No better advertising medium in the Valley than THE ACADIAN.

The Acadian.

THE ACADIAN
One Year to Any Address for $1.00.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXXIV. WOLFVILLE, KINGS COUNTY, N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1915, NO. 24

THE ACADIAN.

Published every FRIDAY morning by the Proprietors,

DAVISON BROS.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Subscription price is $1.00 a year in advance. If sent to the United States, $1.50.

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 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.

J. D. CHAMBERS, MAYOR.
W. M. BLACK, 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 8.00 p. m. Or Saturdays open until 8.30 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.05 a. m.
Express west close at 9.35 a. m.
Express east close at 4.00 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.45 p. m.
Reg. letters 15 minutes earlier.

E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Services: Sunday Public Worship at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 3.00 p.m. Mid-week prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, at 3.30 p. m. The Social and Benevolent Society meets the third Thursday of each month at 3.30 p. m. The Mission Band meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 3.45 p. m. All seats free. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. G. W. Miller, Pastor: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a.m., and at 7 p.m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. and Adult Bible Class at 3.30 p.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Services at Lower Horton as announced. W.F.M.S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 3.30 p.m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Wednesday at 3.30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH. — Rev. W. H. Rackham, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.45. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath.

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 7.00 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.
T. L. Harvey } Wardens.
R. Creighton }

ST. FRANCIS (Catholic)—Rev. Fr. H. J. McMillon: P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE. — During Summer months open air gospel services:—Sunday at 7 p.m., Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2.30 p.m. Splendid class rooms, efficient teachers, men's bible class.

MASONIC.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the third Monday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.

A. K. BARSS, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

ORPHEUS LODGE, No. 99, 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.

Give Your

Shampooing, Face and Scalp Treatment, Manicure

DONE AT

Mrs. Melanson's

McKENNA BLOCK.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna

Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College

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

GAS ADMINISTERED.

C. E. Avery deWitt

M. D., C. M. (McGILL)

One year post graduate study in Europe.

Office hours: 8—10 a. m.; 1—3, 7—9 p. m. Throat work a specialty.

Tel. 81 University Ave.

M. R. ELLIOTT

A.B., M.D. (Harvard)

Office at residence of late Dr. Bowles.
Telephone 23.

Office Hours:—8-10 a.m., 1-3, 7-9 p.m.

W. E. ROSCOE, K. C. BARRY W. ROSCOE, LL.B.

ROSCOE & ROSCOE

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

KENTVILLE, - - N. S.

G. PURVES SMITH

M.B.—C.M., Edinburgh

OCULIST.

Consultation Hours: 10 a.m.—12 noon. 2 p.m.—4 p.m.

Monday Excepted. Telephone 163.

Westward avenue, Wolfville, N. S.

WANTED

For fox feed. Old horses, cows and calves. Cash on delivery.

McCONNELL & MacGREGOR,
Fox Ranchers,
Phone 93—11. Wolfville, N. S.

WANTED.

Beef Hides, Horse Hides, Lamb Pelts, Veal Skins.

Highest possible Cash prices paid.

Apply to

D. B. SHAW,

Willow Vale Tannery.

For Sale or To Let.

Dwelling on Gaspereau avenue, near Methodist church. Apply to

C. F. STEWART.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.

Voicing, Regulating, Repairing. Organs Tuned and Repaired.

M. C. Collins.

P.O. Box 321, Wolfville, N.S.

'The German advance on Paris, its arrival almost at the gates of Paris, then its swift swerve to the east and even swifter retreat—well, it all reminds me of the hunter.'

The speaker was Paul Rainey, the big game hunter and cinematographer of New York? He went on:

'A hunter, taking a chew of tobacco, said in a general afore:

''Yesterday mornin' I struck a grizzly's trail. I followed 'er up till sundown. Then I hiked back fer camp.'

''Why did you hike back to camp?' asked the general storekeeper.

''Wal, to tell ye the truth,' said the hunter, 'thet thar trail was a getin' altogether too fresh.'''

When Blood is Poison.

The blood must be filtered, otherwise you are poisoned. If the kidneys fail the liver is overworked, and becomes torpid. By using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills you get both these filtering organs working right, and also ensure healthful action of the bowels. For this reason these pills are an ideal family medicine. They cure billiousness, constipation, chronic indigestion and kidney disease.

A gown that is fashionable now is made without fastenings. Hooks at the back are doubtless an inconvenience when husbands are at the front.

Locomotor Ataxia.

'My nerves were very bad, and I could not sleep at night, nor could I control my arms or legs,' writes Mrs. Robt Bustard, Maxwell, N. B. 'Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cured me of what I believe was the early stage of locomotor ataxia or paralysis. I cannot describe what I suffered, but now I am entirely cured.'

Do not undertake to keep too many fowls. A small flock well managed will give a larger profit than a flock that is compelled to take care of itself.

It is stated that Roumania can put 750,000 men into the field. And if she does quite a large proportion will be put there permanently.

Are you Bilious?

Don't let it run too long, it will lead to chronic indigestion. In the meanwhile you suffer from miserable sick headaches, nervousness, depression and sallow complexion. Just try CHAMBERLAIN'S STOMACH & LIVER TABLETS. They relieve fermentation, indigestion — gently but surely cleanse the system and keep the stomach and liver in perfect running order. At all dealers, 25c., or by mail from The Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto

TAKE THESE

Begin Now to Provide for Old Age.

YOU CAN OBTAIN FROM

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

An Endowment Policy Maturing at Ages 40 to 70.

FULL INFORMATION GIVEN BY

CAPT. S. M. BEARDSLEY, Provincial Manager WOLFVILLE, N.S.

Brotherhood.

Thread the day with sympathy,
The world needs heart—
So oft without the healing touch
We meet and part.
The day is empty at its close,
We fail to say,
And carelessly, through lack of thought,
We spoil a day.

The tears and griefs of human kind
Make no appeal,
And burdens press them low, and yet
We do not feel.
We live in such a busy age,
'Tis greed and grind—
That oft we lose the blessed art
Of being kind.

The day is empty at its close,
Whatever our gain,
If we have missed our Master's steps
And lived in vain.
We only gather out of life
The highest good,
When self is lost for His dear sake,
In brotherhood.

At the Front.

Perhaps these three words, 'at the front,' and many of the recitals that invoke this title have nothing of the real thing but the name. I have the good fortune to be able to offer you a few true impressions, lived and taken indeed here on the line of fire, says Xavier Sager, writing from Flanders.

One does not always do what one would wish. For three long days, notwithstanding our ardent desire to rejoin the advance guard, we are blocked at the back of the army. It is not permitted to us for the moment to take part in the combat. It is our turn to rest; tomorrow it will be necessary to have men fresh and rested to take the place of those who are slain, wounded, missing.

The troopers gathered here where I am writing these notes have lately been making supreme efforts. This can be read in their drawn features. Our camp shelters itself in a little Flemish village half way between Furness and Dixmude. We have established ourselves in the only farm which the shells have partially spared. Some of the soldiers are lying in the barns and stables, a certain number of us are staying in the vast kitchen. In the wide, high fireplace is slowly dying a little fire. No windows, no shutters—the artillery fire has broken all. In order to protect us a little from the cold wind that comes in blasts some overcoats are hanging at the window frames.

Night and day, without respite, one hears the 'Black Marias' of the German 220 and the missiles of our 155. The cannonades succeed each other in toruadoes. However, this evening near the fire where I keep myself the voice of the cannon promises us some leisure. I hear it in the distance at regular intervals. It seems as if the snow which is beginning to fall has calmed the bellicose ardor of the artillery men. I have some hours before me to classify a little all the images, heroic or picturesque, that my eye has caught during three days. After several nights without sleep, it would be good to doze in the straw. It needs more courage sometimes to look one's pencil in the face, than to use one's rifle.

All of us are badly shaved. We have the air of regular old soldiers, with rough beards, tunics rumpled, pipe in the mouth. We are around the modest fire, 30 or 40 of us; the majority have had a rough day and are analyzing our impressions.

'I,' said one comrade, 'have felt the same sensation that the hunter has, when, his gun in hand, he awaits the animal—you know that sort of anguish which you experience. At early dawn I received orders to go on sentry duty; it is just at this moment that you commence to have again that little anxiety which possesses you at the opening of the shoot. Rifle in hand, I peered in front of me, in the ditches and among the grasses of the river. I paid no attention to the shells passing in gusts over my head; all my being was concerned on the end of the plain that I had before me.

'Suddenly this part of the plain seems animated. It is no longer level; it appears to lift up. Some shadows move about in the woods. Some others creep along the ground. Behind the shadows some compact mass appears, and behind the groups an avalanche surges up. It is a mass of German infantry rushing to the onslaughter. Never could I have believed so many men could go out from a plain and so quickly. I ran towards my batallion. We fired while the mitrailleuses began their tap, tap, tap. There was in the grey lines something like a giving away, and distinctly I could see men falling. But others continued forward, and others came out of the wood. Then it was a frenzy of shooting—an unending fire. Before us we saw human bodies spring up, then fall. The problem was this—would there be more Germans than bullets? To sum up, the bullets had the better of it; the attack withdrew, leaving on the plain corpses by hundreds. We were at the end of firing, at the end of killing, and the wood of the rifles themselves was warm.'

'Oh, as for me,' said a young lieutenant, 'instead of having had very much to fire at, I have had very much to do. My company was discovered, and a German battery never ceased showering shells upon us. We could not see it, hidden as it was by a little rising ground, but the distance could not have been more than 1400 yards, and by a strange chance the projectiles always were falling a few steps from me. I went to the ring V'lan'—Ping! —Ping! —Ping! —the shells were following me.

'When this sort of joking continues for about two hours one ends by being quite exasperated. For my part I had but one idea—it was to see the battery that wanted my skin; it was to meet the man who commanded it. I shouted—'Go forward, my boys, go forward!'

'We descended a hill like a whirlwind, hustled over two lines of the enemy's infantry and fell upon a piece of cannon which had not time to get away. Five minutes later my men brought me the commandant of that battery.

'Monsieu,' I said to him, 'it is two hours that you have been annoying me; I am very glad to make your acquaintance. You are a brave man!' He hesitated to take my hand. He understood neither my words nor my gesture. He believed that I was going to injure him. But, you know, those people at bottom are really neither cultured nor cultivated.'

Now it is the turn of a soldier in the ranks. He recounts his emotions, his adventures, and all without finesse—roughly, but so sincerely.

'It was just as the night was falling and I was singing and filling my pipe. The fine rain was trickling down my face. Suddenly at the opening of the lane that looked upon the main road I saw the General on horseback.

'Why are you bareheaded?' he asked.

'I have lost my kept, my general.'

'And where did you lose it?'

'This morning while we were taking a trench with the bayonet.

'Wait! Here take mine,' said the great chief. Bewildered I asked if he were not making fun of me.

'Take it, I say,' he repeated, and then put it on my head. And there was I, all plastered with mud wearing the glorious headgear of my general.'

* * *

'It is your turn, Monsieur Artist to tell us some soldier stories.' 'No, my friends, I have no heart for that this evening—I am still suffering from a real loss. Three months of campaigning without repose and the life in the camps had definately drawn us together—Fred and I. We were chosen for a first reconnoiter. Against my habit, I was nervous—I found the spot as sinister as the circumstances.

'At six o'clock the darkness had already spread over the leaden sky and invaded the plain; this facilitated our reconnoitering duty. In front of us nature formed a large, black mass, immobile and hostile. I was on the point of jumping a ditch when Fred grasped my arm. 'Let me pass first,' he said. There was a sudden shot, then a second one. I saw him stagger, then fall to the ground. One ball had struck him full in the heart and one in the forehead.

'I stayed there kneeling beside him, offering my body to the rage of the bullets, forgetful of all save that he was no more. Then a tear rose and stole silently down my cheek. Fred is no more, but his image is always before me. He was the great joy of those days of sadness. He carries with him into the tomb, hollowed out in the damp, Flemish soil, the best of my tenderness. My heart is torn but I still seem to hear his voice saying, 'Cheer up, old chap.' At this moment there must be many friendships like ours, equally broken.'

In looking around me I saw by the eyes filled with tears that each one of us had a brother, a friend, a comrade to avenge. In human distress the memory of the dead is a ferment of energy and not a source of despair. You understand now why we are in such great haste to return to the front?

* * *

'You would like very well, eh, said a brave soldier, the father of two children, 'for me to tell you why I have wept twice since the beginning of the war?

'In the middle of the night, rain still more adding to the horror of the black sky, there is a call from the side of the road. We see it rise before us as a shadow, which in coming nearer proves to be a woman holding in her arms an infant.

She is drenched with rain, a miserable fichu clinging round her shoulders. Looking at her closely we distinguished two big and fixed eyes that I shall never forget in all my life. She cries to us in a hoarse voice, 'Oh! my child, my child!' Then she uncovered the baby of six months and we understand the frightful truth—the poor little one is dead!

'That was my first tear. And the second time was one Sunday. I was quartered with my battery in a village reduced to powder by the enemy's shells. The sun rose and at the stroke of eight in the morning the bell of the church called the faithful to the mass. A hymn resounded, 'Mon Dieu, plus pres de Toi (Nearer My God to Thee')' A little way off the soldiers in the cantonment were singing the 'Marseillaise.' The war song and the religious hymn did not jar against each other; they mingled and they went up together to the cloudless sky. Now and again the crackling of mitrailleuses came from the horizon, and occasionally a dry and violent explosion was heard, and a straying shell durst upon some more cottages; but stronger and above all the song of the soldiers and the hymn of the women rose up, grand, wild, ardent. There was something in the mingled sounds that tightened my heart and once again I felt the tears rolling down my cheeks.'

Wonderful for the Blood

CURES SALLOW SKIN HEADACHE, LANGUOR AND TIREDNESS.

You don't need to be told how you feel,—blue, sort of sickish, poor appetite, vague pains, tired in the morning. This condition is common at this season.

Fortunately there is prompt relief in Dr. Hamilton's Pills which immediately relieve the system of all poisons and disease producing matter.

Thousands have been so utterly depressed, so worn out as to be despondent, but Dr Hamilton's Pills always cured them. 'I can speak feelingly on the power of Dr Hamilton's Pills,' writes C. T. Fearman, of Kingston. 'Last spring my blood was thin and weak, I was terribly run down, had awful headaches and a gnawing, empty feeling about my stomach, I couldn't sleep or work until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills,—they did me a world of good.' At all dealers in 25c boxes.

Loyalty.

The grain elevator man and his friend were discussing market conditions as they walked down one of the principal streets of Montreal. Suddenly the former's hat blew off and before it could be recovered, rolled into a mud puddle.

'It does look pretty bad,' he assented, eyeing it ruefully, 'but I'm starting home tomorrow and I'll buy a new one at Bill Davis' store. No, sir'—as his friend pointed to a barberdasher's near by—'I'll wear this hat, bad as it looks. Up our way we patronize the home trade—we've got to do it. Forgetfulness of that obligation nearly put us out of business four years ago and but for Jimmy Walsh one of our local bank managers, we'd have been done for.'

'You may laugh,' he continued, 'but it's a fact, we very nearly came to grief one year through buying supplies out of town. A farmer's wife began it. She got hold of a trial order. The goods came; other women saw them, were pleased with the idea of shopping in the city, and did likewise. And having begun, they continued until business at Bill Davis' store fell off to an alarming extent. They seemed to have forgotten all about the fact that Bill had carried the community for six months on credit, and that the money which they were sending out of town ought to have gone to him. Then we had a poor season—the worst harvest we've ever known. Presently there was no cash to be had, and then, of course, the mail order business stopped. Trade began to come back to the store; but it was nearly all credit trade.

'And Bill was already in a tight place. He had counted on the harvest to bring the farmers in with money enough to tide him over with his jobbing house.

Disappointed in this he found himself worse off than ever, his credit was strained to the breaking point, and the jobbers threatened to close him out. One day a draft on him came through the bank, and Jimmy Walsh, the banker, came over himself to see Bill about it. But Bill couldn't pay, though there was nearly three thousand dollars on his books. He was discouraged and almost ready to give up—just when we couldn't afford to lose him, too.

'Now, Walsh understood the situation thoroughly and knew that quick action was necessary. But a loan at the prevailing rates of interest would, under the circumstances, almost have made matters worse. Still, there were the facts. The farmers needed credit at the store. They had no harvest on which to borrow money from the bank and the store was going to be closed out unless something was done right quick. That meant that the bank would suffer, too. And so an offer of a loan at two per cent, below current interest rates was made and accepted. It gave Bill a chance to re-establish his credit with the jobbing house, and next season to carry the whole community on credit, as usual.

'But Walsh did something more. He visited the farmers and showed them that the security of everybody out our way just then depended on their supporting the storekeeper. We all took the lesson to heart, and that's why I won't buy my hat in Montreal. A succession of bountiful harvests put us all on our feet again, and today instead of one store we have five in healthy competition. The local bank branches are standing behind them all, making loans when needed at the lowest possible interest rates—lower in fact, than to anybody else in the community. Jimmy Walsh calls it preserving the economic stability, but I call it good, sound, common sense.'

RHEUMATISM IS SLOW POISONING

because the entire system becomes permeated with injurious acids.

To relieve rheumatism Scott's Emulsion is a double help; it is rich in blood-food; it imparts strength to the functions and supplies the very oil-food that rheumatic conditions always need.

Scott's Emulsion has helped countless thousands when other remedies failed.

Refuse Inferior Substitutes.

Don't Hawk, Spit, Sneeze, Cure Yourself! Breathe 'Catarrhozone'!

Gives Instant Relief, Clears Out Nose, Throat and all Breathing Organs.

In this fickle climate, repeated colds very easily drift into Catarrh.

The natural tendency of Catarrh is to extend through the system in every direction.

Exposure to cold or dampness intensifies the trouble and nasal catarrh is the result.

Unless a complete cure is effected, inflammation passes rapidly to the throat, bronchial tubes and then to the lungs.

You can't make new lungs—hence consumption is practically incurable.

But Catarrh can be cured, except in its final and always fatal stage.

Catarrh sufferers, meaning those with colds, sore throat, bronchial trouble, etc., can all be cured right at home by inhaling 'Catarrhozone.'

In using Catarrhozone you don't take medicine into the stomach—you just breath a healing piney vapor direct to the lungs and air passages.

The purest balsams and the strongest antiseptics are thus sent to every spot where catarrhal trouble exists—germs are killed, foul secretions are destroyed, nature is given a chance and cure comes quickly.

Colds and throat trouble can't last if the pure healing vapor of Catarrhozone is breathed — sneezing and coughing cease at once, because irritation is removed.

Use Catarrhozone to prevent—use it to cure your winter ills. It's pleasant and safe and guaranteed in every case. Complete outfit $1.00. Smaller size 50c., at all dealers.

Sick Headaches Permanently Cured.

DR WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CORRECT THE CAUSE OF THIS TROUBLE.

There are few ailments that cause more genuine misery in the home than attacks which are generally termed sick headaches. The attacks are often periodical and when the mother of a family is prostrated at intervals there it not only her own suffering to consider, but the discomfort caused the other members of the household. Sick headaches arise from a variety of causes, and most of them can be relieved or cured through the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Hugh Docherty, Rosaville, Sask., says: 'I suffered for years with what the doctors called nervous prostration and sick headache. When these spells came on I could not work nor walk, and the pains in the head were almost unbearable. At times the pain in my head was so dreadful that I feared it would drive me mad. I tried four different doctors at times, and not only took bottles of medicine, but quarts of it, but to no avail. Then I quit taking medicine altogether and tried dieting, but it made no difference, I was still an agonizing sufferer. Finally my husband urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got me a supply. After taking the Pills for some weeks I felt a little better and I gladly continued their use. My nerves began to feel stronger, the terrible headaches came with less frequency, and after taking the Pills for some month disappeared altogether. From that day to this I have had no return of the trouble, and all who knew of my illness regarded my cure as marvellous. I cannot say too much in praise of the Pills as they certainly saved me from a life of almost constant agony.'

It is by building up and enriching the blood and strengthening the nerves that Dr Williams' Pink Pills work seemingly marvellous cures, and what they have done for others they will do for all ailing people if given a fair trial. If you do not find these Pills at your medicine dealers' you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

'So you have named the baby 'Obadiah T.' What does the 'T' stand for?'

'Oh, that means 'temporary,'—until he gets his Uncle Obadiah's money, you know.'

Sentinel—Halt! Who goes there?

Colonel (irritably)—Fool!

Sentinel—Advance, fool, and give the countersign.

The devil doesn't care how often a man goes to church on Sunday, if he can use him the rest of the week.

The German hymn of hate, up to date: 'God Beat England—We Can't.'

And when it comes to rivers of doubt there's the Yser.

The submarine is not rising to the occasion.

'What's the idea of using the pronoun 'we' so often in your article?'

'Well,' replied the editor, 'it's a matter of self protection. In case anybody takes offense I want to sound as much as possible like a crowd.'

Had the Proof.

Abner was a boy who lived in a thrifty country community where, from a point of economy, his hair was cut at home. At the village Sunday school one afternoon the teacher read the story of Delilah and Samson, whereat Abner sat right up and began to take notice.

'I knowed it! I knowed it!' he exclaimed with an air of positiveness when the story was completed. 'That's just exactly what I have been tellin' mother!'

'Do you mean,' kindly inquired the pleased teacher, 'that you have been telling her about Delilah and Samson?'

'No,' was the prompt response of Abner. 'I have been tellin' her that it don't pay to let a woman cut a feller's hair.'

Corns Cured Quick

Applied in 5 Seconds

Sore, blistering feet from corn-pinched toes can be cured by Putnam's Extractor in 24 hours. 'Putnam's soothes away that drawing pain, eases instantly, makes the feet feel good at once. Get a 25c. bottle of 'Putnam's' to-day.

A little type,
A little ink,
Has often caused
A man to think
And put hard times
Upon the blink.

A conceited man usually stands alone in his opinion.

Danger Signals Warn You of Approaching Paralysis

Slowly and Surely Exhaustion Goes on Until Collapse of the Nerves is the Natural Result.

You may be restless, nervous, irritable and sleepless, but you think there is nothing to be alarmed at. You have no appetite, digestion is impaired, and there is weakness and irregularity of other bodily organs. You feel tired in body and mind, and find that you lack the energy to attend to the daily task.

You may not realize that these are the symptoms of nervous prostration and the danger signals which warn you that some form of paralysis is the next step of development.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most successful restorative for the nerves that has ever been offered to the public. This has been proven in many thousands of cases similar to the one described in this letter.

MRS. ALLAN.

Mrs. Thos. Allan, R.F.D., 3, Sombra, Ont., writes:—"Five years ago I suffered a complete breakdown, and frequently had palpitation of the heart. Since that illness I have had dizzy spells, had no power over my limbs (locomotor ataxia) and could not walk straight. At night I would have severe nervous spells, with heart palpitation, and would shake as though I had the ague. I felt improvement after using the first box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and after continuing the treatment can now walk, eat and sleep well, have no nervous spells and do not require heart medicine. I have told several of my neighbors of the splendid results obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.