THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. X. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1891. No. 28.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S.

TERMS:

$1.00 Per Annum.

(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance $4 00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on trancient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

Address all comunications to DAVISON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8 30 P M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.50 a. m.

Express west close at 10.35 a. m.

Express east close at 4 50 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 25 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.

G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 9 30 a m Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by COLIN W ROSCOE, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor——Service every Sabbath at 3 00 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranswick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor: Horton and Wolfville Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a m and 7 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Greenwich and Avonport services at 3 p m, Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7 30 p m; at Horton on Friday at 7 30 p m. Strangers welcome at all the services.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a m; other Sundays, 3 p m; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in month. The sittings in this church are *free*. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Wardens, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

ST FRANCIS (B. C.)—Rev T M Daly, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. D. Chambers, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets every Monday evening in their Hall Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & CO.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent. Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

GODFREY, L. P—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows

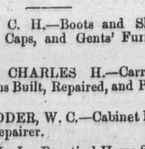
SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Garfield Tea.



A NATURAL REMEDY!

Potent and Harmless!

RESTORES THE COMPLEXION!

CURES CONSTIPATION!

THIS REMEDY is composed *wholly of harmless herbs* and accomplishes all the good derived from the use of cathartics, without their ultimate injurious effects.

Ask your druggist for a FREE SAMPLE. For sale by

Geo. V. Rand, *Druggist,* WOLFVILLE, N. S.

50

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

POETRY.

What of That?

Tired! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse! work while it is called to-day!
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?
Some must be lonely! 'tis not given to all.
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into its own.
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on.

Dark! Well, and what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, but what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned! Learn it, then, patiently.

SELECT STORY.

The Little White Stones.

It was in a lonely little fishing hamlet that poor little Ruth was born on a night when the storm raged along the coast and made sad havoc amongst the shipping near the shore, on a night when more than one great steamer was wrecked at sea, and on the night when her father's little fishing smack went down with all on board—all men of her kindred—father, grandfather and uncle. The old grandmother knew the worst as she held the new-born babe upon her knee before the drift-wood fire. The mother never knew; at dawn, her soul had passed away, and the old woman of seventy and the babe of seven hours were alone left of the family that had filled the little cabin the day before. A happy, healthy, loud voiced lot they had been. The old woman could not even weep.

"I'm too frightened!" she said in a trembling voice, and shaking like an aspen—she who had been firm of step and loud-spoken as the youngest a few days back. "I suppose I must have been left to mind the child. Some one needs to mind it. Maybe I'll live to be terrible old—ninety or a hundred. It's awful to think of it! Awful! Awful!"

But she did live, and the child throve. She had a cabin and the boat. The hire of the boat was about all she depended on. Somebody planted her little garden. Neighbors sent in little gifts of food. Some fisherman always had her dinner in his basket. And after a while, the baby, with its cunning ways, its creeping, its walking, its first little babbling words gave her an interest in life. The baby changed into a little girl, flaxen-haired, blue eyed and rosy. The grandmother was still the trembling creature with terror in her pale old eyes that that awful night had left her, but she grew no older. She was never ill, and she loved little Ruthy with a love approaching idolatry.

By and by, Ruthy began to make friends of her own age. When the sloop he sailed in was in port, Jack Parker, the cabin-boy of the Dancing Jennie, was nearly always with her. Little parties of boys and girls used to play upon the sand, or sail about the shore, or catch crabs and pull the little shell-fish from the rocks.

Before they were more than children Ruth and Jack loved each other dearly and when she was fifteen he had asked her whether she would be his wife when he had wages enough to marry on, and she had promised before he sailed next time. He had given her a little blue bead ring and she had cut off a lock of her flaxen hair, and wrapped it in her only bit of ribbon, which he wore next his heart throughout the voyage.

Once when he came home he brought her another present.

"Nothing much," he said; "only some little white stones that I found in some oysters I was opening for the captain's mess. I said they are pretty and Ruth will like them."

Ruth thought them beautiful, and made a little blue silk bag to keep them in. She had few pretty things.

And so that youth grew older and became a sailor, and Ruth was no longer a little girl; and at last the Dancing Jennie went upon a longer voyage than usual, and time wore on witnout news of her. Ruth's old grandmother was taken very ill and soon died, and Ruth was left alone. A few debts were contracted and at all events a girl could not live alone, and should be in the way of earning something people said. The cottage was to be sold with all in it. What with her grief for her grandmother and her anxiety about Jack Ruth was wellnigh broken-hearted. She accepted the fiat of her neighbors, that now she must go to service, and she asked for a vacant place at Captain Bright's, and got it. After the funeral, she sat in the little cottage, and watched the sale at auction of the poor old woman's pots and pans, big feather beds and old wood-stove, of the long settle that had stood in the chimney place since she was born, and the eight day clock that had ticked out every moment of her life. Then when the house was empty she took her little carpet bag with her few clothes, the black paper silhouette of her mother when a girl, and the little bag of old blue silk in which she kept Jack's last gift—the pretty white stones, and went to her new master's home as sad a little maid as ever crossed a stranger's threshold. The poor old woman was nothing to the rest of this world, but she was home, mother, father and all she had ever known, to little Ruth. Jack was but a cabin boy, but he was all to Ruth that Romeo was to Juliet.

She had no time for sighing in a balcony, even if there had been one in the captain's brand-new red brick dwelling. She washed the dishes and polished the spoons, and waited on the door and the table, and carried the big baby about, and blacked the captain's boots, and at night climbed to her garret room and sobbed herself to sleep thinking of young Jack lost at sea and old grandmother lying in the little church yard. No one cared for her tears now—no one knew of them. The boy who would have kissed them away, the old dame to whom she had ever been a darling child who must be soothed and watched over, were both gone, and so the autumn wore away. Winter came, and Christams tide was near.

"Go to the store, Ruth, and tell them to send me ten pounds of raisins and five pounds of currants and a pound of citron," said Mrs Bright one evening, just before dark. "Run, Ruth, or the store will be shut and old Simon away home. I must begin my pudding. It is Christmas eve, and a pudding is nothing without stirring—nothing at all; and tell them I want a little keg of lard the first thing in the morning for the crullers, and to send it by Sam for you will be busy enough to-morrow without running errands. I like things fresh. I'll not make my crullers days before as others do. Now run like wild Ruth. I don't see how I forgot I hadn't the fruit; and be back as quick as you can."

Ruth obeyed. Her light feet took her down to old Simon's store in the shortest possible space of time. She had given her order, and had the fruit in her basket, and was hurrying toward the door, when some one opened it and burst in.

"News! News!" he cried. "News! The Dolphin is just in, and brings three men picked up at sea on the wreck of the Dancing Jennie, all that were left of the crew—Captain Parker, old Sam Gill and young Jack Parker. There's very little left of them. They were starving to death and nearly frozen. They're just skeletons. Not a man of them can stand on his feet; but they're alive and doctor says they'll get better. Mrs Parker is almost crazy with joy! Old Gill's daughter too! As for little Jack Parker, he hasn't any kin, as far as we know; but the boys'll give him a welcome."

Old Simon's store was empty in a twinkling. The loungers hurried up the road towards the dock, but before them flew a little figure that seemed to have wings. It was Ruth. She had forgotton all about the basket of fruit which she had thrown from her into the road without knowing it. Raisins and currants lay scattered in the dirt, and the chickens were making short work of them. The citron was trodden under foot.

Ruth's little black hood had caught to a branch and hung there, and one of her old shoes had dropped off, she never knew where; and so she came to the old house by the dock where they had brought the feeble shadows of three men; where the captain's wife kissed her husband's hand in silence, and little Annie Gill shrieked hysterically; and passing through the crowd as one who had a right, stood looking down on Jack. Was it Jack? Could he grow so pale, so thin? Could his curly hair hang so lankly about his temples, his full throat sink to this? Oh! yes, yes it was Jack, for the big brown eyes turned toward her, and a little sigh of "Ruthy" faded on his pallid lips.

"Are you kin of his, lass," said the captain of the Dolphin kindly. "I never knew Jack had any one."

"I'm his sweetheart, sir," said Ruthy simply, "and he is dearer to me than any kin—I guess because we are to marry each other some time."

"You came near missing it lass," said the old man. "If the Dolphin hadn't met that wreck when she did, those three souls would be in Heaven this day, or I'm no sailor."

Then Ruthy took his hand and kissed it, and thanked him and Heaven silently. "Where on earth have yon been?' cried Mrs Bright, standing at the door, as Ruth approached the captain's home. "Where's the raisins and currants; where's your hat, and good gracious! your shoes?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mrs Bright," answered Ruth, amidst her tears. "Jack has got home—Jack Parker."

"The cabin-boy of the Dancing Jennie," said Mrs Bright.

"He used to be cabin boy; he's a sailor now," said Ruth. "Oh, Mrs Bright, if you could see him!"

"I see him, indeed!" cried Mrs Bright. "And so because a cabin-boy or a common sailor before the mast has come home, you've forgotton Captain Bright's Christmas pudding. It's *my* belief that's mutiny.

With which exposition of maritime law, Mrs Captain Bright boxed her poor little maid-servant's ears and sent her off to bed, without a candle.

It was Christmas-day and Ruth sat with Jack. She would lose her place for it, but she could not stay away. He could talk to her a little and he said over and over again, that if he had but the means to buy a little place that he could farm, he would leave her no more. But that could not be. They were too poor. She must go to service, he to sea, for no one knew how long.

It was in a bed in the infirmary of the poor-house that he lay. The other two men had gone to their homes, but he had none to go to. But it seemed to him that after all fate was kind.

When he grew well he would work hard to rise. Ruth was fit to be a captain's lady.

Poor little Ruth! Her bundle was put away in a cupboard hard by. Mrs Bright in her wrath had bade her take it and go. But Ruth, too, had a hopeful heart, and certainly might find a kinder mistress.

"I can't even give you a Christmas present, Ruth," said Jack. "I have your hair over my heart now. It would have gone down with me."

"And I have your little ring and those pretty stones," said Ruth.

"What stones?" asked Jack.

"Those you found in the oysters," said Ruth; "a handful. Don't you remember?" "I had forgotoon," said Jack. "It comes back to me now. Ruth, do you know, I believe they are pearls, I have seen one since, and they are found in such shells."

Ruth ran to the closet and got out her bundle, and the two were looking at them, when the doctor made his rounds. The good man heard their story, and examined their treasure.

"Pearls, of course," he said; "and Jack, there are not many men in this place able to make such a Christmas present. These pearls are worth a little fortune."

It seemed too good to be true but true it was nevertheless. They wrote to the proper person, and a jeweler came from New York to examine the pearls, pronounced them fine, and bought them.

There was no more sea going for Jack, or serving for Ruth; and the dream of the little farm became a reality, and Ruth and Jack lived upon it, as happy as the king and queen in a fairy tale, for ever after.

Millions of Sheep in Australia.

One hundred millions of sheep—such roughly speaking is, according to Mr W. Temperly, the total wealth of Australia invested in this bleating flock, which were the standard and outward token of riches in the pastoral communities of the ancient world. In his paper read before the Tyneside Georgraphicial society Mr Temperly gave a curious picture of the operation of sheep shearing at a model Australia sheep station of 150,000 acres. For a system of economy it appears to be far ahead or anything known in this part of the world. Such a holding should support we are told about 50,000 sheep, besides a few hundred head of cattle, and a number of horses for station work. The farm described possessed 15,000 to 20,000 breeding ewes of the merino tripe, the remaining being what are called "dry sheep." In New South Wales the density of the sheep population, so to speak, is estimated at about 14½ animals to the square mile. The total of the world net export of wool is 1,000,000,000 pounds weight per annum. Of this vast total 55 per cent. comes from Australia, 39 per cent from the Argentine Republic, and 9½ per cent from the Cape. Thus 94 per cent of the whole comes from the sheep zones of the southern hemisphere. It is noted as a curious geographical fact that all the great wool exporting countries lie south of the 15th degree of south latitude.

How to Wear Shoes.

"Do you know there isn't one man in 500 who knows how to wear shoes" remarked a Clark street shoe dealer the other day. "The average man buys a pair of shoes, wears them until they are no longer presentable, and then throws them away and buys another pair. A man ought to have at least two pairs of shoes for everyday wear and no pair should be worn two days in succession. At first thought this may strike you as a scheme to benefit the shoe dealer, but it is nothing of the kind. In fact such a plan would injure the shoe business. Two pairs of shoes worn alternately will last three times as long as a single pair. The saving of course, is made in the wearing of the leather. A pair of shoes worn every day goes to pieces more than twice as fast as a pair worn every second day. I know that proposition is a staggerer but it is true, nevertheless. A man does not wear out two pairs of shoes in exactly the same manner. Do you remember how an old pair feel when you first put them on again after they have been discarded for awhile? They didn't fit you like your new shoes and the contrast is very marked. But the same thing holds true in the case of new shoes. No two pairs fit your feet in exactly the same way. In one pair the strain and wear of the leather fall heaviest upon one particular part of the shoe, and in another the greatest wear and tear fall upon another part altogether."

The Speed of Insects.

The writer was traveling one day in autumn by rail at about twenty-five miles an hour, when a company of flies put in an appearance at the car window. They never settled, but easily kept pace with the train; so much so, indeed, that their flight seemed almost mechanical and a thought struck the writer that they had probably been drawn into a kind of vortex, whereby they were carried onward with but little exertion on the part of themselves. But this notion was soon disproved. They sallied forth at right angles from the train, flew to a distance of thirty or forty feet, still keeping pace and then returned with increased speed and buoyancy to the window. To account for this, look at the wings of a fly. Each is composed of an upper and lower membrance between, which the blood vessels and respiratory organs ramify so as to form a delicate network for the extended wings. These are used with great quickness, and probably 600 strokes are made per second. This would carry the fly about twenty-five feet, but a sevenfold velocity can easily be obtained, making 175 feet per second, so that, under certain circumstances, it can outstrip a race horse. An insect as large as a horse would travel very much faster than a cannon ball.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

CHILDREN

Are always liable to sudden and severe colds, to croup, sore throat, lung fever, etc. Remedies, to be effective, must be administered without delay. Nothing is better adapted for such emergencies than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, relieves coughing, and induces sleep. The prompt use of this medicine has saved innumerable lives, both of young and old.

"One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it

Strangling.

It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicine it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."—C. J. Wooldridge, Wortham, Texas.

☞ For colds, coughs, bronchitis, asthma, and the early stages of consumption, take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

SEND 50c. In stamps (simply as a guarantee of good faith) to us, and we will send you by express, C.O.D., this elegant watch which you can examine, and if you do not find it and even more than we claim for it DO NOT TAKE IT, but if perfectly satisfactory, pay the Express Agent OUR SPECIAL CUT PRICE of $5.35 and take the watch. Such a chance to secure a watch at a ridiculously low price is seldom, if ever before, offered. This is a genuine GOLD FILLED WATCH, made of 2 plates of SOLID GOLD over composition metal. It has solid box, cap and crown, hunting case, beautifully engraved and is dust-proof. The works are Waltham style, richly jewelled, with expansion balance, is regulated, and we warrant it an accurate timekeeper. It is suitable for either a lady or gentleman. A guarantee is sent with each watch. Address GEO. W. WYATT & CO., Watchmakers, Peterborough, Ont.

SEND US $1.00 and a slip of paper the size of your finger, and we will send you postpaid this elegant

ELDORADO DIAMOND SOLID GOLD FILLED RING

These rings are now worn by ladies and gentlemen in the best society, and have the same appearance as a ring costing $25.00. We guarantee a perfect fit and satisfaction.

Address Geo. W. Wyatt & Co. Jewellers Peterborough, Ont.

GET A FLAG

FOR YOUR

SCHOOLHOUSE

The movement for hoisting the Canadian flag on the schoolhouses on anniversaries of noted events in our history is spreading rapidly throughout the Dominion and evoking the hearty approval of all patriotic citizens. Already

The Empire

has done its share in helping on this movement, by awarding a handsome flag to one school in each county of Ontario, but the number of enquiries from all parts of the Dominion as to how flags can be obtained by other schools has determined the publishers of THE EMPIRE to offer a handsome

CANADIAN FLAG

of best bunting, 12 feet long (regular price $15), as a premium for 30 new yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY EMPIRE at $1.00 or eight new yearly subscribers to THE DAILY EMPIRE at $5 per annum, or a proportion of each, one subscription to Daily counting for FOUR Weeklies.

Every school in the Dominion ought to have a national flag, and this offer presents an opportunity for each obtaining it without cost, and with little trouble. Let those who are interested in getting a flag for their schoolhouse join in getting up a club, and while subscribers get full value for their money in the best newspaper in the Dominion, the school obtains its flag FREE OF COST.

The WEEKLY EMPIRE has recently been enlarged to twelve pages, and is now, without doubt, the best weekly newspaper in Canada, while the reputation of THE DAILY EMPIRE as the leading morning journal of the Dominion is well known.

Send for sample copies and special clubbing lists, and go in for a flag for your school.

ADDRESS THE EMPIRE, Toronto.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

K. D. C. is Guarantee To Cure DYSPEPSIA And INDIGESTION, or Money Refunded.