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. XXVII. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1907. NO. 2.

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 sent to subscribers 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 6.35 a. m.
Express west close at 9.08 a. m
Express east close at 4.03 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.52 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 o 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.

A. J. MCKENNA, 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 8.00 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

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

F. W. WOODMAN,
(Successor to Wolfville Coal & Lumber Co.)
DEALER IN
Hard and Soft Coals
of all kinds.
HARD & SOFT WOOD, KINDLINGS, &c
Building Material of Every Description.
AGENT FOR:
Haley Bros., St. John, N. B.
Bowker Fertilizer Co. Boston
WOLFVILLE.

A NEW SUIT
will give you much pleasure if it is correct in style, fit and finish.
THE SUITS WE MAKE
are the acme of perfection in Tailoring. Our stock of new Spring and Summer Suitings surely contains something that will please you. Come in and look over the fabrics.
I. S. BOATES & CO.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.
Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.
GAS ADMINISTERED.

Dr. H. Lawrence,
DENTIST.
Wolfville, - - N. S.
Office in Herbin Block.
Telephone No. 45

Law Office of
SHAFFNER & PINEO,
Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries Public.
Open Every Wednesday.
(Over store of R. K. Harris & Son.)
Mr Pineo of the above firm will be at their Wolfville office on Wednesday of each week. Personal attention given to Probate business and Collections as well as to all matters of general law practice.

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT,
AYLESFORD, N. S.

D. B. SHAW,
Buyer of
Hides, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Tallow and Wool.
I pay CASH. Bring your stock to me. Plastering hair always on hand.
Willow Vale Tannery.
Sept. 10, '06.

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

Wolfville Real Estate Agency.
Persons wishing to buy or sell apply to
J. W. SELFRIDGE,
Manager.
Wolfville, April 27.

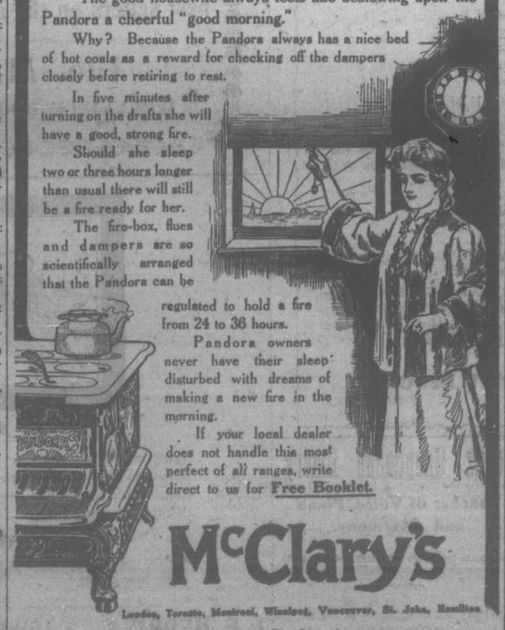
Fred H. Christie
PAINTER
AND
PAPER HANGER.
Best Attention Given to Work Entrusted to Us.
Orders left at the store of L. W. Sleep will be promptly attended to.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

HOME-MADE MEDICINE
Said to Relieve Kidney Trouble and Rheumatism
One ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion;
One ounce Compound Salatone;
Four ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla;
Mixed and taken in teaspoonful doses after meals and at bedtime, is stated by a prominent physician to give most excellent results in kidney or urinary afflictions, and also in rheumatism and sciatica. The mixture opens the clogged pores of the kidneys, thus assisting them in their work of filtering all waste and poisonous matter from the blood, and expels these in the urine. To allow this poisonous matter to remain means that it will settle in the muscular tissues or joints, and cause the untold misery known as rheumatism.
The mixture is composed of harmless vegetable ingredients which can be purchased at any good drug store, and mixed at home.
Anyone suffering from any of these afflictions will no doubt be pleased to learn of so simple and highly recommended remedy.

FOR SALE.
Three New Team Wagons
hand made, from Best Stock, with Thimble Screw Axles, 11 and 12 inches long.
One Piano Box Buggy,
A number of Wheelbarrows, at prices that cannot be beaten.
GEO. W. BAINES.
Gaspereau, May 15, 1907.—tf

T MORSE'S A
A Tea of Quality.

PANDORA RANGE
HOLDS FIRE ALL NIGHT
The good housewife always feels like bestowing upon the Pandora a cheerful "good morning."
Why? Because the Pandora always has a nice bed of hot coals as a reward for checking off the dampers closely before retiring to rest.
In five minutes after turning on the drafts she will have a good, strong fire.
Should she sleep two or three hours longer than usual there will still be a fire ready for her.
The fire-box, flues and dampers are so scientifically arranged that the Pandora can be regulated to hold a fire from 24 to 36 hours.
Pandora owners never have their sleep disturbed with dreams of making a new fire in the morning.
If your local dealer does not handle this most perfect of all ranges, write direct to us for Free Booklet.



McClary's
London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, Hamilton
L. W. Sleep, Sole Agent.

WANDERLIED.

Oh, when shall I come home again—
My darling tell me true?
To wander east, to wander west's a dreary thing to do!
See summer burn the changing leaves
Beneath the homeland sky;
White winter fold familiar eaves—
Oh, when shall I?

The rose shall tinge the coverts,
And the field-bird leave her nest,
And autumn gather golden grain against her glowing breast;
The Word shall find the snow-banned,
And the wanderer back shall fly,
And aliens seek their native land—
Oh, when shall I?

The axes strike the yielding pine,
The beams swing up of yew;
To build a house for love and rest's a happy thing to do!
A feathered pair have swung their nest
All secret, safe and high,
And everyone finds home and rest—
Oh, when shall I?

—Marie van Vorst, in Scribner's.

The Preacher's Grip.

BY W. H. WITHROW.

'Say, Phin, let's put up a joke on the preacher,' said Jim Larkins, a loutish fellow, to his ne'er-do-weel comrade in many a drinking bout at the village tavern.

'I'm in it, whatever it is,' replied Phin Crowle, with a vicious grin.

These worthies were notable sports and dog-fanciers, and each had his bulldog that could whip anything of its size and weight in the country. It was agreed, therefore, to bring their respective dogs to the evening preaching, to keep them asunder till the service was well under way, and then to incite them to a fight. A few well-directed digs with their heels excited the beasts to angry growls and snarls, to the great amusement of the village toughs and to the great alarm of the women and girls.

Lawrence Temple, a student from a neighboring college, had just been appointed a local preacher with a view to the ministry. He was sent to try his 'prentice hand on the natives of the Four Corners Schoolhouse, a neglected rural neighborhood near the college town. His first preaching experiences were likely to be, to put it mildly, not uninteresting.

His previous practice of athletics in felling trees in a lumber camp stood him in good stead. He did not easily get rattled nor lose his head. When the disturbance became too obvious, he requested the owners of the dogs to keep them quiet or to take them out. When the annoyance continued, he announced that the disturbing of a religious service was a violation of the law and must cease at once.

'Now's yer time, Phin,' said Larkins, in a loud aside, 'let her go,' and in a minute the exasperated dogs were rushing at each other's throats and causing a panic of terror among the women.

Quickly leaving the teacher's desk which served as a preaching stand, Lawrence walked down the central passage to where the dogs were snapping, snarling and rolling over each other on the floor.

'Take your dogs out,' he said with a very decided tone and gesture. Seeing that their owners took no notice, he added sternly: 'And do it at once.'

'Take 'em out yerself if yer wants to,' said Phin Crowle, 'but I warns yer it's at yer peril. If my Tige grips yer leg he'll never let go—not if yer cuts his head off.'

'Open the door, please,' said the young preacher, which was promptly done by a man sitting near it.

Lawrence had not practised football in vain. Before their loutish owners could interfere, he had planted a well directed and tremendous kick on the inter-ocked and astonished dogs that unlocked their jaws; followed by two others, that swept first one and then the other over the threshold and into the outer darkness before they knew where they were.

'Now follow your dogs!' he said grimly to the cowardly bullies—for your bully is always a coward.

'Supposin' we don't choose to!' drawled Larkins.

'I'll simply have to make you!' said Lawrence with blazing eyes, 'and tomorrow have you fined for disturbing public worship.'

'Let's go, Jim,' said Phin; 'he's got the drop on us this time.'

'We'll be even with yer yet, Mr. Preacher, and be blanked to yer,' growled the human brute, Larkins, more degraded than his dog, and went into the blackness of night making the air lurid with oaths and curses.

In a moment Lawrence was calm again, and with earnest pleading tones he read over the words in the Apocalypse concerning the finally impenitent: 'Without, in the blackness of darkness forever, are dogs, and sorcerers, and whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie,' and with tears in his voice he exhorted his hearers to heed the solemn warnings of God and to flee from His present and eternal wrath. His words came home with strange power and not a few of the ruffians' companions who had come to scoff remained to pray.'

An hour later Lawrence was making his way home from his first service at the Four Corners Schoolhouse. A sweet gladness filled his soul and he heeded not the wild and wintry winds nor the drifting clouds that were scudding rapidly across the sky. Through their rifts the moon shone brightly. Just as he reached a bridge across a ravine two figures glided out of the shadows of the trees, accompanied by two dogs. Lawrence at once recognized them as Jim Larkins and Phin Crowle and their invariable companions—we might almost say comrades—Bull and Tige.

'Now, Mr. Preacher,' growled Larkins, 'I said I'd be even with yer yet, and blest if it isn't goin' to be tonight.' Only 'blest' was not exactly the word he used, but one of opposite meaning.

'I have no cause of quarrel with you,' said Lawrence. 'I forgive you all about that little incident at the schoolhouse.'

'But I ain't forguv yer, nor Bull neither, and we've got yer where we want yer. Sic'm, Bull! Sic'm Tige!'

Ominous growlings and snarlings followed, but just then a rift in the cloud emitted a bright gleam of moonlight which, reflected by the snow, revealed the group with almost the light of day. Both dogs seemed to recognize the man with the emphatic boots with which they had so recently made unpleasant acquaintance, and slunk behind their respective owners.

'Curse 'em! I never knowed 'em to do like that afore. Ye're not afraid, be yer? 'Ere Bull, sic'm, Tige, seize holt.'

'We'll have to wade in, Phin.'

'I have no quarrel with either of you, and don't want to have,' said Lawrence.

'Oh, ye're a coward, be yer? On yer own ground in the schoolhouse yer wuz bold enough, but here yer sings another tune. Ye've got ter fight and one or other of us goes over that bridge,' and he pointed to the deep shadows in the ravine.

'Not I, if I can help it, nor you either, so far as I am concerned,' replied Lawrence, calmly.

'Take that, will yer,' said Larkins, and he hit him a buffet on the cheek.

'I never struck a man yet,' said Lawrence, 'and I don't intend to; but I don't object to a passive resistance,' and he skilfully warded off blow after blow of Larkins' furious onset.

'Why don't ye pitch in, Phin? Give it him heavy.'

'Not I,' said Phin. 'It's no fun hittin' a man that won't hit back I'll stand by and see fair play.'

'Curse him and yer too. It's not fair play I want, but his blood, and I'll have it, fair play or foul,' and he made a mad rush at Lawrence which would have swept him over the undefended edge of the bridge, had he not been quick as a weasel.

Larkins, with another rush, got inside Lawrence's guard and flung his long arms around the slim student preacher with a grasp like a boa-constrictor's. The ground was icy. Lawrence was in real peril of being hurled over the bridge side into the ravine whose bottom was studded with stumps and wood-cutters' debris. Put to his mettle he got a wrestling grip on Larkins, and they swayed and struggled on the narrow bridge, the one trying to get near the edge, the other to keep in the centre.

It was not for nothing that Lawrence had developed his thews and sinews loading saw-logs in the lumber-camp. With a almighty effort he lifted his antagonist from the ground and could easily have flung him over the bridge into the ravine, but he merely threw him into the snow-drift by the roadside, and was in turn dragged down.

'Here, Bull, here, Tige, sic'm him! Seize him! Tear him!' roared Larkins with lip-blistering oaths.

'No, yer don't, Tige,' said Phin; 'two to one is agin the rules of the game.'

Bull snarled and snapped, but the clouds again drifted across the moon and in the shadow it was impossible to distinguish which was Lawrence.

'Curse him! He's bruk my wrist. The game's up for this time.'

'Sorry I hurt you,' said Lawrence. 'I didn't want to. Let me see it it is badly injured.'

'Pains like thunder,' said Larkins, holding up a dangling wrist. 'Here, Phin, you take holt.'

'Let the preacher try,' said Phin, as Larkins howled with pain. 'He knows more about these things nor I do.'

Lawrence, who had often bound up sprains and bruises in the lumber camp, took hold of the injured wrist, despite Larkins' reluctance, and tenderly examined it, though Larkins winced at the touch.

'No bones broken, my good fellow,' said Lawrence, 'only a bad sprain. Let me make a splint,' and he rapidly shaped two flat pieces of wood, and saying, 'See, Phin, how it is done,' carefully bound them with his own handkerchief on the sprained wrist. 'Isn't that better?' he asked.

'Ain't so all-fired painful as 'twuz,' admitted Larkins.

'Now let me make you a sling. Got another handkerchief, boys?' But neither of them possessed such an article; so Phin took off his braces—'galluses,' he called them—and 'took up the slack of his trousers,' as he termed it, with a nail, while Lawrence made a sling to support the injured wrist.

'I am very, very sorry,' he said; 'I didn't want to hurt you, believe me.'

'Oh, hang it all,' said Larkins, 'served me right, I guess—ye're not such a bad lot arter all. Will yer shake hands and call it quits?' and he held out his uninjured hand. 'I meant murder, though, blest if I didn't!'—and this time the word was not a curse. 'I couldn't have done like yer did arter the ways I treated yer, not by a jugful. Will yer forgive me?'

'With all my heart,' said Lawrence; and as he shook hands with both the cronies, he added, 'I bear you no malice at all. God bless you both.'

'Here, Bull, here, Tige,' said the discomfited comrades as they lurched along to the Four Corners, and Lawrence went light-hearted on his way to town. He had both killed an enemy and made a friend, adopting the Master's own method, the true psychology of overcoming evil with good. Henceforth Larkins and Crowle were the preacher's champions at the Four Corners.

'I ain't no slouch at a wrastle nuther,' Larkins admitted to Phin; 'that underholt uv his is a corker.'—From The Christian Herald.

For Coughs and Colds
There is a remedy over sixty years old—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Of course you have heard of it, probably have used it. Once in the family, it stays; the one household remedy for coughs and hard colds on the chest. 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 SARSAPARILLA, PILLS, HAIR VIGOR.
Ayer's
We believe so, too. We publish the formulas of all our medicines.
Ayer's Pills increase the activity of the liver, and thus aid recovery.

Minard's Liniment used by physicians

THE TASTE TELLS.
Bower & Bartlett's
RED SHIELD COFFEE
IS HONEST COFFEE.
Sold in Yellow Bags.
Sole agent in Wolfville
J. Howard Barss, Main St.
BOWER & BARTLETT,
Importers & Roasters,
Boston, Mass.

Weak, Sickly People

WILL FIND NEW STRENGTH THROUGH THE USE OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

A great many young men and women are suddenly seized with weakness. Their appetite fails them; they tire on the least exertion, and become pale and thin. They do not feel any specific pain—just weakness. But that weakness is dangerous. It is a sign that the blood is thin and watery; that it needs building up. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will restore lost strength because they actually make new, rich blood—they will help you. Concerning them Mr. Alfred Lepage, of St Jerome, Que., says: 'For several years I have been employed in a grocery and up to the age of seventeen I had always enjoyed the best of health. But suddenly my strength began to leave me; I grew pale, thin and extremely weak. Our family doctor ordered a complete rest and advised me to remain out of doors as much as possible, so I went to spend several weeks with an uncle who lived in the Laurentines. I was in the hope that the bracing mountain air would help me, but it didn't, and I returned home in a deplorable state. I was subject to dizziness, indigestion and general weakness. One day I read of a case very similar to my own cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to give them a trial. After taking four boxes of the pills I felt greatly improved, so continued their use for some time longer and they fully cured me. I am now able to go about my work as well as ever I did and have nothing but the greatest praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.'

The blood—good blood—is the source from which all the other tissues of the body get their nourishment. When the blood becomes impure the body becomes diseased or the nerves shattered. Keep the blood pure and disease cannot exist. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood—that is why they cure anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, headache, backache, kidney trouble and the secret ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Sold at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by all medicine dealers or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Look After the Aged.

Deal gently with the aged that are still among you. The time will come when you will wish you had given a few moments to brighten the declining years of father or mother. It is so easy to become engrossed in the things that belong to your own life and to seek refuge behind the claim that you are too busy. We forget how much little tokens of interest are treasured by those who themselves are not any longer able to do anything for us. The time will come for all of us to go back and sit down, and ours will be the pain of seeing other strong hands do what was once our joy to undertake. May ours not be the greater pain of seeing those we once nurtured and cared for as our own life, become cold or indifferent to our happiness, or, worse still, impatient with our weakness or childishness. One of the sweetest things we have seen in many a day was a young woman on a railroad train endeavoring to make her aged mother comfortable and nestling her gray, furrowed head on her bosom. One of the commandments that needs sounding in the ears of the more mature as well as the young, is, Honor thy father and thy mother.—Home Journal.

Danger in Corn Salves.

They usually come in acids, and burn the flesh. The one safe cure in liquid form is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which is purely vegetable, causes no pain and cures in one day. Don't forget the name—'Putnam's.'

Usually when a man imagines he is in love he merely has a touch of dyspepsia.

Baldwin's Air Ship Will Take Message to City Hall.

Madager Hall, of the Provincial Exhibition, is daily receiving new evidences that the Industrial and Agricultural Fair, which will open at Halifax on September 25th, will be a show of great interest.

One strong attraction will be a model plant of the Hydro-Electric Company, the purpose of which will be to demonstrate how the tides of the Bay of Fundy or other tides, for the matter of that, may be used to furnish power to run the mills of half a continent.

The finishing touches have been put on the new grand-stand, a splendid structure from which to witness the Horse Races, the Vaudeville and the ascent and descent of Baldwin's Air Ship. Speaking of the Air Ship, it is interesting to know that on the day of the first ascent Captain Baldwin will take a message on his wonderful machine from the Exhibition Grounds, and flying high over the City he will land on the top of the Halifax City Hall to deliver it, returning at once to the point from which he started. This will be a memorable event to witness.

The new Horse Barns replacing those destroyed by fire are now practically completed.

A Floating Death Trap.

The proportion of fatalities in the use of or misuse of canoes, as compared with the proportion of fatalities in the use or misuse of boats, must be about thirty or forty to one. The canoe is graceful, its smooth motion is alluring and it is about as easy for a beginner to sit safely in a canoe as But the canoe will continue to flourish. It empties homes and fills graves every summer. It is a more poetic craft than the steady going row boat, and will go right on taking its toll of lives from young people who insist that they are as safe in a canoe as they would be in a street car.

As one looks around upon the community to-day how clear the problem of hundreds of unhappy lives appears! Do we not all know men for whom it is just as clear as daylight that that is what they need, the sacrifice of themselves for other people? Rich men with all their wealth are weary and wretched; learned men whose learning only makes them querulous and jealous; believing men whose faith is always souring into bigotry and envy—every man knows what these men need; just something which shall make them let themselves go out into the open ocean of complete self-sacrifice. They are rubbing and fretting and chafing themselves against the wooden wharves of their own interests to which they are tied. — Phillips Brooks.

Overtaken by Nausea.

You don't know whether it's going to stay down or come up. You feel like thirty cents and look even worse. If one thing is quicker than another, it's 'Nerviline.' Ten drops in sweetened water gives relief instantly. Almost like magic is the change you experience. The cause of the nausea is removed, every symptom of vomiting and indigestion is cured within ten minutes. When Polson's Nerviline is so trusty and economical, a bottle at home wouldn't be amiss. Large ones for a quarter at all dealers.

It was Millias' picture, 'Ophelia,' exhibited at the academy in 1852, that provided his friend and brother preraphaelite, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with a wife. Millias had been altogether at a loss for a suitable model for his picture, but at length secured one in the person of a charming young lady who was employed as an assistant behind the counter of a bonnet shop. She was the daughter of a Sheffield tradesman, a beautiful and lovable girl with a wealth of golden hair, by name Elizabeth Siddal Young. Rossetti straightway fell deeply in love with the fair model. He taught her to paint and ultimately married her.

Growing Old Before Your Time.

Broken in spirit, weak in body, nervous and discouraged. Something is wrong, and each day sees you failing away. Just one thing to do—Build up. To do this, use Ferrozone. What a tonic it is! Appetite, why it makes you eat tremendously. Digest, indeed you will. Rich, red blood will carry nourishment to every corner of the body, tired organs take on new life, color, spirit and ambition are restored. Perfect manhood and abounding health is the unfailing product of Ferrozone—try it, 50c per box everywhere.

Pickled Nasturtium Seed.—Use the green seed, leaving a bit of stem on each. Lay them in cold, salted water for 2 days, and then place in cold water another day. Drain, place in a warmed sealer, cover with vinegar heated to the boiling point, and seal. They will be ready for use in a few days. These are fine used as a substitute for capers in a cream sauce.

Pickled Onions.—Take very small white onions, pour hot water on them, then remove skins. Cover with strong brine, and let them remain in it from one morning until the next. Replace with fresh brine, and leave 24 hours longer. Change the brine again on the third morning, and on the fourth put the onions in fresh water and heat to the scalding point, stirring frequently. Add a pint of milk while scalding to help whiten the onions. Drain the onions well, and place in sealers; then pour hot vinegar over. A few red peppers may be distributed among the onions, if preferred.

A Suggestion of Rare Value.

A diseased condition of the surfaces of the air passages causes bad breath, but more commonly emanates from indigestion or an impure condition of the blood. Thousands of cases prove that Dr. Hamilton's Pills through their specific action on the secretory and eliminative organs, not only cure bad breath, but so thoroughly purify the system that anything suggestive of blood or digestive troubles is impossible. Through Dr. Hamilton's Pills the skin grows rosy and clear, activity of the body and mind increases, and bounding health is established, sold everywhere in 25c boxes.

Cucumber Pickles.—To 100 cucumbers (not over 2½ inches in length) allow 1 ounce mustard seed, 1 ounce cloves, 1 large tablespoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 2 small red peppers. Put the spices in muslin bags, using 2 bags, to each 100 pickles. Place the cucumbers in a kettle on the stove, with enough good vinegar to cover them; put in the bags of spices and the peppers sliced. Heat very slowly, and when scalding hot, set away.

Convalescents need a large amount of nourishment in easily digested form.
Scott's Emulsion is powerful nourishment—highly concentrated.
It makes bone, blood and muscle without putting any tax on the digestion.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.