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. XXXI. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1912. NO. 42

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.

J. D. CHAMBERS, Mayor.
A. F. 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 6.05 a. m.
Express west close at 9.45 a. m.
Express east close at 4.05 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.40 p. m.

E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, 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 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 3.45 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. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. and Adult Bible Class at 2.30 p.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Services at Lower Horton as announced. W.F.M.S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 3.30 p.m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Wednesday at 3.30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH. — Rev. J. W. Prestwood, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. & 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 Sundays at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m. Evensong 7.00 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. DIXON, Rector.
W. H. Evans } Wardens.
T. L. Harvey }

ST. FRANCIS (Catholic)—Rev. William Brown, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE. — During Summer months open air gospel services:—Sunday at 7 p.m.; Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2.30 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 second Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.

A. K. BARSS, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

ORPHEUS LODGE, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcomed.

H. M. WATSON, Secretary

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8 00 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m.

FOR SALE.

A Fine Farm of 100 Acres

near the thriving town of Middleton, large orchards, good hay lands, good pasture right up to stable door, fenced with "Page" woven wire. Free mail delivery daily. Telephone connection.

Apply to
D. G. R., Box 27,
Spa Springs, N. S.

MANTELS AND TILES

Supplied and set at Reasonable Prices.

All kinds of Tiles supplied and laid by experienced Tile Setters.

Distance no object.
Telephone 1908 J.

JOHN McKAY
2 and 4 Lockman Street
HALIFAX, N.S.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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.

Professional Cards.

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
BLACK'S 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.

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

C. E. Avery deWitt
M. D., C. M. (McGILL)
One year post graduate study in Germany.
Office hours: 8—10 a. m.; 1—3, 7—8 p. m.
Tel. 81 University Ave.

Large Farm for Sale.

Three miles from Halifax City, well stocked and in good condition, a rare chance for carrying on market gardening.

Apply to
THE ACADIAN
for further particulars.

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

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

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

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion, free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Electric Restorer for Men
Phosphonol restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonol will make you a new man. Price $3 a box, or two for $5. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.
Or at Rand's Drug Store.

If You Ride Horseback,
or drive in a carriage, see before you make a start that the Trappings or
HARNESS
are in good order.
Repairs executed promptly. All work will prove highly satisfactory.
We carry a full line of Harness Dressing, Axle Grease, Whips, etc.
Also Buckles, Straps, Rivets, Punches, You'll not find our prices too high.

Wm. Regan,
HARNESS MAKER.

To the Public:

The undersigned begs to notify the public that he is now prepared to undertake painting, paper hanging, etc., of all kinds. Having had adequate experience he guarantees first-class work and entire satisfaction in every case. Orders may be left with Wolfville Decorating Co.

GODFREY & MURPHY.
Wolfville, Mar. 9, 1910. 'Phone 86

Dr. de Van's Female Pills
A reliable French regulator never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Beware of cheap imitations. Ask your druggist for Dr. de Van's Pills. $5 a box, or two for $5. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.
Or at Rand's Drug Store.

(Written for THE ACADIAN.)

The Banner of the North.

Where the green spruces flourish
And the sea throbs its song,
Where the summer is so fair,
And the icy winter long;
Where the Mayflowers peep
From their snowy blanket beds,
And the proud, antlered deer
Raise their graceful, haughty heads;
Where the rivers flow so blue
And the meadows lie, so green,
And the wide, western plains,
From the mountain tops, are seen,
Where the pride of the north,
Fairest Canada, doth rise
Go joyfully proclaim aloud
Her glory to the skies.

Where the soft, soothing air
Fills the tired heart with rest,
As it comes life-balm laden
From the golden-paved west;
Where the white snow is deep
And the frosty gales rave,
There's where the Banner of the North
doth wave!

Ah, crimson are the ripples
Of that ensign bold,
And its red and white, on blue,
Thrills the hearts that are cold;
Oh, wrap it 'round the cradle
Of the sleeping little one,
Whose father sails the ocean
Or braves the desert sun.
Fold it round the youth,
From temptation it will shield;
Let its warmth impart to farmer's
Golden harvest field,
Hang it o'er the college,
And o'er the happy home,
It will bring contentment
To the one whose footsteps roam.

Oh, the Banner of the North,
Let it ever stand for truth;
God's blessing on this land
In its glad and hopeful youth;
Peace and Love shall follow
Goodness, strength and worth,
And bind a laurel wreath
Around the Banner of the North.

Learned Her Lesson.

Two women sat together in the crowded car. It was summer and the windows were open letting in the peace and quiet of the great oaks, fragrance of tasseling cornfields, the black gums and cypresses beside the river swamps, and the cool and mystery of the broad rivers spanned by the railway company.

One of the women, the one in a soiled white dress, a coarse hat of yellow straw, much overtrimmed with bright blue and red flowers, with her big, hardworking hands lying aimlessly in her lap, sat by the window. The soot and cinders from outside mingled with the tears that reddening her eyes and streaking her large, patient face with grim, rendered her more unlovely. The other woman, young and slender, gowned in thin, shimmery black, with a small modish hat of rough, black straw, and long black gloves to match, held herself steadily erect, with an air of aloofness from her environment unmistakably manifest.

Mrs. Ruth Lawshe Hamilton loathed the common car, always overcrowded, filled with dirty, perspiring men and women and screaming children. But the mid train she had chosen to take carried no Pullman, and she must, perforce, submit to this recable necessity.

She had not spoken a word to her seat mate. Their spheres in life were as two separate worlds, worlds which had no one point of contact, and Mrs. Hamilton had not the slightest intention of making one.

Drawing her skirts more closely about her, Mrs. Hamilton essayed to gaze forward. But all she could see was the negro coach just ahead, which, since it was summer and unbearably hot, had both rear and front door opened wide, revealing a squalor more offensive than that about her. If Mrs. Hamilton looked out of the window she could not avoid seeing the woman beside her, however alluring the landscape beyond.

But, after all, Mrs. Ruth Lawshe Hamilton hated the cornfields and the dreary little country towns through which the train was hurrying. How terrible to be chained endlessly to such a life! What if Walter did make the riches she enjoyed out of these same little towns! Was that a reason for her to waste her life among people so dull and common? No, indeed; for Mrs. Hamilton, with her looks, her intellect and her power to please, was meant for higher, better things. The freedom and movement of the city, its society, expensive raiment, theatres, receptions, lectures and teas—these were the things for which her soul in its thwarted aspirations was being slowly atrophied in an atmosphere so uncongenial as that of a benighted country town.

It is a long lane in which there is no turn. Ten years she had endured Cross Roads, striving with her might to make Walter comprehend that her ambition was ungratified. To be sure, Walter in everything else save in his determination to live and die among the people with whom he had been brought up and whom he loved, was a model husband. But just that made the difference. To-morrow he would be served with her papers. To any unprejudiced outsider the case was as plain one of incompatibility. Walter would not understand, of course, but he would acquiesce, which was all that was necessary. She was free to live her life as she chose.

The woman beside her was speaking.

'I got a telegram this morning,' she said. Mrs. Hamilton turned slowly, disdainfully. Decency required this much of her, but she would freeze the woman out and show her how little her concern mattered outside her own lowly circle.

'It said,' went on the other, hungering for relief, for a drop of comfort, 'that my husband was killed.'

'Killed!' echoed the self sufficient Mrs. Hamilton, shocked from her composure. 'Killed?'

'Yes,' answered the other, her voice muffled with sobs. 'And I'm going to fetch him home.'

'But, but,' hesitated the other, a surge of sympathy permeating her coldness. 'Where was he? How far do you have to go? It is a terrible journey for you. Some one ought to be with you; couldn't some of his people have gone for him?'

'It could have been done that way,' wept the bereaved one, 'but Walter'—Mrs Hamilton started at the name—'Walter would have wanted me. You know how it is. Just we two out of all the world and each wants the other to the end. So I'm going to fetch him,' repeated the widow, battling with her grief. 'He'd want it that way. Why if Walter could know he would say, 'Just you, Phemie, no one else.' We've been married ten years. Walter was every thing to me. He was a good carpenter. He was at Tyro, working on the big, new hotel there and was coming home to-morrow for our anniversary but he fell from the scaffold and got killed. However will I live without him now?'

The Cross Roads speaking acquaintances of the rich and haughty Mrs. Hamilton (she had never made any friends there) would not have recognized in the angel of mercy to chance bereavement beside her, the woman who snubbed them all heartlessly.

Brief sentences of eternal hope [illegible] a half forgotten religion [illegible] up bringing [illegible] ton now to comfort the mourner. She brought water, and with her own dainty handkerchief, bathed the poor woman's face. She applied her smelling salts, and, unfurling her fan to its proper use, almost persuaded sleep to descend upon the swollen, wearied eyelids.

'What a blessing your life is!' cried the carpenter's wife gratefully. How good you must be to your husband! How he must love you!' Then recalling her own husband, gone beyond recall, she clasped Mrs. Hamilton's hands in her hands. 'There is nothing to life except love,' she said. 'Thank God you still have some one to love.'

Instead of changing at Tyro for the limited for New York, as she had intended, Mrs. Hamilton got off at the hot, dingy country junction, and unconscious of the admiring wonder that followed every step of her lithe, young figure from store doors and street corners, on her own plans intent went about the little town.

In one store she found a black shirt waist, skirt, gloves and a hat neatly veiled in black for the carpenter's widow. She overwhelmed the one struggling florist the town contained by an order carte blanche for everything he had in stock—an order that insured his expenses for at least a month to come.

The next day a simple but well-ordered funeral procession filed solemnly down the main streets of Tyro on its way to the station, and sitting beside, soothing and supporting its chief mourner, rode the rich, beautiful and proud Mrs. Hamilton.

Cross Roads as the train neared it that evening was swathed in semi-darkness relieved only by the electric lights at the Hamilton factory and by an occasional gleam from some home where illness, grief or mirth held sway.

Arriving at her own home, Mrs. Hamilton pushed her way noiselessly across the large, handsomely furnished rooms, finding her way by usage only—for the Hamilton residence, too, was dark—to Walter's den at the rear of the long sitting-room.

As her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom enshrouded in every nook and corner she made out Walter's bent head bowed upon his arms across the desk. She had never seen him like this. Walter, the bold and fearless, to whom failure and defeat were but names, was the Walter she knew. But her own heart sensed the utter dejection with which the primitive man within him, like a wounded animal, had sought cover to face his hurt alone. To give, not to receive, was the meaning of life. How she had misunderstood. Cognizant of some disturbance her husband stirred slightly and groaned in anguish.

Like the darkness banished by the electricity which at her touch flooded the room, her soul illumed by understanding, selfishness fell from her.

'Walter,' she cried, as she leaped to him. 'What if you had died?'

Kidney Pains in the Back

Mr. Thos. D. Walsh, Pictou, N.S., writes:—"Two years ago my wife took to her bed after suffering for a long time from kidney pains in the back. She was not able to stand on her feet or even turn herself in bed. The doctor's medicine was no benefit whatever, that we could see. Sometimes her legs would swell considerably. Reading about a woman in similar condition being cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, we purchased two boxes and when these were used she was able to sit up. With three more boxes she was restored to health and doing her own housework.

"As for myself I also found these pills all that is claimed for them. I give this statement in order that others may obtain the same ease from suffering as that experienced by my wife and myself."

One pill a dose, 25c a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Weak, Tired People.

ARE USUALLY THE VICTIMS OF PALE, WATERY BLOOD.

Anæmia is the medical term for poor or watery blood. It may arise from a variety of causes, such as lack of exercise, hard study, improperly ventilated rooms or work-shops, imperfect assimilation of food, etc. The chief symptoms are extreme pallor of the face, lips and gums, rapid breathing and palpitation of the heart after slight exertion, headaches, dizziness, sometimes fainting spells and a tendency to hysterics, swelling of the feet and ankles, a feeling of constant tired [illegible]

Williams' Pink Pills are a certain cure for anæmia, because they make new, rich blood, which stimulates and strengthens every organ and every part of the body. The following is one among thousands of cases of this serious trouble cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills: Miss Georgina Raymond, St. Jerome, Que., says: 'About a year ago my health began to give out. I suffered from headaches, heart palpitation, dizziness and appeared to be threatened with a general breakdown. I was at this time employed in the family of a doctor, who, seeing my condition, gave me medicine. I took this faithfully for some time, but with no benefit, and I grew much discouraged. Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying that she had found a cure through them in similar conditions. I took her advice, got a supply of the pills and took them regularly for some time. Gradually I became strong and in the course of a month or so I was again enjoying the best of health, and have not since had the least return of the old symptoms. I can heartily recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all weak girls.'

Sold by all medicine dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 or sent by mail, post paid, by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

Prominent Features of
The Excelsior Life Insurance Co.
ARE
High Interest Earnings,
Low Mortality Rate,
Economy in Management
These are the chief sources from which profits accrue.
CAPT. S. M. BEARDSLEY, Wolfville,
PROVINCIAL MANAGER.

High School Exams. And the Murderous Heat.

This week the Provincial High School examinations are being held throughout Nova Scotia. The proverbial heat wave is along also, this year worse than usual.

With each succeeding year the murmur of dissatisfaction has grown louder, until this season, when the mercury reached ninety-four in the shade, it has ended in a wilted groan. Nose bleeds, fainting and hysteria, mark each session, until it is a cause for wonderment why the Provincial Health Officer, or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, does not intervene.

What are the parents thinking of to allow their children to be subjected to such a grilling process! If every father or mother in Nova Scotia forbade their children writing under such purgatorial conditions, there would soon come a change for the better.

The High School examinations could easily be held in April or May, without interfering with the Common School course. There is no apparent reason, why the High School course of study should not begin and end earlier in the year, and even if the vacation period occurred in the middle, that would only strengthen the pupils for renewed energy in their work.

Last year, the Tribune observed, that those who were responsible for the candidates being obliged to write in such exhaustive heat, deserved to go to the bad place. This year, it not only endorses that view, but adds, that it would like to assist at the obsequies.—Windsor Tribune.

Insect Stings and Summer Sores.

Insect bites and stings, blistered feet and sunburn! These three things, or any one of them, may spoil some days of your vacation, or make your work a bore! Zam-Buk is the remedy you need! It takes the 'burn' out of those red, inflamed patches where the sun has got home on you; it eases bad mosquito bites, and it soothes and heals blistered feet and hands.

In the hot weather young babies suffer greatly from heat spots and chafed places. Here, again, Zam-Buk will give almost instant ease! Mothers should always keep Zam-Buk handy, and should use Zam-Buk Soap for baby's bath.

For cuts, burns, and more serious skin diseases, such as eczema, blood-poisoning, etc., and for piles, Zam-Buk is absolutely without an equal. All druggists and stores 50c. box or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

Did You Ever Notice This?

January always begins the same day in the week as October. The same is true with regard to April and July, September and December. February, March and November also begin with the same day in the week. This, however, is only true in normal years of 365 days and therefore does not apply this year. A century can never begin on Wednesday, Friday or Saturday, and the ordinary year always ends on the same day of the week as it begins.

Old Chronic Sores.

As a dressing for old chronic sores there is nothing so good as Chamberlain's Salve. While it is not advisable to heal old sores entirely, they should be kept in a good condition for which this salve is especially valuable. For sale by all dealers.

'Porter, is my berth made up?' asked the man in the smoking compartment.

'Ah don't know, suh.'

'Well, find out, and make it up if it is not already made up.'

'Can't do that, suh, your berth is on the second section of this train, suh.'

Buy it now. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. Buy it now and be prepared for such an emergency. For sale by all dealers.

Lady (to exhausted furniture removers)—Here's fourpence for you and your friend to get a glass of beer with.

Exhausted Furniture Remover—A glass of beer? Love us, lady, a glass of beer ain't no more to us than a snowflake on a red hot stove!

During the summer months mothers of young children should watch for any unnatural looseness of the bowels. When given prompt attention at this time serious trouble may be avoided. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy can always be depended upon. For sale by all dealers.

Comparatively few people know that a small pinch of baking soda keeps milk fresh longer than sugar, and it is a better plan than boiling it.

Mrs. Kincker—What is the matter? Bride—The recipe is for a cottage pudding and ours is a bungalow.

WHICH?
You'll Like the Flavor
or your money back.
Try and see.
35c., 40c., 50c. per lb.
KING COLE

Cited an Exception.

A religious worker, while visiting a western town, gave a 'Talk on Men,' during the course of which he expressed his conviction that no young man should visit any place to which he would not be justified in taking his own sister.

'Is there any young man present who thinks one may safely disregard this wise rule?' asked the speaker.

Whereupon a youth in the rear of the hall arose and shouted in a stentorian tone:

'Yes, sir, I do.'

'And what, sir,' demanded the angry and surprised speaker, 'is the place which you yourself would think of visiting to which you could not take your sister?'

'The barber's shop!' replied the youth.

Do Not Neglect Your Bowels.

Many serious diseases arise from neglect of the bowels. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are a pleasant and agreeable laxative. They invigorate the liver and regulate the bowels. For sale by all dealers.

Origin of the Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army had its origin in the town of Whitby, in the rough coal mining district of Yorkshire, England, where General Booth, at that time Rev. William Booth, was doing humble mission work. England was then in arms expecting to jump into the Russo-Turkish war. It occurred to Booth that he might attract a crowd by issuing a declaration of war himself, so he prepared one forthwith, sprinkled it plentifully with hallelujahs and posted 2,000 copies of it about town. The device tickled the British sense of humor, there was a 'redhot, rousing meeting,' to quote General Booth, 'the penitents fell down in heaps,' and the Salvation Army sprang into life full grown.

A well-known county court judge tells a story about the cross-examination of a bad tempered person. Her husband, obviously the weaker vessel, sat sheepishly listening.

The opposing counsel pressed a certain question rather urgently, and she said, angrily:

'You needn't think you can catch me. You tried that once before.'

The barrister said:

'Madam, I have not the slightest desire to catch you; and your husband looks as if he was sorry he did.'

A young man from the country lately volunteered his service to escort a young lady home from a party. On his way he cudgeled his brains for some interesting topic of conversation, but in vain; he could hit upon nothing until they met several cows when the swain said with much simplicity of manner; 'Now, isn't it strange, what a motherly appearance a cow has?'

To which the young lady replied: 'I do not think it strange that a cow should have a motherly appearance—to a calf.'

'I want you to tell me plainly, doctor,' said the man with the fat government position, 'what is the matter with me.'

'Well, Sir,' answered the old doctor, leaning back in his chair and looking at his beefy, red-laced patient, 'you are suffering from underwork and overpay.'

Dysentry is always serious and often a dangerous disease, but it can be cured. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy has cured it even when malignant and epidemic. For sale by all dealers

TIP TOP TEA
IS GREAT TEA

"What brand of tea?" asked the grocer.
"Give me
TIP TOP TEA
please; we like it best," said his customer.
This happens every day in grocery stores throughout the Province.