THE ACADIAN
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The Acadian.

No better advertising medium in the Valley than THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXIX. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1910. NO. 52

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.

T. L. HARVEY, 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 8.00 p. m. On 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 9.45 a. m
Express east close at 4.00 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.25 p. m.

E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Sunday evening at 6.15., and Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday 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 at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the door to welcome strangers.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. ——— 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. J. W. Prestwood, 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 7.15 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. William Brown, 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 second Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.

A. M. WHEATON, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

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

DR. E. F. MOORE, 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.

Property Sale!

Property on Main street occupied by the subscriber. Large house containing twelve rooms, barn, sixteen fruit trees, with good building lot on Gaspereau avenue. Also old Wolfville Hotel property. Good location. An excellent opportunity for investment. Apply to

MRS. EASTWOOD
or J. W. WALLACE.

Wolfville, Dec. 1, 1909.

"What School for My Daughter?"

THE MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE

BECAUSE

It is the Largest Ladies' College in Canada.
It is in a Healthful Town.
It Has Specialists for Teachers.
It Offers Literary Courses. (University Graduates as Teachers)
It Offers Music Courses. (Staff, Educated Abroad)
It Offers Oratory Courses. (Teachers of Talent and Training)
It Offers Household Science Courses. (Certificate in Qualification for Teaching in New Brunswick Schools)
It Offers Fine Art Courses. (Director an R. C. A.)
Its Aim is True Education, not Surface Culture.

Free Catalogue on application to Dr. B. C. Borden Sackville, N. B.

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FOR a General, Special or Matriculation Course. Leading to Colleges of Arts, Engineering, Medicine, etc.

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FOR a Course in Business, or Shorthand and Type writing. Comfortable Residence—Excellent Staff of Teachers.

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Now is the time to select your Books for School Opening.

Our stock of School Books, Exercise and Note Books, Slates, Pencils, Penholders, Erasers, Crayons, Rubbers, and all other School Requisites are complete.

Order Early for Prompt Delivery.

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FLO. M. HARRIS.

Professional Cards.

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Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
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.

Dr. D. J. Munro,
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgery 47
Office Hours: 9—12 a. m.; 1—5 p. m.
Borss Building, Wolfville.

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.

H. PINEO.
EXPERT OPTICIAN,
WOLFVILLE.
Write if you wish an appointment either at your home or his.

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

F. J. PORTER,
Licensed Auctioneer,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Will hereafter accept calls to sell in any part of the county.

FOR SALE.

The property on Gaspereau avenue, lately occupied by Mrs. Foshay. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply for terms, &c. to

MRS. A. GREEN,
Wolfvill.

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.

Electric Restorer for Men
A French Remedy
PHOSPHONOL
restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. PHOSPHONOL will make you a new man. Price $3.00 a box, or two for $5.00. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

This May Interest You.

Last year the sale of Pelham's Peerless fruit and ornamental trees increased 40 per cent in Nova Scotia because we deliver standard trees and to contract grade. Our agents made money in proportion to the increase in sales. We want now a reliable agent for Kings county.

Pay Weekly. Exclusive Territory.

Write for best terms

PELHAM NURSERY CO.
Toronto, Ont

KING EDWARD HOTEL
Corner North & Lockman Sts.
HALIFAX.
Fitted with all modern improvements, magnificently furnished. Situation and view unsurpassed in Halifax. Within five minutes ride by street cars to the centre of the city.
Terms—$2.00 to $2.50 per day, according to location.
WM. WILSON, Proprietor

The Best Resorts Along the South Shore
Are reached by the
Halifax & South Western Railway
Lockeport, Shelburne, Chester, Hubbards, Barrington
and all the other incomparable summer retreats for
Trout and Salmon Fishing
Caledonia is the gateway to the finest section in the peninsula—Lakes Rossignol and Kejimkujik with their uncounted, and practically unfished tributary waters.
For illustrated booklets and general information write P. MOONEY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Halifax.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Dreaming of Home.

It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight splutters low—
When the black uncertain shadows
Seem wraiths of long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache
That thrills each pulsive vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of the faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth and welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming,
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
That may never die away,
And it seems the hands of angels
On a mystic harp at play
Have touched the [illegible]
To which in my fond [illegible]
When I go home [illegible]

Outside of my darkened window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in.
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
To the splash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

Carterhall, N.S.d.

Granny Grimthorpe.

By Mrs. Comyns Carr.

(Continued from last week.)

I crouched down again under the hedge, and waited. An instinct told me that I might defeat some good purpose, and surely would never be forgiven myself if I were to be seen.

The door of the tiny stable was pushed open. I could smell the breath of the cow in my face, and the dank odor of her bed of leaves.

Then I heard the old voice 'shoo'ing' the beast to one side and, suddenly, the tiny wail of an infant and the crooning of a low voice in answer.

My heart leaped, for I knew the explanation of it all without more ado.

'Ye'd better eat a bit of hot porridge for the babe's sake,' pressed the old voice, gruffly.

'I've no stomach for food,' answered the girl, I thought with a touch of haughtiness.

'Is it pride that stays ye?'

Silence.

'Well, ye needn't to be proud,' burst forth the old voice in a minute, as if after an inward wrestling. 'Ye're welcome. I was rough, I'll allow. I can't bear to see a lass upon the road.'

'And do you think I am pleased to be there myself?' laughed the other. But the laugh turned quickly to a sigh. 'There, I have but myself to thank for it!' the girl concluded, sadly. 'I wouldn't listen to my mother's warning. I followed the desire of my heart and gave myself to one who had no fear of God in him. It killed her, and if I was forsaken of the man that wed me, afore the year was out, I have but got my deserts.'

The words ended in a direful sobbing, and the old woman did not seek to stay it.

'So your mother is dead? Then ye may sing praise to the Lord for her! There's worse may befall, when children are false to their upbringing. And that is to live and be ashamed of them.'

The voice was stern, yet I who knew it, knew that the sternness was but skin deep.

A choking came in my throat, and I clenched my teeth that I might make no sound; but lo, presently, there was a sound within that would have drowned any that I should have made, for it was the sound of a deep and passionate voice, the voice of my dour old woman rising in eloquent petition to the Most High for the heartstricken daughter of another wounded and weeping mother.

The words were trite and conventional enough—words used in many an extempore prayer before; it was the tone that tugged at the heartstrings. Here was no dead stringing together of well worn phrases, no affectation of the contrite spirit and the broken heart; but a true and terrible grief, of a wild and frenzied pleading—the echo of a prayer that had often been made and made in vain, and too late.

My heart was sore as I heard it, and I knew that I was in the presence [illegible] greater than myself; for this deep [illegible] had its own majesty, and I [illegible] myself before it and rose to flee [illegible] I had forced my way into [illegible] sanctuary wherein I had no [illegible]

[illegible] as I stood up in the dark- [illegible] 'Amen' was spoken—by the [illegible] and solemn and by the other [illegible] voice—and before I could [illegible] from my agitation the emo- [illegible] the old woman within had [illegible] into her ordinary gruffness.

[illegible] bide in the barn till the [illegible] over,' she said in her ordin- [illegible] 'but ye must go your way [illegible] of day, for I'll not have the [illegible]

[illegible] I had scarcely time to draw [illegible] to the laurels before the tall [illegible] came swinging toward me [illegible] appeared across the field and [illegible] kitchen door.

[illegible] astounded and dismayed. I [illegible] gauged the depth of the sway which a long life of repression and of rigid adherence to the conventionalities of a class might hold.

But in the course of my eavesdropping a strange and wonderful suspicion had crept into my mind.

And when I had made sure that the kitchen door was fast shut I came out and entered the barn. I must lay my suspicion to rest.

The young mother started. I could see her lovely eyes gleam in the light of the rough lantern which the old woman had left alight on the beam; I could see her cover up the baby and hug it more closely to her breast.

'Don't be frightened,' I said. 'Tis only I—the lady to whom you sold the egg. I want you to tell me more about yourself. I want you to tell me the name of the relative to whom you are going. Will you trust me?'

She looked at me half suspiciously for an instant. Then confidence came into her eyes, and she smiled.

'You are kind,' she said. 'There's not so many like you. Some will give money, but not many will give trouble—and—and—gentle thoughts. My name is Lois Mason, Lois Manversihat was.'

I smiled to myself. The surnames said nothing to me, but the name of Lois was an uncommon one, and I chanced to know that it was the [illegible] of my aged hostess.

'[illegible] I'll not tell me who is your relative in Selby? I know somebody who once lived in Selby.'

She looked doubtful.

'You need not be afraid. I want to help you. I may hear of something for you, and I must know where to write.'

I moved under the lantern and took out a scrap of paper and a pencil.

'It is grandmother,' said she simply; but I don't know as I shall ever find her, and I don't know as she will take me if I do. You see, mother ran away from home with father, and her parents would never forgive her. She cried a lot over it, did mother. She told me so as it might be a warning. But I wouldn't be warned. I went my own way same as she did, and I am punished same as she was. Seems as though it had to be.'

Her sweet eyes looked at me sadly—yet there was courage in them, too.

'But I have got a little maid of my own, now, and she shan't fare as I have fared. I am going to see to that. I am going to work for her and bring her up proper and strong—away from them nasty slums. That is why I thought I would try and find granny what lives in the country. Mother said once, 'Perhaps she might forgive me for your sake, Lois, if you was to go. I named you after her.' And I wouldn't go then, for poor mother—I was frightened of grandmother, 'cos she is so hard. But I will try now for the babe's sake. Don't ye think she might help me for the babe's sake?'

'She ought to,' said I gruffly, to conceal the tears in my throat. And [illegible] I added: 'Is your grandmother's name Grimthorpe?'

'Yes,' she said, not half su[illegible]

'How did you guess that? They was very respectable folk—that is the trouble. I wouldn't venture if grandfather were alive. Nor yet I wouldn't go to Uncle Jamie, he is a minister and very pious. But grandmother is old, and she must be rare and lonely, and though she's pious too—she might forgive for the little one's sake. Don't you think so?'

I was silent, but not really from doubt.

'Leastways I shall venture,' added she, a little hushed, but bravely.

Then I spoke.

'I know somebody near here who knows your grandmother very well,' I said; 'and if you will write down your own name and your mother's I will see what I can do.'

She looked up quickly—grateful, but frightened again at the near prospect of the conflict.

But the babe stirred, and that seemed to decide her. She took the paper and pencil which I handed her, and beneath the light of the lantern wrote the names which she had told me.

'I shall not be long. Promise me you will not go away.'

She nodded her head, and I went out into the darkness, but no longer with anger.

The old woman was at her gate. The well known scowl was on her face.

'You are late,' she said, wrathfully, as she drove me in. 'The supper is all spoiled.'

'I am sorry. I had some very urgent work to do to-night. Never mind the supper. I like it cold.'

I tried to smile as I took off my cloak, but I was too excited, and my joke was received with no more than a grunt.

'You are not going to leave me to eat alone?' I said, as she made for the door, after removing the cover of my frugal meal.

'I have had enough of chattering to-night.'

'But look here,' I insisted. 'I want to consult you. I have come across this paper in the garden. It must belong to that poor girl who was in here with the baby. It seems to be an address. And it may be precious to her. What do you think I ought to do with it? Do you know where she may have taken shelter?'

'It is none of my business,' she said, without turning.

'But it is mine, and it would be kind of you to make it yours.'

'What for do ye expect kindness from me? I have none such a name for it in the place!'

'I never heard anything to the contrary,' I said. 'You have always been kind to me.'

She only grunted again. Her hand was on the door-knob.

'I can't find it in my heart not to help her, she had such sad eyes,' I said, in despair.

'You are easy worked upon!' said she, with a snort. 'Most like she has herself to thank for her sad eyes.'

'Oh, we don't know that. And she had a child.'

'Aye, I am sorry for the poor innocent. But the sins of the fathers will be visited upon the children.'

'I don't think that is fair,' I ventured; but I knew I was getting out [illegible] her grave face warning [illegible] 'Well,' I sighed, at my wits' end, 'I shall certainly try to find her and restore her paper to her, poor girl.'

'You may do as you please,' was her retort, as she opened the door.

Feverishly, I crackled the paper in my hand.

'Lois,' said I, reading from it; 'what an odd name!' I paused upon it. I saw her back straighten itself. 'Lois Manvers.'

A tremor ran up the long back. Yes, I saw it, and my heart gave a leap.

'Janie Grimthorpe,' I went on boldly. 'Curious, isn't it?'

There was a pause. My heart beat wildly, but I dared say no more.

'I wish we could find her,' I repeated at last, thinking of nothing better.

Then she turned; her lips were blue, and her face was white under the tan of years.

She sat down heavily beside the table—opposite to me; the little evil smelling cottage lamp was between us.

'If ye'll give me the paper I'll see what I can do.'

It was all I wanted.

I handed it to her with a glad heart; then I rose, busied myself a few moments about the room, and went upstairs.

For a long time I listened; but there was no sound in the room below, and at last, alarmed lest the sudden hope might have been too much for her tough old heart, I crept down into the garden and looked in at my own parlor windows.

She was still sitting where I had left her; but against the light of the lamp I could see the firm old profile raised; the lips were moving, the horny hands were folded, and once again I was ashamed as I stole away. Yet still I could not but listen, and a moment after I heard the door unlatch and the heavy old step crunch the gravel of the path.

This time I did not even want to follow her to the barn. I knew what would happen there. I knew that, through tears for the lost daughter who was gone, she would fold the granddaughter who was found to her hungry old heart.

In less than half an hour she was back again. Her eyelids were red, but a subdued love-light shone from her sunken eyes.

'I'm loath to turn ye forth, miss,' she said, simply; 'but tomorrow I must have the bedroom I rented to you. Widow Drew, across the road has a fine pair o' rooms free, and she'll take ye on willing. A relative that I did not know of has come to me unawares, and I could not turn her away.'

'I should think not,' I cried delightedly. 'I'll move willingly.'

'But maybe ye'll step across at eve to enjoy the flowers,' added she shyly, and this was an enormous advance for granny.

So every evening at sundown I help to water the garden as of yore, while granny, on whom a new flower is now dependent, steps aside to rock the cradle till the young mother returns from work; and every night when the lamp is lit, I watch behind the blinds the shadow of a fair young head bent beside an old one over some homely task. Yet to the last Granny Grimthorpe remains secretative and taciturn. What friendship I get I get shyly from the faunlike eyes of her gentle granddaughter.

And when the day comes for me to leave the village, I know that the old woman will only nod to me, dour and smileless as on the day of my arrival, from beneath her crimson-wreathed porch.

But I shall always think of her amid the flowers, placing them on the window-sill so that they may get the warmest rays of the wintering suns, covering them up in the garden from the early frosts, cherishing their last buds, and gathering their last blossoms, preparing a kindly bed wherein their roots may be safe till the bursting of a spring which she may never see: and I shall remember in her the mother of whose passionate heart I had so moving a vision, and whose yearning tenderness, perhaps only the flowers know well.

THE END.

The Labrador fishery this year is almost a total failure.

Kidney Suffering

Backaches and tired feelings tell of weak kidney action—Prompt relief by using DR. A. W. CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS

There is no treatment for kidney disease which will afford you relief so quickly as Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills, and none which will so certainly cure the most complicated forms of this disease.

There is a reason for this. Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills awaken the action of the liver and bowels as well as the kidneys and thereby effect a thorough cleansing and regulating of the excretory system.

Mr. B. J. Argue, Kars, Carleton, Co., Ont., writes:—"I have suffered a great deal with kidney troubles and pains in the small of the back and have tried a good many remedies without obtaining very much benefit. I wish to say, however, that I can heartily recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a splendid medicine as they have proven of very great value to me."

Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Refuse substitutes.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

MAGISTRATE CURED OF PILES & ECZEMA

One of the latest prominent gentlemen to speak highly in Zam-Buk's favour is Mr. C. E. Sanford of Weston, King's Co., N.S. Mr. Sanford is a Justice of the Peace for the County, and a member of the Board of School Commissioners. He is also Deacon of the Baptist Church in Berwick. Indeed it would be difficult to find a man more widely known and more highly respected. Here is his opinion of Zam-Buk. He says:—

"I never used anything that gave me such satisfaction as Zam-Buk. I had a patch of Eczema on my ankle which had been there for over 20 years. Sometimes also the disease would break out on my shoulders. I had applied various ointments and tried all sorts of things to obtain a cure, but in vain. Zam-Buk, unlike everything else I had tried, proved highly satisfactory and cured the ailment.

"I have also used Zam-Buk for itching piles, and it has cured them completely also. I take comfort in helping my brother men, and if the publication of my opinion of the healing value of Zam-Buk will lead other sufferers to try it, I should be glad. For the relief of suffering caused by Piles or Skin Diseases I know of nothing to equal Zam-Buk."

Zam-Buk cures ulcers, abscesses, blood-poison, ring-worm, festering or running sores, bad leg, varicose ulcers, salt rheum, prairie itch, cuts, burns, bruises, baby's sores, etc. Purely herbal. 50c box, druggists and stores. Refuse imitations.

Zam-Buk

Does not Color the Hair
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR
Stops Falling Hair
Destroys Dandruff
An Elegant Dressing
Makes Hair Grow
Ingredients: Sulphur. Glycerin. Quinia. Sodium Chlorid. Capsicum. Sage. Alcohol. Water. Perfume.
A hair preparation made from this formula is harmless, yet possesses positive merit. A hair food, a hair tonic, a hair dressing. Consult your doctor about these hair problems.
J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

A Heavy Stock of Ladies' and Children's Golf Jackets Just Received

Ladies' $1.25 to $3.00.
Children's 50c. to $1.25.

CHARLES H. PORTER.

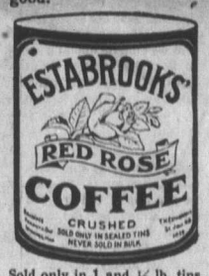
Old Age Pushed Into the Background.

There is no fact more striking than the way modern life is pushing back the period of old age, says the Strand Magazine. Less than a century ago a man was old at forty. You have only to pick up Jane Austin's novels to find gentlemen of thirty-five described as middle aged. At sixty they were gabbling in their dotage. And there is Mr. Pickwick—that dear delightful benevolent old gentleman of forty-five!

Fifty years ago when a man reached the age of forty-five he grew a beard under his chin, bought himself a pair of drab gaiters and a white neckcloth and spoke with anxious concern of the rising generation whose manners were so different from those he had known as a 'young man.' Nowadays the popular notion of irresponsible, irrepressible youth is illustrated by Colonel Roosevelt, who is fifty-two. In our generation thirty-two is outwardly indistinguishable from fifty-two, save in that the former has a slightly more youthful tint in its cheek and waistcoat.

As for the fair sex, the genus old lady is all but extinct. The pretty, vivacious matron you admire at a garden party may have been twenty-five or seventy-five summers. As Queen Alexandra not long since said to Mme. Adelina Patti: 'We two are two of the youngest women in England.' The illustrious royal example has been so sedulously followed that the ladies—always young, always active, always in the height of fashion—may be said to laugh in the very face of Father Time.

The flavor of Estabrooks' Coffee is always the same, because its quality never varies. If you picked one tin out of a hundred the coffee inside would be the same as in the other ninety-nine—rich, fragrant, temptingly good.



Sold only in 1 and ½ lb. tins.

Try it for breakfast to-morrow

74

Esther—Percy says that I am the first girl he ever kissed.

Geraldine—Yes. And doesn't he do it delightfully?

Proper attention to the hair and scalp is the best preventive of baldness. An occasional application of Bearine Hair Pomade keeps the scalp in healthy condition. It nourishes the hair follicles and supplements the natural oil of the head. Bearine not only prevents falling hair but stimulates new growth. 50 cts a jar at your druggists.

DAVIS' MENTHOL SALVE

A simple effective remedy for many little ills as well as some that are not considered little. A compound with a Vaseline base, in combination with Japanese Menthol and other drugs making an efficacious remedy for Sore Throat, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Soreness, as well as for Insect Bites, Cuts, etc.

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