THE ACADIAN
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The Acadian.

No better advertising medium in the Valley than THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXVIII. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1908. NO. 10

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 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.

HOME [illegible]

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.

W. MARSHALL BLACK, 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 8.30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.15 a. m.
Express west close at 9.15 a. m.
Express east close at 4.10 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.45 p. m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, 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 7.30., 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 in 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. E. B. Moore, 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., 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. Martin Carroll, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—Rev. A. Cohoon, D. D., 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 month at 7.30 o'clock.

A. J. MCKENNA, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

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

E. W. DUNCANSON, 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.

SCOTIA FARM DAIRY

J. Rufus Starr, Proprietor

BEST QUALITY MILK AND CREAM.

FRESH EGGS supplied early every morning by our teams.

Leave orders at Mrs. Hutchinson's, telephone exchange, or telephone No. 22 at Port Williams. 22 tf

Free Our New Illustrated Catalog for Fall and Winter is Ready.

Sit right down now and send your name and address for this beautifully illustrated Catalog. It contains pictures of the very latest styles in women's suits, coats, skirts, underskirts, waists, house dresses, kimonas, corsets, gloves and other lines of ready-to-wear goods, besides giving description and prices of all kinds of dry goods.

Those whose names are already on our list will receive a copy of this Catalog as soon as they can be mailed out. You will find it of valuable assistance in buying your fall and winter supply of garments and dry goods.

If you are not a customer of ours, will you kindly send your name so that we can send you a free copy. Write today. Simply ask for Catalog 4A.

MAHON BROTHERS LIMITED
Mail Order Department, Halifax, Canada.

School Supplies.

We keep the largest stock of School Supplies in town therefore we give the lowest prices. Try us for

School Books Pencils Erasers
Note Books Scribblers Pens

$1000.00 as Prizes in Book.

$1000.00 in books given to the boys and girls of Canada as prices for the best copy of the picture on the cover of The Prize Practice Book. This book, which serves as an excellent scribbler, is on sale here only. Come and learn full particulars.

SPECIAL For a short time we will sell a 5 cent scribbler and a one cent eraser together for 5 cents.

FLO. M. HARRIS
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

EIGHTH MARITIME WINTER FAIR
— WILL OPEN AT —
1908. AMHERST Nov. 30 to Dec. 3. 1908.

The greatest educational event of the Maritime Provinces along Agricultural Lines.
Excellent programme of lectures nightly.
Low Rates on all Railway Lines.
Entries close November 12th.

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.

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

W. E. 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.

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

At Wolfville.
Building Lots for sale on the Randall Hill, fronting on Victoria Avenue and the new street, running east and west across the hill (King street)
The lots are conveniently and beautifully situated in the centre of the town.
Land good. Air and views delightful. Apply to
MRS. RD. COGSWELL
tf Wolfville.

$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.

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.

Catarrh
To prove unquestionably, and beyond any doubt, that Catarrh of the nose and throat can be cured, I am furnishing patients through druggists, small size Trial Boxes of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure. I do this because I am so certain, that Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure will bring actual substantial help. Nothing certainly, is so convincing as a physical test of any article of real, genuine merit. But that article must possess true merit, else the test will condemn, rather than advance it. Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure is a snow white, healing antiseptic balm, put up in beautiful nickel capped glass jars at 50c. Such soothing agents as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., are incorporated into a velvety smooth base like Petrolatum, prepared by Dr. Shoop from Europe. If Catarrh of the nose and throat has extended to the stomach, then by all means use one internally, Dr. Shoop's Restorative, stomach distress a lack of general strength, bloating, belching, biliousness, bad taste, etc., amply call for Dr. Shoop's Restorative.
For uncomplicated catarrh only of the nose and throat nothing else, however, need be used but
Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure
A. V. RAND.

FREEMAN'S NURSERY
LETTUCE!
Bedding Out Plants of All Kinds.
Rose, Carnations, and Other Cut Flowers.
FUNERAL DESIGNS
and Bridal Bouquets made up at short notice.
Telephone 32.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.
Voicing Regulating and Repairing. Organs Tuned and Repaired.
M. C. Collins.
P. O. Box 381, Wolfville, N. S.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

That land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low;
Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

A Summer Outing.

'We must have a change.' Mrs Arthurs' tone was decisive.

The meek little man sitting opposite her at the breakfast table sighed. He hated change, hated poking about strange places, and meeting strange people. They had gone to the Riley farm for August year after year. Why not keep on going? Riley's was all right, The woods shut it in, the house was porch mostly, and the path to the river lead through a mullein meadow which was so exactly like a certain field he had played in as a boy that the sight of it and the smell of it made him forget that he was getting a trifle gray, a trifle bent, a trifle stiff in the joints. He hummed tunes at Riley's funny old tunes with funnier old words to them. He whistled at Rileys', he sometimes went down the hill and across the creek on a hop, skip and jump. It was at Riley's he had had the boat race with old man Bennet, and beat him, too. It was at Riley's he had taught his wife Betty, or Elizabeth, as she elected to be called, how to cast, aye, and how to land her fish. And as for this tall Ethel of his, why he had rolled down Riley's hill with her many a time in those far-back days of pudgy waist, short frock, bare feet and fun. Really, he must be firm in the matter of Riley's.

'The Malcomsons have asked us to join their party at Cushings Island, and I think we will—that is, unless you object.' Mrs Arthurs' tone challenged him to upset her plans at his peril. 'We desire to please you.'

'Only we don't want to go to Riley's by way of pleasing you,' put in Ethel. 'It is such a tiresome old place—no conveniences, no company. One might as well be buried as stuck in that old farmhouse. Norma Malcomson declares she would die of the blues if she had to stay there. Oh, by all means let us have a change!'

'When you're as old as your dad,' he began, but the girl broke in with:

'You're not old, you just think you are. It's habit, daddy!'

'Perhaps, habit and hard work.' Something in his voice made Mrs Arthurs glance up quickly. He did look worn, and, yes, overworked. Besides he was not dressed carefully as of old. That gray suit had the appearance of being ready-made—not content with preaching economy he had actually begun to practice it.

'Father doesn't have to be of the party,' Ethel remarked to her mother. 'You and I can accompany the Malcomsons while he goes to the farm and fishes to his heart's content.'

Mrs Arthurs appreciated the worldly wisdom of the suggestion. 'You would like that?' she inquired of the head of the house.

'Better than trying to live up to the Malcomsons,' he admitted. 'I may stop in town all summer,' he added artfully. 'Don't feel the need of a holiday, not specially.'

If he hoped his wife and daughter would protest, fall upon his neck and beg of him to go with them; if he hoped they would offer to give up the expensive outing and content themselves with Riley's; if he even hoped they would urge him to drop work and worry and take all the good he could out of a solitary summer, he was disappointed. Mrs Arthurs was deep in plans and calculations and hardly heard him. As for Ethel, her private opinion was that holidays, [illegible] other good things, were wholly [illegible] soley for young people—a good [illegible] made up of fun and flirtations [illegible]. She patted her father's [illegible] as she passed him, and ran into the hall to phone Norma [illegible] that the whole matter was settled.

'Elizabeth,' he began, the worried deepening in his eyes, 'I'm [illegible] we can't afford it—this trip off [illegible] the Malcomsons. Business is [illegible] money scarce, and, well, we [illegible] go behind in spite of all I can do.'

'[illegible] have always thought myself a good manager,' said Mrs Arthurs, coldly. [illegible] certainly, certainly, but this keeping pace with richer folks is what's playing the mischief. We spend more than we used to, and get less out of life. This trip will cost how much?'

She named a sum which took his breath. Before he could get it back enough to expostulate she had begun her argument. He had heard most of it before. What a hard life was hers in the main. How unselfish she was, how devoted to home interests, how careful in money matters, how frugal in her expenditure! This summer's outing, for instance, it would cost, but was it for herself alone? No, she was thinking only of Ethel's welfare. Ethel was growing into a beautiful girl. It was only right and proper that she should mix in good society. Young Malcomson was struck with Ethel, and, well, it would be flying in the face of Providence to refuse to go to Cushings.

'I can do without things; I'm used to it, but,' a tremor of earnestness in her voice, 'I can't bear to deny Ethel. Of course, if you insist on it—'

'Have it your own way', wearily. 'I'll raise the money somehow. I've wanted you to have things easy,—but I'm something of a failure; that's plain.'

He got up, moving stiffly, and with a nod of good-bye started for the office. Mrs Arthurs sat looking over some bills. There was a frown on her face, frowning seemed to come easy to her these days. She disliked debt as much as her husband did, but Ethel would have pretty clothes, would give parties, would act as though the world were made for her special pleasure.

'Please,' came the voice of Mary, the maid, 'the woman from the farm is here. She has that gawky girl of hers along and says she wants awful bad to see you.'

Mrs Arthurs frowned harder—was she never to hear the last of those Rileys? However, the little, dark woman who came hurrying in was in such depths of woe that she could not be impatient. She gave two chairs and asked what was wrong.

Mrs Riley was not long telling what she had come to tell. 'I don't mean to be bold, Mrs Arthurs,' she burst out, 'but I'm so bothered and miserable I don't know what to do. I've got all wrong, an' I want you to help me get right. I feel you'll tell me just what's best. I've heaps of confidence in you.'

Mrs Riley's admiration was so real it won the other. 'What can I do?' she inquired.

'Before you an' Mr Arthurs took to coming to the farm I knew you were a wise, kind lady. I heard you give an address at the woman's guild. It was all about what a lot it meant to be a wife, an' keepin' a man happy, an' raisin' children right. You said love was worth more than a big house or fine cloths; that no matter how poor a woman was, she was rich if her man kept on bein' daffy about her, or words that meant that, you remember, don't you?'

'Oh yes.' With all her faults, Mrs Arthurs had a first-class memory.

'Course you do,' eager'y. 'And you told us it was an awful responsibility to train a child, on account of its bein' a soul, an' so bein' capable of growin' better an' sotter an' unselfisher right along—or the other way. Oh, 'twas beautiful, Mrs Arthurs, an' I says to myself I'll keep this in mind an' act on it.'

Mrs Arthurs remarked modestly that she was glad if any poor words of hers had helped Mrs Riley.

'Oh, makin' up your mind to do so an' so, an' doin' it are two different things,' confessed Mrs Riley. 'I meant all right but I forgot. I'm in awful trouble. I've got into debt. It'll worry my poor man out of his mind'—and Mrs Riley choked back a sob—'an' I've fair ruined Lena's disposition. It comes out of my pride—pride and downright silliness—comes of hankerin' after things I can't afford, and finery—not for myself, I never did care much about my own appearance—but look at Lena. Mrs Arthurs, just look at her. See the kid stockin'; see the fineness of them shoes with patent facings, the lace underclothes. Come here, Lena. Show the lady your dress; silk, Mrs Arthurs. I have stitched it an' broidered the flowers on it with my own hands. It's been the same right along. I knew I'd get behind but I couldn't bear to have Mrs Mink's girl or Mrs Moody's girl finer than mine. There, Lena, run away and visit with Mary till I come.'

'Mrs Minks and Mrs Moody are in good circumstances,' Mrs Arthurs spoke judicially.

'Yes, but it's easy to get livin' beyond your means just by way of showing off; easy gettin' in debt, hard gettin' out. Oh me!'

Mrs Arthurs sighed. Yes, she knew.

'An' you know how it is with a girl; the more you get her the more you may, till there's no satisfying her. You help to make her mean an' then feel like cuffing her for bein' mean.'

'I suppose this is one's punishment.' Mrs Arthurs spoke more to herself than to the other.

'Punishment!' catching at the word. 'Oh, we get it, all right. It doesn't take our girl long to get the notion she's better than her folks; that all they're fit for is waitin' on her an' deckin' her out. Why, only the other day Lena was goin' to a picnic an' forgot to take her parasol. Her pa was startin' for the field, dinner pail in hand, an' he runs half a mile to head off the picnic load and give her the parasol. Would you believe it, the proud little snip blewed me up later on for lettin' him keep hold of his dinner-pail; said she let on to some of the others he was our hired man. It set me thinkin'; it opened my eyes wider than anything else. Oh, Mrs Arthurs!' a tremble of passionate protest shaking her, 'would you believe a girl could be ashamed of so good a pa, so kind a pa? Poor old pa that would work his fingers to the bone for her and me! It's awful, that's what it is.'

A dark flush crept over Mrs Arthurs' cheeks and brow and square set chin. Of a sudden she seemed to see a gentle little man, an insignificant little man sitting at a breakfast table, his blue eyes, with a hurt look in them, fixed on a pretty, frivolous girl who had remarked, 'Father does not have to be one of our party.' Yes, there had been eager relief in Ethel's tone and manner. The girl was growing so foolishly proud she was actually ashamed—the flush grew deeper and darker. Yet it was absurd that Mrs Riley's wail, 'Poor old pa who would work his fingers to the bone for her and me!' should ring so accusingly in her ears; it was absurd that she should have a lump in her throat—that the agitation of the other should communicate itself to her.

'Mrs. Riley,' keeping her voice steady with an effort, 'it is a most regrettable state of affairs. I am sorry for you. But how can I be of service?'

'That's what I'm comin' to,' fixing eager eyes on Mrs. Arthurs; 'you know so much more than me. You see, though I didn't act on the lovely advise you give at that convention, I haven't forgot how beautiful and true it was. You said—oh, I can't just give you the words, but it was about bein' good to our own, not hurtin' their feelin's in any way'—Mrs. Arthurs winced—'not showin' off; just makin' home happy for your own man, an' bringin' up your own family to love an' respect him. It we made mistakes we was to go back, no matter how hard the goin' back was, an' begin over again. You remember, don't you?'

'I am afraid'—a new humility touching the proud woman—'I have forgotten a great deal.'

'It was grand; must have been, to keep its hold on me these years. Well, Mrs. Arthurs, havin' made a big mistake, an' got my child thinkin' style means more than love or religion, there's nothin' for it but to go back an' begin over again, is there?'

Mrs. Arthurs did not answer for a moment, then she said, 'nothing'.

'I must take her away from the Minks an' Moodys an' that lot. Extravagence is catchin' as smallpox; there's no vaccinatin' against it, either,' with a sad little smile. 'It ain't going to be easy. I'll have to be kind, but firm' terrible firm. It's the only way to cure her, isn't it?'

Mrs. Arthurs said yes, said it solemnly, as though making a resolve.

'My old aunt used to say when you saw a man an' woman with one child you saw three fools in a line. Oftener than not it's so. Mrs. Arthurs, I'll have to be firm against crossness an' poutin'. It won't be easy, either, will it?'

'No, it won't be easy; but,' Mrs. Arthurs' chin set itself with even more than its usual squareness, 'it has to be done.'

'There's another thing,' Mrs. Riley was gaining courage from the other. 'I hate like sin to tell Riley about the store bills; still, if a woman runs in debt unbeknown to her man she's got to make a clean breast of it if she's honest. An' she must be honest mustn't she?'

Again the flush swept Mrs. Arthurs' face. 'She must be honest, yes,' she agreed.

'An' do every solitary thing she can to help pay it off.' Mrs. Arthurs turned away and swallowed hard. 'I'm goin' to take Lena into my confidence, I'll say, 'Lena, it's up to us to do our part right here an' now.' Maybe we can get two or three boarders for the summer, an' Lena shall cook for them an wait on them. You told me last week you folks was goin' to to the seaside, else,' with pride, 'I wouldn't be sayin' a word of boarders. We've been glad to have you every summer but naturally folks that can have a change like to take a change.'

'We're not going to the seaside, after all,' spoke up Mrs Arthurs, 'so you may expect us on the first of August or earlier My husband remarked at breakfast that he would rather holiday at the farm than any place,' Mrs. Riley actually smiled un'il the dimples showed. 'You make me proud,' she said, rising to go. 'For the good you've done in showing me my duty I thank you for myself and my man.'

'And I,' returned Mrs Arthurs with a sort of happy earnestness, 'thank you for myself and my man,' and Mrs. Riley went her way unenlightened, but satisfied that the other meant well.

It was a dejected little man, a mild little man with a grievance, who took his way to Riley's that first of August afternoon. His wife and daughter had bade him a carelese good-bye the day before and taken their departure. It rankled in his mind yet that he had surprised them smiling at his woe-begone air A man's womenfolks had no right to desert him. Perhaps they were tired of him. He was dull, there was no denying it, but he wouldn't be dull if he had less on his mind. And surely it was when he was dull that he needed company, Elizabeth was trying at times, but again there were times when she wasn't And Ethel—well, she was changed of late; had lost her merry ways, her loving ways, her nice ways. He would miss her though; she was his own little girl, all the little girl he had. He hated a solitary vacation. This would he do. Stop over the week-end, then take himself back to the workaday world.

'The farm's lookin' gay,' spoke up Riley, who had met him at the station, 'an' the fishin' is prime.'

'Glad to hear it,' with enforced cheerfulness. 'A country life for me. Seems a little queer, though, to be coming all by my lonesome. A regular bachelor holiday, eh, Riley?'

'Women's queer,' moralized Riley, with a grin. 'The chap that said we couldn't live with 'em or without 'em knowed what he was talkin' about.'

They left the highway and took a path which was supposed to follow the stream, but which in reality was always getting ahead of the stream, running back to meet it, going over it, and around it, and beside it, as the mood of the moment prompted. It was a crazy path. The briars, tired of trying to hedge it in and keep it straight, were glad to have it merge into the strip of highway bordering the wood.

Mr. Arthurs, one hand on the rail fence, preparatory to climbing it, looked about him, drew a long, full breath of pleasure—God's out-of doors. His big, gracious out-of doors, had him, held him. To the right were the barley fields, all green and gold; to the left the hills of corn waving their broomy tops in the wind; behind was the singing river; before, the silent wood. It was good to get away from smoke and grime, away from work and worry, away from oneself.

Riley stopped to mend the little gate by the poplars, leaving Mr. Arthurs to go on to the house by himself. Again the loneliness caught. 'I wonder where my folks are at this time?' he muttered, as he went up the veranda steps.

It looked homelike there. The rickety old sofa had his own cushion on it, his fishing outfit was spread on a chair. The tea table was gay with asters and golden rod, just as Ethel had been used to deck it, and—well—well—well!

It did a man good to have a happy surprise sprung on him, to have his womenfolks make a fuss over him, to be shoved into a chair and fed the things he liked most—Mr. Arthurs knew it did. It did a man good to hear the wife of his heart say:

'As soon as supper is over we'll take the old boat and go trolling. The big bass that got off my hook last year is in the river still, but,' with a laugh, 'I'll land him as sure as my name is Betty Arthurs.'

Betty Arthurs wore a short linen frock, a sunbonnet and a smile. She was the handsomest woman he knew—he hadn't time to think much about it, being in a hurry to get to the water, but she was the very handsomest, without doubt. She had a way of looking at him as if he counted, as if he were of some importance—a new way and a nice one. It woke a little glow of pride in his heart, his tickled vanity rose up and asserted itself.

'A good holiday will make us young,' she was saying.

'Young! I'm the youngest man of my years in the county, and the holiday only begun.' He started down the walk on quite a strut. 'Coming Ethel?'

'No,' with a blush. 'Jamie Malcolmson has written to ask if he can spend Sunday with us, and I must answer his letter. He—he is coming to see you, specially, dad.'

'All right.' Mr. Arthurs was nothing if not hospitable. 'Tell him to come along. He and I'll go across to old man Bennett's. Oh, I'll take him off your hands for the day!'

'I'll bet you anything you won't,' she told him with a saucy toss of her head.

'Why not?' he called back.

'Because he won't go. So there!'

Then he understood. 'It's a queer old world,' he said, with a sigh. 'But a good old world,' he added, with a laugh.

Destroys Hair Germs

Recent discoveries have shown that falling hair is caused by germs at the roots of the hair. Therefore, to stop falling hair, you must first completely destroy these germs. Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will certainly do this. Then leave the rest to nature.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it. Then do as he says.

Recent discoveries have also proved that dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp. Therefore, to cure dandruff, the first thing to do is to completely destroy these dandruff germs. Here, the same Ayer's Hair Vigor will give the same splendid results.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in cows.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Both Restored to Health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

'Both myself and my wife can truthfully say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been of great benefit to us, and we are constantly recommending them to our friends.' Thus writes Mr. Ernest L. Archibald, Truro, N. S., who further says:—'In my own case I had been subject to dizzy headaches for over a year, and three boxes of the Pills completely cured me of the trouble. About a year ago my wife began to complain. She seemed to be completely run down; was very pale and weak; she could not walk up stairs without stopping on the way to get breath, and ultimately she grew so weak she could not sweep a floor without resting. She tried several tonics but received no benefit. Then I persuaded her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got her a half dozen boxes. After she had used a couple of boxes her appetite began to improve and the color to return to her face. She continued using the Pills until she had taken the six boxes, and to-day she is perfectly well, feels stronger and looks better than she has done for some years. While she was taking the Pills she gained twelve pounds in weight.'

Dr. Williams' Pills cure troubles like these because they are rooted in the blood. Bad blood is the cause of all common diseases like anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, general weakness, and those ailments that only women folks know, with their attendant headaches and backaches and irregularities. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a sure cure when given a fair trial, because they enrich the blood and thus reach the root of disease. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Proved Beyond Doubt.

The disappointed victims of poor Catarrh remedies should read the statement of J. R. Smith, Lake Stream, N. B. In Catarrhozone he found an absolute cure and says: 'Last winter my little girl of eight caught cold which lodged in her ears in the form of Catarrh. She became sick and deaf and nothing helped. By inhaling Catarrhozone she got relief and gradually the discharge went away. She was cured perfectly of Catarrh. Personally I can recommend Catarrhozone for coughs and throat irritation; its a wonderful medicine.' Sold everywhere, 25c. and $1.00.

Youngly—Did you ever notice that the matrimonial process is like that of making a call? You go to adore, you ring a bells and you give your name to a maid.

Cynicus Yes, and then you're taken in.

PILES
FOR FOUR YEARS

Only those who suffer from piles can know the agony, the burning, throbbing, shooting, stabbing pains which this ailment causes and the way it wrecks the sufferer's life!

Zam-Buk is blessed by thousands who used to suffer from piles, but whom it has cured. One such grateful person is Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor of Greenwood Avenue, Toronto. She says: "For four long years I suffered acutely from bleeding piles. During that time I spent an immense amount of money on 'remedies' and doctor's prescriptions but I got no ease. Zam-Buk was different to everything else I had tried and it cured me. I am grateful for the cure, and as I have never had piles once since, I know the cure is permanent."

Another thankful woman is Mrs. A. E. Gardiner, of Catelins, Trinity Bay. She says: "In my case Zam-Buk effected a wonderful cure. For 12 years I had been troubled with blind, bleeding and protruding piles. I had been using various kinds of ointments, etc., but never came across anything to do me good until I tried Zam-Buk which cured me! That this may be the means of helping some sufferers from piles to try Zam-Buk is the wish of one who has found great relief."

Zam-Buk is a purely herbal balm and should be in every home! Cures cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, ulcers, blood-poisoning, itch, cold-sores, chapped hands and all diseases and injuries of the skin, etc. All druggists and stores at 50c box, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

USE Zam-Buk
The Balm that benefits You
ALL DRUGGISTS 50c.