THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. XII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1893. No. 34.

THE ACADIAN.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance $4 00.

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 transient 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 fictitious signature.

Address all comunications 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.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

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 30 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7.10 a m.

Express west close at 10.20 a. m.
Express east close at 4 25 p. m.
Kentville close at 7 00 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.

G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 2 30 p m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COLIN W ROSCOE, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

ST ANDREW'S (PRESBYTERIAN.)
(Rev. Alex. King.)

Service every Sabbath at 3 p. m. Sabbath School at 2 p. m. Evangelistic and Testimony Meeting at 7 p. m. Bible Reading Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

CHALMER'S (LOWER HORTON.)

Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Praise and Prayer Meeting Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar Grontund, B. A., Pastor Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday 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 Thursdays.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday at 3 p. m. except on the first Sunday in the month, when the service will be at 11 a. m., with a celebration of the Holy Communion.

REV. ISAAC BROCK, D. D.,
Rector of Horton.

Canon of St Luke's Cathredal, Halifax.

Frank A. Dixon, Robert W. Storrs, } Wardens.

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 of 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 at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE.

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranted.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.
Ripans Tabules cure the blues.

For Scrofula

"After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofulous sores on the legs and arms, trying various medical courses without benefit, I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a wonderful cure was the result. Five bottles sufficed to restore me to health."—Bonifacia Lopez, 327 E. Commerce st., San Antonio, Texas.

Catarrh

"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Kielle, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

Rheumatism

"For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell for a long time."—E. T. Hansbrough, Elk Run, Va.

For all blood diseases, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

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

Cures others, will cure you

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

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

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

DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS.—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Feed.

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

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

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.

ALMOST A MIRACLE!

(The truth of which is certified to by MARK CURRY, of Windsor, one of the best known men in Nova Scotia.)

Pernicious Anemia, Hemorrhage of Bowels, with Complete Nervous Prostration, and Heart Trouble, Cured by Skoda's Remedies.

"For 15 or 20 years I have suffered from **Hemorrhage of the Bowels.** Some days would have 15 Hemorrhages, and have passed 1-2 pint of fresh blood in 4 Hemorrhages, and a portion of my Bowels would protrude while at stool. For the last two years have been worse. Several physicians advised an operation.

GEORGE H. DEWOLF,
Of Windsor, N. S., a prominent man, having been a member of the County Council, J. P., &c.

I was also emaciated, extremely nervous, feet and legs swelled badly, and the least exertion set my heart beating so rapidly, I would have to rest. Wished myself dead rather than alive. Four months' use of **Skoda's Remedies** has made a new man of me. Have gained 35 lbs. in flesh. Hemorrhage all stopped. Heart beats regularly, I can sleep like a child, and am better than I have been for 20 years."

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, the Great Blood, and Nerve Remedy.

POETRY.

"Nobody's Child."

Only a newsboy, under the light
Of the lamp-post plying his trade in vain;
Men are too busy to stop to-night,
Hurrying home through the sleet and rain.
Never since dark a paper sold;
Where shall he sleep, or how be fed?
He thinks as he shivers there in the cold,
While happy children are safe in bed.

Is it strange if he turns about
With angry words, then comes to blows,
When his little neighbor just sold out,
Tossing his pennies, past him goes?
"Stop"!—some one looks at him, sweet and mild,
And the voice that speaks is a tender one;
"You should not strike such a little child,
And you should not use such words my son!"

Is it his anger or his fears
That have hushed his voice and stopped his arm?
"Don't tremble," these are the words he heare;
"Do you think that I would do you harm?"
It isn't that," and the hand drops down;
"I wouldn't care for kicks and blows;
But nobody ever called me son,
Because I'm nobody's child I s'pose."

Oh men; as ye careless pass along,
Remember the love that has cared for you;
And blush for the awful shame and wrong
Of a world where such a thing could be true!
Think what the child at your knee had been
If thus on life's lonely billows tossed;
And who shall bear the weight of the sin,
If one of these "little ones" be lost?

SELECT STORY.

Crooked Joe.

A great railroad depot may not be the best school for a boy, yet poor little Joe Bryan had scarcely known any other. He could not remember when the long waiting rooms, with their tiled floors and dreary rows of stationary settees, and crowds of hurrying people were not quite as familiar to him and more homelike than his mother's small bare house, which he knew as little more than a place for eating and sleeping.

At an age when an ordinary baby might have been frightened into convulsions by the shriek of a locomotive Joe, securely fastened in his cab, would stare for hours through the great window, undisturbed by the incessant rush and roar of arriving and departing trains.

He had been only six months old when the dreadful accident happened which, at one fell stroke, made him fatherless and transformed him from a strong, well-developed infant to a pitiful creature, which even death refused to take.

The old yardmen tell the story even yet—how young Michael Bryan, as straight and manly a fellow as ever left his green, old, native island for the better chances of the new world this side the sea, came whistling out the roundhouse that morning and stepped hastily from before an incoming locomotive, neither seeing nor hearing another rushing up the parallel track. His mates cried out to him—too late! Nobody who saw it would ever forget the look of agony that distorted his handsome face in that horrible instant when he recognized his doom, or the perpendicular leap into the air, from which he fell back beneath the crushing wheels.

In the excitement and consternation of the time no messenger had been sent in advance to prepare the poor young wife for her trouble, and she stood in the doorway with her baby crowing in her arms, when the stout bearers paused at her gate with their mangled burden. She uttered a terrible cry and fell fainting—the child's tender back striking the sharp edge of the door stone.

"What a pity it was not killed outright!" said everybody but the mother. She herself always insisted that only her constant watching over the little, flickering life kept her from going mad in the first dreadful months of her bereavement.

The officers of the railway company were kind to poor Mary Bryan. They paid the expenses of the burial, and after little Joe had slowly mended, employed her about the depot to scrub the floors and keep the glass and woodwork bright and neat.

When Joe was seven years old his mother sent him to school. He went patiently, day after day, making no complaint, but she awoke suddenly one night to find him sobbing on the pillow beside her. Only by dint of long coaxing was she able to find out the cause of his grief. Some of the rougher boys—more thoughtless than cruel, let us hope—had called him Humpy, and asked if he carried a bag of meal on his back.

Mary flamed with the fierce anger of motherhood.

"You shan't go another day!" she declared. "The ruffians! I won't have my darlin' put upon by the likes of them!"

So Joe's schooling had come to an untimely end. Yet, meagre as was his stock of book learning, the development of his mind far outstripped the growth of his stunted and deformed body. Everybody liked the patient little fellow, tugging manfully at his mother's heavy water buckets and running willingly at every call of the station men. At twelve years old he had picked up no small amount of information especially on railroad topics. He knew every locomotive on the road, understood the intricacies of side tracks and switches, and could tell the precise moment when any particular train might be expected with the accuracy of a time-table.

Yet the very quickness and ardor of his nature deepened his sense of his infirmity. The glances cast upon him by stranger eyes, some pitiful, some curious, others, alas! expressive only of annoyance or disgust, rankled like so many arrows in his heart; not one missed its mark. How wistfully his eyes followed boys of his own age—straight, handsome, happy—who sprang lightly up and down the steps of the coaches, or threaded their way along the crowded platforms. For one day of such perfect, untrammelled life he would have bartered all the possible years before him. Yet he never put his yearning into words, even to his mother.

"Crooked Joe's a rum 'un," said one of his rough acquaintances. "He senses his trouble well enough, but he don't let on to nobody."

Mr Crump, the telegraph operator, was Joe's constant friend. It was he who, at odd moments, had taught the boy to read, and had initiated him into some of the mysteries of the clicking instrument which to Joe's imaginative mind seemed some strange creature with a hidden life of its own.

It was growing toward dark one November afternoon. Joe—never an unwelcome visitor—sat curled in a corner of Mr Crump's office, waiting for his mother to finish her work. He was laboriously spelling out, by the fading light, the words upon a page of an illustrated newspaper, quite oblivious of the ticking, like that of a very jerky and rheumatic clock, which sounded in the room.

Mr Crump, too, had a paper before him, but his ears were alive. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, repeating aloud the message which that moment flashed along the wire.

"'Engine No. 110 running wild. Clear track.'"

He rushed to the door, shouting the news.

"Not a second to spare! She'll be down in seven minutes."

The words passed like lightning. In a moment the yard was in wild confusion. Men flew hither and thither, yard engines steamed widly away, the switches closing behind them.

The main track was barely clear when 110 came in sight, swaying from side to side, her wheels threatening to leave the track at each revolution. She passed the depot like a meteor, her bell clanging with every leap of her piston, the steam escaping from her whistle with the continuous shriek of a demon, and the occupants of the cab wrapped from view in a cloud of smoke.

Some hundred rods beyond the depot the track took a sharp upward grade, from which it descended again to strike the bridge across a narrow but deep and rocky gorge.

Men looked after the flying locomotive and then at each other with blanched faces.

"They're gone! A miracle can't save 'em," said one, voicing the wordless terror of the rest. "If they don't fly the track on the up grade, they'll go down as soon as they strike the trestle."

The crowd began to run along the track, some with a vain instinct of helpfulness, some moved by that morbid curiosity which seeks to be "in at the death."

But look! Midway the long rise the speed of the railway engine suddenly slackens.

"What does it mean? She never could 'a' died out in that time!" shouted an old yardman.

Excitement winged their feet. When the foremost runners reached the place the smoking engine stood still on her track, quivering in every steel clad nerve, her great wheels still whizzing round and round amid a flight of red sparks from beneath.

"What did it? Who stopped her?"

The engineer, staggering from the cab with the pallid face of the fireman behind him, pointed without speaking to where a little, pale faced, crooked backed boy had sunk down, panting with exertion, beside the track.

At his feet a huge oil can lay overturned and empty.

The crowd stared, one at another, open mouthed. Then the truth flashed upon them.

"He oiled the track!"

"Bully for Crooked Joe!"

They caught the exhausted child, flinging him from shoulder to shoulder, striving with each other for the honor of bearing him, and so, in irregular, tumultuous, triumphal procession they brought him back to the depot and set him down among them.

"Pass the hat, pards!" cried one.

It had been payday, and the saved engineer and fireman dropped in each their month's wages. Not a hand in all the throng that did not delve into a pocket. There was the crisp rustle of bills, the chink of gold and silver coin.

"Out with your handkerchief, Joe! Your hands won't hold it all. Why, young one, what—what's the matter?" for the boy, with scarlet cheeks and burning eyes, had clenched both small hands behind his back—the poor twisted back laden with its burden of deformity and pain.

"No! No!" he cried in a shrill, high voice. "Don't pay me! Can't you see what it's worth to me, once—just once in my life—to be a little use—like other folks?"

The superintendent had come from his office. He laid his hand on the boy's head.

"Joe," he said. "We couldn't pay you if we wished. Money doesn't pay for lives! But you've saved us a great many dollars besides. Won't you let us do something for you?"

"You can't! You can't! Nobody can!" The child's voice was almost a shriek. It seemed to rend the air with the pent up agony of years. "There's only one thing in the world I want, and nobody can give me that. Nobody can make me anything but Crooked Joe!"

The superintendent lifted him and held him against his own breast.

"My boy," he said in his firm, gentle tones, "you are right. None of us can do that for you. But you can do it for yourself. Listen to me! Where is the quick brain God gave you, and the brave heart? Not in that bent back of yours—that has nothing to do with them! Let us help you to a chance—only a chance to work and to learn—and it will rest with you yourself to say whether in twenty years from now, if you are alive, if you are Crooked Joe or Mr Joseph Bryan!"

Visiting in C—— not long ago, a friend said to me:

"Court in session. You must go with me and hear Bryan."

The court room was already crowded at our entrance with an expectant audience. When the brilliant young attorney rose to make his plea I noticed with a shock of surprise that his noble head surmounted an undersized and mishapen body. He had spoken but five minutes, however, when I had utterly forgotten the physical defect; in ten I was eagerly interested, and thereafter, during the two hours' speech, held spellbound by the marvelous eloquence which is fast raising him to the leadership of his profession in his native city.

"A wonderful man!" said my friend as we walked slowly homeward. Then he told me the story of Crooked Joe.—*St Louis Republic.*

When the hair has fallen out, leaving the head bald, if the scalp is not shiny, there is a chance of regaining the hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Colonel Ingersol's Poem of Life.

ONE OF THE PRETTIEST PIECES OF WORD PAINTING IN THE LANGUAGE.

Born of love and hope, of ecstacy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms with lips upon life's drifted foot, blue veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed by shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonders wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame and charmed by color's wondrous robes, learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. A house is built, with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle song, drowning the noisy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous deed, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

And then ambition with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon the breast distinction's worthless badge.

Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of flask—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold and honor bought from those who charge the usury of self respect—of power that only bends a coward's knees and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thoughts, and holding high above all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

Then locks of gray and growing love of other days and half remembered things—then holding withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.

And so, looking in marriage vows his children's hands, and crossing others on the breast of peace, with daughters' babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to the horizon where the dusk is waiting for that night—sitting by the holy hearth of home, as the last embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshipped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss.

Black-knot.

The black-knot of the plum and cherry is a serious disease, attacking the branches and twigs of the plum, sour cherries, and sometimes sweet cherries. It is also common upon wild choke cherries, from whence it spreads to the orchards. Sometimes black-knot will be noticed sparingly in a community for several years before it seriously attacks cultivated trees, and this fact has caused people to become indifferent to it; but sooner or latter it will spread and become a most pernicious evil. Plum growing is abandoned in some parts of the Hudson river valley because of the incursions of black-knot, and a similar fate is likely to overtake any community which neglects it. It is the duty of every citizen to exert himself towards the extirpation of this pest.

Black-knot is a fungous disease, and the most reliable treatment yet known is to cut off the knots and burn them. This operation should be done just as soon as the leaves fall, at the latest. Good plum growers inspect the trees once or twice during the summer if black knot is feared. Always burn the knots; if they are not destroyed the spores of the fungus will still develop even after the knot is cut from the tree. The old knots often contain worms, but these only burrow in the spongy tissues; they do not cause the disease.

English Sparrows.

It has been said that the pugnacious sparrow drives away our native birds, but so far as the writer's observation goes, the charge has little foundation in fact. Others, too, have observed a large number of robins, bluebirds, and chippies nesting in the neighborhood and that they are not molested by the sparrows. A pair of robins selected a tree near the sidewalk, not over fifty feet from our front door, and many times a day we see the parent birds gathering their food upon the lawn, and never once, there or elsewhere, have we seen them disturbed by sparrows. A bluebird had a nest in a house at a neighbor's just diagonally across the street, and a chippy family of young in a tree only a few rods to our left, and never once have we known of either being molested. We believe the truth to be that the numerous shot-guns in the hands of wanton destroyers of innocent bird life, or in those who are killing birds for the millions to dress hats with, are responsible for the wholesale destruction of native song birds, or driving them away more than the ever present, active sparrow, who is so busily engaged in providing for his own wants or those of his little house-hold, that he has neither time nor inclination to war upon his inoffensive neighbors.

Miscellaneous.

Lemons will keep fresh for weeks if covered with water.

For taking blood stains from white goods nothing equals kerosene.

Never put left-over food in tin vessels.

Vegetable, scrubbing and other brushes should be kept with the bristles down.

Dip fish in boiling water for a minute and the scales will come off more easily.

Sadirons will not scorch if they are wiped on a cloth saturated with kerosene.

Rub soft, not melted, lard over the top of bread before baking, and wrap in a damp cloth with a large dry one over after baking, and there will be no hard crusts. Keep bread in a covered box.

Some of Burns' Phrases.

Here are a few specimens of Burns' happy phrases: "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley;" "The fear o' hell's the hangman's whip, to hand the wretch in order;" "But pleasures are like poppies spread; you seize the flower, its bloom is shed;" "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us to see ourselves as ithers see us;" "Man's inhumanity makes countless thousands mourn;" "Nursing her wrath to keep it warm;" "The mirth and fun grew fast and furious" "What's done we partly may compute, but know not what's resisted;" "Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;" "The rank is but the guinea stamp, a man's a man for a' that."

ON TRIAL FOR 90 DAYS.

The finest, completest and latest line in Electrical appliances in the world. They have never failed to cure. We are so positive of it that we will back our belief and send you any Electrical Appliance now in the market and you can try it for Three Months. Largest list of testimonials on earth. Send for book and journal free. W. T. Baer & Co., Windsor, Ont.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing

THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO.
Brockville, Ont.