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. XXX. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1911. NO. 48

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 6.05 a. m.
Express west close at 9.45 a. m.
Express east close at 4.00 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.25 p. m.

E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, Public Worship at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 3.00 p. m. Mid-week prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, at 3.30 p. m. The Social and Benevolent Society meets the third Thursday of each month at 3.30 p. m. The Mission Band meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 3.45 p. m. All seats free. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. G. W. Miller, Pastor: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a.m., and at 7 p.m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. and Adult Bible Class at 2.30 p.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Services at Lower Horton as announced. W.F.M.S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 3.30. p.m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Wednesday at 3.30 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. PIPE, J. D. SHERWOOD, } Wardens.

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

THE TABERNACLE. — During Summer months open air gospel services:—Sunday at 7 p.m.; Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 3.30 p.m. Splendid class rooms, efficient teachers, men's bible class.

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. K. BURNS, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

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

H. M. WATSON, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

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

THINK IT OVER!

Its worth while sometimes to take into account the matter of expenses. Did you ever think what a saving we make by selling goods for cash? This saving we give to our patrons in the form of LOWER PRICES. It is to your advantage to buy your groceries from us as we can easily convince you. Call and get our prices.

G. W. STRONG
THE WOLFVILLE CASH STORE.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Hutchinson's
Express
& Livery.

UP-TO-DATE IN EVERY RESPECT.

Buckboards, Barouches, Single and Double Carriages. Good Horses; Careful Drivers; Fair Prices. Teams at all Trains and Boats. Baggage carefully transferred. Boarding Stables. Telephone No. 58.

T. E. HUTCHINSON, Prop., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

J. F. HERBIN
OPTICIAN & WATCH-MAKER.

(1.) Eye Examination and Fitting.
(2.) Lens Cutting, Drilling and Fitting.
(3.) Optical Repair in Every Line.

Three Departments Complete.

Eye Examination Free.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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.

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

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

C. E. Avery deWitt
M. D., C. M. (McGILL)
One year post graduate study in Germany.
Office hours: 8—10 a. m.; 1—3, 7—8 p. m.
Tel. 81 University Ave.

Electric Restorer for Men
Phosphonol restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all actual weakness averted at once. Phosphonol will make you a new man. Price $2 a box, or two for $5. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catherines, Ont.
Or at Reed's Drug Store.

For Sale.

In the smart town of Wolfville, N. S., a modern Bungalow, 6 rooms and bath, hot and cold water, electric lights and furnace.

5 minutes from centre of town. Commands finest view in America. Will sell furnished.

B. G. BISHOP,
P. O. Box 38.

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

F. J. PORTER,
Licensed Auctioneer,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Will hereafter accept calls to sell in any part of the county.

The Best Resorts Along the South Shore
Are reached by the
Halifax & South Western Railway
Lockeport, Shelburne, Chester, Hubbards, Barrington
and all the other incomparible summer retreats for
Trout and Salmon Fishing
Caledonia is the gateway to the finest section in the peninsula-Lakes Rossignol and Kejimkujik with their uncounted, and practically unfished tributary waters.
For illustrated booklets and general information write P. MOONEY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Halifax.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

The Colors of the Flag.

What is the blue on our flag, boys?
The waves of the boundless sea,
Where our vessels ride in their timeless pride,
And the feet of the winds are free,
From the sun and smiles of the coral isles
To the ice of the south and north,
With dauntless tread through billows dread
The guardian ships go forth.

What is the white on our flag, boys?
The honor of our land,
Which burns in one sight like a beacon light
And stands while the hills shall stand.
Yes, dearer than fame is our land's great name,
And we fight wherever we be
For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives
Of the brave hearts over the sea.

What is the red on our flag, boys?
The blood of our heroes slain
On the burning sands in the wild waste lands
And the froth of the purple main;
And it cries to God from the crimson sod
And the crest of the waves outrolled
That We sends us men to fight again
As our fathers fought of old.

We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,
Whatever be said or done,
Though the shots come fast, as we face the blast,
And the foe be ten to one—
Though our only reward be the thrust of a sword
And a bullet in heart or brain,
What matters one gone, if the flag floats on
And Britain be Lord of the Main?

—Frederick George Scott.

Only a Sip.

'Father, there is such a wretched-looking man outside. He looks perished with cold, and I am sure I never saw one so ragged before. Somehow he does not seem quite like an ordinary beggar.'

So said golden-haired Myrtle Norreys as she peeped into the library where her father sat busily writing one cold day in February.

Now, Sir Francis Norreys had certain excellent opinions about relieving poor, rightly believing that to give without discriminating was often no charity at all, and that as a rule the wandering vagrant was not the really deserving person, such poverty being too often the result of intemperance. A most liberal-minded man, he nevertheless strictly adhered to these convictions, and Myrtle had grave doubts as to the success of her application. It was most unusual for her to appeal to her father on such a matter, but something in the appearance of the beggar, whose arms were so plainly visible through the sleeves of his coat, had prompted her to day.

A bitter east wind was sweeping through the park land surrounding Norreys Castle, driving a pitiless sleet before it; and even in her warm dress had felt its keenness. After the dilicious warmth of the conservatory, from whence she had espied the wretched man who had craved from her a crust of bread with trembling lips, the wintry atmosphere outside had seemed more apparent and the abject condition of the suppliant more terrible.

'Do please come and look at him, father, dear,' she pleaded, remembering the hard, cruel cough that had interrupted the poor man every time he spoke. 'I fear he will really die if something is not done for him.'

Laying aside his pen, Sir Francis rose and followed his daughter into the garden. He was not quite proof against Myrtle's soft, dark eyes, which bore so striking a resemblance to those of the mother she had never known, and whose memory he so tenderly cherished.

Myrtle's description of the beggar had not been exaggerated. He saw something else, too, something that caused him to utter so sharp an exclamation of mingled astonishment and pain that his daughter turned to him in mute amazement as he said in a voice she could hardly recognize as his:

'Ray, Ray, is it really you?'

Never as long as she lived, would Myrtle forget the anguish of those words or the look of sorrowful wonder in her father's kind eyes. The rest of the eventful day was the longest she ever remembefed to have spent as she went simlessly about from room to room, unable to settle to anything, ever and anon pausing outside the door of the one to which that mysterious beggar had been taken by Sir Francis, and wherein they had been shut up ever since.

'What could it all mean?' she asked herself a hundred times that day, as with scant patience she awaited the release of her brother from his tutor, feeling it was a very fortunate thing that she was not obliged to do lessons because of her governess having been called away to see a dying relative. Raymond was even more excited than his sister, and Aunt Margaret, who had been admitted to the spare room in the south corridor, either could not or would not vouchsafe any explanation.

Why was the wretched creature upstairs, and why was their father so strangely interested in him? Evidently there was some strange mystery about it all. Even the servants looked curious, and there were sundry whisperings in the passages and servants' hall. But

Be the day merry or be the day long
At length it chimeth to evensong.

And just as Myrtle and her brother had half decided that, for the first time in their lives, their father had forgotten their usual story and good-night kisses, he came into the drawing-room and, sitting down on the couch between the two children, drew Myrtle's head to his shoulder and clasped Ray's hand very tenderly, sighing as he did so. For a few minutes nothing could be heard but the crackling of the huge log on the hearth; then Sir Francis said:

'It is rather late for a story to-night, but I must not let you go to bed to lie awake puzzling over all that has happened to-day. Oh, Myrtle, my little daughter, you never dreamed what you were doing when you pleaded so earnestly for that miserable outcast this morning, nor that the poor creature to whose side you led me was your father's own and only brother!'

The children were silent for sheer amazement. This was indeed far more than even their wildest suppositions had led them to expect. After a pause their father continued:

'You have often heard me speak of my old home in the north, and of my happy boyhood, but never of the brother whose name our Ray bears. It is a long story, but I will try and tell it to you to-night, for although it may serve as a warning to you, it may easily earn from books—a lesson from real life of the terrible danger of indulging in strong drink. Yes, my dear children, but for that your poor uncle would not be what he is to-day—an outcast coming to the house he little imagined to be the home of his brother. You have already seen his deplorable condition Myrtle, and it was a very little thing that brought him to that—just one little sip, my dear, only a sip.

'Now, you already know what my opinions are respecting this terrible matter, and how I loathe everything connected with strong drink, but until this evening you have never known what powerful reasons I had for being what may seem to some people rather narrow-minded. In my young days total abstinence was a comparatively modern idea, and abstainers were, as a rule, regarded as fanatics. My grandfather was one of the earliest advocates of this excellent cause, and many were the arguments that went on between himself and my father, who believed in a moderate use of what he called 'a good creature of God,' and smiled at the idea of their being any danger in having drink in our home.

'My brother and I were never allowed anything of the kind and our grandfather did his best to teach us how dangerous it was. One Christmas day we had been having our dinner with the elders of the family, and during dessert Colonel Neale, one of our father's oldest friends, took my brother on his knee and lifted his glass of wine to the boy's lips bade him to taste of it. Ray was then a lovely boy of seven, with golden curls and the most beautiful eyes imaginable. I can see my grandfather's look of horror as he sprang forward and took Ray from him.

''It's only a sip, grandfather, only a sip,' exclaimed my brother, looking saucily into the dear old man's face.

''The first sip has too often been the beginning of utter ruin of body and soul,' said my grandfather gravely. You may smile at what you call my tanatical notions now, Francis, but you may live to bitterly regret your heedlessness of an old man's warning.'

'But our father treated the affair lightly, and from that hour there was always a little coldness between them; while the Colonel openly poured contempt upon what he called 'cold water doctrine.'

'Time passed away, and Raymond's twelfth birthday brought, as usual, great rejoicing. A large gathering of young friends, a splendid display of fireworks and a bountiful supper concluded a very happy day. Nothing stronger than coffee or lemonade had ever been served in past years upon these anniversaries, but this time Ray had coaxed our father into permitting a little light wine to be placed on the table, in order, as he pleaded, that his health might be drunk in due form.

'It will only be just a sip all around,' Ray had said, and, overruled for once, our indulgent father yielded, little dreaming what the result would be. Little by little from that evening poor Raymond began to tread a dangerous path, a path that has led him here to die in this terrible condition.

'After a time strange whispers of something wrong at college began to reach our parents' ears. For a long time my poor, fond mother managed to shield her erring son from a father's just anger. I need not go through all that dreadful trouble, suffice it to say that a dark shadow fell upon our home, our mother's hair was silvered and our father's brow lined with care. For some years we three contrived to keep our awful trouble to ourselves, hoping against hope that the wanderer might be reclaimed. Then came the crash, and we knew our sad secret was public property.

'Never, were I to live a hundred years, could I forget that terrible evening when, raving like a maniac, my brother, failing to obtain yet once again a large sum of money from our father, struck the dear old man to the ground and even essayed to lay cruel hands on our gentle, patient mother; and this after they had paid his shameful debts time after time.

'You may well shudder, Ray, my boy, at what might have happened that night, for Raymond was mad—mad with drink. And to this hour, I know what might have happened that night, for Raymond was mad—mad with drink. And to this hour, I can hear my father's voice, so unnatural and harsh and stern, in trembling accents of mingled sorrow and anger, bidding him quit the house and never return to it again.

'Oh, children, it was dreadful!' continued Sir Francis. 'Death would have been better than the long-continued strain of agony that brought my mother to an early grave and made my kind old father's last days a burden. After that night he never permitted Raymond's name mentioned in our home, and I have not seen him since until Myrtle brought me to him this morning.'

Sir Francis paused, and the children, deeply impressed by what was naturally to them the most wonderful story they had ever heard, were silent also.

When he spoke again he said: 'Children you know now why I was so annoyed the last time we were at Colonel Hunter's about Ray tasting that wine. You can fully understand with what horror I look upon what some one might call the 'devil in solution.' But for that your poor uncle might have been one of the happiest, most respected and wealthiest of men. One of the cleverest too, for he was more than ordinarily endowed with brains. Now it is too late.

'Ray, my dear boy, if ever you are tempted to touch this dangerous thing, remember of what came of 'only a sip.' 'Oh,' added Sir Francis, as he kissed them and rose to return to his sorrowful vigil beside his dying brother, 'that I could reach the hearts of all those who think moderation a safe course and allow their children to tamper with the enemy, who smile (as my poor father once did) at the idea of their being any danger in taking 'only a sip!'

Buy it now. Now is the time to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. This remedy has no superior. For sale by all dealers.

Sluggish Liver Action

Causes Indigestion, constipation and bilious headache—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills the cure.

"Sluggish liver has been my trouble," writes Mrs. J. P. Smith, Paris, Ont., "and I have been greatly benefitted by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I have taken medicines from several good doctors, but none ever did me the same amount of good as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I could not keep up and do my work if I did not use these pills when the bilious spells come on, and I have recommended them to many."

"Dr. Chase's medicines were about the only kind that came into my father's house 40 or 50 years ago, and they were always satisfactory."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are prompt, definite and direct in their action on the liver, kidneys and bowels, and are therefore the most effective treatment obtainable for biliousness, indigestion and constipation. 25 cents a box, 5 for $1.00, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

No matter what may be the object of your solicitude

BE INSURED

Whether you are thinking of the maintenance of health, comfort and competense in old age, or the welfare of your wife and children.

The Excelsior liberal up-to-date policies afford both absolute Security and Substantial Profit.

The Excelsior Life Insurance Co.
TORONTO
CAPT. S. M. BEARDSLEY, Provincial Manager.
Box 136, Halifax. Box 230, Wolfville.

Will Lose Fiscal Independence.

But the most serious feature of the arrangement is the sacrifice of our fiscal independence. The more you look at it the more certain does it become that from the moment the treaty takes effect our policy will be controlled by what is done at Washington. To day we are the most independent country in the world. We absolutely control every department of our public administration. Once we put ourselves into a state of dependence upon American markets and American tariffs our freedom is gone. With it goes the main spring of our national life.

No intelligent man can deny that the policy followed by the U. S. in excluding us from her markets in the past has been a prime factor in making Canada a self-reliant and independent country. It was at first a hard spin, and there was every excuse for those who sought reciprocity. Now we have overcome the difficulties and won our way through to independence and prosperity there is no excuse for throwing away the advantages of our position. The true path for Canada is the path she has been following—a dignified independence in policy and a vigorous development and careful conservation of her resources. The treaty is the first step towards the exploitation and subordination of Canada.—Hon. Clifford Sifton.

It is not in the Blood.

MEDICINE TAKEN INTERNALLY CANNOT CURE ECZEMA. IT IS CAUSED BY GERMS.

Eczema cannot be overcome by ordinary treatment and the old-fashioned way of dosing the system with drugs. Eczema is caused by a parasitic germ that bores into the skin. It is generally a contagious disease. Until the parasite is completely destroyed and removed, eczema cannot be cured. Fully one-third of skin diseases are in the form of eczema.

We so thoroughly believe that Rexall Eczema Ointment will overcome eczema and allied skin ailments, that we unhesitatingly promise to promptly return the money paid us for it if any one who uses it perseveringly to the end, is not satisfied.

Because of its remarkable cleansing, antiseptic, germicidal, soothing and healing influence, Rexall Eczema Ointment has a very pronounced value in the treatment of skin diseases, especially where the form of ailment is of the chronic, aggravating sort. We highly recommend it for the dry scaly form or the weeping type, where there is a constant flow of ill-smelling excretion.

Rexall Eczema Ointment is very prompt in relieving pimples, blotches, skin discolorations, ringworm, acne, nettle rash, tetter, hives, insect bites, and for healing sores and wounds. It is a pleasant smelling grayish-white ointment, and is very cleanly for use. Two sizes, 50c. and $1.00. Sold only at our store—The Rexall Store, A. V. Raud.

Man and the Crowd.

President Schurman's address to the graduating class at Cornell was an eloquent appeal for the individual against the crowd. 'Would you abolish poverty, would you advance civilization?' he asked. 'Then educate individuals one by one to be more virtuous, more intelligent, more skillful, more industrious.

Upon the soundness of the plea there will be general agreement. It is but a new statement of the philosophy of Jesus that each man should take care of his own soul. But it is a creed that has been much more successfully taught on lonely farms and pastures than in universities.

The late Henry Guy Carleton, the playwright, lived at Atlantic City, and when the mosquitoes were bad he would tell his Madras mosquito story.

'There are no mosquitoes,' he would begin, 'in Britanny, and a Breton woman, about to emigrate to Madras, was warned by a friend.

''Beware of the Madras mosquitoes. They have long suckers hanging from their heads and they will draw the very life blood out of you.'

'The Breton woman arrived in Madras duely, and as she disembarked she saw three elephants drawn up near the pier.

''Ciel!' she cried. 'Are these mosquitoes?''

A well known Des Moines woman after suffering miserably for two days from bowel complaint, was cured by one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. For sale by all dealers.

A little miss of five years who had been allowed to stay up for an evening party was told about 8 30 to go to bed. Very, very slowly she moved toward the chair. An aunt, seeing her reluctance, asked, 'Helen, can I do anything to help you?'

'No,' replied Helen; 'I will get there altogether too soon as it is.'

Six

minutes is all the time required for brewing Red Rose Tea and the result is a beverage of matchless flavor and satisfying strength. The verdict of your family will be that

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

Out of his Own Mouth.

Out of his own mouth the present attitude of Sir Willaid Laurier regarding Reciprocity is condemned in the strongest possible terms. Speaking at the Imperial Conference in London in 1907 he made use of these words:

'If we were to follow the laws of nature and geography between Canada and the United States, the whole trade would flow from South to North and from North to South. We have done everything possible by building canals and subsidising railroads to bring the trade from West to East and East to West so as to bring trade into British channels. All this we have done, recognizing the principle of the great advantage of forcing trade within the British Empire. There is no boundry line except a purely conventional one over the whole territory of North America. Their (the Americans) habits are the same as ours, and therefore we are induced to trade and cannot help it by force of nature. But so far as legislation can influence trade we have done everything possible to rivet our trade together in the British people. There was a time when we wanted Reciprocity with the United States, but our efforts and our offers were put aside. We have said good bye to that trade and we now put all our hopes upon the British trade.'

New Minister—Now, just one thing more, before I accept this charge. Have you got a 'supply?'

Deacon—Well, yes, though we never said anything to the last preacher about it. I'll show you where it is, and you get a key, but I tell you you'll have to be just as careful about using it as the rest of us!

ZAM-BUK
SAVED THIS BABY

Mrs. M. Barrett, 605 Moreau St., Montreal, says:
"A horrid rash came out all over my baby's face and spread until it had totally covered his scalp. It was irritating and painful, and caused the little one hours of suffering. We tried soaps and powders and salves, but he got no better. He refused his food, got quite thin and worn, and was reduced to a very serious condition. I was advised to try Zam-Buk, and did so. It was wonderful how it seemed to cool and ease the child's burning, painful skin. Zam-Buk from the very commencement seemed to go right to the spot, and the pimples and sores and the irritation grew less and less. Within a few weeks my baby's skin was healed completely. He has now not a trace of rash, or eruption, or eczema, or burning sore. Not only so, but cured of the tormenting skin trouble, he has improved in general health."

Zam-Buk is sold at all stores and medicine vendors, 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 4 boxes for $1.00. A certain cure for all skin diseases, cuts, burns, etc., and for piles.

Zam-Buk

ABOUT THE
COOLEST PLACE
IN TOWN
IS THE
Graham Studio.

And we will do everything we can to help you keep those promises made so long ago. Let us show you some dainty new things in the way of mounts.

Graham, Wolfville, N.S.