

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. XIII.

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No. 16.

THE ACADIAN.

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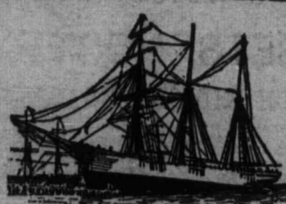
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For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the
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Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,
Proprietor.



SKODA.

This beautiful ship was built by Mr. C. H. Burgess, a prominent shipowner, of Wolffville, N. S., and named for the popular steamship that is doing so much good in the U. S. and Canada. It will cruise.

Skoda's Discovery.
Skoda's Little Tablet, Skoda's German Balm, Skoda's Ointment and Skoda's File, not only to keep her own crew in health, but to introduce them into foreign ports, in proof of their high standing and the following.

Nervous Prostration & Chronic Diarrhoea CAN BE CURED.

I have used several bottles of Skoda's Little Tablet, and regard it an excellent and chronic diarrhoea. In my extensive practice, I bear frequent and favorable references to these medicines.

REV. ISAAC WALLACE, M. D.
Honorary of the Maritime Province.
Medical Advice Free.
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OF THE
**Business Firms of
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The undermentioned firms will see you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted.

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AT DEATH'S DOOR.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

EXTREME DEBILITY AFTER THE GRIP.

Mr. Peter Lingley, Councillor, Peterborough, Queens Co., N. B., says:

"Oct. 21, 1892.—Last winter I had a very severe attack of the grip, which left me very feeble and reduced to a shadow. I had no appetite, and was so nervous I could not sleep. I was under doctors' treatment for months, but received no benefit. My friends thought I had consumption and I got so low that they were expecting my death on any day. As I had heard that I had been cured by
HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC,
I bought a bottle of it, and after taking a few bottles I felt better, and after a few more I was completely restored to my health. I can now eat and sleep as usual, and am as well as ever. I can say no highly of this medicine, as I had had it before."

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC,
A bottle of which
Rapidly Restored Me To Health.

I slept well, my appetite was restored and I soon became stronger, fatter and more vigorous than I had been for years. I cannot speak too highly of this medicine, as I had had it before."

I Owe My Life to its Virtues.

Mr. Isaac G. Stevens, Gate Keeper, I. C. N. Depot, St. John, N. B., says: I was with Mr. Lingley during his severe illness and was daily expecting to have to notify his relatives of his death.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers for 50 cts. per bottle, 3 bottles \$1.25. Manufactured by the
HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited,
St. John, N. B.

HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure all Stomach (B.)

TO LET.

The front room over my store. Suitable office for Dentist, Lawyer, Doctor or for any person whose work is not too noisy.

F. J. PORTER.

POETRY.

When I go Home.

It comes to me often in silence,
When the freighted snuffers low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wreaths of long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache
That thrills each pulsing vein,
Comes the old unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of the cities
And of faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth of welcome,
And my yearning fingers range
To the dear old homestead
With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming
When I go home again.

That may never die away,
And it seems the hand of angels,
On a myrtle harp at play,
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful, broken strain,
To which in my fond heart wording—
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn's shadows
Come, drifting, drifting in,
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
To the plash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

SELECT STORY.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

He drew from his watch-chain the curiously-chased ring, so worn that it was but a shell of gold, and crushing it between his strong fingers, broke one side, leaving the band in one curling piece.

"It is an old, perhaps a forgotten custom," he said, holding it out to Miriam.

She understood, and with the same sweet gravity broke with him the ring retaining half as a seal of betrothal. Tenderly, almost reverently, he kissed the red lips, thanking God in his heart for his present overflowing happiness.

As the sun was already setting, Chamberlain walked as far as the village by the side of the phaeton, and then, with a pressure of the hand and a look eloquent with true affection, took leave, to finish his walk. It seemed as if he had reached the climax of his life. Happy that Steep Street already was showing signs of spiritual life; that the people were bountifully supplied with pure water; that Temple had returned and proclaimed his intention of serving the Lord; that Sam Putnam and Gaffney were henceforth to be true soldiers of the Cross—happy in all this, he felt that the only other thing that he could ask—the love of Miriam Whitney,—had been granted him. With great thankfulness, he knelt in a nook by the roadside and prayed earnestly. Then he rose and walked on toward this new life, determined, with God's help, when he was "village king," to be, also, His village laborer.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was raining. A genuine north-easterly storm, that for twenty-four hours had threatened and lowered, at last in good earnest was fulfilling its menace. Cold as the spray of the ocean, driving in slanting lines over sodden fields, "lodging" acres of heavy grass, heating off leaves not yet yellow, soaking everything, till fences, tree-trunks, and even stone walls took on a water-logged appearance;—it was the typical "three-days' rain" of New England. Along a country road, splashing through the many puddles, came a traveler. He was to all appearance a laborer, on his way from one village to another in search of work. Over his shoulder he carried a stout stick, which was thrust through the handles of a small, shabby valise. The uncomfortable weather apparently had its effect upon the lonely pedestrian, for an ugly scowl was on his face. From time to time he looked about for a farm-house or barn that could afford shelter, but without success. As he journeyed, night fell, and still the long reaches of woodland, the ill-kempt mowing lands, and the slder-circled meadows stretched out as if there were nought else in the world. Wet to the skin, and chilled to the bone, he plodded stolidly on; more and more discouraged as not finding a habitation of some sort. At length, far away across the fields, he descried a solitary light. Thinking it would prove a warm supper, and a bed,

he eagerly turned toward it. A "short cut" in the night, across uneven fields, hedge-bound and half-cleared, meant hard work. The uncertain light hidden in the hollows, reduced distances, and leads one into sudden, disquieting steps, that are painful if not dangerous. When the light was reached, the traveler was not a little surprised to find himself on the borders of a great salt-marsh, and facing a number of brick buildings enclosed by a high fence. What kind of manufactory it was, so far from human habitation, with no clustering tenement-houses, with a weed-grown cart-path leading to it from the distant road, he could not imagine. Yet it promised shelter, and on the whole, perhaps, the fact of its strange isolation might make the watchman the more accessible and ready to entertain a wayfarer. As he drew nearer, a peculiar odor was describable, that he remembered before to have known, but where his weary memory could not recall. At the gate he knocked loudly with the end of his heavy stick, and awaited answer. None came, and again he knocked. The light shone calmly from within; yet there was no sign of life; and it looked as if he must, after all, be disappointed, and spend the night in the lee of the fence, when, in response to a third attempt with the cane, that flicked the empty yard with echoes, a wicket opened, and a thin voice said,—

"Who's there?"

"Can you give me a bed? I am wet through, and not able to go a step farther!"

"Who be yer?" was the suspicious query.

"My name is Lam—" began the tired traveler, but stopped as if influenced by a sudden thought, with a look that might mean self-accusation of great stupidity.

"Wal, Mr. Lam, you may be all right, or you may be all wrong; I don't know. You kin come in," said the voice, and the side gate swung open.

"The other accepted the invitation with alacrity, and entered the yard, the gate closing after him with a vigorous thud. While he stood looking around to see with whom he had been speaking, the door of a low, brick building opened, a faint light streamed out, and the same voice bade him enter. He did so, but had hardly crossed the threshold when he recoiled, a real terror impressed upon his features. Before his stood a man, clad in a red flannel shirt and canvas trousers, his scrawny, skeleton-like arms bare to the shoulder, the veins swelling and bulging in a horrid network that the absence of flesh made the more apparent. The great hands—one resting on his hip, the other holding a lamp—were nailless. His face and head were without hair; his huge mouth toothless. An unhealthy complexion, indescribable in its color, and a pair of prominent eyes that seemed straining to get out of their feverish sockets, completed the make-up of this monstrosity.

"You are welkin," he said.

"What kind of a place is this?" demanded the stranger, in a shaky voice.

"Kinimal-works."

"What is it smells so?"

"The acids. Dretful on healthy place. Guess you ain't used to seein' folks that work in these places, be yer? Look kinder scared; but, bless ye, I ain't a sarcumstance to the old man that was here before me. Why, when he went to town, the women folks used to faint away, he looked so skery; but then he had begun to 'un'it."

"Un'joint?"

"Yes. The sid had worked on him so long that it set him clean up. They wasn't hardly enough of him to bury!"

The visitor glanced from the livid face down to the slippers feet, from which protruded a couple of toes, from which the nails had fallen, and shuddered.

"You are a-shiverin' with cold," said the other, hospitably. "Come into the furnace-room."

The stranger followed him in, and was soon dressed in dry clothes, and enjoying a cup of hot coffee made over the coals. Even the kindness of his host did not serve to dispel the horror that his uneasy looks inspired; and to avoid betraying his feelings, he kept his eyes upon the glowing coals, and away from the grim visage. There was, however, a fascination that drew his gaze, again and again, back

to the face, which lost none of its frightfulness as it grew more familiar.

Besides its use as a furnace-room, the further end of the apartment was a store-room for the products of the works. Across a long, frail platform stretched a line of glass carboys, nearly all of which were filled with a greenish-colored liquid. Whether it was the color of the thick glass, or not, that tinged the contents, the observer could not decide.

"There is acid enough there to burn up a town," remarked the host, observing the look. "It's dretful powerful. Drop most anything into that, and it will eat it clean up."

"Why do you work in such a place as this? It is killing you. A few years hence, and you will be in your grave. Why don't you leave?" broke out the visitor.

"Leave? Do you know, Mister, I git eight dollars a day for what I do? It was the triumphin' reply.

"Eight dollars a day! What would a hundred dollars a day be in comparison with what you lose? It's wicked! You have no right, for a little money, to throw away your life."

"Oh, sho! I've heard folks talk afore now. Unless a man kills himself jest in the fashionably way, he is doing a wickedness. Why, there ain't a third of the business men but what dies yers afore they'd oughter. And as for killin' yerself for money—that's nothin'." It ain't to be compared to crowdin' the widders and the fatherless, or to sellin' run for money, or stealin' from those that trust ye."

The visitor winced, and lapsed into silence, looking fixedly at the uncouth bottles that held in solution such a dangerous feroe.

"Be you interested in kimistry?"

"No; not especially."

"If you be, I kin show you some curious things about the acid. I tell ye, it's just like a ravensing beast when it gits to eatin'. I'd like to show ye in the mornin'."

The other expressed a languid interest, and then inquired about his bed. With true hospitality the watchman made him up a "shak-down" at the further end of the furnace-room, where he could lie with his feet toward the fire. Back of him, in a double row, stood the long lines of carboys. With his valise under the mattress that was laid on the cement floor, the visitor dozed and was soon sound asleep.

The watchman, after attending to the fire, wandered off alone to smoke, and a stillness, only broken by long-drawn bubbling sighs from the "rats," enfolded the furnace room. After an hour the stranger suddenly woke, and starting up, felt under the mattress for his valise. It was safe, and he sank back, and from his couch looked keenly about for the watchman. He was nowhere in sight, and stirred by a second thought, the stranger drew the valise out and slipped it into a mammoth rubber pail that stood in front of the carboys. A sheet of rubber cloth that lay on the floor was carefully thrown over the whole, and with a satisfied look he returned to bed, and in a few moments was soundly slumbering. A half hour later the watchman came in, stirred the fire, glanced at his guest, and again went to his little office in the adjoining building.

The sleeper did not wake when the "slicer bar" rang on the bricks, or when the slippers feet scuffed noisily across the cemented floor. Neither did he waken when the frail support that held the carboys began to creak ominously and to bend under a weight that had long been too heavy to be borne in safety. Slowly three of the mammoth bottles tipped forward a fraction of an inch at a time, till the sudden snap threw them entirely over, their long necks resting on the stout guard that was used as a "pouring-rail." After rolling and dashing one against the other for an instant, they were still, and the danger that had threatened the sleeper, should their burning contents be thrown over him, appeared to be arrested. The rubber stoppers held back the liquid that leaped eagerly into the bottle-mouths. The stoppers held at first, but soon from one came a single drop of acid. Then another and another, till the loosened plug gave way, and a stream was flowing out, not upon the floor, but into the rubber pail. Beating down the cloth cover

that the stranger had with such artfulness disposed so as to conceal his valise, it rapidly filled the vessel and then spread out over the floor.

Uttered by any dream of danger to himself or his belongings, the stranger slumbered peacefully on. Occasion ally through the night the watchman entered, replenished the fire, and snuffed out again. Once the traveler turned over, partly roused, but with a deep, weary sigh dropped back into dream-land. The chemical-works rats,—for even this place was not free from them, although according to the traditions of the workmen, they lodged somewhere else,—scampered about, and even mounted the bed, but did not disturb the sleeper.

Outside, the rain still fell heavily, and as the wind had risen, it was flung against the side windows. That the sleep of the wayfarer was not without dreams, his occasional disjointed sentences and feverish breathing testified, yet none of the sounds of the night served to impress him with a remembrance of his surroundings.

The morning had given place to noon ere he roused from his stupor and awakened to the fact that it was time he was pursuing his journey. As he dressed, the watchman, who seemed to work night and day, came in, and greeted him with a good-natured smile that made him look like a genial fiend.

"Slep' well?" he inquired.

"Yes, very. I was thoroughly tired out. What time is it?"

"Quarter-past twelve."

With an exclamation of surprise at the lateness of the hour the stranger turned to his treasured valise. As he saw the three carboys tipped so far over, the one almost empty, and the rubber pail brimming with acid, he uttered a half shriek, half groan, and sprang toward it. But the watchman, till now so obtuse, suddenly awoke and was before him, holding him back with a terrified look on his face, that made him as if possible more ugly than ever.

"Are yer crazy?" he said to the struggling man.

"My valise is in that pail," gasped the stranger.

"Well, I will get it; you stand back. Do you want yer hands burned off?"

The fit of frenzy over, the other stood passively back, and allowed the watchman to search with a short poker through the mammoth pail for his property. First the rubber cloth came up, black, shiny, and dripping, not in the least injured by the acid. Then he poked further, fished further, and at length brought up a queer skeleton frame, with burned shreds of leather hanging to it, that looked not at all like his property.

"That's yer valise, all except the sides, and yer change of clothes," remarked the man.

"But—but get out the rest. There was money," came in a weak voice.

"Bills?"

"Yes."

The watchman put the poker in again, and poked and poked, at last bringing up a black mass that fell upon the floor—a shapeless, useless bunch of pulp.

"All eat up," he said.

The stranger sank down on the bed, white and trembling.

"Look—look again!"

"No use, Mr. Lam."

"Lamson," corrected the other, mechanically.

"Thought you said it was Lam; but never mind. There ain't no use lookin' furdur; the acid has eat it all up. Sorry if it strappin' you. I can lend ye a dollar."

"A dollar!" almost shrieked the sufferer. "Do you know what I have lost? There were forty thousand dollars in that bag! I have spent years in gainin' them. I have lived, cheated, lived a hypocrite, at work with sharpers and thieves, and oppressed the helpless, to gain that, and now it is all gone!"

"That's worse than bein' a laborer in the kimical works," was the remark.

But his sarcasm was not heeded. The other, with bowed head, with a look of unrelieved hopelessness, went and sat down in front of the furnace, buried his face in his hands, and indulged in bitter reflections.

CHAPTER XXXI.
Great changes often come quietly.

With a certain apprehension the file-hands received the news that Chamberlain had been placed at the head of the business. There was, at first, a feeling that he had been playing the spy, until it was known that Robert Flint had arranged the whole affair, and then they were satisfied. "Old Skinfint" always got ahead of the help when he was alive, and, though dead, he still kept up his reputation, was the universal thought. That the advent of a new "boss" up in all the mysteries of the trade, acquainted with the many means of shirking that were among the men, aware of the "soft jobs" and the lax habits, should affect them all, was highly probable.

To many, the fact that Chamberlain was a "church-member" was most unpleasant. Some sincerely believed that all piety was a sham. Their learning, drawn from such living epistles as Lamson, was faulty, but honest. Divided in opinion, the operatives held long and serious consultations. The boiler-room, the coal-yard, the slag-heaps, were debating grounds, where word-battles raged with varying success. Sam Putnam, Gaffney, and Tam Mc Donald,—the last named having returned to the mill,—were the champions of the new order of things. They had many opponents. Even before a single change had been inaugurated, the operatives felt aggressive. They looked for an opportunity to show their feelings. The changes, however, came so gradually, so differently from what they expected, that they did not do themselves justice, so they thought, which nettled them the more. In addition to this, the older men were indignant that a boy should presume to assume control of a corporation that gray heads had heretofore managed; if their advice was asked, they intended to let him know how they felt. But the opportunity, much to their chagrin, did not present itself. The days passed, the work went on, and the men found other things to grumble about. The wave of excitement spent itself without doing damage.

When the business was well running again, and all seemed propitious, Chamberlain one evening sent word to the various heads of departments, that he wished to meet them in the packing-room after the whistle blew. It was with some uneasiness that most of them gathered in the spacious room. They were not kept waiting long. Advancing from the office, the "new boss" stood before the group, and at once plunged into his theme.

"It is customary," he said, "for all concerns doing business to have certain rules,—not to crowd the help and get as much as possible out of them, but that they may know just what they are expected to do. The employees have their rights, and the corporation has its rights. A schedule of minor rules has already been drawn up and printed. It relates to the time for coming and going, the rights of time-workers and piece-hands, and has already been seen by those of you whose departments it touches. There is, however, one rule that I have not caused to be printed, but the enforcement of which I deem most important."

Chamberlain paused for an instant, and measured the men before him with a keen glance. He saw an enemy in some faces, an indifference in others, a fear in a few. One or two looked friendly.

"The rule of which I speak will, doubtless, seem to many of you to be arbitrary, but to the management it is believed to be necessary. It is this: After this week, no drinking men will be employed by this company, in any capacity. We have, as I have already stated, weighed this matter with extreme care. Anything that binds to break the chain of habit that binds some of the help, will be done, but from henceforth, this corporation intends to discourage the use and the sale of ardent spirits to the very best of its ability."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

NERVE BEANS

NERVE BEANS are a new and powerful medicine for the treatment of all nervous diseases, such as Neuritis, Neuralgia, Headache, Migraine, Epilepsy, and all forms of Nervous Debility. They are made from the most potent and purest of the most valuable medicinal plants, and are guaranteed to cure all cases of Nervous Debility, and to restore the system to its normal state. They are sold by all Druggists and Dealers for 50 cts. per bottle, 3 bottles \$1.25. Manufactured by the
HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited,
St. John, N. B.

HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure all Stomach (B.)

Down With High Prices For Electric Belts.

\$1.55, \$2.05, \$3.70; former prices \$5, \$7, \$10. Quality remains the same—18 different styles; dry battery and sold belts—mild or strong current. Less than half the price of any other company and more home testimonials than all the rest together. Full list free. Mention this paper. W. T. BAER & CO. Windsor, Ont.

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