

Back twenty years ago... I had a pain in my... over twenty years. As... in over in bed. I was... at every in my feet and... were so miserably useless... anything.

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.  
WOLFVILLE KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1904.

NO. 15.

VOL. XXIII.

THE ACADIAN.  
Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors.

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

ADVERTISING RATES  
\$1.00 per square (3 inches) for first insertion, 50 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.

Copy for new advertisements will be received up to Thursday noon. Copy for insertion on Friday must be received on Thursday morning.

Advertisements in which the number of insertions is not specified will be considered 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 requested to accept of this paper for the mailing subscriptions, but same are only given on the publication.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.  
Express boxes, 8.00 a m. to 9.30 p. m. Mails are sent up as follows: Monday, Wednesday and Friday close at 4.30 a. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday close at 9.45 a. m. Express sent close at 4.30 p. m. Kentville close at 4.30 p. m.

CHURCHES.  
BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. Hugh B. Hodge, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. E. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. All sets free. Ushers at the door to welcome strangers.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. E. M. Dill, B. D., Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmers' Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Geo. F. Johnson, 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 welcome at all the services. At Greenwood, preaching at 9 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.  
St. John's Parish Church, of Honor. 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 Evening, 7.30 p. m. Special services in Advent, Lent, etc. by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m. Sabbath school and teacher of Bible Class, the Church. All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

Rev. R. F. Dixon, Rector.  
Robert W. Storey, Warden.  
Frank A. Dixon, Organist.

St. Francis (R. C.)—Rev. Mr. Fournier, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE—Mr. N. Randall, 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 first Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.  
E. A. Dixon, Secretary.

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

UNITED Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

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

DENTISTRY.  
Dr. A. J. McKenna  
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College.  
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.  
Telephone No. 43.  
GAS ADMINISTERED.

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

\$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.

ANGEL FOR SALE

Brown Mare, Angel, Good looking. Fair driver. Splendid worker. Safe in every way. Record 2-9-10m. Stands without hitching. Apply to  
Dr. BARR,  
Wolfville, 19th Nov., 1903.

In the Good Old Summer Time

everyone drinks  
Morse's Empire Extra  
Because it is the BEST TEA on the Canadian market to-day.  
For sale only by  
E. J. BOWLES,  
MAIN STREET,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Leslie R. Fair,

ARCHITECT,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

HOUSE TO LET.

On Central Avenue, six rooms, comfortable heated up with the modern improvements. Rent \$10.00 per month. Apply to  
C. STEWART.

MOTHERS RELY ON

Dray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum  
Always in the house. A bottle of this famous remedy in your best protection against those maddening attacks of cough, croup, whooping cough, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. Keeps the throat—breaks up a cold—cures COLICUS. Keep a bottle of Dray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum in your house.

WOLFVILLE COAL & LUMBER CO.,  
GENERAL MANAGERS  
Hard and Soft Coals, Kindling-Wood, Etc.  
Also Brick, Clapboards, Shingles, Sheathing, Hard and Soft Wood Flooring and Rough and Finished Lumber of all kinds

THE BOWKER FERTILIZER CO.,  
BOSTON.  
And Haley Bros., St. John.

"SOMETHING NICE."

The Cyprus Doors and Natural Wood-finish of the  
Kingsport Planing & Moulding Mill  
IS RIGHT UP TO DATE!

Our Plain Oak Flooring  
cannot be excelled, and if you want a beautiful, bright finish, coating our N. C. Pine is all that can be desired.

WINDOW FRAMES AND SASHES.  
Our Sashes are all glass ready for use, and are very cheap, and our Cyprus Sash finished in the wood make a very pretty effect.

Stair Work and Veranda a Specialty.  
Write for prices to the  
KINGSPORT PLANING & MOULDING MILL  
W. H. FARNHILL, M. Agen.  
Telephone No. 10 B.

BUILDING PLANS.  
Plans and specifications carefully prepared; estimation if required.  
Apply to  
GEO. A. PRATT,  
Wolfville.

LOOK!

I have leased the Mill Property belonging to the late George Webster, Coblenck, and will manufacture all kinds of  
LADDERS  
for Fire Departments, Railroads, Buildings and Extensions, Ladders for Painters, for Barrels, Step-Ladders for house purposes. Double step-ladders for fruit picking, and Swing Chairs. Also general mill work. E. J. Laddlers in stock at Stable's Coal Shed. Test on road day-leaving. For further information,  
D. E. WOODMAN,  
Coblenck.

FOR SALE!  
A Lambert Mare, 16 years old; also a second-hand Truck Wagon, 1 Express and 1 Riding Wagon.  
C. W. STRONG, Wolfville.

Ayer's  
Cherry  
Pectoral

Don't try cheap cough medicines. Get the best, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. What a record it has, sixty years of cures! Ask your doctor if he doesn't use it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

Mustered Out.

'Poor old Jim!'  
Men after men in the ranks of the three cavalry companies at Fort Concho used the words as he glanced toward a trooper sitting alone on the side of the great house, gazing away over the unpopulated country toward the desert hills. Jim's eyes were always called Jim except on the muster rolls—had served Uncle Sam for forty long years. No other man could show such a record. He had enlisted at the age of twenty-two, and his service had continued without a break. He was without education, inclined to seriousness and solitude, but a man always to be depended on by his officers. They had the will to advance him, and his record after the first year or two deserved it, but he preferred to remain Private James Bligh.

Forty years in the service, most of that time spent in the frontier forts, had brought stirring adventures and honorable scars to the cavalryman. He had little to say of himself, but the written records of his regiment had done him full justice. Of the thousand men who had come and gone since his enlistment none had a greater number of credit marks for bravery and integrity.

But the day had come at last when it was 'poor old Jim!' Private Bligh had become an old man. His hair was turning white, his back bent and rheumatic pains had stiffened his legs. He had not noticed it, his comrades had not seen the signs, his officers had not whispered it to each other. It was only when a new comrade came to the post and set about sprucing up the regiment that the word went round. Jim was to be retired as too old for the service. In such cases the government provides a monthly stipend—about \$20.00—pay for one's bread and butter—but it was felt by all the men that it was like turning a faithful old horse out to become the victim of wolves.

There was an unfeeling sergeant, a report from the regimental surgeon, and it was settled that Jim should be mustered out of service. They tried to let him down easy by referring to his honorable record and issuing an order to be read on parade, but they simply broke the old man's heart.

'It may be that I have become an old man,' he said to Sergeant Dalton as the latter tried to cheer him up, 'but I hadn't realized it. No one has seen me shrink my duties or account of my years. I haven't attended sick calls in two years. When we were out after the Utes last fall didn't I take the hardships with the best of them?'

'Aye, comrade, you did. If you did not know your age to a day I'd deny that you were forty.'

'It's no use, sergeant. I'm sixty-two right enough, and it's time I was turned aside. I did think to die in the service, but they won't let me.'

The papers had gone to Washington for final action, and while Private Bligh waited for his discharge he was excused from duty.

It thus came about that he rode over toward the Pecos hills one day by himself in search of mineral specimens for the regimental museum. There was peace in the land—peace to be broken by the Indians at a moment's notice—and he went armed. An hour after his departure the Colonel's daughter, escorted by Lieutenant Graham took the same route for a morning gallop. They rode straight away for ten miles, and they passed the old soldier without seeing him, although he saw them as he prospected among the rocks. He had secured half a dozen specimens when he gave up work and sat down in the sunshine with his chin in his hands to ponder. The bitterness could not pass from his heart. Old men were useless in the army, especially on the frontier, but to be forced out after forty years of service seemed rank injustice. Why hadn't they waited a bit longer? The restless, treacherous whites would swoot again in a little while, and his command would be called out as a dozen times before. That would give him a chance to die a soldier's death—a last chance. In view of his record they should not have begrudged him that. To be mustered out after forty years of continuous service seemed to him to be an inglorious thing—to smack almost of disgrace.

An hour passed away as Private Bligh sat thinking, and of a sudden he was aroused from his reverie by the reports of rifles and whoops of

excitement from the north. No need for him to stand and listen. The shots and yells came from the Utes, and they would not be shooting and yelling unless on the war path. The lieutenant and the colonel's daughter had ridden to the north and perhaps into ambush. Fifteen seconds after the first sounds reached his ears Private Jim was in the saddle, and as he rode he unslung his carbine and loosened his revolver in its holster. There came into his eyes the gleam of battle, into his soul a thirst to do or die. His colonel had not given him a chance, but was it to come some other way?

This was a hot gallop for a mile, and then Private Jim found the officer and his wife crouched behind a man's head and the two were away. Utes were about to rush them. Both horses had been shot down and the officer wounded in the first volley and the trooper had only come up when the lieutenant was hit again and fell in a heap.

'Up with you girl!' shouted Private Jim as he bent toward the white faced girl who lay huddled against the rocks. 'The lieutenant is dead and it's your chance in a thousand that we get out of this. Give me your hand.' He lifted her up and swung her on to the saddle in front of him, and the bullets were cutting the air all about them as they dashed away. In two minutes they were out of range, but another peril confronted them. A dozen Utes had mounted and taken a short cut, and Private Jim looked ahead to find them drawn up across the stage road running between high banks.

'Missy, listen to me,' he said to the girl he held in his arms. 'I'm an old man. I'm going to be mustered out because I'm no good any more. I'm going to charge those redskins full tilt. We may die together. If they kill you and I am spared, I shall carry your dead body home. If they kill me and you are spared, hang to the saddle, and the horse will take you safe in. Just shut your eyes and hang on. We are right upon them now. Whoop! hurrah!'

The Indian ponies were massed, and the Indians were firing at the horse thundering down, but their bullets and he struck the lighter horses to wobble.

It was a smash, crash, yell, whoop, and horse and rider were through. A volley followed them as they disappeared behind the rocks, and Private Jim rode in an unbroken and groined. A minute later he said:

'Missy, listen again. I've got my death wound. I'm mustered out of service, and it's the way I've hoped for. I've lived like a soldier, and I wanted to die like one. I'll be out of the saddle in a minute more, but you hang tight and you'll be taken safe in. Remember—remember to hang tight, and I had got too old for the service, and I'm mustered out—mustered out.'

And the men who rode out and found the body with two bullet holes in the back and a grim smile on the face with its wrinkles of age removed their hats and whispered to each other:

'Poor Jim! Poor old Jim!'

Smoking in Banks.

In every bank in New York there is a safe against smoking and it is doubtful if any depositor or visitor ever saw a coil of tobacco smoke drifting through the atmosphere in the big counting houses—that is, no visitor who is excluded from the building promptly when the squeezer closes. But if the curious could squeeze their way through those closed portals in the afternoon they would be treated to a very different sight.

The rules against smoking in all the big banks of the city apply only during banking hours. After the doors are closed and locked one can transform himself into a human volcano with perfect freedom—and he does. And 'he' is legion.

Nervousness and Indigestion  
Headache, and sick-headache cured, and Nerve Food built up by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a great deal of business, nervousness and sick headache, which seemed to be caused from indigestion. Since using this preparation for a time, all these distressing symptoms have disappeared and I consider that I am entirely cured. I never used any medicine that seemed to build me up thoroughly, and to-day I am in better health than I have been for several years.

By noting your increase in weight while using this great food cure, you can prove for a certainty that it is adding new, firm body. Through the medium of the blood and nerves Dr. Chase's Nerve Food sends new vigor and energy to every organ of the human body, and overcomes disease. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates and Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, are on every box.

REPAIRING STATION.  
Bicycles repaired and cleaned. Lawn Mowers put in order. Locks repaired and keys fitted.  
Bicycle Findings  
Alfred Suttie.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH REV. R. HATCHETT

MR. ASHBY'S PEOPLE SHOULD SPEAK PLAINLY WHEN THEIR WORKS WILL BENEFIT OTHERS.

From the Recorder, Brockville, Ont.

Rev. R. Hatchett, general agent of the African Methodist church in Canada, spent several days in Brockville recently in the interest of the church work. Talking with a reporter he said he always liked to visit Brockville, because he found so many of the citizens of hearty sympathy with the church work he represents. 'And besides,' said Mr. Hatchett, 'I have what may be called a sentimental reason for liking Brockville. It is the home of a medicine that has done me much good and has done much good to other members of my family. I refer to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. 'Would you mind,' asked the reporter, 'giving your experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' 'Not at all,' said Mr. Hatchett. 'I always say a good word for this medicine whenever the opportunity offers. I know some people object to speaking in public about medicines they use, but I think when one finds something really good and really helpful in relieving human ills, it seems to me it is a duty we owe other sufferers to put them in the way of obtaining new health. You can say from me therefore that I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a very superior medicine—I know of no other so good. My work, as you may judge, is by no means light, I have to travel a great deal in the interest of our church work, and it is no wonder that often I find myself much worn down, and afflicted almost with a general prostration. It is on occasions of this kind that I resort to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I can say in all sincerity that they have never failed me. The pills have also been used in my family and among my friends, and the results were always satisfactory. You may just say from me that I think those who are afflicted with any of the ills for which this medicine is recommended will make no mistake in giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial.'

The Rev. Mr. Hatchett's home is in Hamilton, Ont., and he is well esteemed by those who know him.

STATISTICS SHOWING ACCIDENTS RESULTING IN DEATH OR OTHER CONSEQUENCES.

In the forthcoming issue of the Automobile Club Journal appear some important statistics of fatalities caused by motor cars and other vehicles. They are drawn from the official figures of the annual reports of the commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, and cover an area of 688 square miles, from Colney Heath, in Surrey, and from Lark Hall, in Essex, to Staines Moor, in Middlesex, the most congested and densely populated part of the United Kingdom. The figures cover the years from 1896, when the motor car was legally empowered to run on the public roads, to 1901, and on the strength of them the leading article in the Automobile Club Journal is headed 'The Safest Vehicle on the Public Roads.'

The Journal says: 'It will be seen from these figures that a very common impression that motor cars are responsible for a large number of fatal accidents is totally unsupported. Since the act of 1896 legalized the use of light locomotives upon the highway, the average number of persons killed annually in the streets of the metropolis by light locomotives is less than one.'

The slow-going vehicles are responsible for more fatal accidents than the quick travelling ones. The following figures speak for themselves:

Killed annually by vehicles in London:  
By vans..... 70  
By carts, wagons and drays..... 43  
By cabs..... 19  
By omnibuses..... 17  
By private carriages..... 6  
By cycles..... 4  
By light locomotives..... 1

Making every allowance for the fact that the number of motor cars is still limited as compared with horse-drawn vehicles, it is still clear that the opinion as to the number of persons killed by them is totally unsupported by the facts.

The real fact is that control, and not speed, is the measure of safety. Motor cars and bicycles being the most under control are the safest vehicles on the streets, while the slow-going, trackless, clumsy vans, drays, and wagons are the most dangerous.—London Telegraph.

Be grateful for your blessings and your trials will look small.

Natural Beauty

AS A FACTOR IN LIFE.

The following article from the pen of Mr. W. C. Archibald, of this town, recently appeared in the columns of the Glace Bay, C. B., Clanny. The matter referred to is of so much importance that THE ACADIAN is pleased to reproduce it in full.

MR. EDITOR:—There is nothing, it appears to me, that more deserves the careful attention of people interested in the making of a town, the homes that compose it, the institutions it contains or the adjuncts it may have, than the important feature of natural beauty.

Strong thinkers like John Ruskin and others have contributed many of their most powerful thoughts to the discussion of this vital problem. They have set forth clearly and conclusively the fact that the beauties of nature are calculated, not simply to arouse interest and curiosity in people whose attention is directed that way, but they have also shown that an intelligent, comprehensive study of these, tends to produce character the best and noblest.

There is no gainsaying or denying the fact that culture and refinement not only gratifies as a rule towards nature-study, but nature-study itself necessarily results in refinement of character.

This conceded, what more important is there in the interests of home life, of educational and religious life, or of civic life, than that our homes, our schools and churches, our civic and eleemosynary institutions, should have surroundings richly and profusely decorated with magnificent products of nature—trees, shrubs, flowers, etc.

It would make home life more attractive; it would make educational and religious life things of beauty as well as of use; it would lend a charm to our various institutions which they necessarily lack without the aid of these evangelists of nature. When strangers come to any of our towns or cities, they usually seem attracted most by the various natural decorations that may greet the eye as they stroll around.

People attracted in this way, are, as a class, those whose good opinions of our homes and towns are valued most of the citizens, and they are esteemed by those who know them.

FLORICULTURE

It is not, therefore, important that all people in charge of homes, churches, schools, eleemosynary institutions, etc., should demand the services of an expert in the art and science of horticulture, as well as demand one in other departments to which appeals are made in the material interests of these places?

I, therefore, would not only suggest, but also strongly advocate, the arousing of general interest in this very important aspect of present-day life.

Let us see to it that all our homes are beautified by nature's decorations; and that our various public institutions receive the benefit of these, so that we may be able in some measure to conform to that of nature. By no doing, we shall make life more attractive and more profitable than it could otherwise be.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

'I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets too highly,' writes Mrs. James S. Beach, Campbell's Bay, Que. 'From the time my baby was born he was troubled with pains in the stomach and bowels and a rash on his skin which made him restless day and night. I got nothing to help him until I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and under their use the trouble soon disappeared, and all my friends are now praising my baby, he looks so healthy and well. I give him an occasional Tablet, and they keep him well. I can heartily recommend the Tablets to any mother who has a young baby.'

'Thousands of other mothers praise this medicine just as warmly, and keep it on hand in case of emergency. The Tablets cure all the minor ills of little ones; they act gently and speedily, and are absolutely safe. Sold by all druggists or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.'

I told father that your poems are the children of your brain.  
What did he say?  
Said they were bad enough to send to a reformatory.

CASTORIA.  
The Kidney and Bowel Regulator.  
Beware the Signature of  
J. C. Ayer & Co.

Proverbs

'When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn,' is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

'When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.'

'It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.'

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free.

Be sure that this penny is in the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario. 50c. and \$1.00 all druggists.

Smile More and Frown Less.

If women only smiled more and frowned less, how much happier the world would be. If we only could persuade ourselves to believe that gladness is our rightful heritage and that happy hearts are the most conducive of good, then we would find it easy to cultivate a sunny disposition. 'Oh,' you say, 'it is impossible to smile all the time.' Well, the very reason why you should cultivate happiness in order that you may overcome your circumstances and not let them overcome you. It is surprising what a different aspect things will assume when one endeavors to better oneself. Selfishness and unhappiness go hand in hand, while thoughtfulness and kindly consideration for others prepare the way for joy. We are often the cause of our own unhappiness, although we may not be willing to put the blame on ourselves. Where there is the desire to be happy the means are always within reach.

Argyll and Longfellow.

The great duke of Argyll was visiting his son, then governor general of Canada, and met Longfellow in the American post's ancient colonial mansion at Cambridge, Mass. As they sat together on the veranda the duke persistently asked the names of the various birds he saw and heard singing in the poet's trees as well as of the flowers and bushes growing in his extensive and beautiful garden. Longfellow was neither botanist nor ornithologist and did not know.

'I was surprised to find your Longfellow such an ignorant person,' said the duke subsequently to an American acquaintance.

'Indeed! Pray, on what subject?'

'Why, he could not tell me the names of the birds and flowers to be heard and seen in his own garden.'

'May I ask how many languages you speak?' the American asked.

'Certainly; but one.'

'Mr. Longfellow, was the answer, speaks six, and translates freely from almost all the languages of Europe.'

'How did your nephew's wedding pass off?' 'Just splendid.' 'Were there any contretemps?' 'I don't think so. I didn't see any. You see, we had the church thoroughly cleaned up just before the wedding took place.'

'A man was sitting for his photograph. The operator said: 'Now, sir, look kind of pleasant—smile a little.' The man smiled, and then the operator exclaimed, 'Oh, that will never do. It's too wide for the instrument!'

Dark Complexioned Teacher (Explaining Fair)—'What does "Fair" mean, boys? Now, I am not fair, for instance.'

Bright Youth—'Good looking?' (Curtain.)

The Tea that always gives Satisfaction,  
The Tea that once used is always used,  
The Tea that is without a competitor in Eastern Canada,  
UNION BLEND TEA