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HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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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 ling first insertion, two and a half cents per line

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

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.10 a. m.
Express west close at 9.35 a. m
Express east close at 4.35 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.40 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 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 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.

Robert W Storrs, } Wardens.
H. Troyte-Bullock }

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 of each month at 7.30 o'clock.

T. L. HARVEY, 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.

Labor Bureau.

Gardening, Grading, Spraying, Teaming, Mason-work, and odd jobs of all kinds wanted.

Address letter or postal,
36 P O. Box 302, Town.

A New Suit

will give you much pleasure if it is correct in style, fit and finish.

THE SUITS WE MAKE

are the acme of perfection in Tailoring. Our stock of new Spring and Summer Suitings surely contains something that will please you. Come in and look over the fabrics.

I. S. BOATES & CO.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville
Telephone No. 43.
GAS ADMINISTERED.

Dr. H. Lawrence,
DENTIST.
Wolfville, - - N. S.
Office in Herbin Block
Telephone No. 45

H. PINEO.
WOLFVILLE.
EXPERT OPTICIAN.
Devotes all his time and attention to the science and art of special fitting. Especially interested in difficult cases. Do not despair till you have tried him. Correspondence invited. 18

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

Fred H. Christie
PAINTER
....AND....
PAPER HANGER.
Best Attention Given to Work Entrusted to Us.
Orders left at the store of L. W. Sleep will be promptly attended to.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

If You Ride Horseback,
or drive in a carriage, see before you make a start that the Trappings or
HARNESS
are in good order.
Repairs executed promptly. All work will prove highly satisfactory.
We carry a full line of Harness Dressing, Axle Grease, Whips, etc
Also Buckles, Straps, Rivets, Punches, You'll not find our prices too high.

Wm. Regan,
HARNESS MAKER.

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

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

RUPTURE.
Treated by the
LEIGHTON METHOD
NO KNIFE. NO PAIN.
NO LOST TIME.
For all information enquire of
G. H. COLLINS,
Wolfville, N. S

The "Jolts" and "Jars" of Life
are what use people up.
Most people live pretty well up to the limit of their powers, and so long as everything goes smoothly that is apparently all right; but a "jolt" or a "jar" in the shape of business worries, domestic anxieties, or an attack of La Grippe, Pneumonia, Typhoid, or other wasting disease, suddenly reveals the fact that there is a sad lack of reserve force to meet these contingencies and the result is serious, often fatal. A wise man will see to it that his system is fully fortified against sudden attack. To attain this result nothing is so sure and effective as
FERROL
This fact has been fully established by actual experience. If, therefore, you feel you are not in first-class shape physically, do not fail to take a course of FERROL at once. It contains Cod Liver Oil, Iron and Phosphorus—just what you need, it is easy to take, never fails, and you
"Know What You Take"
A. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville, N.S.

J. F. Herbin,
JEWELLER & OPTICIAN
-Watch Repairing-
Personal attention and 25 yrs. experience given to this important work.
-Expert Optical Work-
Fitting and Repairing. No charge for examination.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Cures Grip in Two Days.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.
This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

The Sin of the Coppenter Man.

The coppenter man said a wicked word
When he hitted his thumb one day,
En I know what it was, because I heard,
En it's somethin' I dassent say.

He growed us a house with rooms inside,
And the rooms is full of floors;
It's my papa's house, en when he buyed it,
It was nothin' but just outdoors.

En they planted stones in a hole for seeds,
En that's how the house began;
But I bet the stones would have just growed weeds,
Except for the coppenter man.

En the coppenter man took a board en said
He'd skin it and make some curls;
En I hung 'em onto my ears en head,
En it made me look like girls.

En he squinted along one side, he did,
And he squinted the other side twice,
En then he told me, 'You squint it, kid,'
'Cause the coppenter man's reel nice.

But the coppenter said a wicked word,
When he hitted his thumb that day;
He said it right out loud, too, cause I heard,
En it's somethin' I dassent say.

En the coppenter man said it wasn't bad,
When you hitted your thumb, kerspat!
En there'd be no coppenter men to be had
If it wasn't for words like that.

En if there wasn't no coppenter men,
We'd all have to live in the barn,
Cause there wouldn't be any houses, en then,
Then what would we do—by darn!

En the coppenter man said a wicked word,
When he hitted his thumb one day,
En I know what it was, because I heard,
En it's somethin' I dassent say!

—Edmund Vance Cooke in Woman's Home Companion for March.

WHEN MILDRED PROMISED.

THE young man and the older one left their work in the melon patch to pause a moment under the wild cherry tree in the fence corner.

'There's no use saying a word about it, Henry,' said the elder. 'If it was any other girl in Pleasant Valley I'd tell you to go ahead, but Shipton's daughter is a little too much for my blood.'

He waited an instant; there was no reply, but he continued:

'Look at the field; it is as level as the back of your hand. There isn't a stone nor a weed in it. What was it ten years ago? Swamp, skunk cabbage and rocks. There isn't a better piece of land in all outdoors, and we'll clear $500 if we make $1 out of the melons on it. We've got two hundred acres just like it.

'Now, just a glance over that fence; the land belongs to Shipton. What is it? Nothing but blackberry bushes, because it hasn't been cared for. He owns ninety more and it's all in the same shape. A hundred acres of land, and he buys oats for his horse and doesn't keep a cow. No, sir! No son of mine ever marries a daughter of any man as shiftless as Shipton.'

'Mildred isn't responsible for what—' began the son, but the father cut him short.

'It's bred in the bone; they're all alike I will own that their mother was as likely a woman as I ever met, but she's gone where farms can't run to blackberry bushes and sumac.'

'Maybe you don't know it, but I've got a $900 mortgage on that hundred acres, it's been running ten years now and apt to run ten years more so far as I can figure. I've worked hard for every cent I ever had, and I don't locate my money in that place, the way things are going. Besides, last year's taxes aren't paid yet.'

'It isn't the farm I'm after,' said the young man slowly. It's Mildred, but it might not be a bad business idea to marry her, and then take hold of that farm and bring it up to where it should be. You'd get your money back then, father.'

'Yes, and let her throw out faster with a spoon than you pitch in with a shovel. You'll never try it with my consent.'

'Nevertheless I intend to marry her, if she'll have me, and I shall ask her to-night,' the young man spoke quietly.

On the other side of the fence from among the blackberry bushes a girl appeared, facing them.

'Excuse me,' she said in a sweet, low voice, 'but I believe that I have been eavesdropping long enough.'

The young man flushed crimson, but he walked over to the fence and leaned against it close beside her, while the father, looking straight into the gray eyes gazing into his, said bluntly:

'There's an old saying, Mildred Shipton, that listeners never hear any good of themselves. I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings, but perhaps it's just as well; you know now where I stand in this matter.'

'I have known for some time,' was her response.

'I don't want to offend you, Mildred; you're as good as the average; but I've worked and saved and worked for forty years, and all for the sake of giving Henry a little easier life than I have had, and I don't want him to marry a girl who'll keep his nose to the grindstone as mine has been.'

'I've been picking berries here,' said Mildred, 'for nearly an hour, and I couldn't help hearing the conversation. I gather from it that you object to me because my father doesn't work his farm, and we owe you money on a mortgage. Is that it?'

'Your father is as shiftless as a Southern cracker. How am I to know that you are not another berry from the same twig?'

'I very probably am,' she said calmly.

There was silence again, and then she turned to the young man beside her, and her voice held the cadences of wind music.

'Henry, I wish you would not come to-night to ask me what you told your father you would. Keep the question until the mortgage is paid, and then I will answer you as you wish.'

She did not wait for a response. Before either one could grasp the meaning of her words she had disappeared among the bushes on the Shipton side of the fence.

July ripened into August, that gave way to the maturer beauty of September, and in all that time Henry Mathews had no opportunity to meet Mildred Shipton.

Twice he called at her home, both times she was out; three letters which he wrote received no acknowledgement beyond a note containing the line, 'Wait till the mortgage is paid.'

The October leaves of the bushes in the blackberry field were red as the July berries had been when Mr. Matthews had a caller. She came up the graveled walk leading to the front door in a neat gray suit and a hat which crowned her head as the blossoms deck the vine, and bearing herself quite proudly.

She was shown into the room where he sat reading, his son by the far side of the table busy with accounts. He was the first to perceive her and he sprang to his feet with a little exclamation of pleased surprise.

'Mildred!'

But she did not heed him; her eyes were for his father.

'Mr Matthews,' she said, 'I have come to pay that mortgage. Will you kindly figure up the amount due?'

It was his turn to be surprised. 'The mortgage,' he said, 'why, yes, of course. I—Henry, will you get it for me? It is in the little tin trunk in the safe.'

Henry left the room on his mission.

'When the mortgage is paid, ask me that question and I will give you the answer you wish,' he repeated to himself.

His heart was singing it over and over. How the money had been obtained was nothing to him; she was his now, she had promised; he could not find the paper quickly enough and return where she was waiting.

In that other room, the older Matthews was saying: 'I have not been hurrying you for the money; so long as the interest was kept up—'

'I know,' she interrupted—she was by far the cooler of the two—'but I wanted it out of the way. It has run too long now.'

'It is dated Oct. 4,' he said; to morrow is the fourth. It is for $900 at six per cent. One year's interest is due; that makes just $954.'

'So I figured it,' she replied, and laid out a roll of bills in his hand. 'Please count and see it all is correct.

She resumed her seat, sitting with her eyes fixed on the elder man. She seemed to avoid the younger one, who stood so close beside her that a little outreaching would place her hand in his.

When the money was counted and she held the mortgage, she spoke again:

'For years,' she said, 'my father has been working on a certain invention. Everything has waited for it. Last winter he had it finished and it did all he could ask, but he had no money for patents, nothing to push it in any way. He isn't a farmer, doesn't know anything about it and had no time to spare to learn. I have been away at school and knew nothing of the sacrifices he was making to keep me there and carry forward his work. When I came home this spring, I learned.'

She was silent a moment, but before they could speak she continued in a little firmer tone:

'Then I went to work. I borrowed money for the first patent papers from a school friend and the application was made. This summer I have picked berries and canned them; I have put up fruit of all kinds for friends in the city. That old blackberry patch which you so disdained has brought me in nearly half of the mortgage money. Then the patents were granted and the father of the school friend has purchased half of my father's patent. He paid $6000 for it, and they both think it holds a large fortune for us all.'

She rose and took a step towards the door saying:

'I don't want to hurt your feelings Mr Matthews'—was she quoting his words of berry field intentionally?—'but please don't consider a man shiftless after this because he doesn't choose to make money in your way.'

It took both of them so long to collect their thoughts that she had reached the door before Henry intercepted her.

'Mildred,' he said, 'do you remember what you promised in that berry field last July?'

The eyes looking into his were clear and steady as the sunlight falling across the floor.

'That two hundred acre farm of ours,' she answered, is sorely in need of a good manager. Father would like very much to have one he could trust, and if your father thinks—'

'His father thinks there's no tool like an old tool,' the elder Matthews interrupted. 'Mildred, will you please name the day when that new management can take charge of your farm and I can return this mortgage money to you as a wedding present?'—Brooklyn Times.

We Trust Doctors

If you are suffering from impure blood, thin blood, debility, nervousness, exhaustion, you should begin at once with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the Sarsaparilla you have known all your life. Your doctor knows it, too. Ask him about it.

Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia, and thus preventing the Sarsaparilla from doing its best work. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. Act gently. All vegetable.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's HAIR VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.
We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

Minard's Liniment used by physicians

Crippled by Sciatica.

MADE WELL AND STRONG BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS AFTER DOCTORS HAD FAILED.

Mr. H. W. Awalt is one of the leading merchants of Hemford, N. S. A few years ago he was a great sufferer from that most excruciating trouble sciatica. He says: 'At the time I was afflicted I was living at Baker Settlement. The attack was so severe that I had been off work for some time. The cords of my leg were all drawn up and I could only limp along with the aid of a stick. The pain I suffered was terrible. I was in misery both day and night. Every moment caused me such pain as only those who have been tortured with sciatica can know. I was treated by several doctors, but they did not help me a bit. In fact I almost began to feel that my condition was helpless, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my attention. I got a half dozen boxes. I had used about the entire quantity before I found any benefit. But I was encouraged and got a second half dozen boxes and before these were all gone every vestige of the trouble had disappeared. Not only this, but I was improved in health in every way, as it will be readily understood that the long siege of pain I had suffered had left me badly run down. I can't speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I can't recommend them too strongly to other sufferers.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure sciatica simply because they make the rich, red blood that soothes and strengthens the jangled aching nerves. That is why they cure such nerve troubles as neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and partial paralysis. That is why they cure all ailments due to poor, watery blood. That is why they make weary, despondent, broken-down men and women bright, active and strong. But only the genuine pills can do this, and they have the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

If married men are really braver than single ones, a British officer has said, what a courageous army a regiment of Mormons would make.

The Tremble of Old Age.

With the advance of years the vital functions of the body slow down. In consequence the organs of secretion suffer, the action of the bowels is lessened and there is no longer healthy circulation. The brain is congested with blood, giddiness, trembling and cold extremities are common. No assistance is so potent as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. By their direct action on the stomach, liver and kidneys they cause an immediate change. Mild, free from gripe, strengthening and cleansing the whole system, no medicine is so valuable in old age as Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake & Butternut. Try these Pills, 25c. at all dealers.

Litigant—You take nine-tenths of the judgment? Outrageous! Lawyer—I furnished all the skill and eloquence and legal learning for your cause. Litigant—But I furnished the cause. Lawyer—Oh, anybody could do that!

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER.
Imparts that peculiar lightness, sweetness and flavor noticed in the finest cake, biscuit, rolls, crusts, etc., which expert pastry cooks declare is unobtainable by the use of any other leavening agent.
Made from Pure, Grape Cream of Tartar.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Story of "Women, Wine and Graft."

MR. GEO. W. FOWLER, M. P., TELLS HOW HE CAME TO USE EXPRESSION.

Proposed That if His Private Affairs Were Disclosed He, Too, Would Make Exposures.

(Montreal Star.)

Mr. George W. Fowler, M. P. for King's and Albert, N. B., addressed the Montreal Junior Conservative Club at their annual meeting last Friday night and told how he came to make use of the expression 'wine, women and gratt.'

Mr. Fowler opened his address by saying that the young Conservatives must be a bold body of men to invite one reputed in some quarters to be so bad as himself to address them. He proceeded to criticize the Robbins land deal and the North Atlantic Trading Company business, and then turned his attention to the insurance commission, which he said was an 'infamous commission,' for as soon as its personnel became known public confidence was destroyed. The public saw at its head Judge McTavish, who had conducted the West Elgin scandal commission, which had whitewashed the whole affair after the candidate, McNish, and his counsel had admitted corrupt practices.

As soon as that commission got down to business, he declared, it showed that its work was not to investigate insurance conditions, but to do all the harm possible to the Hon. G E. Foster and other Conservative members of Parliament. But it was Mr. Foster they were after, because he was the most trenchant, fearless and feared critic that had ever appeared in a Canadian Parliament. They wanted to silence him.

Mr. Fowler here related how he was summoned, and the efforts made to bring him back to the commission after he had reported to it, and then gone West on a trip with his wife and family. 'They said they did not know where to find me, and I believe at the present time they would have been just as well pleased if they had not gotten me. They picked up a live wire and got a nervous shock; one man has had insomnia ever since, another is in a sanitarium at Boston, and another man, well, we need not go down the list. I did not lay down. I consider myself a citizen, a free citizen of Canada. I believe in respect for the powers, the law and the Government, so long as the law and government respects itself, but when I saw who composed that Commission I lost my respect for it. I went on a trip West, and the cry went out—'Where is Fowler?'

'The same cry must have greeted Sir Wilfred Laurier on his arrival in England when he met Campbell-Bannerman, Churchill and the rest of them. This beautiful Grit press, this lying Grit press, stated that I had taken to the tall timbers. I returned and Mr. Sheperd wanted me committed for contempt, yet my contempt became the greater for that Commission. I did not think they were playing the game fairly. The land that I purchased I proved to them had been bought in the open market and at the market prices, and was sold at an advance of a dollar per acre. We formed a syndicate to buy this land from the C. P. R. and borrowed the money from the Union Trust Company without any advantage whatever. The Commission went into this in our case but not in the case of any other insurance company, they did not go into these things in connection with the Canada Life, for instance, they did not even look into the investing company of the Canada Life. They went to the bank and went through my private bank book, and the dirty, servile, hireling Grit press published my private accounts item by item, and even made comments on presents I bought for my wife and family. Was there ever such a state of affairs in any country, white or black?

'That is what made my blood boil, but they had the wrong man this time, and they found it out, and I believe that every honest man in this country, no matter what his politics may be, will think the same. Time nor eternity cannot measure the contempt I have for that commission. We did not profess to sell at anything but an advance, and we got a profit of $1 per acre, which was an ordinary and fair one, and I am glad we made it. I went to Mr. Ryan, a Liberal, and got the option on the property, and sold it for $250,000, and to-day this property is worth a million if it is worth a dollar. In the meantime the Foresters had gotten 6 per cent. on their money and were $500,000 to the good. No, gentlemen, they tried to throw some dirt with the hope that it would stick, but it stuck to themselves. This beautiful Minister of Justice is the man who devised this scheme. He aimed at Foster but shot poor Emmerson—and killed him too.

'I am neither a sneak or coward, neither morally or physically, and am prepared to stand up for myself. I thought the time had come for this kind of thing to stop and took the ground that the House of Commons had no right to discuss the private business of any member, any matter of this kind was between himself and his constituents. If we were to discuss the private business of every member of Parliament what time would we have to devote to the interests of the country? It was then I said you have not the right to discuss these matters, and if you take up my private business and discuss it, we will discuss the business, private and otherwise, of honorable gentlemen opposite and others in connection with 'wine, women and graft.' (Loud cheers.) I was not in a temper. I knew what I was saying, I generally do know what I am saying, and strange to say the honorable members opposite came round to my way of thinking, and my private business was not discussed. I do not regret it and never will regret it. Now, gentlemen, you have the story of 'women, wine and graft.'

'Mr. Emmerson has passed off the scene, let us say peace to his ashes. Mr. Hyman's nerves are badly shattered, and he and one of our military men are gone to Europe for their health, let us also hope that this will be restored to them.' (Prolonged cheers.)

Mr. W. H. Bennett, M. P. for East Sincoe, Ont., who also addressed the meeting, dwelt at length with the increase in the expenditure of the country, without any proper return for such growth in the national outlay, or any increase in population that could justify it.

To Improve Ill Temper.

Relieve the physical suffering of corns. Quickly done by the reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor. Beware of acid,—flesh-eating substitutes and insist on 'Putnam's;' it's the one sure and painless cure.

The effect of malaria lasts a long time.
You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria.
Strengthen yourself with Scott's Emulsion.
It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system.
ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.