

No better advertising medium in the Valley than THE ACADIAN.

The Acadian

THE ACADIAN
One Year to Any Address for \$1.00.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXXIV.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS COUNTY, N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1915.

NO. 16

THE ACADIAN.

Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors.

DAVIDSON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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

News communications from all parts of the country or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

\$1.00 per square (2 inches) for first insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertising notices 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 contracts, advertisements must be in the office by Wednesday noon.

Advertisements in which the number of insertions is not specified will be continued and charged for until otherwise ordered.

This paper is mailed regularly to subscribers until a definite order to discontinue is received and all arrears are paid in full.

Job Printing is executed at this office in the latest styles and at moderate prices.

All postmasters and news agents are authorized agents of THE ACADIAN for the purpose of receiving subscriptions, but receipts for same are only given from the office of publication.

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE.

J. D. ORRINGER, Mayor.

W. M. BLACK, Town Clerk.

Office Hours:

9:00 to 12:30 a. m.

1:30 to 3:00 p. m.

Close on Saturday at 12 o'clock.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 8:00 a. m. to 8:00 p. m.

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 8:35 a. m.

Express east close at 4:05 p. m.

K. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. G. O. GAINES, D. D., Assisting Pastor. Services: Sunday, Public Worship at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School at 3:00 p. m. Mid-week prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, at 3:30 p. m. The Social and Benevolent Society meets on the third Thursday of each month at 3:30 p. m. The Mission Band meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 8:45 p. m. All seats free. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. G. W. MILLER, Pastor. Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Bible School at 9:45 a. m. and Adult Bible Class at 9:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Services at Lower Horton as announced. W. P. M. S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 8:30 p. m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Wednesday at 8:30 p. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. W. H. BACON, Pastor. Public Worship at the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:45. All seats free and strangers welcome at all the services. At Greenwich, preaching at 8 p. m. on the Sabbath.

Church of England.

St. John's Parish Church, of Horton. Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m. and first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. Masses every Sunday 11 a. m. Evensong 7:30 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. DELOS, Rector.

T. L. HAYLEY, Wardens.

Mr. PELTON (Orthodox)—Rev. Fr. H. J. McMillan, P. M.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

The Tabernacle—During Summer months open for social services—Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 p. m. Splendid class rooms, efficient teachers, men's bible class.

MASONIC.

St. George's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the third Monday of each month at 7:30 o'clock.

A. K. BARR, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

Orphans Lodge, No. 10, meet every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall, p. Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcomed.

H. M. WATSON, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.

Wolffville Division No. 2 of their Hall every Monday evening in their hall at 8 o'clock.

FOSTERERS.

Court Hill Station, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m.

For Sale in Wolfville.

Carriage Factory and Driveway adjoining, formerly occupied by Charles H. Borden. Good location and a splendid opportunity for a good man. Will sell at a bargain.

Mrs. CHAS. H. BORDEN, Wolfville.

Get your Printing at this office.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has become the standard for all children because of its purity, mildness, and its ability to relieve all ailments of infancy.

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 Diarrhoea 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 CASTORIA COMPANY, 71 N. BROAD ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.
E. G. ADMINISTRATION.

C. E. Avery deWitt

M. D., C. M. (McGILL)
One year post graduate study in Germany.
Office hours: 9-10 a. m.; 1-3, 7-9 p. m.
Tel. 81 University Ave.

M. R. ELLIOTT

A. B., M. D. (Harvard)
Office at residence of late Dr. Bowles.
Telephone 23.
Office Hours: 9-10 a. m., 1-3, 7-9 p. m.
W. S. BOSCOE, E. G. BARRY W. BOSCOE, J. L. P.

BOSCOE & BOSCOE

RASCALERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES, ETC.
KENTVILLE, N. S.

G. PURVES SMITH

M. B.—C. M., Edinburgh
COULBIT.
Consultation Hours: 10 a. m.—12 noon
2 p. m.—4 p. m.
Monday Excepted. Telephone 163.
Westward Avenue, Wolfville, N. S.

J. F. HERBIN

Jewelry Watchmaker and Optician.
FOR SALE.
Very fine Victrola, shined stand, and twenty-five records. Price \$150.00, about half the original cost. Also, separately, a number of single and double records.
Address Miss G. B. HARRISON, Annapolis, Md.

Begin Now to Provide for Old Age.

YOU CAN OBTAIN FROM

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

An Endowment Policy Maturing at Ages 40 to 70.

FULL INFORMATION GIVEN BY
CAPT. S. M. BEARDSLEY, Provincial Manager
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

The Marching Armies.

The days come up in the street with empty heads, as emblems without words. They bring no gold of course. With weary feet we tread our way, but caring where they rest.

The poet's song, all golden in his throat. Turn to a blood-red chapter, sage unlearned. The buster's horn has made its little note. A trumpet-blast that shall awake the world.

From silent shores where languid fides have slept. From quiet hills where dreaming people sleep. Strange eyes drop water that have never wept. More path to slaughter who have never slept.

For lo! the gurgling rivulet, the foot of the mountain. And lo! the gurgling rivulet, the foot of the mountain. And lo! the gurgling rivulet, the foot of the mountain.

From home to house the mournful winds have blown. The dying wail in the wailers' ears. From both to hill have borne the weeper's moan. Have dreamed the drum, have weeper's tears.

Beggar and prince in meeting face to face. Hold the same secret shining in their eyes. The wail of terror of a fierce disgrace. The wail of hope that glory may arise.

The hope that, like a flame from the black field. Flings up its torches, its fervent of the field in the strength of food whose word we wield. And chaunt the only crown of kings.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Your Country Needs You.

'War reveals the patriot.' And who, then, is a patriot? He who loves his country? Ay, but more than that! For love may be passive, selfish, craven. It may be the love which takes all and gives nothing; which grips of safety, but will not handle a rifle.

Love, the real love, and not the counterfeit, can march to sacrifice. That is patriotism. And in that spirit all distinctions disappear; all differences die. Silk and shoddy, the sign of rank, the mark of toil, are shed and in the war-worn khaki all men are brothers.

Patriotism is bred of the knowledge that Britain has a stretched-outatory of noble deeds, a battles fought and won on land and sea—a series, in very truth, running for all time, with 'to be continued' scribed at each chapter's end. Never while patriotism shall call, and thousands of hurrying feet make the response, shall 'Finis' be written to our nation's history.

Surely Britain's story stirs the stagnant blood. Fling your vision back through the centuries, and eyes become alight with patriotism.

Look ahead at the great menace, the War Lord, with his mailed fist reaching towards Britain's throat. Then it must be that sinews tighten and muscles grow taut at the vision of the grapple; struggle. For King and country! The dear old country!

Not for the patriot to rush to buy a printed sheet to read there of victories won. Not for him to shout while others go to fight. Not for him the waving of a flag, and hurrah for the heroes that are going.

For him, the patriot, if his manhood is young, and his strength the strength of a man, the trenches. For him the stubborn waiting while the earth and air hold death. For him, the peer out into the mysterious blackness of terrible night, as he watches, tense and alert, for the shadows to become shapes, and the shapes to become men—the toes of his fatherland.

A challenge! Shots! The camp stirs to rapid life, and the attack is rolled back. The patriot lies still. His smoking rifle is proof that he has not failed. For King and country! Great as love hath no man than this!

Wanted, patriot! Your country calls! Be proud to wear the khaki; be glad of Mother Earth for a bed and a great coat for a covering; be glad to march with tightened belt—it's for King and country!

God Conscience has not, with rough compulsion, placed you all unwilling in the fighting line. You will step out of comfort and security and offer yourself for service. You will save deeds done; you will help in the making of history; you will be a man and a patriot!

Men of Britain, nursed on her glorious traditions, you who as boys, thrilled as you turned the pages of her fighting history, you will call her now! Your country calls you!

God! And when the sword is sheathed and the roar of mighty cannon stilled, you shall live to tell the story to your children and your children's children, of how, in time of stress and again, until the arrogance of a War Lord was humbled and the foot of Britain was on his neck!

Conserving the Breeding Stock.

Everyone knows trade conditions and commercial enterprise have suffered a very serious and unexpected upheaval during the past year. To this situation the war has, of course, largely contributed; but other causes, including the general financial depression throughout the country, have been operative for some months past. The agricultural industry has, naturally, been very widely affected by the varying situation with respect to demand and supply. The rise in the price of grain, together with the corresponding fall in grain production, represents, without doubt, the most outstanding feature of the direction which has been given to agricultural activity.

We need, perhaps above all things else, sane, level judgment in the conduct of our agricultural affairs during the coming year. It is to be expected that grain production will be largely increased. The raw products of the soil are, and will be, in demand at remunerative prices. What then is to be said, what course is to be followed with respect to the breeding of live stock?

The high price of feed, on the one hand, and relatively low prices for market stock, on the other, have resulted in very heavy marketing through-out Canada, particularly in the Western Provinces, of the stock suitable for breeding purposes. Perhaps this was inevitable, but will these conditions continue? Feed grain, will, without doubt, be high in price, but it must never be overlooked that the country can maintain very large numbers of live stock on the enormous quantity of rough fodder which it can produce. To waste this, for the sake of the grain which can be grown, would, under the present circumstances, be criminal neglect. It is clear, then, that the country should conserve its breeding stock. It is grain to be grown for sale it is recommended that plans should be carefully thought out, so as to the manner in which the greatest quantity of rough fodder may be made available for feeding purposes and as to the means by which this otherwise waste product, together with the screenings and unselectable grain, may be utilized to the best possible advantage. In other words, minimize waste. Do it by feeding live stock.

The present low prices for stock cannot last long. A careful review of the world situation makes it clear that there will be a shortage this year. Europe is becoming seriously depleted in both breeding and feeding stock. The United States, for ten months of the past year, at its leading markets, is short 749,045 cattle, 208,000 sheep and 1,894,939 hogs. Canada has, as before stated, heavily liquidated her breeding animals, and while it may possibly maintain its quota next year of cattle and sheep, it is doubtful if more than seventy-five per cent. of the number of hogs will find their way to market in 1915, as compared with the past year. It is, therefore, a time for live stock men to stay with their trade. The present tendency is, of course, all the other way. A safe harvest is likely to be reaped by those who have stock for sale next year. Even bankers and business men are of this opinion.

One word of advice is to be given. Avoid marketing so far as it is at all possible to do so during the period of October fifteenth to December fifteenth. This is a time of the year when everybody else has stock for

Compensation.

When her two boys had into manhood grown,
Death laid the side by side, one flowery May,
And she, hand and heart empty, sad and lone,
Asked tearfully: 'Is it not true that they
Are happier far who never bore a child,
Who never heard the little feet about?
Easier to be born blind than reconciled
When, looking up one finds his light is out?'
But when I said: 'Now you know mother-love;
Now you can better feel another's pain;
The sons you lost await you safe above
And you will press them to your heart again;
And heaven, for you, through all the endless years
Will cherish be—a rainbow spanned her tears.

Uric Acid Suffering.

Uric acid is an accumulation of poison which finds judgment in the system when the kidneys fail to remove it from the blood. In the kidneys and bladder it forms stones, in the joints and muscles it causes rheumatism. In any case the pain and suffering is almost beyond human endurance. Uric acid is promptly removed from the system when the kidneys are kept healthy and active by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Are you BILIOUS?

Don't let it run too long, it will lead to chronic indigestion. In the meanwhile you suffer from miserable, sick headaches, nervousness, depression and slow complexions. Just try CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER TABLETS. They relieve fermentation, indigestion, gently but surely cleanse the system and keep the complexion clear and rosy.

At all drug stores, or by mail from J. J. Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto.

Excelsior.

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'What was dey a holdin' on to all de time dey was a climbin'?' Rastus asked the skeptical listener.

'Holdin' on tu!' exclaimed Rastus, scornfully. 'Why, de top ones was a holdin' on to de bottom ones, an' de bottom ones was a holdin' on to de top ones, of course.'

BADLY WOUNDED

For severe wounds, cuts, skin diseases, eczema and all skin troubles—for adults or for children, there is nothing to equal the great herbal healer

AMBUR

HEALS QUICKLY

The Knitting Sisterhood.

One of the activities brought into being in this country by the European war is in curious contrast with a like activity of the French Revolution. Whoever has read Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities' will never forget the part played by the knitting women. Before the Revolution the women, sitting on an evening on their doorsteps, knitting worthless things, but the mechanical work was a mechanical substitute for eating and drinking. At the days of the Revolution they drew on towards the fearful outbreak, their knitting gradually became not an expression of despair, but one of hatred and revenge. And so it came about that daily, when the guillotine did its horrid work, a sisterhood of knitters, united by their common religion of hate, sat before it, and recited with their needles every head that fell.

Here in Canada women and girls by the thousands have suddenly taken up the use of the needles. They are knitting in theatres and concert halls, on trains, in street cars, and in automobiles. They rise from a formal dinner or luncheon to take up their knitting; the little girl, as she stands to recite in the classroom; continents to knit. Clubs of all varieties knit at their meetings; in countless neighborhoods little groups weekly meet and knit together. In hotels and restaurants the women employees, provided by general subscription with needles and yarn, are spending their leisure in knitting.

The cumulative effect of all this knitting on the observer is profound. It is a universal effort! Many a woman doubtless started her first muffler or wristlet merely out of desire to sooth the ache in her heart by doing something useful; but out of the thousands of helpless plying units has grown a sisterhood banded together by the common religion of love—'Youth's Companion.'

It's a Long, Long, Way to Tipperary.

'It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go.' That's what they're singing over there in the noise and the blood and the cruelty. The English soldiers took the old tune across the channel with them. They sang it around the camp fire, and they sang it in the saddle, and they sang it sometimes in the trenches they sang it, too.

To the sweetest girl I know. And by the French soldiers know the tune and whistle it gaily in the French fashion, and sing it too, in accents weird and strange.

Tipperary becomes something quite chic and smart when a Frenchman in baggy red breeches and a souve jacket sings about it while he makes his little cup of black coffee over the camp fire.

The Belgians have caught the song and it's nothing at all out of the ordinary to hear a giant with a spade shouldered ear carolling blithely in his deepest bass about the road—the long, long road to Tipperary.

Over in the German lines they know the song. Maybe they learned it from a gallant Irish sergeant who sat up in the ambulance with a broken head and a bad wound in the chest and laughed and sang all the way to the camp of the prisoners, about his girl, and how long the road was that was taking him away from her—probably forever.

They sing it in the prisons—the Irish, the Scotch and the English, and now they say the German drummers have learned to beat to the tune of the girl and the road to Tipperary.

Little Nora—you at home there in the green isles—whose face do you see in the smoke of the peat fire? It's a long, long road he travels, dear boy with the eyes of laughing blue—a long, long road, and he carries your heart in his knapsack.

Mary of England, you're a grand lady, they say, with a castle and a shooting box and a town house and a legion of servants. What is it you think of when you sit on the terrace and watch the peacocks preen and strut all in the gray English after-noon—the long, long road he travels? That's his picture in the locket that rises and falls on your white throat. An officer, is he? So much the more likely to fall first. He sings, too—this very night, in the trenches on the field of battle—it's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there, and it's you he sees; just you, English Mary, with your soft voice and your true, true heart.

He's gone, the light of your days, the core of your heart, and you sit alone in the evening, and the scent of the heather and the gorse comes sweet to you through the Scottish twilight—your boy, your first-born, how brave he was in his first kilts, and what a bonnie laddie he's aye been—so true of heart—gone to fight, perhaps to die.

It's a long, long road he travels, O Scottish mother, this night of sorrow. Forgotten are the silly songs they've been singing in the music halls. Who knows any of the things that Paris hummed in the cafes a few short months ago? There is no time and no heart for such songs now. It's home the lad is thinking of—home and the hearth fire.

Home and the mother who bore him, whether she's French or English, or German or Irish. Home and the girl he loves, whether he's Russian or Austrian or Belgian—home and true hearts, home and loving thoughts. It's all gone, the froth and the folly and the frivolity—all gone, the wontonness and the shallow hearted mirth over what never was meant to be mirthful—home and honest love and faith—home and the laughter of little children—home and the pot boiling on the fire—home and the primroses in the window, low voices, kind eyes, true hearts.

It's a long, long road to these poor lads, brave lads, a long, long road. How many of you will walk it back again?

TO ENJOY WINTER

Prof. Frankland demonstrates that COD LIVER OIL generates more body-heat than anything else.

In SCOTT'S EMULSION the pure oil is so prepared that the stomach absorbs every drop, while it fortifies throat and lungs.

If you cannot take cod liver oil, or if you have a cold, cough, or any other ailment, take SCOTT'S EMULSION for one month and watch its good effects.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

A Brave French Girl.

The interesting story of a young girl's devotion to duty has come to us from the east of France. Berthe Levy, aged 22, is an employee in the post office of the French town of Briey, which is situated just over the border from German Lorraine.

The people of Briey, like those of other French towns, were going along placidly in their usual way all July, and it was only when they noticed the news of the murder of the Austrian grand duke and the declaration of war on Serbia by Austria, that probably impressed her no more than it impressed many a young girl in America. It was only when the German troops poured forth from Metz that Briey awoke to its danger.

On August 3rd the news came that German troops, marching through Metz, had been seen in the neighborhood. The postmaster of Briey had received his instructions. At the first approach of the enemy he was to send by motor to the town of Verdun, a military post, all the cash at the Briey post office. It was a task that required courage, honesty and reliability, as well as ready wit.

Monsieur the postmaster sent for Berthe Levy, told her what was required of her, and asked her if she would go.

'Certainly, monsieur,' was her answer; and when he asked her if she were afraid, she looked at him bravely. 'Afraid, monsieur?' she asked, 'when I go for my country?'

She entered the motor with thousands of francs in her charge, reached Verdun safely, delivered the money and securities, and received the receipts. The military authorities, realizing the increasing danger, urged her not to return. The Germans were everywhere; no French person would be permitted to pass their lines unmolested, and the postmaster must reconcile himself to do double work. But the young girl shook her head. 'My chief needs my services, sir,' she said. 'He is counting on my return, and nothing else concerns me.' She had not proceeded any kilometers before she realized the authorities had been right. No motor could pass unchallenged. Since she must lose it, then in any case, she alighted, and abandoning her car, took to a nearby wood. Here she lay, concealed all day, and under cover of night, set out on foot. Managing to evade the German patrols, she reached her office at Briey, and gave to her chief the receipts for the money and securities deposited in safety at Verdun. She then went quietly back to the work in the office for which she had known herself to be needed.

A well known judge often relieves his judicial wisdom with a touch of humor. One day during the trial of a case, Mr. Gunn was a witness in the box, and as he hesitated a good deal and seemed unwilling, after much persistent questioning, to tell what he knew, the judge said to him: 'Come, Mr. Gunn, don't hang fire.' After the examination had closed the bar was convulsed by the judge adding: 'Mr. Gunn, you can go off; you are discharged.'

The difference between luck and pluck is the difference between our own success and that of our neighbors.

Skin Trouble and Diet.

There is reason to believe that there is a close connection between many forms of skin trouble and diet. One significant thing is the singular stubbornness of many skin diseases and their mysterious tendency to recur even when the physician continues the form of treatment that at first seemed to act as a cure. Among these rebellious skin troubles are acne, eczema, psoriasis and urticaria. All four diseases are likely to respond to treatment at first, but too often they return obstinately, as if a stream of water returns when it has been swept back by a broom.

That common characteristic has set the physicians searching for some common underlying cause. As a result of their investigations, it is generally believed that there is a direct relation between the metabolism, that is to say, the chemical changes by which food is transformed into body tissue—and the condition of the skin.

But although we accept it as a fact that many kinds of skin trouble are dependent on the diet, it is still necessary to experiment with each case until we have found the particular diet that is best for it. After that has been accomplished, there is constant need for the patient to exercise all the self control he possesses, for those obstinate skin disorders cannot be cured in a few days or even a few weeks.

A regulated diet does not mean simply going without this or adding that article of food. One leading dermatologist has defined it as 'such a regulation of the quantity and quality of food and drink, its mode of preparation, and the time and method of its consumption as shall conduce to the restoration and maintenance of the health of the body, including the skin.' The patient, therefore, must co-operate faithfully with his physician or the cure will fail.

Was Troubled for Years With Kidney Disease

And This Treatment Cured Me—This Statement Endorsed By a Baptist Minister.

The great majority of people are familiar with the extraordinary curative power of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and firmly believe there is no medicine to equal them. I was troubled for years with kidney disease, and this treatment has cured me. When I began the use of these pills I could only walk from my bed to a chair. Now I can go to the field and work like any other man. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are an excellent medicine.

This statement is certified to by the Rev. J. H. EMMETT, Baptist minister of Brockville, Ont.

By awakening the action of liver, kidneys and bowels, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure Constipation, Headaches, Chronic Indigestion, Kidney Disease, Liver Complaint and Backache. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Excelsior.

An old colored man was relating to a cross his experiences during a drive down the mountain after dark. He had seen two wildcats fighting. 'Dey fought and dey fought,' he said, 'an' all de time dey was a climbin' up de hair, till dey was actually cured.

'What was dey a holdin' on to all de time dey was a climbin'?' Rastus asked the skeptical listener.

'Holdin' on tu!' exclaimed Rastus, scornfully. 'Why, de top ones was a holdin' on to de bottom ones, an' de bottom ones was a holdin' on to de top ones, of course.'

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