The Man who tries, and fails, succeeds.

The Acadian.

The man who succeeds without trying, fails.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXXIV. WOLFVILLE, KINGS COUNTY, N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1915. NO. 50

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.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

$1.00 per square (2 inches) for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application.

Reading notices ten cents per line first insertion, two and a half cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

RULES.

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.

C. S. FITCH, Mayor.
W. M. BLACK, 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. Or Saturdays open until 8.30 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.05 a. m.
Express west close at 9.35 a. m.
Express east close at 4.00 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.45 p. m.
Reg. letters 15 minutes earlier.

E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Services: Sunday Public Worship at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 3.00 p.m. Mid-week prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, at 3.30 p. m. The Social and Benevolent Society meets the third Thursday of each month at 3.30 p. m. The Mission Band meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 3.45 p. m. All seats free. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. G. W. Miller, Pastor: 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. Services at Port Williams and Lower Horton as announced. W.F.M.S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 3:30. p. m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Monday at 7.00 p.m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Sunday at 3 00 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. F. J. Athenage, 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 every Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m. Evensong 7.00 p. m. Wednesday Evensong, 7.30 p. m. Special services in Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rector.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

REV. R. F. DIXON, Rector.

T. L. Harvey } Wardens.
R. Creighton }

ST. FRANCIS (Catholic)—Rev. Fr. H. J. McCallion, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—During Summer months open air gospel services:—Sunday at 7 p.m., Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2.30 p.m. Splendid class rooms, efficient teachers, men's bible class.

MASONIC.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the third Monday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.

A. K. BARSS, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

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

H. M. WATSON, Secretary

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

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

COAL!

Acadia Lump,
Albion Nut,
Springhill,
Inverness.

A. M. WHEATON.

Cured Fifteen Years Ago of Piles and Eczema

By Using Dr. Chase's Ointment—Certifies That the Cure Was Permanent.

Some people have tried so many doctors and so many treatments in their search for cure for piles and eczema that they find it difficult to believe there is an actual cure.

The strong point about Dr. Chase's Ointment is that it does cure even the most obstinate cases and lasting cure.

MR. KETCHESON

In 1897 Mr. Ketcheson, 88 Douro street, Peterboro', Ont., wrote as follows:—"I was troubled for thirty years with itching piles and eczema. I could not sleep at night, and when I got warm the itching was terrible. Eczema covered my legs down to the knees, perfectly raw. I have tried every preparation I could hear of. Seeing Dr. Chase's Ointment advertised, I procured a box, and this Ointment effected a complete cure."

On Sept. 28, 1912, Mr. Ketcheson wrote as follows:—"I received a letter from you to-day, saying that you found on file a statement made by me 15 years ago. I have always given Dr. Chase's Ointment a good name since it cured me, and shall tell you how I came to use it.

"I had suffered for many years from piles and eczema, and had tried doctors and everything I could hear of in vain. Reading about Dr. Chase's Ointment, I purchased it at once, and was soon completely cured. That was fifteen years ago, so there can be no doubt of the cure being a permanent one. I have met a great many people who have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Made in Canada — Made in Canada

Columbia Records — Note the Name

Latest Song Hits Just Out

ON

Columbia DOUBLE DISC Records

A1780 10-inch 85c.	THOSE CHARLIE CHAPLIN FEET. (A. Gottler) Arthur Collins and Byron G. Harlan, baritone and tenor duet. Orchestra accompaniment. IF YOU CAN'T GET A GIRL IN THE SUMMERTIME. (Tierney.) Ada Jones and Will Robbins, soprano and tenor duet. Orchestra accompaniment.
A1788 10-inch 85c.	PLAYED BY A MILITARY BAND. (Mohr.) Sam Ash, Tenor. Orchestra accompaniment. YPSILANTI. (Van Alstyne.) Ada Jones, Soprano. Orchestra accompaniment.
A1789 10-inch 85c.	MY HULA MAID. (Edwards.) James Reed and J. F. Harrison, tenor and baritone duet. Orchestra accompaniment. OPEN UP YOUR HEART. (Gilbert.) James Reed and J. F. Harrison, tenor and baritone duet. Orchestra accompaniment.
A1790 10-inch 85c.	CLOSE TO MY HEART. (H. Von Tilzer.) Henry Burr and Albert Campbell, tenor duet. Orchestra accompaniment. FIREFLY. (Glogan.) Peerless Quartette. Orchestra accompaniment.
A1783 10-inch 85c.	ARE YOU THE O'REILLY? (Emmett and Rooney.) Columbia Stellar Quartette. Orchestra accompan't. NORWAY. (McCarthy and Fischer.) Henry Burr and Albert Campbell, tenor duet. Orchestra Acc't.
A1791 10-inch 85c.	THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL. (Elliott.) Billy Burton and Herbert Stuart, tenor and baritone duet. Orchestra accompaniment. THERE'S A LITTLE LANE WITHOUT A TURNING. (Meyer.) Henry Burr, tenor. Orchestra Accompaniment.

We'll Gladly Play Them for You.

A. V. RAND, Wolfville, N. S

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.

Voicing, Regulating, Repairing Organs Tuned and Repaired.

M. C. Collins.

P.O. Box 321, Wolfville, N.S.

WANTED.

For fox feed. Old horses, cows and calves. Cash on delivery.

McCONNELL & MacGREGOR,
Fox Ranchers,
Phone 93—11 Wolfville, N. S. 33

REWARD.

Town of Wolfville.

A reward of $10.00 is offered by the Town of Wolfville for information that will lead to the conviction of any person or persons committing any of the following offences:

Theft, breaking into houses or buildings, trespassing, destroying public or private property, the use of profane or abusive language on the street or in public buildings, the illegal selling of intoxicants, incendiarism or any criminal offences.

W. M. BLACK, Town Clerk.

A Friend or Two.

There's all of pleasure and all of peace
In a friend or two;
And all your troubles may find release
With a friend or two.
It's in the grip of the clasping hand
On native soil or in alien land,
But the world is made—do you understand—
Of a friend or two.

A song to sing and a crust to share
With a friend or two;
A smile to give and a grief to bear
With a friend or two;
A road to walk and a goal to win,
An inglenook to find comfort in
The gladdest hours that we know begin,
With a friend or two.

The brother-soul and the brother-heart
Of a friend or two,
Make us drift on from the grind apart
With a friend or two.
We count no hours but the one made glad
By the hale good times we have ever had,
With a friend or two.

Betty's Treasure.

The house of the two maiden sisters, Misses Phoebe and Prudence Shaw, had descended to them from away back in the year the tea was thrown overboard in Boston harbor.

Of course there had been heirs between that exciting event and the Misses Shaw, and those heirs had lived their time and passed on their property by will. None of them had been rich, indeed most of them had been very poor. It was a big colonial house with ten acres of ground around it, and there had been times the place had been sold for taxes, and would have had a new tenant had not public sentiment come forward to rescue it.

The sisters had a starvation income and had passed the half century mark. There were those who could remember them at twenty—fair faced and attractive young women. They had never married because they felt they could not separate. And when ever the subject of marriage or the sale of the place came up they had exclaimed in a chorus: 'But there is the garret.'

It was the biggest garret for fifty miles around. He who had planned and built the house had not paid special attention to the rooms and halls below, but he had provided a garret that all who came after him should be proud of. It was long and wide and contained treasures beyond enumeration in the shape of spinning wheels and bedsteads and bureaus and chairs and what not of the long ago.

An antiquarian who came one day and was allowed to look but not to touch, said to the eldest sister:

'There is nothing like it under the sun. If you will let me dig here for a week I will give you a hundred dollars.'

'Not for a thousand,' was the reply.

'But why?'

'Because you would make a dust and litter.'

When Betty Lawrence, a cousin, at the age of ten had visited the Misses Shaw and become homesick and shed tears, the sisters comforted her by promising—

'Now, Betty, chirk up and be a good girl and you shall see our garret.'

Now, at nineteen, she was a visitor at the old house again, and she had a lively remembrance of that quaint room. She didn't care much for the antique, but she was at a romantic age, and endowed with a healthy curiosity, and when one of the sisters had let drop the fact that the old chest was full of documents dating back into the beginning of the 18th century she made up her mind to have a look at some of them.

Betty was determined to overhaul that garret if given half a chance. She dwelt upon the idea so constantly that she came to believe that somewhere in that collection of musty relics of the past there lay concealed a document which could bring a treasure to its finder. She even pictured herself standing before her startled old cousins, document in hand, the announcement on her lips—

'My dear cousins, I have found a great treasure. It is all yours. You can buy a new hat and new shoes, and if you want real coffee for breakfast and chicken pie for dinner you can have them!'

One day while waiting her opportunity to explore the garret, a young man known to her cousins, called on an errand for his mother, and was introduced to Miss Betty as Mr. Ford Kirkwood. The following day while she was out for a walk, he turned up as if by accident. This happened again on the third day, and on the forth he forgot to offer an excuse for its rather marked recurrence. Within a week it had happened so frequently that neither saw anything unconventional in the matter.

This rapidly developing acquaintance did not escape the vigilant eyes of the cousins. One day the elder sister observed frankly:

'I think Ford Kirkwood is a fine boy.'

'Don't you think I'm rather a nice girl, cousin Phoebe?' laughed Betty with a telltale flush.

'Perhaps it will be wise for me to write to your parents.'

Then Miss Phoebe sighed gently and readjusted her glasses.

'I suppose I ought to warn you against love at first sight,' she continued.

'But do you never love at first sight or second sight or any other sight, how can you, cousin Phoebe?'

At this the gentle old woman smiled dubiously.

'Ford Kirkwood is a fine young man, but he has no money,' she went on dutifully.

'Nor have I. Papa might manage to give us a check for a hundred dollars for a wedding gift, but it would strain the bank account to do it.' Then throwing her arms about Miss Phoebe and giving her a reassuring kiss she added more seriously:

'Don't fall in love, dear cousin. I shall not close. I shall not marry—at least not until—'

'Until when, Betty?'

'Until I find a treasure,' declared the girl as if she meant it.

Betty did not reveal the fact to anybody that she regarded the prospect of securing the treasure as a well defined possibility. In her soul she believed there was a treasure in that garret, but how was she to take the first step toward finding it, with that region closed to her? She felt like demanding the privilege of exploring it and yet she bided her time. Her opportunity came suddenly. There came a day when the sisters were called away suddenly on a matter that demanded their personal attention.

'I am so afraid you will be lonesome,' said the elder sister sympathetically. 'We shall be away three hours.'

'Oh, no; I can take a long walk and then read awhile after coming back,' said Betty, trying hard to keep her voice steady. Scarcely was the vehicle bearing the sisters out of sight when Betty flew to the garret. Once within the forbidden treasure house, she stood for a long five minutes feasting her eyes. Then she selected the oldest and most battered trunk in the entire lot for inspection.

Letters and documents? Why, the trunk was full to repletion with them. There were deeds, mortgages, receipts, bills of sale, private letters, grants and what not, and the girl had only a glimmering of what had once been their legal value. Three hours had gone by and the return of the sister might be expected at any moment, when she selected a parchment almost at random, replaced the others in the trunk and left the fascinating spot.

It was not until she was safe in her room at night that the girl had an opportunity to examine the parchment. She found very little to reward her. The writing was that of any illiterate man, badly scrawled, some parts of it faded hopelessly. After puzzling over it till her eyes smarted she put the illegible thing in her hand bag with the sleepy conclusion:

'Nobody but an old pirate could have written a hand like that, and, of course if he were a pirate he must have written about a treasure. I shall ask Mr. Kirkwood to help me to unravel it.'

When he saw it Ford Kirkwood agreed with Betty that it was the work of an old pirate, but he admitted frankly that he was not an adept at deciphering hieroglyphics.

'It will have to be done,' said Betty determinedly, 'before—before—'

'Why not postpone it until—'

'Until?'

'Until after we are married,' he finished heroically.

'But I have promised Cousin Phoebe I shall never marry until I have found a treasure,' she added with a great attempt to be serious.

'Well, haven't you found me,' he suggested brazenly. 'And I have found you—the most precious treasure of all,' he added gallantly.

Bad Cold in the Chest.

'I am happy to tell you that I used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and was promptly cured of a very bad cold in the chest,' writes Miss Josephine Gauthier, Dover South, Ont. You can depend on Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to relieve and cure all inflammations and irritations of the throat and bronchial tubes.

A teacher asked her pupils, 'How many of you would like to go to heaven?'

All raised their hands but one. The teacher was greatly surprised and said, 'Why, Donald, don't you want to go to heaven?'

'Well,' said Donald, 'we have painted the barn and shingled the house, and pa said we can't go anywhere this summer.'

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

'Was the dog mad that bit the children who were teasing him?'

'I think the animal was somewhat provoked.'

A Call We Must Heed.

Under the above heading the Toronto 'Christian Guardian' says: It is the call to carefulness, to economy to thrift in public life, in private life everywhere. And we must heed it, heed it now, and seriously, for if we do not we will have to pay for our folly and neglect in hard and bitter ways in the days to come. The London Telegraph puts the matter forcefully and well: 'The call comes from every practical person, including the very poorest, who realizes what the gigantic additions now being made to the nation's financial burden must mean, and how vitally necessary it is to apply, impartially and universally the simple principle of doing without. Very many people, it is remarked, have not yet submitted themselves to that necessity. So much the worse for them; time will be their teacher; but the government knows well what the position is. There is no question of crippling the national apparatus of civilization; no question of effecting any economy which could result in diminishing the increased social well being, the increased intelligence, and fitness for the work of the world, which have been attained by the nation through the vast extending of the sphere of administration in modern times. Nothing of those things can the country afford to sacrifice if it is to win back the fulness of its depleted strength. It is simply a question of eliminating real waste, of cutting down superfluity, of rooting out jobs and sinecures, of sternly discouraging carelessness of cost, down to the very smallest detail, in every branch of departmental work; of pursuing, in a word, precisely the same policy that the best, the most enlightened, type of business man pursues in the conduct of his business. The Government is not asked to do more; there is no longer a shadow of excuse for its doing less.' This is the word for governments and individuals alike the word that we must not neglect.

One Spoonful Gives Astonishing Results.

Wolfville residents are astonished at the QUICK results from the simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine etc., known as Adler-i-ka. This remedy acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and it is used successfully in appendicitis. ONE SPOONFUL of Adler-i-ka relieves almost ANY CASE of constipation, sour or gassy stomach. ONE MINUTE after you take it, the gasses rumble and pass out. Sold by A. V. Rand.

Free Falling.

It was stated in a description of a recent aeroplane mishap that the aviator had time to clamber to the upper struts of his machine and that when the crash came he was practically unhurt, the landing wheels and lower part of the machine absorbing the shock.

Flying men, too, in the early days of aviation frequently leaped from falling machines and escaped with minor injuries. There is a knack in leaping and an art in falling, that athletes and aviators both know. It is to 'fall free,' to offer no resistance or as little as possible.

It is not Providence that especially guards drunken men and little children when they topple. They collapse and as the muscles and sinews are not drawn taunt, and no resistance offered, but little damage and frequently none results. The bone of a weak arm would need some force to be applied before it broke. A resisting arm would snap almost at once. In a fall all attemps to recover one's balance, if unsuccessful, means greater damage. Let yourself collapse—fall limply—and you may escape serious injury. It is the strain and wrench on the muscles and sinews which make the bones snap.

Fall anyhow. Don't try to save yourself, and you will.

The Winnipeg Electric Railway net earnings for May were $86 759 as compared with $148,031 for May, 1914. The cause of the shrinkage is stated to be industrial depression causing a falling off in the demand for power, and the competition from the jitney.

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure you. 60c. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

There are groups of horse sellers and horse buyers in the country who should have a term in the penitentiay equal in duration to the ages of the horses they imposed on the government.

'Some people,' remarks an exchange 'reach their years of discretion early in life and others wear wrist watches at forty.'

Grates are extra durable. Coal grate is duplex. Wood grate is the most modern type.

McClary's

Kootenay

Range will take extra large pieces of wood—just remove back end lining. Ask the McClary dealer to show you.

Sold by L. W. SLEEP, Wolfville, N. S.

Why Named 'Dominion.'

Have you ever considered the reason why our country is called Dominion? If not, look over the following extract from the Pall Mall Gazette:

'We are accustomed to take the expression of the 'Dominion' of Canada for granted; but the original of that somewhat unusual word is known to very few. When at length the great scheme of Sir John Macdonald was realized, and the nine provinces grouped themselves together into one great confederation, a serious difficulty was presented by the choice of a suitable name. For a time almost a deadlock ensued.

At length one old member of Parliament rose from his seat and told his colleagues that he had read in the Bible that very morning the words: 'His dominion shall be from one sea to the other.' Accordingly he suggested that Canada should be known as the Dominion, or God's Land. The suggestion seized upon the hearts and imaginations of those present and it was promptly acted upon.

Tommy went home one day with a nice new golf ball.

'Look at the lost ball I found on the links, father!' he said.

'But you are sure, Tommy,' said Mr. Traddles, 'that it was a lost ball really?'

'Oh, yes,' said the boy. 'I saw the man and his caddy looking for it.'

Numberless are the stories told of George Washington. Upon one occasion, while the American army was in camp, Washington heard that the colored sentries were not altogether reliable. He determined to test the matter for himself. One night, therefore, when the password was 'Cambridge,' the general went out and walked up to a colored sentry.

'Who goes there?' cried the sentinel.

'A friend,' was the reply.

'Advance, friend, and give the counter sign.'

'Roxbury,' said Washington.

'No, sah,' replied the the soldier.

'Medford,' said Washington.

'No, sah,' was the response.

'Charleston,' said Washington.

The sentry lost patience. 'I tell you, Massa Washington,' he said emphatically, 'no man can go by here without he say Cambridge.'

Under the management of Mr. Norman Carpenter and the increased demand for antimony occasioned by the war, the mine at West Gore is breaking all previous records. About thirty men are employed and the works are being operated night and day. The grade of ore now being mined is said to be the best and the seam developed the largest in the history of the mine.—M. Merchant.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A wise man, being asked to give a definition of a woman, began: 'Woman is, generally speaking—' 'Stop there,' said his friend. 'If you went on for a thousand years you would never get so near it again.'

Drink Pure Water.

But we can't. There is no such thing extant.

Pure water is nothing more or less than a chemical curiosity. Even when distilled it cannot rightly be considered perfectly pure.

Mineral matter is the most common foreign substance found in 'Adam's ale.' This is largely owing to the fact that all water passes through rock and soil at some time or other.

In moderate quantities these mineral salts are quite desirable, as they are particularly needed for our bone and muscles. When water is distilled these mineral substances become detached. Hence distilled water is useless for drinking.

But if more than one hundred grains of such salts as magnesium or sodium sulphate are contained in a gallon of water, it should then be regarded as a mineral beverage rather than a good drinking material.

The importance of water can be well realized when we consider that the very elasticity of their muscles, cartilages, and tendons is due to the amount of water that these tissues contain.

Two farmers, attired in corduroys and gaiters, were strolling through a picture gallery, where they looked, and apparently felt, decidedly out of place. But at last they brought up before a picture which really seemed to please them—a portrait of a lovely girl with a particularly ugly bulldog.

'This is something nice, Dick,' said one.

'What is it called?'

Dick referred to the catalogue.

'Beauty and the Beast,' he said.

The other man looked closer at the bulldog.

'Ah!' he sighed, appreciatively, 'he is a beauty, too!'

Sergt. Pitt believed in handling his men firmly. Pausing before one recruit he eyed him sternly.

'Now, then, pull yourself together,' he barked harshly. 'You're standing all wrong! Your uniform's not put on right, your buttons are dirty and you are holding your rifle like a hay fork. Let's see if you can march. Right about face!'

The recruit stood stock still and heaved a sigh of relief.

'Thank goodness!' he said with resignation. 'I'm right about something.'

'My man, where did you become such an expert swimmer?'

'Why, lady,' responded our hero, modestly, 'I used to be a traffic cop in Venice.'

HAVE YOU BEEN SICK?

Then you realize the utter weakness that robs ambition, destroys appetite, and makes work a burden.

To restore that strength and stamina that is so essential, nothing has ever equaled or compared with Scott's Emulsion, because its strength-sustaining nourishment invigorates the blood to distribute energy throughout the body while its tonic value sharpens the appetite and restores health in a natural, permanent way.

If you are run down, tired, nervous, overworked or lack strength, get Scott's Emulsion to-day. At any drug store.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

Building Repairs.

We manufacture and keep in stock building finish necessary for repair work or new buildings.

Ask for our prices on soft and hardwood flooring, sashes, doors, verandah stock, sheathing, gutters, mouldings, frame stock, shingles and laths.

Ask for our Furniture Catalogue.

J. H. HICKS & SONS

Furniture and Builders' Materials

Factory and Warerooms, - BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"