

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1887.

No. 9

**THE ACADIAN.**  
Published on FRIDAY at the office  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S 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 con-  
stantly receiving new type and material,  
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction  
as all work turned out.  
Newspaper 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 communi-  
cation, although the name may be written  
over a fictitious signature.  
Address all communications to  
DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
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, C. H.**—Boots and Shoes,  
Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnish-  
ing Goods.

**BORDEN, CHARLES H.**—Carriages  
and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

**BISHOP, B. G.**—Dealer in Leads, Oils,  
Colors, Room Paper, Hardware, Crock-  
ery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

**BISHOP, JOHNSON H.**—Wholesale  
Dealer in Flour and Feed, Mowers,  
Rakes, &c., &c. N. B. Potatoes supplied  
in any quantity, barreled or by the car  
or vessel load.

**BLACKBADER, W. C.**—Cabinet Maker  
and Repairer.

**BROWN, J. I.**—Practical House Shoer  
and Farrier.

**CALDWELL & MURRAY**—Dry  
Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

**DAVISON, J. T.**—Justice of the Peace,  
Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

**DAVISON BROS.**—Printers and Pub-  
lishers.

**DR PAYZANT & SON,** Dentists.

**GILMORE, G. H.**—Insurance Agent,  
Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life  
Association of New York.

**GOLDFINGER, 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 Deal-  
er. Coal always on hand.

**KELLEY, THOMAS.**—Boots and Shoe  
Maker. All orders in his line faith-  
fully performed. Repairing neatly done.

**MCCLELLAN, A.**—Boot and Shoe Mak-  
er.

**MURPHY, J. L.**—Cabinet Maker and  
Repairer.

**PATROUIN, C. A.**—Manufacturer of  
all kinds of Carriage, and Team  
Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

**REDDEN, A. C. CO.**—Dealers in  
Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

**ROCKWELL & CO.**—Book-sellers,  
Stationers, Picture Framers, and  
Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing  
Machines.

**RYAN, G. V.**—Drugs, and Fancy  
Goods.

**SLEEP, S. R.**—Importer and Dealer  
in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tin-  
ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

**KHAW, J. M.**—Barber and Tobac-  
conist.

**WALLACE, G. H.**—Wholesale and  
Retail Grocer.

**WITTER, BURKE.**—Importer and  
dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,  
Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Fur-  
nishings.

**WILSON, JAS.**—Harness Maker, is  
still in Wolfville where he is prepared to  
fill all orders in his line of business.

**Legal Decisions.**  
1. Any person who takes a paper regu-  
larly from the Post Office—whether directed  
to his name or another's or whether  
he has subscribed or not—is responsible  
for its payment.  
2. If a person orders his paper discon-  
tinued he must pay up all arrears, 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 regard-  
ing to take newspapers and periodicals  
from the Post Office, or removing and  
having them recalled for *prima facie*  
evidence of intentional fraud.

**POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE**  
Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Mail  
made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:50  
a. m.  
Express west close at 10:35 a. m.  
Express east close at 5:10 p. m.  
Kentville close at 7:15 p. m.  
Geo. V. Ryan, Post Master.

**PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.**  
Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on  
Saturdays at 12 noon.  
A. S. W. BARRIS, Agent.

**Churches.**  
**EPISCOPALIAN CHURCH**—Rev. B.  
D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath  
at 10:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30  
a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

**BAPTIST CHURCH**—Rev. T. A. Higgins,  
Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00  
a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30  
a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30  
p. m. and Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

**METHODIST CHURCH**—Rev. Fred  
Figgens, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath  
at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School  
at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday  
at 7:30 p. m.

**St. JOHN'S CHURCH** (Episcopal)  
Services every Sunday morning at 11 a. m.  
morning at 7. Canon Brock, L. D., Pres-  
ident of King's College, will conduct the  
service.

**St. FRANCIS (R. C.)**—Rev. T. M. Dally,  
P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of  
each month.

**Masonic.**  
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M.,  
meets their Hall on the second Friday  
of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.  
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

**Temperance.**  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION B of T meets  
every Monday evening in their Hall,  
Waller's Block, at 7 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets  
every Wednesday evening in Music Hall  
at 7:00 o'clock.

**OUR JOB ROOM**  
IS SUPPLIED WITH  
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE  
**JOB PRINTING**  
—OF—  
Every Description  
DONE WITH  
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND  
PUNCTUALITY.

Went's World's Wonder or Family Liniment  
is a remedy that no well-regulated  
household should be without, as it is in-  
valuable for rheumatism, it is in-  
valuable for sprains, cuts, bruises, burns,  
scalds, and all diseases requiring external  
application, 25c. and 50c. per bottle.  
All druggists.

**Watches, Clocks,  
and Jewelry  
REPAIRED!**  
—BY—  
**J. F. HERBIN,**  
Next door to Post Office.  
Small articles SILVERPLATED

**Allen's Lung Balm**  
Coughs, Colds,  
Croup and Consumption  
CURED BY  
**ALLEN'S LUNG BALM**  
25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

## Select Poetry,

### OCTOBER FLOWERS.

Ye flaming flowers, of brown October's  
blooming—  
With deeper blooming than is born of  
Spring,  
Beneath your oriflammes and scarlet  
glowering  
I see the shadows of Decay's dark wings.  
Your gorgeous tints are only premonitions  
Of fading force in soil and sunlit air;  
And, conscious these, with yet unspent  
volitions,  
They deck the earth with beauty passing  
fair.

As the last wave upon the beach breaks  
loudest,  
As dying day puts her best bravery on,  
While yet the earth in your array is  
proudest—  
Through the gay masks I mark the  
summer gone.

### TO-DAY.

O soul, why sittest thou so long  
Beside a dead past, making moan?  
Why wring thy pallid hands and cry  
"Too late!" Is not to-day thine own?  
The harvest fields of life are here,  
No wealth of ripened grain thou hast,  
The careless hands were folded close  
Until the sowing-time was past.  
But glean among another's sheaves,  
And starve not for thine early sin;  
A hired hand within his fields  
Another's harvest gather in.  
Too late, indeed, for thee to build  
The structure of thy visions sweet;  
Yet through helpful hands, mayst strive  
Another's labors to complete.  
Too late! Thy myrtle branches lie  
All withered by the noon-tide's heat;  
Yet thou the nettles mayst destroy  
Which grow within another's gate.  
The golden sun of hope fulfilled  
Is hidden from thy sight away;  
Yet light serene and fair still lies  
Upon the pathway of to-day.

## Interesting Story.

### MISSING.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

#### CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"It ought to be Lawrence," said  
Theo, glancing at the card. "No, I  
don't know him, but clergymen often  
come to mother about subscriptions.  
Oh, Franklin! he—he had prepared."  
"And had forgotten that his name  
was in his hat and gloves. I see  
Theo, my poor darling, do not stand  
so. Sit down, love."  
"James has come—from the City,"  
the girl went on, her slight form shiv-  
ering as she spoke, though otherwise  
quite motionless, "and one of the  
clerks. I know they fear—rain, but  
they do not dream of this."  
"I am going now, dear," interrupted  
the governess, with a wild effort to  
throw off the horror of the truth. "I  
dare say this clergyman is all wrong."  
"He is a stranger here, Franklin.  
Perhaps he will stay," the girl said,  
shaming the elder lady by her thought  
for others in such a time. "He was—  
very kind; but I—I cannot see him  
again. He tried to comfort me.  
He was a stranger in that church  
to-day, for it was the vicar's funeral.  
He lives—in another village. I—  
forget. He would not write. That  
was kind. He said he feared such a  
sorrow for a wife, so suddenly and  
awfully widowed—widowed! Oh,  
mother!"

The utterance of the mother's name  
snapped the brace, unmastered tension  
of self-restraint, and with that piteous  
cry the girl fell forward, knowing  
nothing more; though tightly she  
held the jewels within both hands.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### YOUR OWN SON.

Mrs. Bartle, sitting next afternoon in  
her drawing-room in Ouelow Square,  
glanced up with an astonishment too  
spontaneous to be concealed—as who  
would have wished to conceal—when  
her servant announced "Miss Hurst."  
"It is several years," she said, languid-  
ly, offering her fingers to Theo, "since  
you favored me with a visit. To what  
do I owe this?"  
"To a great sorrow," the girl an-  
swered, absently. She had looked  
slowly round the two pretty rooms, as  
if they were strange to her, though  
often as a child she had chafed in the  
throne room, hating the pretty satin  
chairs with their lace plushes and  
bows, because they always stood in  
the same spots; and wishing one  
of the plates upon the wall would fall,  
that there might be some. But she  
had not looked into the old lady's pale,  
set face, nor even glanced at Angel  
Sullivan, who, sitting apart a little,

"Yes," the girl said, still in that  
strange whisper; "father is dead."  
"Dead!"  
"Hush! That is not it. Don't say  
it. Father has—shot himself. Do  
you understand? Do I say the words?  
They are around me—in flames. But  
I don't know whether I've—heard them  
—or say them. I only—think all  
the time—red."  
"My darling, Theo!"  
"It was"—the girl's clear, slow  
whisper was terrible to hear—"in  
church. He shot himself—in church  
—this afternoon."  
"Impossible!" cried the Frau-  
lein, with sudden energy. "It is some  
ghastly mistake."  
"I—thought so," the girl said, with  
panting breath; the misery growing  
and deepening in her wide, dry eyes;  
"but I—was wrong. It is—true. It  
was—my father."  
"Oh, my dear, is that proved to  
you?"  
"Yes." So, solemnly, the slow  
single word fell on the silence.  
"How dare that stranger bring you  
the tidings this way—unexpected?"  
cried Miss Wedeker, angry with herself  
because she had not been able to spare  
the child.  
"He was very kind," Theo said.  
"He would not write. He is waiting  
to see you and he will come—to-  
morrow."  
"I will go, but it is cruel to you,  
my child. And how did he know  
where to come?"  
"Father's address was with his name  
—it always was—in his hat, and it is  
here." She glanced down upon her  
hands, still tightly clasping something,  
and Miss Wedeker saw that she held  
her father's gloves.  
"And that was all, dear?" she asked,  
gently touching the closed fingers.  
"Had he not papers with him?"  
"No," said Theo, catching her  
breath hurriedly. "No papers—as if  
he knew. No watch—or purse—or—  
oh, Franklin! he—he had prepared."  
"And had forgotten that his name  
was in his hat and gloves. I see  
Theo, my poor darling, do not stand  
so. Sit down, love."  
"James has come—from the City,"  
the girl went on, her slight form shiv-  
ering as she spoke, though otherwise  
quite motionless, "and one of the  
clerks. I know they fear—rain, but  
they do not dream of this."  
"I am going now, dear," interrupted  
the governess, with a wild effort to  
throw off the horror of the truth. "I  
dare say this clergyman is all wrong."  
"He is a stranger here, Franklin.  
Perhaps he will stay," the girl said,  
shaming the elder lady by her thought  
for others in such a time. "He was—  
very kind; but I—I cannot see him  
again. He tried to comfort me.  
He was a stranger in that church  
to-day, for it was the vicar's funeral.  
He lives—in another village. I—  
forget. He would not write. That  
was kind. He said he feared such a  
sorrow for a wife, so suddenly and  
awfully widowed—widowed! Oh,  
mother!"

was manufacturing a duplicate of the  
laces on the sofa.  
"Sit down."  
Mrs. Bartle's stern, hard voice broke  
the minute's silence abruptly, but  
Theo did not obey until Angel came  
and, with a kiss, dove her down upon  
the sofa.  
"How did you come here?" inquired  
her grandmother, gazing fixedly through  
her glasses at the girl in this new  
aspect, pale and shivering, with a  
little of the old spirit in her manner  
of the old prettiness and brightness  
in her black dress.  
"In a cab."  
"And is it waiting for you?"  
"Yes."  
"Then don't forget that you will  
have to pay for every minute you keep  
it. Why did you come alone?"  
"Miss Wedeker was very kind; she  
offered to come, but one of us ought to  
be at home, and I wished to speak to  
you—alone."  
"An unusual honor."  
"No," the girl said, gently, "I used  
to come. It was you who stopped me.  
That makes it more painful now, but  
—who else have I?"  
"Well?" queried Mrs. Bartle, ig-  
noring the piteous question.  
"I simply sent you word," Theo  
said, glancing at the closed blinds,  
"that my father was dead. I am  
come myself to tell you how he died."  
"No need," was the cold answer.  
"Franklin Wedeker has written to me.  
She seemed to think it would be cruel  
to let you tell, though I think the  
misery and disgrace are ghastly mine."  
"Then you know we are ruined?"  
the girl asked, drawing a long breath,  
and pushing the hair from her white,  
suffering face.  
"I know it; I had guessed it be-  
fore."  
"Guessed? Oh, is it possible, yet  
had not warned my father?"  
"Much he would have heeded my  
warning. Years ago I prognosticated  
his ruin, but he never heeded me."  
"You never helped in any way,"  
said Theo, controlling her voice by a  
great effort. "I know that you have  
never given him—and that he never  
asked for—a single shilling from his  
father's wealth. Even when?"  
"There, don't speak of that. He  
offended me on my second marriage,  
and since that time I have not cared  
to speak either to him or for him."  
"But you will help my mother?"  
"What claim has she upon me?  
"The old lady, coldly  
meeting the sad eyes which sleepless  
had made so wide and feverish.  
"She has never asserted any, but I  
must plead for her as she would never  
plead for herself—though she would  
for me. She is your son's widow, and  
I am your son's child. Will you help  
us in our need—before she knows the  
soreness of that need? Will you help  
us to go away from here? I know  
you do not care for us, but even if we  
were nothing to you, you might from  
your abundance give the little that I  
ask. Just to begin our life—humbly  
—clearly. She does not know all  
this—misery. And I dare not tell her  
until I have—some hope for her.  
May I tell you what I—beg? The  
kind clergyman who came to—tell  
us, has been with Franklin this morn-  
ing very patiently, and he is very sorry  
for us. He told her—perhaps she has  
been saying I would teach and earn all  
I could for mother—that he wanted  
his two little girls taught, by a lady  
who would live in his village and play  
the organ in his church, and that there  
was a cottage vacant, and we should  
have it, and he should wait for the  
rent, if we would bring furniture and  
what was necessary to make it—home.  
Oh, how thankfully I accepted! And  
I thought you would—perhaps—lend  
me the money; only lend it, I will  
repay it—saving from what I earn.  
Will you do it? Will you?—with  
strong self-control—"let me have a few  
pounds? Franklin says one hundred  
will do, but I say less will. Only for  
a time. My father would have thought  
so little of giving that, and you—"  
"I know both my own affairs and  
his," was the cold, clear interruption;  
"I wish no childish information. Why  
don't you go home and choose what  
furniture you need from the quantity  
you have?"  
"From that!" cried the girl, with

such a strange, new ring in her voice,  
that Angel Sullivan turned aside to  
hide her shaking lips and fingers.  
"Would I touch what my father left,  
when it belongs to—those to whom  
he owes—Oh, cannot you understand?"  
"Are there balliffs in your house,  
then?" asked Mrs. Bartle, icily; but  
one glance into the girl's flashing eyes  
made her turn her own question coolly  
aside. "You have made numberless  
friends, all of you, by your extrava-  
gance, surely they will help you now."  
"Is there one whom I could ask, if  
you refuse?" inquired Theo, pressing  
her lips upon her teeth to still them. "If  
we have no claim on you, on whom can  
we have it? All you possess might  
have been my father's. Oh, give us  
just that trifle that I ask. No, not  
give, only lend. If you think less will  
do, give me less. You will know. I  
only want just to make a home for  
mother—away from here; away in the  
quiet country—the only home that we  
can ever have again; and I can work,  
and I will save and pay you every  
farthing."  
"You are well trained to save, I  
expect," was the chill remark. "Your  
father was one to save. Don't inter-  
rupt. From what he has left you,  
surely you can take what you want  
for the house you speak of. It would  
scarcely be missed, and the rest will  
only go to men who are as much to  
blame as he was, and helped him in  
fraud."  
"Oh, hush," the girl cried, tortured  
beyond bearing, rising with her hand  
before her eyes; and as she rose,  
Angel Sullivan rose too and left the  
room.  
"I will 'hush' effectually," was the  
stern reply. "I have advised you, and  
you ignore my advice. I have nothing  
more to say."  
"Will you forgive me for my impa-  
tience?" the girl said, dropping her  
hand, and pleading humbly once again;  
because it was for her mother, and she  
could supplicate for her as she had  
never, never dreamed of doing; "and  
you will help me for—my mother's  
sake?"  
"It was ill-timed of your mother to  
send you to me to-day."  
"She sent me!" Theo cried, her  
eyes brilliant in their flash of anger.  
"She would never—but," she added,  
correcting herself sorrowfully and  
proudly, "you know that was not true.  
She does not know what—what anguish  
is—yet. I must tell her, but I hoped  
to tell her where we could go, she and  
I, and be at rest. She must not come  
to this home again; I hoped you would  
help me that there should be another."  
"All you wish lies in your power,"  
Mrs. Bartle observed, looking from the  
window while she spoke, as if she felt  
the interview had been "quite long  
enough." "Your conscientious scruples  
are exaggerated."  
So fully aware was she of the girl's  
grave, wondering look into her face,  
that presently she turned to meet it,  
and then uncomfortably, and almost  
nervously, she laughed. "How ridicu-  
lously unlike your father's family you  
are, child!"  
But Theo, who had heard the  
laugh, heard nothing more. As  
if the sound stabb'd her, she had  
turned and left the room, groping her  
way down-stairs, forgetting everything  
but what she had to tell her mother.  
She had forgotten that a cab was wait-  
ing for her; she had forgotten Angel  
Sullivan's very existence, and was  
looking dazedly before her, as she  
came down the last step, when some  
one, with a gentle, close caress, drew  
her into a gloomy, darkened room, and  
closed the door.

"Theo, dear," cried Angel, in clear,  
loving tones, "did you think I would  
let you go without kissing me? Kiss  
me, dear, again and again. It will do  
us both good. There! Now let me  
look at you. My poor, pale little girl,  
you must try to sleep to-night, and  
you must eat. I couldn't rest up there. I  
could have broken all the  
Venetian glass and China wares  
that the room held, however rare,  
and I could have roared aloud for my  
own home, though we have no China,  
but the tea things, and nothing Ven-  
etian but the blinds. Oh, Theo, smile,  
my dear, just once. You will have  
that cottage, and you will be so much

much happier than I can be, though I  
do try to do my duty, Theo, as I  
said. Listen, dear." Angel was on  
her knees beside her cousin, and as she  
chatted on and on to rouse her, now  
and then kissing her, now and then  
hastily wiping a tear from her own  
eyes, she was gently pressing a little  
parcel into Theo's hand. "Never in  
all my life was I so glad of anything as  
that I have this money, dear. Never!  
But I've spent so much. I've spent  
two pounds and fourteen shillings,  
Theo, and I hate myself for breaking  
into it. It was so stupid, and so un-  
necessary. I never wanted it. Never.  
Oh, my dear, you know that very well.  
I hate it. It has been a misery to me  
for three whole days. I could never  
have spent it myself. It isn't worth  
having now, though, because I've spent  
so much of it. I can't think why I  
did. What did I want with anything  
that cost two pounds and fourteen  
shillings? I should have been happier  
without it."  
"Angel!" faltered Theo, trying to  
follow clearly all this kind, sweet non-  
sense. "I could not. You don't think  
I could—take you?"  
"If you don't," said Angel, very  
sternly, "I shall turn every note to  
atoms, and shall know you never cared  
for me—we who were children together,  
and have loved each other! I will turn  
every note if you don't take them—  
now. Why, Theo, my dear, you may  
pay me back. It is no gift; only a  
loan. I lead you what I really want,  
and some day when I am really want-  
ing it—needing it—in you will come,  
and bring it me. And think how  
much it will be worth to me just then.  
Oh, twice as much as now! It is  
nothing to me now. No more than it  
would be to Aunt Bartle. No more at  
all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**The First Sign**  
Of falling health, whether in the form of  
Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a  
sense of General Weakness and Loss of  
Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's  
Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most  
effective for giving tone and strength  
to the enfeebled system, promoting the  
digestion and assimilation of food, restor-  
ing the nervous forces to their normal  
condition, and for purifying, enriching,  
and vitalizing the blood.

**Failing Health.**  
Ten years ago my health began to fail.  
I was troubled with a distressing Cough,  
Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervous-  
ness. I tried various remedies prescribed  
by different physicians, but became so  
weak that I could not go up stairs with-  
out stopping to rest. My friends recom-  
mended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla,  
which I did, and I am now as healthy and  
strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams,  
Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my  
family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is  
taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly  
eradicate this terrible disease. I have also  
prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alter-  
ative, and must say that I honestly believe  
it to be the best blood medicine ever  
compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S.,  
Mt. Dr. Greenville, Tenn.

**Dyspepsia Cured.**  
It would be impossible for me to de-  
scribe what I suffered from Indigestion  
and Headache up to the time I began  
taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under  
the care of various physicians and tried  
a great many kinds of medicines, but  
never obtained more than temporary re-  
lief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla  
for a short time, my headache disappeared,  
and my stomach performed its duties more  
perfectly. To-day my health is com-  
pletely restored.—Mary Harley, Spring-  
field, Mass.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla,**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Price 25c. six bottles, \$5.

**BEST ON EARTH**  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
THE GREAT  
SELF WASHER TRY IT  
A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality  
never varies. The purest and best for all house-  
hold purposes, washing and cleaning without  
injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scrubbing,  
or harsh rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel  
and water pays for the soap. Makes white goods  
whiter, clothes softer, and removes all stains.  
Washes out soap suds and leaves clothes  
fresh, bright, and sparkling. Sold in all  
grocery stores. Beware of cheap imitations.  
The old way of washing clothes with  
suds and water is a waste of time and money.  
The new "Surprise" soap is a pleasure to  
use. It saves time and fuel, and is the best  
thing you can use for washing. It is the  
only soap that will wash clothes and  
leave them as soft as a baby's skin. It is  
the only soap that will wash clothes and  
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