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THE ST. LAWRENCE FLOUR MILLS CO.
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WRIGLEY'S



KEPT secret and special and personal for you is

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in its air-tight sealed package.

A goody that is worthy of your lasting regard because of its lasting quality.

Three flavours to suit all tastes. Be SURE to get

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The Flavour Lasts

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STATIONERY

THAT PLEASE

The Advocate Stationery Department is Now Fully Stocked With

Tablets

Note Paper and Envelopes

Envelopes

Pens, Pencils etc.

School Supplies

We invite an inspection of our stock and our prices will ensure a saving for you.

The Advocate Office

Weak Mothers Regain Health

Through the New Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make

No mother should allow nervous weakness to get the upper hand of her. If she does, worry will mar her work in the home and torment her in body and mind. Day after day spent amid the same surroundings is enough to cause fretfulness and depression. But there are other causes as every mother knows that tend to make her nerves run down. A change would benefit her jaded system, and rest might improve her blood so as to give the nerves a better tone. But rest and change are often impossible, and it is then that all worn out women should take a short treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which make new blood, rich with the elements on which the nerves thrive. In this way these pills restore regular health, increased energy, new ambition and steady nerve. There is a lesson for other women in the case of Mrs. Harry P. Snider, Wilton, Ont. who says: "Five years ago my twin babies were born, and I was left very weak and very miserable, hardly fit to do anything. The doctor gave me medicine, but it did not help me. Then I tried another doctor, but with no better results. One day I went home to my mother, telling her how miserable I felt, and that the doctor's medicine had not done me any good. Mother asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I was glad to try anything that might help me, I got three boxes when I went back home. By the time these were used there was no doubt they were helping me, and I got three more boxes. But I did not need them all, for by the time the fifth box was used, I was entirely cured, and never felt better in my life. Now when I hear people talk about feeling weak or miserable I always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and tell what they did for me, and in similar cases I shall continue to recommend them."

At the first sign that the blood is out of order, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and note the speedy improvement they make in the appetite, health and spirits. You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LT. COL. GUTHRIE TO PRACTICE LAW IN U.S.

Boston, July 2.—Lieut. Colonel Percy A. Guthrie, of Fredericton, has decided to become a citizen of Boston, and will become law partner of James D. Colt in State street. He took out his first naturalization papers on his thirty-fifth birthday, and he will seek admission to the Massachusetts bar. His family is now at Fredericton.

SAYS HE WILL DEFEND HIS CHARACTER.

Fredericton, July 2.—At the meeting of the executive of the New Brunswick United Baptist Association, which was held at St. John yesterday, the following resolution was passed: "Resolved, that in view of the circumstances surrounding the departure of Rev. S. W. Stackhouse, while charged with a serious crime, we consider that until a satisfactory explanation of these matters is given, he should not be permitted to exercise the functions of a Baptist minister."

Rev. Mr. Stackhouse, who was stationed at Doaktown, suddenly left and went to New York about February last, and it is claimed that when he received an official document upon giving up the pastorate the congregation or church officials had no knowledge of the cloud surrounding him. Since then he has been named by a returned soldier as co-respondent in a divorce case, which is on the docket of the court which opened here to-day, the evidence including an affidavit by the soldier's wife that the minister is the father of her child which was born about the time he left. Rev. Mr. Stackhouse has written from New York to say he has engaged lawyers to appear for him at the divorce court and will defend his character.

COPENHAGEN CHEWING TOBACCO

Copenhagen is used differently from ordinary chewing tobacco. Take a small pinch, for a start, and put it between the lower lip and gum, in the centre. Afterwards you can increase the size of the pinch to suit the strength of the chew you desire. Copenhagen is strong, because the tobacco of which it is made is cut into fine grains, which makes it impart its strength thoroughly and quickly. Hence, a little "pinch" goes a long way, showing that Copenhagen is not only an unusually economical chew, but also one of the finest quality, being made of the best, old, rich, high-flavored tobacco.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS IN ACADIA



(1) The C.P.R. steamer Empress, docked in Digby Harbor. (2) At Grand Pre. The Willows, a memorial cross and a pilgrim. (3) An old-fashioned freight car on a Digby street.

The invention of the automobile supplanted the once favourite horse-drawn coach, and now the aeroplane may, to a large extent, take the place of the automobile. But, however science progresses, there still are places where the ancient order of things endures and the people are contented following the simple customs of their ancestors. Oxen may yet be seen drawing drays in that part of Nova Scotia known as the Land of Evangeline. It is quaint to see such a sight on the street of a village or town. Unlike horses, oxen have their greatest strength in their necks. The drays are yoked to the brows and horns of the animals with leather straps. Bells tinkle on their breasts as they move along. The tips of the horns are nearly always decorated with brass knobs. A pair of oxen will walk along leisurely drawing a load of four tons. If you interview the driver he will tell you that they are easily trained and do their work just as well as horses, and you can use them in places where horses would be difficult to manage. They plough and draw logs with the same docile temper as they show when yoked to the drays.

There are other old customs still surviving in the Land of Evangeline, and these add to the attractiveness of one of the most picturesque, romantic and historic regions in America. Silvery bays and rivers, shores of golden sand, hills and valleys covered with fragrant meadows or towering pines or fruitful apple trees, sunny skies and freshening sea and land breezes give health and pleasure to thousands of tourists every year.

Across the Bay of Fundy from St. John, New Brunswick, to Digby, Nova Scotia, is a delightful trip occupying a few hours. Approaching Digby Gap the Bay is dotted with the craft of hardy Nova Scotian fishermen. Passing through the Gap the homes of the people, amidst the woods on either side, look so pretty that one might fancy they were the dwellings of the fairies. Digby Gap leads into Annapolis Basin, whose deep and sheltered waters cover an area of sixty square miles. The Basin is unsurpassed for bathing, fishing, boating, and canoeing. Good roads and walks radiate from Digby amongst enchanting scenes. There are some good hotels in this prosperous little town, and tennis, croquet and golf are amongst the games provided.

Tourists to Evangeline's Land generally make a tour of all the beautiful spots of the region. Yarmouth, beside the sea, offers many allurements to the visitor. A colony of French-Canadians, whose ancestors were expelled from Grand Pre, resides in the vicinity of Yarmouth, and still retains the traditions of the Acadians. Kentville is the headquarters of the Dominion Atlantic Railway which serves the entire district. Grand Pre was the site of the village from which the Acadians were banished in 1755. The well where Evangeline was wont to go for water and the willows under which she rested are still there; Bloudon mountain and the Basin of Minas near by are just as they were of old, the meadows are green on the dykelands and the dykes keep out the sea, and a little inland the gentle hills are patched with luxuriant orchards. Wolfville, the headquarters for tourists to Grand Pre, is built in the midst of one of the greatest apple growing localities in the world. The late King Edward was amongst those who visited and loved this spot. It is only a short walk from Wolfville to Grand Pre, and the marshlands extend from one place to the other.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway has purchased the "big field" where the Acadians made their village, which was their capital, and this has become a public park. A memorial cross now stands there on the site of the ancient burial ground, and a statue of Evangeline sculptured by Philippe Hebert and his son Henri, descendants of an Acadian family, will soon add the grace of art to the traditions of a haunt where nature has lavished her rarest charms.

The Brotherhood of Nature.



(1) King of the buffalo. (2) Buffalo herd at Banff. (3) King and queen buffalo.

head. This all leads up to the king of the buffalo herd in the great park at Banff beside the towering pile of Cascade Mountain where the C. P. R. trucks skirt the base. Six feet high at the shoulders he stands with a mighty depth of chest, a tremendous head and a patriarchal beard of brown silk that sweeps on a level with his knees. He is a stupendous creature and has impressed his powers of dominance on all the other bulls in the pastures. Visitors marvel at his bulk and his very apparent size and power. He is a ton weight of life-driven brawn and bone and flesh.

Yet he is a usurper, nevertheless. He stepped into the place of a better through force of circumstance and the ability to see the opportune moment. For many years "Sir Donald" was emperor of the buffalo at Banff. He more than topped six feet at the shoulders, his head was as hard and as heavy as a granite slab, his agility was that of a cat, his charge was like the rush of the avalanche down a steep mountain side. With ease he kept the young bulls in second place, included in their number being the present leader. In time it needed but a slow swing of the heavy head to make the other bulls scamper. Like a wise leader he paid little attention to the private quarrels of young males, and naturally they fought among themselves to prove superiority. The present dictator whipped them all. And it came to pass that he looked again on Sir Donald with a red eye and that sturdy and astute leader recognized the need of the application of first principles. He broke a horn on the hard skull of the younger animal, but he trampled all feelings of equality or opposition from that vanquished beast.

The years rolled on. Sir Donald passed the thirty year milestone. His teeth grew poor, winter found him thin. A touch of rheumatism slowed him down, and still respectful of his age he was the hour of the young bulls. Led by the last defeated contestant they attacked the veteran chieftain so that he was still respectful of his prowess were satisfied with keeping him outside the herd by uniting and

remaining united. None were willing yet to dare his anger single-handed. Sir Donald rumbled in solitude, his former wives abandoned him, his children ignored him, the young bulls rumbled when he came in sight. Then came a frosty night that so stiffened his rheumatic joints that he could not arise when the morning sun poured its golden light down in the broad valley. A wandering young bull finding him thus helpless roared the fighting call of the herd as he charged. The iron-hard earth trembled as the other great brutes thundered to the scene, and soon all that was visible was a half dozen buffalo bulls trampling and goring a heap on the ground while the air was filled with the howlings of victory. Strange to say, though the body was pulped by the hoofs of the bulls the magnificent head was unmarred, and men took it away, had it mounted, and now it hangs in the building at Ottawa, broken horn and all.

The present king saw his opportunity. He challenged the buskier of his partners in the deposition murder and thoroughly whipped him. He waved thus triumphantly through ranks of the others, and soon his dominion was admitted and the other brutes obeyed the swing of his head as promptly as they had that of Sir Donald's. He rules exactly as did his predecessor. He has families and a great dignity, and has now governed for some years.—L. V. K.