

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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No. 28.

THE ACADIAN.

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The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspaper 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 under a fictitious signature.

Over a dozen communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
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Wolfville, N. S.

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For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the
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Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
ISAAC SHAW,
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Ripans Tablets cure bad breath.
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Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervousness & Sleeplessness.

Flee at the advent of
KODA'S REMEDIES,
WHICH PHYSICIANS FEAR.

Geo. Redden is a resident of Windsor, N. S. Mr. R. is a member of the Methodist Church, and his Christian character and integrity are beyond reproach.



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Windsor, N. S.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S. I have been a sufferer for several years with LIVER COMPLAINT and DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, and PILES. I have tried Physicians, and many so-called cures, but obtained no relief until I tried your MEDICINES. I have now taken 6 bottles SKODA'S DISCOVERY CO.'S LITTLE TABLETS, and feel like a new man, much better than I have been for years. I am satisfied that a continued use of SKODA'S REMEDIES, especially CURE ME. I have no objection in recommending these to suffering humanity.

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ASK YOUR DRUGGIST, GEO. REDDEN,
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HAWKER'S TOLU AND WILD CHERRY BALSAM.
A Favorite and Most Valuable Remedy for the CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA OR ANY FORM OF THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLE.

It Alleviates, Try It. It Will Cure You.
Malcolm McLean, of Kensington, P. E. I., writes the following:
For five years I suffered from severe Chronic Bronchitis for which the doctors and numerous medicinal remedies failed to give relief. My physician and friends advised a change of climate as my only hope. Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry was recommended to me, and I am happy to say that I was entirely cured before I had used two large bottles. I consider it to be truly a wonderful medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all so afflicted.

For Sale by all Druggists and General Dealers.
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MANUFACTURED BY
THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, the Great Blood, and Nerve Remedy.

POETRY.

A Mother's Song.

Hush, my baby; sweetly rest!
Mother's joy feels no alarm;
Pillow'd soft upon her breast,
He knows naught of earthly harm.
What though life be dark and sad—
Mother's love can make it glad.
Little child, close to my heart,
See, I press you close and still,
For your dear weight heeds his smart—
Even I have known life's ill.
What dream you of tears and sighs
While you gaze in mother's eyes?
Baby mine, my bonny lad,
Do you guess your power, dear?
Earth cannot be dark and sad
To this heart while you are near.
How can life be bright but sweet
When child-love makes it complete?

Aspiration.

Would you see the beautiful vision,
That the Father has in store
For his chosen ones—His faithful,
Who serve Him evermore?
Would you hear the sweetest music—
The swaying strains divine—
The heavenly melodies surging
Around that soul of thine?
Would you like the gift that's promised
To His children here below—
Ever to live in the sunlight
And joy immortal know?
Would you have the life eternal,
Ever with Him to be,
Lovingly serving the Master
Who gives such gifts to thee?
Oh, come into Jesus, your Saviour,
And, coming, all burdens will fall;
He'll fill all your soul with His glory—
His grace he will never recall.
—Christian Intelligencer.

SELECT STORY.

KIT GRALE.

BY JAMES T. MACKAY.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Then she fled away—out of the house, through the side gate, over the barn. She stifled the despairing cry, "Hope!" she cried silently—"hope yet! The reef!" The horses stood at their racks munching their feed. The moonlight streams in at the wide door—lies white by fives of shade on the litter'd floor. Robert whinnies to her, shaking his head, welcoming her home. Still, Robert, stand! No time for play! She slips the bridle over his ears—let the throat latch hang. No time to saddle—Death rides fast. Who rides with him need not tarry—flying led and away, and spare not! She leads him out, opens the gate of the lane, leaps up, and away. The jog, steep hill is before them. Up they go, bounding, bounding. On the right the Early Bow apples hang ripe, the leucist thickly stands dark on the left. They pass the pond on the left—Robert pants the step. Over the ridge now the road lies level before them. Braver horse, truer heart never rode till together.

Cheerily, cheerily, Robert! Speed! speed! Gallop as you never galloped before—gallop for life or death! The pale horse runs before—so pale that none may see. His hoofs make no sound, his phantom rider utters no cry. But his pace is terribly swift—he stays not for fence or wall!

Forward, brave Robert, to save, to save! Nubly he gallops and free. His nostrils are flame; his heart and his pulse on fire; nerve and sinew of steel. The rein flies free! The girl leans forward on his glossy neck, clings and urges him on. Free and wild he runs—head low, neck curved, mane flying, nostrils wild. His shod hoofs clatter on the scattered stones, thunder on the trodden turf. His fore legs double under him, supple as springs of steel; shoot out before, sharp and swift as their recoil. His haunches come forward under him, swift and strong as steam, keen as a piston's throbs—burl him on like a whirlwind.

The hay barrack leaps behind, level fields slide back on either hand. Sheep bells tinkle sweetly on the night, lambs beat and mothers cry. A minute ago all was calm; now a wild gale whirls by. The roar of stormy seas is in her ears—in her heart a wild despair. O God! it cries, give help! give help! Faster, brave Robert, faster! The lane lies level for half a mile, smooth and firm as a course, the racer as keen as a hound. Half a mile, half a mile, swift and straight as an arrow's flight, with the fiery power and heave of a railway engine. The long, green line of turf whirls under their flying feet. Field after field, field after field. The gate stands open at the further end; thank heaven for that! Through

it they dart like a flash—through it and on. Through the stumpfield the road winds now; sweeps round to the left through the hollow. Horse and rider bound on. Down the decline with a rushing plunge, bound through the hollow with a fiery sweep. The blackberry vine trail round the stumps right and left. Under the leaves the fruit lies ripe and sweet. On they go. Up, now, out of the hollow, striding fiercely, laboring a little in the soft, new ground, a cloud of dust trailing behind.

Through the gate, now, at the further end, into the wood beyond. For the next half mile the road is a slight descent, winding among the trees. Down it goes Robert, firing, running, keen and free, doubling, striding fierce as fire. The tree boughs arch the path. The green leaves brush Kit's face; her cheek is wet with dew. A spary branch cuts her mouth; it bleeds but she knows it not. Trampling, trampling, on they fly. The gate of the wood beyond stands wide. Through it they tramp—sharp around to the left, with a plunge. Sharp to the left, again, instantly after, pass the chip stewn opening, where the woodmen hew railway ties. Up there on the left is the blackberry hill, a matted thicket of vines, heavy and sweet with the luscious fruit. The great trees stand apart; the moonlight sprinkles through. Rider and horse fly on like a swallow's skimming flight. The shod hoofs clatter and tramp.

The pathway swerves to the right. The ground sinks on the left, parts in two upward ridges. The road runs down the right. A shallow valley drops between, widens opens, broad and clear of trees. There lies the salt grass meadows, dotted with pools, grown thick with the rank, salt grass. Yonder she sees the line of the beach that rose above the plain of the meadows, and hid is the sound beyond.

On they tramp—brave horse, brave, eager heart—up a slight rise with a lift. Gaining the level, they turn a bend. Right before them not twenty rods away, the bars stand, five rails high. One instant Kit deliberates, no more. Every second is precious. A minute may lose her the race. The pale horse gallops terribly swift, stays not for fence or wall! Shall we wait to let them down? She can't—she can't! She shuts her eyes, clings closer, cries an unworded prayer, urges the brave horse on. He understands, sees what is to be done; he will do it if mettle can. Kit holds her breath and clings. She feels herself hurled forward in a wilder spurt of speed, then lifted and borne through the air with one great flying bound. They strike with a heavy rebound. Robert staggers a little, Kit is near being flung to the earth, but she clings with a desperate strength and keeps her seat. Robert gathers himself together again, strides on as keen as before.

The bars are behind, and the track is clear all the way now—all the way. The footing changes, it is sand now, soft sea sand. Ah, there is the opening just ahead, the gleam of water beyond. The bushes crack on either hand; rider and horse as one, shoot out from the bushes. A bow through the white, a sand, sand, over the stony ridge, a sea rush carries them, down a sloping tide sands, into the very wave. Whoa, Robert, Whoa! Gently, gently! Brace your brave feet in the dripping sands, swerve to the right to the east. Away to the east, there a mile away, along the lonely shore, you see Gull reef, stretching out from the land. At the farther end, partially hidden behind that highest rock, gleaming white in the moon's white light, what is it? What does it mean? Kit knows. It means life and hope—hope yet! Her heart leaps up. There is hope, there is hope, it cries. Thank God! Thank God!

But they must not stay now or spare. On, again, on. Forward, brave Robert, speed, speed! Stride as you never strode, gallop with fire, double and spring with might. For life, for life! Paddy and wild he runs. Pulse and heart, of fire, nostril and flank aflame. Eyes wild and sharp, power of steel. Eyes wild and sharp, with blood, or breath a fiery gap, each spring the leap of a wild chamois.

Oh, the mad rush of that ride for life! Will she ever forget the hurling fight between sea and shore, the gale on her cheek, the hurricane in her ears? A mile! a mile! Between sea and shore, on the firm tide sands. And still the pale horse runs before with his ghastly skeleton rider. Faster, Kit, faster yet! Pray God they be not too late! Summer breeze, flee from before, waft them on from behind! Shelving sands, clog not the steed's brave feet; give him smooth footing, and firm! Tide ripples, wash up and lave his hot hoofs! Hasten them, earth and air—help them, for life's sweet sake!

On they dash, hoofs clattering like hail. Kit's eyes are on the sail; she sees only that. The moonlight lies calm and white. The summer waters murmur on the sliding sands. No life on that lonely shore save only the one mad fight. High banks leap up on the right, a hundred feet above. Beyond, in the wood, Kit hears the whippoorwill's mournful song, the owl's unsteady cry. The sound makes her shudder—so weird, so wild! It sounds like an omen of death. Half of the mile is behind. The reef draws nearer—nearer every stride. The boat swings slowly around the high rock into sight; the sail flaps over. Kit sees a human form. A man lies forward on the little dock, leaning over the side, gazing intently down through the shimmering deep. She shudders, but hopes. That is not the action of a sane man, but it is a posture of life, not of death.

Quick, Robert, quick! Faster, faster! The ledge draws on. The end is near. The horse writhes forward to a wilder pace. Every nerve charged, every cord, every fibre strung, takes the last quarter mile with a maddened rush, goes home with the swoop of a hawk. Straight for the ledge they stride. "Ware! ware!" They will dash on the rocks—but, no! She sees it all. She sees it all. She guides him with a touch—just in time. He swerves to the left, straight into the wave, deep, deep, comes to a halt with a staggering plunge. She is flung headlong into the water by the shock, but rises instantly, dashes the brine from her eyes, leaps up on the nearest rock.

Over the ledge she goes, leaping from rock to rock, climbing, wading, slipping, falling, rising again, cut and bruised, heeding not, struggling, scrambling on.

Quick, Kit, quick, for the love of heaven! The pale horse has won the race. The ghastly phantom is at Gracle's side. It whispers in his ear, "George calls, George calls. Go to him. Go to your friend, where is rest and peace." A mocking devil looks up at him out of the shimmering wave; it wears George Gladwin's face. It beckons him, it is George's familiar gesture. He hears his voice, it is soft and low, it entreats, "Come, John; come, come!" Quick, Kit, for love's sake, quick! He leaps up on his feet.

"I'm coming, George," he cries; "coming! coming!" He lays off his coat—the linstinet of orderly habit with him still in his madness. He leans over again, looks down.

"I'm coming, George," he cries again; "coming! coming!" He straightens up for the plunge. One moment more!

Two light feet leap into the boat. "Father, father," she cries, "come home, come home!" He turns his face upon her—a strange face, haggard and wild. He struggles, makes as though he would strike her. She shudders, but does not shrink. She locks her hands to gether, clings to him fiercely. He looks into the loved face keenly. The wildness dies out of his eyes. The power of madness goes from him. He sinks down, she clings to him.

"I've paid the mortgage, father!" She shows him the glittering coin. "See, father—gold! gold!" He looks at her steadfastly—looks and listens. Is it the clink of gold he hears? Its yellow gleam that he sees? No. Not the red gold. He hears a loved voice, unpeakingly sweet in his ears. He sees a thin, white face that is dearer to him than life. The voice

and the face of the true love!

He knows her now. A peace and look comes into his eyes, a smile; plays feebly upon his lips. His head sinks back in her arms, rests on the true, tired heart—the heart that has been more to him than brother, more than sweetheart, more than wife!

"God bless ye, Kit," he murmurs. "I'm glad ye've come home." Saved! Saved! Murmur it, winds of the summer night, waft it to the sea and shore. Tide ripples, tinkle it to rock and wet sea sands. Green leaves, rustle and tell the tale. Green grass, bend and whisper it to the sweet wild flower. Chime it, sweet sheep bells, in the pasture fields. Whippoorwill, hush your mournful cry; warble a gladder song.

Saved! Saved! THE END.
Cupid's Reign.

Beautiful silver-haired women of to-day, who were girls in the forties, recall vividly the fun and fascination which distinguished Cupid's reign in that by-gone period. Cupid has not abdicated. Far from it. He is of the immortals, and each new year of time adds only freshness to his brow, and plumes again the wings forever ready for flight, straight to some arrow-pierced maiden.

But the grandmothers, over their five o'clock tea, gossip of the old-fashioned Valentine's day, when the spoils of their midwinter's campaign were heaped up and overflowed, pressed down and running over, oftentimes the capacity of a generous bushel measure, if the young women were admired and popular. Then the girls counted their valentines, and compared notes as to numbers, costliness, and variety. All sorts of costly, extravagant, very imaginable conceits, tricky or sentimental, the most exaggerated compliments, the most delicious and tuneful verse, the finest stationery, and most attractive illustrations distinguished the valentine, which might be a mere tiny billet doux, the size of a small sheet of note paper, or, on the other hand, might attain to voluminous shape and importance, or, still more daintily ingenious, hide the flowers, the bonbons, perhaps the jewels, sent by a lover to the object of his devotion.

The pretty girl pouring tea to the stable, laughs merrily at the dear old women, as they face sweet faces, interesting and delicate as her own, reflect the amusement called up by their reminiscences. It never seems quite real to youth repnant, the fact that its elders were once gay and in the midst of things.

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may; Old Time is still a-flying."

sighs Cupid, glancing slyly over the tea urn, peeping through the folds of the draperies, kissing the Chinese lilies in the window. "Roses come and roses go, but I remain forever," he murmurs, as the melody, ethereal sound, the ghost of a melody, quivers on the air, the old story, old as Eden, and new as the morning, is repeated again in palace and cottage, in the desert tent and on the steamer's deck, and wherever men are brave and women are fair.

An Ingenious Device.
Engineers are quite interested in a device lately brought forward for sounding an alarm whenever the bearing gets hot. The arrangement consists of a cup containing some mercury, this cup being set in the bearing, and wires are connected from the cup to a bell and annunciator, one of the wires leading from a screw that can be set at any desired distance from the surface of the mercury; this screw is screwed down until it touches the mercury, and the circuit is completed through the mercury, causing the bell to ring. The screw is then backed to any distance required. Should the bearing become heated, the mercury expands, closing the circuit when it touches the screw, and thus giving the alarm. It is proposed to have one on each bearing, the belief being expressed that, though this would lead to a multiplicity of numbers, and probably some confusion at times, no doubt can be entertained that it would save free very often in such places as saw mills; also in some portions of cotton mills, where dust is likely to get into a bearing and cause it to heat, this arrangement, it is thought, may serve a useful purpose.

For Scrofula

"After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofula sores on the legs and arms, I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a radical cure was the result. Five bottles restored me to health."—Bonifacio Lopez, 27 E. Commerce St., San Antonio, Texas.

Catarrh

"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Kelle, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

Rheumatism

"For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have now had a spell for a long time."—E. T. Hensbrough, Elk Run, Va.

For all blood diseases, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ a bottle, 50¢ a dozen.

Cures others, will cure you.

Happy Boyhood.

I'd like to be a boy again, without a woe or care with freckles scattered on my face, and hayseed in my hair.

I'd like to rise at four o'clock and do a hundred chores, and saw the wood and feed the boys and lock the stable doors.

And herd the hens and wring the bees, and take the wales to drink, and teach the turkeys how to swim so that they wouldn't sink.

And milk about a hundred cows and bring in wood to burn, and stand out in the sun all day and churn and churn and churn.

And wear my brothers' castor clothes, and walk four miles to school and get a licking every day for breaking some old rule.

And then get home at night and do the chores once more, and milk the cows and feed the cows and carry mules galore.

And then crawl wearily upstairs and sock my little bed, and hear dad say: "That worthless boy! He isn't worth his bread!"

I'd like to be a boy again; a boy has so much fun, his life is just a round of mirth from rise to set of sun.

I guess there's nothing pleasanter than closing stable doors, and herding hens and chasing bees, and doing evening chores.

There is a peculiar beauty about Godly old age—the beauty of holiness. Husband and wife who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy and sorrow, and become agud together are not infrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance, in pitch and tone of voice, just as twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences are each other's alter ego.—Alexander Smith.

Virtue is between two extremes; he who has passed the middle has not done better than he who has not reached it.

Alcohol in any form should not be taken by brain workers, and pastry and ice cream should also be avoided.

ARE NOT a Pur-
gative Medi-
cine. They are a
Blood Purifier,
Tonic and Recon-
struction, as they
supply in a condensed
form the substances
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rich the blood, curing
all diseases coming
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Blood, or from
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the Blood, and also
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disorders, and
Stomach when broken
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mental worry, disease,
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They have a
SWEET TASTE, and
the SEXUAL SYSTEM of
both men and women,
restoring LOSE TISSUE
and correcting all
IMPERFECTIONS and
SUPERSEDITIONS.

EVERY MAN who finds his mental fac-
ulty dull or failing, or
his physical powers flagging, should take these
PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both
physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them.
They cure all ex-
cesses and irregularities, which in-
terfere with the health of the
system. They will cure the re-
fractory humors, and strengthen the
system.

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to make them regular.

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