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. XXVIII. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1909. NO. 46

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 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 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 11.45 a. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Sunday evening at 6.15., and Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Women'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. 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.

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.

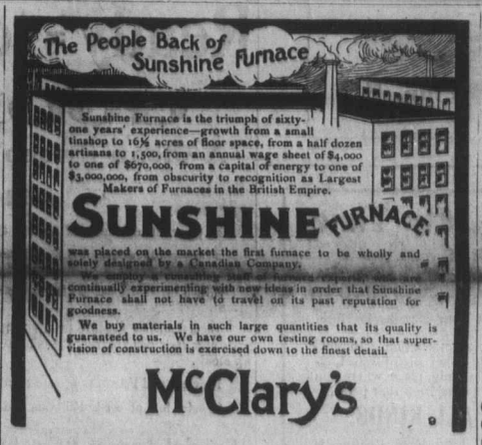
At Wolfville.

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
tf Wolfville.



For sale by L. W. Sleep, Wolfville.

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.

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.

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

$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.

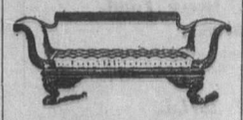
Wolfville, April 27.

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 $10.00 to $20.00 each for Old Mahogany Carved Clawfoot Sofas like this cut. Also want Old Mahogany Furniture.

W. A. KAIN,
116 Germain St., - St. John, N. B.

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.

PROPERTY FOR SALE!

One of the Finest Residential properties in WOLFVILLE.

Formerly occupied by the late Amelia Higgins. The house alone will be rented on reasonable terms.

The place contains about 60 acres of upland, besides dyke. There is a large orchard, and the house and barn are in excellent condition. The property could be divided into two farms if desired. A large part of the purchase money can remain on mortgage.

Apply to,
W. V. HIGGINS.

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.

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys surely point to weak kidney Nerves. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the Stomach, find their weakness, not in the organ itself, but in the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach these controlling nerves. To doctor the Kidneys alone, is folly. It is a waste of time, and of money as well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine scalds, or is dark and strong, if you have symptoms of Bright's or other distressing or dangerous kidney disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative a month—Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can and will do for you. Druggist recommend and sell

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
A. V. RAND.

D. B. SHAW,
Buyer of
Hides, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Tallow and Wool.
I pay CASH. Bring your stock to me. Plastering hair always on hand.
Willow Vale Tannery.
Sept. 10, '06.

E. W. FOX
Painter & Paper Hanger.
Address P. O. Box 345,
35 WOLFVILLE, N. S.

When the Hair Falls

Stop it! And why not? Falling hair is a disease, a regular disease; and Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from our new improved formula, quickly and completely destroys that disease. The hair stops falling out, grows more rapidly, and all dandruff disappears.

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

The little book in each package gives the formula of our new Hair Vigor, tells why each ingredient is used, and explains many other interesting things. After reading you will know why this new hair preparation does its work so well.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

My Party.

(The 'Englishman,' London.)

Who clips my young ambition's wings,
And checks my restless hankerings,
And ties me to her apron strings?
My Party.

Who trains in me a narrow mind,
With rooted prejudices twined,
To other points of view purblind?
My Party.

Who lulls my intellect to sleep,
And makes me frown, or fawn, or weep,
With all the rest, like silly sheep?
My Party.

Who calls all measures retrograde,
By any other faction made,
And finds them wanting ere they're weighed?
My Party.

Who makes me swear that white is black,
And proves it with the cunning knack
Of an unscrupulous cheap-jack?
My Party.

'But,' when I over-do the role,
And find I'm rather in a hole,
Who drops me, like a burning coal?
My Party.

A Prophet in Babylon.

BY W. J. DAWSON.

A TRAGEDY.
Continued.

'It is not often New York honors a prophet,' said Gaunt. 'Gordon would at any time have given his body to be burned for love of the people. I think he would be willing, if he could know, to give his body to this brief honor, if a single heart might thereby be touched with a single good desire.'

And now the Saturday night had come. The great city clothed itself with light, and through the brilliant streets rolled a glittering river of frivolity. But here and there in that vivacious crowd other figures were discerned, whose goal was not the restaurant or the theatre. They were people of earnest brows and sober dress; they were all moving eastward, and upon each breast was the cross of stars. They gathered from far and near; many had travelled from distant cities; they represented all grades of society; but the same glad and earnest look distinguished each. The common goal of all these pilgrims of the night was a plain mission hall, in which lay one who even in death drew them by the magnetism of reverence and love.

Beyond Fourteenth street their numbers became apparent. They composed a multitude of many thousands. Yet there was not the least disorder. Each took his place in the long double line which garrisoned the street; each stood in perfect silence. Presently the whisper passed long the ranks that the service for Gordon had commenced, and each man stood with uncovered head, and the women bowed their faces in sympathetic prayer.

In the Mission Hall itself the scene was one not to be forgotten. The hall was completely filled with the poor. Such a crowd of tragic faces, some seamed with devastating passions, some simply worn with years of fruitless struggle; such eyes, some sadly joyous, tear-filled, yet bright with new-kindled love, others pathetic with the pleading of defeat against the weakness of the will; such tokens of the ill-usage of life, in bowed shoulders, narrow chests, coarsened hands: here were indeed 'the people of the Abyss,' the people of that populous dim under-world, whose very existence is unsuspected by the well-fed and the happy. And yet in the general aspect of that strange throng there was more of hope than sadness. Deep-sunk as they were, the day-spring from on high had visited them, and on their patient brows the glow of hope's morning burned.

And for this strange congregation, all that was meant by light and hope was represented in the quiet dust that slumbered in a flower-covered coffin which scattered on the air the fragrance of life—an emblem of beauty rather than decay.

Few of these people had known Gordon personally. Some had heard his voice on the rare occasions when he had spoken in the hall, some had grasped his hand, and here and there were those who had owed their souls to his entreaties and his prayers. But there was not one who did not understand the meaning of Gordon's life. They knew that he had loved them, that he had suffered for them, and that his life had spent itself for their enrichment. To those who had never touched his hand he was less a man than a symbol. He was the symbol of love, of pity, of a more than human faith in them; of kindness in a world of hatred, of helpfulness and justice in a world which they had found hostile and unjust. And so from his silence there breathed the encouragement and brotherhood; and the fragrance of the flowers that covered him was a perfume blown from unknown accessible Edens which he had bade them enter.

The Sisters had begun to sing. Grey-robed, quiet-eyed, they stood behind the banked flowers, and it was as though the flowers sang—so soft, so tender, was the music.

'Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.

Beyond the gathering and the strewing,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.'

And then the voice of Gaunt, low, musical, intense, began to speak. Of Gordon himself he said scarcely a word; rather he spoke as Gordon might have spoken to them. 'Beyond the gathering and the strewing'—ah, it was what they had to think of. With delicately tender touches he drew back the curtain of that unseen world, the world where all who lived rightly would meet, when the weary comings and goings of this life were over. They listened entranced. They seemed to see themselves, no longer disinherited, walking among happy throngs in tranquil light, and looking back with a kind of rapturous commiseration on the distant world which they had left. O to be there, there!

'Beyond the parting and the meeting,
Beyond the farewell and the greeting.'

The voice of Gaunt broke into a sob, and ceased. Then, as though recalling him, and all of them, to the present, the choir began to sing the hymn of the League, 'When I survey the wondrous Cross.'

The doors of the hall were flung back. The hymn was taken up by the waiting lines of the Leaguers in the street. Like a solemn chant it rolled from lip to lip along that mile or more of mourners.

From the doors of the hall the Sisters came forth, singing. Behind them all that was mortal of Gordon followed, and behind the flower-covered bier walked Gaunt, Palmer and Butler.

As they passed into the streets a man pushed through the crowd and whispered a word in Butler's ear. The man was the ex-pugilist. Butler's face paled. He moved closer to Gaunt, shook his head, and the procession swept on.

It was just ten o'clock. Butler noticed that about a hundred yards from the Mission Hall, where the street narrowed, the crowd seemed impenetrable. At this point the lines of the Leaguers were broken, the crowd swayed dangerously, and there were shouts and jeering voices. Every window was wide open, and the people leaned out mostly silent, some few shouting boisterous jests to the crowd beneath. The crowd was densest at a point where a saloon stood which the League had closed.

Butler instantly recognized the danger-point. It was to warn him that mischief would be attempted at this point that the ex-pugilist had sought him.

His first thought was for Gaunt. He seized the arm of Palmer.

'Close up round him, man,' he said in a hoarse whisper.

Gaunt, quite unconscious of their intention, was at that moment about a yard ahead of his friends. His head was bare; he was singing with complete absorption the great hymn which had witnessed the birth of the League.

Butler and Palmer sprang forward to his side. But it was too late. At that moment from an upper window a pistol shot rang.

Gaunt fell with a bullet in his breast. Fifty yards away his followers, quite unconscious of what had happened, were still singing,

'When I survey the wonderous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.'

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

HE lay in a narrow bed in an unfamiliar room. The walls were without adornment, the floors bare; there was scarcely more furniture than might be found in a monk's cell. The room breathed an air of austere cleanliness; it produced also the impression of loneliness. Two high windows let in the light; each framed a patch of blue sky. But for that reassuring patch of sky, he might have imagined that he lay in some forgotten vestibule of silence, far from the human world.

He listened eagerly for some sound, however trifling, that might assure him that he was not utterly forsaken. For a long time—it seemed a whole day, though it was but a few seconds—no sound came. Then a bell rang in a distant corridor. He heard a quick footstep, the closing of a door, and the sound of water dripping from a tap. Then an obliterating wave of sleep rolled over him. At first he tried to push it back; then he yielded to it, though with infinite reluctance. He had the sensation of drowning, of sinking deeper and deeper in some element that was strange to him, and half-repugnant.

That sound of water dripping from a tap pursued him. It was a maddening sound. He had a recollection of something horrible he had once heard of—a torture by water—a thing much more terrible than torture by fire. Drip—drip—drop; a pause full of menace; then drip—drip—drop again; and each drop became a sharp cold weapon, puncturing its way into the fibres of the brain. Then—O miraculous relief! the sound became metamorphosed into a noise of running brooks, the rippling of waves along a lakeshore, the regular throb of heavy seas breaking on a beach of sand. It was sunrise, and the brook glittered in the fresh light; it was noon, and the lake shone like glass mingled with fire, it was night, and the stars stooped like fire-flies, and shone reflected in the smooth green slope of curving waves. And then, again, he heard that insistent drip—drip—drop of water from a tap.

The sound once more grew faint, and it seemed now that he was caught away by some swift wind; yet still he dreamed of water.

He saw great forests 'motionless in an ecstasy of rain,' and his delighted body drank through every pore the delicious coolness. The silver drops smote his naked flesh; a dark cloud broke over him in torrents of swift rain; like Elijah the Tishbite he ran against a racing deluge, quivering with each shock and buffet of the storm, yet elated, strangely glad. There passed before him, like a rapid panorama, all the scenes which he had ever known, associated with the memory of water. He was a boy again, plunging deep into the dark swimming pool beneath the great elms. Now it was a trout stream he followed, a clear brown stream flowing over golden pebbles; now it was a lake he saw, shinging like a little pool of light, amid dark woods. From these he was whirled away to scenes immensely distant, yet apparently near. He was sailing on a Swiss lake at sunset; he stood beside an English mountain tarn, over which cool grey clouds gathered; he leaned from a Venetian gondola, trailing his hands in little waves full of soft green fire—always, water; he could not have enough of it. Every nerve of his body cried for it. And then lake and river faded out; he heard no more the rippling sound of wave or current—only the drip—drip—drop of water from a tap, and he groaned.

Suddenly he became aware of a new element in these fantastic wanderings; was he not really engaged in taking farewell of the world? Yes, that must be it. His spirit, poised for flight, could not go till it had revisited every scene of former emotion or delight. He was like the youth whose fate calls him to a new life in distant lands, who spends his last hours in a pilgrimage of farewell to familiar scenes. He runs from room to room; looks long at each, as if he would impress them upon his memory, the exact position of each familiar object; paces silently along the garden paths, noting where each flower grows, recollecting childish games, happy follies, tearful silences after rebuke—till every grass blade in the garden, every object in the house, seems to be part of his life, and part of its secrets. Even so, Gaunt felt his spirit move with the anguish of farewell about the house of life. He could not go until he had visited every place or scene once loved. He must impress them on his memory; it was the only treasure he could take with him into other worlds. Then he would go—content.

The thought brought with it no fear. Neither did it beget any sense of wonder or anticipation. He had become a creature without volition. He lay quite passive now, like a tired swimmer who can strive no more. He felt a faint sense of dissapointment that dying—if this indeed were dying—should after all prove an affair so commonplace. It seemed to him that in those days of health and strength, which were now so incredibly remote, he had always thought of this hour as something intense, sublime, even ecstatic. There should surely be heavenly voices, soft music, the air winnowed by angel wings, the opening of the gates of dawn—and behold it was nothing more than the quiet sense of sinking in a soft wave, an infinite composure, a delicious relaxation of nerves and muscles tired with long effort. He found himself smiling both at his former terrors and his former hopes.

The strangest thing of all appeared to be the completeness and rapidity with which his relations to the world had altered. He remembered that he had once been very eager and anxious about a multitude of matters, the very nature of which he could not recall. All these things seemed quite unimportant now. The world was like a ship that had sunk at sea; utter silence and oblivion had closed over all that strenuous busy ship-board life. Sheer lay round him only the silence of the stars, and the infinite cure of far horizons. It seemed incredible that he had ever lived among voices, tasks, duties, fierce exigencies, cruel perturbations; they had dwindled into such nothingness that he could hardly believe they had existed. If they did exist, which he doubted, he could not wish again to move among them. In some marvellous way he had attained to ultimate tranquility; why should he renounce it?

Thereupon a long and painful argument rose in his mind. It seemed that far down in some dark corner of his consciousness, a persistent voice bade him live. It affirmed his power to live. It affirmed his duty. He strove weakly to resist it. Yet all the while he felt as though the tide beneath him had turned, and was slowly drifting him back to the shores of life. He was no longer at peace, no longer sinking quietly in a sea of sleep. Something harsh and violent clutched at him; a weight of grey horror pressed upon his eye-balls; a flash of flaming pain ran along his nerves. He shuddered, cried, woke. His eyes took in slowly the reality of things tangible—stone colored walls, a yellow floor on which a spot of sunlight lay, two high windows, each with a patch of blue sky. And once more he heard the sound of a bell far away, and the drip—drip—drop of water from a tap.

Suddenly he became aware of certain human figures that stood beside him and stooped over him. One was a grave dark figure, there were two others dressed in white. They were speaking among themselves in a low whisper. He felt a strong desire to communicate with them. His lips framed agonized interrogations, but to his dismay no sound was audible. It was clear they could not hear him, for they did not turn to him: and yet it seemed to him that he was shouting. A horrible conviction seized him that he was already forgotten, as a dead man, out of mind. What surer proof of death could there be than this utter failure of his to communicate with the living? He summoned all his strength for a more intense effort at speech. The sweat stood upon his forehead, and the muscles of his throat ached. The effort was vain. He had not been heard. The figures seemed to dissolve, to withdraw, and at last entirely vanished. He was once more alone in some intangible and dim world, which impressed him by its vagueness and its vastness.

Continued next week.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Misery of Protruding Piles

Read the evidence that this distressing ailment is cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Some people find it hard to believe that anything short of a surgical operation will cure protruding piles. The doctors have brought about this belief. There is any amount of proof that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive cure for this as well as all other forms of piles.

Capt. William Smith, Revelstoke, B. C., writes:

"It is with much pleasure I state that I have used Dr. Chase's ointment for itching, protruding piles of many years' standing, and it has completely cured me. I had previously tried many other remedies, but they did me no good. I would strongly recommend this ointment to those suffering from this complaint, for it is a good and genuine cure."

In scores of ways Dr. Chase's Ointment is useful in every home in the treatment of itching skin disease. It is probably the only treatment that can be positively relied upon to relieve and cure itching, bleeding and protruding piles. 60 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Picnic Lemonade—How to Make it.

No other drink is so cool and refreshing on a hot day as lemonade. No picnic party would think of going to the woods for a day without a bag of lemons, another of sugar, and, possibly a big piece of ice. But everyone who has participated in the making of the picnic lemonade knows that it is a bothersome task, to say the least. Often the only knife for cutting the lemons that is to be found in the picnic basket is dull. There is the discomfort of either using a lemon squeezer or of squeezing the juice out with one's hands. To say the least, the usual way of making picnic lemonade is a bother—a task each girl tries to get out of doing. But if the following plan is adopted the picnic drink so much relished, will not be found hard to prepare. On the evening previous to the picnic take the quantity of sugar intended to be used in making the lemonade and put it into a stewpan. Cover it well with water and boil just long enough to get a syrup. When cooled pour into a big necked bottle and cork or seal tightly. Take your lemons and squeeze them dry of juice, putting the juice—from which all seeds have been picked—into another bottle. With the juice and syrup ready, all that remains to be done at the picnic grounds is to get good, pure, cold water and pour into it your lemon juice and sugar syrup. There is no trouble attached to making this sort of picnic lemonade. If a mixed lemonade is desired have some strawberry or blackberry juice to add to it. This fruit juice may be made the day before the picnic also and bottled in the same way as you bottle the lemon juice and sugar syrup. It is best to boil the fresh fruit in a stewpan for several minutes, then strain through a piece of cheese cloth. The blackberry juice added to plain lemonade makes one of the most delightful as well as wholesome drinks one could wish for, and nothing could be nicer for a picnic drink.

Man may rise above his environment, but he can never rise above that to which he gives his attention.

If he lives in a garret and thinks discouragement, and failure, and hate and gloom, he will live in a garret still. But if he, while living in the garret, employs to the full his time in improving himself, in taking care of his health, in keeping his mind free from the clouds of discouragement and, instead, cultivates courage determination and faith, that he is going by his works to get better things, then he will rise above that environment. But no one may habitually think evil, meanness, hate, failure, and rise to happiness.

There is room for five thousand persons to assemble comfortably on the roof garden of the Hotel Astor in New York, which was opened to the public Monday night. It has an area of twenty-eight city lots. A part of the outfit is an ice-making machine which can produce a lump of ice weighing nine tons. This roof garden is one of the sights of New York, there being nothing comparable with it in any other city in the world.

WHAT THE BOY WROTE.

A young man once wrote to his father, saying, "I am well, only I don't feel like making any sort of physical exertion." Thousands of people feel exactly like that young man—and they are not lazy people, either. They are, generally, dyspeptics, with a first touch of Indigestion; they need a short course of Mother Seigel's Syrup, to put their stomach, liver and bowels into healthy activity, so that their food will nourish and strengthen them. Mr. George J. Henry, of Shippigan P.O., Gloucester Co., N.B., who suffered for years from Dyspepsia, writes: "I became weak and almost unable to work. After trying many medicines without success I took several bottles of Mother Seigel's Syrup and it gave me relief at once. I recommend it as much superior to all other medicines for stomach troubles."—Price 60 cts. per bottle. Sold everywhere. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.