

THE ACADIAN
One Year to Any Address
for \$1.00.

The Acadian.

No better advertising medium in
the Valley than
THE ACADIAN.

VOL. XXX.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.
WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1910.

NO. 6

THE ACADIAN.

Published every Friday morning by the
Proprietor,
DAVISON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in
advance. If sent to the United States,
\$1.50.
Newly 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 in-
sertion, 20 cents for each subsequent in-
sertion.
Contract rates for yearly advertise-
ments furnished on application.
Reading notices ten cents per line first
insertion, five cents for each subsequent
insertion.

Rules.
Copy for new advertisements will be
received up to Thursday noon. Copy for
change in contract advertisements must
be in the office by Wednesday noon.
Advertisements in which the number
of insertions is not specified will be con-
tinued and charged for until otherwise
ordered.
This paper is mailed regularly to sub-
scribers until a definite order to discon-
tinue 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. K. CROWLEY, 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 6.15
a. m.
Express sent close at 9.50 a. m.
Express sent close at 3.50 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.15 p. m.
E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber,
Pastor. Services: Sunday, Public Wor-
ship at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.;
Sunday School at 3.00 p. m.; Mid-week
prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening
at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Soc.
meets on Wednesday following the
prayer-meeting at 8.30 p. m.
The Social and Educational Society meets
the third Thursday of each month at 8.00
p. m. The Mission Band meets on the
second and fourth Thursdays of each
month at 2.45 p. m. All seats free. A
cordial welcome is extended to all.

Presbyterian Church.—Rev. G. W.
Miller, Pastor. St. Andrew's Church,
Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday
School at 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on
Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmers
Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship
on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at
10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at
7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. W.
Prestwood, Pastor. Services on the Sab-
bath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath
School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meet-
ing on Wednesday evening at 7.45. All
the seats are free and strangers welcomed
at all the services. At Greenview, preach-
ing at 5 p. m. on the Sabbath.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
St. John's Parish Church, of Horton
—Services: Holy Communion every
Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sundays
at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a.
m. Evensong 7.15 p. m. Wednesday
Evensong 7.30 p. m. Special services
in Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in
church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Super-
intendent and teacher of Bible Class, the
Rector.
All seats free. Strangers heartily wel-
come.

Rev. R. F. Dixon, Rector.
Geo. A. Prat,
J. D. Sherwood, Wardens.

St. Francis (Catholic).—Rev. William
Brown, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. every
Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—During Summer
months open air gospel services—Sunday
at 7 p. m., Tuesday at 7.30 p. m., Sunday
School at 8.30 p. m. Splendid class rooms,
efficient teachers, men's bible class.

MASONIC.
Dr. W. H. LORR, A. F. & M. meets
at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 7.30 o'clock.
A. M. WELTON, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.
ODDFELLOWS, No. 92, meets every
Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall
in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren all
ways welcomed.
Dr. E. F. MOORE, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, of T. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall at
7.30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.
Foresters, I. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the third Wednes-
day of each month at 7.30 p. m.

This May Interest You.
Last year the sale of Pabst's Peer-
less fruit and cranberry juice increased
40 per cent in Nova Scotia because we
delivered standard tests to our con-
sumers. Our agents made money in pro-
portion to the increase in sales. We want
now a reliable agent for Kings county.
Pay Weekly. Exclusive Territory.
Write for best terms.
PABST'S PEERLESS
Toronto, Ont.

CHAPPED HANDS & COLD SORES

One thorough application of
Zam-Buk at night will bring ease
by morning. Zam-Buk stops the
smarting, heals the cracks, and
makes the hands smooth.

PROOF—Miss Hattie Petrand, Galesburg,
Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with chapped
hands and arms and nothing ever seemed to
heal them thoroughly until we found Zam-Buk. It
has cured them. My father has also used it
for several skin troubles and injuries, and thinks
there is nothing like Zam-Buk."
Mothers should see that their children use Zam-
Buk daily, as there is nothing like prevention. A little
Zam-Buk lightly smeared over the hands and wrists,
after washing, will prevent chaps and cold sores.
Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for skin diseases, eczema,
itching sores, moleratopology, piles, and for cuts,
burns and lacerations. Do not let it slip from your hands.
Get Zam-Buk from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse
cheap imitations and adulterations.

ZAM-BAK

EVERY HOME NEEDS IT.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats.

Good fitting coats mean a great deal to every woman. Our gar-
ments are made by the most up-to-date tailoring house in Canada, and
carry a style and finish exclusively their own.
Over 100 to choose from in Black, Brown, Blue, Green and Gray.
Prices have been made to meet a quick sale.

LADIES' SUITS.

Hand-in-hand with our coats goes a stylish tailor made suit. The
effort we have made to get in touch with the smartest and best designs
we feel will be appreciated by purchasers.

KNITTED COATS.

We are showing our usual line in above goods at winning prices.

Hillsley & Harvey Co., Ltd.

PORT WILLIAMS, N. S.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

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

D. J. T. Roach

DENTIST.
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental
Surgery. Office in
Harris Block, WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Office Hours: 9-12, 2-5.

Dr. D. J. Munro,

Graduate Baltimore College of Dental
Surgery. 47
Office Hours: 9-12 a. m.; 1-5 p. m.
Barss Building, Wolfville.

Leslie R. Fairn,

ARCHITECT,
AYLESFORD, N. S.
W. R. BARNES, E. C. BARRY W. BODDIE, L. L. S.

ROSCOE & ROSCOE

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES, ETC.
KENTVILLE, N. S.

McCallum's Ltd.

McCallum's Ltd. beg to notify
the public of Kings Co., that there
will be a heavy rush of farm buy-
ers from Great Britain through-
out next March and April and all
parties desiring to sell their stock
register their properties now with
the Wolfville office.
P. J. Porter, Manager

Trout and Salmon Fishing

Caladonia is the gateway to the finest
section in the peninsula—Lakes Rossignol
and Kojimikyk with their unspoiled,
and practically unfished tributary water-
ways.
For illustrated booklets and general
information write P. MOONEY, Gen.
Puss. Agent, Halifax.

Mrs. Blank is a leader of Bar Harbor
society. Her husband said to her one
afternoon, as she made an elaborate
table for a garden party that she was
giving to some members of the British
Legation:
"Why did you write to all our guests
that the party was to be absolutely
informal?"
"Without what, base valet, with-
out what?"
"Without horses my lord—it is an
automobile."

Thanksgiving.

Now in the gray wood,
Dead leaves drift from the silent tree—
A rustling, sibilant multitude.
Yet for the life they guard below,
Safe nestled where the north winds blow,
To radiate the April wood,
Thanksgiving be!

And for the gleam of life, held warm
Beneath all frost and winter storm,
To give mankind the light to see,
Beneath its dull, dead cloak, how great
Life may become; and how complete,
How glad and good for you and me,
Thanksgiving be!

The Fiery Furnace.

The first of May
I have been sitting by the window
today, looking out on the garden. It
is the beginning of Spring and every-
thing is being born anew. Every-
thing, brown and dead, is being
ing, brown and dead, is being
ing out baby leaves, every stunted
rosebush is shooting up straight and
tall, ready to bear a burden of bloom
later; there is nothing irredeemably
marred, nothing that Nature's divine
hands can not shape into some sen-
sation of beauty. How fortunate the
garden is to possess a doctor who
uses neither a scalpel or knife, and yet
raises patients from a dying bed;
snatches the most helpless invalids
from the winter's decay, presents
them with new backs and arms and
legs, warranted to wear for a summer
at least; uses no prescriptions save
fresh air and sunshine—and tolerates
no cripples!

I am not so fortunate as the flowers;
no doctor, however skillful, can make
me straight; no Spring, however fair,
can put away life in my veins. From
the time I left my nurse's arms I have
had these dumb things, these bits of
senseless wood, to prop me up from
falling to the earth. Where I go, they
must go! Where I lodge, they must
lodge; where I lie, they must lie!
They are very costly, made of ebony
and clasped with gold. As if one
could beautifully a crutch!

I watched a bird to-day preparing
for flight. It trembled a little at first,
but with every ecstasy; and then with
glorious flutter of plumage, it spread
wide its wings and soared into the
sunlight; faster, freer; circling, sweep-
ing, away. It was drunk with the
joy of living! I turned away my
eyes and looked no more.

It is difficult to forget when I have
seen a woman. She is the first
time I have seen her since her en-
gagement. She swept in upon me
like a burst of sunbeams, young,
young, strong, beautiful, beloved;
and yet we are sisters. She has all
that I desire, yet can never have. The
lilt of her voice is an anthem of joy,
and the sweetness is so deep down in
it that one might search forever and
in the end find only a bar of unreach-
able music. She holds herself royally
yet without a hint of arrogance; and
each and every charm seems to cry aloud:
Look at us we are beloved! A lover
has found us fair; and then with
the curve of this cheek, I have pruned
this shining hair; has laid adoring
lips to these sweet, pink finger tips.
"Look at us, who are forever de-
barred—and look in envy!"

Marion is a beauty. She has had
scores of lovers since she could
tattle; but she was hard to win. I had
sometimes wondered how any man
dared lift his eyes so high. I was
here at home it had always been as if
a queen had stooped to abide with
when Marion came. She spends her
summers abroad and only comes here
on the rarest occasions. She loathes
the mountains; I love them. They
hide me and are kind, and people can
not penetrate them.
This house belongs to me. When
I was old enough to understand,
I begged that I might have some place
far away in the hills, where in sum-
mer I could be alone with the trees
and flowers, and away from the pry-
ing eyes of the world. There may be
other houses more costly, but none so
beautiful as mine. It is built into
a great court where every sweet and
tender thing in Nature thrives. The
sun is always warmest here, the

H. LEOPOLD,

(Successor to Leopold & Schofield.)
**Livery and Boarding
Stable.**
Stylish Single and Double
Turnouts Furnished.
Teams meet all trains and boats.
All kinds of trucking and express-
ing attended to promptly.
Elm Avenue, (Next Royal Hotel),
WOLFVILLE.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

Corner North & Lockman Sts.,
HALIFAX.
Fitted with all modern improvements,
magnificently furnished. Situation and
view unsurpassed in Halifax. Within five
minutes ride by street cars to centre
of the city.
Terms—\$2.00 to \$2.00 per day, accord-
ing to location.
W. WILSON, Proprietor.

The Best Resorts Along the South Shore

Are reached by the
**Halifax & South
Western Railway**
Lockport, Shelburne, Ches-
ter, Hubbards, Barrington
and all the other incomparable summer
resorts for
Trout and Salmon Fishing

Now Cured of Rheumatism

Cost him \$100.00 for medicine which
failed—Cured by DR. CHASE'S
KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.
Mr. James Clark, Malton, Sask.,
writes: "I suffered for four years with
rheumatism in my shoulders and could
not lift my arms above the head. I
tried nearly all the advertised reme-
dies but none of them gave me re-
lief. I cost \$100.00 for medicine.
Before I took Dr. Chase's Kidney-
Liver Pills.
"With the use of this medicine, I
soon found relief. I followed up side
treatment for six months and was then
quite free from rheumatism. While
using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills,
I also used Dr. Chase's Backache
Remedy. I feel that I should
sincerely thank Dr. Chase for the
weak spot and give relief while the
latest treatment was bringing about
a thorough cure."
The success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-
Liver Pills has been phenomenal.
One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all
dealers in Druggists, Bates & Co., Tor-
onto. Dr. Chase's Backache Remedy
is also sold.

Minard's Linctus for Colds

Minard's Linctus for Colds every-
where.

brezes cool; the rain falls with a
gentle patter.
Every day the carriage comes at
the same hour; and James stalks a-
head, with wraps and sunshade; Mar-
ion trips behind with smelling salts
and cushions; and I hobble between,
a small, insignificant figure in a white
gown, propped on either side by
heavy crutches! No display of rank
or wealth can make this anything
but a pitiful sight. Women turn a-
side their faces; mothers drag along
their stinging children, whispering:
"Don't look—it is a cripple." Men
bend over the compassion of the
strong to the weak; and all, all see in
me the world's outcast!

Marion brought Stone's picture
to me to see. She came into the
room with a strange shyness and em-
barrassment in her manner; and when
she reached my chair, leaned forward
and the photograph fell into my
lap. Then she put her cheek against
mine and asked with a shame-faced
smile:
"What do you think of the only
man in the world?"
"What did I think of him? I took
the picture in my pale hands and
studied it. The brow and chin might
have been hewn out of granite by
Michelangelo; but the eyes were
dreamy with unrealities and filled
with poetry."
"Well," questioned Marion, her
voice taking on a rising inflection,
just tintured with impatience.
"I think," I said timidly, "that he
has a determined chin and the head
of a giant."
"Is—that—all?" taking the picture
away from me indignantly.
"Is that all, I repeated. "He might
have been ugly and insignificant;
famous men usually are," defending
my opinion with hasty elaboration.
"You ought to be thankful that he
looks his part."
She pouted for a moment; and then
smiling a rare, sweet smile, slipped
her arms around my neck, and hid
her face in the shadow of my hair.
"I shall never forgive you," she said
in a laughing, shame-faced whisper
"if you do not say he is the handom-
est man in the whole wide world!"
I put my lips to her cheek. "By far
the handomest," I answered grand-
iloquently. "Apollo is nothing com-
pared with him."
"Yes," she said, and Angela,
"I know I ought not to say—but honest-
ly,—did you ever—?"
"Never."
"Don't laugh,—I mean, did you
notice—You are laughing, but I don't
care. Wait till you see my excuse—
just wait!"
"Her voice died away, and I lifting
my eyes surprised something sacred
in hers. Was this my stately sister?
This girl with clasped love coloring
her face, I despised my frail arms
around her tightly and put my lips to
her cheek.
"And does he love you very dearly?"
I asked. "Tell me—tell me all. Does
he love as Launcelot loved Guinevere?"
"That was an impure love," objected
my sister with a proud lift of the
head.
"Yes—but it was love!"
"Not in the best sense. He stooped
to dishonor." There was scorn in her
eyes.
"I sighed. "Would you sacrifice
love to honor, Marion?" I asked curi-
ously.
"Yes, for I could not love a man
who would demean himself. I must
respect where I love."
She stood before me proud and
beautiful, with the uplifted expres-
sion of high mind, and pure heart. A man
might die at her feet sooner than own
himself ignoble.
For hours after she left me I lay in
the twilight, thinking; while the sun
burned into a multitude of glorious
colours, and painted my window red
and gold. The evening wind fluttered
the thread-like curtains, and swept in
the breath of perfume from the rose-
garden.
"Slow tears rose to my eyes and crept
down my cheeks, to lose themselves
pitiably in the bosom of my gown.
Tears of self pity. Tears of over-
longing regret.
Midnight of another day,
"Marion's lover is here. He has
come to spend a month. She says
this is a heaven for lovers and she in-
tends to introduce him! I can hear
her light laugh even here. She was
like a vivid streak of lightning to
wipe away the gloom of my life. I
gladly, gladly, glad that nothing has
been denied her. That happiness is
hers by birthright.
"To-night further carried me up stairs
and laid me in my big chair by the
window looking down on the court.
I could not stay to see Mr. Stone.
"My little, sun-fake, he said softly,
smoothing back my hair, "my pretty
one."
I smiled and patted his cheek.
"You cannot make a beauty out of
me, Daddy."
He put his lips to my forehead.

Modern Bookmaking

A large bindery may have a capacity
of 1,000 books a day. The re-
sources of some of these binderies are
wonderful. There is an instance on
record where a publishing house took
an order on Monday for a cloth cover-
ed 1200 volume of 3500 pages and ac-
tually shipped 2,000 copies of the
book on the following Wednesday.
The type was set by machinery for
the entire 350 pages before work stop-
ped Monday night. Electrotypes plates
were made so rapidly that on Tues-
day morning several printing presses
were set in motion. In the meantime
covers were made in the bindery, and
by Wednesday morning the binders
had the book in hand. Two thousand
volumes were completed that day and
the edition of 10,000 was entirely out
of the way before Saturday night. In
modern bookbinding machinery, as
in the production of printing presses,
America leads the world.—Philadel-
phia North American.

No better tonic could be devised
than Ferro-China, which consists of
fresh beef, Citrate of Iron and purest
Spanish Cherry Wine. Just enough
of the latter to stimulate the diges-
tion and enable a weakened stomach
to assimilate the beef and iron. Try
this invigorating tonic if you are
thin-blooded, weak and generally run-
down. \$1.00 per bottle.

From his point of view, a bird in
the bush is worth two in the hand.

Lots of most serious eye failings,
even only one-tenth sight and twi-
ght vision, exist all unknown for
years, unless by some accident or test
the owner is enlightened by discov-
ery. Cases of loss from little loss of vi-
sion to almost total one-eye blindness
comes on without the owner knowing
it. Such loss of use of one eye is not
so rare as one might believe; indeed,
is surprisingly frequent.

At a recent meeting of the Execu-
tive Committee of the Board of Gov-
ernors of Acadia University, Rev. C.
R. B. Dodge, M. A., of Middleton,
was appointed Financial Agent for
the Board of Governors to assist the
President in prosecuting the canvass
for the Seventy-fifth Anniversary
Fund. Mr. Dodge has recently en-
joyed large success in work of a sim-
ilar character for an educational insti-
tution in the State of Vermont. He
is a graduate of Acadia and was a suc-
cessful pastor for a period of years in
the Province, and is in fullest sym-
pathy with the aims and ideals of the
educational work of the Decembris-
tians. Mr. Dodge has already entered
upon his work.

Notwithstanding the assurance we
have from eminent authorities that
prices are not too high, the things
that we buy at the grocery cost good
deal more than they used to.

"I don't have to, child," he said
reverently, "God made you that!"
"O father! Daddy, dear, put your
face down close—now don't fib—
honest and truly—do you think I am
pretty?"
"There are better things than looks,
Angela" (chidingly).
"I know—but am I pretty. Daddy
dear—Daddy dearest—"
"As pretty as a picture—God bless
you, child, don't you know it!" he
laughed and pinched my ear.
I slipped my arms from his neck,
flushing hotly.
"I didn't believe that any one could
think a lame person good looking."
I pouted doubtfully.

"Kiss me! Kiss me!" and nuzzled
Louise de la Villere was beloved by
king, and I don't know that her lame-
ness took away from her beauty. "Try
to forget, little one, for father's sake
—try to forget!"
"Dear Daddy! I am almost happy
tonight!"
Dawn of the next day.
The sun has just risen. The whole
world is pink like the inside of a
shell, and the dew has washed the
green clean. Crystal drops are
hanging in the heart of the roses, and
are standing the leaves, and clinging
to the honeysuckle vines. There is a
small sweeter than any perfume; the
fresh, pure smell of damp earth, of a
free, untainted air, of a clean, clean
world.

I wake always at the dawn of day,
and I hate the long hours before the
world is awake; so Martha dresses me
early, and I creep down stairs. There
are wide, shallow stairs leading from
my room to the court, and before the
day has begun I spend my happiest
hours there. One could not have her
grow familiar. She invites, yet never
intudes, she delights, yet never
bores. She is wifely, threatening,
stormy by turns, yet ever beautiful.
There was no sound save the little
tip-tap of my rubber shoe crutches on
the cold marble. I reached the big
arch; before me lay the rose tinted
court. I stood a moment in the soft,
hazy light; stood leaning on my
great, black staffs. A bird on one of
the tallest trees opened his tiny throat
and burst into a magnificent solo that
fairly trembled through the still air.
Some one uttered a short, sharp ex-
clamation and I started and turned—
and saw facing me, a man; a
man with a great brow, massive and
powerful, and a beard in position, with
a half-wild haughty ease, with superb
freedom. A man whose personality
was like a blow between the eyes;
salient, compelling.

We stood for a moment like two
dumb things staring into each other's
eyes, and then—with a sort of shock
as if I had wrenched my soul free
from communion with his I smiled
and went slowly toward him; down
the marble steps, over the soft grass;
into the holy garden, all pink and
dim. I made my slow progress, he
standing watchful.

Alone, we can do little. Separated
we are the units of weakness; but ag-
gregated we become batteries of pow-
er. Agitate, educate, organize—these
are the deathless watchwords of suc-
cess. The fingers of the hands can do
little alone, but correlated into a
fast they become formidable. The
plank borne here and there by the
support of the wave is an image of im-
plicity, but frame a thousand planks
of heart of oak into a hull, put in
your engine with its heart of fire, fit
out your ship, and it shall cross at a
right angle those same waves to the
port that has proposed to attain. We
want all those like minded with us,
who would put down the dramsoph,
exalt the home, redeem manhood, and
uplift womanhood, to join hands with
us for organized work according to a
plan.—Frances R. Willard.

The old, old story, told times without
number and repeated over and over
again for the last 36 years, but it is al-
ways a welcome story to those in search
of health—There is nothing in the world
that cures coughs and colds as quickly
as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold
by Rand's Drug Store.

One Doctor—Only One
No sense in running from one doctor to another! Select
the best one, then stand by him. No sense either in trying
this thing, that thing, for your cough. Carefully, delib-
erately select the best cough medicine, then take it. Stick
to it. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for
throat and lung troubles. Sold for nearly seventy years.
No alcohol in this cough medicine. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Why try this thing, that thing, for your constipation? Why not stick to the good
old reliable family laxative—Ayer's Pills? Ask your doctor if he approves this advice.

You never take a chance when you buy Red Rose Tea. You know the tea will be just as you expect—that fine, rich flavor and refined even strength which never varies and always pleases.



Prices: 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c. and 60c.

This Question!

Have you been so fortunate as
to have inspected my stock of
LADIES' COATS
and learned of the Great Values
and Low Prices I can give you?
If not, come and be convinced.
CHAS. H. PORTER.
Dry Goods. Men's furnishings. Clothing.

Impoverished Blood.

A Common and a Dangerous Trouble—
You Must Enrich the Blood to
Escape Danger.

Anemia is simply a lack of blood.
It is one of the most dangerous dis-
eases with which growing girls suffer.
It is common because the blood is
often becomes impoverished during
development, when girls are too re-
cently allowed to over-study, over-
work and suffer from a lack of exer-
cise. It is dangerous because of the
weakness of its approach, often be-
ing well developed before its presence
is recognized, and because of its ten-
dency to grow so steadily worse if
not promptly checked, that it may
run into consumption.

The value of the tonic treatment
with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should
be known to every mother in the land.
These Pills make new, rich blood,
tone the organs and nerves, bring a
glow of health to pale, sallow cheeks,
and drive away the weakness, head-
aches, faintness, heart palpitation and
loss of energy so noticeable in young
girls who are suffering from anemia.
To all such Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
are an actual life savior. Miss Mabel
McTavish, Prince Albert, Sask., says:
"In my case I can only say that life
had lost its magic; all work was a
strain, and even pleasure only a task.
I was ready to drop from sheer weak-
ness, and I had begun to think life
would be a continued burden. But
all this is now changed, thanks to
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These were
recommended to me, and after taking
them for about a month I found my
health renewed. I could sleep better,
my appetite returned, and I was so
strong and well that housework was
no longer a burden to me. My sister
seemed to be going the same way last
summer and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
made her as well as ever. Dr. Will-
iams' Pink Pills are now the prized
medicine in our home, and doctor bills
have been fewer since we discovered
the virtues of this great medicine."
Sold by all medicine dealers or sent
by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes
for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams'
Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Lots of most serious eye failings,
even only one-tenth sight and twi-
ght vision, exist all unknown for
years, unless by some accident or test
the owner is enlightened by discov-
ery. Cases of loss from little loss of vi-
sion to almost total one-eye blindness
comes on without the owner knowing
it. Such loss of use of one eye is not
so rare as one might believe; indeed,
is surprisingly frequent.

At a recent meeting of the Execu-
tive Committee of the Board of Gov-
ernors of Acadia University, Rev. C.
R. B. Dodge, M. A., of Middleton,
was appointed Financial Agent for
the Board of Governors to assist the
President in prosecuting the canvass
for the Seventy-fifth Anniversary
Fund. Mr. Dodge has recently en-
joyed large success in work of a sim-
ilar character for an educational insti-
tution in the State of Vermont. He
is a graduate of Acadia and was a suc-
cessful pastor for a period of years in
the Province, and is in fullest sym-
pathy with the aims and ideals of the
educational work of the Decembris-
tians. Mr. Dodge has already entered
upon his work.

Notwithstanding the assurance we
have from eminent authorities that
prices are not too high, the things
that we buy at the grocery cost good
deal more than they used to.