

RAILWAY.

Jan. 5, 1893.

Exp. daily	Accom. daily	Exp. daily
6:45	7:30	8:00
7:17	7:30	8:45
8:40	9:05	9:20
9:02	10:25	10:43
9:12	10:45	10:58
9:24	11:00	11:08
9:30	11:25	11:18
9:41	11:40	11:25
10:10	12:25	12:40
10:30	1:05	
10:37	1:22	
10:50	1:45	
11:22	2:05	
11:58	3:00	
12:38	4:45	

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1893.

The Acadian.
Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4 00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices. Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

New 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 over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.
1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that referring to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 8:30 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 10 a. m.
Express west close at 10:20 a. m.
Express east close at 4:25 p. m.
Kentville close at 7:00 p. m.
Geo. V. Rand, Post Master

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.
G. W. Menno, Agent.

Churches.
ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—Rev. T. Higgins, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayers and Testimony Meeting at 7 p. m. every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cordially received.
COUN. W. BOSCO, Ushers

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH—Rev. Alex. King, Pastor. Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayers and Testimony Meeting at 7 p. m. every Sunday. Prayers and Testimony Meeting at 7:30 p. m. every Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cordially received.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oakes Grant, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayers and Testimony Meeting at 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. Prayers and Testimony Meeting at 7:30 p. m. every Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cordially received.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday at 11 a. m. except on the first Sunday in the month, when the service will be at 11 a. m., with a celebration of the Holy Communion.

REV. ISAAC BROOK, D. D., Rector of Horton. Canon of St. Luke's Cathedral, Halifax. Frank A. Dixon, Robert W. Storer, Wardens.

ST. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. M.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE.
For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the
Weston Nurseries!
KING'S COUNTY, N. S.
Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

Applains Tablets cure had breath.
Applains Tablets cure the blues.
Applains Tablets—best liver tonic.

HAWKER'S COLU
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.

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 patent medicines failed to give relief. My physicians 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 the best and most valuable medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all so afflicted.

For Sale by all Druggists and General Dealers.
PRICE 25 AND 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

MANUFACTURED BY
THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO.,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

To Let.
That pleasantly situated cottage adjoining the Episcopal Church, Wolfville, eight rooms, frost proof cellar, town water. Possession immediate.
Apply to
DR. BARSS.
Wolfville, Jan. 3d, 1893.

For Constipation
Ayer's Pills

For Dyspepsia
Ayer's Pills

For Biliousness
Ayer's Pills

For Sick Headache
Ayer's Pills

For Liver Complaint
Ayer's Pills

For Jaundice
Ayer's Pills

For Loss of Appetite
Ayer's Pills

For Rheumatism
Ayer's Pills

For Colds
Ayer's Pills

For Fevers
Ayer's Pills

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Every Dose Effective

DIRECTORY
OF THE
Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted.

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS.—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Feeds.

GODFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods and Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HEBBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

DOCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationery, Picture Framers, and Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

PAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

CLIFF, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Pumps.

SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTEP, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

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POETRY.
Grandmother's Promises.
Grandmother sits in her chair at ease,
Her faded eyes have a dreamy look;
A Bible is open upon her knees,
But her hands are clasped on the sacred book.
Children have left her and scattered wide;
Some of them wander far over the sea,
And some of them sleep on the green hill-side.
In the sweet sad memory of a used to be.
Grandmother sees them in a hazy dream,
They are trooping back through the
wastes of years!
"Still mine, thank God," and a rainbow's gleam
Lies banked in the mists of her silent tears.
There is Baby Margie, who died in her
When the snow lay white over hill
and sea;
But grandmother reads she is safe from
harm
In the bosom of Him who said, "Come
unto Me."
There's Richard—will Richard—who ran
away,
And sailed forever from earthly shore;
Mad, blue oceans may lose their spray—
Up there, and the sea shall be no more
And Walter, the wayward—has he been
reclaimed?
She wonders if feet like his may stand;
She turns the pages—the doubt is shamed,
For "none shall ever pluck them out
of my hand."
She closes the book with a sigh of rest,
She has banished doubting and ban-
ished care;
Her chin drops down on her heaving
breast,
And grandmother sits asleep in her
chair.
—Eugene Field.

SELECT STORY.
KIT GRALE.
BY JAMES T. MACKAY.
CHAPTER IV.—Continued.
Pint, Kit," says Tass, and trims the sheet a little closer.
Now, across the broad bay, breezily now along the shore of the point; then the neck drops behind; they are clear of the land. The boat rises and falls on the tumbling waves of the open sound.
"Luff, Kit, luff a little. There, stiddy, keep her so," says Marlin. "Run your eye along the line of the keel. Ye see that white spire on the north shore, east of the little village on the hill, with the woods behind it? Keep her nose to that meatin' house."
The wind veered steadily around through the southern quarter, blowing fresh and steady. On went the Bess before it, crowding ahead dancingly, making way swiftly, drawing the northern shore on nearer and plainer.
They ran in to within a couple of miles of the shore; the wind veered nearly west, the sky clear.
"Hard a-port!" called Marlin, then. "Let her go about."
"So, Kit—keep her there. Square afore the wind."
They ran down the coast a mile or so.
"Port again, Kit—hard a-port—there! Pint her up a little more—stiddy—so-o-o! You see Goose light, Kit? Keep her nose square for the tower. It's high onto dead low tide now. We keep the line 'tween the church' an' the light, as, if we're lucky we'll sight about four foot of yellow spar. There's ain't much of any drift, an' I think we'll hit it. There ain't no need to look out till that 'ere clump o' cedars on the rocky point there to the west, bears square abeam to wind'ard. Arter that, look sharp."
They held on half a mile or so, on the same course, sailing close on the wind. Then the cedars drew on gradually, until they stood off right abreast.
"Now then," Tass sung out, "hold her stiddy an' keep your eyes about ye."
On they foamed, straight for the light, four keen eyes watching intently. But they saw no spar. Only the tumbling waves, seething, sullen and tipped with foam. On they went, Kit's heart sank. No mast in sight on either hand. Presently Marlin turned.
"Luff, Kit," he said, "hard a lee! Put her about. We missed her that time. Guess she must 'a' fall off to leeward, sailin' so close to the wind. Now then, full for the spire, an' don't let her fall off, Kit—if anything, luff her a pint."
The boat jibbed round, and filled

away before the wind on the port quarter. Again they searched keenly, anxiously. They saw no spar; on they foamed. Kit's heart weighed like lead, and full of fear. The clump of cedars drew on only too swiftly. Another quarter of a mile, and they will be abreast. She stood up in her excitement, strained her sharp eyes—oh, how eagerly! She forgot the helm one moment; the boat's head fell away to leeward. Tass did not notice. Suddenly he saw.
"Luff, Kit," he shouted—"hard a lee! Hard, I say! You're off the course three pints."
She seized the tiller, but she did not luff. Her face was radiant as an angel's. She laughed and pointed east.
"Hurrah!" she cried—"hurrah! hurrah! The mast! the mast!"
Sure enough, there it was, the tip of a mast two feet above the tide. Never was a sight more joyful to heart of man than those two feet of wave washed spar in Kit's glad eyes that day!
They ran alongside. The tide was rising now; the waves washed over it every time. It was somewhat out of the line between light and spire. It was deeper in the water, too. But for Kit's momentary forgetfulness they must have gone by and missed it. It was hit or miss, the simplest accident decided—chance, providence, fate, what you will. Marlin tore a shred of old muslin—tied it to the mast.
"I'll help us next time, Kit," he said. "Now for Rutherfordy!—fifteen mile to wind'ard. Wind veer, half no'the, an' pretty fresh. Put her about, Kit—hard a-lee—close on the wind—there! Head her fur Kessel Pint. A long leg an' a short un."
Away they went, bowing breezily bounding on the tumbling rollers. The sun sank behind the blue hills in the far northwest. Night drew on slowly. The light house lanterns flashed out one by one; the dusk deepened; the brightness died out of the west; it grew chilly. Old Tass got out the shawl which he had brought for Kit. She wrapped it about her and sat silent—steering on, on. Old Tass sat a little forward on the weather side, his eyes wandering, his gray locks straggling from under his cap. He was a shrewd, kindly old fellow. Frank and free as the sea he loved without its deceitful wiles. If he looked you, you had a friend through thick and thin. If you wronged him, you made an enemy for life—not treacherous, but fearless, and almost unforgetting. He sat idle and let Kit steer; he knew she was harassed by anxious thoughts of her father, alone at home, and that it was charity to let her have this task, that necessitated continual watchfulness, and might partially dissipate her gloomy meditations. He felt, as he watched her assiduous, a strange mingling of pity and admiration. So they sped on. The full moon swung up out of the east, and silvered the crested waves. The island shore approached nearer and nearer. They opened Hilbury bay after a while, and far in could see the gleam of the low light on the bar. Then Kessel Point drew on abeam, and hid it from sight. Their course was straight for gull reef. They ran close in; the white line of the waves washed ledge stretched shoreward before them. Then Marlin said: "Luff, Kit;—Pat her about! Luff a-lee!"
The wind had veered meanwhile more to the north of west. The boat played off again on the starboard tack. Kit looked back at the long, low neck. Beyond that ridge, only two miles away as the crow flies, was her home. How she longed to know what was going on there—how she fretted herself with anxious fears! Would she have gone on then had she known what a day would bring forth upon that spray white reef! She did not know; and the Bess went foaming on, northward, close to the wind.
The clocks in the town were striking the hour as they ran up Rutherfordy harbor through the anchored vessels, lying quietly head to wind, their red and green lanterns swinging in the shrouds. It was 2 o'clock.
Tied the boat to the pier, and went away up the
"Ye're quite clear," asked Marlin, "as to w
we come along, how y

ROTHBERTY, July 20th, 1858.
I hereby freely promise that, if I shall be shown, by Catharine Grale, of Kessel Point, the present position of the schooner Onward, and shall refuse or delay to pay immediately after to Catharine Grale, on showing the advertised reward, I will pay to her an additional sum of equal amount ten days from date.
"I won't sign it," he said. "Dye thing I'm a robber, miss?"
"Then I've nothing more to say," she said. She walked out.
"Come, Cap'n Tass," she said. He doesn't want the schooner."
They started down the street. Ingram came running out. "What's the good o' bein' so sharp? I'll sign the course paper 'f ye'll gimme a chance."
Two hours later they were in the Bess, in line with Goose Neck light and the white spire. They found the mast without much trouble. They then ran into the nearest harbor, went all three to a tavern. Ingram counted out the money, grudging every coin. Kit gave him the paper he had signed, and he went away. Kit and old Tass were together again alone. It was past 8. He made her eat some breakfast, and saw her safely off in the 8:30 express.

CHAPTER V.
Arriving in the city, she went directly to a shop in Holly street, where she knew a young man from Hilbury was clerk. Tom Denham was very glad to see Kit, as most who knew her were. He was homesick—poor boy!—in that great Babel, and the sight of a home face did him good. Kit told him she would like to have him go with her as witness to a little matter of business; and trade being dull, he easily obtained leave of absence.
"I'm going to Ballion lane, D. n. ham," she said—"No. 209. I don't know the way. You'll show me."
Tom was only too proud. They found the place easily enough. Mr. Wyckel was in. He rose politely to receive them, made them sit down, but he had not the honor of their acquaintance, could be serve them any way?
"My name is Catharine Grale," Kit said, "You hold a some property of my father's."
His manner was cold.
"Ab,"

tears. It's all in the story books. But I tell you beforehand it's no use trying it on me. I'm too old a bird. I tell you I want my money, and I'm going to have it. The court will grant a decree of foreclosure in a few days. Then you'd better look out for other lodgings. That's all, I believe."
"Not quite," said Kit. Her face flushed hot with pride and scorn. Her lips were white, her teeth firm set. "Not quite all, Abraham Wyckel. I despise your base imputations. Do your worst. I wouldn't take a penny from your hand if I died. Only a coward would strike a man that's down already. Only a brute would trample on him. But I defy you. You will not sell us out!"
"By heaven, I will!" he swore, rising in wrath. "Who'll hinder me?"
"I will," she answered quiet and firm.
"You will? Ha, ha! that's good," he laughed. "How'll you do it, my lady?"
"Here and now," she said. I offer you payment in full of all debts, interest and costs. Here is the money. Make out the bill."
She took out the gold and laid it on the table. The lawyer was utterly abashed—shamed, humbled. He turned away to hide his face—sat apart and wrote the bill. He handed it to her without a word. Debt, interest, costs, disbursements, it read, six hundred and odd. She counted out the money, pushed it across the table with the bill.
"Receipt it," she said.
She put the receipt and the rest of the money into her pocket. Without a word she went out with Denham.
"By George, Kit!" says Tom, "didn't you cut up rough, though?"
The angry flush went from her face. She laughed; she could have danced in the street. She had been thirty hours already in constant action in the open air. She felt no weariness; indeed she was rested more than she had been these months. She felt fresh and light as a bird. The debt, paid off, principal and interest—three hundred and odd in hand to start afresh! The thought made her bound and laugh. What would he think? What would he say? How he would laugh when she told him the story! She bade Tom good-by. Now for home! She longed to fly—home, home! She ran along, threading her way through the press and through—down Bullion, up Ship. She forgot that the boat did not leave for hours. She went aboard and waited. She could not read or sit. She walked about—wore away the time as she might. At last they got off. At the second landing—the water was low—the steamer stuck fast on the bar. There was no help for it; they must wait till the tide went down and rose again. The delay was annoying enough to anyone. It fretted Kit sorely. But she gave passed, though very wearily.

It was eight o'clock when the gang-way was thrown out at Wilbury dock. Kit hurried ashore and ran away up the road. It was high tide, the calm waters rippled and gleamed in the moonlight through the trees that fringed the road. Her heart was full of anxiety. She longed, yet feared to know how things got on at home. She ran along quickly. Turning a bend, she could see the poplars before the house, she white beach below them. But the foam was nowhere to be seen. A vague dread strikes to her heart. Where could it be? Where could it be? (Old Cracker could not have brought her here. Kit hoped so, but feared. She ran up to the house, looked in at the living room. She went one in the kitchen. Bridget was there. Her eyes were
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No. 27.

IT IS ALL THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT!
Women of all ages, and in all conditions, will find just the help they need in Skoda's Discovery.



Mrs. Sarah E. Blithen, of No. 9, Grove Street, Bangor, Me., says: "For quite a number of years, I have been a great sufferer from severe pains in my back and side, and the last three years, have been much reduced and run down, hardly able to do any work. At my age, 68 years, I never expected to be any better. I have taken only two bottles of SKODA'S DISCOVERY with Skoda's Little Tablets, My Back Ache is all gone, my Appetite has returned, I have gained much in flesh, and I feel like a new person. I cannot praise these Remedies too much."

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

"It's no good, Bridget," he says. "There's no help—no help." I was 'fared he'd be doin' somethin' afore ye'd get home. But he samed more cheerfuller like to night, he's expected ye. But when ye didn't come he got gloomy again. He came in for the first time after a bit, an' says, 'Bridget, says he, 'I'm goin' to bed. If Miss Kit comes in, till her I was tired and couldn't wait. Good night, Bridget,' he says, 'ye've been a faithful girl to us, an' God'll reward ye.'
There was a welcome home for you, friend. Pray heaven you may never come home to the like.
Kit ran up stairs, listened at the door, heard no sound. She opened it ajar, listened again. That was still sleep—no breath, no sigh. She pushed the door open, went in. The bed was smooth—no one had lain there that night. She wrung her hands one moment. "Too late!" she cried. "Too late, too late! Gone—gone!"
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

"And the Child in the Arms of its Mother."



MRS. FRANK E. NADAU AND CHILD.
A BRIGHT, HEALTHY BOY
whose life was Saved by
GRODER'S SYRUP.
A Mother Speaks to Mothers.

THE GRODER DYSPENSIA CURE CO. GENTLEBLEN—My child is a picture of health to-day because of the active use of Groder's Syrup.
My baby was born with a weak constitution, and was very nervous and irritable. He would not sleep, and would cry all day long. I was very anxious, and had heard of Groder's Syrup, and I bought a bottle. I gave him a few drops, and he was better in a few days. I gave him more, and he was perfectly well in a few more days. I can truly say that Groder's Syrup has saved my child's life, and I can recommend it to all mothers who have children who are nervous and irritable.