which was kept on purpose for the accommodation of white travelers. All who came were put into it and well guarded, were the party large or small. The Jefe supplied them with food, but immediately informed them that on no account, whatever their business, would they be allowed to remain in the village more than twenty-four hours.

A GREAT WILDERNESS OF SAND.
Such are the general characteristics of that portion of Peru between the cordilleras and the sea, with its perpetual alternations of dreary desert and fertile valleys. The length of the shore line, not following the innumerable bays and indentations, but reckoned as the crow flies, from Rio Tambez, which separates the republic from that of Ecuador, to the Rio Loa, which marked its southern boundary until Chili lately took off a small piece, is a little over 1200 English miles. Coming down from Panama, the wooded shores of Ecuador no sooner disappear than the aspect of the continent is entirely changed. High, bare rocks, frayed and crumbling, line the beach, and beyond stretches a wilderness of sand, beside which Sahara would be a blooming garden. It is the very dominion of desolation, strewn with bleaching skeletons left by the old-time whalers and the bones of mules and horses that starved to death by the way-side, its eternal silence broken only by the short, quick bark of sea lions and the screams of water fowl.—Fannie B. Ward.

SLEEPING TWO IN A BED.
Young Girls Should not Sleep with Their Grandmothers.

The custom of sleeping in double beds is one which is going—and rightly going—out of fashion, says the Sheffield Telegraph. Of course, every one knows, theoretically, that it is far more healthy to sleep alone. But of what avail has this theoretic knowledge been.

The child has first been allowed to sleep with its nurse—a most pernicious custom—or its elder sister, or its mother; the growing girl sleeps with her roommate at school; the young lady with her aunts and her cousins and her girl friends indiscriminately.

People would have hesitated to allow a bunch of roses to remain in the room over night, or a growing plant, have never had their own bed to themselves year in and year out. The plant—which did not consume the oxygen of which their lungs stood in need, but precisely the effete gases thrown off by their own system—was thought very injurious.

Another pair of lungs breathing up the breathable air and infecting the remainder with the respiratory refuse of those physical processes that are most active during sleep was not thought of with any objection at all.

Yet what a simple law of hygiene would not do, fashion, a notion to what is "correct," is beginning to achieve. From the fashionable furniture establishments there comes the announcement that two single bedsteads are always called for at present with each chamber suit furnished for what is known as "swell patronage."

How many fatal diseases, how many cases of slow undermining and poisoning of the system are due to this custom of promiscuous sharing of double beds on the part of young girls, who will ever know?

The fact will never be fully realized till people grow sensible enough to know that bed linen takes the insensible rejection of the pores as well as body linen, and who would care to wear another's body linen?

Have your single bed, then, if possible; if not possible, do not sleep with a person much older than yourself. Young girls occasionally sleep with their grandmothers.

Growing Old Beautifully.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher grows more beautiful as advancing years and growing feebleness take possession of her. She sits in a beautiful bay window surrounded by birds and flowers, and dreads of the days when she and "Henry" were struggling along in a little western village, trying to keep the pot boiling and the sermons written. But those were long-ago days! Now, though in comparative poverty, Mrs. Beecher has enough business engagements to keep her from actual want, and if she could fulfil one-half the orders that came to her she would be a rich woman. Every publishing firm in the country has asked her to write the life of her dead husband, but owing to her poor health, she has refused them all.

A Code of Kisses.

A brief but correct classification by a philosopher who has drawn up a code of kisses under four heads:

"On the forehead, protection; on the hand, respect; on the lips, affection; on the cheek, friendship."

I. C. SHARP, M. D., C. M.

(Late Resident Surgeon Montreal General Hospital.)

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Call and examine for yourselves! At the old stand, known as

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PLUMBING in all its different branches and the fitting up of HOT AIR FURNACES, are specialties in which we guarantee satisfaction. Tin, Sheet Iron, Copper and Galvanized Iron Work of the best Quality and Workmanship only, are turned out by us.

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