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, SEPTEMBER 3, 1909. NO. 51

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 6.00 a. m.
Express west close at 9.05 a. m.
Express east close at 4.10 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.35 p. m.

E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 11.45 a. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Sunday evening at 6.15., and Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the door to welcome strangers.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—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 8.00 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton. Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

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

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH CHURCH, OF HORTON.—Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m. Evensong 7.15 p. m. Wednesday Evensong, 7.30 p. m. Special services in Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rector.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

REV. R. F. DIXON, Rector.

Geo. A. Prat, J. D. Sherwood, } Wardens.

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

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

MASONIC.

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

A. M. WHEATON, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

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

DR. E. F. MOORE, Secretary

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

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

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.

MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE
SACKVILLE N. B.
56th Year Commencing September 9

Massey-Treble School of Household Science
Normal Course Certificate from Mount Allison accepted as qualification for teaching Household Science in New Brunswick Schools.

Conservatory of Music
With Faculty of Ten Members, and equipped with Pipe Organs and over 50 Pianos.

Department of Literature
Course leading to M. L. A. Degree. Scholarships for worthy students.

Department of Oratory
Affiliated with Emerson College of Oratory, Boston. Graduates from this department at Mount Allison, may enter the Senior year at Emerson.

Owen's Museum of Fine Arts
In charge of John Hammond, R. C. A., and equipped with Pictures, Casts, etc., to the value of $75,000. Courses in Designing, Etching, Wood Carving and Leather Tooling have been arranged

Write For Calendar.

Rev. B. C. BORDEN, B. D., Principal

MOUNT ALLISON ACADEMY
SACKVILLE, N. B.
First Term of the Year 1909-10 will open September 9th
General, Special and Matriculation Courses leading to Colleges of Arts, Engineering, Medicine, etc., are provided. Additional rooms have been prepared for the accommodation of the increasing numbers seeking the advantages of this well known educational institution.
Large Staff. Charges Moderate. Write for Free Calendar giving full information.

Mount Allison Commercial College
WILL OPEN ON SAME DATE. Two courses are open to intending students—the Book Keeping Course and the Course in Shorthand and Typewriting. Diplomas are granted to those completing either course.
WRITE FOR FREE CALENDAR
J. M. PALMER, M. A., Principal

Professional Carps.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.
Gas Administered.

Dr. J. T. Roach
DENTIST.
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgeons. Office in HERBIN BLOCK, WOLFVILLE, N. S. Office Hours; 9—1, 2—5.

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

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

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

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. 23

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

$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.

Wolfville Real Estate Agency.
Persons wishing to buy or sell apply to
J. W. SELFRIDGE, Manager.
Wolfville, April 27.

SCOTIA FARM DAIRY
J. Rufus Starr, Proprietor
BEST QUALITY MILK AND CREAM.
Leave orders at Mrs. Hutchinson's telephone exchange, or telephone No 11 at Port Williams 22

WANTED!
Will give 5c. to $5 each for Old Postage Stamps used on the envelopes before 1870. Also want Quebec stamps and Jubilee stamps. None of present issue wanted.
W. A. KAIN,
BOX 186, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC
Rates quoted and tickets issued from
ANY PLACE EAST TO ANY PLACE WEST
And Vice Versa.
OCEAN TO OCEAN
Full Information on Application.
W. B. HOWARD, D. P. A., C. P. R., ST. JOHN, N. B.

PROPERTY FOR SALE!
One of the Finest Residential properties in WOLFVILLE.
Formerly occupied by the late Amelia Higgins. The house alone will be rented on reasonable terms.
The place contains about 60 acres of upland, besides dyke. There is a large orchard, and the house and barn are in excellent condition. The property could be divided into two farms if desired. A large part of the purchase money can remain on mortgage.
Apply to,
W. V. HIGGINS.

D. B. SHAW,
Buyer of
Hides, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Tallow and Wool.
I pay CASH. Bring your stock to me. Plastering hair always on hand.
Willow Vale Tannery.
Sept. 10, '08.

Bishop & Porter,
(Successors to J. C. Bishop.)
Carpenters and Builders.
Repairing and Shop Work a specialty.
Metalic Shingles and all kinds of Inside Metalic Fittings.
Agents for all kinds of outside and inside House Finish.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

KING EDWARD HOTEL
Corner North & Lockman Sts,
HALIFAX.
Fitted with all modern improvements, magnificently furnished. Situation and view unsurpassed in Halifax. Within five minutes ride by street cars to the centre of the city.
Terms—$2.00 to $2.50 per day, according to location.
WM. WILSON, Proprietor

E. W. FOX
Painter & Paper Hanger.
Address P. O. Box 345.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Heartbreak.

Here's a meadow full of sunshine,
Ripe grasses lush and high:
There's a reaper in the roadway,
And a lark hangs in the sky.

Oh, the nest of love, inclosing
Three little beaks that cry!
The reaper's in the meadow,
And the lark sings in the sky.

Here's a mead all full of summer,
And a tragedy goes by,
With a knife among the grasses,
And a song up in the sky!

—DORA SIGERSON.

Let No Man Judge.

THEY sat, facing each other, an elderly, comfortable-looking couple.

Their house was large and magnificent, bearing the stamp of ostentatious splendor. The woman's portly frame was arrayed in rich silk; across the middle of his ample figure the husband sported a massive gold watch-chain.

'I can't understand the child at all,' the wife had been saying, and her lips closed tightly with a snap when she had finished.

'You must put your foot down, Richard; stop these strange goings on. We'll have her talking from a public platform next. To think that our house—our house!—should be turned into a soup kitchen for all the riff-raff that foolish child can gather together. It's preposterous! Richard, you must put your foot down.'

Richard Golding sighed. It was a fat, comfortable sigh, yet it came from his heart just the same. Between his wife and his daughter—the only child of their somewhat late marriage—he often found it difficult to steer a safe and easy course.

He had started humbly. He prospered, and as he prospered his wife's outlook expanded with her figure. Women are often like that, while the men stay behind. As their daughter grew and flourished, the maternal pride flourished also, till Mrs. Golding saw her child fit to wed with the highest in the land. It was her very religion, this one idea—a fine marriage for Nell. It altered her character, obliterated many simpler, more natural traits which had made Richard her life-long admirer.

'She'll ruin her chances going on like this,' he heard her saying. 'Richard, she actually refuses to drive in one of the cars now. It's wrong, she says, while men and women and little children are going hungry, and unshod. As if her sitting in an electric brougham can alter that. The Hon. Archibald Fitz-Pearce'—she spoke the name clearly, with evident relish—'is head-over-ears in love with her, ready to propose to her at any minute. She snubs him; gives him no chance, and one of the best families in England, Richard!'

At that moment the door flung precipitantly open. There stood Nell—small, slim, elegant, her wistful eyes ablaze with an enthusiastic resolve.

'You both look as solemn as kangaroos,' she declared, as her new resolve led her straight to her father's side. The pretty, slender arms went coaxingly round his neck.

'Dear, I want all—all the ready money you've got in the house. Not silver; gold—pounds—ten pounds at least!'

Her mother threw up her hands in despair. She heaved a big, utterly hopeless sigh. A new development of her child's latest craze.

'Well, dear?' asked the girl.

Her father seemed slow in answering.

He stroked the little white hands resting lovingly round his neck, Richard Golding was trying his level best to look serious.

'Your mother is annoyed with you, dear,' he murmured.

'Oh, no not really, old daddy,' she answered, an eager catch in her voice. 'Dear, have you got ten pounds? I do want the money badly.'

'What for?' he asked more sharply than he usually spoke to her.

'Well, you know, old daddy, Mr. Grey, the Vicar of St. Mark's, has been sending me some poor hungry people and children to feed. Of course, you know, and you don't mind.'

'It annoys your mother,' he said.

Nell smiled fondly.

'Oh, mother isn't really annoyed,' she answered. 'Father, this morning a man came out of prison. He is hungry, friendless, hopeless; I want to help him, give him a start somewhere. I don't know what his fault was, I did not ask; but whatever it may have been, he is not a criminal.'

'Not a criminal!' It was her father's voice—low, shaken, yet almost fierce. For the first time that Nell could remember his ruddy face looked white and drawn. 'Not a criminal!' The girl put her head close to himself, in a wild, hoarse whisper. 'No child, no! The first wrong step does not necessarily make a man a criminal. A creature to be hounded down, harried, abused—'

'Richard!' The interruption came from his wife. It steadied him.

'I was forgetting child.' His voice was quite natural again. 'Your mother is upset at this amateur soup-kitchen idea of yours. Just what she was afraid of—your entertaining released gaolbirds unawares.'

'But it isn't unawares, old daddy, dear. He was quite frank—he told me. He did not ask for any help; but we must help him, you and I, just the same.'

Richard Golding raised his bulky form from the chair with deliberate slowness. He opened a cabinet, unlocked a cashbox and started taking out the gold. Nell could see his fat hands trembling as he counted the money.

Mrs. Golding said nothing. Her mind had gone sharply back to a strange incident of her girlhood; an incident in which she herself helped an unknown man, that day released from prison.

Before Richard had time to pass the ten pounds to his daughter, two things happened. The Hon. Archibald Fitz-Pearce was announced, and one of the servants called out in an alarmed voice for Miss Nell to come at once.

'An accident in the kitchen, miss!' she panted. 'A fearful accident! That pale-faced young man is lying unconscious in a pool of blood!'

Nell did not wait to see the Hon. Archibald. She hurried after the servant, while her mother wrung her hands.

'Whatever can be the matter?' she cried. 'Richard, Richard, go quickly and see what it is all about! Perhaps one of the others has been trying to murder him, or something! Oh, that foolish child—that foolish child! Heaven only knows where mad actions will land us!'

The Hon. Archibald stroked his moustache.

'Haw, not safe, Mrs. Golding,' he muttered. 'Most unpleasant for you, I'm sure! Best clear the whole lot out!'

'I know it isn't, I know that. Dear Mr. Fitz-Pearce, do go and see what it is—what my husband and daughter are doing!'

But the Hon. Archibald decided to stay where he was. If there'd been a row in the kitchen, he preferred to remain out of it. At last Mrs. Golding rose herself, determined to go. She could not stand the suspense any longer.

There had been no row. It was the man Nell had wanted to help who had broken a blood-vessel on one of his lungs.

Two doctors arrived on the scene and announced that he must not be moved that night. They assured Mr. Golding that they would have him taken from the house as soon as possible.

'Oh, leave him, leave him!' was the short answer. 'We'll talk about moving him later.'

Nell's sweet eyes mutely thanked her father. Mrs. Golding went back to the Hon. Archibald, a very prey to her infuriated emotions.

A week followed—a week of nursing on Nell's part; grim silence on the part of her father; storm and stress on the part of her mother. To think that her daughter—her daughter—should spend her time making 'slops' for a man who had been a prisoner; a criminal, an outcast, a man they knew nothing about!

But Richard Golding was deaf to all his wife's threats and entreaties. His attitude in the matter puzzled her beyond description. He was worse than Nell, if possible—more foolish and blind. Why did he insist on harboring a felon in his house? Why did he allow their child to help in the nursing of this released prison bird?

When the Hon. Archibald proposed to Nell, she looked at him very steadily, and refused him. It was a shock to his inordinate conceit had not prepared him for.

'Please don't bother to say any more,' she said quietly. 'I am sorry if I ever gave you any impression that I might marry you, Mr. Fitz-Pearce.'

Suddenly, and for the first time, he saw Richard Golding's money slipping through his fingers. It angered him.

'This confounded socialism business has got into your head!' He spoke with more heat than usual, and Nell positively welcomed the change. 'You'll think better of it, Miss Golding—haw, by Jove, I'm sure you will! Your mother is awfully keen on our fixing it up—awfully keen, by Jove!'

Nell smiled, and shook her head.

'No, I don't think I could marry you—not ever,' she said. 'No, no, I am quite sure I could not.'

He looked very dissapointed for an odd second or two; then confident. He had great faith in her mother. Mrs. Golding failed, however, to make any impression on either her husband or daughter.

'It's no use mother,' Nell told her finally, 'I could never, never marry that man. I dislike him intensely. Besides, he only wants me for old daddy dear's money; and no man shall ever marry me for that.'

* * * * * *

A day came when Nell's strange invalid was able to walk about. The doctors had told Mr. Golding before this that the man was able to leave the house.

'Oh, let him be for the present; let the poor fellow be!' had been the impatient answer. 'He's a decent chap, I'll find a job for him when he's fit to work.'

Mrs. Golding hearing this, marched indignantly into her husband's presence. The rustle of her fine silk dress was more aggressive than usual.

'That man must leave the house today!' she announced. 'Richard, after all the years of our married life, it pains me to think that you should have forced me into this extraordinary position.

'Extraordinary position, my dear?' he said soothingly.

'Yes it is extraordinary—most extraordinary! You have harbored him in the house; you are have harbored him in the house; you are harboring him still. Extraordinary is not the word for it. Richard Golding your a fool! It's time I had a say in the matter. And I will say! I absolutely refuse to allow him to remain here another hour!'

Nell had entered the room without their being aware of it.

'Oh, don't be too hard on him, mother,' she said quickly. 'I know it is not nice for you; you do not like it. But he has been very dangerously ill, and he could not help it happening here.'

'Nobody asks anyone to do all things as they please in this house,' snapped her mother. 'I cannot understand your father's attitude in the matter. You don't count—a chit of a girl satisfying a passing whim. But your father's a grown man; he at least ought to have a little common-sense.'

'Old daddy dear has been awfully good about it,' sighed the girl.

'Good about it!' cried the elder woman. 'I cannot understand him. It's a fresh insult every day he allows that man from prison to remain under this roof. Flesh and blood can't stand it any longer; he must go today!'

Nell looked at her father for a second.

She spoke sadly.

'He is most anxious to go, mother. He realizes very fully all that it has meant to us, his being taken ill here. Believe me, he regrets it, and is most anxious to get away; to free himself of an obligation he can never hope to repay.'

'Wait a bit.' The voice was Richard Golding's. It sounded stern and final. 'I like that young man. He's a gentleman, and straight, for all he may have made one slip. You would not have been so hard once, Maria; you helped a young man yourself, under the same circumstances.'

'Why keep harping back on that?' she demanded. 'You've mentioned it several times lately, Richard. I gave a man who had just been released from prison five pounds because he saved my little dog from being run over in the street. He told me a pitiful story, and I gave him the money to help him along.'

'It did help him,' said her husband. She looked at him keenly.

'How do you know?'

'Because I was the young man.'

The two women—his wife and daughter—gazed at him in blank amazement. Both were speechless, so he went on:

'You know the truth at last, Maria. Five years from that day, when I returned to court you, you did not recognize in me the prison bird you had helped. And I vowed never to tell you. I was innocently led into committing a foolish, boyish fault. And the law punished me. Did it make me a criminal, that one false step? I pulled myself up, became a man, and an honest one. You need not be shocked at the news after all these years, Maria. I only want to ask you; do you consider me an outcast and a criminal?'

She still sat mute and rigid, her face very white. The intense silence was suddenly broken by Nell. She had flung her pretty, slender arms around her father's neck without warning, and was softly crying.

'You a criminal and an outcast!' she murmured brokenly. 'Why, you are one of the best men that ever lived! Mother knows it, too. Mother, mother, come and kiss my old daddy dear, and tell him you know it, too!'

They were both in tears, and poor Richard said, 'Umph!' to relieve his over-wrought feelings.

* * * * * *

[illegible] Nell was saying to the man.

He looked into her eyes.

'Does not want me to go?' he repeated blankly. 'But how is that, Miss Golding? He knows my story, knows that I have been in prison. He cannot wish me to stay in his house; that is impossible, I do not deserve it. He has been too good, far too good to me already.'

'But he does wish you to stay. He has got some very important work for you to do abroad, in connection with his business. You must not refuse it when he tells you the scheme. It will give you your chance.'

It staggered him.

'Give me my chance!' he muttered vaguely. Then repeated it several times. His punishment had been for 'conspiracy.' Caught in the meshes of a swindling company promoting syndicate, he was more sinned against than sinning. 'I don't understand. I don't deserve any chance. I am an outcast now for as long as I live!'

'You do deserve a chance,' she whispered. 'Father thinks so; and I think so, too.'

* * * * *

'I shall be away five years,' said Paul, when two months later, he stood among his luggage saying farewell to Nell; 'and when I am not working hard I shall spend the time thanking God that I was allowed to meet you. And—and—oh, I don't presume to ask anything, but if you shouldn't meet anyone else before I come back——'

To his utter bewilderment she kissed him lightly on the cheek.

'If I shouldn't meet anyone else,' she said; and her voice sunk to a whisper. 'I don't think I shall!'

Free from Alcohol

Since May, 1906, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been entirely free from alcohol. If you are in poor health, weak, pale, nervous, ask your doctor about taking this non-alcoholic tonic and alterative. If he has a better medicine, take his. Get the best always. This is our advice.

Ayer's
We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to complete your doctor.

A sluggish liver means a coated tongue, a bad breath, and constipated bowels. The question is, "What is the best thing to do under such circumstances?" Ask your doctor if this is not a good answer: "Take laxative doses of Ayer's Pills."
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
Makes the finest, most delicious biscuit, cake and pastry; conveys to food the most healthful of fruit properties.

The Passing of Summer.

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS ARE RAPIDLY COMING.

August has lighted her torches golden-rod. When you see them flaring in the green darkness of a roadside thicket you say: 'That looks like fall.' But it is only part of the festive preparations for the deep-summer carnival. If you look along that rounded bank just above the river you will find Bluebells, tremulous lots of color bequeathed by June to mid-summer, and here and there you will find fresh, bright clover heads apparently just arrived at their summer quarters.

That wild, red lily standing above a tangle of green might be offended at hearing the golden-rod called the torch of August, only for knowing that its brilliant self looks more like a scarlet cup filled with fire for the lips of the goddess of the deep summer. The pink blossoms of the hardback stretch up above the other on the hill slope like a procession of plumed heads going on a pilgrimage to some wayside altar. Perhaps that is it which you can dimly see up there in the shadow of a clump of alder; the spot is cool and still for a shrine of some sort. And who stands there holding a golden lamp aloft in the dimness—a cluster of pale, shining cups from which a soft light seems to rise? The lifted hand is unseen from where you stand, but the light gleams steadily, beckoning the rose-plumed pilgrims, while the thrush sings vespers in the woods below.

Did you wince a moment ago at the long, stinging whirr of the harvest-fly that sounds like heat become vocal? Then listen to the thrush and be assured. Its song is cool, liquid music and when you hear it you may know that, all in a minute, the day has passed that line which divides the heat from the evening coolness. That vesper song changes it all in an instant. Presently you feel a delicious breath of coolness that makes you forget all the burden of the day, while your mind's eye suddenly sees the dim green vistas of the woods where silver springs well up cold and clear from dripping mosses.

If you should start to climb the hill-path after the rose-plumed pilgrims you might realize that the day was not very far over that dividing line, but if you sit down here beside the [illegible] vice, evening will come to you long before you care to move again.

It's a pity when sick ones drug the stomach or stimulate the Heart and Kidneys. That is all wrong. A weak Stomach means weak stomach nerves, always. And this is also true of the Heart and Kidney's. The weak nerves are instead crying out for help. This explains why Dr. Snoop's Restorative is promptly helping Stomach, Heart and Kidney ailments. The Restorative reaches out for the actual cause of these ailments—the failing 'inside nerves.' Anyway test the Restorative 48 hours. It won't cure so soon as that, but you will surely know that help is coming. Sold by A. V. Rand.

Boston Advertiser: A little French dressmaker, who turns out lingerie costumes that are dreams of loveliness advises this method of laundering, which does away with the ordinary rubbing, which is destruction to the cobwebby fabrics inset with lace: The frock is first set to soak in cold water for two hours. It is then rubbed all over with a lather made of boiled soap and spread out in a big tub, the water just covering it. After a few hours it is lifted from the tub and dipped up and down in very hot soapy water and finally rinsed in clear water. The soap bath and soaking so loosens the soiled spots that in the final dip in the hot water they easily come out, leaving the frock spotlessly white.

Eczema Covered Baby's Face
Was spreading onto the body but DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT made a complete cure.
"I would not care if I could bear the suffering myself," said an anxious mother, "but for the poor innocent baby to be in agony from the dreadful, itching eczema is more than I can stand."
Fortunately, there is in Dr. Chase's Ointment soothing and healing for baby's skin troubles. While remarkably quick and effective in action, Dr. Chase's Ointment cannot possibly prove otherwise than beneficial to the most tender skin.
Mrs. M. McCann, 4 Short St., St. John, N. B., writes:
"My little girl, three years old, had her face covered with eczema and it was spreading over her body. I tried many different ointments and the doctor could see do her any good. A friend of mine advised me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and she was completely cured by one box. I cannot praise Dr. Chase's Ointment enough for the good it has done her."
60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Good Digestion.
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