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, AUGUST 30, 1907. NO. 52.

THE ACADIAN.

Published every FRIDAY morning by the Proprietors,

DAVISON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Subscription price is $1 00 a year in advance.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

$1.00 per square (2 inches) for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application.

Reading notices ten cents per line first insertion, two and a half 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 6.35 a. m.
Express west close at 9.08 a. m
Express east close at 4.03 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.52 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 Woman'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, } Wardens.
H. Troyte Bullock }

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.

A. J. MCKENNA, 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 8 00 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

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

F. W. WOODMAN,
(Successor to Wolfville Coal & Lumber Co.)
DEALER IN
Hard and Soft Coals
of all kinds.
HARD & SOFT WOOD, KINDLINGS, &c
Building Material of Every Description.
AGENT FOR:
Haley Bros., St. John, N. B.
Bowker Fertilizer Co. Boston
WOLFVILLE.

A NEW SUIT
will give you much pleasure if it is correct in style, fit and finish.

THE SUITS WE MAKE
are the acme of perfection in Tailoring. Our stock of new Spring and Summer Suitings surely contains something that will please you. Come in and look over the fabrics.

I. S. BOATES & CO.

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.

Law Office of
SHAFFNER & PINEO,
Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries Public.
Open Every Wednesday.
(Over store of R. E. Harris & Son.)
Mr Pineo of the above firm will be at their Wolfville office on Wednesday of each week. Personal attention given to Probate business and Collections as well as to all matters of general law practice.

Jas. A. Proudfoot,
M. D. C. M.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office lately occupied by Dr. Freeze, Herbin Block, Main Street.
Telephone No. 20.
Residence:—ROYAL HOTEL
Wolfville, July 5, 1907.—3m

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

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

D. B. SHAW,
Buyer of
Hides, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Tallow and Wool.
I pay CASH. Bring your stock to me.
Plastering hair always on hand.
Willow Vale Tannery.
Sept. 10, '06.

Wolfville Real Estate Agency.
Persons wishing to buy or sell apply to
J. W. SELFRIDGE,
Manager.
Wolfville, April 27.

Fred H. Christie
PAINTER
....AND....
PAPER HANGER.
Best Attention Given to Work Entrusted to Us.
Orders left at the store of L. W. Sleep will be promptly attended to.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

SAVE MONEY.
If you wish to save money purchasing first class
Teas, Groceries, &c.,
for cash from a large reliable Wholesale Grocery House, send to us for our new April Catalogue.
Wentzel's, Limited,
The Big Cheap Cash Store,
HALIFAX, - N. S.

SAYS THIS IS BEST
A leading health journal in answering the question, "What is the best prescription to clean and purify the blood?" prints in a recent issue the following:
Fluid Extract Dandelion one ounce;
Compound Salatone, one ounce;
Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, four ounces.
Shake well and use in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime.
A well-known physician states that these are harmless vegetable ingredients, which can be obtained from any good prescription pharmacy.
This mixture will clean the blood of all impurities. In just a few days the skin begins to clear of sores, boils and pimples. It puts vigor and energy into run-down debilitated men and women. For many years Sarsaparilla alone has been considered a good blood medicine. But while it built up and made new blood, the impurities remained within and the good accomplished was only temporary. Sarsaparilla, however, when used in combination with Compound Salatone and Extract Dandelion, works wonders. This combination puts the kidneys to work to filter and sift out the waste matter, uric acid, and other impurities that cause disease. It makes new blood and relieves rheumatism and lame back and bladder troubles.

THE sale of MORSE'S TEAS has increased enormously in the last few years.
MORSE'S TEAS
Are the Richest Teas obtainable.

PANDORA
Owing to the flue construction of most ranges it is a rather difficult feat to cook and bake successfully at the same time.
But the arrangement of the Pandora flues differs considerably from others. They are so constructed that the draft for baking is also the best for cooking, the heat circulating around the oven twice and under every pot hole before passing up the chimney.
The Pandora bakes and cooks perfectly at the same time.
Do you know of another range that does?
If your local dealer does not sell the Pandora write direct to us for Free Booklet.
McClary's
London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John
L. W. Sleep, Sole Agent.

At a Western Window.

I gaze from the western window,
Athwart the narrowing day,
Where the sunshine and the shadows
In parting glory play,
To violet isles enchanted
That smile at the open door
As the argosies of evening
Sail through to a fairer shore.

The day is long behind me,
The night is coming on;
But I hear a robin singing
The song he sang at dawn;
Now one with the morn is evening,
And one are the earth and sky,
The blossoms and the meadow
With the stars that breath on high.

And youth is young forever,
And love is never old,
Though masks of age are breaking
Back to the primal mold.
So here from my western window
I gaze, as the stars increase,
And the mortal and immortal
Are one in this blessed peace.

The Loving Cup.

BY IDA ALEXANDER.

The little old doctor lay awaiting the return of the big new doctor. There had been many of those visits at first—three—four—five a day. Now they had dwindled down to one. There had been no others in the long three weeks, yet he had never before been alone since his illness began. The trained nurse had always been at hand, firm, capable, noiseless.

He did not exactly like her. He had sent her for a walk, noting with quick, professional eye the girl's pale cheeks. He knew the case had been a trying one. At any moment she might come back; there was no chance of her forgetting one dose of the nauseous medicine. He turned to look at the clock. No, there was yet thirty minutes, and it was not likely she would return before that time.

He gave himself up to thoughts and the thoughts were not pleasant. How easily he had dropped out of the lives of his people! How little it would have mattered if he had left them forever! He had been such a careful shepherd that he had begun to look upon the sheep as his own. Well, they had all forgotten him. The hastily summoned stranger, with his cheery voice and pleasant, merry ways, had taken up the old doctor's practice, and had fallen into the ways and graces of the old doctor's people, as if he had loved and worked over them for thirty odd years.

The doctor moved restlessly. Why even his present illness had been caused by working for others. Five hours he had fought for the life of a little half-drowned baby. When the fight was won and the thanks of the mother still echoed in his ears, he had met Mrs Davis hurrying in search of him.

It was not such a long walk to the house where wee pinky Davis lay struggling for his breath, but the night had been cold, bitterly cold. And then—well, even to himself he had never quite acknowledged that the chill which ushered in pneumonia had been caused by making Mrs Davis put on his heavy overcoat. Whatever the cause, the effect was only too apparent. It had taken but three weeks to undo the work of thirty years.

Something very like a tear was trying to find its ways from the little doctor's trembling eyelid, but he forced it back, and the voice which answered the nurse's gentle tap was steady. She came flushed and animated. 'I've had the best walk,' she said, 'thanks to you! Do you know, there are very few patients who would have thought of it? In fact, in my professional capacity I have come to look on the word 'patient' as a misnomer. Most of them could more truthfully be called 'impatients.'

The doctor laughed just as she meant he should when her observant eyes took note of his wistful ones.

'And I've brought you a basket of daffodils—the darlings! May I bring them in?'

'Thank you, if you will be so good,' answered the doctor. 'Why do you ask for premission?'

'Well, at first you made me take some flowers away. I suppose I ought not to have bothered you with them, but nearly every one is so pleased to have them. Don't you like flowers?'

'Why, yes,' said the doctor, 'I am very fond of flowers. I—'

But somehow he could not bring himself to explain to this matter-of-fact young woman that he had sent them away because none of his people had cared enough for him to bring him any. 'Medicine first, then daffodills,' said the nurse smilingly.

When she came back with her basket of flowers the big, new doctor sat by the bedside.

'Another present for the popular patient?' he asked. 'Why, that reminds me I have a package and a letter. I'll get them. I've left them down-stairs with my coat.'

The little old doctor broke the seal with an apology. He could hardly wait to read the letter. Miss Lydia Dolliver had traced it in her stiff penmanship, of a fashion long gone by. He read:

Dear Friend: This loving-cup is sent to you by all of us who love you. Every one gave something, from Pinky Davis, who gave his candy penny, to Malachi Boone, who gave fifty dollars. Now that the danger is past, I'll tell you how we came to get it. We thought you were going to die. I put my apron over my head and cried as I haven't since—well, no matter. Every one was doing the same By ones and twos they kept coming over until it was like a party for numbers and a funeral for faces. Then I told them about flowers. In that way we could show you what we have never showed note knowing all the time in my heart that then it would be too late. But when the news came that you were going to live—then I can't tell you. But I think we cried as much as at first. So God bless you. I suppose you knew there were many who honored you. But I believe in telling before it is too late.

There was something about the little doctor's face as he finished the letter which made the nurse retreat to the window-seat with her basket of daffodils. But the big new doctor cut the string of the package, and passed it unopened to the hands which released the letter.

'Come, come!' he said at last, gruffly, through the catch in his throat. 'This will not do—will not do! What are these precious neighbors of yours about? Trying to make you worse?'

'No,' said the other gently, 'they wouldn't try that—and they couldn't this way. I shall be better for it. You'll see.' And the doctor, who had seen much guessed that it would indeed be so.

He carried the picture with him, not knowing that it was because this patient was the best-beloved. He thought in his cheery, tender heart that the picture haunted him because it was such an unusual occurence to see an old man sitting up in bed with the tears running down on the hands that lovingly held a loving-cup.—Youth's Companion.

Diet Not the Whole Thing.
Your table is loaded with food—digestible and wholesome yet you never gain strength. What's the trouble? Look within and what do you find? A lazy liver, stomach overloaded with work—useless work because the bowels and liver are not sufficiently active. Relief is quickly supplied by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They make weak folks strong by removing the cause of the weakness. Digestion improves, constipation leaves, liver takes new life, kidneys improve,—the whole system is enlivened by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. No better medicine for the sick or well, 25c at all dealers.

Where the Gravel Went.

The Orillia Packet quotes Mr. A. W. Campbell, Deputy Minister of Public Works in the Province of Ontario, as giving, in a public address, the following instance of the waste of time and money that often goes under the name of roadwork: 'A certain road had been opened up for the building of a culvert. The cross-section showed a depth of two feet of gravel. The gravel had been put there time and again by various pathmasters, who evidently did not know that the foundation of a good road is effective drainage. Every spring the undrained road-bed had been heaved by frost and the surface destroyed, making more gravel necessary. Much gravel and time had been lost on this road.'

Stop Limping, Cure the Corn.
Quickly done by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Acts in one day, causes no pain, removes every trace of soreness. Fifty years of success proves Putnam's is the best. Refuse substitutes.

Londoner—Do you have any bread riots in New York?

American—Yes, right in our own family—mother's for graham and father's for whole wheat.

Buy Hair at Auction?
At any rate, you seem to be getting rid of it on auction-sale principles: "going, going, g-o-n-e!" Stop the auction with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It certainly checks falling hair; no mistake about this. It acts as a regular medicine; makes the scalp healthy. Then you must have healthy hair, for it's nature's way.
"The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."
Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Minard's Liniment used by physicians

A Tribute to Blomidon.

BY CHARLES FREDERIC ALLISON RATHBONE.

Historic Blomidon! the minstrel lyre
Thy fame hath sung through each succeeding year;
Nor glows with lesser flame the bardic fire,
Enkindled by the visionary seer,
Though time's hoar locks upon thy head appear
Close intertwined with theme that poet sung,
Thou stand'st forth sublimely grand, the peer
Of all that from creative hand was flung
Upon the mighty void while yet the spheres were young.

And thou art youthful still, the fadeless bloom
Of immortality is on thy brow;
Fate never fashioned out for thee a tomb,
Such as the sunken isles inhabit now.
Thy kingly head was ne'er destined to bow
To brawling flood or direful earthquake shock;
Supreme above the elemental row
Thou dost indeed their maddest revels mock,
Frowning defiance grim to the whole primal flock.

Majestic Blomidon! thy kingly head
Still bears the signet of almighty power;
On thy loved form most lavishly was spread
The choicest fabrics in creations bower.
These, kingly Blomidon, have been thy dower,
Sweet evergreen, which clothes thy rugged sides;
The butting crags which o'er the tree-tops tower;
Thy graceful crest which Fundy's fog bestrides,
With rare equestrian grace when sportive Boreas rides

Triumphantly, upon his cloudy car,
Spurring his flying hosts to misty meads,
Where glist'ning columns merge without a jar,
Nor halts his richly caparisoned steeds;
Now drives in fury, now most gently leads,
Through pleasant vales where slumbrous currents warm
Their opiates distill, checking rash deeds
Of yielding hordes who swathe thy kingly form,
In trailing misty weeds dank garments of the storm.

I love to watch the golden sunlight play
With ling'ring touch upon thy comely face;
Just when the morning mounts the car of day
And sombre shadows flee to their own place;
And every level ray reveals a grace
Unfolding to receptive vision clear,
Loved lineaments, which we delight to trace,
In morn's transforming mirror now appear;
Radiant in the glory of a dew-gemmed atmosphere.

But, ah! when eve from starry temple steals
On dusky pinions poised for trailing flight,
And wearied day from out her chariot reels;
Rejoicing to the arms of restful night—
Her smiling face suffused with blushes bright—
With what unrivalled skill the master-hand
Deepeneth the shade and toneth down the light,
And blendeth into combination grand
Bay, gloryflooded sky, and deeply shadowed land.

And I have loved thee, Blomidon, in truth;
Ev'n when a boy my heart went out to thee;
Instinctively how oft when yet a youth,
All care oppressed, I longed to flee
To thy shady nooks where the cool grey sea
Climbed to the threshold of my rustic bower,
And in its upward march sung musically
Of blessed rest, peace, beauty and of power,
Beguiling with its liquid notes the passing hour.

And who is there who would not love thee, when
Through all the years thou faithfully hast kept
Love's watch and ward from shore, cliff, crest and glen
O'er Minas tidal waters while men slept,
Or through the racking clouds and darkness crept
In barque or boat or birchen bound canoe,
Where mighty currents to the Fundy swept,
Or to the greedy rivers inward drew—
Defeating oft the best laid schemes of toil worn crew?

Then let me lay my tribute at thy feet,
Thou kingly one, thou of the lordly way
Resplendent in thy robes of state 'tis meet
That those who love thy regal form should pay
The homage that's thy due from day to day.
And at thy feet their fadeless garlands fling,
Nor cease to give while life and vision stay
And voice retain its power, thy praise to sing,
Oh, peerless Blomidon, thou crowned yet uncrowned king.

Anaemia Cured.
DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS BRING BACK THE GLOW OF HEALTH BY MAKING NEW BLOOD.
To bud into perfect womanhood the growing girl must carefully guard her health. Unless the blood is kept rich and pure, headaches, backaches, and frequent dizzy spells will trouble her. She will always be ailing and may slip into a deadly decline. Dr. Williams Pink Pills are a never failing remedy in building up the blood. Just a short time ago the reporter of L'Avenir du Nord had the following cases brought to his notice. In the town of St. Jerome, Que., there is an orphan asylum under the care of those zealous workers—the Gray Nuns. In this home Dr. Williams Pink Pills are constantly used. For some months two of the young girls in the home were afflicted with anaemia. The symptoms in both cases were very much alike. They were both pale, lost all energy and were subject to headaches and dizziness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were taken and soon there was an improvement in their condition. The color returned to their cheeks; their appetite improved; headaches ceased and soon good health took the place of despondency. What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for these two orphans—Marie Lavoie and Dosina Brooks—they will do for others.
The secret of Dr. Williams Pink Pills in curing anaemia, lies in their power to make new, rich, red blood. That is why they strike straight at the root of all common ailments like headaches, sidecaches and backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion, anaemia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis and the special ailments that afflict almost every woman and growing girl. Dr. Williams Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Had Enough Toothpicks.

A well-known sculptor tells the following story:

Whenever I see a toothpick I think of a dinner that was given in Rome in honor of two Turkish noblemen.

I sat beside the younger of the noblemen. He glittered with gold embroidery and great diamonds, but nevertheless I pitied him sincerely, for he was strange to our table manners and some of his errors were both ludicrous and painful.

Towards the dinner's end a servant extended to the young man a plate of toothpicks. He waved the plate away, saying in a low and bitter voice:

No, thank you; I have already eaten two of the accursed things, and I want no more.

Hay Fever Can Be Prevented
Don't seek other climes at 'Hay Fever Season,' don't destroy your stomach and nerves by drugs—prevent the disease. Hay Fever is caused by germs that float about in the air and finally find lodgement in your throat and lungs. Medicine won't reach them there but Catarrhozone is sure death to germs. Start now to use Catarrhozone. Inhale it into the throat, lungs, nasal passages and bronchial tubes; it will prevent and cure Hay Fever. Endorsed by not less than one thousand doctors in Canada and U. S. Sent to any address for $1.00 forwarded to Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S., or Kingston, Ont.

What to Forget.—Forget evil imagination. Forget the slander you have heard. Forget the meanness of small souls. Forget the faults of your friends. Forget the misunderstanding of yesterday. Forget all malice, all fault-finding, all injuries, all hardness, all unlovely and distressful things. Start out every day with a clean sheet. Be lovely, by loving. See how much sunshine you can produce.

Work Girl's Creed.

I believe in the dignity of labor, the nobility of toil, the justness of employment and the honesty of earning for self. I believe that to consume the earnings of others without giving in return an equal recompense shows weakness and destroys ability to cope with difficulties.

I believe in the curse of idleness, the sin of laziness and the uselessness of dormant talents. I believe in doing with a will whatsoever the hands find to do. Do that thing that lies nearest thee with cheerful grace and the joy of serving shall be added to you.

I believe in the beauty, devotion, and patience of the mothers of the past, the present, and the future—that each mother stands as the insignia of a nation's honor.

I believe in shorter hours of work, longer vacations, better wages, and more sociability between both the employes and employer. I believe that all work and no play makes a Jill a dull girl and blinds her to the best interests of her employer.

I believe in educating the working girl, not so much for the benefits it will bring her in dollars and cents, but for its returns in higher living.

I believe in a girl's laughter, low, rippling, fresh, as from the heart of the fountain. I believe in all things which tend to make her more womanly, good and true.

I believe in the coming of a better day for whatsoever tells with brain or brawn, and the joy at living a useful and happy life.—New Haven Register.

Where Lies Peace.

Peace of heart lies in perfect resignation to the will of God. What you need is true simplicity, a certain calmness of spirit which comes from entire surrender to all that God wills, patience and toleration for your neighbor's faults, and a certain candor and childlike docility in acknowledging your own faults.

The trouble you feel about so many things comes from not accepting everything which may happen to you, with sufficient resignation to God. Put all things, then, in His hand, and offer them beforehand to Him in your heart, as a sacrifice.

From the moment when you cease to want things to be according to your own judgment, and accept unconditionally whatever He sends, you will be free from all your uneasy retrospects and anxieties about your own concern.—Fenelon.

When Illness Comes.
Have you near at hand a remedy that will alleviate pain and help till the doctor comes? A wise thing is to have right in your home a bottle of 'Nerviline' which gives instant relief, and prevents disease from spreading. Nothing known for the stomach and bowels that compares with Nerviline. For cramps, indigestion, heartburn and headache, it's indispensible. For fifty years Polson's Nerviline in 25c bottles has been a family stand-by. Get it today.

Living Room.

In a living room where all things receive constant use, and hard use at that, it is often something of a problem to know what to have as covering for the couch cushions, beauty being desired as well as durability. The materials that have proved most satisfactory from every point of view are the art ticking, cretonnes and chintzes. These all stand repeated laundering as well as hard wear. They are pretty and possessed of great variety as to color and design. Stripes, floral designs galore and beautiful Persian patterns may be had in these cottons and lines, and when used in conjunction with each other they make of the living room couch a most cozy and inviting spot, luring the unsuspecting on to many an idle hour.

O, mamma, I'm so unhappy! sobbed the bride of two months, George doesn't love me any more!

What makes you think that, dear? asked the mother anxiously.

Because he expects me to give in whenever he is in the right.

'An old woman predicted several years ago that I would become a hopeless idiot, don't you know.'

'It is such predictions as that that incline me to more than half believe these fortune tellers.'

'Dat feller wuz as perlite as pie, but he wouldn't even gimme a cup of stale cawfee.'

'On to de nex' house. What we want is de glad hand-out, not de glad hand.'

The effect of malaria lasts a long time.
You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria.
Strengthen yourself with Scott's Emulsion.
It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system.
ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.