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. XXVII. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S. FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1908. NO. 29

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 8.30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.25 a. m.
Express west close at 9.26 a. m
Express east close at 3.50 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.03 p. m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. L. D. Morse, 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 Thursday 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, 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.

Robert W Storrs, } Wardens.
H Troyte-Bullock }

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. GEORGE'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.

SCOTIA FARM DAIRY

J. Rufus Starr, Proprietor

BEST QUALITY MILK AND CREAM.

FRESH EGGS supplied early every morning by our teams.

Leave orders at Mrs. Hutchinson's, tel-phone exchange, or telephone No 13 at Port Williams 22

Women's Stylish New Street Skirt for $2.25.

This fashionable Skirt is made of fine quality light weight melton in navy or black in the popular seven gore pleated style. Finished with lap seams down to about the knee, where small buttons are attached, continuing to the bottom in wide pleats. One row of stitching around bottom; all inside seams carefully taped. Lengths from 37 to 43 inches.

We will mail this attractive Skirt on receipt of price $2.25 with 25 cents added for postage. Be sure to state color, whether black or navy, and number of inches around waist, and length required. If, after examining this Skirt, you are not satisfied with it, send it back, and your money will be promptly refunded.

Our handsome new Spring Catalog No. 3 is now being mailed to women all over the provinces. If you have not received a copy yet, drop us a card. This Catalog illustrates and describes the latest styles of suits, jackets, skirts, waists, whitewear, gloves, neckwear, belts, leather goods and scores of other things for women's wear. Send for a copy to-day. It's FREE.

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. 23
Telephone connection at office and residence.

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

For Sale or To Let.
Property on Sea View avenue, now occupied by Rev. H. T. DeWolfe. House new and fitted with all modern improvements.
Desirable location.
Possession Oct. 1st.
Apply to
F. W WOODWORTH.

TO LET.
ON MAIN STREET, WOLFVILLE,
The Grocery Store formerly occupied by
F. J. Porter.
Possession immediate.
For terms apply to
ANDREW DEW. BARSS.
Dec 12, 1906—tf

TO RENT.
A cottage on Central avenue, Wolfville. Apply to MR. ERNEST EAGLES, next door, or at Upper Canard to
27 F. H. BEALS.

$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.

D. B. SHAW,
Buyer of
Hydes, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Tallow and Wool.
I pay CASH. Bring your stock to me.
Plastering hair always on hand.
Willow Vale Tannery.
Sept. 10, '06.

To Rent.
New house on Prospect street. Eight rooms and bath. Fitted with all modern conveniences and a very convenient and pleasant location.
Apply to
C. M. GORMLEY.

Rheumatism
I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. But I can now surely kill the pains and pangs of this deplorable disease.
In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I repeatedly tested many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, it uniformly cures all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. Those acid-like granules wasted, found in Rheumatic Blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual excuse to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy
A. V. RAND.

FREEMAN'S NURSERY
LETTUCE!
Bedding Out Plants of All Kinds.
Rose, Carnations, and Other Cut Flowers.
FUNERAL DESIGNS
and Bridal Bouquets made up at short notice.
Telephone 32.

NEW LIVERY STABLES
IN WOLFVILLE.
The subscribers having bought out the Livery business of J. L. Franklin, have begun business on the premises formerly occupied by Edward Chase. Single and Double Teams furnished at short notice. Skilled drivers to all points of interest.
TRUCKING
of all kinds attended to promptly.
We solicit the public patronage, which shall always receive our best attention. Telephone 75.
LABOLT & SCHOFIELD.
Wolfville, April 10, 1908.—23

## Be Strong.

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame,
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

## The McBains.

Mrs. Leeming Carr, in The Canadian Magazine

(Continued.)

'You'll buy the place,' she said, addressing the second button on her husband's checked flannel shirt front. 'You'll buy it, for I am bound Murphy will never get it. We will raise the money some way, and trust to the saints for a chance to take it out of Jim McBain.'

McBain, with face hidden, was carefully drawing off his boots, and ranging them alongside the stove. It may be that he was more anxious than ever to buy, because of that word replace, but was wise enough to pretend that he was entirely of another mind. 'Well,' he said, with a deep sigh, 'we have only two days to raise the money, for it will take a day to go there. I will go to Red Creek tomorrow and see what I can do, if you are still of the same mind.'

She was, and her mouth was set in lines not pleasant to look at.

McBain spent the day in Red Creek, and came home looking tired and discouraged; money was not plentiful; he found one man who would lend him the required sum, but only for three months, and at a rate of interest, the mere mention of which almost shocked McBain's canny soul into insensibility. There was only one way, so he told the boys. The hotel keeper in Red Creek had offered him a hundred dollars for the colt; another man had made him an offer for the cordwood that was piled in a long wall away back in the slashing, and, by taking a little less than the common price, this man would pay him for the wood in advance, provided he began hauling it at once, under promise to have it delivered at a fixed date.

At mention of selling the colt the boys glanced at each other in consternation.

Mrs. McBain said: 'I suppose the hotel-keeper will sell him down country for a hundred and fifty, but we'll have to let him go.'

McBain looked at her, a queer, comprehensive glint in his eyes. 'You're taking a kind of satisfaction in making the sacrifice, ain't you, Mary? It will be a cudgel in your hands to hammer the McBains with for many a day.' Mum broke in on what followed with the remark that he did not see how it was possible to get the wood out through the slashing to the public road. It would have to be done over a particularly rough and treacherous piece of swale, and now that a considerable depth of snow had fallen it would be risking too much to take the team in and out over it.

'It was that very thing that kept me from closing the bargain,' was his father's response. 'I couldn't see how we were going to get the wood out to the road; I intended making a road to it in the spring, but—'

It was Lionel who suggested a way. 'Why couldn't Mum and I take it out to the road with the steers and the ox-sleigh?'

'I wonder if you could?' McBain gazed reflectively, mentally running over the difficulties.

'The steers are only half broke; but perhaps if I work with them a few days getting started, you could manage them then, and I'd begin hauling the wood to Red Creek. In that way I could make two trips a day, and we would finish up the job in the required time.' So it was settled.

The next day the boys with blurred vision and quivering lips cleaned the colt for the last time. The day following four hundred dollars went to Jim McBain's lawyer, and, on the day Mum and Lionel were to have started for school, they started at gray dawn to the slashing.

Mum, whose energies were never wasted in useless haste, stood the cold and unwontedly long hours of heavy work better than Lionel. The latter threw himself into it with all his strength and a fierce determination to get it done quickly. He felt that he was in a measure responsible for the undertaking; and for that reason he did not murmur even when the devil entered into the oxen, and drifting snow repeatedly blocked the trail. But, after the first week there was no whistling in the slashing, and few words, beyond Mum's monotonous 'Gee up! Haw there!'

Looking at them wearily plodding home in the winter dusk between snow-banks as high as their heads, Mrs. McBain's face twitched painfully, and her heart swelled with bitterness towards Jim McBain. She was doing double duty herself, taking on most of the stable work, in order to relieve the boys.

When the work was half completed, Jim McBain suggested getting a neighbor's son to take Lionel's place. The lad was getting plucked and hollow-eyed and tired to the young, soft bone; but he stoutly refused to give it up.

'You will spare him all you can,' said Mrs. McBain to Mum.

'Sure, I always do,' answered the boy simply.

They raised a feeble cheer, passing out of sight of their mother, when the last load was being brought up. A big lump rose in her throat, and the smile she gave them was through a flood of tears. She had a warm kitchen and a supper she knew they would enjoy ready for them, and something like the old glow of satisfaction and merriment surrounded them once more. Lionel coughed a good deal, but a cold was too common to cause alarm. The next day, though, when his teeth chattered and his frame shook beside the hot stove, his mother became uneasy. Home remedies were used without stint, but night found him breathing rapidly and in a high fever. Before morning he was babbling of school and Uncle Jim, and counting endless cords of wood.

At break of day McBain went to Red Creek for the doctor. He came, and after a brief examination of the boy told them that both lungs were congested. When he had gone, a cloud settled on the little household. The children stole about on tiptoe, and Mum, with fear in his eyes, heaped the woodbox with wood, and helped his mother make poultices, or tremblingly measured out powders and stimulants according to the doctor's orders.

It was a sharp and cruel attack, giving the little Lion no chance to rally. When at its worst, Mrs. McBain one morning clutched the doctor as he entered the door. 'Do something!' she cried. 'Oh, do something! I can't stand to look at this any longer.' Poor Lionel's every breath had become an agonising effort. The doctor administered a drug under the influence of which the child slept.

When the doctor was going Mum followed him to his sleigh. 'What do you think, doctor?' he begged to know in a choked voice. The doctor laid a kindly touch on his shoulder.

'You are a good boy, you have done your best, you and your mother; but Lionel is slipping away.'

Mum's white face told what that caused him to suffer. The short day waned, evening closed in, and the tired watchers prepared to do battle another night. Midnight came and went, and Lion seemed to breathe more easily. Mum hugged the hope it gave him to his heart. He was sitting by the bed when a gurgling sound caught his ear. He looked quickly and beheld a gush of bright blood on the pillow and more issuing from Lion's lips.

'Mother! Father!' he called hoarsely.

They were beside him in a moment. With one look McBain turned toward the door, exclaiming as he went, 'the doctor!'

'No, I will go, I can be half-way there by the time we could get the team out.' Mum snatched his coat and cap, putting them on as he ran down the lane.

He did not keep to the road all the way. He cut off corners and crossed clear spaces. Sometimes he stumbled and fell, and without stopping wallowed to his feet again. On wind swept spaces he ran like a hound affrighted hare At last! At last he reached the doctor's door. Fate was good, the doctor had just returned from another sick-bed, and to him Mum sobbed out his message.

'Drink this,' the doctor said, holding a glass to the boy's blue lips, and 'put this on,' he added kindly, throwing a great coat around him. 'You will find a different atmosphere driving against the wind.' The doctor's horse sprang away over the frost-bound road, and for Mum's sake he was urged to his utmost speed. When they reached the clearing the dog barked sharply, and then sent forth on the night a long-drawn howl, that echoed and re-echoed in the woods.

McBain opened the door as they drew up, and Mum stumbled out of the sleigh and crossed the threshold. As in a dream he heard his father say words that sounded like 'It is all over, doctor,' but, numbed in mind and body, he failed to comprehend. Before they could stop him he stood by Lionel's bed. A sheet was drawn over the dear face; even the dark, curly head was hidden from sight. Mum gazed stupidly, and then plucked the covering aside. One instant, and then an awful cry, the cry of a young heart broken, ascended to heaven, and Mum fell senseless to the floor.

He awoke hours afterwards, from the sleep of exhaustion that followed, to a strange sound. A man's voice was filling the room with long-rolling sentences. Mum raised himself on his elbow and looked about him. They were all down on their knees and the minister from Red Creek was praying. Mum listened in apathetic wonder. What was the use of praying?

When the minister was going, Mum staggered to his feet and followed him outside the door.

'Do you believe that?'

'Do I believe what?' looking pityingly at the haggard young face.

'Do you believe that God answers prayer?'

'As surely as I believe that I am alive.'

'Then pray a prayer for me.'

'What is it, my boy?'

'Pray that when I am a man I will meet Jim McBain again—just once.'

In her grief Mrs. McBain had confided in the minister, so he understood. He laid his hand on Mum, and solemnly said: 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay.'

Mum turned wearily away. 'It is too long to wait.' There was no irreverence in the words, only the pitiful impatience of hurt humanity.

The next day they buried Lionel beneath the pines, where the creek wound under the hill.

Seven years passed in which Mum grew to manhood, with the thews and sinews of a giant. The railroad had come, and with it the town, as Lionel predicted, and McBain was counted rich in that country.

One day word came that Jim McBain had returned to his old home. The blood mounted to Mum's face, and his eyes gleamed, when he heard it. His mother noticed, and fully comprehended when he began making preparation to go a journey. He counted the hours till he would start, and at sundown went to Lionel's grave. It was well that he did so; for it was there that he learned the true value of things.

'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' spoke a voice to him out of the past. He started as at an unexpected sound. Oh, yes, it was the minister who told him that; he had forgotten. His eyes followed the upward flight of a bird. It vanished in the blue through which the evening star shone out. One by one all sounds were hushed; and one by one the lights of heaven were lit. How wonderful, and how impossible to comprehend were all his works!

A strange, new-feeling took possession of Mum, the boy-man. He felt a longing to throw everything down as a tired child might, leaving it all to the Maker of all things.

Out of the shadows his mother came to his side. 'You are going to see Jim McBain?' she said.

'I was thinking of it.'

In the silence that followed Mum got the impression that everything was listening. The stars, and the motionless leaves, and the staring white stones on the hillside. She spoke again.

'Don't forget that he said you were born in the likeness of old man Cleary; and no man could stand against him in all Tipperary.'

'Don't, mother; it sickens me. I could make him feel the weight of my arm; I meant to do it; but I am afraid! It is when I think of revenge that Lion seems farthest from me. He would not wish it. You know that, don't you?' His eyes questioned her eagerly.

In fairness to the dead boy she was forced to answer: 'He never held a spite at any one in all his life.' Then she turned and left him, going slowly down the hill.

An hour later the moon looked down on a young face on which forgiveness and peace had laid a transfiguring touch.

Non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla

If you think you need a tonic, ask your doctor. If you think you need something for your blood, ask your doctor. If you think you would like to try Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor. Consult him often. Keep in close touch with him.

We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

Ayer's

Ask your doctor to name some of the results of constipation. His long list will begin with sick-headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, thin blood, bad skin. Then ask him if he would recommend your using Ayer's Pills.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Minard's Liniment Cures Neuralgia.

GREAT BRITAIN says
NO ALUM IN FOOD
and strictly prohibits the sale of alum baking powder—
So does France
So does Germany
The U. S. Congress has made the sale of alum foods illegal in Washington (District of Columbia), and alum baking powders are everywhere recognized as injurious.
To protect yourself against alum, when ordering baking powder,
Say plainly—
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
and be very sure you get Royal.
Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar. It adds to the digestibility and wholesomeness of the food.

## What's In McClure's?

The April McClure's is so full of a number of things that few readers will care to miss it.

The Carl Schurz memoirs are resumed in an article, 'The South After the War,' a graphic picture of the desolation and devastation of the South, and the anxieties of the Federal government in that critical period. Burton J. Hendrick tells of Hughes' achievements as Governor of New York. Ellen Terry is as entertaining as usual in 'Some of My Associates of the Stage.' Miss Milmine continues The Life of Mrs. Eddy, giving the history of the 'Romantic Movement in Christian Science.' Professor Munsterberg in 'The Prevention of Crime,' takes issue with Lombroso, and places the responsibility for criminals on organized society. Mrs. Cutting's delightful novel of suburban life, 'The Wayfarers,' is still running serially.

There are short stories for all tastes. Perceval Gibbon, author of 'The Second-Class Passenger,' follows up that classic with 'The Unknow Factor,' a story of the Russian Revolution. There are, besides, 'The Bucko Mate,' by Colin McKay; 'The Deliverance,' by Michael Williams; 'In the Babies' Ward,' by Caroline K. Herrick; 'The Kidnapping of Cassandra,' by Francis Lynde; and 'The Blind Goddess at Dodge,' by Albert B. Reeves. A poem by Louise Imogen Guiney and one by Burton Braley complete this remarkable list.

Several of the most popular artists have contributed to the illustration. There is a cover by Hugo Ballin and pictures by Reuterdahl, Alice Barber Stephens, Eric Pape and others.

## The First Coffee.

The Dundee Advertiser tells the following story of the discovery of coffee as a beverage: 'Near the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was traveling through Abyssinia, and finding himself weary and weak from fatigue he stopped near a grove; then, being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tree, which happened to be covered with dead berries. His meal being cooked and eaten, the half-burned berries were very fragrant. He collected a number of them, and, on crushing them with a stone, he found that their aroma increased to a great extent. While wondering at this he accidentally let fall the substance into the can which contained his scanty supply of water—lo! what a miracle. The nearly putrid water was almost instantly purified. He raised it to his lips; it was fresh, agreeable, and in a moment the traveler had so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and, having arrived at Aden, in Arabia, he informed the Mufti of his discovery. That worthy divine was an inveterate opium smoker, and had suffered for years from the influence of that poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries and was so delighted at the recovery of his own vigor that in gratitude to the tree he called it cahuah, which in Arabia signifies force.'

Catarrh Cured or Money Back.

The cause of Catarrh is a germ. It multiplies in the lining of the nose and throat, spreads to the bronchial tubes and finally reaches the lungs. Cough syrup can't follow to the lungs—it goes to the stomach—and fails to cure—Catarrhozone is inhaled. It goes everywhere—gets right after the germ—kills them—heals the soreness—stops discharge and hacking—cures every trace of Catarrh. You're absolutely certain of cure for Catarrh, throat irritation, colds or bronchitis, if you use Catarrhozone. 25c. and $1.00 sizes sold everywhere.

## A MEDICINE FOR SPRING.

Do Not Dose With Purgatives—A Tonic is All People Need.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That's the way most people feel in the Spring. Easily tired, appetite variable, sometimes headaches and a feeling of depression. Perhaps pimples or eruptions appear, or there may be twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order; that the in-door life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develop into more serious trouble. Don't dose yourself as many people foolishly do with purgatives in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. What you need in spring is a tonic medicine that will make new, rich blood, build up the weakened nerves, and thus give you new health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the one medicine that can do this speedily, safely and surely. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich red blood, strengthens the appetite clears the skin, and makes tired depressed men and women, bright, active and strong. Mr. Harry Huggins, Oshawa, Ont., says:—I don't think there is anything equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for nervousness, indigestion and a run down condition of blood. For some time I was a great sufferer from these troubles. I tried several remedies but nothing helped me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before taking them I felt like an old man, but by the time I had taken four boxes my strength had returned, my appetite improved, my nerves were steady and I was feeling a renewed man.'

If you need a medicine this spring—and most people do—try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and see how speedily they will make you feel like a new person. Sold by all the medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The best things are nearest—breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work, as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life. —Impressions.

## Dr. Hamilton Follows Nature's Plan.

No physician was more successful in treating stomach and liver troubles than Dr. Hamilton. He avoided harsh medicines and produced a wonderful pill of vegetable composition that always cures. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are noted for promptly curing biliousness, sick headaches, constipation and stomach trouble. They work like a charm—very mild—yet searching and health-giving. Nowhere can a better tonic laxative be found than in Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Try them and be convinced, 25c. at all dealers.

That hacking cough continues
Because your system is exhausted and your powers of resistance weakened.
Take *Scott's Emulsion.*
It builds up and strengthens your entire system.
It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00