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, DECEMBER 4, 1908. NO. 12

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.

W. MARSHALL BLACK, Mayor.
A. E. COLDWELL, Town Clerk.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

OFFICE HOURS, 8.00 a. m. to 8.30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.15 a. m.*
Express west close at 9.15 a. m
Express east close at 4.10 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.45 p. m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the door to welcome strangers.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. David Wright, Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton. Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH. — Rev. E. B. Moore, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m., on Wednesdays.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH CHURCH, OF HORTON.—Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m. Evensong 7.15 p. m. Wednesday Evensong, 7.30 p. m. Special services in Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rector.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

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

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

THE TABERNACLE.—Rev. A. Cohoon, D. D., Superintendent. Services: Sunday, Sunday-school at 2.30 p. m., Gospel service at 7.30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

MASONIC.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.

A. J. MCKENNA, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

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

E. W. DUNCANSON, 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.

SCOTIA FARM DAIRY

J. Rufus Starr, Proprietor

BEST QUALITY MILK AND CREAM.

FRESH EGGS supplied early every morning by our teams.

Leave orders at Mrs. Hutchinson's, telephone exchange, or telephone No 13 at Port Williams 23

Free Our New Illustrated Catalog for Fall and Winter is Ready.

Sit right down now and send your name and address for this beautifully illustrated Catalog. It contains pictures of the very latest styles in women's suits, coats, skirts, underskirts, waists, house dresses, kimonas, corsets, gloves and other lines of ready-to-wear goods, besides giving description and prices of all kinds of dry goods.

Those whose names are already on our list will receive a copy of this Catalog as soon as they can be mailed out. You will find it of valuable assistance in buying your fall and winter supply of garments and dry goods.

If you are not a customer of ours, will you kindly send your name so that we can send you a free copy. Write today. Simply ask for Catalog 4A.

MAHON BROTHERS LIMITED
Mail Order Department, Halifax, Canada.

PANDORA Range

What a "Pandora" Hot-Water Attachment Means to Me

"BELOW—You see how I just turn on the tap and instantly get hot water for my dishes, washing, scrubbing, preserving, etc.

"ABOVE—you see how the pipes are connected to the bath and basin—no waiting for a bath—no carrying hot-water upstairs."

"Pandora" Ranges can be supplied with a hot-water attachment if you haven't already got one, and the attachment does not either take extra fuel or interfere with baking.

McClary's 24

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary.

L. W. SLEEP, LOCAL AGENT.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 49.
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.

Wolfville Real Estate Agency.

Persons wishing to buy or sell apply to
J. W. SELFRIDGE,
Manager.
Wolfville, April 27.

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 commodious and beautifully situated in the centre of the town.

Land good. Air and views delightful. Apply to
MRS. ED. COGSWELL
tf Wolfville.

$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.

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.

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nerve sickness—nothing else.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerve, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had.

For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and sallow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend

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

FREEMAN'S NURSERY
LETTUCE!
Bedding Out Plants of All Kinds.
Rose, Carnations, and Other Cut Flowers.
FUNERAL DESIGNS
and Bridal Bouquets made up at short notice.
Telephone 32.

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

Maidenhood.

When the buds are white and pink,
On the trees the bursting green,
In the land of 'Oh, I think;'
In the years, years that have been!
'Neath the blue of perfect skies,
With the smile upon her lips,
With the wonder in her eyes
And the world at finger tips.

Merging from the dewy morn,
Dazzling in the noonday heat,
And the thunder of the storm,
With its quick, pulsating beat;
Watching shadowy figures glide
In a new world just anon;
Still does dim regret abide
For the morning prayer and song.

To the future vaguely reaches,
With a tearful glance behind;
Listening, while the new hour teaches
With great eyes that seek to find
That rest something, for which seeks
All the longing of the heart,
In the land where mankind seeks
For the still great, unknown part.

A Prophet in Babylon.

BY W. J. DAWSON.

THE DEACONS' MEETING

THE meeting of the deacons of the Mayfield Avenue Union Church was nearly over, and it had not been a pleasant meeting. Nothing had been said that could be called positively offensive to the minister, the Rev. John Gaunt, but a good deal had been implied. John Gaunt had been minister of the church for nearly seven years. He had come to it on an enthusiastic call when its prestige had somewhat declined, and the force of his personality and preaching genius had raised it within two years to a position of commanding influence. In the fourth year of his ministry the zenith of success was reached. The pews were all let, and many persons applied for seats in vain. In the fifth year a change began to be preceptible. There was no longer a crowd. In the sixth year there were many vacant seats, and some of his most substantial supporters had moved into new and distant suburbs. In the seventh year the process of disintegration was manifest. Hence the present meeting, the object of which was the discussion of what Deacon Roberts tiresomely described as 'the situation.'

In the early years of his ministry Gaunt had been accustomed to describe himself as more free than any minister in New York. He could preach any doctrine he pleased, he was untroubled by any question of finance, and he was conscious of an atmosphere of warm loyalty among his people. When some of his less successful brethern complained of their difficulties in relation to their people, he smiled with the suave commiseration of a superior person. It seemed to him the easiest thing in the world to manage men, to attach them to one's self, to evoke from them generous feelings and acts.

'I have never had a day's trouble in my church,' he was accustomed to say.

This was true in the broad general sense in which he intended it, but nevertheless it had never represented the real facts of the case. He had always carried out his own policies, but he was perfectly aware that he could not have done so but for the fact of his success in the pulpit. The most contentious church critic is silent in the presence of visible success. But it does not follow that he will be always silent. Churches, like armies, live by conquest; when conquest ceases, mutiny begins.

During the last year John Gaunt had slowly come to a partial understanding of this law. It was only partial, for his own reluctance to face the facts of the case made him a slow learner. He had carefully closed his ears to many veiled hints on the part of the managers of the church, the significance of which was obvious. But the pressure of facts, however slowly exerted, cannot be continuously resisted. His own eyes told him that his congregation was falling off. To himself he explained this disastrous fact by the departure of many of his best supporters to the rapidly growing suburbs of the city. But he soon found that such explanations excited no sympathy in the minds of men like Deacon Roberts, who were accustomed to measure things by results, and knew no other standard of measurement. The laws of finance, like natural laws, have no pity. It was useless to say to himself, as he had often done of late, that a church is not a financial affair, and ought not to be treated as such; his managers were with one exception, men used to judge things solely from the financial standpoint, and they were quite inaccessible to sentiment. From the moment when a deficit was reported in the church accounts, he was conscious of a certain change of attitude toward him.

It was then that he made the most painful discovery of his life; for the first time he realized that he was the paid servant of the church. The gross naked reality of his relationship to his board of managers was disclosed. It had been carefully hidden during the years of success; so carefully that he had forgotten its existence. In those years his boast was true; he had not had a day's trouble in the church. Crowds hung upon his words; with the magic of his voice he could raise any sum of money he wished, and when he met his managers for the discussion of affairs the meetings were as nearly jovial as decorum would permit. Of courses he had imagined that this happy state of things would continue. It sometimes seemed to him that he was miraculously fed, like Elijah by the ravens. His income was transferred silently to his pocket, and it seemed given rather than earned. He asked no question how it was raised; there was no need. But for months now he had been secretly uneasy; and though hitherto no word had been said to him, he was conscious in the changed looks of his managers that they grudged what they gave him.

To a proud and brilliant man this preception was torture. Some men would have sought that easy way of escape which is found in a change of pastorate. He could hardly doubt that many pulpits would welcome him, if it were known that he desired them. But here his pride blocked the way, and beneath his pride was a stratum of stubbornness which was impenetrable. He was perfectly aware of his gifts, although the knowledge never degenerated into vanity. He knew that he could preach as few men could, and he was not wrong when he told himself that he was preaching to-day better than he had ever preached in his life. For, with all its brilliance, his mind was one that fructifies with the years. He had only to compare his early sermons with those preached recently to discover that his mind had made great advances in the seven years of his ministry; and he told himself with some bitterness that if those poor early sermons attracted crowds, the later sermons were infinitely better deserving of success.

Yet the plain fact met him that his career of success was abruptly closed. He no longer moved along the privileged way, with the elect company of those for whom the gifts of life are unrestrained. He had to fight for his position; it seemed not unlikely that he might even have to fight for his daily bread. He had often used the word 'sordid' of that great army of strugglers who compose the majority in every city—the men and women who are too absorbed in the fight for bread to care for the poetries and philosophies; it seemed now that he must descend from his pedestal of privilege, and know their anxieties and miseries. It seemed an impossible thing, yet there had been fugitive moments of late when the thought thrilled him. But there were much more frequent moments of pure dismay. That he should fail, and fail too after having tasted success—no, he would not admit it. He would do something novel, striking, impressive. He would put all his gifts to service as he had never done before. . . . And he had done it. Never had his oratory struck so full a note as in these last months. His wife, his own most gentle and acute critic, had often told him so. His friend Palmer, the one Deacon of the church, who lived an intellectual life, had corroborated her testimony. Yet here was the result—this long postponed, but inevitable meeting of his deacons to consider 'the situation.'

'It's like this,' Deacon Roberts had said,' the time has come when we must cut our clothes according to our cloth. There are things I have to do without, not because I don't want them, but because I can't afford them. We've just got to cut down expenses.'

'Of course we all know that,' replied Deacon Hocking. 'That's what we're here for. But will Brother Roberts tell us how?'

There was a odd antipathy between Roberts and Hocking. Everyone knew that whatever the one proposed the other would oppose, and that into these disputes no question of principle ever entered.

'I'm not bound to answer,' said Roberts.

'Yes, you are,' retorted Hocking. 'What's the use of talking about economy if you daren't say what you mean by it?'

Thus challenged, Roberts gathered himself up for a set speech. He was a small thin man, narrow shouldered, spectacled, of neat appearance, whose deferential manners concealed a temper of obstinate dogmatism. He had fought his way from poverty to relative opulence, and had learnt nothing in the struggle but the habit of penuriousness. He had a peculiarly irritating voice, thin in tone, penetrating, and at the same time querulous. Hocking was a large man whose bluff manners covered an equal barrenness of sentiment. The two were very friendly in private life, but they consistently opposed each other in all public business. John Gaunt had treated each with a kind of humorous disregard through the early days of his ministry; but lately he had come to regard them with alarm, perceiving in them qualities of opposition of which they had previously given no sign.

'Well,' said Roberts, 'my meaning is plain. The church is declining. It's not for me to say why.'

Whereupon, with the curious inconsistency of the speaker who is mastered by his rhetoric instead of mastering it, he proceeded to discuss the question at large. He gave facts and figures with a deadly fluency. The minister waited in tortured impatience for any generous or illuminating word. The speech was precisely the sort of speech that would be made at a company meeting after a bad year's trade. As Roberts spoke, in his precise cold fashion, an almost visible wave of despondency settled over the meeting. Gaunt felt as though he was at his own funeral, hearing the will read.

'Such are the facts,' Roberts concluded. 'We can discuss the remedies better in another meeting when the pastor is not present.'

'Oh, don't do that,' said Gaunt. 'I am quite prepared to hear it, since it concerns me more than anyone else.'

'Let us hear what the pastor himself has to say,' suggested Hocking.

'I've very little to say,' replied Gaunt, 'and I'm not sure that I can say it without giving offence. What has impressed me most to-night is that you all seem to accept defeat as if it were irreparable. I have listened in vain for the note of courage. I may as well let you know at once that I am not of that spirit. I am going on. It's not a time for economy, but generosity. Wise generals don't reduce their forces in the face of the enemy.

'No doubt we have lost some of our best members. We all know why. They have migrated to the suburbs. But there are more people living at the very doors of the church than there were seven years ago when I commenced my ministry. I propose to get those people.'

'We don't want them,' interrupted an old deacon named Small. 'They are not our kind of folk. They wouldn't mix.'

'They are people at all events,' said Gaunt with a grave smile. 'It may be a misfortune that the church is situated among them, but since it is, the church ought to exist for them more than for anybody else.'

'That's very well in sentiment, no doubt,' retorted the old deacon. 'But it won't work. This has always been a church of the rich, and if it changes its character there are many of us that won't wish to stay in it.'

Gaunt had it on his tongue to say, 'then let the rich support it,' but he was restrained by the recollection of his own attitude of mind in previous years. How often had he been pleased to hear the church described as a church of the rich! He had boasted of it, not in a vain or sordid way it is true, but he had boasted. It had seemed to him a matter of legitimate pride that his influence had been exerted over rich men. Of course he had done nothing to discourage the poor from attending his ministrations, but he had not wanted them, or sought them, or indeed thought much about them. To influence the rich, to attract the men of means, to direct their generosities—was not that after all the best way to serve the poor? So he had argued a hundred times. Because he had so argued his tongue was now tied. And yet for a vivid moment he now saw a vision of the poor, the struggling multitude with their pathetic pretence of competence, the daily workers crowded in narrow rooms, the heroic silent throng of uncomplaining lives around him, and he felt the pathos of their lot.

But they 'wouldn't mix'—well, was the sentiment, however, offensive it sounded, so far from the truth? And with this question came another which stung him more painfully: was he the kind of man who had any message for the poor? From the day he left the seminary he had grown fastidious, in his tastes and habits. Circumstances had helped him. He had lived among people of good manners and easy lives. He had met a good many persons of intellectual tastes, and he had developed wonderfully through the need imposed upon him to understand and interpet their ways of thinking. If his deacons were men of commoner quality, at all events they had admired him. So everything had favored the growth of his intellectualism. But he was dimly aware that every step in this road of cold and fastidious intellectualism had taken him further from the mass of the people. He no longer knew the dialect of their thought. He had not the key to their life. In the pride of his mind he often told himself that it was not necessary for him to speak so as to be understood of the common people. Lesser men could do this; but he was a preacher to the cultured, and he demanded a certain sensitiveness of ideas and sympathies in his hearers as the surface on which his own thoughts could interpret themselves. And now once more there flashed upon his mind a faint vision of the poor as he had read about them in books and newspaper articles; the strugglers who did not read, whose minds lay dim and undeveloped under clouds of drudgery and harassing anxiety. It was a fine thing to say he meant to get these people into his church; but could he? Had he any message for them? Could he himself mix with them?

He did not know, but he felt his courage ebbing at the prospect. The cold wave of despondency which had submerged the meeting, at last rolled over him too. He became conscious of an immense weariness, weariness of his position, of the difficulties that beset him, of life itself.

There was no further discussion. One by one the deacons rose, and bade him good night. When he went out into the street it was raining, and the city wore its most doleful aspect.

He buttoned up his coat and went home with a dismal sense that the triumph of life was over for him. Henceforth nothing awaited him but defeat.

(Continued Next Week.)

The Family Physician

The best medicines in the world cannot take the place of the family physician. Consult him early when taken ill. If the trouble is with your throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs, ask him about taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Then take it or not, as he says.

We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We refer you to regular physicians.

Ayer's

Bilious attacks, sick-headaches, indigestion, constipation, dizzy spells—these are some of the results of an inactive liver. Ask your doctor if he endorses Ayer's Pills in these cases. The dose is small, one pill at bedtime.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in cows.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely PURE

Royal is the only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

It conveys to food the most healthful of fruit properties.

The cream of tartar produced from a pound of grapes is required to raise a dozen tea biscuits.

What is McClure's.

Everyone who has thought of the danger of facing poverty in this old age will be interested in Burton J. Hendrick's article on 'The Superannuated Man' in the Christmas number of McClure's Magazine. Mr. Hendrick tells of the growth of the pension system among corporations and the work of the Carnegie Foundation on behalf of retired college professors. Dr. Henry Smith Williams contributes a paper dealing with alcohol as a chief cause of crime, insanity and pauperism; Samuel Hopkins Adams shows how Copenhagen solved the pure milk problem; General Kuropatkin tells why Japan defeated Russia. The number contains two Lincoln articles; one the hitherto unpublished account of an eye witness of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the other the story of 'Our American Cousin,' the play he went to see on the night of the tragedy. An attractive feature of the number is a paper by John La Farge on his series on 'One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting,' which is handsomely illustrated in colors. There is an unusually interesting list of short stories: 'The Mistletoe Bough,' by Lucy Pratt; 'On the Gulls' Road,' by Willa Sibert Cather; 'Simon the Gentle,' by E. F. Sterns; 'The Closing of the Ranks,' by Margaret Wilson; 'Beast,' by Adeline Knapp, and 'The Countess of Overland Hall,' by L. H. Bickford.

I AM A MOTHER

How many American women in lonely homes to-day long for this blessing to come into their lives, and to be able to utter these words, but because of some organic derangement this happiness is denied them.

Every woman interested in this subject should know that preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by the use of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Mrs. Maggie Gilmer, of West Union, S. C., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was greatly run-down in health from a weakness peculiar to my sex, when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. It not only restored me to perfect health, but to my delight I am a mother."

Mrs. Josephine Hall, of Bardstown, Ky., writes:

"I was a very great sufferer from female troubles, and my physician failed to help me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound not only restored me to perfect health, but I am now a proud mother."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Playing Havoc with Patent Medicines

An Old-fashioned, Home-Made Mixture which Cures Kidney and Liver Troubles.

A prominent local druggist states that since the celebrated prescription of a distinguished specialist has become more or less known it is interfering with the sale of secret medicines, especially the patent or advertised kidney pills. The prescription, which first appeared in a leading health journal, is reproduced here, just exactly as originally written:—

Fluid Extract Cascara	½ oz.
Carriana Compound	1 oz.
Syrup Sarsaparilla	6 oz.

Directions: One teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

Any good druggist can dispense this, or, even better, a person can buy the items separately and mix them at home by shaking them well together in a bottle. It is stated that the ingredients being vegetable, are harmless and simple. It has a gentle and natural action, and gradually tones up the eliminative tissues, leaving the kidneys in a perfectly healthy condition.

A merchant well known in public affairs states that this recipe cured his rheumatism. Save the prescription.

Muscular Pains Cured.

'During the summer of 1903 I was troubled with muscular pains in the instep of my foot,' says Mr. S. Pedlar, of Toronto, Ont. 'At times it was so painful I could hardly walk. Chamberlain's Pain Balm was recommended to me, as I tried it and was completely cured by one small bottle. I have since recommended it to several of my friends, all of whom speak highly of it.' For sale by Rand's Drug Store.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.