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. XXVII. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1908. NO. 38

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, five 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.

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 6.30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.25 a. m.
Express west close at 9.26 a. m.
Express east close at 3.50 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.03 p. m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. L. D. Morse, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.30 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 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. 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, } Wardens.
J. D. Sherwood, }

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 9.30 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. 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. DURGANSON, 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. 15 at Port Williams. 23

Shop at Mahon's by Mail.

If you cannot visit the store, we can serve you by mail just as satisfactorily and quickly, besides saving you the expense and time coming to the city. We have a WELL EQUIPPED MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT in which trained workers make it their sole business to look after our out-of-town customers.

Just as soon as the morning's mail is opened, the orders are taken to the various departments to be filled. By the time the city shoppers arrive, the goods are sent up to the mail order section where they are packed, labelled, addressed and by noon the parcels are going to the post-office, express office and steamers en route to customers all over the Maritime Provinces.

We sell DRY GOODS EXCLUSIVELY, strictly for cash, granting no discounts to anyone. In this way we are able to sell at close prices, besides WE PAY FULL DELIVERY CHARGES ON ALL ORDERS OF $5.00 OR OVER.

Our SUMMER CATALOG is free for the asking. We send samples of dress goods, silks, muslins and various goods on request

MAHON BROTHERS LIMITED

Mail Order Department, Halifax, Canada.

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. HARRY 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.
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. ED. COGSWELL
tf Wolfville

TO LET.
ON MAIN STREET, WOLFVILLE,
The Grocery Store formerly occupied by
F. J. Porter.
Possession immediate.
For terms apply to
ANDREW DEW. BARSS.
Dec 12, 1906—tf

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

To Rent.
New house on Prospect street. Eight rooms and bath. Fitted with all modern conveniences and a very convenient and pleasant location.
Apply to
C. M. GORMLEY.

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 25c. Trial Boxes of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure. I do this because I am so certain that Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure will bring about substantial relief. 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 local remedy. Which, including tube, packing in beautiful nickel capped glass jars at 50c. Such working agents as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., are incorporated into a velvety, cream like Petrolatum, imported by Dr. Shoop from Europe. If Catarrh of the nose and throat has extended to the stomach, then by all means also use internally, Dr. Shoop's Restorative, Stomach Tablets, a list of general tonics, including nothing poisonous nor base, but surely tall for 10c. 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.

MELVIN S. CLARKE
"THE AUCTIONEER"
79 & 80 Argyle Street, Halifax, N. S.
Sales conducted throughout the Province with best results. If you contemplate moving and selling or—Sell well are not my expert advice for which no charge is made.
If owners selling put efforts in one lot I will buy on them for Cash the entire furniture and furnishings of anyone desirous of selling, paying highest prices for same. No charge made whatever for advice. This business has been running more or less continuously 26 years, having been established in 1880, and the name "CLARKE" is a household word throughout the city of Halifax and Maritime Provinces.
P. O. BOX 97. TELEPHONE 70. H.

Horse Clipping!
Neatly and promptly done at
26 Hutchinson's Livery Stable.

Crossing Bridges.

No doubt that bridge will be safe and strong
When you reach it, so do not fear,
Just keep up your smiles, and the cheery song,
It will carry you over, my dear,
For half life's trouble and grief and loss
Is dreading the bridges we never cross

So keep your eyes on the shining way,
Beyond, it is fair and clear,
And enjoy the trees and the flowers gay,
That bloom in your path, my dear,
For the thought will come with a thrill of pain,
That we may not pass this way again.'

But stop if you meet with a burdened soul
And give just a word of cheer,
While looking above to the final goal,
Help others to reach it, my dear,
And who can tell that 'bridge' may be
A blessing disguised both for you and me.

The Photograph.

Iris Cheetham was dispensing afternoon tea in the drawing room when the news of her fiance's perfidy was broken to her.

'Iris' said Mrs. Hanbury, suddenly, reaching for her second 'maid of honor' and seeking some verbal cover for the act, 'how did Mr. Newton enjoy his motor ride on Monday?''

Miss Cheetham was too much surprised to be discreet. Had she been on her guard, she would have smiled pleasantly, replied nonchalently, 'Oh, very much, I believe,' and passed on to inquire affectionately after Mrs. Hanbury's baby. Taken completely aback, she merely exclaimed, with wonder:

'Motor ride? I never knew—'

'Ah, then, perhaps I shouldn't have said anything about it. But Mr. Newton seemed to be enjoying himself so much that I made sure he would have told you.'

It was useless to pass the matter off now. Four pairs of eyes—and all feminine—were closely watching her.

'Where did you see him?'

'He was in a motor coming up Highgate Hill. I was going down in a tram; of course, he didn't see me. It was the Dodson's car. There were only Miss Dodson and Mr. Newton in it.'

'No chauffeur?' inquired one horrified listener.

'Oh, of course there was the chauffeur, but he sat in front. I didn't reckon him.'

'Highgate Hill,' said Iris, shortly, 'is not the kind of hill one likes to work up.'

But that did not settle the matter—at least, not for her. Two questions were still unanswered. Why was Alfred Newton in the neighborhood of Highgate Hill at all? Also, why was he ascending it in the Dodson's motor car, tete-a-tete with the undeniably pretty Milly Dodson?

The Abernethy road, where the Dodsons and Cheethams both reside, is a select suburban thoroughfare. No one in it keeps less than two servants, probably half a dozen (at the most) rise to three. The Dodson's are the only people that attain to the dignity and luxury of owning a motor car. That car, kept at a local garage, is at once the pride and envy of all other inhabitants of the road; to the Cheethams, indeed, it is a veritable thorn in the flesh. The Cheetham girls—there is a younger one than Iris at College—have publicly given out that their father, Major Cheetham, is too devoted to horses ever to take to motoring. To his intense personal discomfort the Major is made to hire a horse about once every two months in order to give artistic verisimilitude to the statement.

Now, that explanation is long, but every word of it is necessary. You understand perfectly now how Iris Cheetham felt when she learnt that her lover had been seen with the Dodson girl in the obnoxious motor.

That night Alfred Newton came, as usual, to the Cheetham's house. Iris received him coldly. After drumming a little with his fingers on the elbow of the sofa he asked bluntly what was wrong.

'I don't think, Alfred,' she pouted, 'that there ought to be any secrets between us.'

'My dear girl, I have none.'

'Oh, yes you have. You never told me about your ride in the Dodson's motor car.'

He laughed.

'Who told you?'

'Never mind! You were seen, that's quite sufficient, and there's a dreadful lot of gossip about it. I must say I do think it fast.'

'Fast! Why their chauffeur drives the thing at the pace of a hearse. But there, you're not in the mood for being teased. What else did you hear?'

'Only—who was the other occupant of the car?'

'O, I say don't be jealous! There was really no cause. Shall I tell you how it all came about?'

'If you promise to tell me the absolute truth.'

'Of course! There's nothing to keep back. Well, Miss Dodson drove into town to bring her father out. She often does that, I believe, on fine days. Dodson's office is next door to mine in Leadenhall Street.'

'Indeed!'

'I can't help it, of course, but it is next door; there's no getting over that. I had knocked off business for the day and came out of the building en route for the railway station. There was the Dodson's car standing by the side of the curb, Milly Dodson in it, and her father on the pavement talking to her. I bowed and was passing on, when he caught me by the arm. 'Newton' he said, 'how would you like to drive home in our car? Milly has come to fetch me, but I've an important board meeting on, and can't possibly leave for an hour and a half at the earliest. Do jump in—there's a good fellow—and take my place.' Well, of course, it isn't every day one gets the chance of a spin in a motor. I jumped in and that's all.'

She looked stonily in front of her without speaking a word.

'Haven't you anything to say?' he asked.

'Only this: Suppose the chauffeur had been alone in the car, would you have got in?'

'Certainly! Look here, Iris, you are most absurdly jealous. There's not the slightest ground for it. I can't think how you can possibly be so small.'

'Small! I!'

He was really angry now.

'Yes, small and petty in the extreme.'

There was no reply from Iris, save tears alone.

They were still falling when, half an hour earlier than usual, Alfred took his unhappy leave.

Subsequently, in the privacy of her room, Iris dried her eyes and proceeded to the concoction of a scheme of revenge.

He had accused her of smallness and pettiness. From any man, the accusation would have been insulting, from a lover, who ought to say nothing but what was pleasant, it was positively hateful. Was Alfred's own nature so big and generous that he could afford to launch these untrue charges at her? Had he not a taint at any rate, of the jealousy which he had declared was devouring her?

Ah, that was it. She must make him jealous. Not only make him jealous but make him admit his jealousy. Then peace would be re-established between them, and the sun would shine once more. Now, how was the thing to be worked?

The idea came with morning light. A year ago, before her engagement to Alfred, there had been another aspirant to her hand—a distant cousin of hers, Ned Morris by name. Ned, although a nice boy, had one of those hopeless artistic temperaments that fall short of artistic fulfilment; he never succeeded in anything, was usually in debt, and of course, wholly impossible as a husband. Alfred, a practical business man without any artistic leanings, naturally despised him utterly.

To have brought Ned now himself upon the field would have been lovely, but that alas! was impossible; he was in a distant part of the world, and had not been heard of for months. However, she could and would, do the next best thing. In a drawer upstairs full of odds and ends there was a large photograph of Ned, taken in costume on an occasion when he and she were acting in some amateur theatricals. Once Alfred had expressed a dislike to the photograph (he hated to see a fellow make an absolute guy of himself), and she—these were the early days of the engagement, of course—had promptly banished it to obscurity.

Now she would resurrect it. She would place it in the very center of the drawing room mantlepiece, where Alfred would be sure to see it at once. She pictured his disgust as his eyes fell on it. She would let him think that since last evening's estrangement her heart had been turning fondly to Ned and that was the reason of the picture's sudden resurrection. Then, of course, his jealousy would blaze forth. She would accuse him of smallness and pettiness. After the first shock of surprise he would surrender and plead her forgiveness. There would be tender words of reconciliation, sealed by kisses, and all would be as afore, the likeness that had worked the oracle being packed upstairs again like a disgraced child.

By 10 a. m. Ned's photograph cleaned with breadcrumbs, occupied the premier position on the drawing room mantel-shelf.

It was 3 o'clock the same afternoon.

'A gentleman has called to see you, miss.'

'Not Mr. Newton?' Her thoughts harped on the one string.

'No, Miss! A gentleman I've never seen before. I've asked him into the drawing room.'

'But didn't he give you his name?'

'No, miss, he wouldn't. But he looked quite a gentleman, miss, or I shouldn't of course, have let him in.'

Iris flew to her room to tidy her hair. Persons who gave no names were usually after subscriptions, but whoever the mysterious visitor might be, nothing was to be gained by appearing dowdy in his presence. She had a slight suspicion, too, that it might be a friend of Alfred's with an olive branch.

She turned the drawingroom door handle and entered. A man was standing on the hearth-rug, with his back to her, keenly contemplating Ned's photograph on the mantle-piece. The figure swerved round, and she faced—Ned Morris himself.

In her surprise she stood like a statute. He came forward, both hands—big, bronzed hands outstretched.

'Ned!' she cried. 'Come back!'

'Yes, I'm back. Don't look so startled. I'm far too much sunburnt to be a ghost.'

'But—you—never—wrote.'

'Not to a living soul. I wanted to take you all by surprise. Iris, how you've grown!'

'Nonsense!'

'Oh,' but you're inches higher, or is it the heels? It's good to be home again—good to come back and find such a welcome awaiting one. All the way here I was thinking—how would Iris receive me. How would she look upon one, who five years back, dared to love her? Then I was shown into this room, and there staring me in the face, was that old photograph of mine. I almost went down on my knees with gratitude; the relief was so tremendous.'

'Ned, you don't think'—

'Think! I thought it was the place of honor for five long years but you, Iris? And why? Don't blush! It was the nicest way of keeping me in mind wasn't it? It's a beast of a photo, but how much it has meant to you all these years! Don't speak! Let me finish first! Now I can speak with perfect confidence. Iris, you know in the old days how I loved you?'

'Stop!'

'Why what's the matter?'

'Oh, can't you see?' She held up her left hand. 'I'm engaged—have been for nearly two years now. It's Alfred Newton.'

Ned's next behaviour was truly astonishing. Instead of quivering like a dog under the lash, he flung himself into a chair, and fairly rocked with laughter.

'Yes, I knew that.'

'Knew?'

'Alfred told me himself an hour or two ago. We met each other in the city and had a cup of coffee together I was only joking just now. The idea came when I saw that beastly photograph up there. Did I ever look such a fool as that picture represents me? Oh, by the way, Alfred gave me a note for you. He was going to post it; but thought it would save time if I brought it, as I was coming here. Better read it. Don't mind me!'

Iris did read it—promptly. Her face beamed. A darling note! Alfred must have ransacked the dictionary for words of contrition. The storm was over; the sun shone again.

'It's all right, Iris. I'll give you another likeness of me—a recent one, I'm going to put this in the fire. I shouldn't like my wife to see it.'

'Your wife?'

'Yes she's waiting in a hansom at the corner. May I bring her in?'

The advertising merchant is the one who does the business in these days of push and enterprise. There are more newspapers readers to-day than ever before in the history of the world. The newspaper places your business under the eyes of the buyer. He sees what he wants, and, knowing where to find it, looks up the wide-awake merchant who asks him to come and see him. Success in these days of sharp competition calls for eternal vigilance. You can't keep a hustler down.

A Hair Dressing
If you wish a high-class hair dressing, we are sure Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will greatly please you. It keeps the hair soft and smooth, makes it look rich and luxuriant, prevents splitting at the ends. And it keeps the scalp free from dandruff.
Does not change the color of the hair.
Ayers
Accompany with each bottle a copy of our book on the care of the hair. Ask your doctor about it. Then do as he says.
At the same time the new Ayer's Hair Vigor is a strong hair tonic, promoting the growth of the hair, keeping all the diseases of the hair and scalp in a healthy condition. The hair stops falling, dandruff disappears. A splendid dressing.
Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Thin as a Rail, Are You?
Every day spending as much energy as you make—if the balance goes a little further, well, you get thinner. On the danger line today,—tomorrow may be too late! Better use Ferrozone, it builds up—a little gain the first week, but the gain keeps growing. Next week not quite so thin. Keep right on; lots of fat won't hurt at all. Your blood is enriched, cheeks grow rosy, your heart and nerves grow strong and you don't tire so quickly. Joyous robust health, a sturdy frame and a cheerful mind—all these come with Ferrozone. You'll try it, only 50c. at all dealers.

Where the finest biscuit, cake, hot-breads, crusts or puddings are required Royal is indispensable.
ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure
Not only for rich or fine food or for special times or service. Royal is equally valuable in the preparation of plain, substantial, every-day foods, for all occasions. It makes the food more tasty, nutritious and wholesome.

Indigestion Can Be Cured.
Dr. William's Pink Pills Succeed After Other Remedies Fail.
There are twenty drugs to help your digestion for a time, but there is only one medicine that can positively cure your indigestion for good. To any one with indigestion a half dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth all the purgatives and mixtures in the country. After all these things have failed Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured the worst cases of indigestion by going straight to the root of the trouble.
You can take a purgative to tear through your bowels and make a clean sweep of your food, whether it is digested or not. You can take stomach bitters to create a false appetite—if you don't care what happens after you swallow your meal. You can drug your stomach with tablets and syrups to digest your food for you—if you don't care how soon you ruin your system altogether. You can do all these things—but don't call it 'curing your indigestion.' There is only one way to cure indigestion, and that is to give your system so much good, pure, red blood that your stomach and liver will have strength enough to do their natural work in a healthy and vigorous way. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion—they actually make new blood. Here is the proof. Mr. R. McCorkell, St. Thomas, Ont., says:—'About a year ago my system became generally wrecked. My stomach was always in a state of nausea. The sight of any kind of food often turned my stomach and I would arise from the table without eating. Doctors advised me different medicines which I took without benefit. Finally I became so run down that I had to quit work. For two months I tried to build myself up with the aid of doctors, but as time went on and my condition did not improve I became much discouraged. Then a friend told me he thought Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would help me, and I began their use. In three weeks time I was so improved that I went back to my work, but I continued using the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, and now my stomach is strong and I am ready for a good meal three times a day, and life now really seems worth living.'
It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, red blood that they cure such common ailments as anæmia, with all its headaches and backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis and the secret ailments from which women and young girls suffer so much. You can get the pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

'But surely you are the man to whom I gave some pie a fortnight ago?'

'Yes, lady. I thought p'raps you'd like to know I'm able to get about again.'

How Do You Walk?

This is not the simple question it appears. Many people now believe that a person's character may be foretold from his method of walking. Firm regular steps are said to denote a steady, reliable nature, while jerky, uneven movements indicate the reverse. The energetic person walks quickly and stops suddenly; the dreamer saunters along with slow, abstracted mien. The obstinate man goes straight ahead, refusing to turn aside for anybody. On the other hand the person who is ready to step out of every one's way is not necessarily weak-willed. He may be a long swinging step usually marks the generous broad-minded person while the small petty tread shows the walker to be of a mean and narrow character. This last rule applies, of course, far more to men than to women.

Come Back to Nova Scotia.

People are coming home from the United States in numbers, and many are writing from there to friends here asking if there is anything to do here, for the times are so hard in the United States that they are, or shortly will be, out of work. Yes, we would say, there is lots to do here, come back to the land. Take the farms off the old people's hands and work them manfully. Farming was never better here, a market for all that can be raised, and insufficient help to raise it, and prices in the zenith. Come back to the land and be happy. You may not grow violently rich in a very short time, but have you done so in the United States? We will guarantee that you will be better off here in ten years than you would be in the United States in the same time, and live easier, and be more permanently comfortable and contented. Come back to the land.—Exchange.

Pulse Beats.

The rate of the pulse in males at different ages is as follows: At birth, 136 beats per minute; at five years, eighty-three beats per minute; between 10-15 years, seventy-eight beats per minute; between 20-25 years, 60.7 beats per minute; between 25-30 years, seventy-one beats per minute; between 30-50 years, seventy-beats per minute.

In females the rate is from one to 4.5 beats faster per minute.

Slow walking raises the pulse from ten to twenty beats, while rapid running may raise it to 140. This rise may last from half an hour to an hour.

Eating raises the pulse from eight to twenty beats; without wine, 13.1; with wine, 17.5. In the morning the pulse is ten beats higher than at night. When the barometer rises five inches the pulse increases 1.3 per minute. If the pulse be 66.6 while lying down it will be seventy when sitting and 78.9 when standing.

'It's next thing to impossible,' spoke up Uncle Allen Sparks, 'to be a candid friend. If you're candid you don't have any friends.'

Consumption is less deadly than it used to be.
Certain relief and usually complete recovery will result from the following treatment:
Hope, rest, fresh air, and—Scott's Emulsion.
ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.