"I ATTRIBUTE MY CURE SOLELY

And Entirely To Taking "Fruit-a-tives"

HULL, QUE., DEC. 24th, 1909

"For the past twelve years, I had painful attacks of Dyspepsia. I could not digest my food and everything caused the most agonizing pain in my stomach. I also had a fearful attack of Constipation and at times, I had no movement of the bowels for two weeks.

Three doctors attended me for two years and gave me all kinds of medicine but did me no good. My weight came to only 80 pounds and everyone thought I was going to die. Finally, I had the good fortune to try "Fruit-a-tives" and as soon as I began to take them, I felt better. I persisted in the treatment and to my great joy, I steadily improved.

Now I feel very well, weigh 115 pounds, and this is more than I ever weighed even before my illness.

I attribute my cure solely and entirely to "Fruit-a-tives" and can never praise them too much for saving my life. To all who suffer from Dyspepsia and Constipation, I recommend "Fruit-a-tives" as a miraculous remedy"

MRS. ANDREW STAFFORD.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.

AIM.—The protection of the home, the abolition of the liquor traffic and the triumph of Christ's Golden Rule in custom and in law.

MOTTO—For God and Home and Native Land.

BADGE—A knot of White Ribbon.

WATCHWORD—Agitate, educate, organize.

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.

President—Mrs. L. W. Sleep.
1st Vice President—Mrs. J. Kaye.
2nd Vice President—Mrs. F. Woodworth.
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Peace and Arbitration—Mrs. J. Reid.
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Press Work—Miss Margaret Bars.
Flowers, Fruit, and Delicacies—Mrs J. Kaye.
Labrador Home Relief Work. Mrs. Woodworth. Mrs. Fielding.
Narcotics—Mrs. Bleakney

Regular Business Meeting last Friday in each month at 3.30 p. m., in Temperance Hall. Labrador Meeting at the homes of the members 1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings in the month.

What Will Become of Our Children?

Drink-shadowed fireside of village and farm
Summon the guards of the hearth stone to arm,
Lifting to Heaven that cry of alarm,
What will become of our children?

Slaving for sustenance others should earn,
Buying with blood what the dram shop will burn,
Robbed of their birthright to play and to learn,
What will become of our children?

Answer, O State, on which Heaven has smiled!
Answer, O Church of the Bethlehem Child!
Speak! If the drink-fiend is left to run wild,
What will become of our children?
—Australian 'Christian World.'

Not By My Vote.

Men will have strong drink and men will sell liquor, but not by my vote.

Saloons may go on like the brook, forever, and men may die by the thousands in them, but not by my vote.

Truth may be wrecked and character dismantled, homes may be destroyed and women and children beggared, but not by my vote.

Children may be caught in the saloon snare, the victims of alcohol may fill our jails, almshouses and insane asylums, but not by my vote.

The saloon may impoverish and degrade the working man; produce idleness, disease and pauperism. It may breed anarchy and crime, but not by my vote.

The government may license the drink traffic and for a consideration take a reward against the innocent and bargain away the public health and the public morals, but not by my vote.

The liquor traffic may corrupt the social and political life of the nation; it may worm its way into all business and even into the sacred precincts of the home and the church, but not by my vote.

The bells may toll the death knell of a human soul by rum every five minutes of the day, but not by my vote.

In the day of judgment when all lines shall arise and, as with one voice exclaim 'Christian men could have saved me from the drink, but now I am lost forever,' but not by my vote.

Christian citizen, how does your vote count?—Hale Johnson.

Whiskey to Boys.

The Pioneer, Toronto, tells of the methods employed by the liquor trade to extend its business, and, in the process debauch the boys of the country. The case, as summarized by the Guardian, is that a liquor firm in Montreal is offering to supply "complimentary" bottles of whiskey to young men who apply for it. To test the genuineness of the offer, the Pioneer had one lad fill out the order and send it to the Montreal address, and in due time the boy received a carefully packed bottle of whiskey. The case is one that carries its own comment. We suppose the action of the company concerned is in harmony with the law of the land, and in keeping with trade ethics, but we can easily see that if this thing is allowed then the temperance agitation will be carried into the Dominion Parliament if necessary, to prevent any such abuse of the freedom of inter provincial traffic, and we can hardly conceive anything that will meet more universal condemnation than the supplying of liquor, free, to boys.

Cure for Stomach Disorders

Disorders of the stomach may be avoided by the use of Chamberlain's Tablets. Many very remarkable cures have been effected by these tablets. Sold by all dealers.

Spoiled Children.

The girl who is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her and put on her till she is ten, twelve, fifteen or eighteen years of age, is spoiled. The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her. True ideal of self-restraint is to let the child venture. A child's mistakes are often better than its no mistakes, because when a child makes mistakes, and has to correct them, it is on the way toward knowing something. A child that is waked up every morning and never wakes himself, and is dressed and never makes mistakes about being clean, and is fed and never has anything to do with his food, and is watched and never watches himself, and is cared for and kept all day from wrongdoing, such a child might as well be a tallow candle—perfect, straight and solid and comely and unvital, and good for nothing but to be burned.—Selected.

Health a Factor in Success.

The largest factor contributing to a man's success is undoubtedly health. It has been observed that a man is seldom sick when his bowels are regular—he is never well when they are constipated. You will find nothing quite so good as Chamberlain's Tablets. They not only move the bowels but improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. They are sold by all dealers.

Solved.

The teacher was hearing the youthful class in mathematics.

'Now,' she said, 'in order to subtract, things have to be in the same denomination. For instance we couldn't take three pears from ten horses. Do you understand?'

There was assent from the majority of pupils. One little boy in the rear raised a timid hand.

'Well, Bobby, what is it?' asked the teacher.

'Please, teacher,' said Bobby, 'couldn't you take three quarts of milk from two cows?'—Saturday Post.

A Wonder Worker.

'It heals like magic,' is a favorite expression when Dr. Chase's Ointment is used. It works quickly, stops all itching at once, often heals in a single night. For eczema, salt rheum, barbers' itch, skin irritations or eruptions, it is a most satisfactory treatment. Being antiseptic, it prevents blood poisoning.

On the back of each seat of a new London theatre there will be coin-in-the slot telephones to enable persons with defective hearing to listen to what is being said on the stage.

To Check a Cold.

It is easy to check a cold if you begin in time. Frequent doses of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine keep the cough loose, allay the inflammation, and so prevent it spreading to the bronchial tubes and lungs. Mrs S. M. Moore, Shortreed, B. C., writes: 'I wish to state my gratitude for Dr Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, for it cured a cold which a friend said would soon put me in my grave.'

Hubbubs—Don't you miss a barber out in the country?

Bubbubs—Oh, no; I talk to myself all the time I am shaving.

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure you. 60c. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

The man who is weighed in the balance and found wanting nearly always complains that the scales are out of order.

I cured a horse of the Mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT.
CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.
Dalhousie.

I cured a horse, badly torn by a pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT.
EDW. LINLIEF.
St. Peter's C. B

I cured a horse of a bad swelling by MINARDS LINIMENT.
THOS. W. PAYNE.
Bathurst, N. B.

There is something in the personal touch in stock breeding which cannot be ignored. It is this one thing that makes it possible for some feeders to get better results on the same feed and with the same animals that other feeders can. The best feeders are also good judges of stock, are interested in the animals to such an extent that they watch every detail, are kind to all their charges and practice regularity in all things where the stock is concerned.

A lady was looking for her husband, and inquired anxiously of the housemaid: 'Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?'

'I am not sure, mum,' replied the careful domestic, 'but I think they are in the wash.'—Harper's Magazine.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Mrs. H. VON RODEN of LYNDON, KY.

Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for Backache, Nervousness, Headaches.

Lyndon, Ky.—"I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for headaches, neuralgia pains, backache, nervousness and a general run down condition of the system, and am entirely relieved of these troubles. I recommend your remedies to my friends and give you permission to publish what I write."—Mrs. H. VON RODEN, Lyndon, Ky.

When a woman like Mrs. Von Roden is generous enough to write such a letter as the above for publication, she should at least be given credit for a sincere desire to help other suffering women, for we assure you there is no other reason why she should court such publicity.

Canadian Woman's Experience:

Windsor, Ont.—"The birth of my first child left me a wreck with terrible weak spells, but I am glad to tell you that I do not have those weak spells and I feel like a new woman since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now well and strong and can do my own housework. I do not take medicine of any kind. It was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that restored me to health."—Mrs. ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, 72 Parent Avenue, Windsor, Ontario.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

If You Ride Horseback,

or drive in a carriage, see before you make a start that the Trappings or

HARNESS

are in good order.

Repairs executed promptly. All work will prove highly satisfactory.

We carry a full line of Harness Dressing, Axle Grease, Whips, etc

Also Buckles, Straps, Rivets, Punches, You ll not find our prices too high.

Wm. Regan,
HARNESS MAKER.

Microbes in Your Scalp

Authorities say that a microbe causes baldness. If your are losing hair try our remedy at our risk.

Professor Unna, of Germany, and Dr. Sabouraud, the great French Dermatologist, claim that a microbe causes baldness, and their theory has been verified by eminent scientists. This microbe destroys the hair follicles, in time causing the scalp pores to close and the scalp to become shiny. Then, it is believed nothing will revive the growth. If treated before this occurs, baldness may be overcome.

We know of nothing that has given such universal satisfaction in treating the scalp and hair as Rexall '93' Hair Tonic. It has been designed after long study to overcome the cause of falling hair as discovered by Prof. Unna, Dr. Sabouraud and other scalp and hair specialists, and we believe it will do more than anything else can to remove dandruff and stop falling hair; and if any human agency can promote a new growth of hair it will do that, too.

We want you to make us prove it. We will pay for a month's treatment of Rexall '93' Hair Tonic used during a trial, if you will use it according to directions, and are not thoroughly satisfied. When we will do this, you surely should not hesitate to at least try it.

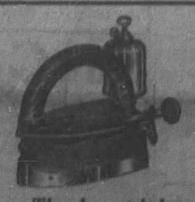
Start the treatment today. Your mere request will get your money back if you want it. Two sizes, 50c and $1.00.

You can buy Rexall '93' Hair Tonic in this community only at our store:

AUBREY V. RAND,
Wolfville Nova Scotia
The Rexall Store

There is a Rexall Store in nearly every town and city in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. There is a different Rexall Remedy for nearly every ordinary human ill—each especially designed for the particular ill for which it is recommended.

The Rexall Stores are America's Greatest Drug Stores



The Imperial Self Heating Flat Iron

does the work in half the time, better and easier at less than one-tenth the cost of the old way; besides saving the strength, health and temper of the housewife or servant. Heats itself from the inside with gasoline or deodorized alcohol. Better and cheaper than gas or electricity. No wires or tubes in the way. No changing irons or fussing with half cold flat irons. No endless walking from hot stove to work. No aiping or waxing

H. P. DAVIDSON, Agent
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

R. J. Whitten & Co.
HALIFAX

Receivers and Sellers of all kinds of Farm Produce.

Consignments Solicited.

Prompt Returns.

A Strong Tribute

People who have been persuaded for any reason to try other teas almost always return to Red Rose Tea. This is the strongest tribute to its good quality.

N.B.—Coffee users will find Red Rose Coffee as generously good as Red Rose Tea. 370

RED ROSE TEA

ENQUIRE THEN PAINT!

Seek *endurance* truths first. Then you can paint or let a contract with *discernment*.

Do you know how vital *quality* and *quantity* of White Lead are in Paint Do you know that only *one* paint firm in Canada corrodes its own White Lead? You ought to know what an *unique* effect these two facts have on the endurance of

BRANDRAM-HENDERSON "ENGLISH" PAINT

Come in! We will meet your enquiring mind with a booklet *brimming* with paint tips.

L. W. SLEEP, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

TOWN PROPERTY. FARMS. ORCHARDS.

If you wish to sell Real Estate in the Annapolis Valley list your property with

WARREN & RADCLIFFE

If you wish to buy Real Estate in the Annapolis Valley call and see or write to

WARREN & RADCLIFFE

Who have many excellent properties to dispose of at attractive prices, who charge only a small commission for their services and are always pleased to take genuine buyers to view properties.

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SAWED TO ORDER.

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UP-TO DATE IN EVERY RESPECT.

Buckboards, Barouches, Single and Double Carriages. Good Horses, Careful Drivers; Fair Prices. Teams at all Trains and Boats. Baggage carefully transferred. Boarding Stables. Telephone No 56.

T. E. HUTCHINSON, Prop., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Fine Property for Sale.

The well known property in Wolfville, the residence of the late Dr. E. P. Bowles. This fine property, situated between the two banks and opposite the new post office, is unexcelled for business purposes. It fronts on Main and Front streets and is the best opportunity for investment in Wolfville. A splendid location for a doctor if desired.

Apply for further particulars to
EVANGELINE D. BOWLES.
tf. Wolfville, N. S.

FOR SALE.

600 bushels Re-cleaned Seed Oats, Home grown.
W. C. TRUEMAN, Grand Pre.

FOR SALE.

Hens and lot on east side of Highland Avenue. Apply to
H. S. CRAWLEY,
15 tf. Solicitor, Wolfville.

Electric Restorer for Men

Phosphenol [illegible]

Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail on receipt of price. One package, $1; six packages, $5. Phosphenol Chemical Co., London, Ont. Sold in Wolfville by Dr. de Witt's Drug Store.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section along side his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead of pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

P. S. Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE LOVER IN THE AIR

By GEORGE EDGAR

I.

Miss May Paulton was pursuing her career. The career was art, and at the moment it consisted of earnest attempts to render the sunlight blazing on the downs. There was no particular reason why May should pursue anything in the form of a career, beyond the fact that she was a typical modern young woman, who believed that members of her sex are as capable as men, and that she, a particularly bright member of it, had a destiny larger than being a mere social idiot, with marriage as the apex of her dreams. The career, therefore, was painting, and the results justified the choice, for the picture on the easel, unfinished as it was, betrayed considerable knowledge of technique and what some garrulous artists call "feeling."

She had chosen to cycle five miles to the scene she was industriously trying to reproduce, and, for the purpose of making the day longer by being independent of such country places of refreshment as were available on her route, had brought her luncheon, daintily packed in a neat basket. May was having a delightful morning, uninterrupted, in a congenial task, and miles away from anyone, when two things happened.

A other woman appeared, apparently from nowhere. She was darkskinned, bold-eyed, and had the brazen mysticism which some gipsy women still possess—the gipsies who are nearly vagrants, and exist by hawking trifles and telling fortunes while their men folk idle about small racecourses, or commit petty larceny.

"Cross my hand with a piece of silver, pretty lady, and I will tell you about the husband waiting for you—the handsome, fair man with the blue eyes. I can see him," the woman with the bold black eyes said, mystically—"I can see him in the skies."

It was on the tip of May's tongue to say "Nonsense!" But after all she was distinctly feminine, and at least it promised to be an adventure.

She opened a well-filled purse and passed a shilling across the gipsy woman's palm. The dark woman's fingers closed on the coin, and her eager eyes lit up as they lingered, for a second, on the contents of the purse.

Following the usual nonsense of flattery and prediction, the gipsy droned the fortune out, mechanically: "I can see the life of a pretty girl who is generous, high-minded, and clever. She is not appreciated." May smiled, unconvinced. "She has had her troubles, but they are over. There are two men—one is dark. She must beware of him—he wants her money. Another is fair, with blue eyes; a brave, fearless gentleman. The lady will marry the fair gentleman with the blue eyes; but not before she has trouble with the dark man." And so on.

At first it amused May. But the gipsy wanted her hand crossed with silver again. May tendered another shilling, but this did not suffice. The gipsy departed from her method of fawning flattery, and became rude. May told her very politely that the incident had ceased to be a jest.

"If you do not go on at once," she said, stamping her foot, "I'll mount my bicycle and bring the police."

"Not so fast, my pretty lady," said the gipsy woman, with a sneer. "You are a good way from the police, and if you will not cross my hand with more silver, I'll do it for myself."

The gipsy woman's brown hand clutched at May's white hand which held the purse. May struck at her feebly with a light and inadequate paint-brush.

The gipsy laughed. "Erb!" she cried.

'Erb appeared—he had apparently been concealed in some bushes near by. He was a monstrously big, dark-skinned gipsy, in velvet and corduroy. His movements were slow and lazy. His face was sullen, and his eyes were shifty.

"What's the rumpus?" he growled.

"This hussy has let me tell her fortune and won't pay, and she has struck me. I'm going to help myself."

"That's all right," growled 'Erb, 's clutched at May's elbows from the back, and she gave a frightened scream. As she stood there, fixed and frightened, the gipsy woman seized the purse.

"Hurry up, old girl," 'Erb said; "I can hear a noise like a motor."

A voice at the back of the tree startled them. "If I were you," it said, in the clean-cut, even tones of an English public school man, "I should do three things—I mean you two gipsy rascals."

'Erb freed the girl's elbows, and they all turned round to inspect the newcomer. He was a big, upstanding Englishman, dressed in tweeds, and without a hat. His hair was fair, and there was a smile on his lean face, while his blue eyes mocked the gipsy's glowering glances.

"What would you do if you were us?" the gipsy growled, sullenly.

"One of the three things you have already done by unhanding the lady. The other duty is to give her back her purse. The last duty is to apologise humbly and get out."

The nonchalant, careless air of the new-comer cowed the gipsies. May, on looking at this six feet of confident manhood, not only recovered from her brief fright, but began to enjoy the situation.

"Suppose we don't?" said 'Erb, truculently.

"There is no supposing," the fair man answered. "This is not a children's game. You just do it now, gypsy."

"Or what?" 'Erb growled.

"I'll give you the biggest hiding you have ever deserved, you brown-skinned lady, and I'll have you and that black-eyed boy in the hands of the police in ten minutes, or my name's not Rupert Paulton!"

'Erb looked at the laughing man facing him. It was the mistake of his life. Rupert knocked both his hands up as he came on, with the practised ease of a professional boxer, caught the gipsy a heavy blow in the velvet waistcoat, which sent his head forward, and knocked the head back with a second blow which toppled the gipsy on to the long grass.

"To resume where I was interrupted," Rupert began, turning to the gipsy woman—"the lady is waiting for her purse."

The gipsy woman smiled with the wheedling flattery of the fortune teller. She handed May the purse.

"It was only a little play-acting," she said.

"Yes," said Rupert, "a melodrama with a comic stage-villain and a second-hand gipsy fortune-teller in it, trying to frighten the defenceless heroine. It is lucky I turned up, because melodrama never goes really well without the hero."

He stirred the big ruffian with his foot. "Get up and say you're sorry," Rupert commanded.

"The man rose slowly. "I'm sorry," he growled at May.

"Don't mention it, Mr. 'Erb," she replied.

"Is that enough?—curse you!" 'Erb asked, surlily, turning to Rupert.

"Quite. Take him away before I hurt him," Rupert replied, looking at the Gipsy woman.

They both began to shamble away in the direction of the road.

May picked up her paints and turned to her picture, and, though her hand trembled, Rupert admiringly noted that she was under superb control, and did not show a hint of her recent fright.

II.

After a pause May spoke. "It was very kind of you to get me out of such a difficulty," she began, absentedly painting in a piece of sky.

"Most opportune," he admitted, "and quite orthodox. Enter the hero, 'Sir rah, unhand that girl,' biff! biff! and curtain, so to speak, with the villain dismissed in ignominy. Still, jesting apart, I'm glad to have been of use."

"Where did you enter?" May asked, curiously. "I thought we had the stage to ourselves, and certainly you were not in the wings."

"I came from the clouds," he answered, airily.

She started. "Now, that's really strange," she began, and laughed merrily.

"There is nothing strange about it," he answered.

"There is," she said.

"Well, yes, he admitted; "if you say so, there is. You might tell me."

"That bold-faced gipsy virago wheedled me into having my fortune told."

His eyes gleamed. "Oh, I know," he answered, readily. "Lovers by the dozen—I'll cut 'em all down," he began, glibly melodramatic. "Troubles with Italian gentleman—I'll smash him. You are going to travel—I'll follow you. You are going to be as rich as Carnegie—I'll stop and share it. But beware of the——"

She put up her hand to stop him. "How absurdly you ramble. But she said my lover was in the clouds—she could see him there."

He stopped his laughing banter.

"She said I should have trouble with a dark man, and I had, immediately, from her bully of a companion."

He smiled, in spite of himself. "Ah! she knew that—the black-eyed minx!"

"Yes, but she described you—a fair man, with blue eyes. Now, isn't it odd that it should literally happen almost three minutes after she had spoken?"

"She was inspired—the jade! But how could she know I was in the clouds?" he asked.

May laughed in turn. "She was not quite right, though. She said you were a handsome man. I'm afraid you are not the right one," she suggested slyly.

He pretended to be very angry.

"At all events, you turned up at the right moment," she said, relenting. "Do you intend to be a bad lunch?"

"No," he responded, promptly. "The fact of the matter is that I am here for lunch, and I'm as hungry as a leap wolf."

"Then mine shall be the Spartan woman's mission—to feed the warrior," She brought out the neat luncheon basket as she spoke.

Together they sat over an impromptu picnic, and Rupert astonished the girl by the vigor of his appetite.

They made a hilarious hour of it.

"I must be going," she said at last. "I have to get back to Saddleborough."

"What! Five miles?" he asked. "How will you do it?"

"On my bicycle," she replied. "How do you get back?"

"Oh, I shall fly there," he said, in his mock heroic manner. "I shall go wafted on the wings of love—the fair man with the blue eyes riding the gipsy's cloud."

She laughed. "Well, if you haven't a car or a bicycle, you'll be a long time. I wish I could give you a share of my bicycle."

"Oh, I shall be there before you," he replied.

"Impossible—on foot! The nearest station is two miles."

"Yes, but I'm a wizard. Where do you go in Saddleborough, may I ask?"

"To the Oaks," she answered.

"I know—Dr. Ellimore's place. He's an old friend of mine. We were at Oxford together."

"He is my uncle," she explained; "I am staying there for the summer."

"Well, I'll make a sporting bet with you. I'll give you ten minutes on the bicycle, and undertake to be there first. If I am, you owe me six kisses; if I am not, I'll owe you a dozen pairs of gloves."

She looked around the empty horizon. She remembered the long road to the nearest station, and she was convinced. "It's a bet," she answered.

He helped to pack the easel and paints, and waved his hand as she mounted her machine.

"You are a very reckless man," she suggested.

"I give you ten clear minutes," he answered. "I shall kiss you six times during the day, or you'll be owing them to me."

"I don't know how you are going to do it, but"—her eyes shot a swift challenge—"I'll pay if I lose."

"Well, good-bye."

"No motor-car and no bicycle—remember."

"Honest Injun," he answered, and waved his hand as he saw her push on rapidly, along the nearly white highway.

III.

May laughed to herself as she steadily drove the bicycle along the road to Saddleborough.

"It was really astonishing that he should turn up with his blue eyes and fair hair. I begin to believe in gipsies. And he really has a nice smile. Yes, and there's some good in a man after

Piano For Sale.

A "Behr" Piano in splendid condition, practically new; cost $500. Will be sold at a great sacrifice. Apply to
EVANGELINE D. BOWLES
Wolfville, N. S.

H. LEOPOLD,
(Successor to Leopold & Schmidt)
Livery and Boarding Stable.
Stylish Single and Double Turnouts Furnished.
Teams meet all trains and boats.
All kinds of trucking and express business promptly attended to.
Elm Avenue, (Rear Royal Bank.)
WOLFVILLE.

A DRUGGIST IN WINNIPEG

Cured Himself With GIN PILLS

No greater compliment could be paid GIN PILLS than to have a druggist use them. Mr. Rogers being in the business, tried all the ordinary remedies, but it was not until he used GIN PILLS that he was cured of a severe pain in the back.

Winnipeg, May 19th, 1910.

"In the autumn of 1911, I suffered with a continual pain in the back. As a druggist, I tried various remedies without any apparent results. Having sold GIN PILLS for a number of years, I thought there must be good in them otherwise the sales would not increase so fast. I gave them a fair trial and the results I found to be good".

GEO. E. ROGERS.

GIN PILLS must cure you or your money will be refunded. 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 144

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