THE ACADIAN
One Year to Any Address for $1.00.

The Acadian.

No better advertising medium in the Valley than THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXVI. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1907. NO. 29.

THE ACADIAN.

Published every FRIDAY morning by the Proprietors,

DAVISON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Subscription price is $1.00 a year in advance.

Communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES

One square (2 inches) for first insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application.

Reading notices ten cents per line first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

RULES.

Copy for new advertisements will be received up to Thursday noon. Copy for changes in contract advertisements must be in the office by Wednesday noon.

Advertisements in which the number of insertions is not specified will be continued and charged for until otherwise ordered.

This paper is mailed regularly to subscribers until a definite order to discontinue is received and all arrears are paid in full.

Job Printing is executed at this office in the latest styles and at moderate prices.

All postmasters and news agents are authorized agents of the ACADIAN for the purpose of receiving subscriptions, but receipts for same are only given from the office of publication.

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE.

W. MARSHALL BLACK, Mayor.
A. E. COLDWELL, Town Clerk.

OFFICE HOURS:
9.00 to 12.30 a. m.
1.30 to 3.00 p. m.
Close on Saturday at 12 o'clock

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

OFFICE HOURS, 8.00 a. m. to 8.30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.10 a. m.
Express west close at 9.35 a. m
Express east close at 4.35 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.40 p. m.
GEO. V. RAND, Post Master

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. L. D. Morse, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30., and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday in each month at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the door to welcome strangers.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. David Wright, Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7 30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH. — Rev. E. B. Moore, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m., on Wednesdays.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH CHURCH, OF HORTON.—Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m. Evensong 7 15 p. m. Wednesday Evensong, 7 30 p. m. Special services in Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rector.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

REV. R. F. DIXON, Rector.
Robert W Storrs, H. Troyte Bullock } Wardens.

ST. FRANCIS (Catholic)—Rev. Martin Carroll, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—Rev. A. Cohoon, D. D., Superintendent. Services: Sunday, Sunday-school at 2.30 p. m., Gospel service at 7.30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

MASONIC.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.
T. L. HARVEY, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

ORPHEUS LODGE, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcomed.
H. M. WATSON, Secretary

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m.

Labor Bureau.

Gardening, Grading, Spraying, Teaming, Mason-work, and odd jobs of all kinds wanted.
Address letter or postal,
36 P. O. Box 302, Town.

To all our customers we send
Most hearty New Year's greetings.

Hoping that in the coming year
We may have frequent meetings,
Then here's to luck and pluck and wealth,
A happy life and blessed health!

I. S. BOATES & CO.

FURNESS, WITHY & Co. Ltd.

London, Halifax & St John

FROM LONDON, FOR LONDON
Almeriana ..... Mar. 10
Mar. 12—St. John City .... April 4
Mar. 20—Halifax City ..... April 15
Mar. 30—Almeriana ..... April 30
London City ..... Mar. 20

Liverpool, St. John's, Nfld., & Halifax.

From Liverpool. For Liverpool
FOR LIVERPOOL DIRECT;
—Ulunda ..... Mar. 11
Mar. 5—Dahome ..... Mar. 19
Mar. 19—Annapolis ..... Apr. 3

Steamships St. John City and Evangeline are fitted with electric fans and Gibbs system of ventilation.

Ulunda has excellent first-class passenger accommodation.

Dahome has superior accommodation for both first and second-class passengers.

Furness, Withy & Co. Ltd.
Agents, Halifax, N. S.

If You Ride Horseback,

or drive in a carriage, see before you make a start that the Trappings of

HARNESS

are in good order.

Repairs executed promptly. All work will prove highly satisfactory.

We carry a full line of Harness Dressing, Axle Grease, Whips, etc

Also Buckles, Straps, Rivets, Punches, You'll not find our prices too high.

Wm. Regan,
HARNESS MAKER.

FOR RENT.

A very desirable two-storey house on Central Avenue overlooking the town and Minas Basin. Two verandahs—an upper and a lower—on each of the north and east sides of the house give an exceptionally fine view. Four counties can be seen from the upper verandah. The house is new, and made specially to defy both wind and frost. Nine rooms and pantry, wood-house and barn attached. Price moderate. Apply to

REV. J. W. BROWN,
Gaspereau.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.
Gas Administered

Dr. H. Lawrence,
DENTIST.
Wolfville, - - N. S.
Office in Herbin Block
Telephone No. 45

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT,
AYLESFORD, N. S.

H. PINEO,
WOLFVILLE,
EXPERT OPTICIAN.
Devotes all his time and attention to the science and art of special fitting. Especially interested in difficult cases. Do not despair till you have tried him. Correspondence invited. 18

In a Class by Itself

It is quite true FERROL is an emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and is particularly good one at that. But it combines Iron and Phosphorus with the Oil, and these are just what are needed to make the emulsion perfect and they are just what all other emulsions lack.

FERROL

is unique because
It combines Iron and Phosphorus with Cod Liver Oil.
It is pleasant to take and easy to digest.
It holds the record for increasing the weight (95½ lbs from the use of 25 bottles).
The formula is freely exposed and its bona-fides are vouched for by eminent analysts in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.
It is endorsed by prominent physicians of all schools.
It is used in all the leading Hospitals, Sanitariums and other Public Institutions.
The London (Eng.) *Lancet*, after careful analysis in its own laboratory, fully endorses it.
We are prepared to substantiate all the above statements.
FERROL is the embodiment of health, strength and vitality, and

"You know what you take"

A. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville, N.S.

J. F. Herbin,
JEWELLER & OPTICIAN

-Watch Repairing-
Personal attention and 25 yrs. experience given to this important work.

-Expert Optical Work-
Fitting and Repairing. No charge for examination.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Cures Grip in Two Days.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.
This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

The Joys of Cuddletime.

As the evening shadows gather,
Then 'tis cuddletime, I know,
When my baby, dressed for Dreamland,
Comes a-romping to me so;
Comes and begs of me to hold him
On my knees and "rock-a-bye,"
As the purpling sun sinks lower
In the gleaming western sky.

And he cuddles to me nearer,
As the firelight softly glows,
And across the dusky portals
Ghostly, flickering shadows throws;
And two dimpled arms about me
Are clasped tighter for a kiss—
And, was ever richer necklace
Placed about one's neck than this?

Soon the drooping, drooping lashes
Cover up two eyes of brown,
And the tousled head so golden
On my breast sinks lower down.
Ah, the sweetness of the pleasure,
Making life one golden rhyme,
With a dimpled babe to fondle
When it comes to cuddletime!

—Answers.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

The young pastor stood by the gate and shaded his eyes as he looked down the road. As the approaching figure came a little nearer, he understood the oddity of its appearance There were two men, and one of them was carrying the other on his back. When they reached the pastor the burden bearer paused. He was a stout fellow of more than medium height.

'Howdy, sir,' he said in a deep voice, 'I trust you are quite well?'

'Quite well, thank you,' the young pastor replied.

The burden on the stout man's back squirmed uneasily. 'Lemme down, Tom,' it said.

The stout man's voice suddenly softened. 'You ain't a bit heavy, Phil. Don't you get down unless you're tired o' riding.'

'I am tired,' said the burden.

'Friend of mine who's a little bit under the weather,' the stout man explained. 'Got a bit tired coming up that long hill, and that's how I happened to be toting him.'

The pastor looked at the stout man's friend. He was only a boy of eighteen, perhaps, whose appearance showed the ravages of a wasting disease.

'Phil ain't what you'd call pretty robust,' the stout man somewhat hastily explained. 'He's a little shaky about the legs and wants fleshing up a bit. All he needs is a breath or two of this mountain air, and a plateful of good country feed.'

The boy shook his head.

'Tom knows better,' he said in his hoarse tones. 'I aint a-goin' to get well, an' he knows it. It's my lungs.'

The stout man gave the boy a playful shake.

'We want to find a boarding place, Phil and I. Just a quiet house where the air is good and the feed is good, and where we can see the sun rise and set. And we'll pay well for it.'

The pastor reflected for a moment.

'I think the place for you is the Widow Langley's,' he answered. 'She has plenty of room and I have no doubt will be glad to receive you. She lives just beyond the turn in the road. You can see her chimney through the trees there.'

'Thank you,' said the stout man. 'Come Phil.'

The pastor stood in the roadway watching the two strangers until they passed around the curve. The stout man was merrily whistling and keeping step to the music. The sick boy's head dropped upon his bearer's shoulder.

That evening the pastor had a caller. It was the stout man. He came up the walk a little diffidently. The pastor was on the broad porch. 'Come up,' he said cordially. 'I am glad to see you again. Take this easy chair.'

The stranger hesitatingly accepted. 'Thanky,' he said. 'You are very good. You see,' he hesitated again, 'you see I thought it would be well to know somebody in the neighborhood—and it struck me the parson was the very one I ought to know.'

'The boy is in a critical state,' said the parson.

'Yes, he is.'

There was a little silence.

'Do you wish me to recommend a doctor?'

The stout man shook his head.

'No. The boy's had all the doctoring he can stand. He's going to take his tonic out of the mountain air.'

'Have you come far?' the pastor asked.

'From Amityville. My partner's there at the hot springs trying to boil out his rheumatism. We're all show people, you see,' he presently added. 'And is the boy in the show business, too?' the latter asked.

'Yes, he was born into it. His father was a trapeze performer and his mother a bicycle rider. The lad is a leaper and tumbler. Father and mother are both dead and since the boy got so sick he couldn't work, my partner and I have been looking after him.'

The sight of the boy o[illegible] 17th, [illegible] about the neck of the stout [illegible] daughter in W[illegible] before the pastor. [illegible]lis, aged at pres[illegible] Mass.

'You are a fine fe[illegible]

'I am glad to know you.'

The stout man flushed.

'None o' that,' he abruptly said.

'We knew his father and mother. They were worthy people, and the boy is a good boy. Neither my partner nor I have been married, and the youngster sort o' seems like a son to us. There's no question about money—we have all that's needed.'

There was a brief silence.

'I don't think that I ever met a circus performer before,' said the young pastor.

The stout man laughed.

'I guess we're all human,' he said. 'We have all joys and sorrows, our ideals and our pains, very much the same as other folks. No doubt you're kind of prejudiced against us?'

'I was,' said the young pastor, 'It was part of my bringing up.'

The stout man nodded.

'You'll pardon my saying so, parson,' he slowly remarked, 'but it seems to me that prejudice is often another name for ignorance.'

'I'm a young man,' said the pastor, 'I have much to learn.'

Again the stout man nodded.

'You're going at it in the right way,' he said. 'And now I want to ask a favor. I want you to come up and see the lad. You'll know how to talk to him. He won't stand for any preaching, but there'll be a chance to put in a helpful word now and then.'

He talked to the lad, and he read to him—and the boy was pleased at his coming. But the stout man seemed to keep aloof from the young pastor.

Early one evening the latter was hurrying through his gateway when he encountered the boy's friend.

'Where so fast, parson?' the stout man asked as he swung into step beside him.

'To the village. There is trouble there.'

'Trouble! What sort of trouble?'

'A farmer on the west hill was shot this afternoon by some unknown person and badly wounded. A colored man was seen lurking in the neighborhood He was taken to jail, and there may be an attempt to lynch him to-night. And the sheriff is away and isn't expected home until to-morrow. But he has been telegraphed to return at once. He knows how to handle them.'

'Better keep away from this, parson,' the stout man counseled. 'No doubt the fellow is guilty and mobs are a bad proposition. Somebody is pretty sure to get hurt.'

The young parson shook his head. 'I hope I am a good citizen as well as a clergyman,' he said.

The stout man grumbled beneath his breath, but he kept step with the pastor.

'Where are you going?' the latter presently said.

'With you,' was the curt answer.

The village seemed quiet as they crossed the park to the low building used as a jail. The jailor was alone there, an elderly man.

'The sheriff can get back inside of an hour,' he told the pastor, 'and I guess there won't nothin' dreadful happen in that time.'

So the pastor and the stout man stood on the jail steps and waited in silence. And then suddenly across the park they saw a confused rabble approaching. There might have been a hundred persons in this mob, but many of them were boys. As they neared the jail they uttered wild cries.

'Lynch him!' they shrieked.

'Give us the keys, Jim Ferguson,' cried a voice, 'or we'll burn the jail over your head!'

'Batter in the door, boys,' yelled a fellow.

Then the pastor stepped out from the shadow, and the stout man was close at his side.

'Men,' cried the pastor, 'listen to me!'

'It's the pastor,' shouted a voice, 'Give the pastor a chance.'

And the young pastor, his voice full of feeling sought them to reflect. His tones rang out clear and strong, his words were impressive. But a voice interrupted him.

'That's enough, parson. You've done your duty and now we'll do ours. Get to work, lads.'

There was a roar from the crowd, but the young pastor was undaunted. As his voice arose again the ruffian in the van tried to howl him down.

'Quit your yawp!' he shouted. 'You've had your say. Come on, lads!'

The stout man had been leaning forward, his eyes on the mob. Now he suddenly leaped from the steps and struck the noisy fellow a swift blow across the mouth with his open hand.

'Take that, you loafer,' he roared, and snatched from the fellow's hand a stout cudgel, and fiercely menaced the mob. 'You scum!' he cried. 'You've heard the parson—now listen to me! There are two men here, standing shoulder to shoulder for order and decency. They're not going to let you get into this jail without a fight—and somebody will get hurt. I'm good for any half dozen of you myself. Now get to your homes before it's too late.'

He leaped back to the pastor's side, the cudgel in his hand, his eyes blazing.

For a moment the mob was still. Then a hoarse voice shouted 'Kill him!' and a stone thrown from the outskirts of the crowd grazed the stout man's forehead. Another missile flew by him and struck the jail door. There was a forward movement of the mob.

But the stout man leaped forward again and caught hold of the ringleader whom he had silenced. The fellow was wiping his bleeding mouth in a dazed fashion. The stout man caught him around the waist and lifting him quickly flung him on to the upper step. Then he followed him and held him up so that he formed a sort of shield for the pastor and himself.

'Now fling your stones,' he roared. 'Here's your own target for you. Bring on your battering ram. But I'll promise you it will go hard with this big loafer if you try any of your cowardly games.'

'Smash him, Sam!' screamed a shrill voice in the midst of the mob.

'Yes, Sam, smash him!' said the stout man. He was behind the ringleader, holding him by the wrist. 'Sam couldn't be more helpless if he was a baby, could you, Sam?'

There was confusion in the mob. Here was an unexpected opposition.

The stout man noted their hesitation.

'Tell them to go home,' he hoarsely whispered in the ringleader's ear, and the request was followed by a significant twist of the prisoned wrist.

'Go home, boys, go home, roared the helpless leader.

'Once more, demanded the stout man.

'Go home, boys, go home.'

The mob wavered—and just then a horse's hoofs were heard in the distance.

'The sheriff,' murmured the pastor.

'The sheriff!' repeated a half dozen voices.

The rider came nearer. The mob suddenly turned and fled.

Less than a week later the sick boy quietly fell asleep and the little town had seldom seen a larger funeral. All the pastor's flock was there, and the flowers were many and beautiful. The lad was laid away on the sunny hillside of the old cemetery.

'You've been very kind to me, and to the boy, parson,' said the stout man as he stood on the station platform and waited for the train that was to bear him away. 'I'm afraid I may have said something that jarred on your feelings, and I'm sorry for it.'

The pastor smiled and said: 'I've learned to judge you by your deeds, not your words.'

The stout man flushed.

'The show will be at Colebrook the early part of the coming season,' he said, and looked hard at the pastor.

'Let me know when it will be there,' the latter stoutly said, 'and I will come over to see it.'

The stout man wrung the pastor's hand.

'Good-by,' he cried.

Does Your Heart Beat

Yes, 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health; bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years.

One frequent cause of bad blood is a sluggish liver. This produces constipation. Poisonous matters are then absorbed into the blood. Keep the bowels open with Ayer's Pills.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, AGUE CURE, CHERRY PECTORAL.

Ayer's

We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

Ward's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Hard on the Teacher.

At the annual meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association at Ottawa on Feb. 27, Sir Frederick Borden said that his idea was to 'use the permanent corps for teaching in the Normal Schools physical training and the use of the rifle. No teacher would get a certificate until he had such an education. There would be special classes set apart for teaching physical training.'

Think of the young ladies, who constitute ninety-five per cent. of the attendance at the Normal Schools, being refused certificates until they can properly handle a rifle!

Good Corn Sheller For 25c.

A marvel of efficacy and promptness, a remedy that does cure corns and warts. Its name is Putnam's Corn Extractor. Contains no acids, never pains, gives lasting satisfaction. Insist on 'Putnam's only. It's the best.

A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

A Cream of Tartar Powder free from alum or phosphatic acid

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

SPRING ADVICE.

DO NOT DOSE WITH PURGATIVES AND WEAKENING MEDICINES — WHAT PEOPLE NEED AT THIS SEASON IS A TONIC.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That's the spring feeling. You are easily tired, appetite variable, sometimes headaches and a feeling of depression. Or perhaps pimples and eruptions appear on the face, or you have twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order, that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develope into more serious trouble. Don't dose yourself with purgative medicines in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgative gallops through the system, and weaken instead of giving strength. What you need is a tonic medicine that will make new, rich, red blood, build up the weakened nerves and thus give you new health and strength. And the one medicine to do this speedily and surely is Dr. Williams Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood which makes weak, easily tired and ailing men and women feel bright, active and strong. If you need a medicine this spring try Dr. Williams Pink Pills and you will never regret it. This medicine has cured thousands in every part of the world and what it has done for others it can easily do for you.

The headquarters for the genuine Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in Canada is Brockville, Ont. So-called pink pills offered by companies located at other places in Canada are fraudulent imitations intended to deceive. If your dealer does not keep the genuine Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People send to Dr. Williams Medicine Co. will mail the pills to you at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2 50.

Casey—Ye're a hard worker, Dooley. How many hods o' morther have you carried up that laddher th' day?

Dooley—Whist, man; Oi'm foolin' th' boss. Oi've carried this same hodful up an' down all day, an' he thinks Oi'm worken'.

It Actually Destroys the Cause.

That's why catarrh is invariably cured by inhaling 'Catarrhozone.' The healing vapor spreads to every part of the breathing organs. Germs infecting the tissues of the nose, throat and lungs are killed. Nothing is left to cause inflammation. Spots that are sore are healed. Discharge is cleared away and catarrh becomes something of the past. Use 'Catarrhozone' and your recovery is guaranteed. Two sizes, 25c. and $1.00 at all dealers.

Fixing up a Horse for Sale.

One of the most interesting and novel schemes that are resorted to when it comes to 'doctoring' up a horse for sale is 'peroxiding.' Horses just suitable for carriage work, save that they do not quite match in color, are now chemically colored to the tint desired in the twinkling of an eye. A 'peroxided' horse shows what has been done to him soon after his new owner takes him away and frequently he has to be 'touched up.' This bleaching does not injure the horse any more than it does the average girl; but the chemically-tinted coat seldom looks well when closely examined, the dark roots of the hair showing on careful inspection. Yet it deceives the average buyer and so answers the purpose of the unscrupulous horse trader.—The Epitomist.

Cent Per Cent Proverbs.

Dollars like company.

Publicity is the pledge and proof of honesty.

Neither seeds nor dollars will grow until planted.

The test of the leader's ability for leadership is results.

A bulldog is a winner because he gets a grip in the right place and holds on.

A truthful epitaph for most of the men who fail would be: 'He lost his nerve.'

The coal dust twins are coal and coke. They are doing the work of world.

The man who is not more honest than the law compels him to be is a thief at heart.

The money we spend for what we don't need if wisely invested would soon place us beyond need.

It is not the 'many men with many minds' but the many men of one mind that make an enterprise go.

Children's penny banks are more than toys; they are the beginning of an education in saving and thrift.

A successful invester, like a successful general, regards not the counsel of those who are fearful and afraid.

He who wastes his moments because they are not hours, will not save his dimes because they are not dollars.

Looking for profits from Wall Street speculations is like putting your finger in a pail of water and pulling it out to look for the hole.

Thrifty men are the sheet anchors of the men of state.

His wife—'At last my eyes are open to the fact that you married me for my money.'

Her husband—'Well that ought to be some consolation, my dear.'

His wife—'Some consolation!'

Her Husband—'Yes. You now realize that I am not as big a fool as you thought I was.'

Grippe or Influenza, whichever you like to call it, is one of the most weakening diseases known.

Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in easily digested form, is the greatest strength-builder known to medical science.

It is so easily digested that it sinks into the system, making new blood and new fat, and strengthening nerves and muscles.

Use *Scott's Emulsion* after Influenza.

Invaluable for Coughs and Colds.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.