V. HOWELL & CO.,
LOWER WATER ST.,
Iax, - N. S.
ical Engineers, Machinists,
of Marine, Stationary and
Simple and Compound Ea-
ill and Mining Machinery,
Repairs. 30

C. SMITH,
E TAILORING.
141 Hollis Street,
Halifax, N. S. 31

MES A. GRAY
ndertaker and
Embalmer.
Grafton St. (Cor. Jacob)
Halifax.
TELEPHONE 610 33

SALE AT A BARGAIN,
roperty owned and occupied
E. B. Shaw, on Main street.
This property consists of
ing house, one store, one barn
gon house, also small orchard.
s in good state of repair. Is
n the best business part of the
ich makes it a very desirable
stand. Part of the purchase
may remain on mortgage if
Property can be seen and in-
by any wishing to purchase,
nformation given by applying
MRS E. B. SHAW.
lle, Nov. 21, 1895.

A. Sanford and Sons,
ble and
nite Works.
84 Argyle St,
Halifax, N. S.
y description of
metery Work in
olished Grantie
and Marble.
gns and prices furnished on
application.
THE 1895.

outh Steamship Co.
(LIMITED)

RIPS A WEEK.
rtest and Most Direct Route
een Nova Scotia and the
United States.
E QUICKEST TIME,
hours between Yarmouth
and Boston!
mencing Nov. 6,
STEEL STEAMER
"BOSTON,"
further notice, will leave Yar-
mouth for Boston every
and Sat. Ev'gs,
arrival of the Express train
lifax. Returning, leave Lewis
oston, at 12 noon, every TUES-
FRIDAY, making close con-
at Yarmouth with Dominion
Ry. and Coach Lines for all
Nova Scotia.
the fastest steamer plying be-
ova Scotia and the United States
is the most pleasing route be-
ove points combining safety
nd speed.
r mail carried on steamer.
old to all points in Canada, via
Vermont or Canadian Pacific
to New York via Fall River
ington Line, New York, Haven
d and Boston and Albany R.R.
further information apply to
Atlantic, I. C., and N. S. C.
Agents or to
CHASE, L. E. BAKER,
and Treas. Manager.
th, Nov. 1st, 1895.

INION ATLANTIC
AILWAY.
OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE
after Monday, 24 March,
trains of this Railway will run
day excepted).
S WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE.
om Kentville.....5 35, a m
" Halifax.....9 10, a m
" Yarmouth.....4 21, p m
" Halifax.....6 05, p m
" Richmond.....11 30, a m
" Annapolis.....11 25, a m
S WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE.
r Halifax.....5 35, a m
Yarmouth.....9. 10, a m
Halifax.....4 21, p m
Kentville.....6 05, p m
Annapolis.....11 35, a m
Halifax.....11 40, a m
ll Steamship Prince Rupert
Daily Service.
. John and Digby.
St. John, 8.30 a. m.; arrive in
15 a. m.; arrive in St. John,
re run on Eastern Standard
W. R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.
ERLAND, Superintendent.

Snow & Son,
mers and Funeral
Directors.
Argyle St., Halifax.
Day 337. 30 Night 335.

THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XV. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1896. No. 33.

THE WOLFVILLE CLOTHING CO.

Ae Preparing for a Great Season's Work!

NEW CLOTHS ARRIVING EACH DAY

A staff of 12 to 15 hands will be employed, which will leave over $100.00 wages each week in the town.

To meet all calls our Stock will comprise a variety equal to that found in any city.

Prices for Suits, Guaranteed in Fit and Workmanship, $12.00 to $30.00

ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

TELEPHONE NO. 35. NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

THE ACADIAN.

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

TERMS:

$1.00 Per Annum.

(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance $4 00.

Legal advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arangement 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 communications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

Local 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, 8.00 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 9.50 a. m.

Express east close at 5.00 p. m.

Kentville close at 5.45 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.

G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Trotter, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 3 30 p m. Half hour prayer-meeting after evening service every Sunday. B. Y. P. U. Young People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock and regular Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Mission Aid Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 3.30 p m.

COLIN W ROSCOE, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

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 3 p. 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. Joseph Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. 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 Thursdays.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion 1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Starr, S. J. Rutherford, } Wardens.

ST FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev Mr Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m the Fourth 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.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

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

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall, every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

LOOK!

There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat store in

Crystal Palace Block!

Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon, Bologna, Sausages, and all kinds of Poultry in stock.

Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

W. H. DUNCANSON.
Wolfville, Nov. 14th 1895. 11

Dandy Pills, Pace Killer, Rheumatic Pad, Acadia Liniment.
Promptly delivered and Cheap.

The "D. & L." Menthol Plaster

Having used your D. & L. Menthol Plaster for several years in the face and neighborhood, unhesitatingly recommend same as a safe, sure and inoffensive article for the relief of pain.—A. LAPOINTE, Elizabethtown, Ont.

Price 25c.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Lyd. Proprietors, MONTREAL.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

TAKE THE BEST

25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. 25cts. Nasal Injector free.

For sale by all dealers.

A. H. WESTHAVER,
Watchmaker & Jeweller.

First Class Work at short notice.

FINE REPAIRING A SPECIALITY.

A neat line of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles to select from. Call and see him. Charges moderate.

Satisfaction given or money returned. 47

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER

Is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress.

PAIN-KILLER is a sure cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, and all Bowel Complaints.

PAIN-KILLER is THE BEST remedy known to Sent. Sickness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

PAIN-KILLER is UNQUESTIONABLY the BEST LINIMENT MADE. It gives SPEEDY AND PERMANENT RELIEF in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, etc.

PAIN-KILLER is the well tried and trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and SAFE TO USE internally or externally with certainty of relief.

Beware of imitations. Take none but the genuine "PERRY DAVIS." Sold everywhere, 25c. the bottle.

Hargreaves—"You know that time I was so sick, last summer? I just heard that the doctor gave me up once."

Ferry—"I heard that he gave you up twice." Twice?" "Yes. The second time after he had been trying to collect his bill."

Jack—Do you believe in casting one's bread upon the waters?

Mack—Not my wife's. It would obstruct navigation.

Ask for Minards and take no other.

POETRY.

Let Bygones be Bygones.

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded
By aught that occasioned a pang of regret,
Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;
'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted
From ill over which it is folly to fret;
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no longer
The thought that the sun of Affection has set;
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger,
If you, like a christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter
When kindness of yours with reception has met;
The flame of your love will be purer and brighter
If, Godlike, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the leaven
Of malice, and try an example to set
To others, who craving the mercy of heaven,
Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply
[illegible] debt;
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply
Who heed not the precept, "Forgive and forget."

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XV.

With a low cry of relief Constance sunk to the ground, and rested her head upon her arms outstretched upon the sofa She was physically and mentally exhausted. Then suddenly she rose, and seizing the papers, tore them into fragments and flung them into the fireplace. And as she did so the act seemed to bring home to her the full sense of her helplessness.

Alone and unprotected, how could she escape the further presence of this man, whose love proved as relentless as hate? She knew him too well now not to be aware that he would not leave her in peace. He had set a detective on her track; he would continue to watch her every movement. A life led with the ever present consciousness that she was being perpetually spied upon and dogged would be intolerable. What should she do to escape him?

The room seemed to spin round and become stifling. Panting and trembling, she hurried on her hat and jacket and went down the stairs and into the street. For a little while she stood gasping as if for air. Rawson Fenton, with his determined face, rose before her, and his hoarse, persistent voice rang in her ears. Even now he might be coming back to urge some fresh argument, or to utter some new threat. "The time will come when you will be glad to listen to me," he had said, and as if he uttered the words of prophecy, she shuddered.

She felt as if he were weaving a net round her, in which sooner or later she would be fast bound and at his mercy.

Where could she go? Where could she find refuge from him?

In this terrible condition of mind, which not only the scene she had gone through but her hard and unaccustomed toil of the last week was answerable for, she started off walking, not knowing or caring the direction she was taking.

Her whole desire was to get far away from the solitary room which his presence had made unendurable; and the cool air, the crowded streets, seemed a paradise of rest and quiet as, with her veil drawn over her face, she hurried on her purposless way.

Constance was in terrible straits. The scenes with Rawson Fenton had unnerved her, and the London streets through which she walked with hurried and purposeless steps, only impressed her more deeply with a sense of her helplessness. If you are out of heart and miserable, and are desirous of making yourself utterly wretched, go out into the streets of London in which you are a stranger and friendless, and you will drain the cup of misery to the bottom.

Constance walked on, heedless of the direction she was taking, until, suddenly overcome with the weakness of exhaustion, she stopped and looked about her.

She had, all unknowingly, reached St. James street, and had stopped outside of one of the large clubs, the lights from which fell across the pavement on which she was standing.

She felt faint and giddy, and was wondering where she was and how she should get home—the home that would be home for so short a time.

A policeman came up with his measured tread, and eyed her at first suspiciously and then with an air of surprise.

Constance, feeling as if she were about to fall, caught the railings of the club and put her hand to her brow.

"Anything the matter, miss?" asked the policeman not unkindly.

"No, no," said Constance, in a low voice, "I am tired and—and rather faint. Will you call a cab for me, if you please?"

The policeman hailed a hansom and offered her his arm—a London policeman is a man of some discernment, and soon learns to know a lady.

Thanking him, Constance was getting into the cab, when a gentleman [illegible] looked up and down the street, and his glance rested upon her for a moment; then with an exclamation he sprung forward and laid his hand upon Constance's arm.

She looked up and uttered a cry.

It was the marquis!

For a moment he stood looking down at her and she up at him, as if neither of them could realize the situation; then he recovered from the shock of surprise.

"All right, officer," he said. "I know this lady;" and the policeman, touching his hat in acknowledgement of the coin the marquis put in his hand, tramped off.

The marquis drew her arm within his and, signing to the cabman to follow them, led her a little way in silence.

Then he looked down at her, and in a voice struggling for composure, said:

"Constance—Miss Grahame, you here, and alone!"

Constance remained silent.

He stopped for a moment as if uncertain what to do, then led her to a quiet restaurant and made her sit down.

"You are ill," he said, gently, and he gave the waiter some order, and poured out a glass of water for her.

Constance, pale and weary-looking, fought hard for strength, and presently the color crept back into her face.

He made her drink a glass of wine, and waited, with true delicacy looking away from her, for some minutes; then he asked:

"You are better?"

"Yes, my lord," said Constance. Instantly the question arose in her mind, how to get rid of him?

"Then tell me all—everything that has happened," he said, quietly. I can scarcely believe that it is really you who are sitting there, and only a few minutes ago I was half mad with the disappointment of my failure to find you, and that now—"

"You were looking for me, my lord?" said Constance, wonderingly.

"Yes," he said; I have been looking for you for days. Where have you been?" Tell me everything."

Constance half rose, looking round nervously.

"I cannot stay here, my lord," she said, tremulously.

He put his hand upon hers gently, soothingly.

"A few minutes longer," he said; you are not quite recovered, yet. Why did you not write to my mother, to Lady Ruth?" he asked. "Why did you not send them the address of the relation you have been nursing? Did you think that we—that they—were utterly indifferent to what had become of you?"

Constance leaned her head upon her hand. She did not know what to say, for every word she might say seemed fraught with danger.

He waited a moment, his dark eyes fixed upon her with an intense expression.

"When I came back to the castle that evening I learned that you had been sent for suddenly, and that you had gone without a word to any one excepting Ruth, and she appeared to know very little. What has happened? You will tell me? he added with deep earnestness.

Constance shook her head.

"I—I am in London, my lord," she said, speaking with difficulty. "There is nothing to tell. I—I came out to-night and—and lost my way. I must go now, at once," and she rose.

"You do not ask me why I have been searching for you," he said, as they passed out and he drew her arm within his. "I have some sad news for you."

"For me?" said Constance, with a sudden vague apprehension of fresh trouble.

"Yes," he said, with sad gravity. "Arol—"

She stopped and looked up at him with a little cry.

"Don't be frightened," he said gently. "He is not dead, but he is very ill."

"Arol ill? Oh, my lord!" was all she could say.

"Yes," he said, pressing her arm tightly against his side so as to render her all the support he could. "He caught cold the day you left, and rapidly grew worse. He has been, is still, very ill, and they are afraid—" He stopped.

"[illegible] child!" murmured Constance, brokenly, her tears falling fast as she forgot everything but the bright boy who had so readily learned to love her, and whose love she returned with all her tender heart. "Oh, my lord, my lord!"

"I have just received a telegram," he went on. They say that the fever is at its height, and that he is still unconscious The day he was taken ill he began to fret for you. Your name was on his lips continually, and ever since, in and out of delirium, he has called for you, and begged you to come to him."

Constance could do nothing but cry silently.

"My mother is half distracted by anxiety," he said, "and she begged me to try and find you and implore you to return, if you could possibly leave your sick relative. But I should have started in search of you even if she had not sent me. I got to London four nights ago, and have been looking for you ever since. I found out that you had come to Paddington, but I lost all trace of you there, and to night I was wondering what I should do next. Did you not see the advertisements in the paper?"

"No," said Constance, almost inaudibly.

"No, I need not have asked. You would have answered, would you not?"

"I would have come from the other end of the world to him, my lord," she said still forgetting everything else but the sick child.

"Yes, I know that," he responded, "and you will come now?"

"Yes, I will come," she replied at once and unhesitatingly. "How soon can I go, my lord?" she added eagerly.

"There is a train to morrow morning, an early train; it leaves at eight o'clock. Can you go by that?"

"Yes; oh, yes," she answered. The need for action had banished all her faintness and weakness.

"Very well," he said. "And now let me take you home."

She stopped short, her color coming and going.

"No, my lord," she faltered. "If—if you will call a cab for me."

"You will not let me come with you?"

She shook her head.

"No; I would rather go alone," she said.

"You shall have your own way," he said in a low voice. "I will not worry you with one more question. I knew you would go to the poor child if you could."

"Oh, yes, yes," she said. "Is there no earlier train I can go by, Lord Brakespeare?"

"There is one at twelve to-night," he said; but—"

"I will go by that, please," said Constance, firmly.

He looked at his watch.

"No, no," he said, "you will be hurried, and you are not strong."

"I feel strong enough to walk all the way to him," she said, eagerly. "Oh, let me go by that, please! Call a cab, my lord! Every moment will seem hours to me."

He looked down at her earnestly, with a veiled, passionate tenderness in his eyes.

"Very well," he said, gently. "The child shall thank you himself; I cannot."

He beckoned a cab and put her in. The night had grown chilly, and her hand, as he held it, felt cold. He took off his overcoat and wrapped it round her, paying no heed whatever to her remonstrances.

"Paddington, at twelve," he said.

"Keep the cab while you get ready; but I will give the man instructions. Now, your address?"

She told him.

He went and spoke to the cabman, gave him some money, and took his number. Then he came back to her.

"Do not fret," he said, "he may be better; while there is life there is hope—good hope for a healthy child."

His hand held hers for a moment with a strong, encouraging pressure; then he released it, and signed to the cabman to drive on.

Mrs Mervyn opened the door as the cab drove up, but Constance gave her no time to express her anxiety

"I must get ready to go at once," she said, eagerly. "I have had bad news," and she gave a curtail explanation as she packed a bag. "You will keep the rooms for me," she said; "I shall be back as soon as I can, and I will come to you if you will have me." She put some money on the dressing-table with a little blush, but Mrs Mervyn pushed it away.

"That will do when you come back," she said in her timid way. "I am not in need of it, and—well, it will be a reason for coming to see me again, if only to say good-bye, Miss Grahame."

Constance kissed the sad, patient woman.

"I should have come back without that," she said; and I will not take the money again."

Feeling half bewildered, but thinking only of Arol, she got back to the cab and was driven to Paddington.

As the cab pulled up at the station the marquis's tall figure came toward it, and helped her out.

"There is plenty of time," he said. "You will not be more anxious than you can help."

Constance said nothing.

He had already taken the tickets, and he put her in a first-class carriage, on the seat of which were half a dozen magazines and a dainty basket of sandwiches and fruit. He spread a fur wrap over her knees.

"You are to sleep as much as you can," he said. "I am in the next compartment, if you should want me," he added, as he put on his coat, which he had taken from the cab; and Constance understood and appreciated the delicacy which caused him to refrain from riding with her. He treated her as if she were a princess.

The guard whistled, and having remained beside the door to the last moment, he left her, and jumped into his own carriage.

The train had got some distance on its way before Constance could realize that she was going back to Brakespeare Castle, and in charge of the marquis! What would Lady Ruth say? But she put the question from her. What did it matter what any one said under the circumstances? It was of Arol, and Arol only, she thought.

After a time she grew calmer, and took up one of the magazines. How careful the marquis had been of her! What consideration he had shown her! He had not insisted upon questioning her, had studied her feelings, her comfort in every detail. Was it any wonder that her heart should feel full of gratitude to him?

Presently the pages of the magazine grew dim and blurred, and resting her head against the padded cushion, she fell asleep.

The train stopped at one of the large stations, and the marquis came to the carriage and entered it.

He stood for a moment looking down at her with an inexpressible tenderness that had something strangely sad and melancholy in it, and took up the fur rug, which had slipped to the floor, and softly wrapped it round her. Then, with a sigh, he looked down at her again, and left the carriage, seeing that the guard locked it after him.

Constance did not awake until the train steamed into Berrington. The marquis had telegraphed along the line to the station-master to procure a carriage from the castle, and it was waiting for them.

"You have had some rest?" he said. "That is right. Let me draw that wrap round you more closely; the air is cold."

A footman in the livery that seemed so familiar to Constance got her bag and opened the carriage door for them, and they were soon on their way to the castle.

She had left it a few days ago under circumstances which Lady Ruth had tried to make ignominious; she returned to it escorted by its master. But this view of the situation was lost upon Constance, whose mind was fixed upon Arol.

The carriage rolled up the avenue, and the great door was opened. By the dim light burning in the hall Constance saw the stately figure of the marchioness standing by the stairs.

Continued Next Week.

Mrs. May Johnson,

Ayer's Pills.

"I would like to add my testimony to that of others who have used Ayer's Pills, and to say that I have taken them for many years, and always derived the best results from their use.

For Stomach

and liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equaled. When my friends ask me what is the best remedy for disorders of the stomach,

Liver, or Bowels,

my invariable answer is, Ayer's Pills. Taken in season they will break up a cold, prevent la grippe, check fever, and regulate the digestive organs. They are easy to take, and

Are the best

all-round family medicine I have ever known."—MRS. MAY JOHNSON, 368 Rider Ave., New York City.

AYER'S PILLS

Highest Awards at World's Fair.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the blood.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

If your clothes show signs of wear have them dyed at

UNGAR'S.

You won't have to buy new ones.

All Dyeing, Cleaning and Laundry Work done at Halifax prices. Ungar gives satisfaction.

LOCAL AGENTS: 31

Rockwell & Co.,
Wolfville, - N. S.

Break Up a Cold in Time
BY USING
PYNY-PECTORAL
The Quick Cure for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc.

MRS. JOSEPH NORWICK, of 56 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, writes: "Pyny-Pectoral has never failed to cure my children of croup after a few doses. It cured myself of a long-standing cough after several other remedies had failed. It has also proved an excellent cough cure for my family. I prefer it to any other medicine for coughs, croup or hoarseness."

H. O. DARNOT, of Little Rocher, N.B., writes: "As a cure for coughs Pyny-Pectoral is the best selling medicine I have; my customers will have no other.

Large Bottle, 25 Cts.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd. Proprietors, MONTREAL.