

THE ACADIAN

A N D K I N G ' S C O . T I M E S .

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

Vol. X.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1890.

No. 8.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as a superior to any prescription known to man. It is A. A. Adams, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices. Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

News communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to DAVISON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions

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2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

OFFICE HOURS 8 A. M. TO 8 30 P. M. Mail is made up as follows: For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:50 a. m. Express west close at 10:35 a. m. Express east close at 4:50 p. m. Kentville close at 7:25 p. m. Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon. G. W. Munro, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH--Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor--Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by COLIN W. ROSECOCK, } Ushers
A NEW BASS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH--Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor--Service every Sabbath at 9:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH--Rev. Cranrick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor; Horton and Wolfville. Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Greenwick and Avonport services at 3 p. m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.; at Horton on Friday at 7:30 p. m. Strangers welcome at all services.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH--Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a. m.; other Sundays, 9 p. m.; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in month. The settings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Residence, Dixon Kentville, Warden, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)--Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.--Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock p. m. J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 7:30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use your right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.--Dealer in Flour, Feed of all kind, &c.

JORDEN, C. H.--Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishings Goods.

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

BLACKADDER, W. C.--Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. L.--Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & CO.--Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.--Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.--Printers and Publishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H.--Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York.

CODFREY, L. P.--Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HAMILTON, MISS S. A.--Milliner and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

HARRIS, O. D.--General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.--Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.--General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS--Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MURPHY, J. L.--Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.--Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

ROCKWELL & CO.--Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.--Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.--Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Pianos.

SHAW, J. M.--Barber and Tobaccoist.

WALLACE, G. H.--Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE--Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.--Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville, where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Garfield Tea.

A delightful August morning. The Annie Laurie, a trading schooner of largest size, had finished loading, and lay in the harbor of New Orleans, awaiting the hour of sailing. The scene was grand. The deep blue sky contrasted finely with the deeper blue of the Mississippi river, covered that moment with various kinds of craft, from the little row-boat to the vast iron-clad. The air was clear and fine, even in that smoky city of the South. The Annie Laurie, laden with cotton for the markets of New York, was preparing to start on her long voyage. The crew were hoisting her sails, and on the deck stood Captain McArthur. By him stood his wife a short, well-made young woman with a quiet air of reserve. Clasped by the hand she led a little girl about four years of age, her child you could tell at a glance by the same quiet reserved expression, and wonderfully bright grey eyes. The little one's eyes travelled now from bright scene before them up to her mother's face and rested there.

"Shall we start now, mamma?" she asked.

"Very soon, I believe. See! They're hoisting the anchor now. We're off!" (as the vessel began to slowly glide out of the harbor.) "How glad are you, Tiny?"

"Oh! lots, mamma," cried Tiny, dancing up and down on the deck; "and how long before I shall see Grace?"

"In about two weeks," replied Mrs. McArthur, smiling at her child's eagerness. "Are you going to have a prosperous voyage, do you think?" she asked, turning to her husband.

"If this weather holds out," was the prompt reply, "and there are no signs of a storm yet."

Mrs. McArthur did not answer, but gazed with absent eyes upon the mighty "parent of waters," its placid surface disturbed by scarcely a ripple, and reflecting the blue and silver of the flecked sky above.

And the good ship glided down the widening river, homeward bound.

A week passed away and the Annie Laurie, far, far out at sea, was rushing along through the Atlantic Ocean, towards New York, under a cloud of canvas.

The sun had just risen, when the captain's wife, Mrs. McArthur, came on deck. She had not been there long when her husband joined her. "If this weather holds out," he said, "we shall reach New York in less than a week, leave out cargo there, and then for home."

A smile lit up his wife's face, and murmuring some exclamation of pleasure, she left him and went into the cabin without speaking again. An hour later, Captain McArthur saw with dread the unmistakable signs of an approaching storm. The sun was veiled with a hazy vapor, and masses of heavy black clouds were rushing

POETRY.

Nobility.

True worth is in being--not seeming; In doing each day that goes by Some little good--not in the dreaming. Of great things to do by-and-by. For whatever men say in blindness, And spite of the fancies of youth, There's nothing so kindly as kindness, And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our me as we measure-- We cannot do wrong and feel right; Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure, For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow, The bush for the robin and wren, But always the path that is narrow, And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses, Nor catch them, like fishes, in nets; And sometimes the things our life misses Help more than the things which we get.

For good, heth not in pursuing, Nor gaining of great net of small; But just in the doing, and doing As we would be done by, is all.

Thro' envy, thro' malice, thro' hating, Against the world early and late, No jot of our courage abating-- Our part is to work and to wait; And slight is the sting of his trouble Who's winnings are less than his worth;

For he who is honest is noble, Whatever his fortune or birth.

SELECT STORY.

"BY FIRE."

A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

The golden rays of the setting sun are casting their brightness over the beautiful sheet of water known as Annapolis basin, leaving a mass of crimson clouds in the west. A great deal of history is connected with these waters in the pioneer days of Nova Scotia.

How much of carriage and bloodshed have been enacted on their peaceful bosom! The ancient capital, Annapolis is Royal, named in honor of the good Queen Anne, looks every inch a bustling, unpretentious, a reminder of rebellious scenes in the early settlement of this fair "land of the Mayflower." Not yet has the shriek of the iron horse been heard in this picturesque Annapolis Valley, rousing the inhabitants to greater energy and enterprise. 'Tis in this year, 1846, it was whispered about that these things were to be that have since taken place.

On the south or Granville side of the blue basin the trees bend down to the water's edge, and on a fair situation stands a handsome cottage house, gleaming white through the foliage. Surrounding is a well kept lawn, and an air of comfort pervades the whole.

Just now a child of about ten summers, (the brightness of the western sky shining on her golden curls,) stands motionless among the flowers that line the front walk, gazing silently and half sadly out upon the basin, and wondering (as some white-sailed ships drop anchor for the night) when her absent parents, and dear little sister Tiny will return. Not very long now, surely, and then--oh how full of happiness the days will be. But if the child's eyes could look beyond the glittering sunset and the treacherous waters, they would see a noble vessel wrapped in flame, and among the white faces in a little boat, far distant, they would recognize father, mother, and sister.

CHAPTER II.

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liant flash of which lit up the scared faces of the crew, the inky sea, and the storm tossed vessel with unceasing distinctness. Then a broad glare, accompanied by a peal of thunder that seemed to rend the heavens, and a ball of livid fire ran down the ship's foremast splintering it like a reed and setting fire to the deck. When the men had recovered from the stupor into which the fearful shock had plunged them, it was too late. The flames, spreading faster than they had deemed possible, were creeping up the main-mast, licking up the boards of the deck, stealing above and below.

Captain McArthur, who had been amongst his men, made a frantic rush for the cabin. He was met at the door by his wife, her little girl in her arms. Without words, for none were needed, he took her hand, and together they passed up the cabin stairs and gained the deck. Through the fore-hatch, a huge volume of flame and smoke was pouring. The glare of the flames shone for many miles across the dark raging sea. "The cargo! It's a fire!" the cotton caught!" cried a sailor rushing up to the captain, pale with fright. A glance around told the captain that it would be useless to attempt to subdue the flames. No human effort could arrest their progress, and so dreadful was the noise of sea and sky that the minute gun, after being discharged three times, was abandoned. "For," said the captain, "in any case assistance could not reach us in such an awful tempest."

At this there was a fearful cry raised for the boats, and useless--as it was they endeavored to launch them. As they touched the water one after another was dashed into a hundred fragments, and while they were trying to launch the last, the mainmast fell over the side with a terrible crash. An immense column of flame and sparks shot up toward the dark, lowering sky. She captain's wife stood by the weather-rail holding her frightened child clasped close in her arms. The flames darted toward her, licking her very garments with their scorching tongues; but she seemed unconscious of peril. Her eyes were fixed on the tossing sea, lit up by the glare of the flames whose dull roar she heard as they raged in the narrow walls below.

Captain McArthur hastened to her side and laid his hand on her shoulder. "Must we die?" she said, turning her eyes to meet his gaze quite calmly.

men at the rope pulled him cautiously nearer to the side of the vessel. A little nearer and he could be reached.

The mate made a grasp at the captain's hair, missed it, and seized him by the collar of his rough pea jacket.

"Thank God! he is saved," cried the man hoarsely, as a dozen sailors rushed to his assistance, and Captain McArthur stood safe on the deck once more. A marvellous escape from a watery grave.

CHAPTER III.

The gale had subsided and the angry waters were resuming their wonted calm, the heavy clouds parting and showing the smiling blue beneath. The storm ceased as suddenly as it began. In half an hour there was no trace of a cloud in the blue canopy above. The rays of the sun poured down with a fierce heat on the deck of the Annie Laurie. The crew rejoiced at the change, all but a few of the oldest seamen, who shook their heads ominously and declared that the sudden change boded no good. These were ridiculed by the sailors who lounged about on the deck enjoying the fierce heat, that, as the day wore on grew unbearable. Great heavy masses of clouds were, for the second time that day, seen advancing. In a short time the sky was completely covered with a canopy of darkness. It seemed as though the predictions of the old seamen were about to be verified. The air was stifling.

Suddenly a strange calm seemed to fall over the ship. Even the sea heaved its restless moaning and crept up the sides of the becalmed vessel in silence. Then the air grew dark as night, and a lurid sheet of light broke from the dark clouds, followed by a terrible crash of thunder, as the dreadful tempest closed round the doomed Annie Laurie.

The din of sea and sky was frightful. The waves rose mountains high, their terrible looks mingled with the very

liant flash of which lit up the scared faces of the crew, the inky sea, and the storm tossed vessel with unceasing distinctness. Then a broad glare, accompanied by a peal of thunder that seemed to rend the heavens, and a ball of livid fire ran down the ship's foremast splintering it like a reed and setting fire to the deck. When the men had recovered from the stupor into which the fearful shock had plunged them, it was too late. The flames, spreading faster than they had deemed possible, were creeping up the main-mast, licking up the boards of the deck, stealing above and below.

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Captain McArthur hastened to her side and laid his hand on her shoulder. "Must we die?" she said, turning her eyes to meet his gaze quite calmly.

"I hope not," he answered, turning his face away that she might not see the anxiety written on it: "The sea has abated a little. The boat may live on it. Come!"

He took the child from her arms, and strode toward the one remaining boat, in which the crew, frightened out of their wits, were fighting for places. The struggle ceased for a moment, however, at the captain's authoritative command, and Mrs. McArthur and her little girl were allowed to take their seats quietly. Then the sailors, and last of all the captain, threw themselves into places, and a huge wave swept them away from the side of the doomed ship, and just in time for an instant later the vessel was completely wrapped in flame.

The thunder tempest was followed by such a downpouring of rain, as can hardly be imagined. How eagerly the shipwrecked voyagers watched for the dawn need not here be told. The torrents of rain beat down the sea, the wind gradually abated, and towards morning the stars shone through broken masses of cloud. Lighter and lighter grew the sky in the east, and at last the great gold rim of the sun began to climb over the horizon.

The captain stood erect, and shading his eyes with his hands, peered long and anxiously across the still heaving waste of waters. "Sail ho!" rang out in his stentorian tones, and the light of hope sprang to pallid faces, and glad eyes gazed across the sea to the approaching vessel, which proved to be a French brigantine bound for New York.

In half an hour the shipwrecked mariners were standing safe on her deck, and meeting with all possible attention from the officers, who were deeply sympathetic for the misfortunes they had encountered, and--

Well! To tell a long story in a few words, the next week saw them later, blue waters and smiling sky, witnessed a joyous re-union on the shores of Annapolis Basin.

MAUDE SAUNDERS, Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co., N. S. Lincoln's Melancholy.

Those who saw much of Abraham Lincoln during the later years of his life, were greatly impressed with the expression of profound melancholy his face always wore in repose.

Mr. Lincoln was of a peculiarly sympathetic and kindly nature. These strong characteristics influenced, very happily, as it proved, his entire political career. They would not seem, at first glance, to be efficient aids to political success; but in the peculiar emergency which Lincoln, in the providence of God, was called to meet, no vessel of common clay could possibly have become "chosen of the Lord."

Those acquainted with him from boyhood knew that early griefs tinged his whole life with sadness. His partner in the grocery business at Salem, was "Uncle" Billy Green, of Tulula, Ill., who used at night, when customers were few, to hold the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons.

It was to his sympathetic ear Lincoln told the story of his love for sweet Ann Rutledge; and he, in return offered what comfort he could when poor Ann died, and Lincoln's great heart nearly broke.

"After Ann died," says "Uncle" Billy, "on stormy nights, when the wind blew the rain against the roof, Abe would set that in the grocery, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, and the tears runnin' through his fingers. I hated to see him feel bad, and I'd say, 'Abe don't cry'; and he'd look up an' say 'I can't help it, Bill, the rain's a fallin' on her.'"

There are many who can sympathize with this overwrought grief, as they think of a lost loved one, when "the rain's a fallin' on her." What adds to the poignancy to the grief sometimes is the thought that the lost one might have been saved.

Fortunate, indeed, is William Johnson, of Corona, L. I., a builder, who writes June 28, 1890: "Last February, on returning from church one night, my daughter complained of having a pain in her ankle. The pain gradually extended until her entire limb was swollen and very painful to the touch. We called a physician, who after careful examination, pronounced

it a disease of the kidneys of long standing. All we could do did not seem to benefit her until we tried Warner's Safe Cure; from the first she commenced to improve. When she commenced taking it she could not turn over in bed, and could just move her hands a little, but to-day she is as well as she ever was. I believe I owe the recovery of my daughter to its use."

Old Nursery Favorites.

There was Tom, the son of the Piper, Jack Soot, and Merry King Cole, And the Three Wise Men of Gotham, Who went to see in a bowl; The woman who rode on a broomstick, And swept the cobwebbed sky, And the boy who sat in the corner, Eating his Christmas pie.

These were some of the old favorites, but they have been supplanted by the "Pansy" and "Chatterbox" stories, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Five Little Peppers." The old fashioned pills and physics have been superseded, and woe, too, by Pierce's Purgative Pills, a mild, harmless and effective cathartic. They are pleasant to take--no gentle in their action that the most delicate child can take them, yet so effective that they will cure the most obstinate cases of constipation, stomach, liver and bowel troubles. They should be in every nursery. As a gentle laxative, only one for a dose.

"Life is a mission; duty therefore, is its highest law. Life is immortal; but the method and time of evolution through which it progresses are in our own hands. Each of us is bound to purify his own soul as a temple; to free it from selfishness; to set before himself with a religious sense of the importance of the study the problem of his own life; to search out what is the most striking, the most urgent need of the men by whom he is surrounded, then to interrogate his own faculties and capacity, and resolutely and unceasingly to apply them to the satisfaction of that need."

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, eat your porridge, drink of coffee, keep your digestion good, steer clear of bill ovens, exercise, go slow and easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend these, I reckon, will give you a lift.

Riches are like a rose in a man's hand; if he use it gently; it will preserve its savor and color a great while but if he crush it and grind it roughly it loses both its color and sweetness.

CHILDREN

Are always liable to sudden and severe colds, to croup, sore throat, lung fever, etc. Remedies, to be effective, must be administered without delay. Nothing is better adapted for such emergencies than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, relieves coughing, and induces sleep. The prompt use of this medicine has saved innumerable lives, both of young and old.

"One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to find it

It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicine it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The next morning I saw that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral had saved its life."--C. J. Woodbridge, Wortham, Texas.

For colds, coughs, bronchitis, asthma, and the early stages of consumption, take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Send 25 Cents for the Surprise Soap. It is the best soap ever made. It is the only soap that will wash the clothes and the body at the same time. It is the only soap that will wash the clothes and the body at the same time. It is the only soap that will wash the clothes and the body at the same time.

The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Croix Falls, N. Y.