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.I WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1908. NO. 1

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.

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 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.

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 6.15 a. m.
Express west close at 9.15 a. m.
Express east close at 4.10 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.45 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 of each month

$7.50 for Women's Stylish FALL AND WINTER COATS.

Made of heavy black frieze cloth in the fashionable 48 inch length. Loose back double breasted style with large black covered buttons; inlaid velvet collar finished with silk braid. Two fancy patch pockets on front. Shoulders lined with mercerized sateen.

Cut out this advertisement and enclose with $7.50 giving size desired and we will send this coat to you all delivery charges paid. If you are not entirely satisfied with it send it back at once and we will exchange for another or refund your money

Our special garment Catalog illustrating the leading styles suits, coats and skirts sent free on request. This catalog many full page drawings of the latest New York fash trates and describes suits from $16.50 to $45.00 $37.50) and skirts from $6.00 to $18.00 dress today.

MAHON BROTHERS LIMITED
Mail Order Department, Halifax, Canada.

The Twenty-Ninth year of Acadia Seminary will begin Wednesday, September 2, '08.

The attention of prospective patrons is called to the opportunities offered.

1. In the **Collegiate and Sophomore Matriculation Courses.** Six Teachers. B. Certificate with Languages admits to Senior Year.
2. In **Pianoforte, Voice, Violin.** Mr. J. C. Ringwald, Director, and a Corps of able Assistants.
3. In **Art.** Miss I. Andrews and Miss I. Richardson.
4. In **Elocution.** Miss Goodspeed and Miss F. True.
5. In **Domestic Science.** Miss Bool.
6. In **Stenography.** Miss Cassie Benjamin.
7. In **Physical Education.** Miss Frances True.

FOR TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION APPLY TO

Principal H. T. DeWolfe,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate Dental College

$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.

A Baby's Death.

The little feet that never trod
Earth, never strayed in field or street,
What hand leads upward back to God
The little feet?

Their pilgrimage's period
A few swift moons have seen complete
Since mother's hands first clasped and shod
The little feet.

The little hands that never sought
Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands,
What gift has death, God's servant,
The little hands of

Here this paper [illegible] 1888 Murial [illegible]
Evelyn Bishop, in blue [illegible]
the duty of ushers both [illegible]
and the hous[illegible]

No storm, we know, may change the blue,
Soft heaven that happily death descries
No tears like these in cute, below
The little eyes.

A Girl Pilot.

'Tell me the worst,' said Phebe, bravely. 'I know it's bad or you would not look so serious, Mr. Stark.'

The little lawyer fidgeted in his chair. He hated above all other things to be the bearer of bad news.

'Don't be afraid,' ran on Phebe, 'Will there be ten thousand?'

'Less than that,' said Stark slowly.

'Only five?' she asked, with an attempt at a laugh 'four then?' she added, as the lawyer remained silent.

'There is nothing left,' said Stark, sadly. After the settlements are made there will be between $300 and $400. Of course, the tug will bring something, but at a forced sale little can be realized.

'Sell my namesake!' cried Phebe, 'sell the last of the Ryerson fleet? Why, I should as soon think of selling mother.'

Mrs. Ryerson smiled faintly at the sally, but the lawyer's face grew more serious. He despaired of making this volatile young lady realize the gravity of her position.

'I would remind you,' he began, clearing his throat nervously: 'I would remind you that a tugboat is a rather expensive—ah—luxury for a young woman with so limited a capital.'

'Luxury?' echoed Phebe. 'Dear Mr. Stark, it's going to be a necessity. The Phebe must keep going.'

'I have thought that over very carefully,' said the lawyer, relieved to find the conversation returned to a saner plane. 'I have gone into the matter with the utmost care. Perhaps had there been a son it might have been different, but since you have to hire a captain I am afraid it will eat up all the profits, and you will have to take time to manage the boat after a fashion with absolutely no return.'

'I shall be my own captain,' said Phebe' with dancing eyes. 'I am not afraid to work, and I'd rather be out on the water in the pilot house of the Phebe than selling ribbon or teaching a lot of unruly children.'

Mr. Stark made a gesture of despair.

No sooner did they reach a sensible conclusion than Phebe was off on a new and even more insane track. He half regretted that he had had anything to do with the matter, but Phebe's voice drowned his protests.

'I have a master's certificate,' she reminded. 'I know the boats as well as anyone, and since you admit that the tug can make enough to pay a captain, I guess we'll have to live on the captain's pay.'

Stark argued for an hour, but Phebe would have none of him. Her mother sided with her, and when, at last Stark left the house, Phebe had carried the day, and he was shaking his head sadly at the thought of her wild adventure.

There had been a time when the Ryerson Towing Company had been possessed of a fleet of harbor and ocean-going tugs. Then evil had befallen. Ryerson's partner had decided to sell out and go West and all of the profits of the venture Mr. Ryerson had put into the purchase of his partner's share of the business.

Things had never gone quite the same after that. Some of the boats had been sunk, one had gone up in a boiler explosion, and two had been sold to satisfy importunate creditors, leaving only the Phebe which John Ryerson had captained himself.

The succession of misfortunes had sent John Ryerson to his grave, and after the funeral, Stark, had undertaken to settle the estate. He had planned to sell the tug and add to the meagre sum realized, but he had not counted upon Phebe.

When the towing company had been a great success, she had jestingly applied for a master's certificate and one had been granted. She had lived aboard the boats as a girl, and when she had grown too dignified to be a tomboy, she had owned for a time a small power boat that had not lasted long after the hard times came.

She knew every foot of the harbor and she found her father's old crew only too glad to ship under his daughter. Within a week after her decision, the Phebe was scouting down the river and river for business and getting a good share.

After it was found that Phebe could be depended upon, several of her father's old friends gave her contracts and business began to pick up.

'I'll revive the Ryerson Company yet,' she said, exultantly, as she sat in the little home that she was fighting so gravely to keep. 'One of these days you'll see me commodore of the fleet and it will be a fleet as large as dad owned.'

'You'll be married long before that,' said Mrs. Ryerson, with a smile, as she patted the smooth brown hair.

The brown head shook violently in disapproval of the statement.

'Never,' announced Phebe. 'I'm going to stick to the business.'

'We'll wait and see,' said her mother, but the shadowy face was clouded with anxiety. Sometimes she was a little afraid of her venturesome daughter.

For herself, Phebe knew no fear. She took the wheel and sent the Phebe on her course as surely and as safely as though she were a veteran. More than once an adroit manoeuvre got the boat out of a tight place and the crews were wont to brag that the Phebe could lead all the other boats through the toughest channel and show them a safe way through.

By winter the success of the boat was firmly assured, and Phebe herself began to realize that the wild dreams in which she had been indulging for her mother's benefit might come true.

[illegible] Late in the afternoon to refill the bunkers. The sea was heavy and [illegible] to make the harbor. Beside some lighterage work there had been little to do, and Phebe was feeling blue. If such weather kept up for a few days longer, the Phebe would have its first losing week, and the crew felt as badly as she did at the prospect.

As the coal rattled down into the bunkers, a little knot approached the boat, the central figure, a fussy old gentleman in evident distress. Bill Jenkins, the Phebe's mate, was superintending the job, and to him the fussy little man propounded the question as to whether he wanted a job.

'Ask the skipper,' said Jenkins, nonchalantly, with a nod of his head toward the pilot house, where Phebe sat looking out over the troubled waters.

'Where is he?' was the helpless answer. Bill grinned.

'You see that lady up in that little house?' he demanded. His questioner nodded in assent.

'That's him, said Jenkins, the smile growing wider. 'He's a she and the best skipper on the river.'

'But a dozen captains have already refused this job,' expostulated his listener.

Jenkins nodded. 'All the more reason for seeing her,' he declared. 'She'll take a job anywhere there's water.'

'But this is too risky,' the man said, as he started to turn away.

Bill ran after him. 'There ain't nothing too risky for our little captain,' he said proudly. 'Come aboard and tell us about it.'

His grasp was firm on the other's arm, and the old gentleman had no chance but to accompany him.

'Here's a man who thinks he's got a job too big for you,' said Bill, as he thrust his captive into the pilot house.

'We are not afraid to tackle a job,' she said. 'What is it you want?'

'You know the lightship?' demanded the stranger. Phebe nodded. 'My wife is out there,' he explained. 'We live down on the point and she and my son were coming up to town on a launch. The power gave out and before he could get help they were carried out to sea on the tide and were thrown against the side of the light ship. They were taken on board, but my wife's legs are broken and there are internal injuries. One leg was ground between the ship and the launch, and the wireless operator declares that unless I can get a surgeon out, there is no hope of her living.'

'Have you the surgeon?' asked Phebe.

'[illegible] in the office. I was told that th[illegible] If you all came here to coal and th[illegible] ought to be the best place to look for [illegible]. We have been here all the m[illegible]'

'Go and get him,' said Phebe, quietly. 'We can make it.'

For a moment the old man looked into her face, then he lifted his hat.

While he was gone to seek the physician, Phebe called for more coal and made certain that there was a supply of water in the tanks. Then she went back to the pilot house, and when the two men were on board the ropes were cast off, and there was a cheer, as she skillfully swung the tug about and headed down the river and toward the bay.

She knew that there was more than a little danger, but a woman was down there, lying near death. She did not need to ask her crew if they would stick by her. Every man on board would have cheerfully undertaken a trip to Europe had she deemed it necessary.

Outside the bar the waves ran high and the Phebe struggled through the angry sea, now on the crest of a wave, now slipping down a mountain of green water to fight a way up the opposite valley.

About the lightship the waves seemed to gain in height, and Jenkins came into the pilot house to help her with the wheel, which was almost too much for the girl to handle alone.

Phebe jockeyed with the tug to gain the lee of the lightship. A dozen times she slipped past too far away or on the wrong side, but at last, watching her chance, she pointed the nose of the tug for the stern of the ship, bringing her alongside.

Then the tug backed the propeller until the hawsers were made fast, and the physician and the anxious husband were hoisted aboard.

The tug stood off until, at last, the physician came on deck again. Through the megaphone he called to the tug and there came another fight with wind and tide. A second time Phebe won, and for a moment the little tug lay beside the hulk of the lightship.

The physician dropped aboard again and they slipped past and headed for the city again the other passenger came on deck and in pantomime expressed his gratitude.

'He told me to get your address,' said the physician, 'and to tell you that he would send you a check as soon as he could get to shore.'

Phebe gave a little cry. 'I had forgotten all about the money,' she said. 'I only thought of that poor woman out there dying for want of assistance. Do you think that she will get well?'

'Now,' he answered significantly. 'It was a close call. Had we been delayed much longer, the operation would have been useless.'

It was three days later that Phebe coming home, found a letter waiting for her, enclosing a check for $1,000. Her eyes glistened as she caught sight of the figures.

'It was Mr. Humphries, the millionaire,' she cried, as she dropped the slip of paper into her mother's lap.

'I suppose that now you will be ordering a new tug; the second of the fleet,' suggested Mrs. Ryerson. Phebe blushed.

'Not exactly that,' she confessed. 'You see, we shall need some new things here before—before I am married.'

'Married—to whom?' asked Mrs. Ryerson.

'This is my second fee,' explained Phebe. As we were fighting our way to the lightship Bill came in to help me with the wheel, and—and we worked so well together that—that I told him he could be captain and I would be his first mate.'

Briggs—How do you enjoy your motor cycle?

Griggs—Fine! All I need is a coat of tar and feathers to feel like a bird.

have cleaner floors

FLOORGLAZE is ahead of paint for floors—wears longer, stands wear better, won't fade, stain nor peel, quick drying. Gallon costs 300 pm. It. Rids the house of much dust. From dealers, or write Imperial Varnish & Color Co., Limited, Toronto.

IT'S EASY WITH Floorglaze

Sold and Recommended by L. W. Sleep, Wolfville, and Illsley & Harvey Company, Port Williams.

TRATE SPEAKS FOR ZAM-BUK

[illegible] Ferry, of Goldfields, B.C., believes in making a [illegible] Writing of Zam-Buk, the great household [illegible] "After a very fair trial I have proved Zam-Buk [illegible] satisfactory. In my case it cured a skin rash of five [illegible] which [illegible] had been able to do any good [illegible] encourage any person to keep Zam-Buk [illegible] The magistrate is quite right. Every home needs [illegible] Unequalled for cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, blood [illegible] all skin diseases. All stores and druggists sell it at [illegible] box. Sure cure for piles.

DON'T NEGLECT THAT SORE!

A Chicago man has just died from blood poisoning arising from neglect of a small sore. Don't neglect a cut, a patch of eczema, or an open sore of any kind. The air is full of poison germs, waiting to start up their evil results in neglected sores, wounds, etc. In Zam-Buk is safety. Zam-Buk is so highly antiseptic that applied to any skindisease or injury it makes blood poisoning impossible. In using Zam-Buk you have three processes going on at once for Zam-Buk is healing, soothing and antiseptic. Try it without delay.

A GENUINE OFFER.

TEST ZAM-BUK AT OUR EXPENSE!

We appreciate the position taken by the man or woman who says:—"If your preparation is what you claim, you should have no objection to letting us try it before spending our money on it." To every person taking this view we say, send one cent stamp (to pay return postage) and name and date of this paper to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and we will mail you a free trial box of Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk is purely herbal, suitable for the delicate skin of little children, yet powerful enough to heal chronic sores of long years' standing. All druggists and stores, 50c. per box, 3 for $1.25.

Every Home Needs Zam-Buk "RUB IT IN"

After Doctors Failed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore a Despondent Sufferer to Health.

'Although it is now some years since I found it necessary to take medicine of any kind, I attribute my present good health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.' Thus writes Mr. Wm. M. Ferguson, St. John West, N. B. Mr. Ferguson continues:—'For years I was a sufferer from chronic bronchitis and general debility. I had always been delicate, but as I grew older I seemed to grow weaker, and at the approach of autumn I commenced to cough and had to remain in the house all winter. With the coming of summer I always got a little better, only to be laid low again when the fine weather was over. During my last and most severe attack my cough became more distressing and I raised considerable phlegm, while at night I would be bathed in a cold, clammy sweat. The doctor's medicine relieved my cough a little during the day time, but there was no other improvement as I had no appetite, the night sweats continued and I was growing weaker. I changed doctors three different times but with no improvement. Then I began to take cod liver oil, but my stomach had grown so weak that it refused to retain it. It was at this time when I was trying to reconcile myself to my fate that a pamphlet relating cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was left at my door.

Although my friends thought me in a decline and although I was long given up to die, I decided to try the pills. After using several boxes, though I still continued to cough, I felt better in other respects, and my appetite was gradually returning. I was not only surprised, but pleased to find this improvement, and I gladly continued their use. By the time I had taken ten boxes the night sweats and the cough had entirely disappeared, and I was feeling quite vigorous. I took two more boxes, and felt that there was no necessity to continue the treatment as I was in better health than I had ever been before. When I completed the twelfth box I weighed myself and found that I had gained 32 pounds. As I said before it is some years since my cure was effected, and I have not had a cough in any season since, and have always enjoyed the best of health. I believe, therefore, that it is entirely due to the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I am alive and well today, and I trust that others will benefit by my personal experience.'

You can get these pills from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2 50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Pants and Trousers.

Everybody talks well when he talks in the way he likes, the way he can't help, the way he never thinks of; the rest is effort and pretense. The man who says 'trousers' because he likes to say it, and the man who says 'pants' because he likes to say it are both good fellows with whom a frank soul could fraternize; but the man who says 'trousers' when he wants to say 'pants' is a craven and a trickster, equally hateful to honest culture and wholesome ignorance. He belongs to the same sordid category with the man who wears tight shoes and high collars that are a torment to the flesh, who eats olives that he dosen't relish and drinks uncongenial claret, in imitation of his genteel neighbor in brown-stone front.—Atlantic Monthly.

She is White as a Ghost.

Is it a matter of pride to be pale as a lily,—certainly not. What every woman wants is strength, color, vigor. Buoyancy and health are the right of every woman, and these she need not lack if she uses Ferrozone. It gives appetite, creates strength, enriches blood, gives vigor to the nerves, color to the cheeks and brightness to the eyes. Ferrozone is at once convertible to health, beauty, and strength. There is power in Ferrozone,—try it, and know what you have missed. 50c. at all dealers.

Many a true word is spoken by accident.

A Fairy-Tale Kingdom.

The kingdom of Uganda is a fairy tale. You climb up a railway instead of a beaustalk, and at the end there is a wonderful new world. The scenery is different, the vegetation is different, the climate is different, and, most of all, the people are different from anything elsewhere to be seen in the whole range of Africa. Instead of the breezy uplands, we enter a tropical garden. In place of naked, painted savages, slashing their spears and gibbering in chorus to their tribal chiefs, a complete and elaborate polity is presented. Under a dynastic King, a Parliament, and a powerful feudal system, an amiable, clothed, polite, and intelligent race dwell together in an organized monarchy upon the rich domain between the Victoria and Albert Lakes.

What Presidents Have Sprung From.

If Mr. W. H. Taft should be elected to the presidency of the United States, he will be one of the many presidents who have not, as it is commonly supposed, made their way from a 'log-cabin to the White House.' As a matter of fact, there have only been three presidents who have actually been cradelled in poverty—Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson and Garfield. Of the remainder, eleven have been sons of distinctly well-to-do parents, while the rest have been born in comfortable homes. Washington was a man of long pedi- [illegible] Quincy Adams, one of his successors at the White house; Jefferson's father was a rich planter; Madison's a large land owner; and at nineteen James Monroe was an army captain, and at the same age Harrison was an ensign; Tyler was son of a judge and governor; Fillmore of a justice; and Pierce of a major-general; and so on through the long list, all, with the three exceptions mentioned having had at least a fair start in life.

IMPURE THIN BLOOD

Clogs the Kidneys Slows the Heart Fags the Brain.

Weakens Every Part of the Body. Causes Organic Diseases.

Just as strength is the natural outcome of pure blood, so is debility and sickness the result of impure blood.

To know how quickly, how surely Ferrozone cures, to see how it rebuilds and restores, you have only to read the following letters—read them carefully—see if the symptoms resemble yours.

Miss Evelyn M. Gaetz, of Kingston, writes: 'I have had an attack of blood disorder which broke out in horrid looking pimples. They were ugly red disfiguring blotches that ruined the appearance of my face. I tried all sorts of medicine, but the pimples didn't leave. I was recommended Ferrozone and gave it a trial. I noticed an improvement after the second box, and kept up the treatment which finally cleared my skin. As the result of Ferrozone I have a clear healthy complexion and can recommend it to all other young women similarly affected.'

Another young lady, well known in society circles of Springfield, who derived exceptional benefit from Ferrozone, says: 'I feel it my duty to make known the value of Ferrozone. My trouble was poor weak blood, and as a consequence my lips were pallid, and my cheeks had no color. I wasn't at all strong, and required a bracing tonic. Ferrozone soon brought color to my cheeks, improved my appetite and made me stronger than I had been in years. I favor Ferrozone because it is so simple to take and works so quickly.'

No blood remedy exists that has the power to cure, to heal, to restore like Ferrozone; try it, 50c per box at any drugstore.

Housewife—Why don't you get a job and keep it?

Hobo—I'm like de little bird dat keeps flyin' from limb to limb.

Housewife—G'wan, you're only a bum. How could you fly from limb to limb?

Hobo—I mean de limbs of de law, mum!

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.

Geo A. Prat, J. D. Sherwood, } 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. MCKENZIE, Secretary.

ODD FELLOWS.

ORPHEUS LODGE, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcomed.

E. W. DUNCANSON, Secretary

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

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

SCOTIA FARM DAIRY

J. Rufus Starr, Proprietor

BEST QUALITY MILK AND CREAM.

FRESH EGGS supplied early every morning by our teams.

Leave orders at Mrs. Hutchinson's, telephone exchange, or telephone No 15 at Port Williams 22

Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.
Gas Administered.

Dr. J. T. Roach
DENTIST.
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgeons. Office in HERBIN BLOCK, WOLFVILLE, N. S. Office Hours: 9—1, 2—5.

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

W. E. ROSCOE, K. C. BARRY W. ROSCOE, LL.B.
ROSCOE & ROSCOE
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
KENTVILLE, N. S.

E. F. MOORE
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
OFFICE: Delaney's Building, Main St. RESIDENCE: Methodist Parsonage, Gaspereau Avenue.
OFFICE HOURS: 9-10 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-9 p. m. 23
Telephone connection at office and residence.

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

At Wolfville.
Building Lots for sale on the Randall Hill, fronting on Victoria Avenue and the new-street, running east and west across the hill (King street).
The lots are conveniently and beautifully situated in the centre of the town.
Land good. Air and views delightful. Apply to
MRS. ED. COGSWELL,
tf Wolfville.

TO LET.
ON MAIN STREET, WOLFVILLE,
The Grocery Store formerly occupied by
F. J. Porter.
Possession immediate.
For terms apply to
ANDREW DEW. BARSS.
Dec 12, 1906—tf

BUILDING PLANS.
Plans and specifications carefully prepared; estimates if required,
Apply to,
GEO. A. PRAT,
Wolfville.

Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
ACADIA ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

D. B. SHAW,
Buyer of
Hydes, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Tallow and Wool.
I pay CASH. Bring your stock to me. Plastering hair always on hand.
Willow Vale Tannery.
Sept. 10, '08.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.
Voicing Regulating and Repairing. Organs Tuned and Repaired.
M. C. Collins.
P. O. Box 321, Wolfville, N. S.

Weak Women
To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential. Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional. The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a potent mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue, and all blood elements.
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