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. XXIX. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1909. NO. 1

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 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 6.00 a. m.
Express west close at 9.05 a. m.
Express east close at 4.10 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.35 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 6.15, and Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday 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 8.00 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. 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.—Mr. Noble Crandall, 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.

A. M. WHEATON, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

ORPHEUS LODGE, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcomed.

DR. E. F. MOORE, 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.

At Wolfville.

Building Lots for sale on the Randall Hill, fronting on Victoria Avenue and the new street, running east and west across the hill (King street).

The lots are conveniently and beautifully situated in the centre of the town.

Land good. Air and views delightful. Apply to

MRS. ED. COGSWELL
Wolfville.

More bread and Better bread
—And the Reason for it

A STRONG FLOUR can only be made from strong wheat. Manitoba hard wheat is acknowledged the strongest in the world—and that is the kind used for Purity Flour.

But that's not all. Every grain of this wheat contains both high-grade and low-grade properties. In separating the high-grade parts from the low-grade the Western Canada Flour Mills put the hard wheat through a process so exacting that not a single low-grade part has the remotest chance of getting in with the high-grade.

Of course this special process is more expensive to operate but it means a lot to Purity flour users—that's why we use it.

It means that Purity Flour is made entirely of the highest-grade flour parts of the strongest wheat in the world.

It means a high-class, strong flour and therefore yields "more bread and better bread."

Purity may cost a little more than some flours, but results prove it the cheapest and most economical after all.

PURITY FLOUR

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED
MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH, BRANDON

Professional Carps.

DENTISTRY.

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

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

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

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

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

E. F. MOORE
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
OFFICE: Delaney's Building, Main St.
RESIDENCE: Methodist Parsonage, Gaspereau Avenue.
OFFICE HOURS: 9-10 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-9 p. m. 23
Telephone connection at office and residence.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.
Voicing Regulating and Repairing.
Organs Tuned and Repaired.
M. C. Collins.
P. O. Box 321, Wolfville, N. S.

$10 REWARD!

As we are under considerable expense in repairing street lights that are maliciously broken, we offer the above reward for information that will lead to the conviction of the guilty parties.

Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

ACADIA ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

To Rent.

Tenement on Main street, 6 rooms beside hall, bath room, store-room and pantry. Apply to

I. W. SELFRIDGE
or C. W. STRONG.

Wolfville, Aug. 28 1908.

Wolfville Real Estate Agency.

Persons wishing to buy or sell apply to

J. W. SELFRIDGE,
Manager.

Wolfville, April 27.

SCOTIA FARM DAIRY

J. Rufus Starr, Proprietor

BEST QUALITY MILK AND CREAM.

Leave orders at Mrs. Hutchinson's telephone exchange, or telephone No 13 at Port Williams 22

WANTED!

Will give 5c. to $5 each for
Old Postage Stamps
used on the envelopes before 1870. Also want Quebec stamps and Jubilee stamps. None of present issue wanted.

W. A. KAIN,
BOX 186. - ST. JOHN, N. B.

H. PINEO,
EXPERT OPTICIAN,
WOLFVILLE.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Rates quoted and tickets issued from
ANY PLACE EAST
TO
ANY PLACE WEST
And Vice Versa.

OCEAN TO OCEAN
Full Information on Application.

W. B. HOWARD, D. P. A., C. P. R., ST. JOHN, N. B.

CLARKE'S
AUCTION SALE ROOMS
is the Oldest Established and Best in the Provinces.
WEEKLY
Sales of Horses, Wagons, Harness, Sleighs, etc.
ALSO—House Furnishings of every description.
Salesrooms: 75 & 80 Argyle St., Halifax, N. S.

AT ONCE!

A Reliable Local Salesman wanted to represent
Canada's Oldest and Greatest Nurseries
in Wolfville and adjoining country.

The demand for Nursery Stock is increasing yearly, and if you become one of our salesmen you will realize there is good money in the business for you.

Write at once for particulars. Pay weekly; Free Outfit.

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Fonthill Nurseries,
(850 Acres.)
Toronto, Ontario.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Bishop & Porter,
(Successors to J. C. Bishop.)
Carpenters and Builders.
Repairing and Shop Work a specialty.
Metalic Shingles and all kinds of Inside Metalic Fittings.
Agents for all kinds of outside and inside House Finish.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

KING EDWARD HOTEL
Corner North & Lockman Sts,
HALIFAX.
Fitted with all modern improvements, magnificently furnished. Situation and view unsurpassed in Halifax. Within five minutes ride by street cars to the centre of the city.
Terms—$2.00 to $2.50 per day, according to location.
WM. WILSON, Proprietor

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

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

All's Well.

Last night I walked among the lamps that gleamed,
And saw a shadow on the window blind,
A moving shadow, and the picture seemed
To call some scene to mind.

I looked again; a dark form to and fro
Swayed softly as to music full of rest,
Bent low, bent lower:—still I did not know,
And then, at last, I guessed.

And through the night came all old memories flocking,
White memories like snowflakes and we whirled.
'All's well!' I said; 'the mothers still sit rocking
The cradles of the world.'

—Will R. Ogilvie.

"They that Tarry by the Stuff."

'I don't want to go in—I don't want to be in such a crowd of well-dressed folks!' Lillian hung back even at the door, but her father and mother led her along.

'Come on, Lillian, come on,' Mrs. Davis urged, taking her by the hand. 'We must go in at once, or we will not be able to get a seat.'

The three of them—father, mother and daughter—pushed into the crowd and filled the doorway. The air was heavy with the perfume of roses, of honeysuckle and daisies, which banked the walls or hung in garlands of profusion from the ceiling. Lillian had never seen such a crowd of people. The great chapel was already filled to overflowing, and still the people came, packing the aisles and banking the stairs that rose from the broad-arched doorways on either side. And such gowns and hats! The beauty and extravagance of them almost dazzled the eyes of the plain girl from the country, making her feel all the more alone and out of place.

'Let's go back,' she implored, after they had stood for some time, wedged in by the crowd at the door.

'No, we will wait; maybe we can find a seat,' Mrs. Davis craned her neck and looked over the sea of heads. Truly, the prospects seemed hopeless. The overworked ushers pushed hurriedly to and fro, unable to seat one-half the throng that poured through the doors and still kept pouring.

'We may as well go back,' Lillian declared. The three were now squeezed closely together, so close they could scarcely breath. Lillian longed for the sweet, pure air of their mountain home. She had wanted to remain out there, for she had believed all along it would be like this. It was only after continued persuasion from her father and mother that she was induced to come. She wished now she had followed the desire of her own will and stayed at home. As a compromise, she might have remained and waited in the farm wagon down in the cool grove at the edge of the campus; even that would have been far better than this.

'But it is going to be Commencement Day, Lillian,' her mother told her. 'Chester is going to graduate from col ege.' The mother's dim old eyes had glowed proudly, though with little effect upon the dispirited girl.

'What if he is?' the daughter returned. 'He wouldn't know us if we should meet him there with all those fine folks. I don't think he half appreciates how we've worked and saved to keep him in—'

'There, there, that's enough!' her mother said, taking her by the shoulder and shaking her a little roughly. 'I know Chester will be glad to have us there, and will be disappointed if we are not; he has said so time and again in his letters.'

And so, here they were, crushed and jammed and unnoticed. Lillian was firmly convinced that she had been right. As the people kept pouring into the doors, they were bufleted now this way, now that, and shoved, little by little, farther toward the front and centre of the crowd. Lillian observed that certain ones of the fashionably-dressed folks around and behind them had no difficulty in catching the eyes and securing the services of the ushers. This absolutely convinced her that they were not wanted—that they were out of place.

By and by, when all three were almost sifted by the crush, Mr. Davis spoke for the first time since they entered. He contrived with great difficulty to raise an elbow and get his fingers into his jacket pocket, bringing out a badly-crumpled slip of card-board. 'Chester said we should hand this to an usher. I expect it might help us some.'

The daughter said nothing, for she doubted whether, even with this admission ticket, they would receive attention. Mrs. Davis became joyfully hopeful at once. 'Bless me, Tom, why didn't you think of it before?' [illegible] they can see it well at them, if you have to.'

A very tall man, dressed in conventional black, and holding his silk hat carefully above the crush, looked down angrily when the old farmer raised the yellow check aloft and signaled the usher.

The usher came toward them at once, pushing his way through the pack, took the ticket from the farmer's hand, and after a quick glance, said: 'There are three seats reserved for you in the front row of the balcony. Please follow me.'

The crowd parted as best it could making a narrow lane down which they hurried, vainly trying to keep up with the swift-footed guide.

'My, but ain't this grand!' declared the happy old mother, with a long-drawn sigh of relief, when they were seated.

Up there they had an unbroken view of the immense concourse of people who filled both the lower floor and the balcony, and of the broad stage on which rows of empty chairs were arranged, and back of which roses and potted flowers were banked and heaped. It was all so lovely, so beautiful, that Lillian failed to regret for a time that she had come, and was just a little glad that she was here, a part, even through a small and unimportant part of this delightful picture. She told herself that she was glad for the sake of her mother and father, if naught else, for she noted, with a thrill of pleasure, the supreme happiness that glowed in their eyes as they drank in the beauty of the scene.

In a little while the orchestra, which was all but hidden by the palms, ferns and geraniums in front of the stage, began to play, not an intricate, classical selection such as Lillian had expected, but an old, familiar air which filled the great chapel with soul-stirring melody, and burst finally into the strains of 'The National Anthem.' The people rose to their feet, and while they stood, the graduating class led by the college president, the dean and the principal members of the faculty, all wearing black caps and gowns, filed in and were seated on the platform.

In the hushed silence that followed, Lillian eagerly scanned the rows of graduates, vainly trying to find her brother. At first glance she could not distinguish between the young men and the young women. Dressed in those robes and hats of somber black, there seemed little difference between the white faces.

But where was Chester? She asked herself. He would of course, be seated, on the back row, in just as remote and obscure a place as could be found for him. But nowhere back there did she find a face that resembled his, nor was she any more successful in the middle rows. The old, dispirited, depressed feeling was coming again to her, when she heard her mother whisper gladly: 'There he is! That's him down in front—sitting by that white-haired man.'

Lillian did not looked for him there away down in front on what she told herself was the firing line.' But when she found him there,' she recalled her brother's indomitable spirt, his unflagging ambition to win, to lead, to be at the front. She had noticed that there were six chairs set behind the main class. Chester occupied one of these, just on the right of the white-haired president.

While she looked, the gray-haired man bent over and spoke to Chester. She saw her brother lift his eyes toward the balcony, and she was sure her gaze met his own, for a smile came to his face. He said something in return to the president, and then the latter lifted his eyes toward the balcony and smiled. Could it be that her brother and the college president were talking about them?' About herself, her mother and father, the plainest poorest people in all that great multitude?

Whatever her conclusions, the girl was conscious of a glowing thrill of happiness, and she was glad, more glad than ever, that she was there. She was sorry now for the things she had said, and would have told her mother so, but the president had risen to speak.

Lillian remembered her program for the first time. It had been hastily crumpled into her hand by the usher as they were hurried to their seats. She turned to it now, and her first glance brought a full measure of surprise. There in bold letters, the first thing her eyes fell upon was her brother's name—his full name—'Chester Thompson Davis, Valedictorian.'

Her heart leaped with sudden pride. Her blood pulsed quickly. Her brother valedictorian! This was the happy surprise he had in store for them; this was why he had urged them to come, to be present on his Commencement Day.

College life was a vague thing to her, but Lillian had read enough and heard enough to know that to be valedictorian meant to be at the head of the class—it meant persistent, unflagging labor. This was the result of Chester's untiring zeal. This was why he had [illegible] place on the little front row down on the 'firing line.'

Mrs. Davis was studying a program through silver-rimmed spectacles trying to fathom the meaning of it. Lillian indicated Chester's name. Mrs. Davis then pointed it out to her husband. So all three understood and were glad. Lillian looked at her program again, and noted the subject of Chester's address. She was displeased with it at first, because it conveyed to her no meaning; and she knew by the expression of her mother's face that she too, got as little from it. The girl repeated it over and over in her mind:

'They that Tarry by the Stuff.'

It was strange, vague, yet somehow familiar. And while the president talked, in a quiet easy way, she caught but little of what he said, in her mental attempt to grasp the meaning of that particular title. That Mrs. Davis was likewise occupied, was evident by the studious though far-away look in her eyes, and the fact that in the midst of the president's address she bent over, and with a calloused finger on the mysterious title, whispered in Lillian's ear: 'First Samuel 30: 24.'

It came to the girl instantly. Her brother had chosen a portion of a sentence from the bible for his subject. She recalled the whole question: 'As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff.'

The girl sat in a dream while the exercises went on. Oration after oration was given, interspersed with music that seemed to carry her away in an ecstasy of melody. Each speaker seemed more eloquent and more polished, his oration more finished and inspiring, than the one before. Each was buried with great bouquets of roses. In all her life the girl had never seen such a wealth of flowers; and she ascribed the bounteous gifts to the individual influence and popularity of the speakers. She feared for her brother—plain, simple country boy that he was, slow to become acquainted, and as slow to make friends.

So she was unprepared for the reception that greeted him. Before he had risen from the chair, the applause began, and it continued for some moments after he had come down in front to speak. Truly her brother was popular, too. But the girl's heart pondered. She still feared for him, feared that he might fail. But this fear left her, even before he began to speak, for he stood up there calmly, perfectly self possessed, entirely unafraid.

Absolute quiet filled the great chapel, and when he spoke not a word was lost on the vast throng. At first Lillian believed it was family prejudice, personal pride, that made her see every shade of delicate coloring in her brother's word painting, and feel the blood stir with his eloquence; but when she glanced round her and noted the breathless interest with which the audience was held, she knew his speech was ringing true.

But it was his theme that reached Lillian's heart, as she knew it was reaching the hearts of those around her. He was pleading for the artisans, the common sons of toil, the workers in the lowly places. He was giving praise to the common people, the plain people, whom he knew and loved. His was not a eulogy to those who do conspicuous service in distinguished places—great martyrs, great patriots, great statesmen, great philanthropists—but to the common workers; to the stokers down in the battleship's hold, to the engineer in the locomotive's cab, to the nurse on the field of battle, to those crippled and unable to work and strive, to the unrewarded soldiers on garrison duty, to the father and mothers, sisters and brothers, who remain at home to toil and save while a son is sent to college.

What a tribute her brother was paying his father and mother—yes, and his sister as well! She remembered now that her father had not bought a coat for four years, that he had struggled through the seasons without hired help; that her mother's hat had been worn for over three years, and her own plain, old-fashioned one had been made over and turned round time and again, in order to conform with the prevailing style. She had fretted and scolded because of this during the long years, for it was done solely that Chester might go to College. But now she was glad of the sacrifice, infinitely glad; for that was he, her brother, who stood up there moving this great throng to laughter and to tears, carrying them and swaying them through every emotion of the human heart. And his theme was a tribute to those 'that tarry by the stuff.'

When Chester bowed and turned to his seat, the great chapel shook with thundering applause. Bouquets of roses rained down upon him or were hurled from the crowd below. Well-dressed women waved their handkerchiefs, and fashionably-clad men shouted their approbation and praise. Chester had not failed.

The three of them arose and looked down on the platform, down where the plain boy from the country was acknowledging the ovation with a courtly bow. Then they sat down, their hearts filled with unrestrained happiness. His garlands, his triumph, belonged also to them.

Just before the exercises closed, an usher pressed through the crowd into the balcony and handed Lillian a note. It was for her father. She passed it over, and he read it with a glow of happiness on his already radiant face. Mrs. Davis and Lillian read it in turn. It was from the president, inviting them to his home that afternoon, where a reception was to be tendered the graduates.

They went, though they approached the big house timidly and with fear in their hearts, fully aware of their old-fashioned appearance. But the president and his wife met them at the door, and they felt immediately at home.

'I have been more than anxious to meet you,' the kind president said cordially to the father and mother, with a sparkle in his eyes. 'I need not tell you that I am proud of your boy—proud by the way he has stood by the stuff and proved faithful.'

Then he turned to Lillian, and putting his hand upon her shoulder, and spoke in the same kindly tone: 'You are Chester's sister? He has often spoken of you, of your being out there on the farm, working saving—oh, well, I need say no more, only that I know you are one of those who 'tarried by the stuff.'

A Lesson for Older Folk.

Some one told my little child there were bears up-stairs in the dark, so she refused to go alone to bed. I told her there were no bears, and anyhow God is love, and if she would always say that to herself nothing would harm her. At last she was persuaded to go alone. As it got dark toward the top of the stairs I heard her saying aloud over and over: 'God is love—they isn't no bears.'

A Good Hair-Food

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is a genuine hair-food. It feeds, nourishes, builds up, strengthens, invigorates. The hair grows more rapidly, keeps soft and smooth, and all dandruff disappears. Aid nature a little. Give your hair a good hair-food.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's
Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

You need not hesitate about using this new Hair Vigor from any fear of its changing the color of your hair. The new Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents premature grayness, but does not change the color of the hair even to the slightest degree.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Cooks on top of the stove, bakes in oven at same time

You can cook over every pot-hole and bake in Pandora oven at same time—and get perfect results. That's because cooking draft is also baking draft. Flues are so constructed that heat passes directly under every pot-hole and around oven twice before passing up chimney. No wasted heat—instead fuel does double duty, saving Pandora owners both time and money. 15

Would you not like to be a Pandora owner?

McClary's Pandora Range

For sale by L. W. Sleep, Wolfville.

The Uses of Bile in Digestion

Bile is quite as important as are the gastric juices in the process of digestion.

Without bile human life is short; for,

Bile hastens the passage of the food along the alimentary canal.

Bile prevents the fermentation of food in the intestines, which in turn causes gas, wind, flatulency.

Bile, in short, is Nature's cathartic and maintains a regular and healthful process of digestion and of elimination of waste matter by way of the bowels.

But to have a regular flow of bile the liver must be kept healthy and active and just here is where Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills come in, for they are definite, specific and direct in their action on the liver.

It is only by setting the liver right that constipation can ever be cured. It is only by making the liver healthy that biliousness and bilious, sick headaches can be thoroughly overcome. It is only by making the liver active that the most difficult cases of indigestion and dyspepsia will ever vanish.

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

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Nervous Disorders.

PROMPTLY CURED BY THE USE OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

If your hand trembles or is unsteady, remember that this is a sure and early sign of your nervous system being at fault. The mischief may develop slowly to a worse stage. You feel unaccountably weak and weary after exertion; you lose flesh; you turn against food and suffer palpitations after eating. At times you are intensely irritable, greatly depressed and easily worried. Sometimes sharp pains shoot down your spine and legs and probably neuralgia robs you of your sleep at night. These are some of the troubles that indicate the presence of nervous disorders. If these troubles are neglected they result in complete nervous collapse and possibly paralysis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have won a great reputation by curing all forms of nervous disease. The nervous system depends entirely upon the blood supply for nourishment; when the blood is thin and weak the nerves are effected as described. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually increase the supply of good, red blood, feed, strengthen and tone the nerves, enable them to perform their functions and dispel all signs of a breakdown.

Mrs. Jas. H. Ward, Lord's Cove, N. B., says: 'About two years ago I suffered so much from nervous prostration that I was little better than a helpless wreck. I suffered from headaches and a constant feeling of dizziness. The least unusal move would startle me and set my heart palpitating violently. I had little or no appetite, and grew so weak that I was hardly able to drag myself about, and could not do any housework. In every way I was in a deplorable condition. As the medicine I had been taking seemed to do me no good, my husband got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had only been taking the pills for a couple of weeks, when I seemed to feel somewhat better, and this encouraged me to continue the treatment. From that on my strength gradually but surely returned, and in the course of a few more weeks I was once more a well woman, able to do my own housework and feeling better than I had done for years. I have since remained well and feel that I owe my good health to the healing powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Every other weak, sickly, worn out, nervous person should follow the example of Mrs. Ward and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills will send new blood coursing through the veins and bring brightness and energy to the weak and despondent. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The C. P. R. will extend their line into the Peace River country, building north from Edmonton.

Friendship is to be purchased only by friendship.—Thomas Wilson.

Indigestion Poisons the Blood

as surely as a serpent's bite—It lessens brain power, lowers vitality, produces sleeplessness, nervous depression, and is the cause of aching heads and weary limbs.

THE KEY TO HEALTH IS good digestion, and Mother Seigel's Syrup gives that assurance. As a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy it has no equal.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

Sixty cts. per bottle. Sold Everywhere.
A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.