

eed to burn them
not from—Cured by
s's Ointment.

McLean, Tallor Vale, N.S.,
action head on the railroad, I
all sorts of weather, my health
a victim of prostrating piles.
Though a doctor treated me
for piles, they only grew worse
and I was forced to give up
work and go home. My
suffering could scarcely be
described. I could not walk
or lie down, and while the
rest of the family slept I
would be groaning with ex-
cruciating pain.

"The second doctor told
me the piles would have to
be removed by a scalpel, but
I could not think of undergoing such an operation,
so he gave me a box of
McLean's Ointment which he charged
me to use. I used it for a few days
and the piles were so much
reduced that I was able to
do my work as usual. Since
then I have used it every
time I feel the piles coming
and I was worth one hundred dollars
to me."

the drink came with
and feel it in their
they must all fight
to all their might. The
entire had carried unan-
imously to the Government
licensing Bill. He was
an abstainer. Of course,
and with those who had
because of the doctors,
the best and the fair-
est of that fell destroyer
it was only the part of
remember the great text,
"I thinketh he standeth
that he fall." If a man
ve up and kick in his
children's and wife's
tempted, weak brother's
his Saviour's sake, that
incapably selfish to be
described. He was all
but it was long a com-
must not talk politics,
did talk about this Gov-
yet keep away from all
s. Was there ever such
id lots? His great hope
et temperance—their
against this great evil
of Let them not be
discouraged. God's work
be done on this earth as
it is in heaven, and if it
to be done through
then it would be done
at man.

ood Complexion
every woman's heart
vings enough not to be
definitive complexion means
in other words a healthy
of thousands of women
because it's a splendid
r keeps the system in
and helps the complex-
ion. I consider Perro-
to give you a
flexion I know of,
E. Brannon of Pen-
sion used to be allow-
a few boxes of Perro-
was noticeable on my
recommend Perrozone
For good health
only Perrozone. Price
1.00.

oss Made a Mistake.
me of our large man-
ne came through the
ndy noticed a boy sit-
er swinging his legs
merrily. The senior
y as he confronted
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"You have to do?"
report to the cashier
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Food soon shows its
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energy and confidence.
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OOKI
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will be a grand treat
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Food soon shows its
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energy and confidence.
e force it affords new
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DEERS
ments, Railroads, Build-
ing Ladders for Paint-
ing, Step-Ladders for
house and step-ladders for
ing Chairs. All goods
Ladders in stock at
Co. Shed, Team on
For further infor-
D. B. WOODMAN,

Business Railway
Coal Co.,
CAPE BRETON
papers of the celebrated
ESS IMPERIAL
AL"
BENTON
tion of Milk, Stalk,
For Domestic and Steam
purposes.
HER COAL
files of the most mod-
ern Planting, E. J. For-
all of our classes and sizes of
ing vessels. Apply to
Railway and Coal Co.,
NESS, C. B.,
Post-Office, C.
& Co., Halifax, N.S.,
agents for the Nova Scotia
and Prince Edward

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One Year to Any Address
for \$1.00.

The Acadian

THE ACADIAN
No better advertising medium in
the Valley than
THE ACADIAN.

VOL. XXIII.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS

WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1904.

NO. 50.

THE ACADIAN
Published every Friday morning by the
Proprietors,
DAVIDSON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in
advance.
Newly communications from all parts
of the country, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES
\$1.00 per square (2 inches) for first in-
sertion, 50 cents for each subsequent in-
sertion.
Continued rates for yearly advertising
insertions furnished on application.
Reading notices ten cents per line first
insertion, two and a half cents per line
for each subsequent insertion.

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 con-
tinued and charged for until otherwise
ordered.

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.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.
Office Hours, 8.00 a. m. to 8.30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.30
a. m.
Express sent close at 4.45 p. m.
Express sent close at 6.10 p. m.
Geo. V. HARD, Post Master.

CHURCHES.
BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. L. D. Morse,
Pastor. Services: Sunday, preach-
ing at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.;
Sunday School at 9.30 p. m.; B. Y. P.
U. prayer meeting on Tuesday evening
at 7.45, and Church prayer-meeting on
Thursday evening at 7.30. Women's
Bible Society meets on Wed-
nesday following the first Sunday in the
month, and the Women's prayer-meeting
on the third Wednesday of each month
at 7.30 p. m. All seats free. Visitors at
the door to welcome strangers.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. M. D.
Pastor. Services: Sunday, preach-
ing at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.;
Sunday School at 9.30 p. m.; B. Y. P.
U. prayer meeting on Tuesday evening
at 7.45, and Church prayer-meeting on
Thursday evening at 7.30. Women's
Bible Society meets on Wed-
nesday following the first Sunday in the
month, and the Women's prayer-meeting
on the third Wednesday of each month
at 7.30 p. m. All seats free. Visitors at
the door to welcome strangers.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
St. John's Parish Church, or Holy Trinity
—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 at 11 a. m.; Super-
intendent and teacher of Bible Class, the
Rector.

St. Francis (Catholic)—Rev. Martin
Carroll, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth
Sunday of each month.
THE TABERNACLE.—Mr. N. Crandall,
Superintendent. Services: Sunday,
Sunday School at 9.30 p. m., Gospel
services at 7.30 p. m. Prayer meeting
Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

St. George's Lodge, A. F. & A. M.,
meets at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 7.30 o'clock.
I. B. OXLEY, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.
DUPRETS LODGE, No. 92, meets every
Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall
in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren of
all lodges welcome.
G. H. BORDEN, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION B. of T. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall at
8 o'clock.
CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon
at 8.30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.
Orest Blomfield, I. O. F. meets in
Temperance Hall on the third Wednes-
day of each month at 7.30 p. m.

REPAIRING STATION.
Bicycles repaired and cleaned.
Lawn Mowers put in order. Locks
repacked and keys fitted.
Bicycle Findings,
Alfred Suttie,
Dr. H. Lawrence,
DENTIST,
Wolfville, N. S.,
E. S. Office in Herlin Block,
Telephone No. 29.

Potted Plants
AND
Cut Flowers
OF ALL
Description
AT
FREEMAN'S NURSERY
Wedding Bouquets and Funeral de-
signs made up at short notice.
W. A. FREEMAN,
WOLFVILLE.

Telephone 32.

\$10 REWARD
As we are under considerable ex-
pense in repairing street lights that
are maliciously broken, we offer the
above reward for information that
will lead to the conviction of the
guilty party.

OFFENDERS will be prosecuted to the
full extent of the law.
ACADIA ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

Leslie R. Fair,
ARCHITECT,
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AYESFORD, N. S.

Edwin E. Dickey, M. D.,
Wolfville, N. S.
Office: Two doors east of Manual
Training Hall. Telephone No. 5.

H. V. HARRIS,
General Manager.

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AMONG
SELLING AND REPAIRING OF WATCHES.
WATCHES GOLD, SILVER & NICKEL
From \$1.25 upward.

J. F. HERBIN,
Optician and Jeweller.

what of the future?
Do you want to be better off than you are now?
In your old age do you wish to live in ease and comfort?
In the event of your death do you wish your family to enjoy in some degree
the comforts you can now provide for them?

IF SO Apply at once for a policy with
THE ROYAL VICTORIA LIFE INSURANCE CO.
TO-DAY you are in good health— BUT
WHAT OF THE FUTURE?
JOHN T. PURDON,
General Agent,
Wolfville, N. S.

C. M. VADON, P. W. WOODMAN.
Wolfville Coal & Lumber Co.,
GENERAL DEALERS IN
Hard and Soft Coals, Kindling-Wood, Etc.

Also Brick, Clapboards, Shingles, Sheathing, Hard and Soft Wood
Flooring and Rough and Finished Lumber of all kinds
THE BOWKER FERTILIZER CO.,
BOSTON.
And Haley Bros., St. John.

A. W. Allen & Son,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Sashes, Doors, Mouldings,
ALL KINDS OF
BUILDERS' FINISH AND MATERIAL
in Native and Foreign Woods.
BOXES, STAVES, HEADING!
Catalogue and Prices on Appli-
cation.
MIDDLETON, N. S.

Fred H. Christie
PAINTER
PAPER HANGER.
Best Attention Given to Work
Entrusted to Us.
Orders left at the store of L. W.
Shop will be promptly attended to.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

The Harvest.
While the grain where the scythe is waiting
shalt thou see the hum from the breast of the
deaf?
Smelt the maple, ripe black grow the berries
Deep in the wood, on the verge of the trail.
Wraps in rich ease from its summer's incubation
Quiet the land lies from bill to the shore;
Smiles the rocks and the wood-folk to cheer
Food in the granary and peace to the door.

A Disrupted Quartette.
When the minister of a little city
church and his wife went on their
summer vacation, seventeen of their
church-members accompanied them.
As they had to leave their camp-
ing with some other tent-dwellers on a
large fruit-ranch about five miles from a
country town.

They had heard that on this ranch
help was needed, and most of the
minister's party expected to cut fruit
leisurely, earning merely enough to
pay vacation expenses. But several
of the girls, who wished to earn enough
to meet the next school term's ex-
penses, were to be regular day-workers.
Rose Thornton wished to enter the
university. Addie Miller and Etta
Simpson were ambitious to take ac-
counting courses. Norma Dawson, how-
ever, had funds enough for the next
term's expenses, and therefore she cut
fruit only in the forenoons.

These four girls were called the
quartette, because they were close
friends and often sang together. On
Sunday nights the minister and a
large party from the ranch crowded
into a big fruit wagon and drove five
miles to the town, where the minister
preached to a little restless church,
and there Norma, Rose, Addie and
Etta made a choir.

The four girls had a tent to them-
selves, and there, after supper, they
usually sang, to the accompaniment
of Norma's guitar, such songs, funny
or sweet or tender, as belong to the
repertoire of lively American girls
who have had some musical advantages.

The tents of the campers were set
in a row close together, and were car-
peted with straw. One windy night,
after almost all the campers were
asleep, a woman's oil-stove exploded,
setting fire to her tent and to the
straw matting. Running along this
tent, which hung from the top of the
tent, but nobody was hurt, and the
girls saved almost all their things, in-
cluding Norma's guitar.

It was now necessary to redistribute
the campers among the remaining
tents, and the quartette were sepa-
rated. Rose, Etta and Addie were
given a small tent together, and Norma
was put into a still smaller tent
under a fig-tree with another burnt-
out girl, named Hannah Jenison,
whose home was a few miles from the
fruit-ranch. To prevent fires, the
tents were placed at intervals through
the orchard, and Norma found herself
at some distance from her three friends.

Hannah Jenison was tall, awk-
ward, reticent, hard-working and appar-
ently somewhat in awe of Norma, who
really saw very little of her. In the
morning all worked in the fruit-cut-
ting sheds. In the evening Norma,
with her guitar, was usually away at
the tent with her three chums, where
she and they sat cross-legged. Af-
terward, they sat crowded in the small
tent and chattered and laughed and
sang, never thinking to inquire
whether or not tired Hannah was lone-
ly at her solitary supper. She was
usually in bed when Norma returned,
and after tending together for two
weeks they had hardly more than a
speaking acquaintance. Then it
chanced that Hannah was employed
for a few days in canning fruit at the
ranch-owner's farmhouse, a task which
frequently allowed her a half-hour of
liberty in the late afternoon.

Norma, returning from a walk one
afternoon, saw Hannah sitting alone
in the shade of some bushes.
Hannah's singing thought Norma
curiously, catching a slight sound.

She listened, unseen by the other girl,
who was softly and slowly repeating
songs she had heard the quartette
sing, the funny songs, the pretty ones
—everything she could remember.
Such mistakes in words and tunes!
Norma thought it all very funny.
Hannah crooned on, repeating, as if
it were a lesson she must learn. Her
voice was poor, and she made little
accounting of the lines.

"I wish the girls were here!" Norma
thought merrily. "I'll tell them to-
night. Won't it be a joke? Han-
nah'll never know. Why, she's been
singing up everything she ever
heard!"
Then, with a good impulse, to help
the poor, awkward girl, she raised her
trained voice, softly and sweetly
tempting. Up sprang the girl start-
led, embarrassed, the color rushing
over her face.

Norma sang the line again. "That's
the way, Hannah," she said. "I'll sit
down here and show you how those
songs go, if you'd like me to."
Hannah's cheek burned deeper. "I
guess I must be going," she said and
she hurried away to the farmhouse.
Norma looked blankly after her.
"What's that I get for trying to be
friendly?" she thought. "What a
girl!"

Norma was a good mimic. That
evening she imitated for her three
chums Hannah's funniest mistakes.
The other girls caught them up, and
repeated them softly. Confident that
they were out of Hannah's hearing,
they laughed a good deal. Perhaps
they forgot and raised their voices in
the still night air.

Suddenly from the dark came Han-
nah into their illuminated circle, her
face white and her eyes a blazing
fire. She stood looking at Norma till
the silence grew appalling. Then she
said: "If I were a city girl, and had
had the chance to—to learn—"
She choked and ran away.

The quartette looked at one another,
shocked by what they had done.
"It's too bad!" murmured Rose.
Norma sprang up. "It was brutal!
It's all my fault! I'll bring her back!"
She sped away through
A little while later, when the girls
were sitting at their supper, Han-
nah came in, and the girls found
Hannah in bed on her side of the tent,
with the blanket pulled round her head
and her back turned.
Norma felt uneasy. She could not
go to sleep without speaking. "I'm
sorry, Hannah," she said; "but there
was no answer or sign that Hannah
was awake."
In the morning, during breakfast,
Norma turned to her tentmate.
"I'm sorry, Hannah," she said again.
"It's no matter," returned Han-
nah, with evident effort.
Thereafter they treated each other
as if nothing unpleasant had hap-
pened. But Norma was conscious that
deep down Hannah could not forget.
"She isn't forgiving," said Norma
to the other girls, after some
weeks. "She's hurt—and I don't
know how to cure it."
Sometimes on Sundays, when the
quartette sang in church, Norma, look-
ing down from the choir on Hannah
singing up at her, felt smitten. The
honest eyes seemed reproaching her,
and often she reflected: "We ridiculed
unmercifully. It is strange that she
will come and hear us sing. And not
until the fruit cutting season had
gone by did she learn why Hannah
came."
The last of the peaches were drying
in wooden trays; the next morning
Hannah was going to her home; the
day after that the minister's party
would return to the city. In the night
Hannah spoke across the tent.
"Are you awake?" she asked.
Norma roused herself from a doze.
"Yes," she answered.
"This is my last night here." Han-
nah said rapidly, "and I don't know
whether I'll ever see you again, and I
want to tell you something. That
night when you told me you were
sorry, I acted a lie. I lay still and
made you think I was asleep. And I
ought to have answered. To-night I
thought I ought to tell you the truth
before I go."
"I guess I didn't deserve to be an-
swered," said Norma meekly.
But Hannah hurried on. "The reason
I wanted to learn all your pretty
songs was so I could sing them to
Pheny. She's the only sister I've
got, and she hasn't walked a step for
years. She never goes anywhere, and
the only new things she ever hears
are those I tell her when I come back
from somewhere. Pheny likes music
so! And she never hears any. We
haven't any piano or anything, and
your songs are so pretty I thought
maybe I could remember them for
Pheny. I don't sing well; but it's
all I can do for her, and the doctors
say she can't live many years—and

Ayer's
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
quiets tickling throats, hacking
coughs, pain in the lungs. It
relieves congestion, sub-

Cherry
Pectoral
dues inflammation. It heals,
strengthens. Your doctor will
explain this to you. He says
it's all about this cough medicine.

Weak Throats
Ayer's Pills greatly aid recovery.
Purely vegetable, gently laxative.

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RAILWAY CO.
ON AND AFTER JUNE 10th, 1904
Trains will run as follows, connecting at
Truro with C. E. Train out of Windsor with
Leaves Truro at 9.00 a. m., arrive in Windsor
9.50 a. m.
Leaves Truro at 1.00 a. m., arrive in Windsor
5.30 a. m.
Leaves Windsor at 7.00 a. m., arrive in Truro
7.50 a. m.
Leaves Windsor at 9.00 a. m., arrive in Truro
9.50 a. m.
Leaves Windsor at 11.00 a. m., arrive in Truro
11.50 a. m.

7.50 a. m.
Leaves Windsor at 9.00 a. m., arrive in Truro
9.50 a. m.
Leaves Windsor at 11.00 a. m., arrive in Truro
11.50 a. m.

H. V. HARRIS,
General Manager.

What of the future?
Do you want to be better off than you are now?
In your old age do you wish to live in ease and comfort?
In the event of your death do you wish your family to enjoy in some degree
the comforts you can now provide for them?

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MIDDLETON, N. S.

Fred H. Christie
PAINTER
PAPER HANGER.
Best Attention Given to Work
Entrusted to Us.
Orders left at the store of L. W.
Shop will be promptly attended to.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Badly Crippled
with Lame Back
Was almost used up with
kidney disease, but stars
came with the use of
Dr. Chase's Kidney-
Liver Pills.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE
HARNESS
for light driving or heavy hauling, can be
obtained at cut prices that will please.
The man who buys Harness here is al-
ways satisfied with his bargain. Each
set is made of extra good stock, stitched
by hand, and the mountings are of su-
perior grade.

Wm. Regan,
HARNESS MAKER
HOUSE TO LET.
Apply to C. S. STEWART.

she never will walk again. Oh, poor
Pheny!"
Hannah's excited voice gave way to
sobs that she vainly tried to stifle. In
an instant Norma was by her side.
"Why, you poor dear girl!" and her
arms were around her tentmate.
"Why, Hannah! Oh, if you had told
me before! Didn't you think I had
any heart? Hannah dear, don't cry
so!"
Hannah's excited sobs soon stopped,
but still Norma could feel the girl's
shoulders heave. She did not seem
inclined to speak again; and Norma
dropped a kiss on her head, let her
and lay long, calmly, grateful and
planning reparation.

Early next morning she hurried to
the tent of her chums, who were still
sleeping.
"As it robbes?" queried Addie, rub-
bing her eyes.
"We don't have to get up," grum-
bled Rose. "Fruit cutting's over."
But Norma was not to be daunted
by sleepy groans. "Girls," she cried,
"Hannah Jenison's a hero! 'Yes, she
and I've tented six weeks with her,
this morning, more shame to me! I
don't care if she is homely and awk-
ward. She's a hero! This morning I
went to the farmhouse, and the ranch-
owner's wife told me that Hannah
lives on a little piece of land with her
invalid sister Pheny and her old
grandmother. The girl's father and
mother are dead and Hannah earns
the living. In summer she works in
fruit-harvests on the ranches—the
old grandmother's childish, but she
can be trusted to take care of Pheny
while Hannah's away. The rest of
the year she works her little place like
a man. She raises vegetables and
keeps chickens and saves her own
and everything! That's the girl I've
made fun of! She's strained every
nerve to support that old grandmother
and poor Pheny! Girls, I want you to
do something! We're going home to-
morrow. Let's try to do one thing
our last night here!"
Norma unfolded her plan.
"What's six miles there and back
people will lend us
gon. That's what
to find out
morning, I'll
of anything about it, of course."
The girls said "yes" and Norma
rushed back to her tent. Hannah was
almost ready to go.

"Hannah!" panted Norma. "If you
will let us, when to-night comes, all
four of us girls will come out to your
house in a wagon, to serenade Pheny."
Hannah started. "To what?" she
asked.
"To serenade Pheny. To sing to
her."
"Away out to our house—to sing to
her?"
"Yes."
"With your guitar?"
"Yes," smiled Norma.
A swift smile came over Hannah's
face. She could not speak for a
moment.
"Oh, she grasped. 'Pheny never
had such a nice thing happen to her
in her life. She'll like it so! Oh, you
don't know! I never thought of your
doing that!"
Hannah's face quivered again, and
Norma suggested: "Tell me just which
songs you'd like us to sing, Hannah,
you'll please better than we do which
will please Pheny best."
Hannah chose with a feverish joy.
Nothing that the girls could have done
for her would have so delighted and
excited her as this thing they meant
to do for Pheny.

When evening came, Hannah Jenison
waited nervously at home. If
those city girls should think it was
too much trouble to come, after all
she had secretly made a cake to treat
them after the serenade. Time passed.
Had the girls forgotten? Or had they
too much to do with this last evening
at the ranch? What if they had lost the
way? She waited and waited.
"I do not believe they are coming,"
she despaired.
But then, in the darkness under
Pheny's window, rose the sound of a
guitar. Startled, the sick girl leaned
forward in her chair.
"What's that Hannah?" she exclaim-
ed.
Trembling, Hannah dropped down
on her knees beside her sister: "Just
you listen! Pheny! dear! It's your
serenade! It's the girls! They're
they've come. They're the dearest
girls! They've come on purpose to
sing to you, Pheny! Just on purpose."
Under the window, four sweet, girlish
voices rose in harmony with the
tinkling guitar. Inside the house two
sisters listened breathlessly, Hannah
holding Pheny's thin hand. Whis-
pers passed between the sisters now

and then, as the singing outside went
on: "Oh, doesn't that guitar sound
pretty, Hannah? I never! Did you
get them to come, Hannah?"
"No, they said they'd come them-
selves! I'd never thought of such a
thing!"
"Oh, Hannah, isn't that song gay?
It's like a dancing tune!"
"I thought you'd like that, Pheny."
"Hear that! This one sounds like
birds singing, doesn't it, Pheny?"
"Now one girl's singing alone."
"That's Norma, the girl that tented
with me."
"O, Hannah, I haven't heard any
singing for so long before! It's less-
ly! Did they come just for me?"
"Just for you, Pheny!"
Song followed song. Pheny clapped
her hands softly with delight.
Poor, thin hands.
By and by Hannah invited the girls
into the house. They came, laugh-
ing, breathless with their protracted
serenade. Out from the pillows of
her chair the face of the girl who had
not walked for years, and never would
walk again, looked eagerly toward
them.
"Oh," she said in her weak voice,
"thank you! Thank you! I never had
a serenade before!"
The girls laughed, but they could
have cried at the sight of that eager,
white face. Hannah brought out her
cake, and the girls ate and praised it,
and chattered gaily, and sang more
for Pheny. The childish old grand-
mother, her came in pleased to see the girls.
She asked Hannah four or five times,
"Who are they?" and Hannah answered
patiently every time.
At last the girls sang a sweet old
parting song, and went out doors.
There Hannah clung to Norma's hand.
"Good-bye!" whispered Hannah.
"Oh, you don't know what it's been to
Pheny! She'll be talking of it all
next winter!"
When the quartette had driven away
Rose leaned forward and touched Nor-
ma who was driving.
"Does a prima donna feel the way
we all do to-night?" questioned Rose
softly.
"I don't know," said Norma, but
I'm glad we did it."

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The cough racks and tears the ten-
der tissues of the throat. Inflam-
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