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, NOVEMOBER 26, 1909. NO. 11

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 6.15 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. Freetwood, 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.

More bread and Better bread
—And the Reason for it

A STRONG FLOUR can only be made from strong wheat. Manitoba hard wheat is acknowledged the strongest in the world—and that is the kind used for Purity Flour.

But that's not all. Every grain of this wheat contains both high-grade and low-grade properties. In separating the high-grade parts from the low-grade the Western Canada Flour Mills put the hard wheat through a process so exacting that not a single low-grade part has the remotest chance of getting in with the high-grade.

Of course this special process is more expensive to operate but it means a lot to Purity flour users—that's why we use it.

It means that Purity Flour is made entirely of the highest-grade flour parts of the strongest wheat in the world.

It means a high-class, strong flour and therefore yields "more bread and better bread."

Purity may cost a little more than some flours, but results prove it the cheapest and most economical after all.

PURITY FLOUR
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
Purity
MANITOBA HARD WHEAT

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED
MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH, BRANDON

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.

W. E. 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. 23
Telephone connection at office and residence.

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.
Salesrooms: 76 & 86 Argyle St., Halifax, N. S.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
Rates quoted and tickets issued from
ANY PLACE EAST
TO
ANY PLACE WEST
And Vice Versa.
OCEAN TO OCEAN
Full Information on Application.
W. B. HOWARD, D. P. A., C. P. R., ST. JOHN, N. B.

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 ¼ 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.

$10 REWARD!
As we are under considerable expense in repairing street lights that are maliciously broken, we offer the above reward for information that will lead to the conviction of the guilty parties.
Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
ACADIA ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

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

Have One Doctor
No sense in running from one doctor to another. Select the best one, then stand by him. Do not delay, but consult him in time when you are sick. Ask his opinion of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Then use it or not, just as he says.
Ayer's
We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.
Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, will ward off many an attack of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns etc.

Useless.

A life without a motive
Is a useless thing at best
When so many acts wants doing
Which would bring us peace and rest.
It brings us pain and worry;
It brings us discontent:
It makes the world seem empty,
And all efforts poorly spent.

A life without a motive,
Like a plant without a flower,
Surely ends in disappointment
As the wasting of its power.
Each life is sent for something;
That something each must find.
We know that ere we grasp it,
We must work among our kind.

A life without a motive
Is a thing that can't exist
When we try to do our duty—
And bring light down through the mist
Of the lives of weary toilers,
Though discouraged, sick and poor,
Who hopelessly seem waiting
For worse evils at their door.

A life without a motive
We will gladly cast aside
When we catch the inspiration
Of those busy lives beside
Which all others will seem nothing
On that day when we return
Our talents bright or rusty,
To the Master for his own.

The Playactress.

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Gilbert was so surprised that for a moment he looked doubtful and bewildered. Looking up, the child caught the expression. Her face fell.

'Didn't Ailie say them good?' she asked, anxiously.

'Say what good?' he queried, in return, looking down at her.

'Why, Ailie's prayers of course.'

'Yes, very good indeed. They were good prayers!' said Gilbert, with conviction.

His own were often not so good. 'And plenty of them—no skipping—or skimpin'?'

The little witch had a sing-song, slow way of speaking, sometimes, dwelling on the syllables—which was indeed one of her permanent and most delightful blandishments. Then again she would rap out her words like raindrops falling on the bottom of a tin water-can sitting under the eaves.

'No,' said her grandfather, 'no skipping or skimping.'

'Well, then, my fairy story, if you please,' she said, laying her head down contentedly to listen. 'I like 'bout Jack the Giant-killer best—big giants, with the biggest kind of teeth and—oh, lots of blood!'

The Great Preacher had no stock of the article required, and he looked more nonplussed than if he had been asked to preach a sermon without knowing his own text. And this was his own particular brand of nightmare.

Isn't fairy stories good for little girls?' said the small Ailie, very anxiously indeed. For the whole future was at stake.

'Oh, yes, good enough,' said Gilbert, hastily; 'but you see it is so long since grandfather told any, that he has forgotten.'

'But you can make it up as you go along, same as Aunt Bessie. Or, if you aren't clever like her, you can tell me the same story you did in church this morning. That was nearly as good as Jack the Giant-killer. It was that one, you know, 'bout the boy that runned away from his father—but afterwards when he got very hungry he came back—an' his father gave him things. But,' she added, sternly and firmly, 'if he had been my boy, I'd have whipped him right soundly and sent him to bed. Tell that grandfather—tell it long and good.'

'I shall tell you as long a one as I can, Ailie, my lassie; but not that one to-night. Are you not cold?' he said, anxiously and suddenly.

He drew his plaid jealously about them both as they sat on the edge of the bed. Now, Stephen Armstrong's Girzie had her ear at the keyhole outside. That is how nearly every one in the village knew all this the next day.

'Well,' said little Ailie, 'just tell me as long a one as you have time for, before you go out. Are you on in the first act, grandfather?'

The Great Preacher's heart gave a knock that resounded in his own ears, but the little lass went on, heedless—'Sure Aunt Bessie tells me a long one when her call is not till the second; and, oh my!—a regular 'freedec' when she gets off till the third. 'An' sometimes old Aunt Rebecca stands quite a while with her knitting-basket over her arm, scolding Aunt Bessie and telling her that she'll be late—and catch it from Mr. Cartwright. He's stage manager you know.'

The little girl nodded severely.

'Who is Aunt Rebecca?' asked Gilbert Rutherford, strapping the plaid closer and gathering up a pair of bare little feet into his hand, where he kept them.

'Why she's just old Aunt Rebecca, that has got white hair and knitting—and says, 'You mustn't.' She waits for Aunt Bessie when she's on, and comes home with her.'

It seemed an unnecessary explanation. Every one knew who Aunt Rebecca was.

'Now, the story!' said Ailie, with the air of one who has talked enough about nothing.

So out of the treasures of his mind, overlaid with a myriad sermons and infinite store of reading, Grandfather Gilbert fished an old child's story of fairies and giants and green rings till the little figure nestled closer in a rapture of content, saying at every pause—

'Go on it's dust splendid; and what did the wicked giant do next?'

'It was fair scandalous,' said Stephen Armstrong's Girzie the next day, over the hedge to her pet gossip.

'It should be kenned. Here was the man that the silly folk about here delights to honor, an' there he was at nine o' the clock on a Sabbath nicht forgettin' to come decently ben to the parlor to tak' the 'Buik'—and what think ye he was doin'?'

'Na, I kenna!' said Mistress Mac Clever, looking out with eager eyes, in a way that showed that she for one put no bounds to the iniquity of ministers. This was a fine tale to tell, indeed.

'Weel,' said Girzie of the Manse, 'it's a bonnie-like story to say about a Doctor o' Divenity, and I howp for his credit that it'll never come to the ears o' the presbytery, but as that puir lassie that I canna help tellin' ye.'

'Just that na?' said Mistress MacClever, trying to think which of the neighbors was at that moment at home that she might be the first to run and tell it.

'Of coorse no'; ye weel ken I'm no' that kind,' said Mistress MacClever, finally deciding on the tailor's wife, because she had always a dish of tea standing ready by the hearth.

Girzie of the Manse became very impressive. She picked off the Great Preacher's iniquities with her forefinger on the manse dyke.

'Weel, he talked to the bairn aboot plays and playactors, aboot giants an' siccan baider dash—on the Sabbath nicht, too, mind ye, after preaching twice! An' then, to crown a', what did the man do but licht a bit stick that was in the grate, and make reed Ingry-Doories, waving the burnt stick in the gloamin' of the chamber!'

'Ye dinna tell me!' said Mistress MacClever. 'Heard I ever the like o' that? Dear sirs!'

Manse Girzie stayed her with her hand.

'There's far waur to come,' she said, solemnly. 'That's nocht.'

'Waur canna be,' said Mistress MacClever. 'What wull the tailor's wife say?'

Girzie of the manse went on:

'Then when the bairn was tired—mind you, it was far by Buik-time—gin the misguided man didna pit her to sleep, singing—

'Katie Bairdie had a coo,
Black and white about the moo;
Wasna that a dainty coo?
Dance, Katie Bairdie!'

There was silence for two clock ticks over the manse dyke.

'He maunna win aff wi' the like o' that,' said Mistress MacClever with emphasis. 'It behoves that it shall be brought to the notice of the session!'

'Ay,' said Manse Girzie, 'an' a bonnie, unfaceable-like story ony way for a lass to step up to a minister and leave a bairn on his hand at the kirk door!'

Now, Girzie called herself a Christian, and sat regularly at the white table of communion.

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT PREACHER PLAYS 'HARD HEADS.'

THERE is nothing so fresh as a fine morning—except a young child waking from its beauty sleep. There is in both the same air of wide eyed surprise, the same dewy freshness, the same angelic smile—that is, we say 'angelic' because we do not know what else to call it. But indeed, the angels are hardly likely to better it much.

Little Ailie woke from the sleep upon her grandfather's bed in the Manse of the Hill, with Gilbert Rutherford sitting watching her. It brought many old things to his remembrance, and there was the tang of the herb bitter sweet in his mouth that every son of man learns to know the savour of in passing through the world. Every woman is borne with a taste for it. She likes to take her smiles with the dew of a tear on the cheek, and that her sorrows should be lighted with alternate remembrance and hope like the sun glinting upon a stormy sea.

It was sweet to watch this little girl awaken. There was yet on her cheeks the flush of sleep. The dew broke in tiny beads on the faint purple shade beneath her closed eyes as the moisture breaks on the inner petals of a rose. Her mouth's twin geranium leaves had fallen a little way apart. But she sat up in bed, sheathed like a white lily, as soon as her eyes had opened wide—the dark brightness being not yet gone out of them.

'Grandfather,' she said—'grandfather, is this the day Aunt Bessie is coming to her little girl?'

'No, not to-day,' said Gilbert Rutherford, a little tired and a little disappointed with the child's persistence.

'Because it it was I should sing my hymn first, and pray after; but now I shall first pray, and then perhaps I shall feel like singing.'

With many failures on the minister's part, and many inquiries on hers, the little girl took upon her something like the appearance she presented on the day before; but the tying of a bow in her sash was beyond the resources of the Great Peacher. For this contingency had not been provided for in his study of the original tongues. Finally, it was tied in a wisp in front, in which form it shortly after excited the pity and contempt of Jeannie Greig of the Nether Larg when they arrived at that stirring farm town out upon the wide moors.

Stephen Armstrong seemed much troubled that Dr. Rutherford and his little girl would no longer bide with him, but he recognized the wisdom of the arrangement. It was about eleven when William Greig came in person with his ample gig, round in the back and set low, at once wide and easy. William Greig always ordered a gig for three, and he could take four at a push. Now before elegance was his sole direction to his admirable coach-builder along at the 'General's Smiddy.'

So the Great Preacher and his little maid took their way, and Stephen promised to visit them during the week. On the road up, there were many things for the town-bred little lass to see.

'Do the trees never get dirty here?' she asked, looking at the noble oaks that held broad and massive spreads of foliage over the wayside. Next she admired the great grey-stemmed beeches, with their dry rustling leaves that were so fresh and sweet.

She had, of course, won the heart of William Greig at once, chiefly because her name was Ailie. She had a thousand questions to ask—a thousand raptures as she saw each new bud or flower. Yet she had a familiarity with the names of some of these that astonished her grandfather.

'That is a chaffinch!' she said, as brisk as that little bird itself, as he sat and preened himself, and sang 'chip! chip! chee!' on the paling.

'It is what we ca' a 'bricht lintie,' said William Greig, giving quite correctly the local name.

But Ailie settled the question.

'I call him a chaffinch, and that is what Aunt Bessie calls him. She took me to see them in the park.

They fight with the sparrows, and I hope they always win. It was fun to see them splash each other with water and then they laugh.'

'I have seen them splash water, but I never heard ours laugh!' said William Greig, sedately.

'That was because my Aunt Bessie was not with you, or they would have laughed last enough,' said the loyal Ailie.

So they made their way up to the hill farm. Birds rose on all sides of them. One foolish hen pheasant ran along in front of the horse, while Ailie shrieked herself into tears of laughter, clapping her hands to see it scuttle along, with thin, pin-wire legs.

'It looks so funny running that way with its wings drooped,' she said. 'Does it forget that it can fly?' she asked, which was indeed the explanation.

But in a little, the dyke getting lower by the roadside, at last it fluttered over. Then a bumblebee came fooling after them, mooning round and humming in a dozy kind of way, yet keeping up with the gig as easily as if Brown Bess were standing still.

'It thinks my hat is a garden of flowers,' said Ailie, who was a flower herself that morning. 'Aunt Bessie, she says that I'm like a whole posy. But I love bumblebees, except but when they sit down. Then there is a warm place where they sit!'

Continued Next Week

Relation of the Liver and Kidneys
Functions such that each suffers when the other is deranged.

When the liver becomes sluggish and torpid in action, or is given too much work by over-eating, the kidneys have to help out with the work of filtration. When the liver fails the kidneys have all this work to do.

The beginning is biliousness, indigestion and constipation and after a time the kidneys begin to be affected and there comes backache, urinary derangements and finally kidney disease.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the rational cure for kidney disease, just as they are the most successful, because they get at the cause of trouble and exert a combined and direct influence on liver, kidneys and bowels.

They promptly and thoroughly cleanse the bowels or intestines and by awakening the action of the liver take the burden off the kidneys. Then by their direct action on the kidneys bring about the natural and healthful working of these organs.

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

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Royal Baking Powder is the greatest of time and labor savers to the pastry cook. Economizes flour, butter and eggs and makes the food digestible and healthful
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Makes most healthful food
No alum—no lime phosphates
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

WOMEN WHO SUFFER

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Give Regularity and Good Health.

Every woman at some time needs a tonic. At special times unusual demands are made upon her strength. Where these are added to the worry and hard work which falls to her lot, weakness will result unless the blood is fortified to meet the strain.

Weak women find in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the tonic exactly suited to their needs. Most of the ills with which they suffer are due to bloodlessness—a condition which the Pills readily cure. These Pills save the girl who enters into womanhood in a bloodless condition from years of misery, and afford prompt and permanent relief to the woman who is bloodless, and therefore weak. Mrs. R. Fisher, Coates Mills, N. B., says: 'Sometime ago my system was in a very anaemic condition as the result of an internal hemorrhage caused by an accident. Though I had the services of a skilled doctor for a time, I did not recover my strength, and gradually I grew so weak that I could not do any house work. As I seemed to grow steadily weaker I became much discouraged, for previous to my accident I had always been a healthy woman. About this time I received a pamphlet telling me of the strengthening powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I procured a box at once and began using them, when they were gone I got three boxes more, and by the time I had used these I found myself somewhat stronger and my appetite much better. Before I began the Pills I could scarcely walk up stairs, and could do no work at all. Now after taking three boxes I was able to walk out in the open air. I kept on with the Pills, and after using six boxes was delighted to find that I could again attend to my household affairs. I took two more boxes of the Pills, and I felt that I was as well as ever I had been, and equal to any kind of exertion. I have since recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to friends with beneficial results.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Tickling, tight coughs, can be surely and quickly loosened with a prescription druggists are dispensing everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so very, very different than common cough medicine. No opium, no chloroform, absolutely nothing harsh or unsafe. The tender leaves of a harmless, lung healing mountainous shrub, gives the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. Those leaves have the power to calm the most distressing cough and to soothe and heal the most sensitive bronchial membrane. Mothers should, for safety's sake alone, always demand Dr. Shoop's. It can with perfect freedom be given to even the youngest babes. Test it yourself and see! Sold by A. V. Rand.

A recruit was being shown the use of the rifle, and, after firing seven shots at the target which all missed, the instructor, in a rage, shouted, 'Here is another cartridge. Go behind that waggon and shoot yourself!' In a few minutes the recruit came back from behind the waggon, and coolly announced, 'I'm sorry, sir, but it's another miss.'

Ventilation and Health.

It has long been realized that the percentage of moisture in the air has a direct bearing upon health. The quality of the indoor air, though many months of the year is chiefly dependent upon the care of the individual householder, if, indeed, it is not hopelessly uncontrollable under our present systems of heating. We have all noticed that the lighting of the furnace fire in the autumn is likely to be the signal for a regime of headaches and sore throats, and also that a much higher temperature than in summer is required for comfort. The reason is not hard to find. The average humidity of the out of door air, in our climate, lies between 60 and 75 degrees on a scale in which 100 degrees is the point of complete saturation. In a series of tests of the atmosphere of various buildings heated by steam, hot air, and hot water, it was found that its average dampness was only 31 degrees, in other words, the air of our homes is as dry as the desert of Sahara. This is simply because the heat dries out the natural moisture of the air just as it dries a wet cloth thrown over the register. Rapid evaporation always chills the surface of a body on which it occurs. If a wet bulb thermometer be placed in an artificially heated room the mercury will fall 20 degrees below the temperature of the room. Upon the moist surface of our bodies the heat acts in exactly the same way, eagerly taking up the moisture and chilling the surface.

Thus it is that sensitive people feel chilly in a room heated to 70 degrees in the winter, when a corresponding heat in summer would be deemed oppressive. The effect of this unnatural dryness of the atmosphere of our home is to produce an inflamed and congested condition of the breathing organs, which leads to various catarrhal affections. How to introduce an adequate supply of moisture is a difficult problem. Dr. Barnes, under whose direction the experiments just described were made, found, on computing the amount of air that passes through the ordinary furnace, that fifty gallons of water should be evaporated daily to keep the humidity at 60 degrees. The waterbox of most of our furnaces holds scarcely one-tenth of that amount, and how often it is allowed to go dry! Porous dishes of water standing on the register or radiator will sensibly increase the moisture of the air.—Selected.

It isn't so difficult to strengthen a weak stomach if one goes at it correctly. As this is true of the Heart and Kidneys. The old fashioned way of dosing the stomach or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is surely wrong! Dr. Shoop first pointed out this error. 'Go to the weak or ailing nerves of these organs,' said he. Each inside organ has its controlling or 'inside nerve.' When these nerves fail then those organs must surely falter. This vital truth is leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. A few days test will surely tell! Sold by A. V. Rand.

RATHER STALE BREAD.

"What! a loaf of bread over 1,800 years old? Nonsense!" Well, my friend, there is no nonsense about it. You can see several of them in the Royal National Museum, at Naples, burned black like carbon, or charcoal. They were found in the ruins of Pompeii, a city that was buried by an eruption of hot, fiery ashes from Mount Vesuvius in the year 79. No one could eat this bread, although carbon is the element in our food that promotes heat in the body.

When Indigestion prevails, your food does not nourish you and you have headaches, poor blood, constipation, dizziness, and other ills. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the sure herbal remedy cures all these ills. Mr. Burton Shortliffe, Central Grove, Digby Co., N.S., writes:—"I was troubled with Indigestion for a long time and found no medicine to give such immediate relief as Mother Seigel Syrup. For Indigestion and all Stomach Troubles it is a grand remedy."

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, Speciol Agent.