

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. X.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1901.

No. 36.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended by the highest authorities in every country. It is a safe, reliable, and pleasant medicine, and is the only one that does not injure the system. It is the only one that is so well adapted to children that it is recommended by the highest authorities in every country.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office of WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS: \$1.00 per Annum. (IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices. Notices for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment for advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

THE ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to DAVIDSON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

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3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspaper and periodicals from the Post Office or removing and leaving them uncollected is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

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Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 8:30 p. m. Mail is made up as follows: For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:50 a. m.

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Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.

G. W. Moxon, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

CHAS. W. ROSECOE, } Ushers
A. DEW BASS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 9:30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranwick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor; Horton and Wolfville. Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Greenwich and Avonport services at 3 p. m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.; at Horton on Friday at 7:30 p. m. Strangers welcome at all the services.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a. m. other Sundays, 3 p. m.; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in the month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Residence, Rectory, Kentville, Wolfville, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.

J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall. Writor's Block, at 7:30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

POETRY.

"Nil desperandum."

In this world of sin and error,
As our journey we persevere,
We are often unsuccessful
In what we attempt to do;
Often our brightest hopes are blighted,
And our minds are full of care,
And our hearts are full of sadness—
But we never should despair.

If we fail while nobly fighting
On a good and honest cause,
We are heroes, though defeated,
And deserve the world's applause;
When adversity assails us
We should never tamely yield,
He who dauntlessly resists it
Shall be victor in the field.

Think of those whose lives are models,
How they braved misfortune's tide,
How they fought and ne'er surrendered,
How they died yet never died;
Think of him of humble station,
Who has clothed himself with fame,
Honour won from cheering millions,
And immortalized his name.

Think of him! of them, ye thousands,
From the humblest sphere of life,
Through persistent push and effort,
Have reached the victor's side;
Of success, and to us cry
Through their glorious example,
Forward! Let your aim be high.

Then, desponding friend, take courage
Never waver nor retreat;
Bolly battle with misfortune,
Till you witness its defeat;
Trust in God, and walk uprightly
On the path where he may lead;
He who looks to God for counsel
Must invariably succeed.

Let us fearlessly encounter
Every enemy of right;
Seek each day to do our duty,
Asking God to give us light;
He will lead us safely onward,
In the path we should pursue,
Until He is pleased to take us
To the Land beyond the Blue.

—By E. F. Johnston, (discipleus legis),
University of Michigan.

SELECT STORY.

The Gold Nugget.

It was given to Effie to take care of. It was not a great prize, for it weighed only seven ounces, but it represented the only result of a strong man's toil for many weeks, and as nuggets go it was considered by no means a bad "find."

John Archer decided that the nugget would be safer in his little daughter's keeping than in his own. There were thieves and lawless men at this new gold rush, as at all new gold rushes, and they would know of his prize. They would probably try to snatch it.

They would search all sorts of cunning hiding places in the neighborhood of his tent; they might even creep into the hut at night, to feel under his pillow and among his rough bedding for the yellow earth folk hated each other for. If he caught the thief he would shoot him, but better not to run the risk of losing his treasure, and so he gave it to Effie to put in her old workbox.

The thieves at T—diggings would soon cunning to think of examining such an improbably hiding place.

"You must take great care of it, darling," said John Archer. "It is for your mother." And Effie stowed the little nugget away in a corner of the old workbox—which had been her mother's, under the cotton and the socks she was darning for her father. She felt duly weighted with the responsibility. She knew that this yellow earth was of great value, for her father, leaving her mother in Brisbane, had come a long weary way to find it, and she had seen his sorrow, his despair, as day after day he had eagerly worked with pick and spade without finding what he sought.

Having hidden the little nugget away, Effie came out of the hut to look around and see if any one was near who might have seen her. No one was near who might have seen her—only Billy the black—King Billy, the aboriginal monarch, who loved rum and tobacco, and who was chopping srowood for her. King Billy evidently had not seen, for he was widdling the axe with quite exceptional vigor; and if Billy had seen it wouldn't have mattered very much, for Effie trusted him.

The little girl's reason for trusting King Billy, the black, was somewhat strange, and is worthy of being recorded. She trusted him because she had been kind to him.

But Effie was only twelve. As the child stood in the broad light, her tumbled hair brushed her face and illuminated by the bold rays of the sun, and her round, trustful blue eyes shaded from the glare by two little brown hands, watching King Billy at his work, a flock of laughing jacksaws alighted in

a neighboring gum tree, and set up a demonic cadination. What made the ill omened birds so madly merry? What was the joke? Effie's trust? Billy's gratitude? They failed to explain, but their amusement was huge and sardonic.

"Drive them away, Billy," cried Effie and the obedient King dropped his axe, and threw a faggot of wood at the trees, which stopped the laughter and dispersed the merry-makers.

"Billy tired now," said the black, grinning; "too much work—plenty wood" and he pointed to the result of his labor.

"Yes, that will be enough, thank you. You're a good boy. I'll give you some tobacco."

"Billy's thirsty."
"Then you shall have some tea."
"No tea. Rum."
"No Billy. Rum isn't good for you."
"Good for miners; good for Billy."
"No, it's not good for miners," said Effie emphatically; "it makes them fight and say wicked things."

"Makes black fellow feel good," declared Billy, rolling his dusky eyes. This last argument was effective. Effie went into her hut—her father had returned to his work—and poured a little spirit from John Archer's flask into a pannikin. Billy drank the spirits with rolling eyes, smacked his lips, and then lay down in the shadow of the hut to sleep.

The long afternoon passed very slowly with Effie. Her few trifling duties as a housekeeper were soon done. The little hut was tidied and the simple evening meal prepared, and some hours must pass before her father returned. How could she pass the time? She had only two books—a Bible and a volume of stories for little girls, which she had won as a prize at school in Brisbane. But she was too young to appreciate the first especially as the type being very small it was difficult reading, and she had grown beyond appreciating the stories for little girls, having known them by heart three years before. She would like to have slept.

Everything around her suggested and invited the siesta—the steady heat; the brightness of the light without the hut; the distant murmur of miners' voices; which came from beyond yonder belt of wattle gums; the monotonous hum of the locusts in the forest; the occasional fretful cry of a strange bird, and the regular sories of the fallen King, who slumbered in the shade of the hut. Even the buzz of the annoying flies assisted the general effect and brought drowsiness.

To remain still for a few minutes would have meant inevitable falling asleep. Effie felt this, and remembered the little gold nugget. If she slept, some thief might come and take it. And so she put on her hat, and for saking the seductive cool and shade of the hut, went out into the brightness and heat.

Archer's hut stood on the edge of the valley, over against the foot of the blue, heavily timbered hills. About fifty yards distant from it, hidden among the trees, was a high mossy rock, at the base of which Effie had discovered the smallest and sweetest of natural springs. Thither the child ran—looking back often to see that no one approached the hut in her absence—to bathe her face. In a few minutes she returned, drying her face on her apron and shaking her wet hair in the sun. No one had come; but King Billy was now awake, and was slouching lazily off towards the bush.

As she saw him—his great head bent forward, and his thin, narrow shoulders bowed. She laughed to think of his laziness, and that he should look so tired after such a very little wood chopping. She was still laughing at King Billy as she opened the old workbox to take another peep at the yellow treasure, and to make quite sure that the heat hadn't melted it away. And it was quite slow that the laugh died from the pretty eyes and mouth—quite slowly because of the moments it took to realize and accept a misfortune so terrible when she lifted the coarse socks and looked and saw no little gold nugget, saw nothing. Then horror and great fear grew in the blue eyes, and pale agony crept over the childish face and made it old, and the poor little heart seemed to stop beating.

Effie said nothing and made no cry, but she closed her eyes tightly for a moment, and looked in the box again. No, it was no illusion; the little nugget was not there—the first gold her father had found which had been entrusted to her care, which was to have been taken to her mother—it was gone. She put down the box quite quietly and walked out into the day, but the sun was shining very strangely and mistily now, and the blue sky had grown black, and the trees seemed to move wearily, and the locusts had ceased humming from fear, but a strange bird was somewhere near shrieking brokenly: "What will father say? What will father say?"

But as the child stood there, despairing, her sight grew clearer, and she saw a black figure among the trees and she was conscious of a pair of dusky eyes watching her through the leaves. Then only she remembered and she knew who had done the cruel thing. King Billy! And she had been kind to him. Effie suddenly burst into passionate sobbing. The black figure still hovered among the trees, often changing its position, and the dusky eyes still peered through the leaves, and the laughing jacksaws flew down to the old tree again, and laughed more madly than before—laughed at Effie's trust—at Billy's gratitude.

It was ten o'clock, and darkness and quiet reigned in Archer's hut. Over among the tents behind the wattle gums a few gamblers and heavy drinkers were still awake, and their voices, raised in anger or ribald merriment, might occasionally have been faintly heard from the hut. But Archer, who had done his little duty, was a true worker; and he had his little daughter, for whose sake he had built the hut away from the noisy camp.

Archer had come home late and weary as usual, and eaten his supper and gone to rest without, to Effie's intense relief, speaking of the little gold nugget. The child was afraid to speak of the loss, and she was not without vague hopes that a beneficent providence would restore the nugget during the darkness, and save her from a great trouble.

For this she prayed very earnestly before she lay down to sleep. Or did she sleep at all that night? She never quite knew. But she thinks that it was then that she first experienced that terrible, purgatorial condition which is neither wakefulness nor sleep, when the body and mind are weary enough to bring the profound sleep which they require, but which the brain is too overloaded and cruelly active to allow; when dreams seem realities and realities dreams. It must have been a dream when she saw something small and yellow float through the tiny window on the ghostly silver moonbeams. And yet, when having closed her eyes, she opened them again, it was still there hovering about the darkness—less bright now, but with a pale yellow halo. But it faded quite away; it was a cruel mocking dream.

Then was it a dream when the old curtain which divided her corner of the hut from her father's moved near the ground—bugled slightly toward her? It would be curious to see, and she lay still. From under the curtain seemed to come a thin arm, and slowly, cautiously, after the arm, a head with a great shock of hair. And the moonbeams just touched a face. I think they kissed it, though it was black for they found in a black hand the little yellow object which had floated in the first dream.

It was all so real, so beautiful, that the child lay still scarcely daring to breathe lest the vision should melt away, and when in her dream came the voice of her father, with the words, "Speak or I'll fire!" her lips refused to open. But it was no dream when the shot came, and the Black King rolled over on the earth, dead, with the little gold nugget he had come to restore pressed in the death agony against his heart, where, too, was a little gold.

And the laughing birds in the old tree startled from their sleep by the shot, laughed once more, wildly and madly, at Billy's honesty; but there was bitterness in their merriment, for their master, the devil, had been cheated of the soul of a Black King.

Over fifty cases of Liver, Stomach, Kidney and Blood diseases have been cured the past year in this Province by using Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier after doctors and all other remedies failed.

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A Time for Everything.

There is a time for everything.

When anything is to be done there is in every case a best time to do it. Some other time may in a measure answer the purpose, but the right time, once permitted to pass none other can be made to fully meet the case, says *Texas Farm and Ranch*. Farmers are perhaps more prone to procrastination than any other class of people. As a rule their time is their own, and they seem to have plenty of it and to spare. As much of the operation of crop production goes on by the order of nature, whether the farmer works or plays, sleeps or attends to his business—his crops grow, his fruit ripens, his animals and fowls mature and perform their natural functions—the unthinking are led to depend too much upon nature, and not enough upon their own labor of head and hands. It is as necessary to do work at the right time as in the right manner, and it is often the case that it cannot be well done unless done at the proper time. But, says every farmer in turn, we knew that all before. Knowledge that is not on hand when wanted is like the hoe that was left in the field last fall. It is yours, but where is it?

Wood Ashes for Gardens.

A great deal of potash is exhausted from the soil by garden vegetable, and even in land naturally rich in this substance it is apt to set into insoluble and unavailable forms for use by growing crops. In gardens always well manured in other respects, a lack of potash may make them less productive than their condition otherwise will warrant. Wood ashes mixed with soil aid powerfully in keeping it moist. The potash then becomes a solvent, and by keeping soil moist it generally increases the value of any manures that have been applied. It is often remarked that garden sdry up quickly despite good cultivation. This is often caused by an excessive amount of coarse stable manure. It needs wet summers to enable crops to grow without injury over so much coarse manure. When it becomes dry it is an injury rather than a help to plant growth. Wood ashes are a more effective, because more constant remedy for drought than watering the plants can be.

Neatness in Girls.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them; and people don't expect a boy to look as pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. I went into a little girl's room once, and all her clothes were on the floor, and her playthings, too. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.

Currants for Profit.

The demand for currants is increasing, these being largely used now for jelly. This fact, together with the ease with which the fruit can be marketed, ought to increase its cultivation. Some growers, bearing in mind that both the red raspberry and currant like partial shade grow these in the same rows, that is, they plant alternate rows of each. Experience serves to indicate that Versailles and Fay, as well as cherry, do best with severe pruning, keeping them in a tree form or with three or four main stalks. The smaller currants may be grown with more stalks. Weak suckers must be kept out and v-r-y old cut away. The currant likes moisture. It prefers strong clay soil, full of moists, but well drained.

A writer in the *Laurel* says: "It is generally agreed by the highest authorities in hygiene and public health that the average duration of human life has notably risen during the present century some putting the increase as high as ten years."

Plagiarism of Sermons.

The Rev. Septimus Smith was many years ago, Vicar of St. Cross, Neneham.

He made no secret at all of the habit of buying ready made sermons, any more than his fondness for old port, and of what playing with leading parishoners until midnight of every Saturday. He was a kindly natured, easy going man, and was popular among his equally easy going flock. One Sunday morning on going into vestry after the service, he found his old clerk in tears. "What's the matter, Jones?" enquired the vicar. "Oh, sir!" replied the clerk, "this is a painful surprise for us all." "Surprise, Jones? What do you mean?" "Your sermon this morning, sir. We are all very sorry, and you gave us no warning." "Sermon, Jones. Sermon? What do you mean, man?" "Why, sir, your farewell sermon. We are all dreadfully cut up." And it is quite true that that morning the Rev. Septimus had actually read an old farewell sermon without either intending or knowing it.

Not the Girl for Him.

"Your father refuses his consent to our union?"

"He does, Percy."

"Nothing seems to be left for us then, except elopement. Do you think, Nellie," said the young man swallowing a sob, that you could leave this luxurious home, forfeit all the enjoyments of wealth, banish yourself forever from your parents' hearth and go away with a poor young man to enter a home of life-long poverty?"

"I think I could, dear Percy."

"Then you are not the practical girl I have always taken you to be," said Percy, with deep dejection, as he rose up wearily and reached for his hat.

A correspondent of *Toronto Cycling* writes: "One of the greatest annoyances a safety rider experiences is the liability of the chain to wear hard and clog with dust and consequent difficulty to get it to run smoothly. The following method of cleaning and keeping the chain in order I have found to answer admirably. Take chain oil bearings, wipe off dust with a rag, then run it through spirits of turpentine, which will thoroughly clean out all the joints, wipe off chain again, then immerse it in a tin vessel containing sufficient sperm oil to cover it, place the vessel on a stove and boil the chain in the oil for a few minutes, again wipe off thoroughly and the result will surprise you the next time you try your wheel."

When coal was first used in England the prejudice against it was so strong that the House of Commons petitioned the King to prohibit the use of the "noxious" fuel.

A noble gift to the world, Dr. Johnson left in Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Many bless him.

Mirand's Liniment the Lumberman's Friend.

WHEN THE HAIR

Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequalled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color-glands of faded, gray, light, and red hair, changing the color to

A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, pimply hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like the fretful porcupine should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—*The Sunny South, Atlanta, Ga.*

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations, it being perfectly harmless."—*From Economical Housekeeping, by Ellen B. Parker.*

Ayer's Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO. have prepared a new and improved Hair Vigor, which will not only restore the hair to its natural color, but will also stimulate the growth, and cure baldness. It is a perfect hair dressing, and is sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

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Garfield Tea.



A NATURAL REMEDY!

Restores the complexion!
Cures Constipation!

This remedy is composed wholly of harmless herbs and accomplishes all the good derived from the use of cathartics, without their ultimate injurious effects.

Ask your druggist for a FREE SAMPLE. For sale by

Geo. V. Rand, Druggist, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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