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. XXIX. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1909. NO. 16

THE ACADIAN.

Published every FRIDAY morning by the Proprietors,

DAVISON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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

News 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, five cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

RULES.

Copy for new advertisements will be received up to Thursday noon. Copy for changes in contract advertisements must be in the office by Wednesday noon.

Advertisements in which the number of insertions is not specified will be continued and charged for until otherwise ordered.

This paper is mailed regularly to subscribers until a definite order to discontinue is received and all arrears are paid in full.

Job Printing is executed at this office in the latest styles and at moderate prices.

All postmasters and news agents are authorized agents of the ACADIAN for the purpose of receiving subscriptions, but receipts for same are only given from the office of publication.

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE.

T. L. HARVEY, 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 8.00 p. m. On Saturdays open until 8.30 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.15 a. m.
Express west close at 9.55 a. m.
Express east close at 3.50 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.25 p. m.

E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Sunday evening at 6.15., and Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Women'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. J. W. Prestwood, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.45. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH CHURCH, OF HORTON.—Services: Holy Communion ever Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sunday at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m. Evensong 7.15 p. m. Wednesday Evensong, 7.30 p. m. Special service 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.
Geo. A. Prat, J. D. Sherwood, } Wardens.

ST. FRANCIS (Catholic)—Rev. William Brown, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—Mr. Noble 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.

A. M. WEBSTER, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

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

DR. E. F. MOORE, Secretary

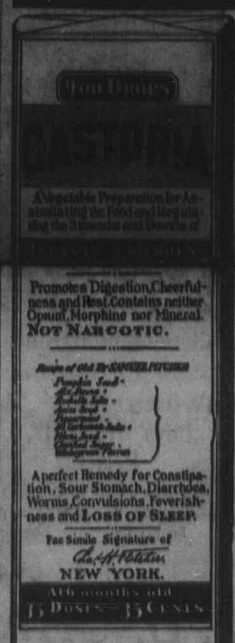
TEMPERANCE.

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.

F. J. PORTER,
Licensed Auctioneer,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Will hereafter accept calls to sell in any part of the county.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

We do Job Printing of All Kinds. Try us.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

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

Dr. J. T. Roach
DENTIST.
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgeons. Office in HERBIN BLOCK, WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Office Hours: 9—1, 2—5.

Dr. D. J. Munro,
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgery 47
Office Hours: 9—12 a. m.; 1—5 p. m.
Barss Building, Wolfville.

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT,
AYLESFORD, - N. S.

C. H. ROSCOE, K. C. BARRY W. ROSCOE, LL.B.
ROSCOE & ROSCOE
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
KENTVILLE, - - N. S.

E. F. MOORE
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
OFFICE: Delaney's Building, Main St.
RESIDENCE: Methodist Parsonage, Gaspereau Avenue.
OFFICE HOURS: 9-10 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-9 p. m. 23
Telephone connection at office and residence.

KING EDWARD HOTEL
Corner North & Lockman Sts,
HALIFAX.
Fitted with all modern improvements, magnificently furnished. Situation and view unsurpassed in Halifax. Within five minutes ride by street cars to the centre of the city
Terms—$2.00 to $2.50 per day, according to location.
WM. WILSON, Proprietor

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.
Voicing Regulating and Repairing. Organs Tuned and Repaired.
M. C. Collins.
P. O. Box 321, Wolfville, N. S.

CLARKE'S
AUCTION SALE ROOMS
is the Oldest Established and Best in the Province.
WEEKLY
Sales of Horses, Wagons, Harness, Sleighs, etc.
ALSO—House Furnishings of every description.
Salesrooms: 73 & 85 Argyle St., Halifax, N. S.

To Rent.
Tenement on Main street, 6 rooms beside hall, bath room, store-room and pantry. Apply to
I. W. SELFRIDGE or C. W. STRONG,
Wolfville, Aug. 28 1908.

Wolfville Real Estate Agency.
Persons wishing to buy or sell apply to
J. W. SELFRIDGE, Manager.
Wolfville, April 27.

Property for Sale OR TO LET.
Now occupied by the subscriber in East Wolfville. Dwelling, barn, fruit-house, and shed, and ¼ acres of land, with 40 fruit trees—apple, cherry, plum and peach.
1—tf J. F. HERBIN.

TO LET.
One half the house adjoining premises of Church of England, containing five rooms, viz: kitchen, dining-room, parlor and two bedrooms. Rent moderate.
Apply to—
E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY, Agent.
Wolfville, Oct. 14th, 1909.

BUILDING PLANS.
Plans and specifications carefully prepared; estimates if required.
Apply to,
GEO. A. PRAT,
Wolfville

J. J. Ellis
Wishes to notify the public that he is now in a position to do all kinds of
TEAMING AND TRUCKING.
Gardens plowed and planted and yards cleaned.
Leave your order at J. M. Shaw's, or Regan's or at residence on Gaspereau avenue.
36 J. J. ELLIS.

H. PINEO.
EXPERT OPTICIAN,
WOLFVILLE.
Write if you wish an appointment either at your home or his.

D. B. SHAW,
Buyer of
Hides, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Tallow and Wool.
I pay CASH. Bring your stock to me. Plastering hair always on hand.
Willow Vale Tannery.
Sept. 10, '06.

Bishop & Porter,
(Successors to J. C. Bishop.)
Carpenters and Builders.
Repairing and Shop Work a specialty.
Metallic Shingles and all kinds of Inside Metallic Fittings.
Agents for all kinds of outside and inside House Finish.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

108 Nox a Cold in One Day
Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and all Lung Trouble. None just as good. At all leading drug stores. 25c. and 50c. bottles. Manufactured by the Scobell Drug Co., St. Catherines, Ontario. A. V. RAND, Special Agent.

The Dying Year.

Once more the year is sinking to his bier,
And on the pallid brow the mark of death
A few more sighs, a few more painful throes,
And then the last, the long-drawn, gasping breath.
But, see! Yon east is all a dazzling gold,
It lights the features of the dying year.
And through the air the silver sound rings clear
Of bells the New Year's story once more tell.
And thus the newborn year in radiant light
Doth gently come and close the old year's eyes.
He that the passing year takes from earth
And leaves the fresh young year to occupy
Our souls.
Four times the shade of night has fallen
Since
As years ago were with us the
Of

The Playactress.

BY S. [illegible]

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Presently from within that room there came the sounds of wordy strife, a war of giants. And for a little, in the delight of battle with his peers, Gilbert Rutherford forgot even Bessie Upton.

But not for long. Some turn of a sentence reminded him of the little girl he had left so far in the north, and with some earnest words of thanks, and an invitation to come and have it out another day, Gilbert Rutherford found himself again speeding Strandward.

He had not gone far when he was aware of a small boy walking by his side and looking upwards to attract his attention. It was his friend of the morning of his arrival, alert and self-possessed as ever.

'Good morning, sir,' he said. 'Got loose from that lamp-post? And how do you find yourself—pretty frisky, eh? Been doin' a mash on a mummy?'

The irrepressible youth pointed his finger at the great gloomy pile of the Museum, from the facade of which they were receding.

'Ah, my boy,' said Dr. Rutherford, 'I remember you now. How is it that you are here? Why are you not at work?'

'Ah,' said the gamin, with some slight suspicion of the preacher's own manner, 'I resignated my situoation—told old Softsides to take down the shutters 'isself and do his own sweepin'. In fact, I dismissed my master, got promoted on to the street, and here I am!'

Gilbert looked grave.

'Do you mean that you have had a quarrel with your master?' said he. 'I am sorry. Let us go back and see if nothing can be done.'

Where he came from, man and boy took a situation as solemnly as they joined a church, and that was in most cases for life.

But the boy did not seem anxious to go back.

'I believe not, an' thank 'ee kindly,' said the messenger-boy emeritus. 'You see, when I resignated there was times. There were also some language, and things said as can't be unsaid. See here,' he said, showing a coat collar nearly torn from his shoulder, 'thats what 'ee did.'

'Who?' said the doctor, examining the rent carefully and conscientiously.

'Why, old Softsides, in course; but I guess there's blue places all over 'im. I wonder if he's got through changing his trousers by now?' the message boy continued, meditatively. 'My eye, wot a proper circus it was for about five minutes! There we had it ground an' lofty, with all the shop assistants watin' for a grab, an' all the young ladies a-holdin' of them back an' a regular crowd round the door. Gracious Polly, it was proper. I downed 'im too, and that frequent, till that beast Rogers, the porter, nabbed me by the back, run me out and bounced me off the top step like a cat off a roof. I'll cheese Rogers for that, you see! What call had he to stick in his mutty? It wasn't his day off that I knows on.'

'My boy,' began Gilbert Rutherford, 'you ought not to speak in that way of any one. I fear you are vindictive. But you have lost your situation, and I am sorry for that. What are you going to do?'

'Catches and sleep in the dark and—an twopenny doses for the Shaver!'

'How much money have you?' asked Gilbert.

'One bob—and a tanner!' said the boy cheerfully. 'There's five bob I lent me back at the shop on the Road.'

'Why not go back and get it,' said the man who in his national capacity saw no good come of wasting time.

'I'd rather not,' said Tommy the Shaver.

'Why not?' asked the minister. Tommy hesitated.

'Well, old Softsides would never give me the money, and so before I comed away, I plunked a stone thiough his plate glass front, and so got straight.'

'But, my boy, that was very wicked,' said Gilbert Rutherford.

'No indeed, sir. You see, it wasn't insured. I heard him bully-ragging a gent from the plate-glass insurance wot called last week. 'Er didn't go for to want any of his bloomin' window insurances. 'Er could look after his own windows, 'er could, and wot were the p'leece for, 'er would like to know. No, my heye,' cried Tommy the Shaver, delightedly, 'ee have got hinformation on all them pints this day, or my name ain't Buffalo Bill, the Per-ride o' the Per-raires.'

In somewhat sober thought the preacher walked on by the side of the ragged urchin. His good sense told him that he should call a policeman; but he looked at the lad—ragged, good-humored, and bright—and remembered that he would get, in the words of P. C. X509, a birching and five years in a reformatory. He was of opinion that though this might come, there was no need that it should come through him.

'Tommy,' he said, 'would you like to show me all about London till I go away?'

'I bet you!' said Tommy confidently, 'there ain't nothing in this little old village I don't know.'

'But mind,' said Gilbert, 'no fighting, and do as you are bid.'

'Honor bright! I'll not so much as heave a brick at a bobby.'

The boy has never had a chance, poor lad, so he led the way into a clothing store where there were tickered second hand jackets hanging in the doorway.

'Wot for do you go to give a cove like me that you meets on the street a rig-out like this?' said Tommy, very seriously when they came out. 'I might cut and run.'

'You might, Tommy, of course; but I know you won't! said Gilbert, diplomatically.

'No, indeed, that I won't!' said Tommy, manfully.

'I don't know about where you are to live,' said the preacher. 'I am living in Essex Street, Strand. How am I to let you know when I want you?'

Tommy the Shaver had no difficulty.

'I know that ere stage door keeper at the Siddons,' he said. 'He'll let me sleep in the cubby hole at the back of his box, I know.'

And so it was arranged. During the day Tommy was to be at the service of the minister to take him about the city, and in the evening, unless by special arrangement, both were to be free to go their own ways.

Something exceptional kept Johnny Spender in the service of Messers. Godown and Company past his usual time that evening, so that the time Bessie Upton passed in at the stage door drew near, and Gilbert Rutherford waxed anxious. He went many times to the window and looked up and down the street, so much so that Mrs. Cursiter, hearing him tramping, looked in upon him with a countenance of high anger, thinking that Johnny had come home wanting supper after regular hours—the greatest crime in the Cursitor decalogue.

When she saw it was the Scotch clergyman, she looked at him as much as to say that he at least was old enough to know better, and vanished as suddenly as she came.

CHAPTER X.

AN UNREHEARSED SCENE AT THE SIDDONS THEATRE.

Presently Gilbert put on his hat and crossed the road quickly. He found himself at the stage door in a moment—indeed before he was aware. He looked about vaguely for somebody to speak to, but saw no one. He became possessed with a great idea. He would go in at once and find Bessie Upton. He was proceeding along the stone passage when a voice cried to him from parts unknown.

'Hello! where are you going that way?'

Gilbert turned, and out of a small door a man came. As soon as he saw Gilbert, he said—

'Oh, treats for the company. Leave them with me. I'm out of pipe lights any way. Them last was first-class.'

'I wish to see Miss Upton,' said Gilbert, politely.

'I daresay,' answered the man, curtly. 'You're not the only one.'

'But I must see her,' said Gilbert. 'I have come from Scotland to see her.'

Like an imp shot up from the ground, Tommy the Shaver appeared, and thrusting himself between the two men, he said—

'This here is the gentleman that rigged me out, and gave me a chance, not knowing me from the Prince of Wales. 'Re's all right.'

The porter accepted the introduction.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' he said. 'You know orders is orders, an' we [illegible] tries to speak [illegible] knows what to see.'

'[illegible] quite right,' said Gilbert Rutherford, who could appreciate obedience to orders.

So in a trice, upon explaining his wishes, which did not sound very reasonable when put into old words, Gilbert found himself in possession of a recess from which he could see the company arriving. They were a merry, light-hearted set—like a company after a run of a hundred nights when the leading ladies are to get a new set of costumes.

They talked briskly among themselves, and that specially loud when the manager came round, in the hope that he might chance to hear their aspirations to play some better part.

In a little while Bessie Upton glided past him very quietly, with Aunt Rebecca trudging sturdily behind her. Aunt Rebecca was also a dresser, and so helped the family finances in that way as well. Gilbert noticed that the men of the company lifted their hats to Bessie Upton with respect, but there was no general greeting, loud and hearty for her, such as they gave to some of the other ladies who came dimpling and sparkling in to their work. Yet altogether Gilbert was struck with the absence of what he had always supposed to be the natural ingredients of luxury and revelry in this private view of the world behind the scenes. There was certain purposefulness about the whole. They seemed a set of rather quiet, hard working people—save for one or two loud-voiced juniors who pushed their hats a good deal back from their brows, and wore their hands very much in their pockets.

Bessie was standing taking off her gloves and speaking to Aunt Rebecca when Gilbert Rutherford stepped out and went towards her.

The hum of the company's talk dropped instantly. All turned to look at him. His tall, spare, ascetic form clad in black, and his venerable and striking head thrown back gave him a certain dignity and nobility which were not without their influence on eyes accustomed to note a dramatic effect.

'What a capital make-up!' said one.

'Quite in the style of 'The Quaker's Daughter,'' said another.

'No, 'The Vicar of Wakefield'—from Scotland,' whispered a third, whose vision was clearer, or who had seen something like this when on a tour north of the Tweed.

He had come close to Bessie Upton, and was holding out his hand before she saw him.

She gave a little sharp cry and stood very still, pressing a hand against her side as though she had a pain there. Yet she neither screamed nor fainted.

The company watched, for they quite appreciated the dramatic possibilities of the scene. But they were dissapointed.

'Miss Upton,' said Gilbert, with such childlike kinducss and unaffected sympathy in his tone, that Bessie's heart stilled and her eyes filled like those of a lost child at the sound of a kind voice, 'I have no right to intrude on you here; but I was in London and I thought you would like to know concerning Ailie——'

He paused, for Bessie's eyes were brimming to the overflow.

'Yes,' she said, breathlessly, 'yes——'

And so waited for him to proceed.

'She is the sweetest little lass,' said Gilbert, 'and the best. I have left her running wild about a farmhouse on the moors, with kind people whom I have known all my life. She is getting browner and more healthy every day.'

Bessie Upton looked out of her wet eyes as if she were going to speak, but the words ebbed away again and she still stood silent.

At last she said—

'Has—has she forgotten me?'

That was the fear in her heart which would speak out.

'Forgotten you! No,' said Gilbert, kindly.. 'On the contrary, we hear of nothing the day by the length but of Aunt Bessie. She speaks of you all the day and dreams of you all the night. She calls for you in her sleep, and when she wakes she asks if this is the day when Aunt Bessie is coming. I have come to ask when that day is to be?'

He was speaking low, so that no one but Bessie could hear. Then she gave a quick little sob, which was caught by one or two of the company who goodnaturedly turned their backs and talked louder.

Aunt Rebecca also heard it, and she came up looking is no very friendly way at Gilbert.

'What is it, my dear?' she said ruffling her feathers and looking as threatening as a brood-hen when the hawk hangs motionless in the sky.

'It is nothing, aunt,' said Bessie. 'This is Ailie's grandfather.'

The old lady looked him over.

'I am glad to make your acquaintance,' she said. 'I nursed the little darling—and a sweet child she was.'

At this moment there was the noise of a great disturbance at the door—a woman's voice, rising above all, shrill and minatory. These other two women, Bessie and Aunt Rebecca, looked at each other. Bessie turned pale to the lips and ran towards the noise. Gilbert Rutherford followed. Most of the company were there already.

Continued Next Week

A Cough Medicine
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a regular cough medicine, a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. Good for easy coughs, hard coughs, desperate coughs. If your doctor endorses it for your case, take it. If not, don't take it. Never go contrary to his advice.
We publish our formulas. We refer you to our physicians.
Ayer's
We refer you to doctors using Ayer's Pills.
The dose of Ayer's Pills is small, only one at bedtime. As a rule, laxative doses are better than cathartic doses. For constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headaches, they cannot be excelled. Ask your doctor about this.
Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

A Puzzle for Dog Lovers.

For several years a lady owned a devoted and intelligent black field spaniel. One day she dressed for a day's hunting with the Isle of Wight Foxhounds. Her riding habit was a sign to the dog that his mistress would be away for the day. Usually his custom then was to go downstairs and keep the landlady company until his mistress came back. On this occasion, however, his behavior was entirely different. He refused to leave her, looked up into her face, mutely appealing to her not to go, and declining his breakfast. In the afternoon his mistress' horse threw her while attempting a ditch and, falling on top of her, she must have been drowned but for the help of two of the huntsmen. She was taken to her lodgings in Sandown, and got much better the same night. During her absence she found that her dog, still refusing food, had not taken his customary walks, but had lain on the pavement for hours, watching the flight of steps. At last he had to be driven indoors, where he lay on a mat. Even when his mistress had returned he refused to be comforted—evidently feeling that she was not out of danger—but kept by her side until next morning, when, seeing that she was much better, he became himself again. His mistress was convinced that the spaniel had a sense of the misfortune that was about to happen her. He had never before behaved in that way when she was going out for the day. How is his conduct to be explained?

Badly Hurt In Thresher
Blood poison set in—Great suffering—Cure effected by DR. A. W. CHASE'S OINTMENT
Mrs. C. Hopkins, St. George, Ont., writes:—"I feel like shouting the praises of Dr. Chase's Ointment. While threshing grain, my son got badly hurt. One of the men who was pitching sheaves, missed the sheaf and ran the prongs of the fork into my son's leg. He did not take much notice of it and in a day or two it got sore and very itchy and blood poison set in. We did everything for it but it would heal one place and break out at another and kept on this way for three months.
"Finally I thought of Dr. Chase's Ointment and in a week's time we noticed a wonderful change. By the use of three boxes he was completely cured and the wounds healed up. There has not been a sign of a spot on him since."
Wherever there is itching or irritation of the skin or a sore that refuses to heal you can apply Dr. Chase's Ointment with every assurance that the results will be prompt and satisfactory. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy Dr. Chase's Recipes.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Tea Drinking.

Canadians are great tea drinkers. Recent statistics compiled by the London Board of Trade show the average consumption in Australia is 7.11 pounds per head per year, while in England it is only 6.03 pounds. Russia is very low on this list, for although the consumption of tea in that vast empire is very considerable, it is confined chiefly to a small proportion of the inhabitants, and while these no doubt get away with large quantities, the total consumption appears to be very small when estimated on the basis of the whole population. Canada stands third on the list, with 4 pounds per head, and following the Dominion on the list there is a long drop to Holland, which accounts for only 1.4 pounds, and the United States consumes even less, the amount given being 1.3 pounds per head, while the smallest consumers are Germany and France. In these two latter countries beer and wines are more generally used than elsewhere, while in the United States coffee to a very large extent takes the place of tea in our own country. It would appear therefore that Britain and her two most important colonies get away with the great bulk of the tea crop.

The old fashioned way of dosing a weak stomach or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is all wrong. Dr. Shoop first pointed out this error. This is why his prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is directed entirely to the cause of these ailments—the weak inside or controlling nerve. It isn't so difficult, says Dr. Shoop, to strengthen a weak Stomach, Heart or Kidneys if one goes at it correctly. Each inside organ has its controlling or inside nerve. When these nerves fail then these organs must surely falter. These vital truths are leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Test it a few days and see! Improvement will promptly and surely follow. Sold by A. V. Rand.

Caramel Hunts.

A caramel hunt will delight the children.

It is conducted exactly like the time honored peanut hunt.

Cornucopias, bags or baskets are provided with each little guest, and fifteen minutes are alloted to find the hidden goodies.

The caramels are all wrapped in waxed paper, then in silver and gold foil, so as to look pretty'

No prize is offered, but each child keep the result of its explorations.

Under jackets of quilted satin, whether with or without sleeves, are finding favor. Such a jacket is worn under the street coat when the thermometer drops a few degrees. This enables a lightweight suit to do duty in very cold weather.

BILIOUSNESS AND ALL LIVER DISORDERS
ARE CURED BY
The tortures of biliousness must yield to Mother Seigel's Syrup, because this great medicine tones and strengthens the liver, regulates the flow of bile, and cleanses the whole system.
MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.
Sold Everywhere
A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.