No better advertising medium in the Valley than THE ACADIAN.

The Acadian.

THE ACADIAN One Year to Any Address for $1.00.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXXIV. WOLFVILLE, KINGS COUNTY, N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1915. NO. 25

THE ACADIAN.

Published every FRIDAY morning by the Proprietors,

DAVISON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Subscription price is $1.00 a year in advance. If sent to the United States, $1.50.

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.

J. D. CHAMBERS, MAYOR.
W. M. BLACK, 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 8.00 p. m. On Saturdays open until 8.30 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.05 a. m.
Express west close at 9.35 a. m.
Express east close at 4.00 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.45 p. m.
Reg. letters 15 minutes earlier.

E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Services: Sunday Public Worship at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 3.00 p.m. Mid-week prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, at 3.30 p. m. The Social and Benevolent Society meets the third Thursday of each month at 3.30 p. m. The Mission Band meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 3.45 p. m. All seats free. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. G. W. Miller, Pastor: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a.m., and at 7 p.m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. and Adult Bible Class at 2.30 p.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Services at Lower Horton as announced. W.F.M.S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 3.30. p.m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Wednesday at 3.30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH. — Rev. W. H. Rackham, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.45. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath.

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 7.00 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.
T. L. Harvey } Wardens.
R. Creighton }

ST. FRANCIS (Catholic)—Rev. Fr. H. J. McCallion, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE. — During Summer months open air gospel services:—Sunday at 7 p.m., Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2.30 p.m. Splendid class rooms, efficient teachers, men's bible class.

MASONIC.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets in their Hall on the third Monday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.

A. K. BARSS, 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 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.

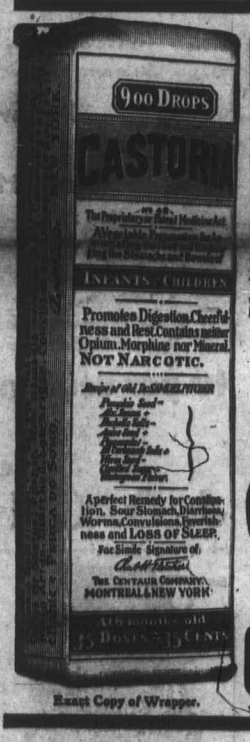
GET YOUR

Shampooing, Face and Scalp Treatment, Manicure

DONE AT

Mrs. Melanson's

McKENNA BLOCK.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna

Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.
GAS ADMINISTERED.

C. E. Avery deWitt

M. D., C. M. (McGill)

One year post graduate study in Europe.
Office hours: 8—10 a. m.; 1—3, 7—9 p. m. Throat work a specialty.
Tel. 81 University Ave.

M. R. ELLIOTT

A.B., M.D. (Harvard)

Office at residence of late Dr. Bowles.
Telephone 23.
Office Hours:—8-10 a.m., 1-3, 7-9 p.m.

W. E. ROSCOE, K. C. BARRY W. ROSCOE, LL.B

ROSCOE & ROSCOE

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
KENTVILLE, - - N. S.

C. PURVES SMITH

M.B.—C.M., Edinburgh
OCULIST.
Consultation Hours: 10 a.m.—12 noon. 2 p.m.—4 p.m.
Monday Excepted. Telephone 193.
Westward avenue, Wolfville, N. S.

WANTED

For fox feed. Old horses, cows and calves. Cash on delivery.

McCONNELL & MACGREGOR,
Fox Ranchers,
Phone 93—11. Wolfville, N. S.

WANTED.

Beef Hides, Horse Hides, Lamb Pelts, Veal Skins.

Highest possible Cash prices paid.

Apply to

D. B. SHAW,

Willow Vale Tannery.

For Sale or To Let.

Dwelling on Gaspereau avenue, near Methodist church. Apply to

C. F. STEWART.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.

Voicing, Regulating, Repairing, Organs Tuned and Repaired.

M. C. Collins.

P.O. Box 321, Wolfville, N.S.

A story is told that one night a Belgian sentry suddenly found himself confronted by a tall, heavily cloaked man, who requested to be allowed to pass. 'Not this way,' said the sentry. 'Will you let me pass for a hundred francs?' said the cloaked man. 'No,' said the sentry. 'Will you let me pass for a thousand francs?' 'No,' 'Then will you do it for your King?' asked the stranger, and, drawing aside his cloak, revealed the figure of the King of Belgium. There had been stories of treachery afloat, and King Albert was testing them for himself.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Sergeant (disgustedly)—Ugh! don't waste your last bullet. Nineteen are quite enough to blaze away without hitting the target once. Go behind that wall and blow your brains out."

Jones walked quietly away and a few moments later a shot rang out.

'Great sausage, the fool's done what I told him!' howled the sergeant, running behind the wall. Great was his relief when he saw Private Jones coming towards him.

'Sorry, sergeant,' he said, apologetically, 'another miss.'

She—You know very well that you had to ask me three times before I would consent to be your wife. He—Yes I know, and that goes to show that it is sometimes possible to be too confounded persistent.

Pop, what's a monologue?'

'A monologue is a conversation between husband and wife.'

'I thought that was a dialogue.'

'No, a dialogue is where two persons are speaking.'

Constipation—the bane of old age is not to be cured by harsh purgatives; they rather aggravate the struggle. For a gentle, but sure laxative, use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They stir up the liver, tone the nerves and freshen the stomach and bowels just like an internal bath.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

Woman's best friend. From girlhood to old age, these little red health restorers are an unfailing guide to an active liver and a clean, healthy, normal stomach. Make a Chamberlain's Stomach Tablet at night for that sour stomach and fermentation, and the headache, have all gone by morning. All druggists, 25c., or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Company, Toronto, Ont.

Begin Now to Provide for Old Age.

YOU CAN OBTAIN FROM

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

An Endowment Policy Maturing at Ages 40 to 70.

FULL INFORMATION GIVEN BY

CAPT. S. M. BEARDSLEY, Provincial Manager WOLFVILLE, N.S.

The Song of the Camp.

'Give us a song!' the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
'We storm the forts tomorrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.'

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie.

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
The battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dare not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something unseen a cheek embraced,
And kissed the tear-dim eyeglass,
Washed off the stains of powder,
And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the German quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

Dramatic Moments in a Hospital.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

It is twelve hours' journey,' just now, from the battered, slushy, trenches behind the sand dunes in the north to the great shed at the rail head known as the Hospital Clearing House.

After midnight has struck, and all is quiet without, the business of the day being over, we sit expectantly under the soft glow of the lowered lights with our fingers literally on the pulse of the war. This way or that the fighting is raging, a day's march away; yet we know all, and the drift of it.

It is an eerie sensation—the whisper of war. It comes to us in little trickles of sound over a thin wire—the telephone wire from the trenches.

This Clearing House is a wonderful place. It was once an engine shed; now all the rolling stock has been banished from it; it has been cleaned and polished, warmed and well ventilated, laid out with beds, a canteen, a little operating theatre, a lounge for the quiet, nimble-fingered sisters and many other contrivances for the easing of pain and the comfort of the shattered fighting men who are brought in out of the twilight.

Speedily, and with great dexterity, these poor fellows are, after their preliminary treatment, sorted out under 'case headings' and despatched to the great hospitals either in France or at home.

Many long hours have I spent here, watching life and death at close grips. It is not all grim work or ghastly work. There are many oft hours when the day's labors being over, and the great Red Cross vans have whirled off with their loads we turn our minds and our small talents to the entertainment of the wounded who are left behind to rest.

Such was the occasion the other evening. It had been a day of wild, furious rain and wind, with little fighting amid the muddy trenches, and consequently a slack time with us. So we gave the patients remaining in the shed a simple little concert, such as soldiers love.

In the very midst of it—a pretty nurse was singing 'The Shepherd's Cradle Song,' and crooning it very charmingly—a little b-r-r-r of sound came from the telephone room, and one of the doctors slipped off, beckoning me to follow him.

There was nothing in the apartment but the telephone on a little table and a couple of chairs. We sat down, clamped the double earpieces to our heads, and waited.

Presently a tiny little voice trembled over the wire.

'Is that you, C. H.?'

'Right o! Go ahead!' (from the doctor) 'What's the trouble?'

'At it again, doc, hammer and tongs—hell and fury! Can you clear for, say, a couple of hundred? Shell and sharpnel mostly. Coming in hand over fist. Our little field hospital behind the firing line working double time. Ambulance train packing up; she'll be ready to start in an hour, if it's O. K with you down there.'

'Right! says the doctor. 'Carry on. We'll be all snug and proper for you! By the way where are you speaking from?'

'A dashed hot call office, old chap! Observation Trench No. 16, smack in middle of it. Roof shot away. Secondary telephone all smithereens. Only one wire working, and Heaven knows how long that will hold. Lord, man, can't you hear it?'

'Never a sound,' says the doctor.

'Then hang on tight for a bit. Listen hard, and I'll give you the office when the next 'Johnson' comes along.'

We waited. Never a sound for ever so long but the high pitched mosquito like tang along the trembling wire. Then the tiny voice came again—

'There! Didn't you hear that? And that? And that?'

We heard it now, sure enough—thud—thud—like doors swiftly being banged along a distant corridor. Then we heard the manner of strange things. The wire was not only alive but jumping and mad with the melody of war. There was a shout, a yell, more terrifying banging, and through it all that quiet, assured little voice.

Bang! Bang! Thud! 'And by the way, doc.', it said presently, 'there is one particular thing I want to—'

A sudden shock, bursting on the ear like a bang of a big drum, whirled us off our chairs, dazed, giddy and thoroughly alarmed.

Something had happened—but what? Again and again we tried the instrument. But no response came. Imagination completed the picture, though it could never complete the sentence. We saw in our mind's eye the shattered, terrible wreck of Observation Trench No. 16 We replaced the mute telephone on the little table, and walked quietly back into the shed.

The pretty sister with the Red Cross splashed across her breast was very softly ending the cradle song—

'Sleep baby sleep!
Your father guards the sheep;
Your mother shakes the Dreamland tree—
Down falls a little dream for thee—
Sleep, baby, sleep!'

'It's perhaps as well we should not mention anything about the extra turn we've just heard of—eh?' whispered the doctor very quietly, as we moved back to our seats. He glanced at the watch on his wrist. 'Twelve hours from now and we shall know all about it. Time enough then.'

But when that time came I was far away, at a battle call from elsewhere, and the tale will never be told.—Told by Harold Ashton, war correspondent.

'In justice to humanity I want to tell you that I was a great sufferer from itching piles, and have found Dr. Chase's Ointment the best treatment obtainable,' writes Mr Fred Hinz, Brodhagen, Ont 'It gives instant relief and I can recommend it to any sufferer from this dreadful disease.'

The Giving Spirit.

A very decided growth of the giving spirit is one of the results of the war, and one which it may be hoped will not terminate when peace is declared. The response of the people to the demands made upon them is really remarkable, although as a matter of fact it cannot be said that up to the present time it has involved any degree of hardship. The people have had the money to give. There is good ground for the belief that the giving spirit will not shrink again after the war is over. The people have discovered that they can give without serious results to themselves, and that there is a very genuine satisfaction in giving. They are contributing now to the overthrow of an armed enemy abroad. Why should they not as cheerfully give, when that task is finished, to funds for the betterment of social conditions at home, and the destruction of enemies of the public welfare in their own community?

Nothing Like It For Colds.

Mrs. Holland Ferguson, Sheffield, N.B., writes: 'Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured my children and myself of severe colds. We are never without it in the house. There is nothing like it for colds and throat trouble, and it is so soothing and pleasant to take, my children would drink a whole bottle if they were permitted.'

'When does a man become a seam stress?'

'When he hems and haws?'

'No.'

'When he threads his way?'

'No.'

'When he rips and tears?'

'No.'

'Give it up.'

'Never, it he can help it.'

No Girl Need Have A Blotched Face.

Whether it be in capturing heart of man, or making her way through the world by the toil of her hands, a charming and pretty face gives any girl a big advantage. Poor complexion and rough, sallow skin are caused by blood disorders. The cure is simple. Just use Dr. Hamilton's Pills—a reliable family remedy that has for years been the foremost blood remedy in America. That soft glow will return to the cheeks, the eyes will brighten, appetite will improve, strength and endurance will come because sound health has been established. Get a 25c. box of Dr Hamilton's Pills to-day. Sold everywhere.

The Wheat Area in Great Britain.

Lord Milner's idea that the British wheat area can be trebled, we believe will not bear examination. Any increase would be at the expense of one of the other crops, and these require increasing not decreasing in the coming season. It is not likely that valuable permanent grass land will be broken up in any large quantity for the sake of raising high priced wheat for a single season. In our own country we fear it is hopeless to look for any very great increase in the wheat area, perhaps five hundred acres, or perchance one million acres might be added to the two million acres normally under the premier cereal, but even that is a good deal to expect.

If the war is going to be a long one, and there is any risk of our losing even temporarily the command of the sea, the policy of the Government should be to aid our farmers to hold and to encourage farmers in Canada, India, and later on in Australia to grow as big a crop as possible, at the same time leaving the importing merchant and miller of the United Kingdom every latitude quietly to accumulate an extra reserve of five or six million quarters. This, of course, they will not do if their enterprise is checked by hints in the press or from elsewhere that if prices are raised the authorities may step in and fix an official price. If merchants are to be expected to shoulder the task of assuring the nation's food supply, their enterprise must not be discouraged—Corn Trade News.'

The Belgian Army.

So little is said these days in war despatches of the doings of the Belgian soldiers that there has grown up a belief that they have been so reduced as to be an unimportant unit in the great struggle. Nothing is further from the fact. The Belgian army today is doing as effective work as in the first days of the great struggle, when a few thousands stood against the might of Germany, facing terrible punishment in the hope that each day would bring the expected French and British aid. Today the Belgian army, and it is an inspiring sight, well seasoned army of great strength, is holding as tenaciously as at Liege the small strip of territory from which the Germans have been unable to drive them. In the early days following the fall of Antwerp, the Belgians were supported by British and French troops, but with the gradual strengthening of of both Belgian and British armies through the training of reserves and volunteers, it recently became possible for the French to withdraw their troops from the coast for use at other points. Nobody but those in authority has knowledge of the strength of any of the forces, but a recent British paper points out that the young men of Belgium have responded most enthusiastically to the call of King Albert and eluding the vigilance of the German guards, have enrolled in the army of Belgium. Many of these had first to make their way through Holland. Their patriotism, their love of their king and their determination to fight to the last and to drive the German invader from their land and force from him reparation for the wrongs inflicted on them, are proven by the fact that upwards of eighty per cent of the recruits of 1914 have answered King Albert's call. Today an army estimated to number upwards of 80,000 men is fighting with Belgium's soldier King in the trenches, and it will gradually be increased to probably double that figure. History records no greater example of bravery than that shown by the Belgians.

A Father's Love.

One of Rev. John Harris's strong points is anecdotal illustration. To make clear the peculiar feeling a man has for his own children he used the following in his last Sunday evening sermon: 'MacDonald had an unruly son who drank and otherwise behaved badly. One morning, after the boy had been acting very badly, MacDonald's neighbor said to him: 'I hear that your boy was drunk again yesterday and very troublesome.' That's true,' replied MacDonald. 'He's a bad boy and gives you a lot of trouble.' 'Very true,' assented MacDonald. 'Well,' said the neighbor, 'if he was my boy I'd kick him out of doors.' 'So would I, if he were your boy,' said MacDonald; 'but he's mine."—Chatham World.

All the cats in Germany have been doomed to death to provide furs to keep the soldiers in the trenches warm. It seems that catskins are a marketable commodity in times of peace. But the vastness of the present war has made a demand for them by wholesale. And every German household is to lose its cat. The decree has gone forth: 'Felis Germanica delenda est.'

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

ACHING BACK GETS RELIEF QUICK!
ONE RUB WITH 'NERVILINE' CURES.

Every Bit of Stiffness and Soreness Goes When "Nerviline" is Used.

Pain in back or side is awful hard to reach. Deep in the tissue is a congested or strained muscle. It is a long way for a liniment to go. Liniments you have used have not reached it, and the pain bothers you whether moving or lying down.

What a pity you haven't tried Nerviline! Penetrating, you ask? Yes, and powerful, too. Nerviline strikes in far deeper than any applications you have ever used. You might pay a dollar, ten dollars, a hundred, for that matter, but you could not equal Nerviline, either in strength, quickness of action, or permanency of relief.

If you think this too much to say for Nerviline, try it and be convinced.

If you receive from Nerviline even a little less relief from pain than this advertisement induces you to expect, you can get your money back.

The only pain remedy in the world sold under a guarantee is Nerviline—surely it is safe to try it.

Nerviline is sold by druggists everywhere, 25 cents and 50 cents a bottle, or direct from The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

Cardinal Facts.

Everybody can do a little.
Every man should do what he can.
Every woman should do what she can.
Improved production means increased production.
Canada's future depends upon our actions of today.
In serving the Empire we are serving ourselves.
Markets are not created, won and held in a day.
Now is the time to prove ourselves the Granary of the Empire.
We have the soil, we have the resources, we must have the energy to use them to the greatest advantage.
As we acquit ourselves at this crisis, so will be our prosperity and pride in the years to come.
With more than half of productive Europe engaged in war, and large sections decimated, other countries and especially those forming the British Empire, will have to make up huge deficiencies, both of foodstuffs and material.
Great Britain imported 51,786 915 bushels of wheat from Canada in 1913. She imported 80,013 879 bushels from the United States. She also imported 12,789 969 bushels from Russia and Central Europe.
Great Britain imported 24,148 833 bushels of barley in 1913 from Russia, Austria. From Canada she took 5,077 533 bushels, or less than a fourth.
Great Britain took 22 454 683 bushels of oats from Germany, Russia and Roumania in 1913 of which one half was from her bitterest and most savage enemy of today.
Great Britain imported 185 122,000 bushels of wheat from August 1st, 1913, to July 1st, 1914 Russia exported 163,267,000 bushels and Roumania 45 643 000 bushels in the same time. How far is Canada going to help make up the deficiency?
Great Britain imported from August 1st, 1913, to July 31st, 1914 54,307,000 bushels of oats, Russia exported 34 750,000 bushels, Germany 25,077,000 and Roumania 17,195,000 bushels. Who is going to make up this deficiency of seventy seven million bushels?

Tell me not in mournful numbers
advertising is a dream, for the business man who slumbers has no chance to skim the cream. Life is real! life is earnest! competition's something fierce; if for dividends thou yearnest, learn the parry, thrust and tierce. In the business field of battle, molly-coddles have no place; be not like dumb driven cattle, be a live one in the race. Lives of great men all remind us, we must bring the bacon home, and departing, leave behind us, footprints on another's dome. Let us then be up and doing, otherwise we may be done; still achieving, still pursuing, advertise and get the 'money'!
—With apologies to Longfellow.

Ranter—I thought this paper was friendly to me?

Editor—So it is, what's the matter?

Ranter—I made a speech at the banquet last night and you didn't print a line of it.

Editor—Well, what further proof do you want of our friendship?

How to Address Letters to Men Engaged at the Front.

In order to facilitate the handling of mail at the front and to ensure prompt delivery, it is requested by the postal authorities that all mail be addressed as follows:—

Rank, name, regimental number, company, squadron, battery or other unit, battalion, brigade, first (or second) Canadian Contingent, British Expeditionary Force, army post office, London, England.

How to Cure Rheumatism.

THE DISEASE IS ALWAYS ROOTED IN THE BLOOD, WHICH MUST BE MADE RICH AND PURE.

There are still many people who imagine that rheumatism can be cured by liniments and rubbing, overlooking the medical fact that the trouble is rooted in the blood. Rheumatism can only be cured by cleansing and enriching the blood, thus driving out of the system the poisonous acids which cause the rheumatic pains. Dr Williams' Pink Pills cure the most obstinate cases of rheumatism because they go straight to the root of the trouble in the blood. Every dose helps to make rich, red blood and this new blood expels the poisonous acid, bringing health and comfort to the tortured victim. Do not waste time and money on liniments which can never reach a fair trial and thus drive the disease out of your system Here is proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do in cases of this kind. Mr. Richard Palmer, Broxeter, Ont., says: 'For months my life was made miserable through a combined attack of rheumatism and sciatica. Rheumatism seemed to settle in all my joints and the sciatica pains were so great I could scarcely hobble about. I am a farmer, and so you can understand that in my condition I was unable to do my ordinary work. Neither doctors nor various remedies I took did me any good Finally I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and for this I have much to be thankful for, as after taking a few boxes the pains began to disappear, and by the time I had taken nine boxes every twinge of both the rheumatism and the sciatica had disappeared and I was able to go to work again as usual, and have not lost a day since. I am thoroughly grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and hope my experience will benefit some other sufferer.'

It is the curing of just such cases as these that has given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills their world-wide popularity. You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at fifty cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co, Brockville, Ont.

Editor—I have read your article over, and I must say it shows a great deal of originality.

Would be Contributor — Thanks, I'm sure! I flattered myself that there were some ideas in it.'

Editor—I was not speaking of the composition, but of the spelling.'

'I gave Walter a beautiful necktie of my own make for a New Year's present,' said Mabel.

'Was he pleased?'

'Oh, yes; he said its beauty shall be for no other eyes than his own. Was not that lovely of him?'

Constipation, Indigestion and Horrible Backaches

Searched for a Cure for Years—Advised to Try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Was Cured.

Where there is poison there is pain. This is a provision of Nature to warn you against conditions that are likely to prove serious.

Constipation of the bowels is undoubtedly the greatest source of disease and suffering. By using one of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at bed-time as often as is necessary to keep the bowels regular you can cure constipation and the consequent indigestion, and remove the cause of backache, rheumatism and other painful diseases.

'Daily movement of the bowels' is the greatest law of health. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will help you to form this habit, add to your years, and bring comfort in old age.

PROF. SMITH.

Professor A. T. Smith, 1 Mt. Charles street, Montreal, and formerly of Boston, Mass., writes:—'I suffered for many years from bad digestion, constipation and horrible backaches. I have been treated by many doctors, without any results. One day a friend in Boston advised the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. After using two boxes I noticed great improvement, and after the fourth box I was completely cured. My digestion is good. I never feel any pain in the back. My head is clear, and I feel like a young man. I think Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are one of the best medicines on earth.'

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.