

They are Liver Pills

Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They act directly on the liver, make more bile secreted. This is why they cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headache. Ask your doctor if he knows a better laxative pill. We certainly do not. If he does, then use his kind. We have no secret! We publish the formula of all our preparations. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Bird or Bee?

Two quaint observations about humming birds are published in "Early Long Island," by Martha Flint, both quoted from letters of the seventeenth century, written from the new country of America. Says one:

"The Humbird is one of the wonders of the country, being no bigger than a Hornet, yet having all the Demensions of a Bird as bill, wings with quills, spider-like legs, small claws. For Colour she is as glorious as the Raine bow."

Adrian Van der Donck, one of the Hollanders of Nieuw Nederlandt in 1642 writes of a—

"Curious, small, bird, conversing which there are disputations whether it is a bird or a bee. It seeks its nourishment from flowers like the bee and is everywhere seen regaling itself on the flowers. In flying they make a humming noise like the bee. It is only seen in Nieuw Nederlandt in the season of flowers. They are very tender and cannot be kept alive, but we press them between paper and send them as presents to our friends."

Value of a Constitution.

It happened in the spring of 1890, when Garibaldi was pursuing his expedition in Sicily and when the words "Constitution and Liberty" were on every Neapolitan's lips. "Why are you so anxious for a constitution?" asked a foreign tourist of his guide and donkey driver while they were travelling through the mountains of Sorrento. "Well, you see, your excellency," was the answer, "because I think we shall be all the better for it. It is now close upon twenty years that I am letting out my asses to visitors from all countries—English, French, Americans. All of these have a constitution, and they are all rich."

Drove Over His Son.

Brantford, Sept. 24.—Lewis Williams, aged 12, son of William Williams, Indian reserve, was killed on Saturday night. He was in the field. Feeling a fit coming on he started to run to the house, but fell by the way. His father with a heavy load of grain drove over the body, the wheels fracturing the neck. The lad was subject to fits.

Strayed Away and Died.

Davidson, Sask., Sept. 24.—The body of Vernon, the two and a half year old son of W. A. Kirkwood, who strayed from the residence of Sherman Code last Tuesday, was found yesterday about six miles from the place where he was last seen. It is thought he had been dead about three days.

San Dead; No Joy in Life.

New York, Sept. 24.—Maurice Rani, a retired merchant, aged 52 years, and his wife, yesterday were found dead in their apartments in the Bronx. A letter left by them explained that after their son Victor, 19 years old, died at Liberty, N. Y., in August a year ago, they found no joy in life.

Explorer Bruce Safe.

Tromsø, Norway, Sept. 24.—William Bruce, the explorer, for whose safety much anxiety has been entertained, has arrived here.

Bruce, and his companion, H. J. Almar Johanson, established a station on the west coast of Prince Charles Island.

Prince Albert Bye-Election.

Regina, Sept. 24.—Writes have been issued for the Prince Albert bye-elections, caused by the resignation of J. Lamont. Nominations will take place on Oct. 2, and polling will take place Oct. 12.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA.

Head Office - - - Toronto

\$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT.

In our Savings Department, Deposits of \$1 and upwards are received, on which the highest current rate of interest is allowed.

No Delays in making Withdrawals

Interest added four times a year

Savings Bank Department in Connection with all Branches.

CHATHAM BRANCH

W. T. Shannon, Manager
BRANCH ALSO AT BIENHEIM

A "CURE" FOR CUSSING.

The Penitent Scotsman Found His

Lead a Heavy One.

A clergyman in Scotland observed with much perturbation that a member of his congregation was greatly given to the use of strong language. Over and over again he remonstrated with the man to give up the bad habit. In time the man himself came to see the error of his ways, and desired no less earnestly to break himself of the use of bad language. The difficulty, however, was to find a method of doing so. One day the clergyman hit upon a happy thought.

"Get a bag," he said to the man, "and every time you swear put a pebble into it. At the end of the month you will bring that bag to me. I will count the pebbles and see what the effect has been."

The man accepted the idea with alacrity. He got a bag, and, religiously, every time he swore what Mr. Gilbert in the "Pinafore" calls a "big, big D," he duly put a pebble into it. At the end of the month he went to the clergyman, taking the bag with him. It was not an easy task, for, as any one might see, the bag was very full and very heavy. He went into the clergyman's study and put the bag on the table.

The minister looked up with a serious expression. "This is very serious, my friend. I am sorry to see you have so many pebbles in the bag."

"Toot, minister!" exclaimed the man cheerily; "this is only the devil's—the 'damns' are all at the dike-side in another bag. They were over heavy to bring up!"—Excelsior.

A CLEVER TRICK.

The Way Lord Cochrane Once Won an English Election.

When Lord Cochrane was a candidate for parliament in Hamilton he refused to give any bribes. As his opponent gave \$5 a head, Lord Cochrane suffered defeat. The latter, however, sent the bellman round the town announcing that all those who had voted for Lord Cochrane would receive 10 guineas apiece if they called on his agent. In those prebaital days of course it was known how each man voted, and the happy minority marched off to the agent, each getting his 10 guineas. Naturally enough, the majority began to think they had made a mistake, and they resolved to rectify that mistake at the first possible moment. In due course an opportunity came. There was another election. Lord Cochrane stood again, and the voters, remembering his lavish methods, asked him no questions, but returned him with a roaring majority. Then they conveyed a delicate hint to the noble lord asking what he proposed to give them for this distinguished service. "Not one farthing!" roared his lordship. The unhappy men reminded him that he had paid 10 guineas a head to the minority at the previous election. A complacent grin brightened the face of the member as he gave this explanation: "The former gift was for their disinterested conduct in not taking the bribe of \$5 from the agents of my opponent. For me now to pay them would be a violation of my own previously expressed principles."

NOT THE ONLY ONE

oDon't run yourself down. Others will do that for you all right.

Even the political machine is apt to get rusty without constant oiling.

She takes a very small shoe, doesn't she?

Oh, yes, indeed! What size?

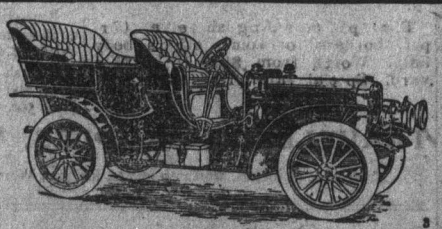
Two sizes smaller than her foot.

Weight and Power

The CHATHAM 4 cylinder 25 H.P. Motor Car, at \$2,500, is a bargain—better than the average \$3,000 car of any power. We consider weight of car in relation to power of engine. Many cars are either over or under-powered, costing more to operate in one case, and breaking down frequently in the other.

THE CHATHAM (A CANADIAN CAR)

is built to last and to run economically. It is a handsome car, too. Introduce the first one in your town. It will "make good" to you and be the admiration of your friends. It will be WORTH WHILE to write us for catalogue giving full particulars. Manufactured by THE CHATHAM MOTOR CAR CO., Limited, Chatham, Ont.



In Gardening Time.

By ALICE LOUISE LEE.

Copyright, 1906, by Alice Louise Lee.

THEY lay side by side, two long, narrow strips of plowed land separated by a woven wire fence. Tall, well trimmed hedges at either end screened them from the two parallel streets of the village; tall, well kept hedges at the sides screened them from the houses of their owners. Facing each other in the side hedges were small iron gates, entrances to these prosaic plots of ground.

On May 15, at 5:30 in the morning, the gate in the south hedge opened with a squeak, and a trim figure of decidedly scant dimensions stepped briskly through. A short blue denim skirt, a bit faded and worn, barely reached the top of stout, thick soled, dew proof shoes. The sleeves of a blue calico shirt waist were pushed above the elbows, while concealed in the depths of an enormous blue sunbonnet was a small tanned face crowned by brown hair coiled tightly in convenient workaday fashion on top of her head. In one hand she carried a tin pail full of pieces of potato, "sets" for planting; in the other a hoe which had seen much service.

Beside the dividing fence she began work on the potato row, digging away so industriously that she did not hear the gate in the opposite hedge open and was unconscious of any disturbing element in her Eden until a cheery "Good morning, Ann," caused her sunbonnet to bob up hastily.

"Good morning," she returned in a faint and wondering tone.

On the other side of the woven wire stood a man, also in blue denim, but it was surprisingly new. So were his big straw hat and his bright tin pail, full of potato sets, and his hoe. So was his method of preparing for a potato crop on his side of the fence.

"I made up my mind," he began, vigorously thrusting his hoe into the dirt, "that this year I'd get outdoors more. It's not good for me, this staying in the store all day. I'm going to do my own gardening."

"Are you?" came in a faint voice from the sunbonnet. It was a troubled voice. Ann was afraid of Stephen Long because his eyes twinkled and danced to the accompaniment of a fun loving tongue. Belle could cope with him, "giving him back," in the parlance of Bridgeport, "as good as he sent."

For a few moments the only sound heard in the garden was the click of two hoes—one a loud, strong, but uncertain click; the other light, but sure. Presently Stephen wiped the perspiration from his forehead and looked with an exclamation of dismay into the regular shallow holes, the product of Ann's brown hands.

"Jerusalem!" he ejaculated. "Is that the way you do? See here!"

Ann glanced over the fence, and the slight caused her internal mirth. Next she inventoried the new tin pail, and her mirth became external. Their usual positions were reversed. All the



"Good morning, Ann."

dance and twinkle departed from Stephen's gray eyes, and he sent a look of comic dismay into the capacious sunbonnet.

"I've made every hole deep enough to plant old Hickory in," he said ruefully. Hickory was an enormous cat that played havoc with the rats in Long's hardware store.

"And you're gone—and cut—the eyes out of your potatoes!" gasped Ann. Then she clung to a post supporting the wire fence and laughed. Her sunbonnet slipped back, revealing two pink cheeks and a small, delicate chin.

Stephen chuckled in sympathy and came nearer. "Why, confound it all, I cut the eyes out because—well, because they didn't look pretty, I suppose. Isn't that all right?"

At this Ann laughed until the sunbonnet collapsed in a heap into a potato hole back of her. Then she checked herself and explained: "The sprouts come out of the eyes. If you don't leave the eyes, you'll get no potatoes. See?"

"Yes, I see." His visual interest centered, however, on the speaker rather than on the eyesless potatoes.

"Say," he suggested suddenly, "let's swap work this morning. I'll help you plant, and then you help me cut the sets."

"All right," agreed Ann. She turned to recover her sunbonnet and so failed to see the expression of satisfaction which overspread Stephen's face as he placed a hand on top of the post and vaulted the low fence.

When, an hour later, they sat beside the hedge over a basket of potatoes provided by Stephen, matters grew worse. He did not cut the sets correctly. His fingers were all thumbs, and he came perilously near having one less to get in his way while cutting his fourth potato.

Ann bounded up the cut dexterously. Then she "set her foot down." "You hand me the potatoes, and I'll cut 'em," she said, decidedly and fell to work with a will.

Stephen obeyed. "Seems to me you are rather little to be bossing your elders," he said, with a dash of his much dreaded fun.

Ann hung her head and blushed uncomfortably. She considered it a disgrace to be so small, an opinion shared by her dressmaker.

"It's much as ever that I can find where Ann Wright's waist begins or ends," complained the latter individual bitterly. "She's all waist. Might's well try to fit a broomstick. Best I can do is to hang her clothes on her and let it go at that. With her sister Belle, now, it's different."

So Ann meekly accepted the dressmaker's hangings and surveyed with longing Belle's plump proportions. She sighed the morning of May 16, at 5 o'clock, she donned her short blue denim skirt and looked at her small but muscular arms, white down to the elbows and brown beyond. She took pride and comfort in her garden, but she wished her hands were as white as Belle's.

Her face lighted as she opened the gate in her hedge and saw Stephen leaning on one of the line fence posts impatiently awaiting her. In his new role as gardener, with overalls and big hat and with that odd expression of dependence on his clean cut face, he did not seem to her half as formidable as the Stephen Long who had for years gaily sauntered through the hearts of half the girls in Bridgeport, his own untouched, danced at their weddings and stood godfather to their babies.

"I tell you what," he began as soon as Ann appeared, "I'm glad to see some one looming over the horizon who knows a trifle about gardening. What are you going to plant next?"

"Nothing," replied Ann promptly.

"This morning I'm going to sow things—onions, for instance."

To her own surprise, her voice was mischievous. A strange feeling of buoyancy possessed her. The sun was sending red heralds up from the east to proclaim a perfect day. Belle was asleep, unconscious of the drama of the garden, and Stephen—well, Stephen's eyes were smiling at her, but not just as they smiled on the public at large.

"Mother isn't up yet," he began hesitatingly. "So I brought along a rag and a string. He paused and held a hand out to her appealingly. It was the member wounded the previous morning. Ann promptly dropped her hoe and attended to her surgery.

"Watching," the operation, "do you always wear that bonnet in the garden?"

"Yes," returned Ann innocently, "always."

Stephen sighed. "I should think it would be awfully hot away back in there," meditatively gazing within as Ann raised her head.

But the bonnet slowly shaken was the only reply. In some ways its wearer could not see beyond its projecting sides. For fifteen minutes silence reigned in the gardens. Ann worked with her back to the wire fence lest Belle should chance to see her through the little gate. She drew the end of her hoe handle along the smooth top surface of her yard square onlooker and was carefully dropping the seeds when a voice of triumph sounded behind her:

"I've finished mine. Now what are you going to plant next?" There was a step beside her, and the voice of triumph became a voice of dismay. "Jerusalem! Is that the way you fix 'em?"

Ann turned and glanced into the next garden. "Yes. What have you done?"

Stephen stuffed his hands deep in his overalls pockets. "Me? Why, I sowed 'em broadcast." He removed one hand and motioned as though sowing oats.

Again Ann was convulsed with mirth. "How—how would you weed them if they came up thick all over?"

Stephen wormed a toe into the soft soil. "Weed? Why, I never thought about the weeding. I think," quite humbly, "that I better stick to the store and give up gardening."

Ann's heart unaccountably sank. So did her sunbonnet.

"No, I won't, either," with sudden energy. "If you'll bolster me up with advice, I'll stick to it."

Ann's heart unaccountably arose. So did her sunbonnet.

"Let's swap work this morning," proposed Stephen a moment later, and Ann agreed.

Next morning shortly after five she found Stephen smoothing over her carrot plot just south of the onions. "I thought I'd begin," he explained a little shamefacedly, "in your garden so you would help me. I don't know what to do with the pesky seeds. Either I'd plant 'em in a trench so deep they'd never hear the last trumpet or else I'd scatter 'em over the top to the four winds and the breezes between."

After the gardens were planted there was no reasonable excuse for arising at 5 o'clock until the weeds appeared. Therefore, Stephen, released from his early morning duties, often came up on the Wright porch yawn evenings and entertained himself gaily with Belle's chatter, while

Ann slipped away and wandered to the garden hunting weeds.

At last, after a heavy June rain, they came accompanied by the tender vegetable shoots—potatoes, beets, onions—and Ann arose again at 5 and repaired, sunbonneted, to the garden. Her heart fluttered a little as she unlatched the gate. "He will get some one else to do the hoeing surely," she told herself. But no.

He greeted her with a rueful face. "Say, I'm glad you're here," he proclaimed frankly. "Do you pull these weeds or hoe 'em out or put a charge of dynamite under 'em?"

Ann heard herself laughing happily. The hoeing season had begun.

On the Fourth of July the families Wright and Long enjoyed new potatoes and peas. Stephen's row of vines abounded in peas, while his potatoes were deficient. In Ann's garden the case was reversed.

"We'll swap," said Stephen promptly. Swapping had become a habit with him. Two weeks later both families regaled themselves on beet greens. They came from Stephen's garden, but no one knew save the two gardeners.

"My sweet corn will be ripe in two weeks," said Ann timidly as she took the greens. "There will be enough for us both."

Her predictions were correct, but antedating the ripening of the sweet corn was the picnic in the Bridgeport grove. "Will you girls ride over with me?" asked Stephen, coming suddenly around



"I thought you had gone to the picnic."

the corner to the porch the evening before, as Ann was watering the flowers and Belle swinging in the hammock.

Belle answered promptly in the affirmative. Ann tardily. After he had gone Belle yawned and remarked carelessly: "Three in that narrow buggy! How tiresome! If you'd not happened out to her appealingly. It was the member wounded the previous morning. Ann promptly dropped her hoe and attended to her surgery.

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LEGAL TENDER.

You Might Think Gold Certificates Are, but They Are Not.

"Gold certificates, silver certificates and national bank notes are not legal tender, but both classes of certificates are receivable for all public dues, while national bank notes are receivable for all public dues except on imports and may be paid out by the government for all salaries and other debts and demands owing by the United States to individuals, corporations and associations within the United States," says the treasury department.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts."

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal or face value for all debts, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract."

"Subsidiary silver is legal tender for amounts not exceeding \$10 in any one payment."

"Treasury notes of the act of July 14, 1890, are legal tender for all debts, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract."

"United States notes (also called greenbacks) are legal tender for all debts, public and private, except debts on imports and interest on the public debt."

"The minor coins of nickel and copper are legal tender to the extent of 25 cents."—Bulls and Bears.

THE TROUT IN HIS LAIR.

He is an Alert and Elusive Unpictured Beauty.

Whoever has had the privilege of lying at full length on some mossy overhanging bank while watching a large trout in his lair perceives that a true figure has yet to be drawn of him. Even photography can give no hint of the wavy circles from the spotted dorsal fin undulating loosely athwart the broad back, of the perpetual fanning of the pectoral fins, of the capacious gills opening and closing, the half open round mouth, the luminous brown eye, the ceaseless slow vibration of the powerful tail, nor can pen adequately describe the startling suddenness of the dart at some idle fly touching the surface, the quick return to the old position and the resumption of the poised with head elevated at a slight angle, pectorals all tremulous and floating watery circles emanating from every slight motion of the body. It is also worth while to watch a trout rush four feet up a perpendicular fall of water, pause, tremble violently all over and in a moment throw himself clear of the stream and fall into the basin above at an elevation of about three feet more.—Arthur P. Silver in Outing Magazine.

That our American forests abound in plants which possess the most valuable medicinal virtues is abundantly attested by scores of the most eminent medical writers and teachers. Even the untold Indians had discovered the usefulness of many native plants before the advent of the white race. This information, imparted freely by the whites, led the latter to continue investigations until to-day we have a rich assortment of most valuable American medicinal roots.

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Not less marvelous in the unparalleled cures it is constantly making of woman's many peculiar affections, weaknesses and distressing derangements, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as is amply attested by thousands of grateful testimonials contributed by grateful patients who have been cured by it of catarrhal pelvic inflammation, irregularities, prolapsus and other disorders, caused by weakness, displacement of uterus and kindred affections, often after many other advertised medicines, and physicians had failed.

Both the above mentioned medicines are wholly made up from extracts of native medicinal roots. The processes employed in their manufacture were original with Dr. Pierce, and they are carried out by skilled chemists and pharmacists with the aid of apparatus and appliances specially adapted and built for this purpose. Both medicines are entirely free from alcohol and all other harmful, habit-forming drugs, and full list of their ingredients is printed on each bottle wrapper.

"Lady, I'm out of work," explained the tramp, undismayed by the forbidding glare of the Illinois farmer's wife. "I'm a deep sea fisherman; but the fish is all fished out of the Atlantic ocean this year. Bein' a poor, unfortunate, but honest man, I'm now on my way walkin' to the Pacific coast where the fishin' is good. Can't you help a feller along a bit?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the farmer's wife; "I'll just unlodge the dog and help you run part of the way."—Lippincott's.

Family Reparte. "Well," snapped Mrs. Henpeck, "I certainly was a fool when I married you."

"True, my dear," responded Henpeck, "and I regret to state you haven't improved any."

Good Beginning. Doctor—Madam, your husband must have absolute rest. Madam—Well, doctor, he won't listen to me. Doctor—A very good beginning, madam—a very good beginning.

Appear to know only this—never to fall nor fall.—Epictetus.

BABY'S DREADEFUL CASE OF ECZEMA

Extended Over Entire Body—Mouth Covered With Crusts as Thick as Finger Which Would Bleed and Suppurate—Disease Ate Large Holes in Cheeks—Hands Pinned Down to Stop Agonized Scratching—Three Doctors' Best Efforts Failed to Give Relief.

BUT CUTICURA WORKS A MIRACULOUS CURE

"When my little boy was six months old he had eczema. The sores extended so quickly over the whole body that we at once called in the doctor. We then went to another doctor, but he could not help him, and in our despair we went to a third one. Matters became so bad that he had regular holes in his cheeks, large enough to put a finger into. The food had to be given with a spoon, for his mouth was covered with crusts as thick as a finger, and whenever he opened his mouth they began to bleed and suppurate, as did also his eyes. Hands, arms, chest, and back, in short the whole body was covered over and over. We had no rest by day or night. Whenever he was laid in his bed, we had to pin his hands down, otherwise he would scratch his face and make an open sore. I think his face must have itched most fearfully. We finally thought nothing could help, and I had made up my mind to send my wife with the child to Europe, hoping that the sea air might cure him, otherwise he was to be put under good medical care there. But, Lord be blessed, matters came differently, and we soon saw a miracle. A friend of ours spoke about Cuticura. We made a trial with Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent, and within ten days or two weeks we noticed a decided improvement. Just as quickly as the sickness had appeared it also began to disappear, and within ten weeks the child was absolutely well, and his skin was smooth and white as ever before. F. Hohrath, President of the C. L. Hohrath Company, Manufacturers of Silk Ribbons, 4 to 20 Rink Alley, South Bethlehem, Pa., June 5, 1906.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Form of Infantile, Childhood, and Adult eczema, or other skin diseases. Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent. Sold throughout the world. Put in bottles of 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and \$1.00. Sold by all druggists, or by mail from J. C.