A. RAILWAY.

ay, Jan. 5, 1893.

EST.	Exp. daily	*Accom. daily.	Express daily.
	M	A. M	P. M
— I've	6 45		3 00
r Junc	7 17	7 30	3 45
	8 40	9 55	5 20
ort	9 02	10 25	5 43
rt	9 15	10 45	5 58
re	9 24	11 00	6 07
le	9 35	11 25	6 18
illiams	9 41	11 40	6 25
le	10 10	12 25	6 40
lle	10 30	1 05	
	10 37	1 22	
d	10 50	1 45	
on	11 22	2 55	
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tween Halifax and Kentville.
between Kentville and Annday, Wednesday and Friday.

ST.	Exp. daily.	†Accom. daily.	Exp. daily.
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illiams	6 13	11 15	3 38
le	6 20	11 30	3 44
re	6 30	11 45	3 53
rt	6 39	12 00	4 02
rt	6 52	12 20	4 15
Junc	7 20	1 20	4 43
arrive	9 00	3 40	6 00
	9 40	4 30	6 30

kly between Annapolis and
Tuesday, Thursday and Sat-
y between Kentville and Hal-

ains are run on Eastern Stan
One hour added will give
e. Trains run daily, Sunday

the Cornwallis Valley Branch
ville at 10 40 a. m. and 3 40
n Saturdays an extra trip is
nect with the evening express
x, leaving Kentville at 6 50 p
ng and Kingsport,

f the Nova Scotia Central
ve Middleton at 2 05 p m,
ater and Lunenburg.

the Western Counties Railway
polis daily at 12 55 p. m. and
Thursday and Saturday at 6 00
Yarmouth daily at 8 10 a. m and
Wednesday and Friday at 1 45

of the Yarmouth Steamship
Yarmouth every Wednesday
y p. m., for Boston.

City of Monticello" leaves St
esday and Saturday for Digby
lis; Returning leaves Anna-
by and St John on same days.

of the International Line leave
y Thursday for Eastport, Port-
ston.

"Winthrop" leaves St John
ate Friday at 10 a. m. for
r Harbor, and New York.

the Canadian Pacific Railway
hn at 6 25 a. m., daily, Sun-
ed, and 8 30 p. m. daily, for
rtland and Boston, and for
10 40 p. m. daily, Saturday

Tickets by the various routes
Stations.

W. R. CAMPBELL,
ral Manager and Secretary.
LAND, Resident Manager.

OAL!

STORE!

L SUPPLY of Springhill
and Hard Coal; and to
ingsport, per schr. *Blake*,
York, a cargo

kawanna"
RD COAL.

uested to be left with our
SSRS PRAT & COL-

W. Y. Fullerton.
D.c. 18th, 1891. tf

's Discovery!

t the people say that have
Discovery.

of more value to
ld than the Dis-
America by Col-

—IT IS—
ind that Cures.

THING NEW!
's Royal Dutch
ND CHOCOLATE.
Try Them.

LFAST GINGER ALE.
t price for Eggs.
WALLACE.
August 15th, 1890.

FOR SALE.

ber offers for sale the
upied by him, situated at
le The farm contains
es, partly cultivated.
ng orchard of apples,
s just coming into bear-
uantity of small fruits.
ood condition.
. OSCAR HARRIS.
st, 21st, 1892.

es cure indigestion.
es assist digestion.
es cure torpid liver.
es cure biliousness.
es cure headache.

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, MARCH 10, 1893. No. 29.

THE ACADIAN.

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

TERMS:

$1.00 Per Annum.

(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 communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

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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.

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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.

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BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 3 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.

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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 Gronlund, 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. Starr, } Wardens.

ST FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev T M Daly, 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

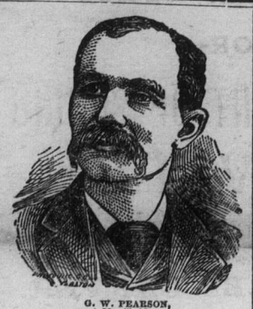
Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

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



G. W. PEARSON,
Morrill, Me.

DYSPEPSIA,
Threatened Heart Failure
—AND—
LIVER TROUBLE,
Cured by One Course of
SKODA'S DISCOVERY.

G. W. Pearson by occupation is a Carpenter and Builder. He is favorably known in Waldo Co. He says:—

"For years I have suffered from Indigestion, Heart and Liver Trouble. At times my Heart would beat so feebly, I would be obliged to cease work for days at a time.

"I tried physicians and remedies, without number, but got no permanent relief, until I commenced the use of SKODA'S.

"I have taken one course, and am perfectly well. My wife has also received great benefit from the use of SKODA'S DISCOVERY and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS."

Mr. Pearson will answer any letters or inquiries.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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.

HAWKER'S TOLU
—AND—
WILD CHERRY BALSAM.

A Favorite and Most Valuable Remedy for the CURE of

COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA

OR ANY FORM OF THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLE.

If Afflicted, Try It. It Will Cure You.

Malcolm McLean, of Kensington, P. E. I., writes the following:

For five years I suffered from severe Chronic Bronchitis, for which the doctors and numerous patent medicines failed to give relief. My physicians and friends advised a change of climate as my only hope. HAWKER'S BALSAM OF TOLU AND WILD CHERRY was recommended to me, and I am happy to say that I was entirely cured before I had used two large bottles. I consider it to be truly a wonderful medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all so afflicted.

For Sale by all Druggists and General Dealers.

PRICE 25 AND 50CTS. PER BOTTLE.

MANUFACTURED BY
THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO. (LTD.)
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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

POETRY.

The Love of God.

Like a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro;
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss, and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be, nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost;
Love divine! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

SELECT STORY.

SQUIRREL.

In a flood of yellow sunshine stood Abbot's Grange early one May afternoon, looking the very picture of smiling ease and comfort; spring flower beds dotted about its sloping lawns, budding woods thick with bright blue hyacinths sheltering it carefully from northeast winds, and a soft sweep of corn cropped, hawthorn hedged valley nestling, as it were, under the protecting shadow of its gray gables and many windowed front.

But its seeming quietude was only—to put it quite correctly—brick deep. Within the quaint old rooms of the dwelling a very peculiar turmoil was going on; a terrible upsetting of things as they had been; amazed submission to things as they now appeared to be; dismay and blank dread of what might yet be coming.

For in the last week of chill, fickle April, Miss Pleasance Westbrook, spinster mistress of Abbot's Grange, had suddenly resigned control of all her worldy possessions. A nipping night frost, and a firm refusal to have a fire in her bedroom because the right date for such luxuries was past by five days, had proved too much for the lady of four score. A swift attack of bronchitis afforded her a rapid and almost painless exit from mortal scenes, but the unexpected summons created strange disturbance among survivors that began almost as soon as the last "Amen" was said over her grave. Then, as one of the carriages turned out of the churchyard gate, said Mr Westbrook, of High Courts, Gloucestershire, the rich merchant nephew of the departed lady, to her solicitor, John Foster:

"I suppose these young connections of mine come in for pretty near everything of the old lady's, don't they? Do you happen to know it she's paid me the compliment of a diamond ring or a silver soup ladle? Of course you've got her will?"

"Really," was the answer, "I can give you no information at present. My father had entire management of the Abbot's Grange business, and he died some six months ago."

"But you stopped into his shoes, didn't you?"

"Only partly. Miss Westbrook looked on me as comparatively juvenile, I fancy, though I have been in the firm the last five years. She never honored me with any confidential communications, and even took all private papers from our office, the will most likely among them."

"Ah, then that elder girl yonder will know its whereabouts. She's rather a good looking young party. Ought to marry well if she's got a third of the old maid's hoard. Got any engagement, do you know?"

No, Mr Foster did not know. Perhaps the question struck him as unseasonable, coming the minute after the service where half the village had been crying over the loss of their kind, if eccentric old friend. Anyhow, the young lawyer gazed studiously out of the carriage window as they wound slowly up the hill, and turned the conversation to the beauty of some noble oaks that skirted the road right and left.

"Ah! ha! good timber that," commented Mr Westbrook critically. "I'd have it down if it was mine and turn it into capital that fetched 20 per cent. Can't see the good of trees standing sucking up the land any more than lazy horses eating their heads off in the stable. My father, you know—brother of the old lady yonder," with a nod towards the church, "only got as much as his sister when his father dropped. But he was wise. Married into trade. My mother's people were in East India shipping. He made a mint of money and turned High Courts, that he bought cheap, into a regular show place. I've stuck to the same line, and," with a knowing expression, "haven't lost money, you bet. I got a little extra nous from my mother."

"And a little something else," thought John Foster, but aloud he said:

"Miss Westbrook's cousin, the grandmother of those young people she adopted, married into some country family, did she not?"

Mr Westbrook laughed. "Exactly so. Country gentleman in Norfolk, of the good old style. Lived up to the knocker and left about half what he began with. Then his son must needs go bond for a friend, and lost even that. 'Whoso hateth suretyship,' say I—that's how these young Ferrers came to be paupers."

"Miss Westbrook was greatly attached to them, sir."

"Ah! So I suppose. She was a sentimental old conservative. And their grandmother had been brought up with her like an own sister, I've heard. So, instead of letting them prog for themselves, as I recommended her to do ten years ago, the last time I saw her, she took them in and did for them. Oh, here we are at the house again. My train goes from Cowchester at 4, sharp. So now for the will."

Mr Westbrook might say, "Now for the will!" To everyone's profound astonishment no will whatever was forthcoming. Olive Ferrers, a graceful, dark eyed girl of one-and-twenty, now in sore grief for losing the loving guardian of her orphaned years, knew nothing of the all important document.

"Does it matter much," she said wearily, when the rector and John Foster sought her out in the library, where her sister and younger brother were trying to comfort her. "It seems horrible to be troubling about money so soon after"——

And then she broke off, her sad eyes full of tears, and the young lawyer felt how vivid was the contrast between her bearing and Mr Westbrook's, and how her present pathos suited the girl even better than the bright manner which had rather turned his head when lately he had paid professional visits to the Grange.

But though it went against the grain with him to vex her, he explained clearly and forcibly how needful it was to try and find this will at once.

"Has Miss Westbrook never told you where she had put it? Never mentioned its details to you? Naturally Mr Westbrook would like to know them before he leaves."

The only response to this was that Olive was certain Aunt Pleasance had never mentioned the matter in any way. Some things she never liked to speak of. This must have been one. Perhaps she had not made a will at all.

"But my dear young lady," cried the rector, "that's impossible! It would leave you without a farthing! Miss Westbrook would never have done it."

"I know she wouldn't," put in Olive's young sister Helen, a delicate girl of 15, "if she could help it. But auntie was ill only such a little time. Very likely she may have forgotten it."

"Forgotten it!" repeated the clergyman in dismay. "My poor, dear child, don't suggest such a chance."

"Or, I tell you what," said the youngest of the adopted trio, a lithe, clever faced boy of 12, emerging from a window curtain where he had been trying to hide a tear stained countenance. "Poor old auntie put it off too long, perhaps. You know I was with her the—the last morning, just when she turned worse, and she whispered, 'I want to tell Olive'—so I fetched Olive, but then auntie seemed to have forgotten everything. She could only look at us puzzled like, and—and never spoke any more."

Then the lad burst back among the curtains, being ashamed to be caught crying. The rector and lawyer left the room in almost perplexity.

Every likely place was ransacked within the next hour. Every servant questioned. The coachman remembered driving his mistress from the late Mr Foster's office, some time last autumn, to Barnby's bank, and they took a tin box in the carriage with them. Off to Barnby's bank went the coachman now again, returning with the said depositary, which the late Mr Foster's son searched through with the deepest anxiety. Bonds there were of railways, and canals, and gas companies, a mortgage, stock of half a dozen kinds but alas! no will. Mr Westbrook telegraphed to his home that he should not be back until further notice.

"It is desirable that I remain to see this through," he said, and ordered the butler to have a room prepared for him for an indefinite stay. The butler carried the command to the housekeeper in high affront.

"He speaks to me as if I was a boy in buttons," said he. "You and me ain't used to such masterful ways, Mrs Wicks."

But as one day after another, and then a whole week, went by, and still no will was forthcoming, Mr Westbrook felt a growing right to indulge in as much masterfulness as he pleased, which was a good deal.

"The probability is," he said loftily to John Foster, who was there every day, conducting a rigorous search through every room, "my deceased aunt came to her senses at last. We had a few words about these young Ferrers last time I saw her. I told her plump and plain they'd no right to a penny from her. She was a spirity old party, though, and said she would do what she chose with her own, for I and my children had enough without being her heirs. After that there was a coolness between us, but she'd plenty of sense, and no doubt she saw I was in the right, and so died intestate purposely that I should step in and take my due. Till anything else is proved, Mr Foster, I shall act on that supposition."

Mortified that he could not gainsay this arrogant gentleman, yet deeply excited on purely personal grounds, John Foster could only acquiesce in this unlucky inference. Miss Westbrok must have died without a will.

"I'm driven to that conclusion unwillingly enough," he said to pale Olive Ferrers one morning, when, after hours of turning over half a century's collection of old letters and worthless savings, they stood together in the littered drawing room, each feeling blankly that no more was to be done; "most grieviously unjust as she has been to you"—but Olive stopped him.

"You are not to say that even to me, please, Mr Foster; we owe too much to Aunt Pleasance. Now, as we have no one else in the world, we must try and make our own way."

"But, good heavens! how?" exclaimed the young man almost impatiently.

"My dear Miss Ferrers, you can't calculate the difficulties that lie before you. Surely Mr Westbrook"—but there John Foster had to end abruptly. What would be the use of his holding out hopes about a division of property, of any liberality whatever on Mr Westbrook's part, when he very well knew he had not a generous spark in him, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot!

Truly, when ownership had first appeared possible, the gentleman had vaguely dropped hints about allowing the young people a few thousands, but as time went on and no will was unearthed, another casual mention of this douceur had diminished it to a few hundreds. What ultimate point of contraction it might reach the young man feared to think. So he checked himself with [illegible] ent, and could only wind up with a rather incoherent remark about arrangements being made for Miss Ferrers' comfort, and if there was anything he could do ——

Olive colored. Something in the earnestness of his last words made her tremble. She was afraid of relying on him too much, and yet, in this trouble, perhaps she might take his help for a little while.

"I think Mr Westbrook intends settling what is to be done this afternoon," she said nervously; afterwards I may be—glad to ask your advice. I am most anxious about Cyril. I am afraid Mr Westbrook does not much like"——

Here Olive's half uttered opinion was unexpectedly emphasized from without. Through the door, standing ajar, came Mr Westbrook's voice, ringing with anger:

"Cyril! What are you up to there? Kick that beast down stairs this moment."

"Toots is doing no harm, sir," answered the boy's clear voice. "Aunt Pleasance always let us play hide and seek on the gallery."

"Your Aunt Pleasance, as you call her, could do as she liked. Now I order what I choose. The clumsy brute will smash those cases of birds. Send him down this moment. Do you hear, you young rascal?"

Cyril's temper, frank and pliant enough under decent civility, had been brushed in every possible wrong direction by Mr Westbrook during these last few days. Now it suddenly bristled up like a hedge hog's prickles.

"I'm no more a rascal than you are, sir! Olive said Toots and I could wait here till she'd done those old papers, so I shall not come down till she calls me."

Here Olive turned into the hall. Mr Westbrook, purple with rage, was storming up at Cyril, who, with flaming cheeks and bright eyes, stood defiantly at the top of the broad old stairs; Toots, a knowledgeable little fox terrier, sniffing excitedly between the balustrades, as if only waiting the word of command to make for their mutual enemy's calves.

"I'll put a brick round that cur's neck and have him dropped in the nearest pond," cried the irate gentleman; while, as for your sister, she's perfectly aware, or ought to be, that she's no more right to give orders in this house than the scullery maid." (John Foster here made a quick step forward. Olive silenced his indignation with an entreating glance.) "I am master here. Now come down, or I vow I'll horsewhip you."

"You'll have to catch me first, sir," said Cyril coolly; "but I'll do as Olive tells me, of course."

"You shall be locked up till you eat humble pie," cried Mr Westbrook, advancing furiously on Cyril, but rapidly retreating as Toots rushed to the fore with a vicious snap. "Miss Ferrers, I presume you have some control over your brother? I require him to stay alone in the library yonder till he comes to his senses and apologizes to me. Will you desire him to go into that room, or must he be taken there by force?"

"My brother never disputes a wish of mine, Mr Westbrook," said Olive, painfully excited, yet wonderfully self controlled. "Squirrel, dear, not because I consider you require punishing; but for peace sake, please go in the library. When I have spoken to Mr Westbrook presently I will come for you."

She stooped and laid her cheek on the lad's curly head a moment. Then off he stalked with a lump in his throat to the little room at the left of the hall. Mr Westbrook triumphantly turned the key upon him with, "Stop there, sir, till I let you out."

John Foster walked forth among the lilacs and syringes to keep himself from making unprofessional remarks, and Olive went upstairs to treat her forced calm to a good cry before recounting this fresh misadventure to her young sister Helen.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

The Difference.

When John L. Sullivan was whipped by Corbett last fall, he exclaimed mournfully: "I tried it once too often. I was too old." Sullivan was 34. All prize ring experts agreed with him, that he was past the age when man is at his best physically. In brief, man is getting old at 34, according to prize ring judgement.

Mr Jay Gould died in the 57th year of his age. Nobody called him old. It is to noted, however, that nobody spoke of him as being called from life too soon—before his best work was done. Perhaps nobody thought so except his own children and immediate family, who were tenderly attached to him. His greatest work had been accomplished. A little more than a month after Mr Gould there died in Boston a man who was 67 years old in December, the month the millionaire took leave of this life. It was Bishop Philips Brooks, considered, by many the greatest preacher of his time after Beecher.

Bishop Brooks was 5 months older than Jay Gould. Yet at his death, chief, after expression of loss at the departure of so great and good a man, was the lament that he had been snatched away in the prime of his life with his grand powers in full noontide. It was counted an irreparable loss, the untouched years before him, which he would have filled full of work for mankind. He preached the gospel of brotherly love, the theology of the brotherhood of man, and it was counted that he died young, all too young.

So here we have the three—the prize fighter who is an aged man at 34, the millionaire who had finished his life work at 56, and the preacher whom men loved dying young at 67. "Who know the names of the millionaires of even a century ago?" asks somebody. And yet which would the average man rather be, the millionaire, or the preacher?

Plain Spoken Persons.

There is a class of people who pride themselves on their honesty and frankness, because, as they tell us, they "say just what they think," throwing out their opinions right and left, just as they happen to feel, no matter where they may strike or whom they may wound. This boasted frankness, however, is not honesty, but is rather miserable impertinence and reckless cruelty. We have no right to say what we think, unless we think kindly and lovingly; no right to unload our jealousies, envies, bad humors and miserable spites upon the hearts of our neighbors. If we must be bad tempered, we should at least keep our ugliness locked up in our own breasts, and not let it out to wound the feelings and mar the happiness of others. If we must speak out our dislikes and prejudices and wretched feelings, let us go into our own room and lock the door and close the window, so that no human ear but our own shall hear the hateful words. If any one seemeth to be religious, or even morally decent and bridleth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain, and his character is unprincipled and base.

The Tireless Stormy Petrel.

During a recent trip across the Atlantic the passengers on one steamer had a vivid illustration of the endurance of the Stormy Petrel. Shortly after the ship left the Irish coast two or three of these birds were sighted at the stern of the ship. One had been caught at some previous time and its captor tied a bit of red flannel or ribbon around its neck and let it go. The bit of red made the bird very conspicuous, and it could be easily identified. That bird with others that could not be so easily distinguished, followed the ship clear across the ocean. Rarely, during the daytime at least, was it out of sight, and if for an hour or two it was lost to view while feeding on the refuse cast overboard, it soon reappeared, and the last seen of it was within a few miles of Sandy Hook, when it disappeared perhaps to follow some outward bound steamer back to Ireland. When the fact is considered that the ship day and night went at an average speed of twenty miles an hour, the feat performed by the daring ocean traveller can be better appreciated. When or how it rested is inexplicable.

For Bronchitis

"I never realized the good of a medicine so much as I have in the last few months, during which time I have suffered intensely from pneumonia, followed by bronchitis. After trying various remedies without benefit, I began the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and the effect has been marvelous, a single dose relieving me of choking, and securing a good night's rest."—T. A. Higginbotham, Gen. Store, Long Mountain, Va.

La Grippe

"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I began taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

Lung Trouble

"For more than twenty-five years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times as to cause hemorrhage, the paroxysms frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, was thoroughly cured. I can confidently recommend this medicine."—Franz Hofmann, Clay Centre, Kans.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

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

Prompt to act, sure to cure

ROCKWELL