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. XXX. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1911. NO. 50

THE ACADIAN.

Published every FRIDAY morning by the Proprietors,

DAVISON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Subscription price is $1.00 a year in advance. If sent to the United States, $1.50.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

$1.00 per square (2 inches) for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application.

Reading notices ten cents per line first insertion, two and a half cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

RULES.

Copy for new advertisements will be received up to Thursday noon. Copy for changes in contract advertisements must be in the office by Wednesday noon.

Advertisements in which the number of insertions is not specified will be continued and charged for until otherwise ordered.

This paper is mailed regularly to subscribers until a definite order to discontinue is received and all arrears are paid in full.

Job Printing is executed at this office in the latest styles and at moderate prices.

All postmasters and news agents are authorized agents of the ACADIAN for the purpose of receiving subscriptions, but receipts for same are only given from the office of publication.

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE.

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 5.25 p. m.

E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, Public Worship at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 3.00 p. m. Mid-week prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, at 3.30 p. m. The Social and Benevolent Society meets the third Thursday of each month at 3.30 p. m. The Mission Band meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 3.45 p. m. All seats free. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. G. W. Miller, Pastor: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a.m., and at 7 p.m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. and Adult Bible Class at 2.30 p.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Services at Lower Horton as announced. W.F.M.S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 3.30 p.m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Wednesday at 3.30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH. — Rev. J. W. Prestwood, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. 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. — During Summer months open air gospel services:—Sunday at 7 p.m.; Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2.30 p.m. Splendid class rooms, efficient teachers, men's bible class.

MASONIC.

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

A. K. BARSS, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

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

H. M. WATSON, Secretary

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

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

To the Public:

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

F. W. GODFREY.

Wolfville, Mar. 9, 1910. 'Phone 98.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Hutchinson's
Express
& Livery.

UP-TO-DATE IN EVERY RESPECT.

Buckboards, Barouches, Single and Double Carriages. Good Horses; Careful Drivers; Fair Prices. Teams at all Trains and Boats. Baggage carefully transferred. Boarding Stables. Telephone No. 58.

T. E. HUTCHINSON, Prop., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

J. F. HERBIN
OPTICIAN & WATCH-MAKER.

(1.) Eye Examination and Fitting.
(2.) Lens Cutting, Drilling and Fitting.
(3.) Optical Repair in Every Line.

Three Departments Complete.

Eye Examination Free.

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

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

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

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

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

For Sale.

In the smart town of Wolfville, N. S., a modern Bungalow, 6 rooms and bath, hot and cold water, electric lights and furnace.

5 minutes from centre of town. Commands finest view in America. Will sell furnished.

B. G. BISHOP,
P. O. Box 38.

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

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

The Best Resorts Along the South Shore
Are reached by the
Halifax & South Western Railway
Lockeport, Shelburne, Chester, Hubbards, Barrington
and all the other incomparible summer retreats for
Trout and Salmon Fishing
Caledonia is the gateway to the finest section in the peninsula—Lakes Rossignol and Kejimkujik with their uncounted and practically unfished tributary waters.
For illustrated booklets and general information write P. MOONEY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Halifax.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

No Surrender.

Reciprocity, our country's bane,
Is but the dream of traitors' brain—
It veils their thoughts, it serves their will,
And bodes our nation naught but ill.

To-day we stand, united strong,
Unspotted by the deeds of wrong,
And bound by ties which none should break
For ropes of sand, for shadow's sake.

A hundred years, coerced, we stand,
A nation, proud of this fair land,
And shall we now disgrace our past,
By yielding to a vampire's blast?

From ocean unto ocean's shore,
A voice is heard, as heard of yore;
It calls to duty, in this hour,
To break the traitors' hoard of power.

Stand up, ye men of loyal heart,
Raise high your standards, do your part,
Your country calls, your flag commands,
Your foemen stand—beside you—scans.

—R. Jamieson.

By the Waters of Niagara.

On a drowsy Sunday afternoon in August, more than its usual calm seemed to rest upon the village of Niagara on the Lake, and even the hotel that fronts Lake Ontario had succumbed to the general quiet and appeared to sleep during the livelong day. The Union Jack hung limp over the Canadian hostelry, while across the jade green river could be discerned the Stars and Stripes in just as spiritless a condition. But after dinner the verandas began to awake to life as gowns of muslin and silk trailed over them, and the owners thereof discussed the next days golf. A girl stepped slowly down to the driveway and walked towards the lake, a man turned to three other members of a smoking group and exclaimed:

'There goes Evelyn Forrest! And of course she must have on a dress entirely different from what any other woman would wear on a night like this.' Doctor Norris looked after the slender form in black and said:

'None of the women can understand why she receives more than her share of masculine attention.'

'I suppose she's going to marry old Hanley,' said Smith, 'he's certainly in a serious condition, for at his age such affection is no trifling affair. She treats him abominably—snubs him right and left. But her aunt is in his favor, and a fortune like Hanley's isn't to be picked up every day. The girl is a regular iceberg. Her pale face and cool grey eyes nearly give me a chill.'

'She wasn't always an iceberg,' said Doctor Norris, turning to a man who had not yet spoken. 'I say Mayburn, wasn't there some talk of her being engaged to your chum Fred Mason, who died away up North? They seemed to be regular spoons one summer in Muskoka.'

'Mason admired Miss Forrest very much,' said Mayburn stiffly.

'Well, she's an unusual girl,' said Smith, 'but I always feel as if her extreme quiet would break out some time and great would be the explosion! When old Hanley was talking to her last night I caught a fierce look in her eyes—like some caged thing bound to get away.'

'You must have seen her after that first high ball of yours, my son,' commented Gordon Brant, 'everything had fierce gleams about that time. There's no tragedy about the Hanley-Forrest affair. Evelyn is an uncommonly nice girl, too well bred not to see the golden opportunity which the bald headed Hanley presents.'

'And you think she will embrace the opportunity?' asked Smith.

'Undoubtedly—or rather she will return such action on the part of the opportunity. What else can she do? She's a delicate girl—an orphan—dependant upon her hatchet-faced aunt. She couldn't stand stenography or nursing for a year. And Hanley means luxury and freedom from the aunt. After she's married I hope she'll patronize the old lady.'

'Hanley means antique furniture, cut glass and gewns galore,' added Brant. 'Well, I suppose every woman has her price. But I should consider Hanley an expensive article. He can't take a joke unless you use a gatling gun and a megaphone.'

'Evidently our dear Gordon's humor has not been appreciated,' said Mayburn with a lazy laugh, as he arose and proceeded down the lake.

'Poor Miss Forrest,' he said gently as he reached the big red chair in which the girl looked almost lost. 'What a childlike look she has!' he added to himself, 'you would never think the girl was so cold blooded.'

'Tired,' she echoed, with a wraith of a smile flitting across her white face, 'the Sundays are hardly a matter of rest. My only exertion was a morning service.'

'Where did you go?'

'St. Mark's. It's such a quaint old church with tablets to the soldiers—as far back as 1812. Of course the churchyard is even more interesting—more like England than Canada.'

'A churchyard is not exactly a cheerful place to spend the morning.'

'I liked it.' There was almost a bitter compression of her lips.

'There was one inscription that amused me—about someone who died in 1894. It said that he 'won a competency equal to his wishes and retired to a farm where he lived with frugal simplicity. Think of anyone having as much as he could desire.' Miss Forrest's voice trembled and her laugh was unpleasant. It was so unusual for her to make anything like a personal revelation that Mr. Mayburn surmised that 'something was up.'

'Let us go on the lake,' he said quickly, fully expecting a refusal. 'But perhaps your aunt will object.'

'I don't care if she does,' was the reckless reply; 'yes, I should like to go—away from the hotel and the people and everything.'

'You evidently consider me a nobody,' said Mayburn with a light laugh; 'never mind. I'm not proud.'

But he was puzzled by the girl's strong desire to escape from the hotel and it's surroundings, and he continued his mental review of the situation. 'She's almost hysterical. I'll bet that she doesn't want to marry old Hanley and the aunt is trying to badger her into it. What a life the girl must have led with the old cat.' The last three words were almost uttered aloud, so fervently did Mr. Mayburn detest the lady who had 'done her best' for Evelyn Forrest.

The boat splashed with a delightful cool sound into the lake, and Miss Forrest's face lost its look of intense repression as a few long strokes took them away from the Niagara shore.

'Where are the other oars? Let me row, too,' she said eagerly.

'There isn't another pair,' was the reply. 'It's all rubbish about your rowing.'

'But I can,' she persisted.

'Nonsense,' child,' he answered gaily. With an impulse that he afterwards wondered at, Mayburn dropped the left oar, and, catching the girl's slender fingers, kissed them lightly. He expected a crushing rebuke, but, as he resumed his occupation, not a word came from Evelyn Forrest, whose grey eyes were on the quiet water. The great lake was so still it was difficult to believe that the 'Chippewa' had carried more than two thousand seasick passengers just twenty-four hours before. The waves crept meekly up to the beach as if they were afraid of intruding where in the afternoon they had clamored so loudly. A strange, pearly mist had been creeping along from the West, and the hotel was almost hid from view. Mayburn had a feeling that he and Evelyn Forrest were quite cut off from the rest of the world, and that for one short hour he might forget Hanley and the aunt and everything except the girl who would not look at him.

'Isn't this a little better than the churchyard?' he asked at last.

'It is almost as peaceful. Still, if one were really buried near St. Marks all one's troubles would be over.'

'I utterly refuse to listen to such pessimism. You can't mean it—you are too sensible a girl not to appreciate the good things of this world.' The grey eyes turned swiftly to meet his and their slow fire roused an answering recklessness in him. 'What is the matter, little girl?' he said, leaning forward. 'If anyone had told him two hours before that he should ever address Miss Forrest in such a style the prophet would have met with the scorn which seems to have fallen invariably to the lot of the seer. Miss Forrest caught her breath, then said desperately:

'Nothing. It's just that I'm worried.'

'I call that something serious. I am going to be very bold. Is it Hanley? I suppose your aunt wants you to marry him.' The girl tried to look haughty, but she found that Mayburn's glance was cool and steady. 'Of course, it's hard lines for you,' he continued, 'when you have loved another man.'

'Another man,' she gasped, a look of bewilderment and fear darkening her eyes.

'Forgive me, but I can't forget Fred Mason. I knew him in the Klondyke as men know each other in the ends of the earth, and was with him the week before he died. A woman who was loved by Fred Mason must find it hard to contemplate a life with Hanley.'

'But—I—I was not engaged to Mr. Mason.' the look of terror had changed to sadness.

'I know that. He talked of nothing but you at the last, and seemed to think that everything would be all right when he got back.'

'He was a fine man,' she said softly.

'A white man all through—and the Klondyke shows up the faintest streak of yellow. But what are you going to do about Hanley.' Again the girl showed signs of resentment, but, beyond a sigh, there was no response. The pearly mist enclosed them, the sound of the 'Intermezzo' came across the waves from the hotel orchestra, which had no 'Sunday' music in its repertoire, and the water dripped slowly from the upraised oars. It was a moment when the world of unseen forces seemed very near, and Mayburn suddenly felt the meaning of this invisible world. 'Evelyn,' he said so quietly that the words became one with the mist and silent lake, 'will you be my wife?'

For a few seconds there was no reply, then Evelyn laughed hysterically.

'Mr. Mayburn, are you mad? Your pity has carried you far indeed.'

'Pity,' he echoed grimly. 'Evelyn Forrest, you have been blind all these years while I have been a silent fool. I couldn't speak when I knew that you loved Fred Mason, and since his death I have respected your grief. But now when I see you being forced into the embrace of a man like Hanley—this isn't a time to choose words—I won't stand for it. I love you, I've always loved you—and you won't dare to accept that other man.'

'Why haven't you said this before?' she said in a voice that betrayed nothing but polite interest.

'I have told you that I knew of Mason's feelings and I cannot understand for a moment how you can think of such a marriage as this which your aunt has planned.'

'Poor auntie! I'm afraid her campaigns are plain to everyone. I had a dreadful hour with her this afternoon.'

'And now you are having a more dreadful hour with me.' Just then to Mayburn's infinite disgust, a strong voice shouted:

'Hello there, Mayburn, this mist is getting to heavy to be safe. We will race you back.'

'Do,' said Miss Forrest, appealingly, as the other boat came alongside. Mayburn was so indignant with the man who had interrupted and with Miss Forrest's evident delight at the interruption, to give any other answer than a vigorous pull at the oars, which sent them swiftly ahead. They reached the wharf with several lengths to spare, and in severe silence Mayburn assisted Miss Forrest to land.

'We have not finished our conversation,' he said stubbornly, as they reached the top of the steps. 'It is not cold and we might as well sit here for a while.'

'Here,' meant the large chair under the old trees which must have listened to many and many a wooing. 'I must go back to the hotel soon.' I promised. Mr. Hanley is going away by the early boat.'

'Let him go! What are you going to say? Listen to me, Evelyn. I heard him propose to you last night. I couldn't help it. He chose such an idiotic place by that window.'

'You listened!' said the girl contemptuously.

'I heard no more than I could help, but I know that you are to give him an answer to-night. But you will tell me first. Are you going to marry Hanley.'

'No reply came but the girl's hurried breathing, which was almost a sob. Mayburn leaned forward, gathered her in his arms, and pressed his lips passionately to the soft, quivering lips.

'Now,' he said, looking steadily down, 'will you dare to be his wife?'

The dark head sank upon his shoulder and a burst of tears came with such force that the strenuous young lover was alarmed. 'Evelyn, forgive me, dear. I didn't mean to frighten you.' The sobbing gradually ceased; but Mayburn was rather puzzled to find that Miss Forrest's head continued to lie in seeming content a few inches above his heart. A question came at last which he could hardly hear.

'Are you quite sure of it?'

'Of what, my dear?'

'That you think so much of me?'

'Surer than I am of anything else in the world.'

Evelyn lifted her face and he started in surprise. It is true that the lips were still trembling and the eyelids were tinged with pink, but the face was radiant as he had never seen it.

'Evelyn, what is it?' he said eagerly, as he caught her hands.

'You're considered a clever man, aren't you?' she asked. He modestly refused to reply and she continued.

'Well, it's a great mistake. I consider you the most stupid man I ever heard of. You're you're—a—perfect—fool.' This was queer language for a dignified young woman, but Mayburn seemed incapable of resenting the epithet. He just waited. 'There never was anyone but you. I thought you did not care; so I was nice to Fred Mason, but I never loved him. He knew that I was only his friend.'

'Then you love me,' exclaimed Mayburn with the air of a man coming out of a trance.

'You needn't shout the news so that the United States across the river will hear about it,' said Evelyn with a wicked laugh.

'I don't care if the whole world knew that I was only his friend.'

'That's what I said,' replied the girl, demurely.

'And you deserve swift punishment for calling me names—also for your abominable coldness during all these years.' The punishment was received with a meekness that delighted the bestower who, however, scowled darkly when Miss Forrest suddenly developed a will of her own and insisted that she must go back to the hotel.

'It isn't fair to Mr. Hanley. I ought to see him. Really Mr. Mayburn you must let me go.'

'Mr. Mayburn will do nothing of the kind.'

'Well—Jack—then.'

'I suppose you owe him an interview, if it's only a refusal.'

'I hate the prospect,' sighed the young lady, 'but I dread auntie more. She will be furious.' A little shiver showed how deeply the girl disliked the future scolding.

'Poor child! I can't see Hanley for you, but you must let me talk to your aunt first. I'll go and look for her now and give her distinctly to understand that no one is to bully you in future. I'll do all that.'

'I'm not afraid,' she said, slipping her hand shyly into his.

'My dear girl,' he replied with sudden tenderness. 'I think you will always be able to say that—and a good deal more.' He watched the dainty figure as it slipped away towards the brilliant veranda and then he turned to the quiet waters over which the moonlight now streamed. By flash of contrast there came to him the iron bitterness of a winter night in the Klondyke and, instead of the witchery of the summer stillness, he felt the gaze of dying eyes and the clutch of a cold hand.

'Old man,' he said very gently as he bared his head, 'you were the truest friend I ever had—and we won't forget you.'

No matter what may be the object of your solicitude

BE INSURED

Whether you are thinking of the maintenance of health, comfort and competense in old age, or the welfare of your wife and children.

The Excelsior liberal up-to-date policies afford both absolute Security and Substantial Profit.

The Excelsior Life Insurance Co.
TORONTO
CAPT. S. M. BEARDSLEY, Provincial Manager.
Box 136, Halifax. Box 230, Wolfville.

Tells Others His Secret

Wants them to know how he was cured of itching, protruding piles by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Doctors usually recommend the knife as the only cure for piles. They overlook the risk, the expense and the suffering of mind and body entailed in a surgical operation.

Dr. Chase's Ointment will bring relief quickly and will cure thoroughly if you will but persist.

Mr. A. Roningnon, 52 Bronsdon Place, Montreal, Que., writes:—"I cannot help praising Dr. Chase's Ointment as I suffered many years with itching and protruding piles, and was cured by this ointment. I became tired of the efforts of the best specialists to cure me, and hearing of Dr. Chase's Ointment just as I had of hundreds of other medicines began its use. But oh, great joy, at the very start the sharp pains left me and I was gradually cured. I hope that every sufferer will follow my example with the same success."

Every form of piles or hemorrhoids is cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

It is estimated that the expenses of the Dominion general election will total close to $750,000. The number of polls, it is now stated, will be upwards of 14,000, as the vote has increased much heavier than expected, in the west especially.

A little girl about three years old was sent upstairs and told to sit on a certain chair that was in the corner of her room, as a punishment for something she had done but a few minutes before.

Soon the silence was broken by the little one's question: 'Mother, may I come down now?'

'No, you sit right where you are.'

'All right, 'cause I'm sittin' on your best hat.'

Quality

in tea may mean to you flavor or strength or fragrant richness. Red Rose Tea is blended with such nicety that it is the embodiment of these three points of merit. Will you try a package.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

A commercial traveller happened to call on a grocer in a town the other day, and at the same time there also entered a poor old woman soliciting alms.

The grocer, wishing to play a joke on the traveller, told the woman to 'ask the boss,' at the same time pointing to the commercial.

The traveller was thunderstruck for a moment, but, regaining his self possession at once, said, turning to the grocer, who was a very small man, 'Boy, give this poor woman a dime out of the till.'

The grocer paid.

'I have a world of confidence in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for I have used it with perfect success,' writes Mrs. M. I. Basford, Poolesville, Md. For sale by all dealers.

'The trouble with you is that you keep constantly forgetting that you ever were a boy.' It was his wife who said it, and he, of course, came right back with the witty reply:

'Well, you never forget that you were once a girl, although everybody else forgot it years and years ago.'

Mae—Our pastor preached a sermon on marriage, Sunday.

Edythe—Did it seem to have a stimulating effect?

Mae—On the contrary. It was so solemn and conveyed so many warnings that it broke off two engagements.

Manager of Boot and Shoe Department (to new clerk): What size shoe does a woman with a No. 4 foot wear?

New Clerk—No. 4.

Manager—How do you sell her a No. 4?

Clerk—By telling her it's a No. 3.

Manager—You'll do.

FALL SKIN SORES

When troubled with fall rashes, eczema, or any skin disease apply Zam-Buk!

Surprising how quickly it eases the smarting and stinging! Also cures cuts, burns, sores and piles. Zam-Buk is made from pure herbal essences. No animal fats—no mineral poisons. Finest healer! Druggists and Stores Everywhere.

Zam-Buk

ABOUT THE
COOLEST PLACE IN TOWN
IS THE
Graham Studio.

And we will do everything we can to help you keep those promises made so long ago. Let us show you some dainty new things in the way of mounts.

Graham, Wolfville, N.S.

Administration Notice.

All persons having claims against the Estate of Sophia Jacobs, late of Middleton in the County of Annapolis, spinster, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to the subscriber.

HARRIET A. TATE,
Administratrix.

Middleton, Aug. 14th, 1911.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.