...old Finds
...our Weak Spot

...an never tell just what form a ... take, but you may be sure it ...rch out your weakest organ. ...ne it assumes a catarrhal nature ...cts the head principally; with ... becomes bronchitis and there ... hard cough and severe chest ...Then, again, it often leads to ...tion of the lungs, consump-... ...eumonia or may settle on the ...r bowels.
...e colds do not always prove ...ome people take chances with ... the risk is great. Dr. Chase's ... Linseed and Turpentine is in-... ...r people who want assurance ...rious results from colds. ...reat medicine has absolutely ... extraordinary control over ...olds, croup, bronchitis, whoop-... ... asthma and all such ailments, ...his reason has a place in the ...ority of homes. ...ase's Syrup of Linseed and ...e, 25 cts. a bottle, all dealers, ...son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

...sainted mother and godly ...s publicly confess as I have ...d ask you, as I have al-... ...d my God, to forgive me.' ... down. The women were ... Something trembled in the ...ny a man as he stur... ...uppress a certain undes... ...he throat. Perhaps it ...which caused the old ...minister to shield his ...hands. Then the unex-... ...ed. ...e minister's wife had ... her own, but arising, ... swiftly to the pew in ...n Madas and his new ...ping, she put an arm ...ulders of the weeping ...sing the veil she kissed ... Turning to the man ...t her hand. He arose ...To him that clasp was ...orgiveness, a token of ...on. Bending over her ... drop splashed upon it. ...e minister's wife came ...ter, and then, one by ...urch officials. Each ...and of the repentant ... the hand of his wife. ...was spoken. There are ...words are poor, cheap ... possess for such mo-... ...language—a language ... The minister raised ...ll arose. A few simple ...thanks to the heavenly ...andering son reclaimed, ...enediction. ...gation did not move, ...e pews while Con Ma-... ...young bride upon his ...own the aisle, as if once ...ng from the marriage ...

...riend was forgiven.— ...gall, M. A., B. D., in ... Guardian.

...ain's Cough Rem-... ...th Agreeable and ...ffective.

...'s Cough Remedy has no ...ghs, colds and croup, and ... is pleasant to take and ...g in any way injurious has ...ite with mothers. Mr. ... a merchant of Kirkville, ...or more than twenty years ...Cough Remedy has been ...edy for all throat troub-... ...cially successful in cases ...dren like it and my cus-... ...e used it will not take ...r sale by Rand's Drug ...

...sh a child for a first of-... ... about to punish always ...hat you are punishing ... and not simply be-... ...ong doing has caused ...e. Remember that it is ...flict corporal punish-... ...very other method has ...ess the small offender.

...tomach Troubles.

...n has trouble with his ...ay know that he is eating ...hould or of some article ... not suited to his age or ...hat his bowels are habit-... ...ed. Take Chamberlain's ...iver Tablets to regulate ... improve the digestion ...rouble does not disappear. ...mple. For sale by Rand's ...

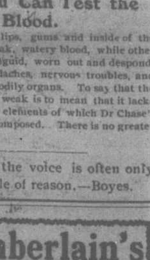
...as its hardships. There ...d cruisers, for instance. ...come a threshing time ...sow wild oats.

...u Can Test the ... Blood.

... lips, gums and inside of the ...ak, watery blood, while other ...guid, worn out and despond-... ...aches, nervous troubles, and ...odily organs. To say that the ... weak is to mean that it lacks ... elements of which Dr Chase's ...omposed. There is no greater ...

... the voice is often only ...le of reason.—Boyes.

...aberlain's



...h Remedy
...ildren's Favorite
—CURES—
...Colds, Croup and ...ooping Cough.
...is famous for its cures over ... the civilized world. It can ...ended upon. It contains no ...r harmful drug and may be ...ently to a baby as to an adult ...s; Large Size, 50 cts.

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One Year to Any Address for $1.00.

The Acadian.

No better advertising medium in the Valley than THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXVI. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1907. NO. 30.

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 6.10 a. m.
Express west close at 9.35 a. m.
Express east close at 4.35 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.40 p. m.
GEO. V. RAND, Post Master

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. L. D. Morse, 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.

Robert W Storrs, H. Troyte-Bullock } 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.
T. L. HARVEY, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

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

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 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.

Labor Bureau.

Gardening, Grading, Spraying, Teaming, Mason-work, and odd jobs of all kinds wanted.
Address letter or postal,
36 P. O. Box 302, Town.

To all our customers we send
Most hearty New Year's greetings.
Hoping that in the coming year
We may have frequent meetings.
Then here's to luck and pluck and wealth,
A happy life and blessed health!

I. S. BOATES & CO.

FURNESS, WITHY & Co. Ltd.

London, Halifax & St. John

FROM LONDON. FOR LONDON
Almeriana .... Mar. 10
Mar. 12—St. John City ..... April 4
Mar. 20—Halifax City ..... April 15
Mar. 30—Almeriana .... April 30
London City .... Mar. 20

Liverpool, St. John's, Nfld., and Halifax.

From Liverpool. For Liverpool
FOR LIVERPOOL DIRECT;
—Ulunda .... Mar. 11
Mar. 5—Dahome .... Mar. 19
Mar. 10—Annapolis .... Apr. 3

Steamships St. John City and Evangeline are fitted with electric fans and Gibbs system of ventilation. Ulunda has excellent first-class passenger accommodation.
Dahome has superior accommodation for both first and second-class passengers.

Furness, Withy & Co. Ltd.
Agents, Halifax, N. S.

If You Ride Horseback,
or drive in a carriage, see before you make a start that the Trappings or
HARNESS
are in good order.
Repairs executed promptly. All work will prove highly satisfactory.
We carry a full line of Harness Dressing, Axle Grease, Whips, etc.
Also Buckles, Straps, Rivets, Punches, You'll not find our prices too high.

Wm. Regan,
HARNESS MAKER.

FOR RENT.

A very desirable two-storey house on Central Avenue overlooking the town and Minas Basin. Two verandahs—an upper and a lower—on each of the north and east sides of the house give an exceptionally fine view. Four counties can be seen from the upper verandah. The house is new, and made specially to defy both wind and frost. Nine rooms and pantry, wood-house and barn attached. Price moderate. Apply to
REV. J. W. BROWN,
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Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
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DENTIST.
Wolfville, - - N. S.
Office in Herbin Block
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Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT,
AYLESFORD, N. S.

H. PINEO.
WOLFVILLE.
EXPERT OPTICIAN.
Devotes all his time and attention to the science and art of special fitting. Especially interested in difficult cases. Do not despair till you have tried him. Correspondence invited. 18

Everybody Agrees

that COD LIVER OIL and IRON are beyond question the greatest medicines known. Then why does not everybody take Cod Liver Oil and Iron? Simply because most people cannot take the Oil and few can digest the Iron in any ordinary form. These difficulties have been entirely removed by the introduction of FERROL, in which the Iron is scientifically combined with the Oil, rendering the Oil palatable and the Iron digestible. While

FERROL

is manufactured from the best quality of Cod Liver Oil (the whole of the Oil) and is richer in oil than any other emulsion, and while it contains just the right quantity of the best form of Iron and Phosphorus, it is so scientifically prepared that not one person in a thousand finds any trouble in taking it, and infants digest it without difficulty. Moreover the well-established value of the Oil and Iron is immensely enhanced by the process of manufacture, and as the formula is freely exposed it is not to be wondered at that physicians everywhere have fully endorsed FERROL and used it largely in their practice. FERROL is invaluable for the treatment of any kind of Lung or Bronchial troubles, while for wasting diseases it has no equal, and

"You Know What You Take"

A. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville, N.S.

J. F. Herbin,

JEWELLER & OPTICIAN

-Watch Repairing-

Personal attention and 25 yrs. experience given to this important work,

-Expert Optical Work-

Fitting and Repairing. No charge for examination.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove
Cures Grip in Two Days. on every box. 25c.

Sleep.

When to soft sleep we give ourselves away
And in a dream, as in a fairy bark,
Drift on and on in the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak—little thought we pay
To that sweet, bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye can mark
The thin, swift pinion cleaving thro' the gray.
Till we awake ill-fate can do no ill;
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,
No faintest echo of it brings us pain;
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Dora's Bad Man.

She was a mischievous, impudent, uncontrollable young [illegible]—and [illegible] was a parson—so there is no room for doubt. As for her, she didn't mind what anybody said. Quite unconcerned, she went her own way, and ruled father, mother, two curates, a cook, a housemaid, and an East End parish with the slangiest tongue in the world.

She wasn't pretty. Pray don't imagine she was a dainty darling with winning ways and golden curls. As a matter of fact, Dora was all legs, freckles, and red hair. And she talked to the children in the back streets in their native tongue, much to her father's horror. She lectured their mothers on how to bring them up with all the assurance of an old maid of fifty; and she preached temperance by the yard, illustrating her sermons with pointed insults to all the fathers she suspected of a partiality for drink.

But all this is another story. We are only concerned with her conversation of Ted Jarrow.

She met him first at the prison gates. He was twenty-three, and had just done a three months' 'stretch' for attempted burglary. Her father had gone there because he made a practice of meeting his parishioners on release; and Dora had gone with her father just because she thought she would.

Much to the vicar's secret amusement, she talked to Ted 'like a Dutch uncle' all the way back. And Ted grinned sheepishly, and appeared impressed. He struck up a kind of defensive friendship with the parson's daughter, and almost forgot to be angry at the delay which kept him from the beer which he had been dreaming of for days.

'Let us see what you can do to redeem him,' said the vicar to his wayward daughter. 'Make him your special,' my dear.

. . . . .

Dora took her mission seriously, as her father knew she would. Ted was first scolded into signing the pledge, and then bullied into finding work.

But trouble and disappointment came with the first week's money. He forgot the pledge, and blacked a policeman's eye.

'Ah,' said Dora, in her quaint, old fashioned way, 'you can never trust 'em! Once the craze has bitten them they are bound to break out again.'

But she didn't despair.

'You gave him to me to redeem,' she told her father. 'You must help me through his first breakdown. Buy him off for me, Daddy, and I'll do without a new bicycle—no, without sugar in my tea for a fortnight.'

He surrendered, partly because he wanted to save the man from becoming a confirmed criminal, and partly because his daughter's bargain was such a barefaced swindle that he couldn't help it. And so on the following Monday, instead of allowing Ted Jarrow to do his fourteen days, the vicar paid his fine.

'Look here, Ted Jarrow,' said Dora, when the law had restored him to her care, 'I'm going to redeem you, and you've jolly well got to be redeemed, and no hanky!'

'Yes, missie,' Ted replied meekly, so grateful for the payment of his fine that he was ready to promise anything.

He signed the pledge again, and went back to work.

'Now, understand me,' Dora cautioned him on Friday evening, 'if you break the pledge again to-morrow I'll give you socks—I mean beans, because father draws the line at socks!'

'I won't! 'Struth, I won't!' the convert protested indignantly.

But human nature is frail. The temptation of his wages overcame him. At eight o'clock on Saturday night he was slung out of his favorite public-house fighting drunk.

In the street an inoffensive lounger roused his ire, and the fur began to fly. The vicar's daughter saw the crowd, and she arrived at the extempore ring at the same time as the police. In the wake of two burly constables she pressed through the crowd, after vainly inquiring what was up from various spectators too interested in the fighting to reply.

She frowned when she discovered her protegee, coatless, and with bleeding face, going it hammer and tongs. Turning to the policeman, she commanded them to leave him alone. She would take him away, she said. They took no notice, but pressed [illegible].

'Don't [illegible] touch him! Oh, please don't touch him!' she cried, moved thereto by the widespread impression [illegible] that if one of the arms of the [illegible] lays a finger on a man he is bound to take him to the station. The [illegible] policemen knew her, and hesitated. 'Ted, [illegible]!' She seized her opportunity. [illegible] ran da[illegible] Jarrow!' she screamed, and [illegible] blows, [illegible] recklessly into the whirlwind of [illegible].

There was something in her voice that [illegible] penetrated his drink-sodden mind. His guard fell, and his opponent [illegible] landed him one on the nose, and [illegible] prompt[illegible] catching sight of the police, [illegible] melted into the sheltering [illegible] of the [illegible] until the shrill scolding [illegible] little.

'Aw ri'!' he said thickly, struggling with his coat. 'I'm coming. Jest a fren'ly scrap,' he explained to the policemen.

'Now, then, pass along, please—pass along!' the constables chanted monotously, as they began to disperse the reluctant crowd.

'Follow me!' Dora commanded her captive.

'Ri y'are, missie!' he responded and did his best.

She led him to the vicarage garden, and opened the door of the coal-shed.

'In with you!' she cried. 'Go in there and sleep it off. I'll come and talk to you in the morning.'

He staggered in obediently and fell down on the coals.

She turned the key with a snap, and went into the house with a heavy heart and an angry little face.

She said not a word to her father that night. Ted Jarrow was her man, and she was going to redeem him 'off her own bat.' For nearly an hour she lay awake, pondering what was best to do.

In the morning she took a bowl of water to the coal-shed.

'Wash, beast!' was all she would say to him.

Half dazed, and wholly ashamed, he obeyed. There was good in him. It hurt him terribly that his funny little friend should be so cross with him.

Ten minutes later she returned.

'Come with me, pig!' she cried.

'I'm awfully sorry, missie!' he said humbly. 'I'll never, never——'

'Shut up, liar!' was her only answer.

Meekly he followed her to the kitchen, after vainly trying to muster up courage to refuse and to go away.

'Cookie,' said Dora, 'give this man a rasher and a couple of eggs. And you're not to let him leave the kitchen till I come back.

Disdaining to glance at her victim, Dora marched to her own breakfast with her head in the air.

'Father,' she exclaimed suddenly, after having made a very respectable meal, 'my man's on the loose again.'

'Dear, dear!' he sighed.

There's only one thing to be done. He's got to be given a job in this house, so that I can keep an eye on him,' she announced.

'Oh, Dora!' cried her mother.

'My dear child!' expostulated her father.

'You gave him to me to redeem, and I'm going to redeem him,' said Dora.

'But have him in the house! Think child!' It was too much for even the broad-minded East End parson to contemplate.

'I have thought old frowny-face. Cook's shamefully overworked. We ought to have a knife-and-boot-boy; and there are heaps of jobs in the Sunday-school and church an extra man would be useful for. What the house wants,' she went on, 'is an odd-job-man—a general factater.'

'Factotum,' corrected her father.

'Call it what you like,' she said calmly; but my man's going to be it.'

. . . . .

The odd-job man odd jobbed for a month, and rather liked it. Cook was a good sort, and fed him well. Miss Dora had forgiven him. They were the best of friends. He began almost to worship her. His eyes followed her with dog-like devotion whenever she was near.

As for Dora she enjoyed the situation immensely. Her bad man, and what he said, were her staple objects of conversation. She told the bishop all about him when he came to tea one day, and when his lordship expressed fears of another breaking-out, she offered him two to one against it! His lordship was shocked, but hoped her faith would be justified.

She was determined it should be. She wasn't 'taking any chances,' as she expressed it. She wouldn't trust him an inch. She wanted him all [illegible] made him tell her how he slept with her door ajar at night, so that if he crept downstairs she might hear him.

Ted Jarrow himself, however, was quite convinced of his permanent reformation. He had craved a little for drink at first, but that longing had now disappeared.

One night he was lying in bed—a good, clean bed, such as he had never slept in before Dora adopted him—a bed inhabited by himself alone. He was wakeful, because cook had been too kind with the pork at supper, and digestion had not 'waited upon appetite.' Suddenly he heard the noise of the raising of a window sash. He sat up in his bed and chuckled. A burglar! He to be disturbed by a burglar!

He knew the ropes; knew the man would be waiting a minute or two to see if the noise had awakened anybody. Quite calmly he began to dress. There was no hurry. It would be all the better fun to spoil his game when he had gathered his 'swag' together.

The vicar's daughter heard the opening of the window, too.

'There's that man of mine,' she sighed, 'breaking out, I s'pose!' In frantic haste to stop him she flew downstairs, and ran plump into the burglar's arms.

He was astonished; but men of his trade must be quick-witted, and prompt to act.

He grasped her little, wriggling body as firmly as possible, and pressed his open palm across her mouth.

'Make a noise, and you'll get hurt!' he said.

He thought she was frightened out of her skin, and on that account, and because she was 'only a kiddie,' he hesitated to give her the customary crack on the head to keep her quiet. How was a poor blundering burglar to know that the vicar's tomboy daughter was happily thrilling with a sense of adventure? To be captured by a real live burglar—why, it was almost as exciting as commanding a pirate barque, or driving a fire-engine!

. . . . .

With practised skill Ted came noiselessly down the stairs. He heard the light sounds of Dora's struggling, and misconstrued them.

'Clumsy brute!' he said to himself. 'Wonder if I knows 'im?'

Very softly he entered the room.

'Arf a mo'! he said quietly. And then he saw Dora in the burglar's grasp.

Like a streak of lightning his fist shot out, and the burglar measured his length releasing his prisoner as he fell.

'Oh, missie, are you 'urt?' Ted cried, almost wringing his hands with anxiety.

'No, no! I'm all serene,' she assured him. 'And you're a brick!' she added, by way of thanks for her rescue.

Ted flushed with pride and pleasure, and then he glanced at the prostrate burglar.

'What shall we do with him?' he asked.

'Bring him to,' replied Dora, in the most matter-of-fact tone in the world.

'Say, missie,' said Ted anxiously, 'can't we let him go? I don't 'arf like 'anding over an old pal to the perlice!'

'Oh, he's an old pal, is he?'

'Me an' 'im's done this kind of thing together afore now,' he answered 'Hallo! He's coming round!'

The burglar opened his eyes, and rose clumsily to his feet.

'Why it's Teddy!' he exclaimed. 'Fancy me and you cracking the same crib! But who's the kid? And why did you 'land me one?' he asked, in a dazed sort of way, as memory came back to him.

'The kid's the vicar's daughter—a pal o' mine, who's making me run straight,' replied Ted. 'An' you can drop a 'int to all my old pals as this 'ouse is to be let alone.'

'Say, Teddy,' replied the burglar, in a coarse, confidential whisper, 'don't be a mug! This psalm-singin lay ain't good enough for you. Let's give the kid a 'quieter' and 'ook it with the parson's plate, and work together again?'

Dora stood rooted to the spot during this speech. Her shrewd little head told her that here was a crisis. Had her bad man really reformed? Could he resist the tempting of an old pal? 'Would he fling over his present life of dull respectability, and return to the more exciting career of a criminal? She looked at him anxiously and grinned. There was a savage gleam in his eye that pleased her.

The burglar saw it, too, and wasted no time. Ted, angry and threatening, had hardly advanced one step towards him before he had jumped out of the open window, and disappeared in the darkness.—London Answers.

The Taking Cold Habit

The old cold goes; a new one quickly comes. It's the story of a weak throat, weak lungs, a tendency to consumption. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral breaks up the taking-cold habit. It strengthens, soothes, heals. Ask your doctor about it.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.
We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills, just one pill each night.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

ROYAL Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Healthful cream of tartar, derived solely from grapes, refined to absolute purity, is the active principle of every pound of Royal Baking Powder.

Hence it is that Royal Baking Powder renders the food remarkable both for its fine flavor and healthfulness.

No alum, no phosphate—which are the principal elements of the so-called cheap baking powders—and which are derived from bones, rock and sulphuric acid.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

HEALTH IN SPRING.

NATURE NEEDS ASSISTANCE IN MAKING NEW HEALTH GIVING BLOOD.

Spring is the season when your system needs toning up. In the spring you must have new blood just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it. Without new blood you will feel weak and languid; you may have twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia, occasional headaches, variable appetite, pimples or eruptions of the skin, or a pale pasty complexion. These are sure signs that the blood is out of order. A tonic is needed to give new energy. Dr. Williams Pink Pills are the best tonic in all the world. They make new, rich blood—your greatest need in spring. They clear the skin, drive out disease and make tired, depressed men and women bright, active and strong. Mrs. John McAuley, Douglastown, Que., proves the great value of Dr. Williams Pink Pills in building up people who have been weakened and run down. She says: 'Dr. Williams Pink Pills have been of great help to me. My blood was weak and watery and I was badly run down. But through the use of the pills my health was fully restored. I always recommend them to my friends who may be ailing.'

There are fraudulent imitations of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to protect yourself see that the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People' is printed on the wrapper around each box. Do not take any other so-called pink pills. If your dealer has not got the genuine send to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get the pills by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

At about what point does a fortune become so great as to be dangerous? Should the nation assist Mr. Carnegie in his laudable purpose not to die rich or should it spare him and confine itself to John D. Rockefeller? Or should it take charge of the estates of both men and of all other men who possess more than the average man is able to get together in the course of a lifetime?—Philadelphia Record.

Egg-laying Contests.

A winter egg-laying competition has been organized and carried out in England by the Utility Poultry Club of Baintree, Essex. The test has just closed after sixteen busy weeks, and the 'open-air' hens have easily beaten their 'indoor' sisters.

It was to decide the respective merits of the two systems that the club decided for the first time to divide the contest into two sections, equally representative of egg-laying breeds. From the end of December onwards the open pens, which had not a vestige of protection from weather, were covered with ten inches of snow, but this did not affect the hens exposed to it nearly so much as those hens which were kept warm and dry.

In the open-air section, the birds finished in the following order: 1st, Buff Orpingtons; 2nd, Partridge Wyandottes; 3rd, White Wyandottes. In the indoor section the order was: 1st, Buff Orpingtons; 2nd, White Wyandottes; 3rd, Golden Wyandottes.

The competition has been a triumph for the Buff Orpington breed, while the White Leghorns, which finished at the top last year, are nearly bottom this year. The average works out at 156 eggs per pen, as against 150 last year and 140 the year previous, so that there has beed a progresive improvement in egg-laying.

A gold medal was offered for each pen that laid 240 eggs in the sixteen weeks, but neither of the pens have quite attained this standard, the Buff Orpingtons falling short by ten eggs. No fewer than five pens gained silver medals for over 200 eggs.

Better Without Her Colonies.

Spain has been advancing in material prosperity and, indeed in general moral standing ever since she lost the last of her foreign possessions in the war with the United States. Her Philippine possessions she sold at a good price and got a wholesome chastisement into the bargain. She has learned a lesson and is now giving intelligent and successful attention to her own country. Statements of her condition grow better from year to year. Spain is back within her natural environment and is getting along well. If she keeps on at her present pace she will be out of debt and have money to lend. It is a pious hope that she will never attempt to absorb other people's land again and that the other nations of the earth will not disturb her in her home rule.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In 1905 the value of clocks imported by Australia from the U. S. was $140,000; from United Kingdom $43,000; and from Germany $33,000.

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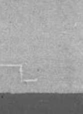

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