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, JANUARY 29, 1909. NO. 20

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.

W. MARSHALL BLACK, 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 6.00 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 in 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, GASPEREAU.—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. 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. STEPHEN'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.

E. W. DUNCANSON, 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.

Beautiful White Cambric Underskirt, Postpaid $1.19.

One of the latest designs chosen from the new stock of muslin underwear. We have reserved a limited number of a particularly pleasing style for our mail order customers.

This fashionable skirt is made of fine cambric, cut full and roomy and finished at bottom with 16 inch lawn frill finished with three rows lace insertion, tucks and wide edging of lace. Under dust ruffle with hemmed edge. Lengths 40, 41 and 42 inches.

At $1.19 postpaid this pretty, underskirt is splendid value. If you do not consider it well worth the price, promptly return it for refund of money. Send your order today enclosing the amount.

MAHON BROTHERS LIMITED
Mail Order Department, Halifax, Canada.

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.

$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 C. W. STRONG.
Wolfville, Aug. 28 1908.

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.

Food is more tasteful, healthful and nutritious when raised with
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
Made from Grapes
Absolutely PURE

Apples. Apples. Apples.
HENRY LEVY
PARTNERS: HENRY LEVY, GEORGE BIRRE L.
FRUIT AUCTIONEERS
Floral Hall Covent Garden Market, London, England
Solicits consignments of Canadian, American and Nova Scotian Apples and Pears to all English, Scotch, Belgian and German markets.
SPECIAL TERMS. NO AGENTS.
Bankers:—
London & County Banking Company, Ltd, Covent Garden, London.
London & Westminster Bank, Ltd, Temple, Bar, Strand, London.
The Union Bank of Canada, Montreal.
Cable Addresses:—
'Levamentum London'
'Levamentum Liverpool'
'Levamentum Glasgow'

Courage.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife,

Because I lift my head above the mist
To where the sun shines, and broad breezes blow
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed
That God's love doth bestow.

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burdens to be borne, like Pilgrim's pack;
Think you there are no reade tears to fall
Because I keep them back!

Why should I bring life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and those who love me? May-
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Were poisoned tears, lo! in me
Grateful I take His slightest gifts—as fair
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past
Each golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

—CELIA THAXTER.

A Prophet in Babylon.

BY W. J. DAWSON.

A DISCUSSION.

Continued.

The announcement came as a bolt out of the blue. Roberts knew that his scheme had failed. He was too astute to admit it, however. He uttered a few halting words which expressed a recognition of the generosity of Gaunt. But no one was deceived. From that hour his enmity was hatred, the unquenchable hatred of defeated cunning.

THE GHOSTLY DAWN.

Of all hours that carry alarm to the human soul, there is no hour so full of the significance of fear as that grey interval which follows the first breath of dawn. Not the night, for we understand its meaning, and know how to welcome its silences after day's loud tumult. The true ghostly hour, before which the soul shrinks is not the hour when the world falls asleep, but when it wakes. For then the atmosphere is pregnant with presences; the dead, it may be, hurrying back to the house of dust before the cock crows; angels withdrawing from the chambers where they have watched the dying; the dying themselves, with their last fight accomplished, gliding out with heavy eyes upon the long road that lies among the stars. Then, too, all familiar shapes are clothed in vagueness and appear strange and menacing. The tall houses are mere pillars of gloom; the windows, where no human face appears, are as sealed eyes, made blind by tragic visions which are secret and unspoken; the very streets, empty of their eager life, loom spectral; the trees are as hooded nuns, clothed in grey, and the world draws long shuddering breaths, and sighings fill the air, and echoes of the secular strifes of men whose very memories are forgotten. It is the element of uncertainty which makes the hour dreadful—the uncertain light, and shapes, and sounds—and the sense that with the slow growth of light there must come some revelation so new and strange that the soul at once desires and shrinks from it.

'But when the day was now breaking, Jesus stood on the beach; yet the disciples knew not that it was Jesus.'

The veriest sceptic might believe that record. Anything may happen in the ghostly dawn, when the mists melt upon a silent sea; and the strangest thing of all may happen, that Jesus stands beside us, and we do not know Him.

It was so that Gaunt felt in those weeks which followed the events already narrated. He stood in a spectral world, where everything seemed unreal. His whole past life appeared an error, a nullity. It had crumbled beneath his feet and disappeared. The things which had loomed large in that life melted into nothingness, and a vague new world began to build itself around him.

Amid these shadows he groped [illegible]nely, at first more conscious of a [illegible]t world than of a world new-born [illegible]ven since that memorable Sun[illegible] when he had broken with tradi[illegible]n, he had been aware of a great [illegible]ange in himself. The values of [illegible] had altered. He was no longer [illegible]ious to please men, nor careful of [illegible] reputation. He had never been [illegible]en any narrow or unworthy sense, [illegible] as he surveyed his past life he [illegible] that these had often been the [illegible]ing motives of his conduct. He [illegible] been a man conscious of a great [illegible]ition, and of the influence which [illegible]ched to it; but now self-consciousness was dead in him. He knew [illegible] of him, and not [illegible]ly, but he was not careful to [illegible]now what they said. He was as one [illegible]ho treads a high mountain path [illegible]one, hearing no more the babble of [illegible]pices in the village at his feet. In [illegible]l his public addresses he had hither[illegible] cared much for literary form. He [illegible]new the fine phrases in his sermons, [illegible]ut subtly conscious of their value, [illegible]nd of their effect on others, and had [illegible]aited for that effect. Perhaps his [illegible]hrases were not less felicitous now, [illegible]ut he was unconscious of them; he [illegible]poke out of the fullness of his heart, [illegible]conscious only of the burden of his [illegible]essage. For men liked Roberts, [illegible]whom he had once despised, he felt [illegible]ow only soft commiseration. He [illegible]aw them as men imprisoned in a [illegible]arrow life, men to be pitied rather [illegible]han blamed. His manner toward [illegible]hem was singularly gentle; and although they often sought to provoke [illegible]him, he had no angry words for them.

The earliest effect of this change of temper was the letter renouncing his salary which Palmer had read at the deacons' meeting.

'You can do nothing for men until you have convinced them that you are disinterested,' Palmer had said to him. 'The chief hindrance to the church is that men do not believe its ministers disinterested.'

'Am I not disinterested?' he had replied.

'Certainly you are, according to conventional standards,' Palmer had replied. 'I know, and a few other people know, that a man of your ability might have done well in any profession, and have reaped far greater world rewards. But that is not the point. The mass of men judge not by what is, but by what seems. They see you living a comfortable life, well paid, and according to their own standards even extravagantly paid for what appears an easy exercise of ability. They not unnaturally suppose that complete honesty of mind is not possible in such a position. They regard your calling as a profession. You do something which you are paid to do. It does not in the least matter that their estimate is unjust or ignorant. They think these things. Consequently they keep away from the church, and if they hear you at any time do so with suspicion of your motives.'

'You can never overcome prejudices of this kind,' Gaunt replied sadly.

'Cannot you? My dear friend, have you forgotten your history? Why, history is full of the splendid stories of men who have cast away their supports, given up everything for an idea. And as I read history, that has been the supreme secret of the success of a Francis of Assisi, of a John Wesley, of a Booth. The world reveres its martyrs, whomsoever else it may despise.'

'But, Palmer, I am not one of these. I am only a weak man struggling towards the light.'

'And what more were they? Great men at the last—yes—but weak men once. O, I know how you think and feel. You are a victim to that enfeebling adoration of great men, which is so common to-day. You adore them as exceptions to the rule of life. You ought to think of them as examples, and to say what man has done and been, man can still do and be.'

'No, no, Palmer. I might think in this way of other people, but never of myself.'

'Well, then, I will set you an easier task,' said Palmer. 'Let us forget all about great men, and simply look to ourselves. Do you see this one thing to be true, that your power over men, and anyone's power, will be in the direct ratio of the conviction men have of their disinterestedness?'

'Yes, I see that.'

'And do you realize that you are just entering on a path which can only be pursued by constant self-renunciation? Do you realize that what the world is always seeking, and for the most part in vain, is living examples of what self-renunciation means, and that Christianity can only regain its authority by the influence of such lives?'

'O, I see it, I see it,' Gaunt answered passionately. 'I have seen it for a long time, but have been afraid to admit it. I can't read the Gospels without feeling their reproach for a life like mine. I can't come into contact with poor people without realizing the essential falseness of my position. And I feel it most of all in the pulpit. I am a tame prophet. I am bound by chains of gold—The angel with the fire of coals hovers just above me, but I cannot reach out to him. Sometimes I hardly wish to. I fear the pain.'

'Touch the flame,' said Palmer softly, 'and it will melt the chain as well as scorch the lips.'

It was Palmer's way to put things in a phrase, and leave the truth so uttered to do its own work. He had that rarest art of moral surgery, to know exactly how far the knife should go, at what point to stop. During all the years of his friendship with Gaunt he had been quietly studying his friend's nature with a growing belief in its immense but latent spiritual possibilities. He had never intruded his advice. Often he had purposely offered it in ironical and even humorous form. He had always had some dim foreshadowing of the coming crisis in Gaunt's life; and so he was prepared for it, and knew precisely how to act. And now that he saw the soul struggling to be born, he knew the way that it must travel, the method of its deliverance and triumph. It was the old way of its self-renunciation; there was no other.

'Can these things be?' Gaunt had pondered sadly through the long sleepless night which had followed this talk with his friend.

'Can I let the old life go—the well-ordered comfortable life, of ascertained duties and desires, for this new life whose paths seem so vague, so perilous?' The ghostly dawn weighed on him. And yet amid all the fear and trouble of the hour, he was conscious, as it were, of someone who gently loosed his fingers as they clung to the world—unlocked them one by one in quiet mastery, so that the baubles of pride and worldliness for which he had fought so strenuously fell from his grasp, and fell unregarded.

The practical issue of these emotions was the letter which Palmer had read to the deacons. Gaunt realized that he must be free, and he dared be poor in order that he might be free. Henceforth he would take nothing from the world that should be a bribe, or even a possible menace to his own spiritual freedom. It may seem a small step, perhaps, to those who have never taken it; to those who have never had enough of the world to feel its loss; to those who have never known the satisfaction of a life which has been fed with praise, and has never eaten the rough crusts of blame. But to a man of Gaunt's nature, inherently proud, and accustomed to the material rewards of success, it meant much. It implied a reversal of all customary thoughts, an entire change of attitude towards the world.

The vagueness and fear of the ghostly dawn was also with him in other ways, particularly in relation to his thoughts about religion.

Religion had hitherto been for him a philosophy touched with sentiment—it was so he would have defined it. He had rationalized his religion to the last point at which any kind of faith was possible. The result had been that the older he grew the less he had in which he really believed. All the supernatural elements of the Gospels he had quietly discarded. The Gospels were to him a beautiful amalgam of legend, symbol, and poetry. They charmed him, but the charm was in the main literary. They were the creation of adoring minds, whose adoration flowered into literary gems, but as sober histories they were impossible.

But now he had become humble enough to doubt his own doubts. He could hardly have defined the exact processes of his thoughts, but there were certain episodes which marked his progress.

One of these episodes was a visit which he paid one day to the dying bed of a youth of his congregation who had been fatally injured in the football field. He had always been a quiet youth, of good life, but he had never made any open profession of religion. Just before he died a wonderful smile lit up his face, he raised his hand as if to meet some unseen friend, and said, 'I'm not afraid. I see Jesus. He is with me.' The words were not unusual; Gaunt knew perfectly well that in the hysteria of death such words were often uttered by devout people. But the curious thing in this instance was that this dying youth had never been devout; there was nothing hysteric in his nature; and the look upon his face was one immense surprise, as though the vision had come unsought, and was not the reflex of a previous experience—a fantasy wrought out of memories of hymns and sermons; such explanations were absurd, impossible. That look of surprise—the intensity, the wonder of it, and yet element of recognition, as if it were after all a natural thing that Jesus should be there—how explain it?

The martyr, the saint, had a right to such a vision. It would be the natural birth of the ecstasy which made them capable of martyrdom. But this lad—an ordinary good lad, fond of sport, unimaginative? Gaunt looked round the room, seeking for some clue among the boy's simple possessions. There were the usual portraits of college friends, the college badge, a shelf of books of quiet commonplace character, a Greek Testament—nothing that suggested the devout temperament. He talked with the parents—all that they could say was that he was always a good lad, full of brightness an affection. And yet to him came this vision—this surprising vision.

He told Palmer the incident.

Palmer listened with a grave smile.

'Well,' he said, 'what is it you find so incomprehensible?'

'Why, just this,' said Gaunt, 'that granting the vision real, it should come to that lad?'

'And to whom could it come more fittingly?' Palmer replied. 'Think a moment. Here is a poor lad torn out of life by a cruel accident just when life is at its sweetest with him. He surely needed more than most men something to help him die, to make him feel in dying that life was not a hideous mistake. It would be just like Jesus to come to such a dying boy. He would say, 'The saints can do without Me, they've had Me all the time, and they have the faith which believes without sight anyway. But this poor broken life, this boy smitten in his prime, he needs a Hand to help him on the dark road, an assurance that all is well. So he shall see Me standing at the gate of death when it unclosES.'

'Then you think it was all real?' said Gaunt in a low voice. 'Why, if I could think that, it would alter all the world for me.'

'And why not?' said Palmer.

There was a long silence, and then Palmer spoke again, as a man, soliloquizing with himself.

'O course it's all hallucination on the premises you uphold—

'For hence He lies
In that lone Syrian town,
And on His grave with silent eyes,
The Syrian stars look down'—

and all that kind of thing. Jesus is dead—and death ends all. They buried Him, and His bones are dust, and He has no more a living place among men than the men of the Stone Age have.

'That is your position. It was mine once. From the rational and materialistic point of view there is no other.

'But suppose we begin the story at the other end, and read it without prepossession prejudice. Well, this is what I see. First of all, man getting more and more of God into him as his soul enlarges, his spiritual capacity expands. And this means that man gets more and more of the power of eternal life into him, for this is eternal life to know God. It takes ages upon ages to work out this new consciousness. The Egyptians were probably the first to realize it. They built up a wonderful system of religion, the entire basis of which was the conviction of some elements in man which survived death. Then came the Hebrews who spoiled the Egyptians in more senses than one, for they stole from them their most vital ideas of religion. But the Hebrews were too gross to believe thoroughly in the survival of the soul.

(Continued Next Week.)

When You Take Cold
One way is to pay no attention to it; at least not until it develops into pneumonia, or bronchitis, or pleurisy. Another way is to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. If he says, "The best thing for colds," then take it. Do as he says, anyway.
Ayer's
We publish our formulas. We invite doctors to write us. We mean you to be well informed.
When the bowels are constipated, poisonous substances are absorbed into the blood instead of being duly removed from the body as nature intended. Knowing this danger, doctors always inquire about the condition of the bowels. Ayer's Pills.
Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in cows.

Prevents as well as Cures

"Father Morriscy's No. 10" (Lung Tonic) Goes a Step Further Than Other Cough Medicines.

Left to themselves, most "Common Colds" will run their course and depart. But they leave reminders in the shape of lingering, irritating coughs and weak throats and lungs.

There are many cough medicines on the market that help to stop a cold, but they do it because they contain Opium, Morphine or similar drugs that simply quiet or deaden the irritation, but do not remove the cause. Such medicines do little or no permanent good and often a great deal of harm, particularly to children.

"Father Morriscy's No. 10" is made of Roots, Herbs and Balsams, without a trace of Morphine or any other harmful drug. It goes straight to the root of the trouble and removes the cause of the cough. It restores lungs and throat to a healthy condition, tones them up, and makes them stronger than ever to resist colds and more serious diseases. Trial bottle, 25c. Regular size, 50c. At your dealer's or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 12

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has actually invaded New York City and is taking 250 tons of freight daily for the West, via New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. The railroads of the United States are absolutely powerless to prevent this competition, which is backed by shorter lines, lower capitalization, record management and free from graft. The New Haven road will be asked to fix prohibitive rates on C. P. R. business, but if it does the C. P. R. can smash tariffs to Seattle and Boston and demoralize every railroad in the North-West.

Thomas A. Edison has invented a storage battery which will drive a car 100 miles. This is destined to solve the traffic problem in large cities. No additional tracks, poles or power houses will be required and the needs of future transit facilities can be economically cared for by the new battery cars.

TONIC TREATMENT FOR INDIGESTION

The Only Sensible Way to Cure Stomach Troubles and Give New Health.

When the stomach is feeble the food lies in it undigested, decays and throws off poisonous gases that distend the walls of the stomach, and causes serious interference with other organs, especially with the action of the heart and lungs. These poisonous gases have other ill effects. They are absorbed by the blood and so weaken and corrupt it as to cause aches in remote parts of the body and the formation of unhealthy tissue everywhere. General bodily weakness and loss of weight is the result. The nerves and the brain are disturbed, and discomforts such as dizziness, hot flashes, sleeplessness, irritality and despondency originate from this source. Experience shows that these troubles vanish just as soon as the stomach is made strong enough to digest the food. In other words it needs a tonic that will rouse it to do the work of changing the food into nourishment. The tonic ought to be one that will agree with the most delicate stomach, and this is exactly what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. Here is a bit of strong proof:

Miss Lizzie Macdonald, Harbor-au-Bouche, N. S., says: 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me what no other medicine did or apparently could do. For almost three years I suffered untold agony from indigestion. I would have the most distressing pains in the stomach after eating. I could not sleep at night and I would rise in the morning feeling tired and worn out. I lost in weight and was almost reduced to a shadow. I was under doctor's treatment almost constantly, but with no benefit. One day I read the testimonial of a lady who had been cured of dyspepsia by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. The first two or three boxes I took did not show any apparent relief and I began to fear the medicine would not help me, but as I had bought a half dozen boxes I decided that I would use them up anyway. To my joy, before they were all used I began to improve and I got three boxes more. By the time I finished these I was again in the best of health, and had gained 12 pounds in weight. I have not since had a twinge of this terrible trouble, and am more grateful than words can say for what Dr. William's Pink Pills have done for me.'

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The kitchen paint will soon acquire a shabby look from the frequent cleaning that is necessary in this apartment. The use of soap only increases the difficulty, especially if the paint is varnished. The best plan is to boil one pound of bran in a gallon of water for an hour, than wash the paint with the bran water, and it will not only be kept clean, but bright and glossy.

A good black varnish for cast iron and forgings can be made of half a pound of lampblack, half a pound of resin, one pound of asphaltum, one quart turpentine spirits and a small quantity of linseed oil. The lampblack is first mixed with the linseed oil, no more oil being used than necessary for this purpose. The other ingredients are then mixed with it thoroughly.

HUMAN MISERY

IN THE HOME

A vast amount of human misery is endured by thousands of men and women, who are never really well. Headache, sickness, nervous depression, dislike of food, sinking sensations, with distressing dizziness and weakness, make life a daily misery to such sufferers. And the cause is indigestion — a stomach that starves the body, because it cannot digest sufficient food to keep it well, and leaves the mind weak, irritable, depressed. To such unhappy ones Mother Seigel's Syrup brings a message of hope, brings the ready help to health, brings the quiet, strong sense of confidence which only health can give—health re-made and regained, through sound digestion. Take it daily after meals.

Price 60c. a bottle. Sold everywhere.
A. J. White & Co. Ltd., Montreal.
19-6

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Minard's Liniment Cures diphtheria.