

THE ACADIAN.

Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors.

DAVISON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in advance. If sent to the United States \$1.50.

Free communications from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topic of the day, are cordially solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

\$1.00 per square (2 inches) for first insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application. The number of insertions is not specified will be continued and charged for until otherwise ordered.

NOTES.

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.

T. L. HARVEY, Mayor.
A. E. GOLDWELL, Town Clerk.

OFFICE HOURS:
9.00 to 12.30 a. m.
1.30 to 3.00 p. m.
Close on Saturday at 12 o'clock.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.
OFFICE HOURS, 8.00 a. m. to 8.00 p. m.
On Saturdays open until 8.30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.25 a. m.
Express west close at 9.55 a. m.
Express east close at 3.50 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.15 p. m.
E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Sunday evening at 8.15, and Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Society prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 8.30 p. m. All seats free. Visitors at the door to welcome strangers.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—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. Chalmers' Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 10 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. W. Preston, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.45. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
St. John's Parish Church, or Horton.—Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m. Evening 7.15 p. m. Wednesday Evening, 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. FRAZAR, Warden.
J. D. SHERWOOD.

St. Francis (Catholic)—Rev. William Brown, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. on the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—Mr. Noble Grandall, 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. & M. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.
A. M. WHEATON, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.
ONFRONT LODGE, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris Block. Visiting brethren always welcome.
B. E. F. MOORE, Secretary.

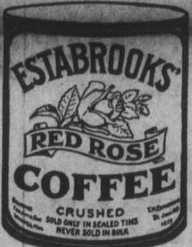
TEMPERANCE.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 1, meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

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

PROPERTY SALE!
Property on Main street occupied by the subscriber. Large house containing twelve rooms, six, sixteen fruit trees, with good building for on Gasperau avenue. Also old Wolfville Hotel property. Good location. An excellent opportunity to invest. Apply to
MRS. EASTWOOD
or J. W. WALLACE
Wolfville, Dec. 1, 1909.

Crushed Coffee— what is it?

By a new process of crushing between steel rollers, instead of grinding, the skin, which remains in the eye of the bean after roasting, is separated from the kernel and removed by air suction, while the kernel is broken into small even grains. These grains when steeped, being free of the skin or chaff, settle quickly, leaving the liquid clear and bright, and give the true coffee flavor.



Estabrooks' Red Rose Crushed Coffee is as easy to make as Red Rose Tea. Directions are in each tin.

It is strictly pure, not a particle of chicory or any other adulterant being used, and is packed in air-tight tins the same day it is roasted so to retain its full flavor, fragrance and strength.

A good combination is Estabrooks' Coffee for breakfast and Red Rose Tea for other meals.

Estabrooks' RED ROSE Coffee

ORDER A TIN IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST

Cedar Shingles and Posts!

We are headquarters for these articles as well as for all kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL.

FENCING IS NOW IN ORDER!

Woven Wire of all kinds always on hand. Also Barbed, plain and twist. Call or write for catalogue and prices.

Misley & Harvey Co., Ltd. PORT WILLIAMS, N. S.

Professional Corps. E. F. MOORE

DENTISTRY.
Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.
Gas Administration.

Dr. J. T. Roach
DENTIST.
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgeons. Office in Henry Block, WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Office Hours: 9-1, 2-5.

Dr. D. J. Munro,
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. 47
Office Hours: 9-12 a. m.; 1-5 p. m.
Barrs Building, Wolfville.

Leslie R. Fair,
ARCHITECT,
AYLESFORD, N. S.
W. W. WOOD, R. C. BARRY W. BROWN, L. S. S.

ROSCOE & ROSCOE
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES, ETC.
KENTVILLE, N. S.

H. PINEO,
EXPERT OPTICIAN,
WOLFVILLE.
Write if you wish an appointment either at your home or his.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.
Voicing, Regulating and Repairing.
Organs Tuned and Repaired.
M. C. Collins,
P. O. Box 331, Wolfville, N. S.

FOR SALE.
The property on Gasperau avenue, lately occupied by Mrs. Foshey. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply for terms, &c. to
MRS. A. GREEN,
Wolfville.

How Did You Die?

Did you take that trouble that came your way with a resolute heart and cheerful, or did you face the light of day with a heavy and fearful?

Oh, a trouble is a son, or a trouble is an ounce. Oh, a trouble is a son, or a trouble is an ounce. And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts. But only—how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that? Come up with a smiling face. It's nothing against you to fall down flat. But to lie there—that's a disgrace. The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce.

Be proud of your blackened eye! It isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts! It's how did you fight—and why? And the you be done to the death, what then? If you battled the loss you could.

Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a jump. And whether he's slow, or speedy. It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts. But only how did you die?
—Edmund Vance Cooke.

IN THE FOG.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

'How do we know,' I whispered, 'that he is not here now?'

'Oh, I'll swear he is not,' Lyle answered. 'I may have hanged in some things, but I have searched this house thoroughly. Nevertheless,' he added, 'we must go over it again, from the cellar to the roof. We have the real clew now, and we must forget the others and work only it.' As he spoke he began again to search the drawing room, turning over even the books on the table and the music on the piano.

'Whoever the man is,' he said over his shoulder, 'we know that he has a key to the front door and a key to the letter box. That shows us he is either an inmate of the house or that he comes here when he wishes. The Russian says that he is the only servant in the house. Certainly we have found no evidence to show that any other servant slept here. There could be but one other person who would possess a key to the house and the letter box—and he lives in St. Petersburg. At the time of the murder he was two thousand miles away.' Lyle interrupted himself suddenly with a sharp cry and turned upon me with his eyes flashing. 'But was he?' he cried. 'Was he? How do we know that last night he was not in London, in this very house when Zichy and Chetney met me?'

'He stood staring at me without seeing me, muttering and arguing with himself.'

'Don't speak to me,' he cried, as I ventured to interrupt him. 'I can see it now. It is all plain. It was not the servant, but his master, the Russian himself, and it was he who came back for the letter! He came back for the letter because he knew they would convict him. We must find them. We must have those letters. If we find the one with the Russian postmark, we shall have found the murderer.' He spoke like a madman, and as he spoke he ran around the room with one hand held out in front of him as you have seen a blind reader at a theatre seeking for something hidden in the stalls. He pulled the old letters from the writing-desk, and ran over them as swiftly as a gambler deals out cards; he dropped on his knees before the fireplace and dragged out the dead coils with his bare fingers, and then with a low, worried cry, like a hound on a scent, he ran back to the waste-paper basket and, lifting the papers from it, shook them out upon the floor. Instantly he got up a shout of triumph, and, separating a number of torn pieces from the others, held them up before me.

'Look!' he cried. 'Do you see? Here are five letters, torn across in two places. The Russian did not stop to read them, for, as you see, he has left them still sealed. I have been wrong. He did not return for the letter, but he did not have to. They were his. He must have returned for some other reason, and, as he was leaving, saw the letter box, and taking out the letters, held them together—and tore them twice across, and then, as the fire had gone out—'

'I am not a murderer, Sir Andrew, believe me,' he said. 'You need not be alarmed. As a matter of fact, at this moment I am much more afraid of you than you could possibly be of me. I beg you please to be indulgent. I assure you, we meant no disrespect. We have been matching stories, that is all, pretending that we are people we are not, endeavoring to entertain you with a better detective tales than, for instance, the last one you read, "The Great Rand Robbery."'

'The Baronet brushed his hand nervously across his forehead.

'Do you mean to tell me,' he exclaimed, 'that none of this has happened? That Lord Chetney is not dead, that his Solicitor did not find a letter of yours written from your post office in Petersburg, and that just now, when he charged you with murder, he was in jest?'

'I am really very sorry,' said the American, 'but you see, sir, he could not have found a letter written by me in St. Petersburg because I have never been in Petersburg. Until this week, I have never been outside of my own country. I am not a naval officer. I am a writer of short stories. And to-night, when this gentleman told me that you were fond of detective stories, I thought it would be amusing to tell you one of my own—one I had just mapped out this afternoon.'

'But Lord Chetney is a real person,' interrupted the Baronet, 'and he did go to Africa two years ago, and he was supposed to have died there, and his brother, Lord Arthur, has been the heir. And yesterday Chetney returned. I read it in the papers.'

'So did I,' assented the American soothingly, 'and it struck me as being a very good plot for a story. I mean his unexpected return from the dead, and the probable disappointment of the younger brother. So I decided that the younger brother had better murder the older one. The Princess Zichy I invented out of a clear sky. The fog I did not have to invent. Since last night I know all that there is to know about a London fog. I was lost in one for three hours.'

The Baronet turned grimly upon the American. 'But this gentleman,' he protested, 'is not a writer of short stories; he is a member of the Foreign Office, and he has often been in Whitehall, and, according to him, the Princess Zichy is not an invention. He says she is very well known, and that she tried to rob him.'

'The servant of the Foreign Office looked unshapely at the Cabinet Minister, and puffed nervously on his cigar.'

'It is true, Sir Andrew, that I am a Queen's Messenger,' he said appealingly, 'and a Russian woman once did try to rob a Queen's Messenger in a railway carriage—only it did not happen to me, but to a pal of mine. The only Russian Princess I ever knew called herself Zabrisky. You may have seen her. She used to do a dive from the roof of the Aquarium.'

'Sir Andrew, with a sort of indignation, frowned the young Solicitor. 'And I suppose yours was a cock-and-bull story, too,' he said. 'Of course, it must have been, since Lord Chetney is not dead. But don't tell me,' he protested, 'that you are not Chudleigh's son, either.'

'I am sorry,' said the youngest member, smiling in some embarrassment, 'but my name is not Chudleigh. I assure you, though, that I know the family very well, and that I am on very good terms with them.'

'You should be,' exclaimed the Baronet, 'and, judging from the liberties you take with the Chetneys, you had better be on very good terms with them, too.'

The young man leaned back and glanced toward the servants at the far end of the room.

'It has been so long since I have been in the Club,' he said, 'that I doubt if even the waiters remember me. Perhaps Joseph may,' he added, 'Joseph!' he called, and at the word a servant stepped briskly forward.

The young man pointed to the stuff of a lion which was suspended above the fireplace.

'Joseph,' he said, 'I want you to tell these gentlemen who shot that lion. Who presented it to the Grill? Joseph, unused to acting as master of ceremonies to members of the Club, shifted nervously from one foot to the other.'

'Why, you—you did,' he stammered.

'Of course I did!' exclaimed the young man. 'I mean, what is the name of the man who shot it? Tell the gentlemen who I am. They wouldn't believe me.'

'Who you are, my lord?' said Joseph. 'You are Lord Edam's son, the Earl of Chetney.'

'You must admit,' said Lord Chetney, when the noise had died away, that I couldn't remain dead while my little brother was accused of murder. I had to do something. Family pride demanded it. Now, Arthur, as the younger brother, can't afford to be squeamish, but personally I should hate to have a brother of mine hang for murder.'

'You certainly showed no scruples against hanging me,' said the American, 'but in the face of your evidence I admit my guilt, and I sentence myself to pay the full penalty of the law as we are made to pay it in my own country. The order of this court is, be announced, that Joseph shall bring me a wine card, and that I sign it for five bottles of the Club's best.'

'For Coughs—Take This'
Do you know a remedy for coughs and colds nearly seventy years old? There is one—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Once in the family, it stays. It is not a doctor, does not take the place of a doctor. It is a doctor's aid. Made for the treatment of all throat and lung troubles. Ask your own doctor his opinion of it. Follow his advice. No alcohol in this cough medicine. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

You cannot remember if your bowels are constipated. Ayer's Pills are gently laxative and directly on the liver. Sold for nearly sixty years. Ask your doctor all about them.

tossed them into this basket. Look! he cried, here in the upper corner of this piece is a Russian stamp. This is his own letter—no opened!

'We examined the Russian stamp and found it had been cancelled in St. Petersburg four days ago. The back of the envelope bore the postmark of the branch station in upper Sloane Street, and was dated this morning. The envelope was of official blue paper and we had no difficulty in finding the other two parts of it. We drew the torn pieces of the letter from the envelope joined together side by side. There were but two lines of writing, and this was the message: "I am really very sorry, but you see, sir, he could not have found a letter written by me in St. Petersburg because I have never been in Petersburg. Until this week, I have never been outside of my own country. I am not a naval officer. I am a writer of short stories. And to-night, when this gentleman told me that you were fond of detective stories, I thought it would be amusing to tell you one of my own—one I had just mapped out this afternoon."

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You cannot remember if your bowels are constipated. Ayer's Pills are gently laxative and directly on the liver. Sold for nearly sixty years. Ask your doctor all about them.



TONIC TREATMENT FOR INDIGESTION

The Process of Digestion is Controlled by the Blood and Nerves.

If you have indigestion and you begin a course of treatment to make your stomach stronger, you are on the right track for a real cure. You can never cure yourself by eating pre-digested foods, or by taking purgative medicines. The stomach is not doing its own work under these treatments, and there can be no real cure until the stomach is strong enough to digest all the food necessary to maintain the body in normal health. The great aim of the tonic treatment for indigestion in all forms is to strengthen the stomach to a point where all foods eaten will digest easily and nourish the body. A tonic that will strengthen the stomach is what is needed, as the process of digestion is controlled by the blood and nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an ideal tonic. They actually make new, rich blood, and thus bring strength and tone to the stomach. This has been proved over and over again, and thousands of grateful people have not hesitated to say so. Here is an instance:—Miss Eva Tocher, Baltimore, Md., says:—'I am writing this letter on behalf of my mother who wishes you to know how much Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her. For several years she had been greatly troubled with indigestion and notwithstanding the medicine she was taking the trouble was growing worse. Every meal was dreaded, and left behind it a feeling of nausea and severe pains. As this continued she began to lose strength and energy, and was hardly able to do any housework. Acted on the advice of a friend she began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and soon began to feel better. She continued taking the Pills until she had fully restored and she could take any kind of food without the least discomfort. Since that time she has had no the slightest return of the trouble.'

'Oh, no!' protested the man with the pearl stud, 'it is not for you to sign it. In my opinion it is Sir Andrew who should pay the costs. It is time you knew,' he said turning to that gentleman, 'that unconsciously you have been the victim of what I may call a more serious purpose than merely to amuse. They have been told with the worthy object of detaining you from the House of Commons. I must explain to you, that all through this evening I have had a servant waiting in Trafalgar Square with instructions to bring me word as soon as the light over the House of Commons had ceased to burn. The light is now out, and the object for which we plotted is attained.'

The Baronet glanced keenly at the man with the black pearl, and then quickly at his watch. The smile disappeared from his lips, and his face was set in stern and forbidding lines. 'And may I know,' he asked icily, 'what was the object of your plot?'

'A most worthy one,' the other retorted. 'Our object was to keep you from advocating the expenditure of many millions of the people's money upon more battleships. In a word, we have been working together to prevent you from passing the Navy Increase Bill.'

Sir Andrew's face bloomed with brilliant color. His body shook with suppressed emotion. 'For several years she had been greatly troubled with indigestion and notwithstanding the medicine she was taking the trouble was growing worse. Every meal was dreaded, and left behind it a feeling of nausea and severe pains. As this continued she began to lose strength and energy, and was hardly able to do any housework. Acted on the advice of a friend she began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and soon began to feel better. She continued taking the Pills until she had fully restored and she could take any kind of food without the least discomfort. Since that time she has had no the slightest return of the trouble.'

'You sign it,' he said.

Goldwin Smith.

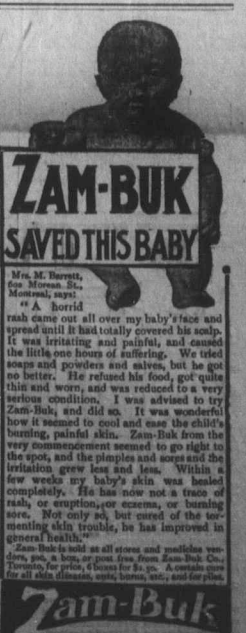
Goldwin Smith, scholar, historian and publicist, has passed to his reward after a long and busy life. For upwards of forty years he has been Canada's most eminent man of letters and one of her most distinguished citizens.

His wide culture, his clarity of thought, his incomparable literary skill gave to the product of his tireless pen a wide vogue. As a writer of English prose and a stylist he has been unmatched in his time. During all these years he has been a constant contributor to Canadian, American and British periodicals, and his work has at all times commanded attention for brilliancy of thought and expression. Although his viewpoint on many questions was not that of the majority of Canadians, he was always interesting, even in his splendid isolation, and in the last analysis, daresay, has exerted a powerful influence for good upon the political and social life of his day and generation. His honesty of purpose and purity of motive were above suspicion. It is the glory of the Canadian press that it has been privileged to record this master workman among its craftsmen.

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Zam-Buk saved all my little ones and my wife. I was suffering from indigestion, and my little ones were suffering. We tried soap and powders and salves, but he got no better. He refused to eat anything but Zam-Buk, and he was cured in a very short time. I was advised to try Zam-Buk, and did so. It was wonderful how it seemed to cool and ease the child's burning, painful skin. Zam-Buk from the very commencement seemed to go right to the spot, and the pimples and sores and the irritation grew less and less. Within a few weeks my baby's skin was healed completely. He has now not a trace of rash, or eruption, or sores, or burning sore. Not only so, but even of the terrible itching trouble, he has improved in general health. Zam-Buk is sold at all stores and medicine vendors. For price, 6 cents for 25 cts. A bottle costs 75 cents. For price, 6 cents for 25 cts. A bottle costs 75 cents. For price, 6 cents for 25 cts. A bottle costs 75 cents.