

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

The Acadian

No better advertising medium in
the Valley than
THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXIII.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1904.

NO. 47.

THE ACADIAN.

Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors,
DAVISON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in advance.

News communications from all parts of the Acadian, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES
\$1.00 per square (2 inches) for first insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application.

Reading notices ten cents per line first insertion, five and a half cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Prices.

Copies 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.

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 6.30 a. m.
Express west close at 9.45 a. m.
Express east close at 4.30 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.10 p. m.
Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. L. D. Morse, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.40 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.; B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.45, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Openers at the door to welcome strangers.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. E. M. Dill, B. D., 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, Lunenburg: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Geo. F. Johnson, 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 seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenish, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Wednesday.

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 7.10 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 warmly welcome.

Rev. R. F. Dixon, Rector.
Robert W. Stearns, Warden.
Frank A. Dixon, Jr.

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

THE TABERNACLE.—Mr. N. Crandall, Superintendent. Services: Sunday, Sunday School at 9.30 p. m. Gospel service at 7.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

MASONIC.
St. George's Lodge, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.
I. B. Oakes, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.
ORPHEUS LODGE, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Herby Block. Visiting brethren always welcome.
C. H. Borden, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

GENERAL BAND OF HOPE meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.
Court Hamilton, L. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m.

REPAIRING STATION.
Bicycles repaired and cleaned. Lawn Mowers put in order. Locks repaired and keys fitted.

Bicycle Findings.
Alfred Suttie.

Dr. H. Lawrence,
DENTIST,
Wolfville, N. S.
Office in Herby Block,
Telephone No. 25.

Potted Plants AND Cut Flowers

OF ALL
Description
AT
FREEMAN'S NURSERY

Wedding Bouquets and Funeral designs made up at short notice.

W. A. Freeman,
WOLFVILLE.
Telephone 32.

\$10 REWARD!

As we are under considerable expense in repairing street lights that are maliciously broken, we offer the above reward for information that will lead to the conviction of the guilty parties.

Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

ACADIA ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT,
Present P. O. address
AYLESFORD, N. S.

Edwin E. Dickey, M. D.,
Wolfville, N. S.

Office: Two doors east of Manual Training Hall. Telephone No. 5.

H. V. HARRIS,
General Manager.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

This falling of your hair! Stop it, or you will soon be bald. Give your hair some Ayer's Hair Vigor. The falling will stop, the hair will grow, and the scalp will be clean and healthy. Why be satisfied with poor hair when you can make it rich?

It is for sale by all druggists and is sold by the proprietor, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY CO.

ON AND AFTER JUNE 13th, 1904, Trains will run as follows, connecting at Lunenburg with the N. S. R. R.

Leaves Truro at 7.00 a. m. arrive in Windsor 9.05 a. m.
Leaves Windsor at 7.45 p. m. arrive in Truro 9.55 p. m.
Leaves Windsor at 5.00 a. m. arrive in Windsor 5.50 a. m.
Leaves Windsor at 7.40 p. m. arrive in Truro 9.55 p. m.
Leaves Windsor at 5.40 p. m. arrive in Truro 7.55 p. m.

H. V. HARRIS,
General Manager.

THE GRIP OF THE MACHINE.

BY CLINTON DANFORTH.

He finished his last mouthful with a regretful smack, undisturbed by the gaunt-faced woman who sat staring at him. Then he leaned back and wiped his mouth with a hairy fist.

"That was a good spread," he said solemnly. "Folks generally give me a hand-out, but this was a spread."

"I fed you here in the kitchen," returned Luella, "because I want you to talk."

"Talk! The hobo hit his chair a little farther. 'You are a queer one. What do you want to talk about?'"

"Tell me how it feels to be free."

"It feels mighty fine—if you ain't starvin' or freezein'."

She propped her chin on her hand, leaning towards him.

"How'd you come to take to the road?"

A scowl settled on the tramp's brow, as though at some hateful recollection. "You want my spuel, do you? Well, I was a factory hand, I tended on a machine—feedin' it, feedin' it, feedin' it the whole day long, and part of the night. When I got to bed I dreamed on the cussed thing. Why did I dream about it, cause it seemed to be reaching out, tryin' to grab the whole of me, or chee off the whole of my fingers just as it did in the day. At last there comes a time when I says to myself, 'There's such a thing as the earth, what do you know of it? You're just a part of this here machine. Yet there actually is such things as roads leading to new places, country roads with sunshine and grass, and time to think an' find out who you are—time to talk with your fancies, and to get away from them you don't."

"Yes, yes, I know," she said, breathlessly. "The world was calling you—calling you, you couldn't help but go."

He stared at her as he rose.

"I don't know how in Moses you know anything about it. You don't have no machine to feed. Your husband's the richest farmer in the country they say."

She rose in her turn and caught his ragged sleeve, pushing him around until he faced the polished kitchen range.

"See that stove?" she cried, harshly. "It's got arms like your machine. And them arms, all my life, has reached out and grabbed hold of me and wrenched me away from my home."

"You got an easy job," he said contemptuously.

He walked off, rolling placidly down the front path.

Luella never looked after him. She leaned against the door post and stared far off into the western life, now coloring with tints of approaching sunset.

The reek of the kitchen clung to her gown and enfolded her in its atmosphere. Once she shook her skirt impatiently, but the odor was still there.

An hour later she sat down to supper with her husband, Stephen Westly.

"He stretched out her feet luxuriantly on the rich pine needle cushions."

"'Tis good to be alone. Folks might say I was alone myself to home a heap—but I never was. There was somethin' standin' in my elbow the 'arnal time sayin', 'Do this—do that.'"

"She threw a handful of pine-needles into the stream beside her, and checked to see them float away."

"What if Stephen could see me now—him that alters has been so careful to keep me up to the mark! I guess the two of us has lost nary one hour sense our weddin'-tower. Huh! I she sniffed, disdainfully, 'this beats a lower all hollow.'"

A wood-pecker, in the tree above, loosed a bit of bark. It fell on her lap. She threw it back at him with the eager amusement of a child.

"You old scamp, you done it a purpose."

The wood-pecker, wisely unafraid of the sim-feekie, merely went on tapping. The woman arose and, after a guilty glance around, hid her best!

supper in which there was none to share but themselves.

It was eaten in business-like silence. As soon as he had finished Stephen began to mend some harness, while his wife hurried the dishes to the sink.

The table cleared, she came back to her husband and stood nervously rubbing the back of a chair with the knobby, toil-worn fingers.

"Stepha,"

"What is it, Luella? Hand me them brads off the shelf will you."

She complied, and then plunged separately into her subject.

"Stepha, I got a tooth that needs screwin'. I don't believe our tooth-drawer in the village understands it. I want to have it fixed right. I want to go to Canfield. I shall be gone a week."

Astonished, he dropped the harness.

"You want to be gone a week?"

"I know it sounds dreadful. I know I ain't never away more'n half a day since we married ten years ago. But there seems like there was a slack now."

"There ain't no such thing as a slack in work here," retorted the husband.

"I don't care. I am suffering with that tooth. I have got to go."

He rose abruptly and crossed to the window, where he stood gazing into the dusk. A peculiar expression had stolen into his eyes, but Luella could not see it.

"You alters been so mannerly, Luella, you alters drove your shoes over work so hard, I didn't suppose you'd want to git a whole week behind."

"I got to go," she repeated stubbornly.

"A week," he repeated rubbing his hands slowly together—hands which trembled perceptibly with some strong inward excitement. "Well, it you must it ain't like if we was foolin' enough to be talking about holidays. You and me certainly has kept each other up to the mark—ain't we Luella. No better managers than us two anywhere. But since you got to go—"

When the morning train halted at the village it received a solitary passenger, who sank gaspingly on a red plush seat, grasping a ticket to Canfield.

"But as she sat there, looking breathlessly from the window, something in the whirling motion restored her calmness. She almost stretched out her worn hands to the trees and blades that seemed trying to rush up to her."

"Don't hurry," she whispered; "I'm coming."

"Ten minutes later, the train halted restlessly at a little way-station. The conductor impatiently checked her as she made for the door."

"Go back," he said briskly. "Your ticket calls for Canfield."

"Yes, I know," she interrupted "but I'm going to get off here instead."

The conductor stared after her.

"The deuce!" he muttered.

But the woman with one disdainful glance at the flying train and the fly-train station left behind it, turned swiftly down a side path and plunged into the forest ways that opened mysterious tracks to receive her.

On and on she went. When the quietude of the woods was broken only by chipmunks flitting here and there, or twigs snapping under her feet, she halted, sat down under a great pine and laughed.

"They thought I was going to stay in that monkey car. Lord I've smelt smoke enough in my time. They calculated I was going to spend a week in town—me that despises the idea of it. Town indeed! That means folk starin' at you hat and wud'rin why your sleeves ain't cut better. You know what I'm lookin' for," she added with quizzical confidence, to the nearest chipmunk. "It's freedom—freedom from every tie."

"She stretched out her feet luxuriantly on the rich pine needle cushions."

"'Tis good to be alone. Folks might say I was alone myself to home a heap—but I never was. There was somethin' standin' in my elbow the 'arnal time sayin', 'Do this—do that.'"

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hat in a hollow stump. Then, out of her satchel, she drew a ragged sun-bonnet and a red handkerchief. The handkerchief she knotted around her neck gipsy fashion. The sun-bonnet she pulled over her eyes. This completed her idea of disguise. She broke a young sorrow, straight limbed and smoothly red, for a staff, and resumed her journey, leaving the bag concealed in the stump. Sunset found her far from the stream and pine tree, and found her still weary and joyful.

She stood on a high hill watching the glories in the west. Presently the wonder of the red light died. Drinking the fragrant dust, she hurried down the slope toward a distant farm. The day's duties were over when she reached the farmhouse door—she took care of that.

The housewife eyed her doubtfully. Yes, she supposed she would give her a bite of supper, and yes, she might sleep in the barn.

The new made tramp at her cold supper as she lay on the soft hay. How delicious each morsel was. It was years since she had eaten with any pleasure, though for conscience' sake she had always swallowed something at the bountiful home table. But this—this was feasting. The sauce of keen hunger made the pitiful meal food for a god.

Supper over, she then lay there soothed and companioned by dumb beasts in the stalls below her. The occasional restless stamping of hooves never disturbed her. Only once in the night she awoke. That was when a tiny thrush sleeping under the eaves, sent forth a sleepy exquisite song.

She felt the first arrows of dawn pierce the darkness and sat up, confusedly—then joyfully, as she remembered that the whole day was hers. The cattle stirred sympathetically. Sounds of bustle came from the farmhouse.

At last she saw a boy and girl, just in their teens, come down the path together the girl with a pail in her hand. Luella rolled out of sight in hay and overheard an anxious dialogue.

"Don't go in the loft," urged the girl, timidly. "There's a gypsy asleep there, she might hurt you!"

"How's asked brave thirteen skettically. 'I guess I ain't afraid of a gypsy woman,'" she walked boldly into the barn, the girl following. Yet he did not go into the loft.

When she finished milking, she found the supposed gypsy beside her.

"Dearie" said the old woman coaxingly, "give me a drink!"

The girl turned her blue eyes irresolutely on the stranger. Her smooth, young cheek flushed. Then she lifted the pail of rich foamy milk and Luella drank her fill from the edge. When she had satisfied her thirst, the girl said to her, timidly:

"You can have a biscuit. Shall I bring you one."

The boy stood watching her in his sister's absence, his hands in his pockets, his sturdy legs wide apart.

"You ought to try and get some work to do," he said reprovingly, quoting his elders.

"Do you think," said Luella, with frank camaraderie, "that because I am old I can't enjoy a bit playtime now and then?" The boy frowned puzzled.

"Play!" he repeated. "And you wrinkled like that!" Then he added decidedly, "Her people are grown, they must always work."

It was the creed of his fathers. Biscuit in hand, Luella wandered down the wide lane. The dew still glistened on the grasses and vines. It transformed a spider's web in a fence corner to a wonderful filmy square of lace, worthy Tenter's wear. Luella lingered to admire it. She sighed in enjoyment too deep for words.

"What's become of all the burry?" she wondered. The rush and bustle of her daily life seemed to lie years behind. Nor did knowledge that she must soon return to it trouble her. With her freedom had come the ability to put aside thoughts of the end.

That afternoon, an old man gave her a ride in his market-wagon.

"Where do ye hail from?" he asked, curiously. Luella answered simply: "I'm just a tramp."

"Thee so?" said the old fellow, regretfully. "I wudron if I couldn't hire ye to wash dishes a spell. My da'ters wantin' help."

"I don't have to do any work," said Luella proudly. "I belong to the road."

"I guess ye're headin' for tow-long of the Fo'th," he suggested.

"Fourth of what?"

"Of July," said the old man irritably. "I thought even a—a tramp would know when the Foth of July come. I allers keep it," he added proudly.

"Fourth of July?" she repeated. "Oh, yes! Only we—that is—"

"That is you don't keep it?"

"I shall observe it this time," said Luella solemnly.

She was near the town when the Fourth opened with much tooting and cannonading. She was afield, following a flock of vagrant sheep. It pleased her whim to let them lead. At noon she curled up under a haystack, with the old suppleness of youth, and slept while the sheep, just outside the fence sought the shade of the trees and chewed reflectively.

Luella's nap was short. A man's voice waked her. Some one was conversing on the other side of the haystack. When she comprehended that that some one was, she turned cold with horror.

For it was the gruff monotone of Stephen, who must have tracked her! No disguising bonnet would avail her now!

All the enormity of her crime flashed on her. Not only a tramp, but a tramp under false pretences! She shivered and listened abjectly.

"You see," went on the gruff voice, with a curiously new note in it, "Luella and me come of notable stock, on both sides. Never was any slackness 'bout her folks or mine."

"An' so," chuckled another voice that seemed oddly familiar, "you worked yourself to death to keep a repitashun. What's a repitashun? I heard a feller on the stage call it a bubble. Guess he was correct."

"Jest so," returned Stephen thoughtfully. "I'll admit it's diffrent from character. But anyway, Luella and me's been knowin' the best managers in the hull neighborhood for ten years."

"Managers of your farm," retorted the other, but what kind of managers of yourselves? Been in the slave trivin' business 'gainst each other, I take it."

To Luella's amazement, her husband laughed outright.

"That's jest what we been—holdin' the whip over each other. Many a time I wanted to drop everything—to take a little playtime—but I was feared of what Luella'd think."

"Oh," gasped the wife to herself, "that was just the way I felt about you!"

"An' so," pursued Stephen, "when Luella went to town, count of that tooth, I says to myself, 'here's your chance! Here's a whole week to be free in! It seemed extry pleasant to have it in Fo'th of July time.' His voice shook a little. "I don't know myself, somehow."

"You'll not keep it up," said the answering voice gloomily. It flashed on Luella, that this was her talkative tramp.

"Don't expect to," said Stephen comfortably. "When the week's out I'll be all the better. She'll never know."

"The road hunger'll bite ye again," prophesied the tramp, still more gloomily. "Then what'll you do? Your wife won't understand."

"Oh yes she will, Stephen," sobbed Luella, breaking from cover and rushing around the hay-stack.

Both men jumped up as though electrified.

"Wot u' 'll' ejaculated the tramp. "Same old sufferin' Mos'es—this is rich!"

"Luella!" cried Stephen.

She threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Stephen, I'm a miserable, deceitful woman! I ran away and played tramp myself, because—because I thought you couldn't understand how I felt."

A new light radiated from their worn faces as they clung to each other unmindful of the stranger. The ice of their souls had been broken forever. The warm, sweet currents of human emotion almost restored their lost youth.

Some part of this even the tramp comprehended. He turned his back on them and blew his nose loudly and tried to count the sheep. Presently he gave it up. "I guess this old hay-stack has seen one case of machine rule busted," he said cheerfully. "Cosmopolitan Magazine."

Sir William Van Horne says that Winnipeg will in time be the largest city in Canada.

We like best to call SCOTT'S EMULSION

a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.

Read for free sample,
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto and N. Y. City.
Solely for sale, all druggists.

They Were Quits.

"Because I am a railroad man," said George Gould, "railroad happenings and accidents interest me. My friends, however, of this kind, are what-aver odd railway news they come across. Thus I heard the other day of a good revenge."

It seems that, at a suburban station, a train was starting off one morning when an elderly man rushed across the platform and jumped on one of the slowly moving cars.

The rear end brakeman, who was standing by, reached up, grabbed the old man's coat tails and pulled him off the train.

"There," he said sternly, "I have saved your life. Don't ever try to jump on like that again."

"Thank you," said the old man, calmly, "thank you for your thoughtful kindness. It is three hours till the next train, isn't it?"

"Three and a quarter," said the brakeman.

The long train, meanwhile, had been slowly gliding by, slowly gathering speed. Finally the last car appeared. This was the brakeman's car, the one for which he had been waiting, and, with the easy grace that is born of long practice, he sailed majestically onto it.

But the old gentleman seized him by the coat and with a strong jerk pulled him off, at the same time yanking grimly:

"One good turn deserves another. You saved my life; I have saved yours. Now we are quits."

Anemia—Poor Blood.

HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, HEART PALPITATION AND CONSTIPATION FOLLOW.
Anemia—watery blood—is treacherous. It steals insidiously from slight symptoms to dangerous disease. The thin, watery blood shows itself at first in pale lips, weak face, breathlessness, heart palpitation and lost appetite. If the trouble is not checked and cured consumption follows; coughing, spitting, clammy night sweats, a total breakdown and death. What the anemic sufferer needs is more blood—more strength. And there is nothing in the whole wide world will give new blood and new strength so surely and so speedily as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to send new, rich, red blood coursing through the system; bringing strength to weak lungs; and all parts of the body. Thousands testify to the truth of these statements, among them Miss Eugenie Viandre, St. Germain, Que., who says:—While attending school my health began to give way. The trouble came on gradually and the doctor who attended me said it was due to overstudy and that a rest would put me right. But instead of getting better I grew weaker. I suffered from headaches and dizziness and at night I did not sleep well. I was troubled with pains in the back, my appetite left me and I grew pale as a corpse. Finally I became so weak I was forced to remain in bed. As the doctor did not help me any, I asked my father to get me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had used two boxes I was again in perfect health. I believe all weak girls will find new health if they will take the pills.

Anemia, indigestion, heart trouble, rheumatism, kidney trouble and the special ailments of women are all due to poor blood, and are all cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"And is the air healthy here?" asked a visitor at a mountain resort.

"Excellent, sir, excellent. One can become a centensian here in a little while."

A Well Known Albany Man

Recommends Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

About eighteen months ago Mr. W. S. Mapping, of Albany, N. Y., widely known in trade circles as the representative of the Albany Chemical Co., was suffering from a protracted attack of diarrhoea. "I tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," he says, "and obtained immediate relief. I cheerfully recommend this medicine to those similarly afflicted." Sold by G. V. Rand.

20 YEARS

In the business of
SELLING and REPAIRING OF WATCHES.

WATCHES GOLD, SILVER & NICKEL

From \$1.25 upward.

J. F. HERBIN,

Optician and Jeweller.

what of the future?

Do you want to be better off than you are now?
In your old age do you wish to live in ease and comfort?
In the event of your death do you wish your family to enjoy in some degree the comforts you can now provide for them?

IF SO Apply at once for a policy with
THE ROYAL VICTORIA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

TO-DAY you are in good health:— BUT

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

JOHN T. PURDON,
General Agent,
Wolfville, N. S.

C. M. VAUGHAN, F. W. WOODMAN.

Wolfville Coal & Lumber Co.,

GENERAL DEALERS IN

Hard and Soft Coals, Kindling-Wood, Etc.

Also Brick, Claypots, Shingles, Sheathing, Hard and Soft Wood Flooring and Rough and Finished Lumber of all kinds.

AGENTS FOR
The BOWKER FERTILIZER CO.,
BOSTON.

And Haley Bros., St. John.

A. W. Allen & Son,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sashes, Doors, Mouldings.

ALL KINDS OF
BUILDERS' FINISH AND MATERIAL
In Native and Foreign Woods.
BOXES, STAVES, HEADING!
Catalogue and Prices on Application.

MIDDLETON, N. S.

Fred H. Christie

PAINTER
PAPER HANGER.

Best Attention Given to Work
Entrusted to Us.
Orders left at the shop of L. W. Sleep will be promptly attended to.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Wm. Regan,
HARNESS MAKER,
HOUSE TO LET.

Central Avenue, six years, considerably fitted up with all the modern improvements.
Apply to C. S. STEWART.

Baby Had Eczema

And suffered what no Pen Can Ever Describe—
Three Doctors Baffled.

Mrs. Wm. MILLER, St. Catharines, Ont., writes:—"My daughter Mary, when six months old, contracted eczema and for three years the disease baffled all treatment. Her case was one of the worst that had ever come under my notice, and she apparently suffered what no pen could ever describe. I had three different doctors attend to her but in no case was there any relief whatever. Finally I decided to try Dr. Chamberlain's Eczema Remedy and to my surprise she immediately began to improve and was completely cured of that long standing disease. That was four years ago when we lived near Cornwall, Ont., and she had a specimen hat shown half star, the case must be permanent. Mr. Richardson, Public School Teacher and Sunday School Superintendent, writes:—"I am acquainted with Mrs. Wm. Miller and believe that they would not make a statement believing it to be in any way misleading or untrue."

Dr. Chamberlain's Ointment cures Eczema, Psoriasis and all kinds of skin diseases. Put up in 6c and 25c boxes.

IF YOU WANT A SUIT OF CLOTHES THE CRUZER HE WILL NOT SEND YOU AWAY DISSATISFIED