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. XXVIII. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1909. NO. 26

THE ACADIAN.

Published every FRIDAY morning by the Proprietors,
DAVISON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Subscription price is $1.00 a year in advance.

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 6.30 a. m.
Express west close at 9.40 a. m.
Express east close at 4.00 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.15 p. m.

E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30., 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. E. B. Moore, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m., on Wednesdays.

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 7.15 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.

Geo. A. Prat, } Wardens.
J. D. Sherwood, }

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

THE TABERNACLE.—Rev. A. Cohoon, D. D., 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. J. MCKENNA, 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.

At Wolfville.

Building Lots for sale on the Randall Hill, fronting on Victoria Avenue and the new street, running east and west across the hill (King street).

The lots are conveniently and beautifully situated in the centre of the town.

Land good. Air and views delightful. Apply to

MRS. ED. COGSWELL
Wolfville.

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 HERBIN BLOCK, WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Office Hours: 9—1, 2—5.

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.
Telephone connection at office and residence. 23

$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.

To Rent.

Tenement on Main street, 6 rooms beside hall, bath room, store-room and pantry. Apply to

I. W. SELFRIDGE
or W. E. STRONG.
Wolfville, N. S.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.
Voicing Regulating and Repairing.
Organs Tuned and Repaired.
M. C. Collins.
P. O. Box 321, Wolfville, N. S.

Wolfville Real Estate Agency.

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

ASK ME

If you want to sell or buy a farm or exchange for business or city property.
I. MOSER, Estate Agent,
Dept. C., Halifax, N. S.

For Results advertise in the ACADIAN.

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.

Rev. Father Morrisey

A Combined Treatment That Really Cures Catarrh.

Canadian weather, with its extreme cold and sudden changes, gives almost every one Catarrh, and makes it hard to cure. Some recommend internal remedies—some external applications.

Father Morrisey used both—tablets to be taken three or four times a day to invigorate the system, purify the blood, and help it throw off the disease, and a soothing, healing, antiseptic salve to be applied inside the nostrils. This combined treatment known as

"Father Morrisey's No. 26"

attacking the disease from within and without, soon cures.

Mr. P. L. Mills, Box 131, Springhill, N. S., wrote on August 31st last: "I have had two prescriptions for catarrh from Father Morrisey, No. 1 Cure and No. 2, but I think No. 1 has done me the most good, and that is the one I am getting filled from time to time. I would recommend this prescription in full for Catarrh, as his tablets are the only remedy I can get to help me. The No. 26 Tablets are a great tablet."

Don't trifle with Catarrh—cure it with Father Morrisey's No. 26.
50c for the combined treatment at your dealer's. 29

Father Morrisey Medicine Co. Ltd. - Chatham, N.B.

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

Weak Women
To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with this way, two treatments must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential. Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local.
Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional.
The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue, and all blood elements.
The Night Cure, as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes and relieves inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, once nerves are strengthened, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well Dr. Shoop's Night Cure. Both are scientific, both are dependable. Druggists everywhere sell them.
Dr. Shoop's Restorative
Dr. Shoop's Night Cure
Dr. Shoop's Family Medicines are for sale at Dr. Shoop's Medicine Store, Racine, Wis.

PROPERTY FOR SALE!
One of the Finest Residential properties in
WOLFVILLE.
Formerly occupied by the late Amelia Higgins. The house alone will be rented on reasonable terms.
The place contains about 60 acres of upland, besides dyke. There is a large orchard, and the house and barn are in excellent condition. The property could be divided into two farms if desired. A large part of the purchase money can remain on mortgage.
Apply to,
W. V. HIGGINS.

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure
A. V. RAND.

H. Leopold
(Successor to Leopold & Schofield.)
Livery and Boarding Stable.
Stylish Single and Double Turnouts Furnished.
Teams meet all trains and boats.
All kinds of trucking and expressing attended to promptly.
Elm Avenue, (Next Royal Hotel.)
WOLFVILLE.

D. B. SHAW,
Buyer of
Hides, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Tallow and Wool.
I pay CASH. Bring your stock to me.
Plastering hair always on hand.
Willow Vale Tannery.
Sept. 10, '06.

☞ Those indebted to this office will help us greatly by making prompt payment.

The Family Physician
The best medicines in the world cannot take the place of the family physician. Consult him early when taken ill. If the trouble is with your throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs, ask him about taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Then take it or not, as he says.
Ayer's
We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.
Bilious attacks, sick-headaches, indigestion, constipation, dizzy spells—these are some of the results of an inactive liver. Ask your doctor if he endorses Ayer's Pills in these cases. The dose is small, one pill at bedtime.
Manufactured by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

The First Robin.

BY MRS. ALFRED CHIPMAN.

High in the tree-top, liquid and clear,
Hark! 'Tis the first robin's note I hear.
Sweet bird! Sweet surprise in this dreary scene—
Whence have you come? and where have you been?
We know the dear Father has guided your flight,
Since with summer's ending you passed from our sight.
Dear bird, we have missed your sweet notes in the trees,
Which morning and eve floated out on the breeze.
Where are the loved that last year were with you?
Your mate and companion—so loving and true;
The dear ones who nestled beneath her soft breast,
Contented and safe as you guarded their nest.
Your home in the apple-tree's fragrant retreat,
Is ruined and wrecked by the cold driving sleet;
And the green leaves which curtained are all blown away,
Ah, sweetest of songsters, pray where will you stay?
Are you lonely and homesick? Is that why you sing?
And make the wide welkin with loud praises ring?
We mortals, from you the sweet lesson would take,
And bid our sad hearts to your melody wake.

Berwick, N. S.

A Prophet in Babylon.

BY W. J. DAWSON.

THE UNDER-WORLD.
Continued.

'And what is your picture of the church of the future?'

Gordon was silent for several minutes, and in his eyes there was that withdrawn look, which had already impressed Gaunt so powerfully. He seemed to be gazing into inscrutable distances, traversing illimitable realms of thought and vision, listening for the low breathed words of some prophetic revelation. When he spoke again it was slowly, as a man in some mesmeric trance might speak.

'It will not be called a church,' he said. 'It will have neither creeds, nor forms, nor subscriptions. It will unite all men who love humanity in the common service of humanity. It will be a society of equals. It will worship Christ, but neither as God nor man; rather as a living presence in all men, making all men divine. It will attract everybody. Men will not be able to afford to stay outside; to do so would be to renounce their heritage as men. It will be based on universal ideas. It will make the slum impossible, for it will make impossible the creed and neglect which produce it. It will be terribly just, so just that unrighteous men will fear its disapproval far more than any other form of punishment. It will be infinitely pitiful, so pitiful that the life most bruised will be certain of its consolation. And I think it will be called . . . it will be called The League of Service, and its emblem will be a Mother with a Child in her arms.

The voice died away in an awed whisper.

'The League of Service.' The words seemed to fill the dingy restaurant with light. The light spread until even the dreary Bastilles of poverty were illuminated, and their roofs were plumed with sacred flame.

And Gaunt knew that in that moment a great thing had happened. An Ideal had entered the world, an Ideal which he knew was worth living for and dying for.

THE DISSIMULATION OF MARGARET.

WHEN Margaret Gaunt had spoken so cheerfully of giving up her house in which all her married life had been lived, she was guilty of dissimulation. It was the kind of dissimulation of which all good women are guilty, for what good woman is not constantly engaged in suppressing herself for the sake of those she loves? 'I'd really rather not go a holiday this year,' says the tired wife, who knows the economy forced on her by narrow means; or 'I really like sitting up at night, it doesn't tire me at all, and you, dear, have your work to think of,' says the mother when a sick child has to be watched and nursed through midnight hours; and she says these things with such a show of sincerity and conviction that she finds herself believed. Perhaps she is a little hurt to find herself believed so readily, but if she is, she takes care to hide the wound. It is only one wound more upon a heart that has endured so many. And after all the great thing is that those she loves should be happy and content, and take their day upon the seashore or in the woods, and sleep when all the world sleeps, as is their right. No doubt it is a little hard, as years go on, to find the child taking pleasure with a thoughtless joy, and saying, 'Oh mother, it will be lonely if we go our own ways, you know she likes to be alone,' perhaps the husband, used to draw on her strength, quietly assuming that that strength has no limit of endurance. And is she tired? Suppose you should wake up in the hour when the grey dawn breaks, and the fitful wailing of the sick child is hushed at last, will you find no marks of fatigue in the mother's face? Tired, so tired that every bone aches, and cries for sleep; but she will never say so, and an hour later you will find her so bright and active that the memory of those drawn features and relaxed hands on which the cold dawn light fell will seem a thing you dreamed. And would not she also, O thoughtless child, love to lie upon the warm sea-sand, and rest beneath the green arches of the woods with you—she who was once as young as you, and recollects a good time 'long time ago,' when she was never vexed with unpaid bills, and stoves that wouldn't burn, and servants who wouldn't work, and all the complicated details and annoyances of household management? But she will never say so. She will let you go on thinking that she is never happier than when she is baking bread and making pies for you to eat, and stitching clothes for you to wear; and if anyone of stricter vision should call you selfish, she will at once rise up in your defence, and do vehement battle, and declare that it is not selfishness at all, but just your natural right to the joy of life. It would be a dreadful world if those with whom we have to live in closest bonds saw all our defects, with a vision never less than accurate; or, seeing those defects, spoke of them as a stranger might, with a judgment that was mercilessly just. But it is one of woman's [illegible] her [illegible] and grace, an art which the inherited traditions of renunciation through many centuries have wrought to such perfectness, that only now and then do those she loves suspect the illusion, and when they do she will blush for its discovery.

On such a theme what pages might be written, which it would not be good for men who dwell in lonely homes, out of which the dead have passed, to read alone at night; or beside the camp fires in strange foreign lands, where sons think of distant homes and vanished faces; they might produce that remorse too terrible for tears which makes life itself seem unendurable. And so let us rather thank God that this is woman's nature; that she is content to sacrifice and be forgotten; that in her dissimulation is but the expression of an unselfishness so profound that it makes a grace of falsehood, and turns a weakness into an illustrious kind of fortitude and courage, beside which the thing we call courage on the battlefield appears a coarse grotesque.

Margaret Gaunt, being a good woman, was no wiser than her sex, and so, when her husband chose a new path for himself, she followed meekly, schooling herself to think it was the very path she would have chosen for herself. She met him with gay smiles, talked lightly of the settlement girl and the kind of home she had established in the slums; but all the while her own heart clung desperately to this home of hers, which was the monument of her own taste, discretion, and womanly pride. There was not a room in it which did not appear to bore memory, some tender sentiment. Here and there things had happened, the small memorable things that make up a woman's world, and each was like a tiny shrine in which a lamp burned. There was one room in the house which she and her husband never entered save on tiptoe, and they never went together. If one found the other there by accident, the one would go away silently, without daring to say a word. For there had been born her one child, there he had died, and the silence of death had never left the room. She would often go there when the evening shadows fell, and recall that brief ecstasy of motherhood, and almost fancy she saw a little golden child sleeping in the sunbeam that fell across the bed; and Gaunt always opened the door of the room for an instant as he went up to bed at night, and stood listening, as if for a sleeper's breath; but though each knew what the other did neither had dared mention it. They never mentioned it, yet it was a bond between them; and had they been in any serious peril of drifting apart, the memories of that room would have stayed their feet. If there was one thing more bitter than another to the heart of Margaret in the thought of leaving this house, it was that someone else would live in that room, some other child, perhaps; strong and sturdy, before whose happy laughter her frail ghost-child would be driven out. If she could have taken that room with her, she would not have grieved so much, although every room had its own fragrance of association; but that a stranger's feet should tread there seemed an insult and a sacrilege. And yet you see, she was a woman of placid brows and cheerful speech, of the kind called practical; and there were a great many people who thought they knew her well, who never even knew she had had a child, who came with the spring flowers years ago, and went away with the summer heats.

And then there were other things, too, in which Margaret practised her gracious art of dissimulation. For instance, she made a great deal in her talk with her husband of her difficulties with her hired help. But that was simply her method of preparing him for the dreadful moment when she meant to do without any help at all. For if her husband knew nothing about how the money went, she knew. You can't resign a fixed and ample salary, and go on living just as though you had it; at least you can't do it honestly. Her poor babe of genius,' as she often called him in a kind of maternal irony, might suppose that she could easily earn enough money by his pen for his own simple wants and hers—which was no doubt true; but when you added two hired girls and a man, each gilted with stupendous appetites, and a long practised power of wastefulness, why then the problem took another phase. So she quietly dismissed her staff, and got cheap occasional help instead, and he never guessed the truth at all, and never learned its inwardness, but accepted her statement without question that she had found it necessary to make a change—so easily is man hoodwinked by a smiling face is woman. For of course she made a jest of it, and almost made him feel that it was a kind of special providence that left her servantless—the house was so much quieter without them—while all the time her one desire and purpose was to save a little money against the hour of need.

[illegible] with the strain put upon her powers of dissimulation by affairs at the church. There was scarce a Sunday now when something did not happen that tried her patience. All sorts of spiteful gossip came to her, and false reports, and often wounding words would be spoken to her which brought the angry tears into her eyes. Things that no one would have dared to say to Gaunt were said to her, in the expectation that they would reach him through her, and so inflict a double wound; but they never did, for she hid them in her heart and pondered them in secret, but never let him know. And it is surprising how much can be said without words; how contemptuous pity or aversion can manage to convey a world of pain by a cold glance, or the shrug of a shoulder, or a capacity for not seeing you in the street, or taking another when you appear. It is not pleasant to be asked with such singular pointedness how your husband's health is, that the interence is conveyed that the questioner is thinking of his mind rather than his body; nor 'Is he better?' in the tone of one who assumes that he is in the last stages of decay; nor to hear a soft purring female voice proclaiming in a discreet whisper, 'My dear how I pity you;' and Margaret's blood burned under these feline amenities. But Gaunt, poor man, never knew why her color was so high when she came from church; he imagined that it was the rose of health, not of anger, that flamed upon her cheeks, and congratulated her, telling how well she looked. And she smiled back at him, as though it were the most natural thing in the world to endure the smart of petty insult, and say no word about it.

For instance, there was Mrs. Small, the wife of Deacon Small, a large plain woman, who emulated the bluff manners of her husband, and made it her boast that she always said what she thought. That kind of boast usually implies an entire incapacity for understanding what other people think; certainly it did so with Mrs. Small. By dint of long cultivation in what was no doubt a natural gift of rudeness, Mrs. Small had earned for herself the reputation of a censor of everybody's method of life, and she found the church an admirable arena for her exertions. She never failed to let Margaret know when she thought the sermon was too long, or when she disagreed with it.

'If your husband preached shorter it would be much better for his health, and for our comfort too,' she said bluntly one day. 'He forgets that he is preaching to the tired business man, who really can't follow a long sermon. The business man likes it short and simple.'

'Likes it pre-digested, like grape-nuts,' retorted Margaret with smiling irony. 'But you see there are other people in the church, beside tired business men, who are quite capable of doing their own intellectual digestion.'

That was not a wise speech of Margaret's, for Mrs. Small, like most stupid people, did not understand irony, and was enraged by it. So she went away and said she was very sorry for the minister, it was evident that his wife did not appreciate him, for had she not compared his discourses with grape-nuts?

Mrs. Small was also of opinion that that there were a great many things which ought not to be mentioned in the pulpit at all, and as these prohibited themes happened to include about nine-tenths of the subject matter of the bible, it was a little difficult to know on what subjects a minister might preach at all for her edification. It sounds a little incredulate, but it is nevertheless true, as many people will remember, that when Gaunt introduced the recital of the ten commandments with responses on the first Sunday of the month, Mrs. Small expressed her opinion that the Decalogue was 'coarse;' that it was offensive to her fine female sense to hear murder, and theft, and adultery mentioned with such brutal frankness, for while that kind of thing might be all right for depraved Jews in the time of Moses, it was totally unnecessary in New York, where, of course, such things never happened. She was even more angry when Gaunt preached one morning on the woman who was a sinner, for on that particular morning she had with her in her pew an engaged couple of quite mature years—they were each close on forty—towhom such a theme must have been most awkward, and a provocation to disagreeable blushes.

'We don't come to church to hear about such things,' she said angrily to Margaret; 'the Sunday papers are bad enough.'

'Do you find them so?' retorted Margaret, which was again an unwise speech, for Mrs. Small was a great reader of Sunday papers, a fact of which Margaret was perfectly aware.

(Continued Next Week.)

SAFE EVEN FOR CHILDREN
There is not a Trace of Opium or Morphine in "Father Morrisey's No. 10" (Lung Tonic.)
A cough is merely a symptom of an irritated, inflamed or diseased condition of the air passages or the lungs themselves.
Many cough mixtures are simply preparations containing enough Opium, Morphine or similar drugs to deaden the irritation. They relieve the cough but they do not remove the unhealthy condition that caused it. Moreover any medicine containing morphine or opium is unsafe unless prescribed by a competent physician.
"Father Morrisey's No. 10", (Lung Tonic) contains absolutely no drugs of this character. It relieves a cough by removing the cause.
Made of Roots, Barks and Balsams, Nature's own remedies, it clears the mucus from the passages, soothes and heals the inflamed membranes, and strengthens the lungs and whole system so that they can throw off the disease entirely. Thousands have proved it. Trial bottle 25c. Regular size 50c. At your dealer's, or from Father Morrisey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 15

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Thousands of millions of cans of Royal Baking Powder have been used in making bread, biscuit and cake in this country, and every housekeeper using it has rested in perfect confidence that her food would be light, sweet, and perfectly wholesome. Royal is a safeguard against the cheap alum powders which are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.
ROYAL IS THE ONLY BAKING POWDER MADE FROM ROYAL GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR

Canadian Apples.

Mr. J. A. Chesley, the trade commissioner for Canada in South Africa, in his latest report to the Department of Trade and Commerce, states that it will be absolutely necessary in order successfully to market Canadian apples in South Africa, especially in Cape Colony, to export only sound, clean fruit, as the authorities there will insist upon absolute cleanliness and freedom from all kinds of fungous diseases found in the apples offered for sale in the market in the future.

Mr. Chesley's report points to great carelessness on the part of Canadian exporters. He refers to a consignment of apples on the steamer Melville, of the Elder-Dempster line. Of these 1,101 barrels were landed at Capetown, 105 at Port Elizabeth, and 601 at Durban. Those landed at Capetown underwent the usual inspection made by the government fruit inspector, under the direction of the entomologist of the Agricultural department of Cape Colony. Ninety-one barrels, making a little over eight per cent of the packages landed, were declared by this official to be diseased, [illegible] were condemned, thus causing loss and disappointment to the importers and doing considerable damage to the Canadian apple trade in South Africa. The apples landed at Port Elizabeth and Durban passed the inspection.

Mr. Chesley adds that Capetown consignees complained that several of the packages were not the variety ordered by them, many of the barrels being only faced with the proper grade, and very inferior, small, badly colored fruit being found in the middle of the barrels. Several of the packages were also slackly packed, so much so as to have necessitated filling up and repacking before offering them for sale. This condition, added Mr. Chesley, caused unnecessary expense and considerable inconvenience to importers, and was very detrimental to the success of the Canadian apple trade in South Africa.

HANDS COVERED WITH ECZEMA
"For three weeks I actually had to be fed like one feeds a baby, because my hands and arms were so covered with eczema that they had to be bound up all the time."
That is the experience of Miss Violet M. McSorley, of 75, Gore Street, Sault Ste. Marie. She adds: "I could not hold spoon nor fork. From finger tips to elbows the dreaded disease spread, my finger nails came off and my flesh was one raw mass. The itching and the pain were almost excruciating. I had three months of this torture and at one time amputation was discussed."
"Zam-Buk alone saved my hands and arms. I persevered with it and in the end had my reward. To-day, I am cured completely of every trace of the dreaded eczema, and I fervently hope that sufferers from skin disease may know of my case and the miracle Zam-Buk has worked."
Zam-Buk is without equal for eczema, ringworm, ulcers, abscesses, piles, cracked hands, cold sores, chapped places, and all skin injuries and diseases. Druggists and stores at 50 cents a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for same price. You are warned against dangerous substitutes sometimes offered as "just as good."
Zam-Buk

To fortify now against the Grip—for it comes every season sure! Preventics—the little Candy Cold Cure Tablets—offer in this respect a most certain and dependable safeguard. Preventics, at the 'sneeze stage' will, as well, also surely head off all common colds. But promptness is a important. Keep Preventics in the pocket or purse, for instant use. Box of 48 for 25c. Sold by A. V. Rand.

To mix flour into light cakes, add this last of all, as beating makes flour tough. Sprinkle a spoonful of it, take a spoonful of the mixture from the sides of the basin, and fold or drop it lightly over the flour. Do not stir. Whipped whites of eggs are also added in this way.