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. XXII. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1904. NO. 39.

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 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.

BIRTHS.

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 until 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.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

OFFICE HOURS, 8.00 a. m. to 8.30 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.35 a. m.
Express west close at 9.45 a. m.
Express east close at 4.30 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.10 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 7.45., 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. E. M. Dill, B. D., 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. Geo. F. Johnson, 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. Notice in church. Sunday School at 9 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.
Frank A. Dixon, }

ST. FRANCIS (Catholic)—Rev. Martin Carroll, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—Mr. N. Crandall, 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.

I. B. OAKES, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

ORPHEUS LODGE, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcomed.

C. H. BORDEN, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

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

REPAIRING STATION.

Bicycles repaired and cleaned. Lawn Mowers put in order. Locks repaired and keys fitted.

Bicycle Findings.

Alfred Suttie.

Dr. H. Lawrence,
DENTIST,
Wolfville, N. S.
Office in Herbin Block.
Telephone No 20.

LETTUCE

At Freeman's Nursery,

Bedding Out Plants

of all kinds.

ROSES, CARNATIONS

and other cut flowers.

Wedding Bouquets and Funeral designs made up at short notice.

W. A. Freeman,
WOLFVILLE.
Telephone 32.

$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.

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Edwin E. Dickey, M.D.,
Wolfville, N. S.
Office: Two doors east of Manual Training Hall. Telephone No. 5.

Ayer's

Do you like your thin, rough, short hair? Of course you don't. Do you like thick, heavy, smooth hair? Of course you do. Then why

Hair Vigor

not be pleased? Ayer's Hair Vigor makes beautiful heads of hair, that's the whole story. Sold for 60 years.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Weak Hair

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY CO.

ON AND AFTER OCTOBER 12th, 1903, trains will run as follows, connecting at Truro with I. C. R. trains and at Windsor with trains of the D. A. R.:

Leaves Truro at 7.00 a. m., arrive in Windsor 9.05 a. m.
Leaves Truro at 3.15 p. m., arrive in Windsor 5.25 p. m.
Leaves Truro at 5.15 a. m., arrive in Windsor 9.00 a. m.
Leaves Windsor at 7.55 a. m., arrive in Truro 10.10 a. m.
Leaves Windsor at 10.45 a. m., arrive in Truro 2.45 p. m.
Leaves Windsor at 5.45 p. m., arrive in Truro 7.55 p. m.

H. V. HARRIS,
General Manager.

20 YEARS

In the business of

SELLING and REPAIRING of WATCHES.

WATCHES GOLD, SILVER & NICKEL

From $1.25 upward.

J. F. HERBIN,
Optician and Jeweller.

what of the future?

Do You want to be better off than you are now?
In your old age do you wish to live in ease and comfort?
In the event of your death do you wish your family to enjoy in some degree the comforts you can now provide for them?

IF SO Apply at once for a policy with THE ROYAL VICTORIA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

TO-DAY you are in good health:— BUT

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

JOHN T. PURDON,
General Agent Wolfville, N. S.

C. M. VAUGHN. F. W. WOODMAN.

Wolfville Coal & Lumber Co.,

GENERAL DEALERS IN

Hard and Soft Coals, Kindling-Wood, Etc.

Also Brick, Clapboards, Shinges, Sheathing, Hard and Soft Wood Flooring and Rough and Finished Lumber of all kinds

AGENTS FOR

The BOWKER FERTILIZER CO.,
BOSTON.

And Haley Bros., St. John.

A. W. Allen & Son,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sashes, Doors, Mouldings.

ALL KINDS OF BUILDERS' FINISH AND MATERIAL in Native and Foreign Woods.

BOXES, STAVES, HEADING!

Catalogue and Prices on Application.

MIDDLETON, N. S.

Fred H. Christie
PAINTER
....AND....
PAPER HANGER.

Best Attention Given to Work Entrusted to Us.

Orders left at the store of L. W. Sleep will be promptly attended to.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE
HARNESS

for light driving or heavy hauling, can be obtained here at prices that will please. The man who buys Harness here is always satisfied with his bargain. Each set is made of extra good stock, stitched By Hand, and the mountings are of superior grade.

Wm. Regan,
HARNESS MAKER.

HOUSE TO LET.

ON Central Avenue, six rooms, comfortably fitted up with all the modern improvements. Bath room, Furnace &c.

Apply to C. S. STEWART.

The Ole Dinner Bell.

There's music in the lowin' of the cattle on the hills,
An' in the lazy laughter of the waterfalls an' rills;
In the singin' of the bluebird an' the hummin' of the bee,
An' the old woodpecker peckin' on the hollow sugar tree.
There's music in the blossom and the clear blue of the sky,
In the screamin' of the chicken hawk a-circlin' way up high;
But the sweetest songs of June time ain't no wheres near a smell
To the music long at noontime of the ole dinner bell.

When plowin' in the distant fields, clear out to sight 'o home,
A-wishin', too, with all your heart that dinner time would come;
You watch the furries scutch away beyond the lower bend,
An' wonder why in hell they don't you.

And you bend your head an' listen to hear the welcome sound,
An' calc'late it's purt nigh noon by shadders on the ground,
When through the hazy atmosphere your longin' to dispel,
Comes the fur-off silv'ry music of the ole dinner bell.

When the harvest day is over an' the toilers' work is done,
Over wavin' corn 'an clover tinted by the setin' sun,
Low an' sweet the distant music of the ole bell floats along;
Borne upon the evenin' breezes, mingled with the reapers' song,
An' you look across the medder, past the ole crick windin' through,
Where the ringer sweet is waitin' with a welcome there for you;
Oh, there ain't no joy of summer that can strike you quite so well,
As the ringin', when you're hungry, of the ole dinner bell.

—Edwin C. Davis, in the Indianapolis News.

A Night With a Grizzly.

(By William A. Lawson.)

We were a party of trout fishers in California. It was long after nightfall, and we had gathered about the camp fire to enjoy a final smoke before turning in under shelter of our blankets. The giant pines of the Sierra Nevada towered about us on every side, and the deep silence of the forest was broken only by the sound of our voices.

The talk had turned upon bears. Someone had seen mammoth footprints that day by the river side, and this led to a discussion of the ways of grizzlies. Old Joe, our guide, had been a famous hunter in his day, and we plied him with questions.

'How can you tell a grizzly from any other kind of bear, in the night time?' asked the youngest member of the party.

'Feel of his claws,' answered the old man, on the instant. Encouraged by the general laugh which followed, the old fellow became a little more communicative.

'The fact is,' said Joe, 'the grizzly's claws are twice as long as those of any other sort of bear, 'specially on the fore feet. And they are a good deal hooked, too. That's one reason why the grizzly doesn't climb trees. His claws are not made for climbing, but are great for digging. I know of only one grizzly that ever climbed trees, and I ain't likely to forget him in a hurry.'

'Tell us about him, old man,' cried two of us together, while Joe lighted his pipe with a brand plucked from the fire. He was silent a minute or two, but knowing his ways we waited patiently.

'It was early in the fifties,' he began. 'I was mining on the Yuba, a little above Long Bar, along with a pardner of mine, and had made a pretty good stake. So I was going to marry my Nancy Jane down at Marysville. The day before the wedding was to come off, I started on a trail up the river to see a friend, and took my rifle along, in case I should see a deer. There had been a big snowstorm in the mountains, and I expected it would drive down lots of game. The trail wound along the side of a deep canon, high up on the rocky wall, above the stream, and I was just turning a point of rock when I came face to face with a bear. It was a grizzly, and a big one at that. I don't know which was most surprised, but I reckon I was a good deal the most rattled.'

Old Joe chuckled as he paused to relight his pipe, and after a few heartly whiffs he resumed:

'At the first sight of me, the bear sat up, open-jawed, and I guess he must have been about six feet high. You could have knocked me down with a feather just then, but I saw mighty quick that something had to be done, as the bear was all bristled up, and I knew he had no notion of turning back. If I'd started to run I'd have been a goner, as he'd have took after me, sure. I waited till I saw he was going to rush me as soon as he dropped on all fours, and then as he leaped I slipped off the trail to one side. The bear was so near that I could almost have touched him with the muzzle, and as soon as I fired I squeezed myself flat against the mountain side. I was none too quick about it, for the grizzly gave a horrible howl and jumped at me through the smoke. He went by like a streak, and I had barely time to pull myself up into a tree that grew out over the trail before he came tearing back.

'The tree was a scrubby little pine, that struck out from the mountain about twenty feet, hanging on sideways like cracks of the rocks. You'd better believe I lost no time crawling out on the trunk, so that the bear couldn't reach me by standing up on the trail. He stopped right under the tree, reached up and clutched it with his forepaws. He shook it so that my teeth rattled, and I could hear the small roots snap, and I was afraid he would tear it down and I'd drop with it into the river, away below. I remember thinking that would be pretty bad, as the water was very cold and swift, and the bank so steep there was no chance to climb out, but most anything seemed better than getting into the clutches of the grizzly. I had dropped my rifle when I climed into the tree, and had nothing else to shoot with.

'The bear didn't give me much time for thinking. When he found he couldn't pull down the tree, he made a spring and landed on the upper side of the trunk. Then he started for me, creeping along cautiously on all fours. My bullet had struck him between the eyes, but had glanced off so it had just grazed his skull and cut a furrow right up to the top of his head. The blood was running down into his nose and mouth, and I tell you he was a fearful sight, for he was awful mad, and snorting for revenge. The tree was only about a foot thick and tapered to a point, so he didn't get out many feet before it began to bend under his weight and mine, and I could feel the roots giving way. Still he kept coming and I wriggled farther out, straddling the trunk and facing him. There were no branches except at the tip, where the stem was too small to hold my weight.

'Mr Griz was only about five feet from me, and I was reaching for my knife to fight him off if possible, when the big roots snapped and the tree swung down and in toward the side of the precipice. I held on for dear life and so did the bear. He hugged the trunk head down, and seemed to forget all about me. It looked like he'd slip down on me by his own weight, but all of a sudden the tree tore loose from the bank and down we went with it into the roaring stream.

'Luckily the river was very deep just there so I didn't strike bottom, and, though I was nearly stunned by the fall, when I came to the top of the water I was still holding on the tree. So was the bear. He hugged the big end of the trunk, close to the roots, and I shifted along as close to him as I dared, to keep from going under water, as the small end of the tree wouldn't float me up. As we whirled along down stream old Griz would try every now and then, to climb up out of the water, so he could rest on the trunk, but whenever he did this the tree would roll with his weight, and I had hard work to keep from going under.

'It wasn't long before I was chilled to the bone. The bear, too, felt the cold, and stopped trying to get upon the trunk, but never let go his hold. There was a flood in the river, and it was running five or six miles an hour. The current rushed us along, past mining camps where men were at work, but it was a common thing to see trees going down stream at flood times, and no one looked sharp enough to get a glimpse of either me or the bear. I tried to shout, but was so weak that my voice couldn't have been heard mor'n ten feet away. I knew I couldn't hold on much longer, so I undid my belt and fastened myself to the tree by one arm.

'About that time I was thinking of Nancy Jane, and wondering what they'd say when the time for the wedding came round and I wasn't there.

'Down by Daguerre Point, where the Yuba makes a turn after leaving the hills, and spreads out into Sacramento Valley, there was a little island in the middle of the river. An eddy carried us in against the upper side of the island, and the tree grounded there on the shore. As soon as the bear touched bottom, he floundered to dry land, and lay there looking half dead. I just managed to crawl out of the water, and then I fell in a dead faint.

'It it hadn't been that the sun was shining warm and bright that day I suppose I should never have come to, and would have made a meal for that bear. When I opened my eyes and looked around, he was still where he had been on the other side. The cold water had taken all the fight out of him for a while, but I knew he'd soon be stirring, so I crawled off on my hands and knees, through the bushes to the other side of the island. It was low and flat, and only about a hundred feet across. In the centre there were two small cottonwood trees, growing side by side.

'My clothes were still wet, and, in spite of the sunshine, I suffered terribly from the cold water in which I had been so long. My head ached as if it had been split, and it seemed to me that without a fire I must die before many hours, as night was coming on. Perhaps you think I wasn't glad when I found my match box had kept out of the water. It wasn't long before I had a good fire going, of dried leaves and driftwood, and the heat put new life into me. There wasn't much wood that would burn, but I made the most of it while it lasted, and got my clothes well dried. While the blaze kept up there was small chance of the bear's coming nigh me, even if he felt like it. But when the blaze died down and the sun had set, I crept around the shore, and saw the bear nosing about near the spot where we both had landed. Then I made up my mind to climb one of the cottonwoods, and stay all night in the tree, as the safest place I could find. So I shinned up one of the smooth trunks, and climbed through the branches as high as I could. There I sat on a limb for hours, wondering whether the bear would try to get at me, and how I could escape from the island. I could hear him moving through the bushes, and once he came to the foot of the tree and clawed the bark, but did not seem to be trying to climb. The night air was very cold, but after a while I got so sleepy and tired that I was afraid I would fall off. So I fastened myself safely with my belt and soon went to sleep, in spite of all I could do to keep watchful. But I was too cold and cramped to sleep well, and was awake about half the time during the night, though I heard no more of the bear until morning. Then he began moving about again, and when daylight came he was lying at the foot of the tree, as if waiting for me to come down.

'Now, that was a nice position for a man to find himself in, wasn't it, on the morning of his wedding day? Not to speak of such things, I was aching all over and horribly hungry. Old Griz, I knew he must be feeling pretty greedy himself, and there was nothing on the island for him to eat except me. He looked savage enough as he watched me limbering up my joints, as well as I could, in the top of the tree. After a while the sun warmed me up a little, and I tried hard to think up some way to escape. There was no cabin to be seen on either side of the river, and no road in sight of the island. I might die there, or be devoured, and no one find it out for a long time. The island was several hundred yards distant from the nearest bank of the river, and the current swift, so I knew I could not swim that distance in the icy water. But what would Nancy Jane think if I did not show myself at 12 o'clock that day?

'Before I could think of any way out of my tight place, up jumped the bear and began to climb the tree.

'I had a keen bowie knife, but how could I use it? The bear could reach my feet with his paws before I could get at him with my knife. But I was a good gymnast in those days, and it was no trick at all for me to hang by my knees from a branch and dangle head down with my knife in my hand. Griz was a clumsy climber but he wasn't long coming. When he got within striking distance I gave him an ugly gash on the nose, but the next instant he had knocked the knife from my hand by a blow of his paw. As I hung, there, helpless, I swung away from the tree to dodge a stroke that the bear aimed at my head, and as I did so I saw that I was opposite a strong branch of the next tree, about six feet away. 'Here goes!' I yelled as I gave a tremendous swing with my body, and letting go at the right time with my knees, I turned in the air and safely caught the branch I was after.

'That trick was a little too much for the bear. He wouldn't risk a jump after me. He waited a while to see what I would do next, but finding that I would not move from my new perch, he scrambled down the first tree and began climbing the second, where I then was. This time I did not wait for him to get near, but made a flying swing with my hands, monkey fashion, and was back in the first tree again. Seeing that I was not to be caught by climbing, the bear went back to the ground and squatted there, as though he had made up his mind to starve me out.

'But now I had a plan. I took off my buckskin coat, cut it into strips with my pocket knife and made a strong lariat, with a running noose at one end. This I lowered until the noose rested on the ground, and then waited for my chance. It was not long coming. Pretty soon the bear began walking around the tree and sniffing at the lariat. The instant both his hind feet were inside the noose it was jerked tight around them, and with the other end of the lariat over a branch, I threw all my weight and strength on it. Before the bear knew what happened, his hind feet were high in the air. I had calculated that, with nearly all his weight resting on his forepaws, the lariat would be strong enough to hold him, as he would not be able to get a leverage or hold on anything to pull himself clear, and could not reach the rope with his teeth or claws. And so it turned out. He kicked and struggled till he was tired, but could not get free. Then I swung over to the next tree, slipped down to the ground, and, recovering my bowie, I plunged it into his heart almost before he knew what I was about. But as he was, he was dead in less time than it takes me to tell it.

Old Joe stopped at this point, as though his tale were told.

'But how did you get off the island?' asked one of his listeners.

'Oh, that was easy,' said Joe. 'I made a little raft of two logs that had drifted against the island during the night, using a few branches for a rough framework over them, and stretching the bearskin over all. I fastened the framework together with strips of buckskin, and tied the bearskin in place in the same way. Out of a piece of board that had also drifted to the island, I made a paddle. My little raft got me down to Marysville all right, and the best of it was that I was in time for my wedding. Just as the clock struck 12, I walked into the house where Nancy Jane and the rest were waiting for me, and the bearskin was my wedding gift to the bride, because I hadn't time to get her anything else. I asked to be excused for looking so rough and dirty, but after I had told them all about the bear they said I was so punctual it didn't make any difference how I looked.'

Could only Walk From Bed to Chair

For years a sufferer from Kidney disease—Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

MR. SAMUEL SPARLING, Ladysmith, Pontiac Co., Que., writes:—"I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and believe there is no medicine to equal them. I was troubled for years with kidney disease and this treatment has cured me. When I began to use these pills I could only walk from my bed to a chair. Now I can go to the field and work like any man. They are an excellent medicine. Dr. Chase's Ointment is a perfect cure for itching piles. One box cured two members of my family who had suffered from this wretched ailment for four years."

MR. SPARLING

Because of their direct and combined action on kidneys, liver and bowels, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure where ordinary medicines fail, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, on every box.

Dr. Chase's Backache Plaster promptly relieves pains and aches.

Fretting Children

When a child frets and cries almost continuously the root of the trouble in nine cases out of ten lies with the stomach or bowels. Fermentation and decomposition of the food means colic, bloating and diarrhoea—the latter is especially dangerous and often fatal during the hot weather months. Baby's Own Tablets are just what every mother needs to keep her little ones healthy. These Tablets gently regulate the bowels, cure constipation, prevent diarrhoea, cleanse and cool the stomach, and promote sound, natural sleep. The Tablets can be given with safety to a new born babe. Mrs J. Mick, Echo Bay, Ont., says: 'I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for the ailments of little ones. No mother should be without them.' Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

Celery as a Beautifier.

West end greengrocers have been considerably astonished of late by a prodigious demand which has suddenly sprung up for celery.

The explanation is a curious one. A large section of smart and pretty society women, together with an equally large section who are not so conspicuous for good looks, have created a celery beauty cult.

Experts have decided that no drug in the world has the potency of celery for producing a clear complexion and bright eyes.

It must be eaten raw, say the experts.

It is not only a beautifier, according to its devotees, but it promotes health in various ways and also inspires energy and good temper.—London Express.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Hump Back

SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone, and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

Live in the Sunshine.

Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom;
Carry some gladness the world to illume.
Live in the brightness, and take this to heart—
The world will be gayer if you'll do your part.
Live on the mountain, not down in the cell;
Open all Christmas like honey and well.
Live where the joys are, and, scorning defeat,
Have a good morrow for all whom you meet.
Live as a victor, and triumphing go
Through this queer world, beating down every foe.
Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you;
Live as the robins, and sing the day through.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

So great is the mind of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrow-stricken sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general, but when he enters the cosy sitting room, and sees the blaze of fire and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits that are wearied by the stern realities of life. The rough school-boy flies into a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one full of grief with her large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

Too Great a Risk.

In the [illegible] one has died from an attack of colic or cholera morbis, often before medicine could be procured or a physician summoned. A reliable remedy for diseases should be kept at hand. The risk is too great for anyone to take. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has undoubtedly saved the lives of more people and relieved more pain and suffering than any other medicine in use. It can always be depended upon. For sale by G. V. Rand.

Our Next Governor.

It is announced that Earl Grey, lord lieutenant of Northumberland, has been appointed to succeed the Earl of Minto as governor general of Canada.

Albert Henry Grey, fourth Earl Grey, whose appointment as governor general of Canada is announced, has had already some colonial experience, having been administrator of Rhodesia for two years, from 1896 to 1897. He was born November 25, 1851, and is a son of General Hon. Charles Grey. He was educated at Harrow, Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was senior law historg tripos in 1873. He entered politics in 1880, when he was elected liberal M. P. for South Northumberland. For the short parliament, 1885 6, he sat for Tynside division, Northumberland, and since 1899 he has been lord lieutenant of Northamberland. Earl Grey is a brother of Lady Minto, and came out to Canada a couple of years ago, when he visited Rideau Hall for several weeks. He has one son and five daughters. Lord Grey's wife, whom he married in 1877, is a daughter of the late Robert Staynor Holford, M. P. for Gloucester.

Nothing Like Experience.

'One truth learned by actual experience does more good than ten experiences one hears about.' Tell a man that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will cure cholera morbus, and he will most likely forget it before the end of the day. Let him have a severe attack of that disease, feel that he is about to die, use this remedy, and learn from his own experience how quickly it gives relief, and he will remember it all his life. For sale by G. V. Rand.

'What is a counterirritant?' asked Mrs Smithers. 'A counterirritant,' replied Smithers, 'is a woman who makes the clerk pull down everything from the shelves for two hours and then buys 4 cents' worth of hairpins.'

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's friend.

IF YOU WANT A SUIT OF CLOTHES TRY CROZIER. HE WILL NOT SEND YOU AWAY DISSATISFIED