THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1888. No. 22

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N S

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on trancient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N S.

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

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3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS. 8 A. M TO 8 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.50 a. m.
Express west close at 10.35 a. m.
Express east close at 5.10 p. m.
Kentville close at 7.15 p m

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p.m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.

A. DEW. BARSS, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 300 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7 30 p m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 00 a m and 7 00 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7 30 p m and Thursday at 7 30 p m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev Fred'k Priggens, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 00 a m and 7 00 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7 00 p m.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Services on Sunday next, in the morning at 8, afternoon at 3. All are welcome.

ST FRANCIS (R. C)—Rev T M Daly, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Percheron Horses and French Coach Horses. Savage & Farnum, Importers and Breeders of Percherons and French Coach Horses. Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Isle, Wayne County, Mich. We offer a very large stud of horses to select from, we guarantee our stock, make prices reasonable and sell on easy terms. Visitors always welcome. Large catalogue free. Address Savage & Farnum, DETROIT, MICH.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted

BISHOP, B G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc, etc.

BISHOP, JOHNSON H—Wholesale dealer in Flour and Feed, Mowers, Rakes, &c., &c. N. B. Potatoes supplied in any quantity, barreled or by the car or vessel load. 10

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent. Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

GODFREY, L. P—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MCINTYRE A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

REDDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Makes, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

CARDS.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFVILLE N. S

NO MORE PILLS!

MOTHERS LIKE IT!
CHILDREN LIKE IT!!
Because it is agreeable to take.
IT CURES
LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS
PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

Select Poetry,

THE FAITHUL FRIEND.

In a very humble cot
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope,
Working, singing all alone,
In a sort of undertone:
"With a Saviour for a friend,
Who will keep me to the end."

Sometimes, happening along,
I have heard the semi-song,
And I often used to smile,
More in sympathy than guile,
But I never said a word,
In regard to what I heard,
As she sung about her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow, nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children—three or four—
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotone the song
She was humming all day long:
"With a Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Just a trifle lonely she;
Just as poor as poor could be,
But her spirits always rose
Like the bubbles in her clothes,
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone
Of a Saviour and a friend
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
On the wash-board in the tub,
While the baby sopped the suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
Or was puddling in the pools
With old scissors stuck in spools;
She still humming of the friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their hopes in human needs;
And I would not wish to strip
From that washer-woman's lip
Any song that she could sing,
Any hope that song may bring,
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

Interesting Story.

Mr Jenifer's Inheritance.

The Rev. Clement Jenifer had inherited a property! The lawyer's letter announcing the fact lay before him, beside the breakfast which he had forgotten in the thought of this unexpected good fortune. It was not a meagre breakfast, although Mr Jenifer, at five-and-forty, was still only a curate on a stipend of £150 per annum, for through the greater part of his twenty years in holy orders he had acted on the principle that if he gave his time to the poor it was as much as they could expect, and so if they called Parson Junifer "hard" and "close," and preferred going to the Vicar—why, that was not his fault.

His inheritance consisted of a good house and several hundreds a year, and he sat and thought over the difference this would make in his future. No more for him the daily service, read as part of the day's work—no more visiting of the thriftless, complaining, muddling poor, with whom he was completely out of touch—in a word, no more drudgery!

Twenty years of drudgery! That was what his life amounted to. Not for him the spirit of love that softens and the high thoughts that sanctify daily thoughts; only the grudging gift of obligatory toil. It was written on not quite twenty—he had thought differently at first—but by more than a dozen years of discontent and repining. It was a pity, too, for the face was one of great possibilities, clouded over by the dulness of heart that fails to see through the service the Master who is served.

Even now he had no regret for the kind old friend who had left him a goodly share of his property; no thought that the hand which had ever been ready to help him and many another was helpless now henceforth; no spirit of gratitude for this last loving gift—only a selfish pleasure in his own good luck and a feeling of discontent that it had been so long in coming. And thus thinking he rose and went to see his Vicar to make arrangements for a visit to the lawyer, which must precede his taking possession of his new inheritance.

He found no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence for the purpose. The Vicar was a kind and open-hearted man, and pleased at his curate's unexpected prosperity.

"Well, Jenifer," he said, "I am very glad for you, though you can't appreciate it as much as if you had a wife and family dependent on you. All the same you have my hearty congratulation."

"Ah," said Mr Jenifer, "things generally come too late. Now, if this had happened when I was ten years younger, what a difference it would have made to me!"

"But your friend's life was a very valuable one to many, was it not?" said the Vicar. "From all I have heard of him I should think that even now there will be plenty of people to say that the end has come ten years too soon, rather than too late."

"Why, he was nearly ninety!" said Jenifer, as if the fact was rather a reproach to the old man. Then he hastened away to make his preparation for leaving.

The Vicar's wife came in as the curate went out. She found her husband gazing rather sadly into the dull street.

"Mary, my dear," he said, "it is my belief that after the miracles of the loaves and fishes there were some among the five thousand who complained that the bread was stale and the fish not so fresh as it might have been."

Meanwhile Clement Jenifer was speeding on to London to see his lawyer. He found there was one condition which he must fulfil before he could call himself master of house and income. Mr Dacre had only willed Waterdell Hall to him under the proviso that he should pass one night in the hall entirely alone.

Mr Jenifer laughed when this clause was read to him.

"That's not a very hard thing to do," said he. "Was Mr Dacre's brain softening when he made his will?"

"Not at all," answered the lawyer, shortly. "Anyone who saw Mr Dacre in his last hour will tell you that the dear old man's mind was as clear to the end as in his best days. When you go to Waterdell you will not please your poor neighbors there if you suggest to them that the man who was so universally beloved and revered was crazy. I have no doubt this letter, which he instructed me to deliver to you personally, will explain the matter.

This was, however, not the case. The note was but a short one, and gave no reason for the testator's wish, except that he had inherited Waterdell Hall under the same stipulation—that he had ever been thankful for having carried it out, and hoped that though his friend Clement Jenifer was older than he himself had been when he came into the property ("for," he wrote, with a touch of his ordinary humor, "I have been, like Charles II., an unconscionable time a-dying"), yet, that a solitary night passed in his future home would prove as great a blessing to him as it had been to the writer, and so, without further explanation, signed himself his affectionate friend, Thomas Dacre.

That was all. Clement Jenifer never liked being made ridiculous, and he thought this will went very near that possibility. Yet he could not lose his inheritance for fear of being absurd; so, after certain business instructions from the lawyer, he went to his hotel for that night and next morning started for Waterdell. He put up at a little inn in the nearest market town before proceeding to his destination, where, the lawyer had informed him, he would find all things in readiness to receive him for his lonely vigil, if vigil it was to be. The inn was full of farmers of the neighborhood come in to the market, and after much discourse on grain and turnips, the conversation, Mr Jenifer found—he being, of course, unknown—turned on the death of Mr Dacre.

"They do say," said one red-faced, gray-whiskered man, of substantial appearance—"they do say that the ghost has begun to walk again since the Squire's death."

"What ghost?" asked a young man, with an incredulous laugh; "I never heard of a ghost at Waterdell."

"No, you mayn't," said the first man; "but I've heard tell from my father, times upon times, that before Squire Dacre come here there was a power of queer things seen and heard at Waterdell; and they say that since he's dead they be come back."

"They say; who says?" asked a thin, weavel-faced farmer.

"Well, my man Marvel for one; he went across by the spinney last night, where he has been almost every evening these thirty year, and he swears that he saw some one walking up and down the long path; and heard some awful noises."

"Ah!" said the thin man, with a grunt, "Marvel always were a liar."

"Liar or no liar," said the fat man rather angrily, "my father saw the ghost himself, sixty years ago; often and often he has told me of it; and I believe the old Squire knew of it too, for he never laughed and scoffed as some fools do (with a significent sniff) when folk talked of ghosts."

And so the talk drifted on to other matters, and Mr Jenifer was left to contemplate another element of absurdity introduced into his well-arranged commonplace existence, and felt quite angry at the thought that he of all men should, by the irony of fate, be brought into a ghost story. But as he never had believed in ghosts, he did not mean to begin now; and after inquiring the way to Waterdell Hall, he found that he must start at once if he wished to reach there before nightfall. It was a somewhat dull walk, which led him at last along a narrow road ending in an abrupt descent. The high ledges on either side had lost their summer beauty without yet gaining the glory of autumn; the few rose-berries were sickly-looking and withered and frosted with a whitish blight, and their leaves hung shivering on the twigs, while in the fields beyond the evening mists were already rising. The road turned sharply to the right, and then Waterdell Hall lay before its future owner.

To a cheerful eye it might have seemed nestling in a bower of greenery; but Jenifer, out of tune with things in general and tired with his walk, saw in its withdrawal from the high road a guilty seclusion from observation. Four tall Wellingtonias rose dark and solemn above the little wicket gate and cast a gloom over the garden patch, in which some late geraniums and petuniars only served by their touches of brilliant color to accentuate the general melancholy. The house itself, instead of boldly looking forth on the passers-by, turned its face away from the road, and had no prospect but the little bit of garden and the four sentinel trees.

The door stood open, and Mr Jenifer entered a narrow passage where no welcoming footsteps came to meet his own; only a Virginian creeper torn by the wind tapped on the porch; otherwise all was still. Mr Jenifer looked around him for a moment, and then went through the house to the chief sitting-room. It was neither large nor high, but it had that individual charm which only age and years of occupation can give. The old-fashioned mantel reached, with the dark, rich carvings, to the ceiling, across which was a massive oaken beam, nearly black with age, the fire-place with its glaring logs, gave out a cheerful glimmer, reflected in the small quarries of the window opposite, over which hung a carved scroll whose inscription there was not light enough to read. Mr Jenifer breathed a sigh of relief at the comfortable appearance here, in contrast to the depressing aspect of the rest of the house; but instead of settling himself (as he felt temped to do) by the fire, he again went out to look over the surrounding property. Behind the ground rose abruptly, and was bounded by a closely-growing coppice, through which a narrow path seemed to strike in the direction of the village. The parson climbed the hill, leaving the coppice on his left, and standing on the highest portion of the meadow, looked across the low hedge at the last pageant of the sunset. Some elm-trees were silhouetted against the sky, athwart which lay bars of rosy flame, tender and evanescent. One moment the dying light leaped up brighter and then throbbed through all the burning heaven and then suddenly it died away, and the day was not.

Jenifer turned and looked at the hall. Already it seemed to be losing itself in the darkness which gathered round it, hiding in the recesses of the gables, drawing curtains of mist over the twisted chimneys. The silence, entire and absolute, struck almost with oppression on the mind of this man accustomed to city noises; but even as he thought to himself, "How still it all is," there sounded in the coppice close behind him a long, moaning, sobbing cry, which rose and fell, and rose again, and then ceased.

Clement Jenifer was not a particularly tender-hearted or compassionate man, but that sudden cry filled him with a vague fear of some cruel deed just perpetrated—some awful mystery to be brought to life; and after a moment's hesitation he turned in the direction whence it had seemed to come, and found himself on a long path, with a thick yew hedge on either side. Far ahead in the dim twilight he could descry a figure walking slowly away from him; he could hear a moaning sound, as of some one in pain. Mr Jenifer hastened his pace in order to come up with the sufferer, and as he gained on him and could see him more distinctly it seemed to him that there was something familiar in the gait and bearing of the Unknown. And as he thought so the figure turned, and, facing him, advanced with slow uncertain footsteps, wringing his hands as he came. What was it that struck Mr Jenifer as so well known to him? What was it that filled him with sudden horror, and sent the blood back to his heart? All the tales of ghosts and haunting noises at which he had scoffed so lately recurred to his mind, and yet there was nothing unearthly in the aspect of the man who was approaching him. And now they two stood close together, and Clement Jenifer saw that this—he knew not what to call it—bore the face which he himself had borne twenty years ago and he knew—though how he could not tell—that he was standing face to face to with the ghost of his own dead past.

Then ensued a conversation—strange unnatural—between these two, who still were one; but whether the words were uttered on the evening air, or whether the knowledge of what was in the mind of each was mutual to both, it was hard to say.

"Why do I haunt you?" said this double of himself, gazing on him with reproachful eyes. "Do not murdered victims haunt their slayers, and have not you murdered that which was the best part of me? Where are the promises of your younger days? Where are the aspirations, the desires after a higher life, the noble purposes with which my soul was filled? Dead—dead and buried beneath a crust of selfishness!"

"Youthful follies," answered Jenifer; "gone the way of all such early fancies. Why do you persecute me? Have I stolen, or murdered, or lived uncleanly? Have I not kept to my work and done it thoroughly, distasteful as it is."

"It is true," said the other, "the commandments you have not broken; but where are the hearts you have helped to bind up? How many have you helped by your example? Rather have you not by daily carelessness, by dryness of spirit, by perfunctory performance of your duty, quenched the light that was, aye, God knows it was in me? And in doing so you have wounded many another. There are sinners who slay the body, but you have slain your own soul; and woe be to him of whom this can be said."

Jenifer laughed in scorn.

"When I was what you are all this would have had its terrors for me; now I am not to be 'frightened with false fire.' I know what you are, who think to scare me thus—an illusion of the brain, a disturbance in the nervous system. Come daylight, and this will be as if it had never been."

But the other, with the sad and youthful eyes, looked at him in sorrow, and said:

"Even in your bitterness you speak the truth; for when you were as I am, ere the world had dimmed your sight, you would have seen the precipice on which you stand. Oh, brother of me, though so degraded! give up your dreams of a selfish future; turn back while yet you may; use the wealth that has come to you, not for yourself only, but for others. Redeem the time that is left to you, and bring to a happier second life the promises, the aspirations of your youth.

"Begone!" said Junifer. "If not an illusion, then you are an accomplice in some conspiracy to betray me in some rash vow. Did you and the old man who is in his grave plan it between you and laugh to think how you would scare your foolish dupe? Away from me! and do not hope to work your will. I have inherited, and I will enjoy!"

"Nay, then," said his double, "see to what an end your enjoyment shall bring you. I, whom you have destroyed, am what you were! See now what you shall be."

Then for one awful moment the parson knew that not only he himself stood there with the spirit of his once pure and earnest-hearted youth beside him, but a third and dreadful shape—himself as he should be, if no hand of grace stayed his downward course. The lightning flash of awakened perception showed him his own old age, where that which he had called economy had grow to avarice, where callousness had become cruelty—discontent, envy—carelessness, impiety. He saw himself degraded, mean, despicable, bad, without affections, without tenderness, without hope, and as the horror of it swept over him with resistless force, Clement Jenifer—the icy crust of years of life for self broken at last—fell upon his face, with the agonized cry of the apostle of old, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

When he came to himself he was in the quaint old sitting-room in his new home. The fire had burned low, and only dimly illumined the room, but as he gazed into the glowing embers a hitherto unkindled log broke into flame, and as it leaped and flickered the scroll which he had before remarked and failed to decipher caught and threw back the yellow light, and Mr Jenifer read in letters of gold the poet's words—

"Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain."

He sank on his knees, and there in contrition of spirit and anguish of soul dedicated anew to his Maker the years that should be granted to him, the wealth that he had inherited—himself, body, soul, and spirit, for evermore.

People said afterwards that prosperity had been good for Mr Jenifer, that it had made him softer, more compassionate, more tender. He alone knew that the vision he had seen had come only just in time to save him from that utter ruin of soul to which he was tending; and when he thought, as many a time he did, of that awful night, he bowed his head in contrite humility, and gave thanks for the warning that had been sent to him.

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

BEST ON *EARTH*

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes; washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens woolen goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes. Toilet, Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing, &c. Read the directions plainly given on each wrapper and learn the new "surprise" way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made a pleasure by the use of SURPRISE SOAP and joy and smiles take the place of tired looks. Save 2 Surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. SURPRISE SOAP is sold by all leading grocers. If not obtainable at your home send 4 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.