THE ACADIAN
One Year to Any Address
for $1.00.

The Acadian.

No better advertising medium in
the Valley than
THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXIX. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1910. NO. 39

THE ACADIAN.

ublished 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.

Leading 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 6.05 a. m.
Express west close at 9.45 a. m.
Express east close at 4.00 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.55 p. m.
E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Sunday evening at 6.15., and Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the door to welcome strangers.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton. Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. W. Prestwood, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.45. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH CHURCH, OF HORTON.—Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third 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, J. D. Sherwood, } Wardens.

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

THE TABERNACLE.—Mr. Noble Crandall, Superintendent. Services: Sunday, Sunday-school at 2.30 p. m., Gospel service at 7.30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

MASONIC.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.
A. M. WHEATON, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

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

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7 30 p. m.

Property Sale!

Property on Main street occupied by the subscriber. Large house containing twelve rooms, barn, sixteen fruit trees, with good building lot on Gaspereau avenue. Also old Wolfville Hotel property. Good location. An excellent opportunity for investment. Apply to
MRS EASTWOOD
or J W WALLACE
Wolfville, Dec. 1, 1909.

RED ROSE TEA.
"Is Good Tea"

PIANOS

The piano that you want you will find in our stock, because we have the exclusive agency for the finest pianos manufactured in Canada.

Heintzman & Co., Newcombe, Doherty, Ennis, Wormwith and others.

We make the terms to suit you and take old instruments in exchange.
Last year our piano business increased 100 per cent. over the previous year and we are breaking all records in 1910.

N. H. PHINNEY & CO.
LAWRENCETOWN, N. S.
(40 years in the music business.)
Travellers throughout the Province. Five ware-rooms.

Cedar Shingles and Posts!

We are headquarters for these articles as well as for all kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL.

FENCING IS NOW IN ORDER!

Woven Wire of all kinds always on hand. Also Barbed, plain and twist. Call or write for catalogue and prices.

Illsley & Harvey Co., Ltd.
PORT WILLIAMS, N. S.

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.

Dr. D. J. Munro,
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgery 47
Office Hours: 9—12 a. m.; 1—5 p. m.
Barss Building, Wolfville.

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

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

H. PINEO,
EXPERT OPTICIAN.
WOLFVILLE.
Write if you wish an appointment either at your home or his.

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

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

FOR SALE.

The property on Gaspereau avenue, lately occupied by Mrs. Foshay. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply for terms, &c. to
MRS. A. GREEN,
Wolfvill,

E. F. MOORE
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
OFFICE: Delaney's Building, Main St.
RESIDENCE: Methodist Parsonage, Gaspereau Avenue.
OFFICE HOURS: 9-10 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-9 p. m. 23
Telephone connection at office and residence.

Electric Restorer for Men
A French Remedy
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 $3.00 a box, or two for $5.00. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

CLARKE'S
AUCTION SALE ROOMS
is the Oldest Established and Best in the Provinces.
WEEKLY
Sales of Horses, Wagons, Harness, Sleighs, etc.
ALSO—House Furnishings of every description.
Salesrooms: 78 & 80 Argyle St., Halifax, N. S.

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

Halifax and South Western Railway.

Trains leave Halifax:
Express for Yarmouth Wednesdays and Saturday.....6.00
Accommodation for Yarmouth Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.....7.10
Accommodation for Liverpool Monday Wednesday and Saturday.....5.00
Trains leave Middleton.
Accommodation for New Germany, Caledonia, Lunenburg, etc.; Tuesday Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.....13 30
Monday and Friday.....16 50
Accommodation for Bridgetown, Port Wade, etc., Monday and Friday.....11.30

P. MOONEY,
General Freight & Passenger Agent,
Halifax, N. S.

The Coming of Love.

How shall I know? Shall I hear him pass
In the wind that sighs through the poplar tree
Murmuring soft to the whispering grass,
Shaking the prisoned perfumes free?

Shall I wake one day to a sky all blue,
And meet with Spring in a crowded street?
Shall I fear and tremble as lovers do,
And wonder to find the fearing sweet?

How shall I know? Last night I lay,
Counting the hours' dreary sum,
'Till the dawn turned gold and the gold turned gray,
And the silence told me that love had come!

—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, in the Canadian Magazine for June.

Swinging Bridge.

BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful afternoon in June. The old gray farmhouse on the creek was bathed in golden sunlight. The warm air was heavy with the mingled perfume of roses, lilacs and honeysuckle. The dreamy stillness was broken by the gentle ripple of the creek, and now and again, by the sweet thrilling notes of a bird's song. The fields wore a vivid green, touched here and there with gold where the wheat was beginning to ripen. In the pasture-fields the cattle grazed, knee-deep in fragrant clover.

In an upper room of the farmhouse, a woman lay upon a bed near the window, looking out, with great yearning in her sunken eyes, at the beauty of the June day.

'It is such a beautiful world,' she murmured, with a slight quivering of her pale lips. 'And soon, ah, very soon, my eyes will close upon its beauty forever. I am dying. My life will go out with the setting of today's sun.'

She turned her head wearily on the pillow and closed her eyes with a quivering sigh.

Suddenly there was borne in through the open window the sound of a child's merry laugh.

Margaret Pearson started, and a quiver of anguish passed over her wan, colorless face. She opened her eyes, lifted herself upon her elbow with an effort, gazing, with straining eyes, out of the window in the direction from whence had come that joyous laughter.

A swinging-bridge spanned the creek on the other side of which the village nestled at the foot of the mountain. A colored boy, about twelve years of age, was crossing the bridge, holding by the hand a little boy of about five years, whose golden curls glittered like spun gold in the sunlight. The child was laughing merrily as the darky walked in such a manner as to cause the bridge to swing from side to side. The latter's dusky face, the white, gleaming teeth, showing in a broad grin, the kinky head, formed a quaint and striking contrast to the pretty, fair face and golden head.

The dying woman strained forward, gazing, with unspeakable love and yearning, upon the child for a moment, then sank back upon her pillow with a groan.

'O my child, my little child!' she murmured passionately; 'death would not seem so cruelly hard if it were not that I must leave you. You are so young, so helpless, and alas, my poor little one, you are your father's child. If you inherit his nature, you need indeed a stronger nature to watch over you and to guide you.'

Lying there in the gathering shadows of death, Margaret Pearson's thoughts went back to the love dream that had, for so brief a time, cast its glamour over her life.

She had married Ernest Beverley when she was a girl of nineteen and he twenty-three. They belonged to old Virginia families that could boast of blue blood, but had very little money. The young couple were desperately in love with each other, and for a time, Margaret was perfectly happy. Then she began to awaken to the fact that she had loved an ideal that existed only in her own heart. The knowledge was forced upon her that the man she had believed all that was noble was, in truth, selfish, weak, with but little sense of truth and honor. Margaret struggled against disillusionment, for she knew that she could not continue to love where she no longer respected. Then death solved the problem. Two years after the marriage, Ernest Beverley fell ill of typhoid fever and died.

Margaret grieved very sincerely, but it was more for her lost ideal than for her husband as he had really been. All her capacity for love was now concentrated upon her child, a little year old baby when the father died. But with that love was always mingled the fear that the child might inherit his father's nature.

'Dearly as I love him, I would rather see him dead,' she sometimes thought.

About a year after her husband's death, Margaret went to teach the school at Mountain Creek. Her parents had died, the old homestead was heavily mortaged, and Margaret was compelled to support herself and her child.

George Pearson, of Swinging-Bridge Farm, a widower with one child, a boy, fell in love with the pretty widow and asked her to become his wife. Margaret, weary with the struggle to obtain a livelihood for herself and her child, consented.

George Pearson was a man of very little education, only a plain farmer, but he was one of Nature's gentlemen. Margaret did not love him as she had loved her first husband, but she had a quiet affection for him and a deep respect. Her married life was very peaceful and very happy, but, like the first, it was destined to be brief.

In attempting to ford the creek one dark night when the water was very high, George Pearson was swept from his horse and drowned. Margaret found herself again a widow, but very comfortably off. Three years passed and then she became ill. She grew steadily worse and on that beautiful June afternoon Margaret realized that her hours on earth were numbered.

As she lay with closed eyes and laborer breathing upon her pillows, the door opened silently and a dark eyed boy, twelve years of age, came into the room. He hesitated a moment, thinking that Margaret slept, then, as she opened her eyes, he went up to the bed.

'Is that you, Stephen?' Margaret murmured, turning her head to look at him, with a faint smile quivering across her pale lips.

'Yes, mother,' the boy replied, as he stood by the bed, looking down at her with a mixture of tenderness, wistfulness and trouble in his grave, dark eyes.

Stephen's mother had died at his birth and the only care and love his life had known for nine years had been given him by the old colored woman, Aunt Mandy, who had been a slave in the Pearson family before the war.

Stephen had gone to the village school and had been attracted toward Margaret from the first. He had never seen any one just like her before, she was so pretty, so gentle, so soft-voiced. He had soon ingratiated himself with the pretty school teacher by his attentions to her little boy, Ernest. When his father married her, Stephen was the happiest boy in the world. From the moment she kissed him and asked him to call her mother, Stephen loved her with every fibre of his boyish heart. He was not a demonstrative boy, but Margaret knew how well he loved her. She also knew that she could trust him implicitly, for he never told her an untruth nor deceived her.

'Do you feel better today, mother?' he asked, as he stood beside the bed.

Margaret shook her head with a wan smile.

'No, Stephen,' she replied. 'I shall never be better in this world.'

The boy gave a great start and his face whitened.

'O mother! don't say that,' he cried.

'It is true, dear, and it is best that you should know it,' said Margaret, very gently. 'I shall be with you but a little while. I am dying, Stephen.'

The boy began to tremble and great tears gathered in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks, and he wiped them with the sleeve of his coat. It was the first time that Margaret had ever seen him cry and her woman's heart ached for him.

'I know that you love me, dear,' she said, tenderly, 'and that you will miss me and grieve for me.'

The boy bowed his head affirmatively. He was struggling with his grief, and, for the moment, could not speak.

'Don't cry, Stephen,' Margaret went on. 'I want you to listen to me. There is something I want to say to you.'

The boy, with an effort, controlled himself and stood quietly waiting for her to continue.

'I want you to make me a promise, Stephen, and then death will not seem so hard.'

'I will promise you anything, mother,' the boy declared, passionately

'I want to speak to you about Ernest, Stephen,' said Margaret. 'I am going to leave my little boy in your care. You are only a boy, Stephen, but I know that I can trust you and that you will keep the promise I am going to ask you to make me.'

'Yes, mother, I will.'

'Promise me that you will make Ernest's happiness your first care, your first thought in life; that you will, under all circumstances, be patient and forbearing with him; that you stand between him and all trouble, sorrow and evil. Will you make this promise, Stephen?'

'Yes, mother, I promise,' the boy replied, simply.

Margaret sank back upon the pillows with a great sigh of relief. Stephen was only a boy, but she had great faith in him and she knew he would keep his promise. Perhaps had she known what it would cost him to do so, she might have hesitated even in the instinctive selfishness of her mother's love and yearning.

'Kiss me, Stephen,' she said. 'And then bring Ernest to me.'

Stephen bent over and pressed his lips to her cheek. It was very cold, and the gray pallor that lay upon her face frightened him. His boyish heart was wrung with grief as he turned from the bed and went softly from the room. But the thought of his promise brought with it a touch of comfort. She had said it made her happy; and it would still be in his power to do something for her, even after she was gone.

CHAPTER II

In the big kitchen of the farmhouse, Aunt Mandy went about her work with a very grave face, pausing now and again to shake her head in its bright bandanna handkerchief, and sighed.

'De mistis, she ain't long for dis heah world,' she murmured, as she placed a pan of biscuits in the oven. 'I done seed dat in her face dis mornin', She warn't bery long followin' ob de ole massa. And, now, thar only dem two chilluns left, and nobody to look arter dem but ole Aunt Mandy. Naturally, I sets a lot ob sto' by Stephen, but I'se bound to 'low dat I jubs dat li'l' Ernest a powerful lot. And as for Pete—why he is plumb crazy ober dat chile.' Thar dey comes now ober de swingin'-bridge,' pausing by the window to look out with a very tender look on her dusky face. 'Jest listen to dat chile a-laffin! Po', innercent lamb! and his po' mammy upstiars a-dying.'

She turned from the window and went back to the stove to inspect her biscuits.

A few moments later, Pete and little Ernest entered the room.

'O Aunt Mandy! me and Pete's been having such fun,' Ernest cried, running up to Aunt Mandy, gleefully, while Pete stood grinning in the doorway. 'And me so hungry.'

'Dis heah chile look lak de picters ob God's angels,' Aunt Mandy was thinking, as she looked down upon the fair, innocent face, framed in bright gold curls. 'All right, honey,' she said, aloud. 'Aunt Mandy will have some nice hot biscuits in a few minutes.'

'Tan I have honey on them, Aunt Mandy?' asked Ernest.

'Yas,' Aunt Mandy replied, laying her dusky hand very tenderly, for a moment upon his curls. 'And when done eat yor biscuits, you must go up stairs to see yor por mammy.'

'I wish my mamma would dit well adin,' the child said, a little petulantly, stooping to lift in his arms a white kitten that was rubbing itself against his legs and purring softly. 'Me don't like to tay up tairs. Will my mamma be pretty adin when her dits well, Aunt Mandy? I like my mamma best when she is pretty.'

It was a moment or so before Aunt Mandy replied.

'Yas, honey,' she said at length, 'I reckon yor mammy gwine to be pretty again. What you standing thar for, grinning lak a idjit, Pete?' turning abruptly upon her grandson and furtively wiping the tears from her eyes, while little Ernest went and curled himself up on the broad window seat with the kitten still in his arms. 'It am time for you to be a-gittting dem thar cows home.'

'Don't you want to come along, Ernie?' asked Pete. 'I reckon dem brack-heart cherries am near about ripe in de clover field,' he added, alluringly.

Ernest reflected, for a moment, before replying.

'No,' he said, at length, with an air of decision. 'Me'd radder have hot bistits and honey dan cherries.'

Aunt Mandy chuckled as Pete went out with a crestfallen air.

Continued Next Week.

Twitching of the Nerves
Wonderful cure brought about by DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

It is only by watching the symptoms of nervous exhaustion and applying restorative treatment that you can ever hope to ward off locomotor ataxia and paralysis.

Mrs. E. J. Vanderburgh, of Eastern Welland Ave., St. Catherines, Ont., states:—"For twenty-one years I was badly afflicted with heart trouble, nervousness and cramps in the limbs, also twitching of the nerves and nervous headaches. I became weak, debilitated and emaciated. My condition was distressing and I was made worse through worry and loss of sleep.

"I tried a hundred remedies in vain. After having used half a dozen boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food my old trouble had entirely vanished, and I was enjoying better health than I had since girlhood."

Such cases as this prove the wonderful efficiency of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. It cures in Nature's way by enriching the blood and for this reason by enriching the blood and its benefits are lasting. 50 cts. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Adds Healthful Qualities to the Food
Economizes Flour, Butter and Eggs
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
No Alum—No Lime Phosphates

PANGS AND TORTURES OF A WEAK STOMACH.

Prompt Relief and Cure Can be Obtained Through Dr. William's Pink Pills.

Indigestion is a condition in which the stomach is more or less unable to digest the food. Even a light case of indigestion means much misery, but when the trouble is at its worst the life of the sufferer is one of constant and acute misery. Indigestion is recognized by a burning sensation in the stomach, bloating, an oppressive feeling of weight, belching wind, pains in the region of the heart, often vomiting and nausea, and a dread of food for the misery it causes. Dieting and the use of pre-digested foods may give some relief, but will never cure indigestion. The work of indigestion depends upon the blood and the nerves and the only way to cure indigestion is to so tone up the stomach that it will do the work that nature intended it should do. The very best way to cure a weak stomach is through a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These renew the blood, strengthen the nerves and thus give tone to the stomach, and enable it to do its work with ease and comfort. No one suffering from indigestion in even the slightest form should neglect the trouble for an instant; to do so means that it obtains a firmer hold, and daily the misery and suffering is increased, and the cure made more difficult. At the first approach of the trouble take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and it will speedly disappear. These Pills will cure even the most obstinate case of indigestion, but naturally it takes longer to do so. Mr. Philip Lafleur, St. Jerome, Que., says: 'After I left college, when I had studied hard for four years, I suffered so much from indigestion that I found it difficult to earn my living. I was troubled with terrible pains, a bloating feeling, and a sourness in the stomach. This led to a loss of appetite and I began to show signs of a nervous breakdown. I tried several different treatments without finding any apparent relief, and my nervous system had grown so shattered that I could not work. A priest who was interested in me advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I followed his advice. It was not long before they began to bring me back to health, and in the course of a couple of months my stomach was as sound as ever; my nervous system sound and vigorous, and I have since enjoyed the best of health. I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for which I shall always feel grateful.'

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

Earl Grey's trip to Hudson Bay will be begun early in August. Starting from Norway House he will go by canoe down the Hayes River to York Factory where he will board the Government steamer, Earl Grey, for St. John's, thence to Quebec. His Excellency expects to do his fair share of paddling on the long 500 mile trip down the Hayes River.

In the time of Henry VIII. a seven roomed London house rented for $1 a year.

Modern Heartlessness.

It has remained for England, through the operation of her old age pension law, to afford the world perhaps the most striking example of the heartlessness of the present age. This law provides that those entitled to its benefit cannot receive the aid offered so long as they are inmates of almshouses. In the search for homes which is being carried forward by the unfortunate, would-be receivers of old age pensions there has come a saddening revelation of the supposed strength of family feeling. Out of 528 old men and women entitled to leave a certain workhouse on old age pensions only 37 were sure that they would be welcomed by relatives. As a matter of fact, it was eventually found that only nine of this number really had homes to which they could go.

The Bishop and the Tramp.

Tramps are now traversing the Province. Frequently they ring the door bell asking alms either bread or money. All may not have the persuasive power of the good Bishop and thus secure a contribution instead of giving one, but the story points a moral as to the manner of dealing with what are pests of society.

A certain Bishop who had a most persuasive address coupled with what would usually be called personal magnetism, was on the lawn with a party of other gentlemen when a tramp came up. He was a decent looking fellow, persistent and well spoken. He approached one of the party and untolded a tale of woe. 'Hold on my friend,' said the gentleman addressed, 'you see that man over there? That is Bishop S. You go and speak to him, he is the very man you want.' The tramp obeyed and was soon in earnest conversation with the Bishop at a little distance from the main group. Their talk seemed to be very animated. Presently the wayfarer drifted back, and was about to pass somewhat dejectedly, when the gentleman he had first greeted asked, 'Well, my friend, how did you get along with the Bishop? Did he give you anything?

The tramp grinned. 'He? Well, stranger, you mayn't believe it,' he said, 'but he actually talked me into giving him a dollar as a contribution for some new college he is building somewhere.'

His hearers laughed, and one of them handed him some loose change whereupon he left. The Bishop proved the man's story true by showing them the dollar. It was generally considered that any one who could talk money out of a tramp had sufficient power of persuasion to finance any project, no matter how difficult.

Why Take Alcohol?

Are you thin, pale, easily tired, lack your usual vigor and strength? Then your digestion must be poor, your blood thin, your nerves weak. You need a tonic and alterative. You need Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla entirely free from alcohol. We believe your doctor would endorse these statements, or we would not make them. Ask him and find out. Follow his advice. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

The endorsement of your doctor will certainly greatly increase your confidence in Ayer's Pills as a family laxative. Liver pills. All vegetable. Ask your doctor about them.

Makes lighter, whiter, better flavored bread—produces more loaves to barrel.
PURITY FLOUR