

**This and That**

**LEAF-CUTTING BEES.**

Perhaps the readers may have noticed on rose bushes a number of leaves in which neat round or oblong holes were cut. This is the work of the leaf-cutting bee, a pretty little insect looking much like the common honey bee, but with stout orange-red legs and metallic-green reflections about the head. Although the mutilated leaves are so common, the nest for which they are sacrificed is seldom seen; for this little bee is a carpenter as well as a leaf-cutter, and hides her home away deep in the heart of some old post or board. The hole is much like that of her busy relative, the carpenter bee, but smaller, and instead of forming a tunnel at right angles to the entrance, penetrates directly into the wood.

When the hole is drilled to her satisfaction, our little friend stops carpenter work, and, flying to the nearest rose bush, selects a tender, perfect leaf. From this she cuts oblong pieces, which are carried to the nest and formed into a thimble-shaped tube at its bottom. This tube is next filled with pollen and honey, on which a tiny egg is placed. Another trip is taken to the rose bush, and this time perfectly circular pieces a trifle larger than the diameter of the tube are cut. These the little worker forces into the upper end of the tube, forming a tightly fitting stopper. These operations are continued until the hole is filled with tubes one above another. The lowest eggs are hatched first, and each young bee waits for the one beyond to go forth, in the same manner as the young of the large carpenter bee.

**THE TRUTH ABOUT WAR.**

It is foolish to suppose that fighting men of today are at all different from their compeers of yore—the only change is that the rapine and the pillage are not boasted of so openly—but there is just as little of the spirit of Christianity in a so-called civilized army as there used to be in a legion of Julius Caesar, perhaps even less. Many people will regret this, yet you always find the goody-goodies and even the women loudest in crying out for war to avenge the wrongs, or fa-

**A HILL TALE.**

A Blunt old Colorado Miner on Postum.

A clergyman may be eloquent, may use the choicest language, dressing his earnest desire to help his fellow-man in the most elevated, chaste and beautiful language, and yet not touch the hearts of his hearers. Another man, having little education and no grace of speech whatsoever, may tell his message in the common, everyday vernacular he is used to, and the simple faith that glows within him carries quick conviction with it. Such a man writes from the towering peaks of Colorado, preaching of Postum:

"I had drank coffee all my life until it about killed me, when I concluded to try Postum, and in a short time I got relief from the terrible misery I suffered from coffee.

"When I drank coffee I bloated up so that I could not breathe at times; my nerves were so shaky that I could not hold myself still.

"But thanks to Postum I am all well now and can say that I hope to remain so.

"I was very much disgusted with it the first time I tried it, but had it made stronger and boiled longer till it tasted as good as good coffee."

No amount of rhetorical frills and literary polish could add to the convincing power of the old miner's testimony. Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

ried wrongs, of their country or to acquire new territory and new trade. I say this: If the women of the world only once realized to the full what war means to the women of the losers they would throw all their weight into the scale of peace.—From A Modern Legionary, by John Patrick Le Poer (E. P. Dutton).

**THE BUTTER THAT SPED THE GUESTS.**

"Ma wants two pounds of butter exactly like what you sent us last. If it ain't exactly like that she won't take it," said the small boy.

The grocer turned to his numerous customers and remarked blandly: "Some people in my business don't like particular customers, but I do. Its my delight to serve them and get them what they want; I will attend to you in a moment, little boy."

"Be sure and get the same kind," said the small boy, while the storeful of customers listened to him. "A lot of pa's relations are visiting our house, and ma doesn't want 'em to come again."

**CARNEGIE'S TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES.**

The New York Tribune says: "Andrew Carnegie will not have anything to do with any enterprise, however tempting financially, that has anything to do with the sale of intoxicating liquors. This is the report brought to a party of Pittsburg business men, who some days ago sent one of the number down to New York to interest Mr. Carnegie in a Pittsburg hotel project, which would involve the outlay of about \$2,000,000, and would give Pittsburg a fine hotel.

"Mr. Carnegie declined to take the subject under advisement, though admitting that there would be much money in it, giving as his reason that he would have nothing to do with any project which would include the sale of liquor to insure success."

**TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE.**

An old farmer in Scotland once went to have a troublesome tooth extracted. Said the dentist, after looking at the offending molar:

"It is a very ugly one. I would advise you to have it out by the painless system. It is only a shilling extra."

He showed the farmer the apparatus for administering gas, remarking that it would cause him to fall asleep for a minute, and before he awoke the tooth would be out. After a slight resistance the customer consented, proceeding to open his purse.

"Oh, never mind paying just now," said the dentist, kindly.

"Hoots!" answered the cautious old Scot. "I wasna thinkin' o' that; but if I'm gaen tae sleep I thought I wad like tae coont ma siller first."

**THE REMOVER AND REDEEMER.**

At the great disaster in the Brockton shoe factory not long since, the timbers fell without a moment's warning and caught the operators at their work, holding many for the flames. In one room a man and woman were thus held down. The timbers on the body of the man were heavy, no hope for him. But his hands were free. Reaching over he pulled the lighter materials from the body of the woman and told her to run for her life. He is on the list of the honored dead! Whenthe woman was free, she could save herself. One made her free, and she lives.

If we were free of the past and of the old nature, Christ had never come and we would not preach as we do. It is because we are caught in the wreck of life, and tripped by temptation and pinioned by sin, that we want him to come and set us free, that we may find our way back to God.

**Tired. Nervous Mothers**

**Make Unhappy Homes—Their Condition Irritates Both Husband and Children—How Thousands of Mothers Have Been Saved From Nervous Prostration and Made Strong and Well.**



Mrs. Albert Mann

Mrs. Chester Curry

A nervous, irritable mother, often on the verge of hysterics, is unfit to care for children; it ruins a child's disposition and reacts upon herself. The trouble between children and their mothers too often is due to the fact that the mother has some female weakness, and she is entirely unfit to bear the strain upon her nerves that governing children involves; it is impossible for her to do anything calmly.

The ills of women act like a firebrand upon the nerves, consequently nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous dependency, "the blues," sleeplessness, and nervous irritability of women arise from some derangement of the female organism.

Do you experience fits of depression with restlessness, alternating with extreme irritability? Are your spirits easily affected, so that one minute you laugh, and the next minute you feel like crying?

Do you feel something like a ball rising in your throat and threatening to choke you; all the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to light and sound; pain in the ovaries, and especially between the shoulders; bearing down pains; nervous dyspepsia, and almost continually cross and snappy?

If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition, and you are threatened with nervous prostration.

Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for nervous prostration than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; thousands and thousands of women testify to this fact.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

Mrs. Chester Curry, Leader of the Ladies' Symphony Orchestra, 43 Saratoga St., East Boston, Mass., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"For eight years I was troubled with extreme nervousness and hysteria brought on by irregularities. I could neither enjoy life nor sleep nights. I was very irritable, nervous and despondent.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended and proved to be the only remedy that helped me. I have daily improved in health until I am now strong and well, and all nervousness has disappeared."

The following letter is from Mrs. Albert Mann, 154 Gore Vale Ave., Toronto, Ont.:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "I suffered a long time with ovarian trouble having intense pains in the back and abdomen and very sick headaches every month. I was tired and nervous all the time and life looked very dreary to me and I had no desire to live until I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to get some relief. My recovery was slow but it was sure and I have never regretted the money spent for the Compound as it brought back my good health."

Women should remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine that holds the record for the greatest number of actual cures of female ills, and take no substitute.

**Free Advice to Women.**

Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write to her for advice. Mrs. Pinkham's vast experience with female troubles enables her to tell you just what is best for you, and she will charge you nothing for her advice.

Head Office; Fredericton, N. B. St. John Branch; 17 Germain Street.

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