THE ACADIAN
One Year to Any Address for $1.00.

The Acadian.

No better advertising medium in the Valley than THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXIX. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1909. NO. 15

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, five cents a line every time 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 6.15 a. m.
Express west close at 9.55 a. m.
Express east close at 3.50 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. David Wright, Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton. Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH. — Rev. 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 Sunday at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m. Evensong 7 15 p. m. Wednesday Evensong, 7 30 p. m. Special service 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.—Mr. Noble Crandall, Superintendent. Services: Sunday, Sunday-school at 2.30 p. m., Gospel service at 7.30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

MASONIC.

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

A. 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.

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

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.

We do Job Printing of All Kinds. Try us.

Professional Carps.

DENTISTRY.
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.
Barss Building, Wolfville.

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

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

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

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

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

CLARKE'S
AUCTION SALE ROOMS
is the Oldest Established and Best in the Provinces.
WEEKLY
Sales of Horses, Wagons, Harness, Sleighs, etc.
ALSO—House Furnishings of every description.
Consignments: 73 & 99 Argyle St., Halifax, N. S.

To Rent.
Tenement on Main street, 6 rooms beside hall, bath room, store-room and pantry. Apply to
I. W. SELFRIDGE or C. W. STRONG.
Wolfville, Aug. 28 1908.

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

Property for Sale OR TO LET.
Now occupied by the subscriber in East Wolfville. Dwelling, barn, fruit-house, and shed, and ¾ acres of land, with 40 fruit trees—apple, cherry, plum and peach.
1—tf J. F. HERBIN.

TO LET.
One half the house adjoining premises of Church of England, containing five rooms, viz: kitchen, dining-room, parlor and two bedrooms. Rent moderate.
Apply to—
E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY, Agent.
Wolfville, Oct. 14th, 1909.

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

J. J. Ellis
Wishes to notify the public that he is now in a position to do all kinds of
TEAMING AND TRUCKING.
Gardens plowed and planted and yards cleaned.
Leave your order at J. M. Shaw's, or Regan's or at residence on Gaspereau avenue.
36 J. J. ELLIS.

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

D. B. SHAW,
Buyer of
Hydes, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Tallow and Wool.
I pay CASH. Bring your stock to me. Plastering hair always on hand.
Willow Vale Tannery.
Sept. 10, '06.

Bishop & Porter,
(Successors to J. C. Bishop.)
Carpenters and Builders.
Repairing and Shop Work a specialty.
Metallic Shingles and all kinds of Inside Metallic Fittings.
Agents for all kinds of outside and inside House Finish.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

108 Nox a Cold in One Day
Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and all Lung Trouble. None just as good. At all leading drug stores, 25c. and 50c. bottles. Manufactured by the Scobell Drug Co., St. Catherines, Ontario. A. V. RAND, Special Agent.

Under the Stars One Night.

Under the stars, one holy night
A little babe was born;
Over his head, a star shone bright,
And glistened till the morn,
And wise men came from far away,
And shepherds wandered where he lay
Upon his lowly bed of hay
Under the stars one night.

Under the stars, one blessed night,
The Christ-child came to earth,
And through the darkness broke the light
Of morning at his birth,
And sweet hosannas filled the air,
And guardian angels watched him where
The Virgin Mother knelt in prayer
Under the stars one night.

Under the stars, one happy night,
We wait for him once more,
And seem to see the wonderous sight
Of the shepherds' one of yore,
Come with us as we come to them,
Come to us as you came to them,
And crown us with love's diadem,
Under the stars to-night.

By Anna S. Dillon.

The Playactress.

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Johnny was neither abashed nor discouraged.

'She's an awfully decent girl, sir; and I'd smile if she was to walk over me in dirty boots. But she won't say a word to me. She goes to St. Aiden's, Kensington, every Sunday morning; and Johnny Spencer goes too—just to look at her. I like to sit behind her and see her pray. It's not right going to church—'

'I don't know that,' said the Great Preacher, 'I am often conscious that I go to church myself from very mixed motives.'

Johnny Spencer stared.

'But not like this, sir,' he said. 'You see, sir, I go just to see this girl, and to have a chance of speaking to her when we come out.'

The older man pressed the arm of his junior.

'I, too,' he said, 'have gone to church to see a good girl, and—'

But he got out not another word.

Johnny Spencer rose from his seat in great excitement.

'Have you indeed, sir? It is awfully kind of you to tell me that—I deserve to get a wigging instead.'

Then Johnny was silent. Both the men stood up, on opposite sides of the mantelpiece, looking like father and son, save for the opposition of fashionable and unfashionable clothing.

'Where is she now?' said Johnny, with a bashful and pretty hesitation. 'That girl you went—to church—to see?'

'She is dead,' said Gilbert, bowing his head. His voice was nearly a whisper.

Johnny put up his hand to take off his hat, but finding no hat, he held his hand a moment aloft before dropping it.

'I am sorry, sir,' he said, gently, and so fell silent.

'Tell me about this girl,' said Gilbert Rutherford, looking up.

'Oh, there's nothing much to tell. If I told you her name you would not know it. She is the best girl in London. She plays over there every evening. She will be passing in there in ten minutes—no, nine,' he said, his watch in his hand.

'Is her name Bessie Upton?' said Dr. Rutherford, a thought suddenly coming into his head.

The young man stared, taken with a great astonishment.

'Do you know Bessie Upton?' he asked.

'She is a relative of mine,' said Gilbert, 'and I have met her once.'

'Great George!' exclaimed Johnny. 'here's luck. I've been gassing like a silly fool to a stranger, and he turns out to be a relative of Bessie Upton. Now you may as well understand, first as last—I'm in love right down to my bottom dollar, and she knows it. But she won't look at me,' said the young man, sadly.

'It does not seem to affect you much,' said the other.

Johnny laughed.

'Well, you see,' he said, 'the way of that is this. Bessie won't hear a word from me, it's true. But then she lets me walk a little bit with her every Sunday after church, just round the park before she goes home, and though there's not a grain of love in the matter on her side—that's a good deal for her to give, you know. And then,' said Johnny, with a satisfied air, 'there's no other chap gets as much as a look, or comes within a mile of taking her round the park.'

Now that he was started on his hobby he would have gone on for ever. He began restlessly pacing up and down, looking at his watch about every times in the minute. Gilbert Rutherford watched him with a certain grave sympathy. It took him back many years to the days when he was a prim divinity student, waited for Ailie.

But this was only a reckless young fellow who did not go to church, waiting to see a playactress pass in at the stage door. Why did he not reprove him and cover him with shame? Was he not forgetting his position and testimony?

He thought not. But had he been asked why, he could not for the life of him have given any better answer than that this was Johnny Spencer (of whose existence he had never heard two hours before) waiting to see Bessie Upton go by to her work.

Which was, of course, an entirely insufficient reason, and indeed, wholly beside the question.

'Here they come. Put down that confounded gas!' cried Johnny, hastily, in a loud whisper. 'Beg your pardon—I did not mean that. I forgot for the moment that you were not one of the fellows.'

'Do you think of it,' said the Great Preacher, who knew a man, and did not judge by the sound of the words.

A young girl came down the narrow street rapidly, wrapped in a cloak. A stout, healthy-looking countrywoman followed her. Gilbert settled in his mind that this was the Aunt Rebecca of whom Ailie spoke.

They entered the door without turning round, and then Johnny Spencer drew a great breath and looked round at the minister.

'That's the little girl,' he said. 'She's a daisy, I'm telling you. There's nothing the matter with Bessie Upton, except that she won't have yours truly, Johnny Spencer! Barkis is willing—but Bessie, she says no. It's the hardest case,' pursued the young man. 'I do believe I'd have a very good chance if it wasn't for her wretch of a sister. She's a bad lot; but after all—what right have I to talk about her? Bessie thinks that if she were to leave her it would be all up. And so no doubt it would. And a good job too! But for that girl to throw herself away for the sake of a piece like that, drives me wild, I tell you.'

The minister sat down and listened, bending his slender finger-tips together and frowning at the fire. Johnny Spencer tramped vigorously about till Mrs. Cursitor looked in, anxious for her carpets.

'I wish, Mr. John,' she said, 'as how you would either get out o' love or get married—one of the two. It's a new carpet every six months with you trampin' up and down that there dinin'-room afore them windows.'

'Sorry, Mrs. Cursitor, blessed sorry—forgot again,' cried Johnny, sitting down penitently. 'I won't forget any more—honor!'

'Ah, Master John, it's not that I doesn't feel for you, but we are poor hardworkin' folks, Mr. Cursitor and me—and folks that has rooms in the Bank of England, with piles of sovereigns round about them—and help yourself—don't know the struggles of the poor.'

'Now, be off with your blarney, Cursitor and you are mighty well off. Neither of you have seen your heels for the last fifteen years to my knowledge, and you feed on the fat of the land,' retorted Johnny. 'It's us poor chaps that get the scrap ends.'

'Don't believe him, sir,' said the landlady to Gilbert Rutherford. 'He is a lad for jokes. It is nothing but the best that the boarders will have, as you shall experience if you do us the honor to remain under our 'umble roof.'

'As long as you have thirty bob a week, Mrs. Cursitor is your friend till death, sir!' said Johnny, so that that lady might have the benefit of the remark as she went out of the door.

CHAPTER IX.

TOMMY THE SHAVER.

HALF an hour after they crossed the road to the Siddons Theatre, and looked in at the stage door, but saw nothing through that gateway of marvel save a long draughty passage and a box with a wicket gate in it.

There was a strong blow of gassy air in their faces as they strode along through empty halls and down stairs which echoed as they went.

'Let's go to the pit,' said Johnny. 'Best place in the house—none of your upper circle, and the Amphi' cads guying you over the railings. Now, in the pit there's only the offchance of orange peel from the gallery, and that you may get even in the stalls.'

They were soon shouldering gently in a little good-humored press before a double door, both halves of which were closed. Dr. Gilbert Rutherford was within the precincts of a theatre for the first time in his life. As he stood there he had an uneasy sense of what might happen if by chance some one recognized him. He felt the hand of Duncan MacGill, his ruling elder, on his shoulder every time the crowd pressed upon him in that narrow, cold, stone-vaulted place. Presently the doors opened inward, and the little knot of pities, sharp set for the best seats, scurried in, treading on each other's heels in their eagerness to get good places.

[illegible] with a chase of chill at his heart like incipent rigor that Gilbert Rutherford passed into the wide, brilliantly lighted spaces of the theatre. He breathed a prayer as he went for forgiveness if the action should after all chance to be wrong. For by his creed the end in no case sanctified the means.

'And this is the pit?' he said, tentatively, to Johnny Spencer when they were seated. The tiered theatre seemed to rise indefinitely above him, flashing gold and salmon color. It took his breath to look upward. He heard the gallery tumbling turbulently in like a reservoir that has burst its dam. Then came whistling and cat calls from aloft. A gentleman in a glossy hat came for a moment through a side door into the stalls.

'That's the manager, Joe Jefferies,' said Johnny, 'a friend of mine. He is a decent fellow. But Rose Sargeant, the star, my word, she is a trouble to him. She wears his life out with her headaches and her letters to say that she can't come. I guess he's had one to-night. That's why he's so grey about the temples. He's not a day older than I am, and he's crow footed all over the place already, as you can see from here, sir.'

'What does Miss Upton play?' said Dr. Gilbert Rutherford.

'Oh,' said Johnny, 'there's the bill, you'll see—the usual thing.'

The minister took the fluttering pink sheet with the great many unnecessary advertisements upon it, and a little rivulet of names running down through the compartments of the advertisements.

He could make nothing of it. One name he caught. In smaller letters under the leaded Clarendon which declared that Miss Rose Sargeant played the heroine, was the modest announcements that the part of Lucy Brandon was to be undertaken by Miss Grace St. Vincent.

'I fear I can make nothing of this,' Gilbert said, gently, to Johnny.

'No?' said that youth, interrogatively and cheerfully. He was quite willing to devote some time to explanation—even anxious. 'Well, Bessie is not a star, you see, and so she has to put up with the star. She plays second lady, and plays it like an angel. Also, she has to understudy Rose Sargeant and play her parts when that lady's temper is out of order and she wants to take it out of the manager.'

'I understand,' said the minister, who did—partially.

'Bessie will never be a great actress,' Johnny went on. 'She has got too much character of her own. At least I think so. She forgets herself all right, and makes you make a fool of yourself—cry, you know—when things get in a hole, and she comes on with a muslin pocket handkerchief in her hand and her hair down. But for all that Bessie will never make a great actress. Though, mind, don't you tell her I said so,' continued Johnny, anxiously. 'It you did, I should be in a hat. For I have to tell her quite different when we walk round the park. She talks to me a lot about her art, you see, and I have to play up!' the ingenuous youth explained.

The play that night was elaborately naught. And, indeed, the Great Preacher did not make even an attempt to understand it. There was but one figure for him in it—the pale-faced girl who was made the sacrifice in order that the star might climb to the well-ordered triumph of the final scene—with the limelight man following her about with his lens as well as he could, but (owing to two goes of gin between the third and fourth acts) generally missing her by about two feet, and glorifying irregularly the pale golden hair of Bessie Upton.

Johnny Spencer clapped his knee with his hand when this happened the second time.

'The star will have hysterics, the manager get fits, and the limelight man the sack!' said Johnny, delightedly, explaining the situation in his tersely vivid manner.

But though Johnny Spencer continued to explain till they parted at their bedroom doors, Gilbert Rutherford could not understand all that was involved in that comprehensive sentence, nor why these things were so.

The next day passed slowly. Dr. Rutherford went to the British Museum and saw a Spanish Polyglot which was his envy. Also he saw a very famous Bible which he was only allowed to behold by manifesting a knowledge of the original tongues to an assistant librarian—who mentioned to the chief of the department of Chaldaeic languages that there was a Scotch scholar in the reading room asking for many sorts of unheard-of things. The specialist went and found Dr. Gilbert at work on a sheet of his pet emendations, which had been left between the leaves of a Syriac text.

'Will you come into my room?' said the specialist, and without a word led the minister away, motioning the assistant to bring in the the big books. But Gilbert Rutherford carried most of them himself.

Continued Next Week

A Cough Medicine
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a regular cough medicine, a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. Good for easy coughs, hard coughs, desperate coughs. If your doctor endorses it for your case, take it. If not, don't take it. Never go contrary to his advice.
We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.
Ayer's
The dose of Ayer's Pills is small, only one at bedtime. As a rule, laxative doses are better than cathartic doses. For constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headaches, they cannot be excelled. Ask your doctor about this.
Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Must Call a Halt To Pneumonia
Every cold must be taken seriously, and cured by Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.
While consumptives are being taken care of and tuberculosis is being conquered who is going to fight pneumonia, which seems each year to claim more and more victims.
While the doctors are experimenting with cures why not do all we can to prevent this dreadful ailment by taking every cold seriously and using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to allay the inflammation of the bronchial tubes, to aid expectoration and to keep the cough free and loose.
This great medicine has a thorough and far-reaching action, which is not obtained from ordinary cough medicines, and this is why three bottles of it are sold for one of any similar treatment.
Mrs. F. Dwyer, Chesterville, Ont., writes: "My little girl had bronchial pneumonia and we thought she was going to leave this world, as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. After the first two doses of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine the child began to get better and we are thankful to say is now well again after seven weeks' sickness." 25 cts. a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
ROYAL Baking Powder
Absolutely PURE

The True Christmas Spirit.

An American writer observes that there are two things that are likely to be forgotten at Christmas—the supernatural meaning of the feast and its really human side,—which means, we hear somebody say, that the essence of Christmas evaporates altogether.

'Well, it does! Custom at this season requires us to be so occupied with the objective side,—so overwhelmed with the material,—so absorbed in cakes and ale and the boar's head—which is an archaism for the modern turkey with trimmings,—that the manger of the Christ-child is buried under a heap of earthly objects. If a prayer went with every gift we should be positively Christians at Christmas; but the prayer that goes with a great many gifts—largely perfunctory—is that the bills may not come in before the first of March. And, as to the human side,—the good human side,—we do not remember that in the children's season, 'the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.' It is the impression of the Christmas morning which lasts till death, not the value of the gifts. If the morning be marred by a dispute about values, by the comparing of commercial worth—the [illegible] impression at the time is lost. Sweetness and soft voices, gentleness and devotion, the glow of candles, the swell of the Christmas anthem sung at the family hearth on that eve, the exchange of simple and homely gifts are finer impressions to be held for memory than donations of purple and fine linen, and better for the character of the future child. One forgets the broken toys, but never the mother's smile or the hand grasp of the father. In fact, if custom were not so strong, it would be best to return to the older Christian way, leaving Christmas for the spirit, and piling up gifts on that day of gifts.—The Epiphany.

In Canada there were in 1901, according to the census of that year, 471,833 farms of five acres and upwards, the average size being 134 1-4 acres. The average size of families in Canada is a fraction over five persons. This would make the number of individuals represented by the farming class about 2,360,000 or more than half the entire population of Canada. There are 220 members in the House of Commons of whom 28 are farmers.

For that Dull Feeling After Eating.
I have used Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for some time, and can testify that they have done me more good than any tablets I have ever used. My trouble was a heavy dull feeling after eating.—DAVID FREEMAN, Kempt, Nova Scotia. These tablets strengthen the stomach and improve the digestion. They also regulate the liver and bowels. They are far superior to pills but cost no more. Get a free sample at Rand's drug store and see what a splendid medicine it is.

A bill has been introduced in the Dominion Parliament to amend the criminal code that 'the owner and driver and person in charge of any motor vehicle commonly called and known as an automobile, which causes a horse to run away or shy or bolt, and thereby occasion bodily injury to any person, is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to two years' imprisonment.'

Her Answer.

An Atchinson girl had a proposal of marriage Sunday night, and asked a week to think it over. She went to all of her married sisters. One, who used to be a belle, had three children, did all her own work and hadn't been out riding since she was married. Another, whose husband was a promising young man at the time she was married, was supporting him. A third didn't dare say her life was her own when her husband was around, and a fourth was divorced. After visiting them and hearing their woes, the heroine of this little tale went home, got pen, ink and paper, and wrote an answer to the young man. You may think it was refusing him, but it wasn't. She said she could be ready in a month.

Silent Husbands.

When husbands fall into the silent habit, wives often resort to an expedient in nearly all cases disastrous—that is, asking questions. It is well known that the masquline mind dislikes questions. To escape questioning, some men try discourtesy; others meet it with evasion or misrepresentation or by giving information in so piecemeal a way that the questioner grows discouraged. Until men learn that the lives of women are narrow and often monotonous, and that women long to share the more vital interests of the day, they are not likely to acquire the sympathy that will lead them to more generous treatment.

The old fashioned way of dosing a weak stomach or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is all wrong. Dr Shoop first pointed out this error. This is why his prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is directed entirely to the cause of these ailments—the weak inside or controlling nerves. It isn't so difficult, says Dr. Shoop, to strengthen a weak Stomach, Heart or Kidneys if one goes at it correctly. Each inside organ has its controlling or inside nerve. When these nerves fail then those organs must surely falter. These vital truths are leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Test it a few days and see! Improvement will promptly and surely follow. Sold by A. V. Rand.

DINNER BELL MUSIC.

The music of the dinner-bell is always welcome to the healthy man or woman—alike to the working man or woman who eats a plain meal at noonday, or to people of easier lives who enjoy a rich dinner in the evening. But to the Dyspeptic there is no music in the dinner-bell—it calls him to a trial for which he knows he is unfit. No one can enjoy a meal, or get nourishment and strength from it, knowing that pain and distress will follow after. The true course, even for healthy people, is to help the digestive system, from time to time, with that excellent tonic medicine, Mother Siegel's Syrup.
Mr. Michael Bureau, of Stanham, Quebec County, P.Q., writes: "For some time I suffered from indigestion. I had headaches which made life a misery. I could not sleep at night and after eating I felt a sensation of fulness and pains, with heart palpitation. I took no medicine for this illness except Mother Seigel's Syrup and was cured when I had used one bottle of it."