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 8, 1907. NO. 27.

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

Advertisements 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 9.40 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 Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of 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.

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., and Halifax.

From Liverpool.	For Liverpool
FOR LIVERPOOL DIRECT;	
—Ulunda.....	Mar. 11
Mar. 5—Dahome	Mar. 19
Mar. 10—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 or

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.

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

Furniture for Sale!

During the remainder of this month a quantity of Household Furniture will be disposed of at private sale, Chairs, Tables, Beds, Springs, Mattresses, Carpets, Hooked Mats, etc. All in good order. Inquire of

MISS ROBINSON,
Exchange and Tea Room.

$10 REWARD!

As we are under considerable expense in repairing street lights that are maliciously broken, we offer the above reward for information that will lead to the conviction of the guilty parties.

Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

ACADIA ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

IF!

Everybody knows that **Cod Liver Oil** is a wonderful flesh producer, **IF** you can take it.

Nobody doubts that **Iron** is the greatest enricher of the blood, **IF** you can digest it.

It is well known that **Phosphorus** is the ideal nerve and brain tonic, **IF** it is properly administered.

"IF," ah! there's the rub.

But everybody does **not** know that Cod Liver Oil, Iron and Phosphorus have at last been combined in an emulsion so palatable that anybody can take it, so easily assimilated that the smallest infant can digest it without difficulty and so perfectly and scientifically prepared that the value of the original ingredients is enhanced fourfold.

This emulsion is known as

FERROL

(Iron and Oil)

"FERROL" has wiped out the "IF."

"FERROL" has brought the wonderful and universally recognized virtues of Cod Liver Oil, Iron and Phosphorus within easy reach of the multitudes who need them.

"FERROL" is the only perfect emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, because it is the only one that contains IRON and no emulsion is perfect without it.

That is why **FERROL** is an unequalled system builder.

FERROL is not a patent mystery. The formula is freely published. It is prescribed by the best Physicians. It is endorsed by the most eminent Medical Journals. It is used in the prominent Hospitals, Sanitariums, etc.

A. V. RAND, DRUGGIST, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Brief Life.

Life is too short for any vain regretting;
Let dead delight bury its dead, I say,
And let us go upon our way forgetting
The joys and sorrows of each yesterday.
Between the swift sun's rising and its setting,
We have no time for useless tears or fretting.
Life is too short.

Life is too short for any bitter feeling;
Time is the best avenger if we wait,
The years speed by, and on their wings bear healing,
We have no room for anything like hate.
This solemn truth the low mounds seem revealing
That thick and fast about our feet are stealing,
Life is too short.

Life is too short for aught but high endeavor,—
And [illegible]
It links the worlds that circle on above:
'Tis God's first law, the universe's lever,
In His vast realm the radiant souls sigh never
"Life is too short."

[illegible] would have known, [illegible] know that he [illegible]

Through Darkness.

Drewitt, the lawyer, looked surprised. 'Is it really in my power to do so much for a gentleman whom I have never—'

'It is! You know me now?' He stepped forward. The electric light framed a clear cut face that was haggard, but determined. 'Yes, I'm a Loder!' Drewitt's lips had muttered the word at once. 'I have never troubled you yet, but I'm Wilfred Loder, the unlucky son born after my father's death.

A queer pause. Drewitt had left the city behind him and was at home in his drawing room. He stared absently through a mirror.

'Before you go on,' he said softly, 'are you aware that your brother and my client, Mr. Granby Loder, is not expected to recover from this last stroke of his?'

'I am! He may be dying as I stand here, and that is why I would never have spoken for myself. But when a man—how can I help it?'

'Put it like a man of business to one whom many people have trusted with far deeper tragedies.'

'Perhaps not deeper! Mr. Drewitt, I am in a position that haunts me. You know Granby; you know that he is more than double my age, and that he has been a systematic misanthrope, shutting off all friendship, sneering at affection in any form.

'I don't want him to die! But what would you think if you received a queer anonymous letter, vaguely warning you against any idea of wooing or wedding if you value certain [illegible] any sane man would. But some weeks ago, when I saw my brother for a moment, he made a very strange remark. It was sinister, unmistakable; it forces me to believe that he wrote that letter and with a purpose. If, because a woman once played the Delilah with him, he could carry his bitterness for the sex so far as to—,

'Ahem! And what is it you want me to do?' Drewitt's quiet, level voice followed on. And the other man drew something from his pocket.

'Look!' His tone was husky with pride. He held out the photograph of a fair, queenly woman. 'That—that is Miss Freda Godwin, the rising singer, who has promised shortly to become my wife. No one guessed—I never really hoped for such happiness. But do you think I could part with her now? Not if ten fortunes hung upon it! But she knows, and her family know that I have had definite expectations; and I felt I ought to know how I stand. It's like a sword hanging over me. What—what if I hurried on the wedding arrangements, and then found that I had won her, in a sense, with a lie? I could bear it no longer. You, Mr. Drewitt, are the one who knows the exact terms of my brother's will, and I am here to-night to ask—'

'I thought so. Come, come, Mr. Loder, do you ask me seriously to betray a trust? Not to-night.'

'You will not?. The haggard, handsome face worked almost piteously. 'Is it such a terrible crime? I care little, but to let me go on living perhaps, a gigantic lie to the woman I prize most!—and considering the monstrous nature of a will imposing such—'

Drewitt gave a curious little smile that he was to remember long afterward. 'Better end it, Mr. Loder. There is mere professional honor, and there is the fact that Mr. Granby Loder holds my promise never to divulge what I wrote and he signed. Good night! Er—one word! I can speak as a friend, you know. Go straight to your brother's house. Put your question to him as man to man. State your position frankly. The hour and the circumstances justify it.'

Drewitt watched the strong, tall figure sink heavily back into a cab that had waited outside. The cab had rattled feverishly away westward.

Half an hour more and he was striding up the gravelled path that led to the Dulwich house.

'Mr. Wilfred?' It was Granby's peering housekeeper, and she stood significantly square. 'Haven't you heard. He cannot see any one. His own orders; I daren't break them for any one. Will you wait and see the doctor?,

'Who is that?' It came in the pause—a sweet, subdued voice down the staircase. His white face was turned up in voluntary appeal. He caught his first glimpse of a slight little figure in nurse's uniform, and of calm eyes that seemed to understand at once. 'Is that Mr. Loder's brother? You wish to see him.'

'I do—I have a right to!'

'You have!' flashed down. 'Come with me. Mr. Loder is in my charge; I will answer for all.' They were at the room above, and something had made him glad to pause and press the small fingers tightly. It was the supreme moment, and she seemed to [illegible] it. 'You will find him quite [illegible] and free from pain now, but [illegible] might be too late. Sim[illegible] the door and call Sister Bessie if you need to.'

The calm voice, the clear, gray eyes were like hypnotism to his nerves. He walked straight across to the shadowy four poster in the corner 'Granby,' he said, 'do you know me? Can we speak like sons of one mother—now.'

No answer. Only his own muffled heartthump broke the paralyzing stillness of this great, cold room. Even now the face upon the pillow lay grim and hard, as if carved there in granite.

His brother was in deep sleep. And just then it seemed a criminal thing to wake him.

And then—what then? He hardly knew. He had paused at the door for one last irresolute glance back; and that glance took in the ponderous, worm eaten old writing cabinet in the far corner. He tip-toed across almost unconsciously, and looked down at it in mute question. A key projected from the top lock.

He turned the key, lifted a flap, grasped a stack of papers, and dropped upon his knees. It seemed as if his own and Freda's fate hinged upon this moment. . . . It had gone; others followed it—moments lost from his life. He knew nothing more until that rustle sounded behind and a trembling hand hovered upon his shoulder.

'You came for—that? Mr. Loder! What have you—what have I done?

'Look! His signed will! Sixty thousand pounds of it to me—providing I remain as I am for ten years. If I refuse—nothing. I am beggared. By my own brother! Think—put yourself in my place before you speak. He guessed; he knew. My [illegible] It's mine on that condition!'

'Your love?' She had to repeat it, in that strange moment, all else blotted out. 'You love some one—is that it? You have found some one who is worth such a sacrifice? Then you are the happiest of men. You need not have stooped to this.'

'I'm so sorry. Trust me and go,' she whispered. 'Yes; you would not care to speak to him now. I must guard him. Go! Be true to yourself—you will!'

He strode on automatically. It was the sound of a clock striking ten that recalled him to himself. There would be just a chance of catching Freda alone as she left the concert hall for home. Lose her? He could not. He only longed now to hold her in his arms, to watch her face as he told her what he had learned that night—what price he was gladly willing to pay for his promised happiness.

. . . . . .

'Freda!'

Flushed with success, the echo of applause still ringing in her ears, she had just come from the hall, and was lifting her skirts for a sweep across the crowded roadway. She drew away a little as if the clasp of his shaking hand had communicated some prescience.

'What has happened?' she demanded in her low, rich voice. 'You frighten me. Don't take my arm in that way—not here—every one is looking at us!'

'What of it? I want you—you are mine now! I have something to tell you; it is right you should know it at once. Shall we walk a little way, or must you——'

'What is it?' she repeated. The smile had died out of her eyes. 'You are so strange lately! Cannot you tell me at once in a few words?'

'Yes! That money—that money is not to come to me unless I promise not to marry within ten years. Can you guess my answer?'

'Is this a trick to—to get free of me?'

'Freda,' he rattled. 'Don't—don't say that.'

'What, then?' You expect me to—you could ask any woman to wait for you ten years.'

'No; nor ten weeks, Freda; don't you understand? I renounce it; I refuse his money; it has gone out of my life. I have only you!'

'I—I'm terribly sorry he had it can[illegible] His hand had slipped from hers, as she shivered away and looked around. In that moment, staring past him, her face looked stony, contemptuous, different. 'I—I think you might have found it out before. It is more than any woman could expect of you, and so——. Don't worry; I can fall back upon my voice.'

'You're not going? Freda, you couldn't mean that!' he got out brokenly.

'Indeed, I do!' She set her teeth and drew up her skirts again. 'Do you suppose I could allow you to sacrifice yourself and me—in that quixotic fashion? I hope not. No.' She put back the imploring hand petulantly. 'Remember where we are! Better understand each other at once than prolong a hopeless farce. I will write to you if you don't understand. You've been very good, but a good heart won't carry two of us through life. No; I say good night and good-by!'

'Freda!'

He had taken one stumbling step after her as she swiftly crossed the roadway. His straining eyes saw her vanish in the crowd opposite. She was gone—glad to go! He stood like a blind, deaf man. He heard no shouts; he turned to grope back—and something struck him. He was down; a horse reared upon him; a vehicle was dragged over the spot. A crimson midst, the surge of white faces, and then a blank.

When the dark curtain lifted, it seemed that years had gone from his life. Slowly he remembered, and closed them again with a moan. A hand soft as a flake of snow touched his burning forehead; a far-off voice [illegible] ing to let the curtain fall again forever.

'Lie quite still; you are safe, and so much better!'

It was the same compelling subdued voice that reached his dull brain later that same day, as he turned and moaned and turned. He had to look up, and his hollow eyes windowed back to the soft wistfulness of Sister Bessie. She smoothed the damp hair back from his forehead as a guardian angel might have done. 'Be at peace—forget it all now!' she said softly. 'Nurse knows all. No, I would not let any one else hear, but—but you have told me in your poor dreams. All over now? Going to try for a new lease of life? I wanted so much to ask you. But you can! Happiness comes from within, as it always did!'

'They found your card; the cab brought you here, and I was sent by the doctor to you almost at once, as soon as—yes! can you bear to hear it?—your brother passed away that same night in his sleep. We thought for a time you would follow him.' Her quiet voice quivered and steadied. 'No, I won't talk of it now. I know what you have suffered in mind as well as in body. Mr. Drewitt, the lawyer, is waiting to tell you the rest.'

'Mr. Drewitt?' he repeated huskily. 'What does this mean?' He looked at her. 'You tell me—I wish it!'

'Only—only that it was a mistake. You won't be upset or surprised when he comes. He—he could have told you all along that that condition would not hold good in law. And your brother had negatived it by another will, a later one, in which he made no such——Oh, have I done right in speaking? I felt I ought, after what I knew, in case you wished to write——'

He had turned his face to the wall—drawn his hand away; she heard a sob. For one wild moment that old dream flickered up in him; then it died quite out. She had not wanted him; she had thought first of his money. His hand came slowly out again.

'Thanks,' he whispered. 'You've helped me. It's all over—all over now. I can forgive her; I've only to forget.'

Only to forget! It seemed impossible at that moment; but one year later the tenderness of a true woman's sympathy had blotted out all but the bare memory. He knew when he stood at the altar with the calm, slight little figure of the angel who had nursed him back to health that that mistake of his had been a darkness through which he groped to golden light.

Remember that feed is fuel this weather. Don't let the supply get low with any of the stock.

Pale, Thin, Nervous?

Then your blood must be in a very bad condition. You certainly know what to take, then take it—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you doubt, then consult your doctor. We know what he will say about this grand old family medicine.

This is the first question your doctor would ask: "Are your bowels regular?" He knows that daily action of the bowels is absolutely essential to recovery. Keep your liver active and your bowels regular by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's HAIR VIGOR, AGUE CURE, CHERRY PECTORAL.
We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Climate of the Far North.

Mr. Elihu Stewart, Dominion Superintendent of Forestry, said before the Common's Agricultural committee that the growth of vegetation in the Mackenzie Basin was surprising, the sun in the summer being visible for about twenty hours out of the twenty-four. On July 15 at Fort Providence near Slave Lake, on the Mackenzie River, about 550 miles north of Edmonton, Mr. Stewart said he saw wheat in the milk, potatoes in flower, peas fit to use, tomatoes, turnips, rhubarb, beets, cabbage, onions, and other garden vegetables. The strawberries had been ripe there for some time and the people had currants and gooseberries. To illustrate the heat, he said at Fort Chipewayan it had been 100 degrees in the shade for several days and nights. Indians coming from the Alaska boundary to meet the steamer Wrigley had lost two dogs from heat in the Arctic circle. He thought systematic exploration would show a surprising amount of good country, extending down from Slave Lake to Peace River. Along the Mackenzie River spruce grew clear to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. There were aspen, white poplar, balm of gilead and birch growing as far north as Fort Macpherson. Mr. Stewart said that on Slave River he had passed a bank of burning coal about twenty miles in length near Fort Norman, which Mckenzie had reported burning in 1889, and which had been burning ever since.

Denaturized Alcohol.

It is claimed that denaturized alcohol is so unpalatable that there is no danger of anyone using it as a beverage. Let us hope that this is true. Assuming it is true, the claim that alcohol in this form has great economic value is worth considering It is said it is cheap, non-explosive, sends out no sparks and forms no soot. The Fire Marshall of Ohio says that that State would save $1,000,000 fire losses every year if alcohol could be used for heating houses. It is safer than coal oil, cleaner than coal or wood or gas, and may be manufactured from refuse that is positively worthless for other purposes. It is said that in Cuba it can be manufactured from refuse cane at ten cents a gallon. A bill is before Parliament to permit its manufacture in [illegible]

Regained Nerve and Vital Energy.

From Walton P. O., Que., comes the following from Mr. Nazaire Begin—'If anyone had told me any remedy could build up my nervous system so well, I would not have believed them. Before using Ferrozone I was run down in nerve and vital energy, and in very weak health. I didn't get enough sleep at night, felt poorly in the day time. Ferrozone has filled me with energy and vim, increased my weight and made a new man of me.'

Hundreds tell the same story—weak and dispirited, everything going wrong, unable to catch up. They took Ferrozone and all was changed to health and serenity. Price 50c per box at all dealers.

Wheat is an admirable poultry grain as long as it is sweet and sound, for there is next to no waste in it. Oats, on the contrary, carry a good deal of husk; nevertheless, oats and wheat are the two best poultry grains and the two all poultry keepers should chiefly rely on.

The Hon. George Torrance, ex-superintendent of the Illinois State Reformatory, says:

Out of 1,500 boys under my care, 92 per cent. of them were cigarette smokers when convicted, and 85 per cent. of them so addicted to their use as to be classed as cigarette fiends.

Farming, like other business, can't pay unless you put yourself into the work. Investing money is not enough.

Are you farming with a lead pencil these days?

Weak and Worn Out.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS GIVE NEW STRENGTH TO OVERWORKED WOMEN.

The life of a domestic is a hard one. She toils from early morning till late at night; her work is never done. Often she is too busy to get out of doors for a breath of fresh air. Unless her blood is kept rich and pure this close confinement wears on her health. Her strength will fail; she may lose her appetite, become pale and dyspeptic. In fact she is in danger of a general breakdown. Such was the condition of Miss Marie Anne Fleury, of Ste. Anne de la Perade, Que., before she [illegible] Williams' [illegible] says: 'For a number of years I have been a servant. Up to a year ago I always enjoyed the best of health, but suddenly I was seized with pains in my side, my appetite left me, I became dyspeptic and lost all strength. I consulted a doctor who told me I was suffering from general debility. I was forced to stop work and for three months I followed the doctor's treatment, but without benefit. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I had often read of the cases they cured, I decided to do so. I only took eight boxes before I was cured and to-day I am stronger than I ever was. My digestion is good and I can now go about my work without fatigue. I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for what they have done for me and I strongly advise other weak and sickly girls to give them a trial.'

Miss Fleury's case is one of many that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured after doctors' help had failed. The success of these pills lies in the fact that they strike right at the root of the trouble—the blood. Other medicines simply act on the symptoms of a trouble—and may relieve, but they do not cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new rich blood—that is why they cure dyspepsia, rheumatism, anaemia, heart palpitation, headache, backache and the ills of women; all these are caused by bad blood—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure them all because they make new blood. For sale at all druggists or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2 50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Living on the farm is not living sense as in town. You take your yellow-legged chicken in your hands, your fruits and vegetables your rich milk, your fresh eggs and make living from hand to mouth in the country a constant delight, not a constant worry.

Is Your Trouble Indigestion?

Then probably you know the evils of distention, fermentation and irritation that accompany digestive troubles. Next important is to know how promptly Nerveline cures. Quick as wink it relieves bloating and feeling of fulness, puts the entire digestive apparatus in perfect order, makes you feel fit and fine all over. For internal pain Polson's Nerviline surpasses every known remedy. Keep it in the house always, it's a source of comfort in the hour of emergency. Large bottles for 25c at all dealers.

If farmers only realized the importance of keeping the young stock growing there would be more profit and less bad luck.

Easy to Retain Health.

Most important of all is proper attention to the bowels. Avoid constipation it's the health-killer of to-day. Harsh, gripping medicine is ruinous—beware of it. Best results follow a truly vegetable remedy like Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut which not only relieve costiveness in one night but cures the cause of the trouble and prevents its return. No distress or inconvenience attends the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills which are world famous for their mildness and efficiency. Sold everywhere, 25c per box.

Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution.

The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens the body so that it can better withstand the danger of cold from changes of temperature.

It will help you to avoid taking cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

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.