

... on Leg  
... itching  
... Dr. Chase's Ointment

**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. XXIV.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1904.

NO. 1.

**THE ACADIAN**  
Published every Friday morning by the  
Proprietors,  
**DAVIDSON BROS.,**  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in  
advance.

Newly communications from all parts  
of the county, or articles upon the topics  
of the day are cordially solicited.

**ADVERTISING RATES**  
\$1.00 per square (9 inches) for first  
insertion; 50 cents for each subsequent  
insertion.

Special rates for early advertising  
insertions on application.

Reading notices ten cents per line first  
insertion, two and a half cents per line  
for each subsequent insertion.

Only for new advertisements will be  
received up to Thursday noon—copy for  
change in contract advertisement must  
be in the office by Wednesday noon.

Advertisements in which the number  
of insertions is not specified will be con-  
tinued and charged for until otherwise  
ordered.

This paper is mailed regularly to sub-  
scribers until a definite order to discon-  
tinue 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.

**POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.**  
Office Hours, 8.30 a. m. to 8.30 p. m.  
Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.35  
a. m.  
Express west close at 9.45 a. m.  
Express east close at 4.30 p. m.  
Kentville close at 6.10 p. m.  
Geo. V. RAND, Post Master.

**CHURCHES.**  
**BARRIE 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.; Y. P. U.  
prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening  
at 7.45, and Church prayer-meeting on  
Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's  
Missionary Aid Society meets on Wed-  
nesday following the first Sunday in the  
month, and the Woman's prayer-meeting  
on the third Wednesday of each month  
at 8.30 p. m. All seats free. Others at  
the door to welcome strangers.

**Presbyterian Church.**—Rev. R. M.  
Dill, Pastor. Services on the Sab-  
bath: Public Worship every Sunday  
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday  
School at 2.30 p. m.; Prayer Meeting on  
Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.; Chalmers'  
Prayer Meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Wednes-  
day at 7.30 p. m.; Bible Class, at  
8.30 p. m.

**Methodist Church.**—Rev. Geo. P.  
Johnson, Pastor. Services on the Sab-  
bath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sab-  
bath School at 10 o'clock, a. m.; Prayer Meet-  
ing on Thursday evening at 7.30. All  
the seats are free and strangers welcome  
at all the services. At 7.30 p. m. in Super-  
intendent and teacher of Bible Class, the  
Rector.

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND.**  
St. John's Parish Church, or Holy Trinity.  
—Services: Holy Communion every  
Sunday, 9 a. m.; First and Third Sundays  
at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m.  
Evening 7.15 p. m. Special services  
in advance. Lent, etc. Notice in church.  
Sunday School, 10 a. m. Super-  
intendent and teacher of Bible Class, the  
Rector.

**MARSDEN.**  
St. George's Lodge, A. F. & A. M.,  
meets at their Hall on the second Friday  
of each month at 7.30 o'clock.  
I. B. OAKS, Secretary.

**ODFELLOWS.**  
ODFELLOWS, No. 92, meets every  
Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall  
in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren al-  
ways welcomed.  
O. H. BORDEN, Secretary.

**TEMPERANCE.**  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION, S. of T. meets  
every Monday evening in their hall at  
8.00 o'clock.

**FORESTERS.**  
Court Blonidon, I. O. F. meets in  
Temperance Hall on the third Wednes-  
day of each month at 7.30 p. m.

**Potted Plants**  
AND  
**Cut Flowers**  
OF ALL  
**Description**  
AT  
**FREEMAN'S NURSERY**  
Wedding Bouquets and Funeral  
designs made up at short notice.  
W. A. FREEMAN,  
WOLFVILLE.

**\$10 REWARD!**  
As we are under considerable ex-  
pense 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.

**Leslie R. Fair,**  
**ARCHITECT.**  
Present P. O. address  
AYLESFORD, N. S.

**Edwin E. Dickey, M. D.,**  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
Office: Two doors east of Manual  
Training Hall. Telephone No. 5.

**20 YEARS**  
In the business of  
**SELLING and REPAIRING of WATCHES.**

**WATCHES GOLD, SILVER & NICKEL**  
From \$1.25 upward.

**J. F. HERBIN,**  
Optician and Jeweller.

**what of the future?**  
Do You want to be better off than you are now?  
In your old age do you wish to live in ease and comfort?  
In the event of your death do you wish your family to enjoy in some degree  
the comforts you can now provide for them?

**IF SO** Apply at once for a policy with  
**THE ROYAL VICTORIA LIFE INSURANCE CO.**

**TO-DAY you are in good health:— BUT**  
**WHAT OF THE FUTURE?**  
**JOHN T. PURDON,**  
General Agent  
Wolfville, N. S.

**C. M. YADGHER.** **F. W. WOODMAN.**  
**Wolfville Coal & Lumber Co.,**  
GENERAL DEALERS IN  
Hard and Soft Coals, Kindling-Wood, Etc.

Also Brick, Claypans, Shingles, Sheathing, Hard and Soft Wood  
Flooring and Rough and Finished Lumber of all kinds  
**AGENTS FOR**  
**The BOWKER FERTILIZER CO.,**  
BOSTON.

**And Haley Bros., St. John.**

**A. W. Allen & Son,**  
Sashes, Doors, Mouldings.  
ALL KINDS OF  
BUILDERS' FINISH AND MATERIAL  
In Native and Foreign Woods.  
BOXES, STAVES, HEADING.  
Catalogue and Prices on Appli-  
cation.

**MIDDLETON, N. S.**  
**Fred H. Christie**  
**PAINTER**  
**PAPER HANGER.**  
Best Attention Given to Work  
Entrusted to Us.  
Orders left at the store of Mr. W.  
Ship will be promptly attended to.  
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

**Ayer's**  
For coughs, colds, bronchitis,  
asthma, weak throats, weak  
lungs, consumption, etc.  
**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.**

**Cherry Pectoral**  
Always keep a bottle of it in  
the house. We have been  
saying this for 50 years, and  
so says the doctor.

**The Lungs**  
Daily action of the bowels is neces-  
sary. Aid nature with Ayer's Pills.

**THE MIDLAND**  
**RAILWAY CO.**  
ON and AFTER JUNE 1st, 1904,  
trains will run as follows, connecting  
Truro with C. E. Train and at Windsor  
with the D. A. R.:

Leaves Truro at 7.00 a. m., arrive in Windsor  
9.55 a. m.  
Leaves Truro at 2.45 p. m., arrive in Windsor  
5.30 p. m.  
Leaves Windsor at 2.45 p. m., arrive in Truro  
5.30 p. m.  
Leaves Windsor at 7.45 p. m., arrive in Truro  
10.30 p. m.

**H. V. HARRIS,**  
General Manager.

**The Word of a Prodigal.**  
By Isabel A. E. MacLennan.

'Mawning, Stanley!  
'Mawning, Spencer! Ripping  
day, what?'  
'Rather! Haven't seen Reggy  
around, have you?'  
'No, I say, is true?  
'That's what I want to find out.  
Ta-ta!

Top hats, monocles and a Piccadilly  
junge should properly have accom-  
panied the voice, and the setting  
might have been a St. James' Club.  
But it wasn't. Stanley was seated on  
top of a load of cabbage, which he was  
driving with a distinguished air, to  
the railway station, and he wore blue  
overalls, a grey flannel shirt, a large  
red cotton handkerchief around his  
neck, and an enormous cow-breakfast  
hat. He revelled in negligé costumes  
which shows that he had been used  
all his life to elaborate toilettes. Just  
now he was particularly well dressed  
on account of going into town. In  
fact, Spencer, whose family name was  
Somerset, thought that his friend  
was looking remarkably chic this  
morning. For one thing, his rope  
suspenders fastened with clothes-pin-  
ners were not visible, nor were his cow-  
hide boots laced with white string;  
and he had a real pocket handkerchief  
not an oatmeal sack nor a sail bag  
ripped up. Really, Stanley was get-  
ting quite foppish.

Spencer himself had the honor of  
driving a number of large milk cans  
which he collected from the farms  
along the road and brought in every  
day to the Barrington creamery.  
He was attired in shepherd-plaid  
knickerbockers, golf stockings of the most  
venerable description, low shoes with  
enormous buckles, shooting jacket,  
and a fierce sombrero. He was tall  
and dark and very handsome in a  
lazy, bored-to-extinction way. They  
both looked as if they were masquer-  
ading, and might have stepped out of  
the chorus of some comic opera.

And they were about as far from  
Piccadilly as they could possibly be,  
for the road upon which they passed  
wound along the face of a tree-covered  
cliff, against which the breakers of  
the Pacific ceaselessly beat, sometimes  
spraying the rocks with foam and  
rain, and sometimes gently, with a  
rhythmic, crooning sound; where,  
looking westward, you felt an over-  
powering sense of space—of being on  
the edge of the last bit of land in the  
world—above and around and be-  
yond, and still further beyond, stretch-  
ed only blue sky and trackless ocean.

Against the northern skyline,  
shrouded in mist, rose Mount Hope,  
clouded, almost over-shadowed by  
the stupendous height of Mount  
Vigilant, whose heavy head bore with  
majestic patience the rains and snows  
that marked the passing of the years.  
Following the road, flanked by tall  
fir, hemlocks and cedars, you came  
suddenly upon a lily-fringed lake  
like a great sapphire set in pearls,  
lying at the foot of a Rocky mountain.  
Further on were glimpses of another  
wide stretch of ocean, broken only by  
a group of small tree-covered islands,  
bright splashes of red and gold in the  
blue of the far-flashing waters.

Barrington was the centre of an  
aristocratic district on the coast of  
British Columbia. It was advertised  
extensively in England as a rich  
farming and mining country with un-  
rivalled sporting facilities—the shoot-  
ing and fishing were really unsur-  
passed—where tired officers and gen-  
tlemen's sons—youngee sons, poor,  
ubiquitous youngee sons—who in-  
quiries were inadequate to the style of  
living which their positions demand-  
ed at home, could not only pass their  
days in comfort and pleasure, but  
stand a very good chance of amassing  
wealth and eventually becoming a  
power in the newly opened coun-  
try.

By enlivening the action of the kidneys,  
Liver and bowels Dr. Chase's Kidney-  
Liver Pills entirely overcome constipation  
and ensure the proper working of the  
digestive system.  
Mrs. Owen Constance, Deseronto,  
Ont., states:—'I was in very poor health  
when I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-  
Liver Pills. I had been a great sufferer  
from constipation and stomach trouble  
and was weak and ran down in strength.  
I was gradually growing weaker every day,  
and finally decided that I would have to  
use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I began  
using them, and soon noticed a marked  
change for the better. I continued this  
treatment until I was cured of constipation  
and my stomach was restored to a healthy  
condition. It only took about three boxes  
of pills to entirely cure me.'

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill  
a dose, 25 cents a box. The portrait and  
signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous  
reliable book authors, are on every box.

**Constipation and Stomach Trouble**  
The most common ills of life,  
and quickly cured by  
**Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.**

**SINGLE OR DOUBLE**  
**HARNESS**  
For light A-trip or heavy hauling, a n is  
obtained here at prices that will please.  
The m who buys Harness here is al-  
ways satisfied with his purchase. Each  
set is made of extra good stock, stitched  
by hand, and the mountings are of su-  
perior quality.

**Wm. Regan,**  
HARNESS MAKER.  
**HOUSE TO LET.**

fund of driving, he decided to accept  
a position with Mr. Boggs, the but-  
cher.

He called it a 'billet' when he wrote  
to his mother about it. He used  
large, vague terms, and avoided all  
trying details. And lady Claudia  
Bohann, as she dwelt in the damp ex-  
clusiveness of Eudgeleigh Towers,  
gloried in her son's manly indepen-  
dence.

'Dear Reginald,' she said, 'I always  
knew he would bring honor and dis-  
tinction to the Bohann in spite of  
everything; but I fear he has his  
father's proud, fiery spirit, that brooks  
no control.' And she sighed happily.  
Mountain Reggie and Miss Boggs  
exchanged rapidly glances.

Miss Boggs was utterly hopeless,  
from a social standpoint, incurable  
plebeian, in fact. She was like an  
animated bologna sausage—the large  
red kind—in expression, coloring and  
figure. Even the faint odor of garlic  
was not missing. Her Christian  
name was Eliza, but the parental and  
commonly accepted version of it  
was Lizer, which was not Christian,  
but very heathenish. Barring these  
considerations, she was not at all a  
bad sort; at any rate, she was sober  
and industrious; and she had a heart.

If you had asked Miss Boggs what  
constituted perfect happiness, which  
of course no sane person would, she  
would have told you that it was to  
wear an enormous velvet picture hat  
—royal blue preferred—laden with  
nodding plumes—and a dress lavishly  
decorated with plush and saucer-like  
button, seen to sit well up toward  
the front at church, or at some func-  
tion given by the Sisters of Rebecca  
or the True Blues, of which societies  
she was a prominent member. 'Goin'  
'lodge,' was her chief diversion.  
Reggie used to twit her about the  
deal and ask her how she liked being  
tossed in a blanket, and she thought  
him 'terrible comical.' In Rebecca  
and True Blue circles she passed as a  
'great clip,' and an awful one to cut  
up; so it was admitted that Miss Boggs  
possessed a strong vein of feebleness.

Perhaps that was what attracted  
Reggie; or it may have been because  
she thought him a 'lovely gen' man.'  
Nobody could understand why he  
liked her, or took her for long walks  
along the river bank when she had  
been so often told that she was  
'not his kind of girl.'

She always kept the best items on  
the bill-of-fare for him, and kept  
them hot when he was late. Now that  
may have been the reason.  
Very likely it was. Anyway, one  
summer evening, as they strolled  
along the willow-hung path that  
followed the river—she had kept  
him a very nice chicken pie that  
night—he asked her to marry him,  
to take him for better, for worse,  
and Miss Boggs—let no one ask  
how—said 'Yes.'

'I'm not much good,' Reggie ex-  
plained. 'I'm a bit of an ass, you  
know.'  
'Miss Boggs didn't quite catch the  
drift of it.'  
'How's that?' she inquired.  
'I'm a bit of an ass,' he repeated.  
'You don't mind, do you?'  
'Oh, no,' she replied, very cheer-  
fully. 'I don't mind.'

'It's a go, then, honor bright?'  
'Honor bright,' she repeated after  
him.

Reggie had committed himself.  
'You're a kind of high up, ain't  
he?' she remarked, as they turned  
toward the village lights.  
'Er—yes—something like that.'  
He shivered slightly in spite of his  
coat.

He was silent the rest of the way  
home. Perhaps he was thinking of  
Lady Claudia, as she kissed him  
good-bye, such a long, long time  
ago, and bade him always remember  
that he was a Bohann.

Papa Boggs was so pleased with  
the contemplated alliance that he  
offered to take Reggie into partner-  
ship.

'I'll give you some kind of stand-  
ing in the place,' he said. 'I'll put  
your name onto the sign right  
alongside my own. Boggs & Bohann'll  
go vurry well together—the two  
B's.'

'Thanks awfully,' said Reggie in  
his low, earnest voice. He could  
make you believe anything with  
that voice. It's awfully good of  
you, I'm sure, but I'm afraid I  
couldn't, really. You see, driving  
processes of things is different to  
well the fact is, I couldn't cut up  
steak and things—it's so cold and  
flabby. Thanks awfully just the  
same.'

Everybody thought it a dreadful  
entirement, Spencer, in particular,  
was very much worked up about it.  
He and Reggie used to play together  
in their pinafore days, and he knew  
all about the Bohann. He was not a  
man of the world, but he knew that  
to marry a person of Lizer's calibre

meant social extinction, which is  
held to be a terrible thing in Eng-  
land and all other well regulated  
countries. One of his brothers had  
the same thing. All his arguments  
and entreaties were useless. Reggie  
said the same thing over and over  
and over again.

'What am I a black sheep, I  
don't count. The only thing I've  
got brains enough for is the army,  
and I can't afford that. I hate the  
sea. I'd rather break stones on the  
road than go into their God-forsaken  
banks. I've never been taught to  
do anything. The only thing I'm  
any good at is horses—horses and  
dogs—we always understand each  
other.'

'I'm that way myself,' put in  
Spencer, disconsolately.

'None of them at home have any  
use for me. They hate me because  
they've always got to make the best  
of me before people. I'm 'abroad'  
you know,' and he laughed, but not  
very pleasantly.

'Yes,' he continued, with a capital  
imitation of a lady's voice, 'the dear  
boys have all turned out so well.  
Perceval is in the Guards; Ernest gets  
his command next year—he's our  
sailor boy, you know; and dear  
Francis has taken holy orders. Such  
a sweet, spiritual boy!'

'And Reggie? I used to like Reg-  
gy.' (He was the lady visitor now.)  
'Oh Reggie's abroad. He travels  
a great deal. He's in Canada now,  
where it's always so cold, you know.  
I think he shoots polar bears a good  
deal. He enjoys the Indians and all  
that sort of thing. He's fond of ad-  
ventures don't you know.'

Spencer shrieked with delight at  
his irresistible facial expression and  
his rapid changes in his dulcet tones.  
'Splendid, splendid! George!  
You've got it down pretty fine.' And  
he wiped the tears from his eyes.  
'I've heard them get off that yarn  
myself. Great Scott! Funnies  
thing I ever heard in my life! Say  
'such a sweet, spiritual boy,' again.  
I always loathed Francis.'

Reggie said it, and he went into  
fresh spasms.  
'By Jove! You ought to be gone  
on the stage. You'd make Dan Leno  
sit up.'

Then Reggie would be quite serious  
again.  
'If I had been the size of it, I would  
have liked to have had it in my hand  
and kept it right close to me and  
married the right sort of a girl, had  
the marriage had been arranged  
and will shortly take place' business  
in the Morning Post, and all the rest  
of it. But it was always drilled into  
me that I was only a second son and  
didn't count. As long as I kept out  
of their way that's all they want and  
that's what I intend to do.'

'Then you wouldn't?' Spencer  
hesitated. He didn't quite like to  
finish, but Reggie understood.  
'Oh, Lord, no! What you marry  
in the colonies you can never bring  
home. But banged if I let their  
beasty snobbishness interfere with  
my affairs. She's a nice little girl,  
even if she isn't a lady, and straight  
as a die, and what's more she thinks  
an awful lot of me; so its no use  
saying anything more, old man. Be-  
sides I've given her my word.'

Of course they were married, and  
they seemed very happy in the little  
house down the road that papa Boggs  
gave them for a wedding present.  
Lizer was a good housekeeper and  
everything was spick and span.  
There was a row of photographs on  
the parlor mantel-piece, arranged in  
a straight line, according to size, like  
a regimental drill, just below the  
King and Queen in coronation robes,  
and Mrs Reggie used to entertain her  
callers with descriptions of the originals.

'They're his people,' she would say  
proudly.  
'Good land, Lizer, we kin see that  
ourselves! They wouldn't be yours,'  
the Lady Rebecca and True Blues  
would answer with all the candor of  
sisterhood.

'That one at the end—the one with  
the grand plumes and the veil and  
the long trail—that's the Hon'ble  
Evelyn Something or Other. Her  
name's on the back. Ch-o-l-i-o-n-o-  
d-y, and its Marshbank.'  
—I think its Marshbank. It's what-  
ever way you don't think it is, any-  
how. Kind of funny, some of them  
names. She's gain' to marry this here  
one next year. His name's Perceval,  
he's my husband's eldest brother, and  
he's gain' to be the Lord when his pa-  
dies. This Miss Marshbank, she  
keeps help just to look after herself.  
Why,' and she paused between every  
word to give steadiness to the effect,  
her voice sinking to a mysterious  
whisper, 'she don't even need to do-  
her-own-hair!'

Her callers had read of such doings  
in 'Lady Maude's Secret,' 'A Coun-  
tess's Wrang,' and other stories.

They had never brought face to  
face with the thing itself. But let  
Lizer, one of their own kind, surprise  
them into exclamations of wonder?  
Never!

'H'b, h'm!' they said indifferently,  
turning away. But when Lizer's  
back was turned they took another  
quick stealthy look at the photo-  
graph to see how her hair was done.  
Lizer had another card up her  
sleeve.  
'That's the dress she wore to the  
Queen's drawin' room when she kissed  
the Queen's hand. Vurry stylish,  
ain't she?'

The Lady Rebecca said she wasn't  
had looking; kind of spir'less,  
though, not much git up about her.  
But secretly they were very much  
impressed, and said when they got  
outside, how well Lizer had done for  
herself. 'And so red-complected, too,  
they would fain, I just wonder at  
it!'

On a certain English mail day,  
Reggie was waiting his turn at the  
sawmill. There was nothing for him,  
not even a Pink 'Un. His people  
very seldom found time to visit  
to the family scape-grace, and he  
thought of it with some bitterness. He  
was getting into his cart, when the  
telegraph operator waved a yellow  
envelope at him.

**Most Remarkable**  
**Healing Powers**  
Old cases which refuse to  
yield to any other treatment  
are cured by Dr. Chase's  
Ointment.

Many of the cures brought about through the  
extraordinary anesthetic healing powers of Dr.  
Chase's Ointment are truly marvellous. Externa,  
such as rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, which seem  
to defy the skill of physicians are being  
thoroughly and permanently cured by Dr.  
Chase's Ointment.

Mrs. JOHN POLLOCK, Echo Bay, Algoma Co.,  
Ont., writes:—'Last spring I had a running  
sores, right on the knee cap and could scarcely  
get around with it. It was the worst thing I  
ever had and would keep coming and  
going. I tried many things and  
nothing helped. I heard of Dr. Chase's Ointment  
and bought a box. I used it for a few days  
and it cured me. I can truly say it cured my leg  
and I cannot speak too highly of its wonderful  
healing power.'

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 50 cents a box, at all  
Druggists, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.  
To protect you against imitations the portrait  
and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous  
reliable book authors, are on every box.

They had never brought face to  
face with the thing itself. But let  
Lizer, one of their own kind, surprise  
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not even a Pink 'Un. His people  
very seldom found time to visit  
to the family scape-grace, and he  
thought of it with some bitterness. He  
was getting into his cart, when the  
telegraph operator waved a yellow  
envelope at him.

'Poor beggars! he said very soberly.  
'Hard luck!'  
Suddenly an amazed look came in-  
to his eyes, and he caught his breath.  
'Lord Reginald, by Jove! Good  
God! Who'd have thought it!'

He looked at the parcels still to be  
delivered in his cart. Then he  
thought of Lizer, and gave a long,  
low whistle. He hailed a boy who  
was passing.  
'I say, take the cart 'round this  
morning, will you? and he threw  
him a dollar.

He went for a long walk and smoked  
a good many cigarettes. On his way  
back he went into the telegraph  
office and filled up a blank form. 'He  
read it over and then put it in his  
pocket and went home.

Lizer was setting the table for din-  
ner. She had on a very becoming  
black and white cotton dress, and her  
hair was neat. He looked at her  
long and critically.  
'Liza,' he said suddenly,  
'you're fond of me, aren't you?'  
'You bet I am,' responded Lizer  
with great feeling. 'I think you're  
just grand. Why, I'd just die if  
anything happened to you,' and  
she beamed on him.

'Well, it's all right then,' he  
said slowly, and his eyes were very  
serious, almost wistful.  
He took his cap and went up the  
road, back to the telegraph office.  
A blistering heat hung over the  
town. It radiated from the gray  
earth, and it was in the dust-laden  
wind that swept the powdery roads  
and bent the tree tops.

He tore up the message in his  
pocket and scattered the pieces along  
the rough, zig-zag path.  
'A bargain's a bargain,' he mut-  
tered. 'Hanged if I'll throw the  
girl over now. She's worth the  
whole bunch of them anyhow.'

He filed up another blank form,  
differently, and handed it to the  
telegraph operator.  
The instrument began to click as  
he walked out of the dingy office in-  
to the dazzling sunshine, and went  
along the road to the little house  
where Lizer was waiting dinner for  
him.

'Click-tick! it went. It sounded  
in his ears like a hammer all the  
way down the road. 'Click-tick,  
click-tick, click-tick, click, click,  
click, click, click!'  
And the man at the other end of  
the wire translated:  
'Give the job to Ernest, I'm  
dead, Reginald.'

**IF YOU WANT A TRY CROZER, HE WILL NOT SEND A SUIT OF CLOTHES, YOU AWAY DISSATISFIED**