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. XXX. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1911. NO. 51

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.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES

$1 00 per square (2 inches) for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application.

Reading notices ten cents per line first insertion, two and a half cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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.

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

OFFICE HOURS:
9.00 to 12.30 a. m.
1.30 to 5.00 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 6.05 a. m.
Express west close at 9.45 a. m.
Express east close at 4.00 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.25 p. m.

E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, Public Worship at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 3.00 p. m. Mid-week prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, at 3.30 p. m. The Social and Benevolent Society meets the third Thursday of each month at 3.30 p. m. The Mission Band meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 3.45 p. m. All seats free. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. G. W. Miller, Pastor: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a.m., and at 7 p.m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. and Adult Bible Class at 3.30 p.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Services at Lower Horton as announced. W.F.M.S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 3.30. p.m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Wednesday at 3.30 p m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. W. Prestwood, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath 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, OF HORTON.—Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m. Evensong 7 15 p. m. Wednesday Evensong, 7 30 p. m. Special services in Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rector.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

REV. R. F. DIXON, Rector.
Geo. A. Prat, J. D. Sherwood, } Wardens.

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

THE TABERNACLE.—During Summer months open air gospel services:—Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. Preaching at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Splendid class rooms, efficient teachers, men's bible class.

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. K. BARSS, 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 8 00 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

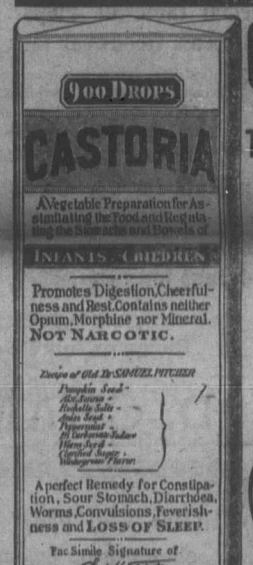
Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m.

To the Public:

The undersigned begs to notify the public that he is now prepared to undertake painting, paper-hanging, etc., of all kinds. Having had adequate experience he guarantees first-class work and entire satisfaction in every case. Orders may be left with Wolfville Decorating Co.

P. W. GODFREY.

Wolfville, Mar. 9, 1910. 'Phone 95.



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Hutchinson's Express & Livery.

UP-TO-DATE IN EVERY RESPECT.

Buckboards, Barouches, Single and Double Carriages. Good Horses; Careful Drivers; Fair Prices. Teams at all Trains and Boats. Baggage carefully transferred. Boarding Stables. Telephone No 58.

T. L. HUTCHINSON, Prop., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

J. F. HERBIN
OPTICIAN & WATCH-MAKER.

(1.) Eye Examination and Fitting.
(2.) Lens Cutting, Drilling and Fitting.
(3.) Optical Repair in Every Line.

Three Departments Complete.

Eye Examination Free.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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
BLACK'S 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.
Barss Building, Wolfville.

W. E. ROSCOE, K. C. BARRY W. ROSCOE, LL.B.
ROSCOE & ROSCOE
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
KENTVILLE, - - N. S.

C. E. Avery deWitt
M. D., C. M. (McGILL)
One year post-graduate study in Germany.
Office hours: 8—10 a. m.; 1—3, 7—8 p. m.
Tel. 81 University Ave.

Electric Restorer for Men
Phosphonol restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonol will make you a new man. Price $1 a box, or two for $5. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.
Or at Rand's Drug Store.

For Sale.

In the smart town of Wolfville, N. S., a modern Bungalow, 6 rooms and bath, hot and cold water, electric lights and furnace.

5 minutes from centre of town. Commands finest view in America. Will sell furnished.

B. G. BISHOP,
P. O. Box 38.

H. PINEO,
EXPERT OPTICIAN,
WOLFVILLE.

Write if you wish an appointment either at your home or his.

F. J. PORTER,
Licensed Auctioneer,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Will hereafter accept calls to sell in any part of the county.

The Best Resorts Along the South Shore
Are reached by the
Halifax & South Western Railway
Lockeport, Shelburne, Chester, Hubbards, Barrington
and all the other incomparable summer retreats for
Trout and Salmon Fishing
Caledonia is the gateway to the finest section in the peninsula—Lakes Rossignol and Kejimkujik with their uncounted, and practically unfished tributary waters.
For illustrated booklets and general information write P. MOONEY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Halifax.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

'The Maple Leaf Forever.'

(With Apologies.)

In days of yore, in time of war,
Swaggering Yankee soldiers came,
And tried to plant the stars and bars
On Canada's fair domain.
Here it would thrive, their boast and pride,
But did we let it? Never!
Our fathers, oft victorious, cried:
'The Maple Leaf forever!'

Chorus:
The Stars and Stripes we don't want here,
Stand for it, we will never,
True heroes said, as blood we shed:
'The Maple Leaf forever!'

Again to-day in other way,
Uncle Sam, by guile and threat,
Would here hold sway:
(Says he, 'trade be yours to get!')
Take some over simple Minister,
So thinks he's mighty clever,
And hop's to capture first our trade,
Then CANADA forever.

Chorus:
The pact is a 'monstrosity,'
Stand for it we will never;
Then down with Reciprocity—
The Maple Leaf forever!

—Canuck.

(Quebec.)

Mrs. Jim's Holiday

BY MCM BELL

(Canadian Home Journal.)

Until Mrs Jim read that item in the paper she did not know what ailed her. And even then she did not, just at first, for she refused to admit it even to herself. She put the idea away from her again and again, but each time it pressed back more insistantly. She knew she was tired—tired of the eternal sameness of things, of the endless stretch of prairie that bounded her on every side, of its monotony, its noiselessness, its solitude, but,—

She read it again, and yet again, until she found herself repeating it by heart:

'Every husband and every wife should have, at the least, one month's holiday away from each other during the year. Change of air, change of environment, change of companionship however congenial, are necessary to the health and happiness of both.'

Could it be that she was tired of Jim? Jim who never grumbled, who never complained, who bore all the reverses that had come to him with a brave heart and a brave smile—tired of Jim!

Her eyes left the paper and traveled to the far corner of the room where the baby was amusing himself with his toys. How Jim loved his boy, she thought—how wonderful seemed to him every movement of the baby hands and feet, every lisping word that fell from the baby lips! And how he had loved the others—three little ones, whose graves were lonely, away out in the cemetery on the prairie!

The great love she had born him for years surged in her heart, until for the moment it crowded out every other emotion. Then, just as suddenly, there came a revulsion of feeling, and she knew she could not bear him to come in tonight from the field and kiss her, as was his custom, and ask her about her day's work. She seemed to know that the very caress had become a mere habit, and that he gave it to her as unthinkingly as he put on his smock in the morning to go to his work in the field.

Jim's kisses had meant so much to her once. Now they meant nothing to either of them—had descended to the level of the commonplace.

It must be true, she decided at last, Jim had in some mysterious way, become part of the environment, and she knew she was tired of that. Vaguely she wondered if Jim were tired of her. They had lived together so long without a break that it seemed as if romance and emotion were eliminated from their lives. Their pulses no longer beat faster at each others approach. When their hands touched the contact sent no thrill throught the body, no color to the cheeks. And Mrs. Jim knew now that what she, at any rate, had been longing for was the sweetness of that first year of their married life, when everything was new and fresh and lovely. She saw plainly, too, the truth of what she had been reading—that absence from her husband for a time was the only way to bring back that sweetness of romance, that joy in his companionship that she had known and enjoyed for many happy years.

But where was she to go and how was she to get away? The only place she cared to visit was the little Eastern town in which she was born. For years she had yearned to go back, even for a month, but she had not been able; and now she was more able than before. It would cost so much, and Jim had done without that new plunder until he could manage it. And, of course, he couldn't go there—that was certain.

The clock struck the half hour. Jim would soon be coming in for supper—she must have it ready for him.

She was just put the finishing touches to the table, when a rap came on the door. A moment later the grizzled head of their old Scotch neighbor appeared.

'Why, Mr. Williams,' said Mrs Jim cordially, 'come right in. You're just in time for tea. Jim will be here in a few minutes.'

'Do come,' she said in her most persuasive tone, for for the old man had made a gesture of dissent. 'I have just the things you like for supper.'

'Ay, I've nae doot o' that,' replied the old Scotchman. 'Your suppers are aye worth tastin.' But I canna bide the nicht, lassie. I was to the toon, an' I juist lookit in wi' yer mail.'

Mrs. Jim opened the letter he handed her, and became so absorbed in it at once that she did not notice that the old man, instead of going on to his house, waited at the gate for Jim, who was coming in from the field, and stood talking to him earnestly for a few minutes. Mrs. Jim's letter proved to be an invitation to the Paris Old Boy's Reunion, in August. She had heard vague rumors concerning it, but had not dreamed that an announcement would find its way to her home on the prairie. But there, in plain letters was her name, followed by the invitation. And there on another page was a picture of the high school. Every line of its square brick front was familiar. Every room of it was crowded with comrades she had not seen for years—the old school!

She turned the page and a picture of the town met her eye—a splendid cut. There was the house where she was born, the street where she played, the bridge from which she and her brother had often dangled their legs while fishing, the doctor's house, the church with the manse hard by, the line of stores on either side of the clean, wide street, the library and reading room, with their myriad associations; and away in the distance, the winding road that led to the cemetery where her mother and father slept.

She longed, oh, how she longed to see it all again! She laid the booklet aside, for she heard her husband's step at the door.

'Hallos, Jim, boy! Want daddy to give you a toss?' Jim caught the boy and threw him to the ceiling, being rewarded by a rippling peal of baby laughter. He looked at his wife's smiling face with eyes that had just been opened, and he saw, behind the smile, the tears, the tired lines about the mouth, the pitiful, weary droop of the shoulders.

'Supper ready, little woman, I'm as hungry as a yoke of oxen.'

And what a supper! Poached eggs on toast, followed by creamy custard, flakey home made bread, butter yellow and sweet, and fresh rhubarb pie with cream.

'Mr. Williams brought the mail, Jim,' said Mrs. Jim as she poured her husband a cup of tea.

'Yes, I saw him.' Jim answered. 'Scottie isn't looking well, I've seen him failing these two years.'

'Since Mrs. Williams died,' said Mrs. Jim softly. 'I tried to persuade him to stay for supper, but he wouldn't.'

'He wanted to get home,' Jim said; but he did not tell her that the old Scotchman had waited purposely to speak to him, and that the subject of their conversation had been Mrs. Jim herself. He recalled the earnest look in the old man's eyes as he said: 'She's no weel, the lassie. Ay, lad, I ken ye hae na' noticed it. It's no serious yet, but she was tellin' Aunt Gray that she's just tired out. It's a rest she needs, laddie, a rest and a change. Ye'll hae tae get her away for a spell, I doot.'

'Lad,' the old man put his hand on Jim's sleeve, 'do it soon—do it as soon as ye can. I'd 'a' had my auld wummun wi' me yet, gin I hadna kep' my een closed sae long.'

He turned abruptly and left him but Jim knew that it was to hide the moisture that had crept into his eyes.

'Any letters for me, Nell?' Jim asked, when she had seen the last of the old Scotchman. 'Yes, I saw him.' Jim asked, when she had seen the last of the old Scotchman. 'Any letters for me, Nell?' Jim asked, when the man was over the hill. 'Hallos, what's this? Paris Old Boys, eh? So they're going to have it after all. There's the town. I'd know it without the name from your description, Nell.'

'What a pretty place it must be,' he said a moment later. 'So many rivers, and bridges, and trees.'

'The prettiest place in all Ontario,' said Mrs. Jim.

'To you,' returned her husband, his eyes twinkling. 'There's no place like home, eh, Nellie?'

'Say, Nell, you'll have to go,' he said, laying aside the booklet after he had looked through it.

'Jim!' cried his wife, half reproachfully, 'I can't.'

'Of course you can. Auntie Gray will cook for me, and look after the milk and butter. You know she has offered to do it several times. Let's see, when does it come? In August—plenty of time to get ready—of course you can.' Then he added a little doubtfully: 'The baby, though.'

'Oh, he'd be no trouble.'

Jim noted the eagerness in he voice.

'You know he makes friends with everybody.'

'It's not that Jim, it's the—the money.'

Money! Jim laughed easily. 'We'll fix that. Why, I've a roll of bills where I can put my hand on them this minute. You'll take them and get some things for yourself and the boy.'

'Jim!' exclaimed his wife almost fiercely. 'I'll do nothing of the kind. There are things you need more than I need this trip, and you must not do without them.'

'Mind,' said Jim quickly, for he saw in his wife's eyes the mist that herald's tears. 'We'll see what turns up.'

But next morning he was very decided.

'Nellie,' he said quietly, but in his eyes was a look she could not combat, 'you're going to Paris for that reunion. Now take this money and get yourself and the boy ready.'

Once in her native town, Mrs. Jim gave herself up to the full enjoyment of what she had for many years been longing. The reunion week was an unmixed delight. Each day was full of pleasurable exitement. She met again those who had been her schoolmates in the old days—many of them she had not seen since they left the dear old high school. They had gone their several ways and she had gone hers. Now they recounted the school-day pranks and punishments—those comedies and tragedies that spell so large a part of the school life of boys and girls. Some of the teachers of the old days were still in their positions—others she remembered with sincere regret, were lying in the cemetery on the outskirts of the town.

Often she would take the baby and go with some friend to visit an old well remembered haunt, whose associations, seen through the mist of years, were beautiful and tender. There were so many dear friends to visit, too, and they were all so good to her. And the baby was splendid. He seemed to know his mother's friends were his friends; enjoyed all the caressing and jollying they gave him to the utmost, and grew fat and rosy and strong.

And Mrs. Jim, herself, in the change of air and scene, and in the freedom from the work and worry of housekeeping, found the strength she had been seeking.

So the time passed, and Mrs. Jim, looking at her ticket one morning discovered it was good for only a few days more. Then she fell to musing. Had Jim missed her, she wondered. He had been so anxious for her to come. Perhaps he had wished to be alone again—alone and free, as he had been when she came into hislife. She wondered, too, with a bit of an ache at her heart, if he liked being alone—if he would be sorry to see her come back. His letters told her nothing; he was getting along well, he said, and she and the boy must stay as long as they could, and have as good time as possible.

The sweetness of that time when they were married swept over her like a flood, carrying everything before it. She saw again the lovelight in Jim's eyes as he stood beside her in the little village church. She took the drive with him again from the place where she had been teaching, and where Jim had wooed and won her, away out across the prairie to the home he had built and made ready for her. It was a glorious day. The sky was blue, of a shade peculiar to the western sky in June, and there were just enough cloud flecks to temper the sunshine. Flowers of every color mingled with the green grass of the prairie. Wild pink roses were springing up in the trails. The sloughs reflected the blueness of the sky in their glistening depths. The strong rushing wind of the prairie had, for the time, given place to a gentle breeze, that merely stirred the leaves of the poplars in the bluffs.

The sweetness of the June-tide filled their hearts, and they clasped each other's hands and laughed like happy children. They knew nothing but joy then. Sorrow was to come to them later.

Mrs. Jim's mind ran swiftly over the years—years that were glad for the most part, but heavy with work and care. But the babies were worth it—she had told herself that many times over—if only she could have kept them! Again she lived over that awful week when those three little lives went out, and with them for her all the sweet joy of motherhood. Ah! how tender Jim had been then! How he had sought to stifle his own grief that he might sooth and quiet hers—how he had helped her to take up the burden—the heavy burden of life in a world whose light had gone out with the light of the three little faces!

A maid rapped at the door. 'A telegram for you, Mrs. Gray,' she said. Jim's heart. It must be from Jim! Has anything happened—was anything wrong! With trembling fingers she tore it open, and read:

'Will meet you in Winnipeg on Thursday.—Jim.'

Mrs. Jim stood still, holding the bit of paper in her hand, and soon she was looking at it through a mist of tears. The question she had been asking herself was answered—Jim had missed her. Jim wanted her. And in a trice she knew that she wanted him—wanted him with an intensity of longing that left no doubt in her mind that the old romantic love, with all its sweetness, was alive again.

The holiday had done its work. Going to the drawer where she kept the letters Jim had written her, she took them all out, and, in the light of that scrap of yellow paper, she read between the lines this time, till her heart was satisfied, of Jim's love, and longing, and loneliness. Then, in an ecstacy of emotion, she crushed them close to her and whispered:

'Oh, Jim, Jim, you're just the best husband in all that big North-West!'

No matter what may be the object of your solicitude

BE INSURED

Whether you are thinking of the maintenance of health, comfort and competense in old age, or the welfare of your wife and children.

The Excelsior liberal up-to-date policies afford both absolute Security and Substantial Profit.

The Excelsior Life Insurance Co.
TORONTO
CAPT. S. M. BEARDSLEY, Provincial Manager.
Box 136, Halifax. Box 230, Wolfville.

When You Feel Cross

And are worried and irritated you can get the liver right by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Life is too short to be cross and grouchy. You not only make yourself miserable, but also those about you. Don't blame others. Blame yourself for not keeping the liver right.

There is nothing in the world which will more promptly afford you relief than Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills. This statement is true. A trial will convince you.

Mr. Theo. Bedard, Lac aux Sables, Portneuf County, Que., writes,—"I have found Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills the best treatment obtainable for indigestion and impure blood. They cured me of indigestion, from which I suffered for four years.

"This certificate is given without solicitation, so that others may not waste their money buying medicines of no value when they can get Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which I am convinced are the best."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Flavor

in tea must be distinctive, pleasing and unvarying to merit continuous use. The flavor of Red Rose Tea is all its own, and it never fails to win and hold approval because it never fails in quality. Try it. 92

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

Waste Not, Want Not.

When scrubbing floors, the soap is often left in the water, which causes it to waste, or on the floor, which is dangerous, for if trodden on serious injury might result. To prevent this, a useful receptacle for the soap may be made by procuring a cocoanut, and sawing it in halves crosswise. After the nut is extracted, take one half, and bore a hole in sides, near the top edge. Fasten a piece of wire on one side, through the hole, bent like a hook, and on the opposite side a piece with a loop at the end. When in use it is clasped around the eyelet of the pail, where the handle is fixed in, and is always handy.

Baby's Terrible Eczema.

HANDS TIED TO PREVENT SCRATCHING.

FIVE DOCTORS FAILED TO RELIEVE, BUT ZAM BUK WORKED A CURE.

Mrs. Chas. Levere, of Prescott, North Channel, Ont., tells how Zam-Buk cured her baby. She says:—'My baby's head and face was one complete mass of sores. The itching and irritation were fearful, and the little thing was tortured by sleeplessness, worn out by the disease.

'We had to keep her hands tied for days to prevent her rubbing and scratching the sores. Doctor after doctor treated her in vain, until we had had five doctors. They all agreed it was a freightful case of eczema, but none of them did any permanent good.

'As a last resource we were advised to try Zam Buk. The first box did so much good that we felt sure we were at last working in the right direction. We persevered with the treatment until we had used thirteen boxes, and at the end of that time I am glad to say Zam Buk had effected a complete cure.'

For eczema, eruptions, rashes, tetter, itch, ringworm and similar skin diseases, Zam buk is without equal. It also cures cuts, burns, scalds, piles, abscesses, chronic sores, blood poisoning, etc. All druggists and stores at 50 cents a box, or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Refuse imitations.

Discoveries in Jelly Making.

The cause of crystallizing in jelly is either too much sugar or too rapid boiling.

Apple jelly flavored with mint is delicious to serve with lamb.

Juice for jelly should not be stirred while cooking.

Fruit for jelly should always be under ripe.

Fruit for jelly should not be gathered just after a rain.

Too long boiling changes sugar to glucose and turns the mixture into a syrup which will not jell.

The sugar should always be hot when added to the juice.

Over cooking causes a strong, disagreeable taste.

Always leave the skin on large fruits for jelly making.

Diarrhoea is always more or less prevalent during September. Be prepared for it. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is prompt and effectual. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by all dealers.

Popular Though Poor.

Be forgetful of self; think, and think kindly of others.

Say a kind rather than a smart thing.

Be ready to help whenever you can.

Give others credit for doing and knowing something.

Be courteous to all, in or out of business.

Don't talk scandal.

Pay what you owe, and never borrow money.

King Cole TEA

Here is a real tea-treat that will surpass your fond recollection of "the nicest cup of tea I ever tasted"!

King Cole tea will truly make an even nicer cup of tea an everyday reality. Such richness, such vigorous fullness of flavor, such pleasant smoothness were never concentrated so deliciously in your tea-cup before.

And the cup you enjoy a month hence will be as nice as your very first sip. Its delicious flavor never varies. You will love it more and more.

YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOUR.