

BON-BONS

"Good evening Helen. Ready so soon? Good enough; then we'll go right along. Oh, here—I almost forgot it." And Hal drew from his pocket the usual box of bon-bons.

It may have been the roguish smile accompanying the offer that made Helen draw back her half-extended hand. "No, I thank you, Hal; not tonight."

"No? What's the matter? Not ill, are you?" "Not ill Hal, only wise," she laughed. "Do you think I'm blind to the fact that this is April first? I don't care to take chances, thank you."

A good-natured grin spread over the young man's face. "Oh, all right, if you don't care for it," he answered indifferently, and replaced the box in his pocket.

Curiosity ever has gotten the better of woman. Helen was no exception. "I'll tell you, Hal," she bargained, "let me feed you three of those candies, and, if they seem to go down without any trouble, I'll gladly accept the remainder and humbly apologize for my suspicions."

"I'll be game," agreed Hal, after a moment's hesitation. "Go ahead; do your worst."

Helen selected three tempting looking bon-bons and popped one into his mouth. Her victim unflinchingly swallowed it, but his courage evidently failed at the second. He waved it aside.

"Hold on, Helen! Have a heart!" he cried. "And for the love of Pete get me a drink of water!"

During the five-minute walk to the church Helen seemed bubbling over with merriment, but her escort appeared strangely quiet.

"I beat you at your own game that time, Hal," boasted the girl, as they entered the vestry. "Never mind, though," she comforted, "you can still have fun with it; you can fool all the girls at the social."

"Leave it to me," he assured her; "I'll have my laugh yet. Here, let me put your hat where it won't get crushed. Ye gods! Helen!" as his eye lighted upon the big black and blue spot on the girl's forehead.

"You poor kid! That certainly was some bump I gave you last night! I brought my elbow round so quickly and your poor little head happened to be right in the way. But, upon my word, I didn't know it was so bad as that! Why, I'm awfully sorry, girlie!"

"Oh, that's nothing; my flesh bruises easily, anyway." And Helen drew her hair more carefully over the discoloration.

Both young persons were popular, and immediately upon their arrival they were surrounded by a lively group. Helen's bruised forehead was at once discovered; explanations were called for; and Hal found himself the object of much good-natured bantering for his "brutality".

In return for this he drew forth a gaily decorated box, and invited the would-be wags to "have a piece of candy on-me". Helen, in her role of watchful waiting, was somewhat surprised to see each bon-bon devoured with evident relish; and as one after another disappeared with rapidity, she began to have misgivings which developed into firm convictions before the evening was half over.

During the walk homeward chocolates were strictly avoided as a topic of conversation.

"It's still early; won't you come in?" invited the girl, when they reached the house.

"Thank you; I believe I will. It's only half past nine; that social did break up rather early."

Seated in the cosy den, Helen looked her tormentor squarely in the eyes. A mischievous grin spread over his features, and he looked like a guilty school boy.

"I saved some of them," he apologized. "Want them?"

"Yes I do! Hal Osgood, I think you're the meanest thing that ever happened! Just because I thought that was April Fool candy, you led me on, and then gave away nearly that whole box of chocolates! Honestly, I've a good mind to—to pinch your ear!" she concluded, immediately carrying out her intentions.

Hal drew her to him. "You poor little kid," he soothed, "it was a shame to fool her so. But it was her own fault; if she hadn't been so plaguey suspicious I never would have thought of it. Never mind, girl, you're square with me, anyhow, for I never had to stand such kidding in my life as I did tonight over that poor little head of yours. I don't mind being jollied, but honestly, Helen, that

made me feel like a brute. Didn't they rub it in, though!"

Helen wriggled away. She stepped to the small marble washstand between the den and hall, and dipped her handkerchief in the running water. Then she came and stood before him.

"You poor old simpleton," she purred, "it was a shame to fool him—so it was. But as they all 'rubbed it in' so well, I think I may as well rub it out!" And she slyly winked as she wiped off the coloring so deftly applied to her forehead a few hours before.

"Two can play at that game," she murmured.

Hal's undeserved sympathy changed suddenly to astonishment. Then, the usual genial smile overspread his features mingled with a sudden tenderness, as he drew her into his encircling arm.

"Helen, dear, we're both such—such easy marks, that—well, don't you think we really need each other to sort of—sort of look out for each other? What I mean is—I mean—if you'd only marry me—"

The girl's eyes met his. "I was thinking of—of that—that same thing myself," she stammered.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Try magnesia for cleaning spots in light colored goods. Rub the soiled places both sides with magnesia and hang it away for a while. When wanted dust off and you will find the spot gone.

If grease or oil is spilled on the carpet, sprinkle thickly with flour. Let stand 24 hours, then sweep up. Apply more flour one-quarter inch thick. Let stand a few hours, sweep up and you will find the spot entirely gone.

To your kitchen holder sew a small ring, fasten a cord 24 ins. long to the ring and at the end of the cord a large safety pin. Pin this to your belt. Its convenience speaks for itself.

Stains of iodine may be entirely removed from light cotton goods by rubbing damp carbonate of soda into the marks, and then washing in cold water.

To prevent oil stains from smearing, put three or four pieces of charcoal into the oil.

When grease is spilled on the kitchen table, sprinkle at once with salt. This prevents the grease from soaking into the wood.

For cracks in walls, ceilings, etc., flour and whiting, mixed with a little water into a stiff paste, will be found an excellent remedy, lasting for years.

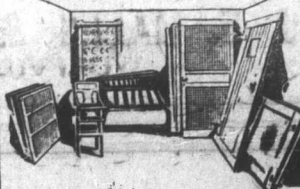
CONSISTENCY THOU ART A JEWEL

(From Pictou Advocate) The business man who sends abroad for any product which can be obtained from or through his fellow business man is doing his own business and the whole town an injury.—Exchange.

And yet we have known of Pictou business men complain bitterly of the competition of mail order houses and then give orders to Toronto travellers for printing which could be done as well and as reasonably in price in their own province or their own town. They could see how trading with Ontario mail order houses built up Ontario at the expense of Nova Scotia, Toronto at the expense of Pictou. They failed to see how buying from Toronto printers accomplished the same result. They could not see that they were cutting their own throat by putting local tradesmen out of employment. The Toronto printer who did their work would never buy anything from them. The Pictou printer who might have done their work was bound to have bought from them.

MR. KIDDER TALKS

Wife—"Does she dress well?" He—"I dunno, I never watched her."



SCREENS, awnings, storm doors and windows are in themselves a costly item these days. If you have bought them for your home, you know what they're worth.

Suppose they should burn tonight?

This agency of the Hartford Fire Insurance Co. will insure your household goods and personal belongings.

H. P. DAVIDSON INSURANCE WOLFFVILLE, N. S.



PRINCESS MARY AND HER SON

The first picture to reach Canada of Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, with her son, who was christened on Palm Sunday at St. Mary's chapel, Goldsborough. He received the names of George Henry Hubert.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOOZE JOINTS UNDER FIRE

(From our special correspondent) Press Gallery, House of Assembly, Halifax, April 4th, 1923.—Another startling revelation concerning the business methods of the Provincial Government was brought to the attention of the House of Assembly on the evening of March 3rd, when Mr. Corning, of Yarmouth, spoke to his motion regarding the operation of the Vendors' Commission.

It transpires that absolutely no information is available to the members of the House of Assembly, or the people of this province, concerning the character and volume of business being conducted by the various government vendors' officers throughout the province. No one outside of the charmed circle of the vendors' Commission, and they won't tell, has any knowledge of the gross amount of cash taken over the counters of the various offices in the province and the gross volume of business transacted, the cost of carrying on the business in Salaries, Wages, etc., also the capital absorbed in the business. Mr. Corning pointed all this out very forcibly and emphasized the evils of carrying on such a large volume of public and more or less irregular business in secret. The temptations

were too great and too much foundation was afforded for suspicion and the many ugly rumors. This whole system of secrecy in the transaction of public business was wrong and unsound from every point of view.

Mr. McKenzie seconded Mr. Corning's motion and further deprecated the course pursued by the government in the conduct of booze business.

The only definite information available was that the Commission handed to the Provincial Treasurer the sum of \$279,966.12 as a profit on last year's business.

What volume of business this represents no one knows. But it gives a basis for some speculation. For the sake of getting some approximate idea of volume let it be assumed that a clear profit of say 12% was made over and above cost of goods, salaries and all other expenses. This would mean a gross cash business of \$2,333,301. Just think of it, over two and a quarter million dollar booze business being carried on in the name of the people of Nova Scotia under the direction of Premier Armstrong, Past Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance, without any official accounting to parliament and the people.

Envelopes, from 20 cents a hundred up, at THE ACADIAN store.

"My Boy was Starving to Death"

"As He Was Getting No Nourishment He Was Gradually Wasting Away."

"Here's a story which will interest every mother. Before my boy was born, I was in such delicate health that the doctor didn't think I would survive the ordeal. For weeks after, so I couldn't feed him and the poor little fellow was left to the care of friends. He wasn't naturally strong. No care was taken in choosing his food and his poor little stomach became so weakened that he couldn't keep anything on it. As he was getting no nourishment from his food, he was gradually wasting away. Finally, in desperation, we sent for a child specialist and he said that my boy was starving to death. He gave him some medicine and advised a certain diet. The child did improve but somehow couldn't seem to get strong. This went on for four or five years and the boy still continued weak and puny looking. He could not play like other children without having to lie down and rest. My sister who lives on a farm near the sea, said that she could fix him up if I would send him to her. While I hated being separated from him, I was ready to make any sacrifice to get him strong. He was away from me for three months and it was with feelings of great excitement that I

awaited his return as my sister had written me that I would be surprised when I saw my boy. When my sister got off the train, I could not believe that it was my own boy that she was leading by the hand. I never saw such a change in any child. He was fat and rosy and full of life with a happy smile! What on earth had you done to him, I said? Why, she replied, I simply made him live out here's the real secret, I gave him three bottles of Carnol. Before he had taken half a bottle his whole appearance had changed. He got heavier, his face took on a colour and he would run round for hours at a time. The change in my boy is the most wonderful event in my life. I am a regular fan for Carnol and never lose a chance to boost it. As I write I am looking out of the window and when I see that rosy, active, healthy child running round, I cannot believe that he was once a puny, delicate boy."

Carnol is sold by your druggist, and if you can conscientiously say, after you have tried it, that it hasn't done you any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund your money.

Sold in Wolfville by H. E. CALKIN

Office Supplies

- Typewriter Paper, good quality bond, \$1.45 per ream. Better quality bond, \$2.35 per ream. Copy Paper, manilla, \$1.00 per 1000 sheets. Business Envelopes, \$1.00 to \$2.50 per box of 500. Carbon Paper, black or purple, 5 cents per sheet. Onion Skin Paper, cut to size required. Stenographer's Note Books, 15 cents each. Adding Machine Rolls, 25 cents. Orders taken for Typewriter Ribbons, any make. Orders also taken for Loose Leaf Binders and sheets for same, any size or style of ruling.

The Acadian Store



REGAL FLOUR

The woman who is not satisfied with her bread making should try a baking with Regal Flour, the best flour for bread making sold in any market.

Bad Roads Don't Hamper The Long Distance Telephone

The country roads are in bad shape everywhere; in some places they're impassable.

Teams can't run on them; and motor cars aren't. And all the time the country merchant's stock of supplies is getting lower and lower.

In other days the wholesaler would just have lain back until road conditions allowed him to interview his customer in person and then filled his order in a more or less leisurely way.

But the Long Distance Telephone has changed all that and has speeded things up.

Now the wide awake wholesaler calls up his country customer over the Long Distance Telephone lines; ascertains his wants; makes all arrangements and, the moment road conditions permit, is ready to send the goods on.

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Boston and Yarmouth Steamship Co., Limited

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Steamship "Prince George"

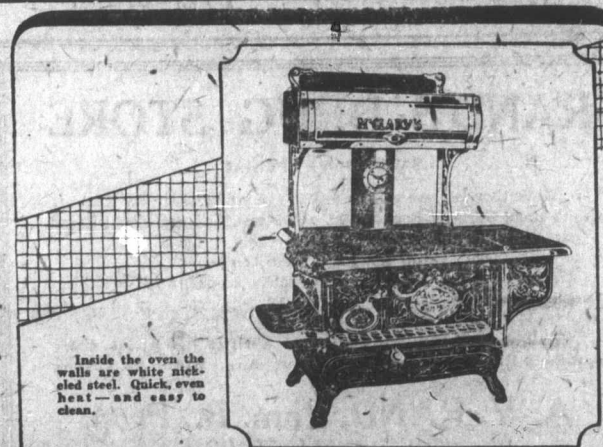
TWO TRIPS WEEKLY FARE \$9.00

Leave Yarmouth Tuesdays and Fridays at 6.30 P. M.

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Minard's Liniment is the old reliable relief for Rheumatism. Rub it in to the aching 'a' and you'll see why two generations have crowned it King of Pain.

