The Surest Remedy is
Allen's Lung Balsam
It never fails to cure a SIMPLE COLD, HEAVY COLD, and all BRONCHIAL TROUBLES.
Large Bottles $1.00. Medium Size 50c.
Small or Trial Size 25c.
Endorsed by all who have tried it.

COUGH NO MORE
SPRUCINE
THE REMEDY OF THE DAY
A definite preparation of Spruce Gum, Wild Cherry, Hoarhound and Tar.
Scientifically combined in the form of agreeable and palatable Syrup.
One of the most reliable preparations yet introduced to the public for the immediate Relief and Cure of *Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma*, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.
Taken with Cod Liver Oil in the first stages of Consumption, it will be found invaluable.
For sale everywhere. Price 25 cts, or by mail on receipt of price.
Sole proprietors, THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO. Limited, Montreal, Canada.
McGALE'S BUTTERNUT PILLS FOR YOUR LIVER AND BOWELS.

DR. WEAVER'S TREATMENT
WEAVER'S **SYRUP**
For Humors
Salt Rheum
Scrofulous Swellings, etc.
WEAVER'S **CERATE**
Cleanses the Skin
Beautifies the Complexion.
Combined, these preparations act powerfully upon the system, completely eradicating the Poison in the blood.
Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

THERE ARE MANY BAKING POWDERS

BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
It is Pure, Wholesome and Economical
SOLD IN ALL SIZES.
E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

BEAVER FLOUR
Never Fails.
Beaver Flour never disappoints the cook. The baking always turns out right—because Beaver Flour is always the same, whether you buy a small sack or a barrel.
Beaver Flour is a blend of Manitoba Spring Wheat and Ontario Fall Wheat. It contains all the nutriment of the wheat kernel. Makes bread and biscuits—cake and pastry—that are as healthful and strengthening, as they are white, delicious and inviting.
At Your Grocer's.

Kneaded in every home
KENT FLOUR.
Ask your grocers for it. In bags or barrels.
Wholesale by
Carvell Bros.
18 tts & wtf.

EARTH'S LITTLE THINGS

Reveal the Power of God's Love and Care of Creation.—The Ant as Man's Teacher.

"Consider Her Ways and be Wise," Said King Solomon, Noted Throughout the Ages For His Wisdom—Object Lesson From the Insect World Showing the Importance of Little Things.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by Frederick Diver, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., June 4.—In his sermon the preacher, drawing an object lesson from the insect world, shows the importance in human affairs of honest, intelligent, unremitting industry and the folly of those who belittle or undervalue it. The text is Proverbs vi, 6, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."

It was a hot, sultry afternoon in summer on the famous Chautauqua ground of New York when Bishop John H. Vincent knocked at Wilbur Chapman's door. "Come in," called the evangelist. In walked the founder of the Chautauqua movement in this country. He said, "Chapman, I want you to go and hear a lecture this afternoon." "What on?" "It is given by a college professor. The lecture is entitled 'My friends the Gila Monster, the Horned Owl, the Opossum and the Rat.'" "No, bishop," said Dr. Chapman; "I cannot go. I am utterly worn out by speaking. Besides that, I have a big meeting for to-night for which I must rest and prepare. You must let me off this once." "No, Chapman, I will not let you off. You must come. There is a great treat in store for you.' So, under the pleading demands of Bishop Vincent, he went.

"At first," said Dr. Chapman afterward, "I sat away back in the audience, that I might be able to slip away unseen. But as the speaker began to talk about his novel friends I became more and more absorbed. Unconsciously I went halfway down the aisle and took a seat nearer to the speaker. Then, as he talked on and on, I crept further and further until I was in the front seat. There I sat for nearly two long hours laughing and crying and learning the great lessons of life from the lives of the most humble of God's creatures. I never before realized that there was so much love and affection and unselfishness and brain power in creeping things and loathsome reptiles and poisonous lizards and repulsive rats."

The little things of earth reveal the power of God's love and care, as well as the greater things. King Solomon would introduce to us one of his little friends. He would have us use an ant hill for a pulpit. He would have for the preacher of the morning one of the ordinary, commonplace, large mandibled, many jointed, long antennaed, six legged insects that we can see in almost every country bypath. He would tell us that the ant's intelligent forethought, her persevering energy, her many social affinities, her mortal hatreds, her sensitiveness to smell and color, her architectural genius with which she constructs the palace in which are to be deposited the precious eggs, her slaves and nurses who serve her in peace, her military captains who marshal her great armies in war, her care for the cocoons in which the grubs are developed into the perfect insects, as the caterpillar unfolds the transfigured life of a butterfly, offer unlimited fields for gospel illustration. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."

Busy, busy, busy. "Busy as an ant" is an old proverb. Whether she is caring for her eggs or finding the grubs; whether she belongs to a foraging party or is going forth upon a war of conquest to capture the eggs of another hive, which eggs she intends to develop into future slaves; whether she is migrating from one part of the country to another or is building the walls and the hallways, squaring the chambers, laying the foundations or arching the dome of a new house, the ant is always busy. She works during the day, she works while she sleeps. Her ambition is not to find out how little she can do, but how much she can do. She works, and works, and works. She keeps on working. To do something is the very breath of her existence.

This proverb is axiomatic. You go out for a summer stroll and one of your little children calls: "Oh, mother, come and look. See these little black things. What are they?" "Ants, my dear," you say. Then you stoop over that hive and watch them. They are moving, always moving. Some are busy house cleaning. If you could enter the chamber of an ant mound, you would find that each room and connecting hallway are absolutely clean. Every particle of dust which once choked those galleries has been carried out, piece by piece, and deposited afar off, where it will not obstruct the openings of the ant hill. Some of these ants are house cleaning. Some are going after food. Some are caring for the grubs. But they are all working—the ants are always working. Their working hours are simply unlimited. Sir John Lubbock, the famous naturalist, reported that he once watched a single ant who worked without intermission or relaxation from 6 o'clock in the morning until nearly 10 o'clock at night. For sixteen hours that ant kept continued diligently at her task. You cannot dream of a lot of ants getting together, as do some men to-day, whose chief aim seems to be to find out how little work they can do in life and what is the maximum of pay they can force out of their employers for a minimum of labor. Oh, no. That is not the ant's way. No sooner does the sunlight crawl over the eastern hills than the ant hive becomes busy. The different ants say: "Come, sisters, we must get to work. Hurry up now. We have so much work to do and such a little time in which to do it. Be busy. Be busy!" The human foot may have often crushed an ant in the pathway, but I doubt if it ever killed an ant taking an afternoon nap. When an ant is slain in the country road she is always hurrying somewhere or trying to get back to her hive after she has accomplished the purpose of her journey. She is working. She is continually working. She is always working.

Idleness has no place in God's economy. Life is work; life means a continual struggle for physical as well as moral and spiritual existence. God would not send the snows of winter, the drafts of summers, the winds, the frosts and the hunger unless he meant man to work; God would not have made helplessness during infancy and childhood unless he meant a parent to work; God would not send sickness and helpless old age unless he desired all people to work during the strength and vigor of manhood and womanhood. "If any would not work, neither should he eat," is the Pauline invective against sloth. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways and be wise." All happiness and health, all mental, social, spiritual and financial progress depend upon persevering toil. The sooner our growing boys and girls realize that they must work for a livelihood the better it will be for them and the better it will be for us who are caring for them during the years of their development.

Unremitting toil, an essential for human life, is the first lesson the ant hill teaches us to-day. But the ability to make the right use of toil, to conserve energy so that the maximum of results are produced from the minimum of labor, to perform work so thoroughly and intelligently that it is not useless and has to be done over, is the second teaching of my text. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise," does not allude any more to the ceaseless activity of the ant than it does to her marvelous foresight, with which she plans out her work and accomplishes her results.

The ant uses her brain as well as her mandibles or legs. She uses her eyes to see where she is going as well as her feet to walk. Study the ant as an architect or a builder. Some of us have stood in awe before the architectural wonders of the cathedrals and the palaces of the east. We have seen walls and columns and domes and minarets and spires that are "frozen music in stone." We have climbed the heights of Milan cathedral, whose towers and walls are people with almost as great numbers of apostles and saints and martyrs and priests carved in solid stone as there are worshipers who ever gather at one time before its sacred shrines. We have seen St. Peter's of Rome connected with the wonderful Vatican and St. Mark's, more poetic than the Venetian canals. We have seen the marvelous conceptions of a Christopher Wren and the wonderful structure at Cologne, only a few years ago dedicated after having consumed centuries in building. These transcendent buildings have lifted themselves up even as did the temple of King Solomon. Why? Every beam, every stone, had its appointed place. Each part, as a small mite, fitted into a great united whole. But as I stand to-day before a Westminster Abbey or a St. Paul of London I emphatically assert that these structures compared to the strength and intelligence of the builders are not as wonderful as an ordinary, everyday, commonplace ant hive we may see in the country road.

To build the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York city blasting powder had to be used. The foundations had to be excavated out of solid rock. True. But the ants often build their hives by excavating the solid rock. The walls of Canterbury cathedral must be absolutely straight. True. But no mason's plumb line ever erected straighter walls than the walls of an ant hill's chambers. The rooms of the Vatican must be arranged in orderly fashion. All the chambers of an ant hill open into long corridors. Each room has its connecting hallways. A well regulated cathedral must have its proper system of drainage. The ant hive is so built that it will shed all water. No rainstorm can deluge its cellars. No water overflowing the river bank can destroy its foundations. The ancient Romans always built their cities upon the hilltops for protection. The ants build their hives on high places, where storm and water cannot submerge them.

The ant's wisdom should be emulated as much as her activity. The Arabians held the ant's wisdom in such respect that after the birth of a male child they would place one of these insects in the baby's hand while they made the earnest prayer, "O God, may the boy turn out as clever and as wise as the ant!" The human being who does not work with intelligent forethought is a useless and a dangerous worker. Fire and steam are alike potent, but the harm caused by imprisoned fire may be greater than the good that is done by harnessed steam. Willingness to labor will not weave together a carpet unless intelligence has manufactured a loom and a shuttle. The intelligence of the ant is startlingly significant. It is as worthy of imitation as is her persevering energy. Snowshoes are useless in Florida. Calico dresses are an absurdity in the Arctic. A ship's keel laid in the centre of the western prairies had better be split up into kindlings. A telescope is utterly valueless except for the power of the brain which adapts the lens to the astronomer's eye. Be wise, be wise!

Intelligent and wise architects are they. Yes. But study the ants as soldiers and submissive members of their great co-operative social organizations. In a factory the cogs fit into each other. Because of this perfect fitting the great leather bands move round and the spindles fly, the elevators lift and the walking beams rise and fall, the hammers strike and the wheat is ground and the wood is cut, and the shoe and the ax and the saw and the chair and the stove are offered for sale by the city merchantmen. Because of this same kind of perfect fitting of one man's cogs into the cogs of other men a great multitude of human beings becomes a united creature of life called an army. Read ye the words of the centurion: "For I also am a man under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one, 'Go!' and he goeth, and to another, 'Come!' and he cometh, and to my servant, 'Do this,' and he doeth it." Thus, while we find that men as well as wheels may be set under authority, we find that ants are also set under authority.

Every industrious human life that is successful always co-operates with other lives. Every ideal human organization on a large scale must be a perfect human ant hive. Everywhere human talent should be specialized. What especial niche are you going to fill in the great human bee hive? When I go and closely examine the wonderful mosaic floors and walls and ceilings of the Alhambra of the old Spanish Moors I do not find these individual stones very valuable in themselves. Many of them are only common pebbles that we might spurn with our feet in the street gutter. But when these common pebbles, as individuals, are cut and polished and placed side by side in contrast with other stones they form the beautiful mosaics of the Alhambra, which are one of the marvels of this century. You as an individual may not amount to much, but if cut and polished and fitted into the right niche for which you were intended by God you can become part of the perfect walls of the Temple Beautiful. Like the ant, will you be a worker, living under authority? Will you be a co-operative worker? Will you serve the community in which you live by doing the work for which you are especially fitted by brain and body, as faithfully and willingly and wisely as the single ant performs her allotted task in a great busy home hive?

The ant teaches man more than lessons of activity and wisdom and co-operation. Some men may be active and worldly wise and yet have a heart as dead to all kindness and love as is a stone. The ant is essentially a spiritual as well as a temporal teacher. She teaches man the laws of love and mercy and gentleness. She teaches these spiritual lessons more powerfully, I believe, than any insect or reptile found in the studies of the biologists. Some years ago, to prove whether ants knew each other and cared for their own, a naturalist took two bottles and covered their mouths with muslin. In one of these bottles he placed two strange ants. In the second he placed two friendly ants. Then the naturalist placed these two bottles in front of the entrance of an anthive. At once the ants swarmed forth by the hundreds. With their mandibles they tried to break through the muslin covering of the strange ants and destroy them, but for their friends they had not a stroke nor a blow.

Not only will ants refuse to attack one of the members of their own hive, but if they find one of their own kind wounded or in trouble or blinded or crippled, then will the ants of some species, though perhaps not of all, tenderly care for that sick sister ant, as though it were a blessing so to do. Cripple an ant in a country road, and her sisters will find her and tenderly carry her back to the hive and protect her there until she dies. They will care for her as tenderly as the good physician cares for the sick soul. They will never leave her, nor let her hunger nor freeze with the cold if they can help her. O man, is one of the missions of your life to look after the halt and the maimed and the blind and the helpless? When a stream of gold began to flow through your counting room; when you got beyond the awful struggle for daily bread; when you had more than two garments in your wardrobe, did you get down upon your knees and say, "O God, I thank thee that thou hast given me much. I thank thee that I can now give to others in thy name. Now I can be eyes for the blind and clothing for the naked and food for the hungry and shelter for the homeless?" Did you, do you make that prayer? Like the ant, are you trying to protect your people from outside dangers? Like the ant, are you trying to help the helpless and care for those who are mentally, physically and spiritually doomed, unless you come to their rescue?

The thoughtful love of the ant for her sisters was beautifully illustrated by an incident in the life of the noted sage of Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin. One day he discovered a number of ants feasting in a molasses pail. He drove them out and suspended the pail in midair from a hook in the centre of the ceiling. Much to his surprise, after Franklin had been reading for awhile, he saw an overlooked ant which had been hidden in the pail crawl out and climb up the handle to the string and up to the ceiling, across the ceiling to the side wall, down the side wall and disappear. A short time afterward the philosopher saw that same ant leading a retinue of other ants. The procession followed her up the wall, over the ceiling to the hook, down the string, along the handle and into the pail of molasses again, where she and her friends gorged themselves with molasses until they could hold no more. In the illustration of the ant going to find her sisters that they might enjoy a meal instead of eating selfishly alone cannot you and I find a spiritual lesson?

But I cannot close without one simple paragraph, to state that this sermon of all sermons should teach its lesson to our wives and mothers and sisters and daughters as no other sermon I have ever preached. Have you not noticed how I have always used the feminine gender in speaking of the ant. "She does this." "She does that." "She does the other thing." The reason I speak thus is because the naturalist tells us that the little black ant we see in the roadway belongs to the feminine gender. Yes, the hard workers of the ant hills are always females. No sooner is the nuptial journey taken than the male ant disappears. So, when I come to the house of God, to the place where Christian workers I find inevitably that the wives and the mothers and the sisters and the daughters are the leaders there in Christian work. As the mother rocks the cradle, so is the child developed for God. It is the sister's Christian life that leads the brother to Christ. It is the way in which a wife lives that decides the way the husband lives. O woman, to-day, with the ant hill as my pulpit, I ask you will you not go to work for Christ? Will you not, here and now, consecrate your prayers and your lives for the salvation of your fathers and brothers and husbands and sons to God? Our powerful preacher of this morning is a priestess—the ant. Will you not plead with your loved ones to bow at Christ's altar, which is as low even as an ant hill? O God, give us one generation of women for Christ, and then we shall have a whole world saved for Christ!

First Patent in China.

The Chinese Government, according to German papers, has granted its first patent. It is for an electric lamp, the inventor of which is an inhabitant of Nanking, the old capital of the Chinese empire, who calls his lamp the "bright moonlight," and asserts that it is far superior to foreign glow lights that hitherto have been sold at Shanghai and other Chinese cities.

BOYS FALL and bruise themselves. Grown up athletes sprain muscles by over doing wholesome exercise. The aches and soreness are taken out with Perry Davis' Painkiller. Rub it well into the throbbing flesh and relief is immediate.

SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS.
SICK KIDNEYS,
The Bladder, Rheumatism and the Blood—all these diseases yield at once and are quickly and fully cured. Price only 25 cents a box.
A CURE at the PEOPLE'S PRICE.
My Kidney book and a Sample Package sent Free to any address.
W. F. SMITH CO.
185 St. James St., Montreal
To cure Constipation, Sick Headache and Biliousness in one night, use Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills. Only 25 cents at dealers.
ALL GENUINE SIGNED W. F. Smith

Great Good in Bad Cases.
Fitchburg, Mass.
"I should have answered your letter sooner, but I wanted to see how your Smith's Buchu Lithia Pills worked. I can say they did all I expected of them. I have not had rheumatism since. I gave some of them to a young man here and he took them, he could not walk with any ease, for he had rheumatism in both feet, and was greatly benefited. There are a great many using Smith's Buchu Lithia Pills. I know the great good of Smith's Buchu Lithia Pills in bad cases of rheumatism."
E. FOSTER.

ONE BOX OF DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED DROPSY.
Dropsy is not a disease in itself, as many people believe, but is an evidence of very severe kidney trouble. Dropsy is caused by watery particles oozing through the walls of the arteries when they are distended by unusual pressure, which can only be caused by obstructions in the kidneys. The symptoms of Dropsy are puffiness under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, urine changed in character and appearance, smothering feeling from exertion or excitement. The only rational method of treating this disease is to reach the kidneys and restore them to a healthy condition.
The most successful remedy for this purpose is Doan's Kidney Pills. Read what Miss Agnes Creelman, Upper Smithville, N.S., says of them:—"I caught a cold, which settled in my kidneys, and turned to dropsy. My face, limbs, and feet became 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 found by their use that I was cured in a very short time. I have never had any trouble with it since.
Price 50 cents. per box, or 3 for $1.25.
THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., TORONTO, ONT.

SHORT WEIGHT—no matter how little at a time, amounts to a whole lot on a year's buying. Weight is a matter that we watch very carefully. We want to give you the exac weight every time. But if there is any error i has got to be in your favor.
OUR GROCERY reputation is too good to have it spoiled by short measure. Children get just as correct weight as grown people, too —here.
JOHN CONNOLLY & Co.
Queen Street. Ch'towu.

WEDDING RINGS
Our Wedding Rings stamped W. N. T. are made to our special order and are guaranteed full quality as represented by stamp inside. We employ only the best manufacturers in making our rings.
W. N. TANTON,
JEWELER,
Sunnyside.

When That Biting Pain Tells of Kidney Disease

Fruit-a-tives are the first step in the cure. In fact, Fruit-a-tives will cure ordinary Kidney Troubles without assistance. They do this by cleaning and regulating the whole system.
"Fruit-a-tives" stir up the liver—cure Biliousness—make the bowels move regularly every day. That rids the system of poisons that affect the Kidneys.
Then Fruit-a-tives correct digestion—prevent acidity of the stomach—insure food being completely digested.
It is by their cleansing, purifying, curative powers on the other organs that Fruit-a-tives have such a healing, soothing effect on sick kidneys.
"I have been troubled lately with my back and kidneys and have received great benefit from taking Fruit-a-tives. I am getting along so well that I intend to continue with Fruit-a-tives until I am cured. I recommend them to my friends."
MRS. JOHN FOX, Cobourg, Ont.
If you have those sharp, shooting pains in the back—if the urine is scant and scalding—if you are bilious or constipated—cure yourself with
Fruit-a-tives
or Fruit Liver Tablets.
At all druggists. 50c. a box. Manufactured by Fruit-a-tives Limited Ottawa.

Fit-Reform
For Warmer Days.
There are Fit-Reform garments for every whim of the thermometer.
Plenty of thin things for sweltering weather.
English Flannels—"West of England" Serges, guaranteed fadeless—real Scotch Tweeds—and genuine Irish Homespuns.
Light and easy—dressy and comfortable—and COOL.
$15, $18, $20, up to $30.
This trademark identifies every genuine Fit-Reform garment.
FIT-REFORM
Look for label with trademark and price as fixed by makers.
The only Fit-Reform Wardrobe here is at
Prowse Bros., Charlottetown.

No Ashes
In the
"Bison" Fire Pot
The fire pot in the "Bison" hot water heater is built slightly conical to **prevent ashes sticking to it.** There is no lodging place in the fire pot for ashes. Flames are thrown up and **against** the **slanting** wall of the fire pot—the side draft **drags** them against it—**burns all the coal evenly from side to side.** That is one reason why the "Bison" heats quickly, effectively, economically—it is one reason out of ten why the "Bison" is the best heater.
THE H. R. IVES CO., Limited, Montreal.

FIRE INSURANCE!
Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool, G. B.
Sun Fire Offices of London.
Phœnix Insurance Company of Brooklyn.
Combined Assets - - $100,000,000
Lowest rates and prompt settlement of Losses.
John Maceachern,
AGENT.
5—27 tu sa 3 mos

CHOOSE THE BEST
The Tobacco Epicure who does not use the
RICKEY TWIST, PEARL OR RUBY
Has never derived that real enjoyment which is his. They are the gems of the trade.
FINE CUT MIXTURES IN 1 AND 2 POUND TINS.
HICKEY & NICHOLSON,
Tobacco Manufacturers. Queen St. Charlottetown, P.E.I.