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. XXIII. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1904. NO. 51.

THE ACADIAN.

Published every FRIDAY morning by the Proprietors,

DAVISON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Subscription price is $1 00 a year in advance.

Newsy communications from all parts 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.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

OFFICE HOURS, 8.00 a. m. to 8.30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.35 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.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. L. D. Morse, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.; B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.45; and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the door to welcome strangers.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. E. M. Dill, B. D., Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chatham's Church, Lot 5: Horton Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Geo. F. Johnson, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m., on Wednesdays.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH CHURCH, OF HORTON.—Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m. Evensong 7 15 p. m. Wednesday Evensong, 7.30 p. m. Special services in Advent, Lent, etc, by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rector.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

REV. R. F. DIXON, Rector.
Robert W. Storrs, } Wardens.
Frank A. Dixon, }

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

THE TABERNACLE.—Mr. N. Crandell, Superintendent. Services: Sunday, Sunday School at 2.30 p. m., Gospel service at 7.30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

MASONIC.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.

I. B. OAKES, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

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

C. H. BORDEN, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION, S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8 00 o'clock.

CENTRAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

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

D. E. WOODMAN.

REPAIRING STATION.

Bicycles repaired and cleaned. Lawn Mowers put in order. Locks repaired and keys fitted.

Bicycle Findings.

Alfred Suttie.

Dr. H. Lawrence,
DENTIST,
Wolfville, N. S.
Office in Herbin Block.
Telephone No. 20.

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.
Telephone 32.

$10 REWARD!

As we are under considerable expense in repairing street lights that are maliciously broken, we offer the above reward for information that will lead to the conviction of the guilty parties.

Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

ACADIA ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

Leslie R. Fairn,
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.

Ayer's
Sometimes the hair is not properly nourished. It suffers for food, starves. Then it falls out, turns prematurely gray. Ayer's Hair Vigor is a
Hair Vigor
hair food. It feeds, nourishes. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears.
"My hair was coming out terribly. I was almost afraid to comb it. But Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly stopped the falling, and also restored the natural color."
MRS. E. G. S. WARD, Landing, N. J.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Poor Hair

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY CO.

ON AND AFTER JUNE 13th, 1904, trains will run as follows, connecting at Truro with I. C. R. trains and at Windsor with trains of the D. A. R.

Leaves Truro at 7.00 a. m., arrive in Windsor 9.05 a. m.
Leaves Truro at 2.45 p. m., arrive in Windsor 5.00 p. m.
Leaves Truro at 5.00 a. m., arrive in Windsor 5.50 a. m.
Leaves Windsor at 7.40 a. m., arrive in Truro 9.35 a. m.
Leaves Windsor at 9.50 a. m., arrive in Truro 1.50 p. m.
Leaves Windsor at 3.45 p. m., arrive in Truro 7.35 p. m.

H. V. HARRIS,
General Manager.

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. VAUGHN. F. W. WOODMAN.
Wolfville Coal & Lumber Co.,
GENERAL DEALERS IN
Hard and Soft Coal, Kindling-Wood, Etc.
Also Brick, Clapboards, 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,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Sashes, Doors, Mouldings,
ALL KINDS OF
BUILDERS' FINISH AND MATERIAL
in Native and Foreign Woods.
BOXES, STAVES, HEADING!
Catalogue and Prices on Application.
MIDDLETON, N. S.

Fred H. Christie
PAINTER
AND
PAPER HANGER,
Best Attention Given to Work Entrusted to Us.
Orders left at the store of L. W. Sleep will be promptly attended to.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE
HARNESS
for light driving or heavy hauling, can be obtained here at prices that will please. The man who buys Harness here is always satisfied with his bargain. Each set is made of extra good stock, stitched By Hand, and the mountings are of superior grade.
Wm. Regan,
HARNESS MAKER.

HOUSE TO LET.

ON Central Avenue, six rooms, comfortably fitted up with all the modern improvements. Bath room, Furnace &c.
Apply to C. S. STEWART.

Contentment.

Happy the man that, when his day is done
Lies down to sleep with nothing of regret—
The battle he has fought may not be won—
The fame he sought be just as fleeting yet;
Folding, at last, his hands upon his breast,
Happy he is, if hoary and forespent
He sinks into the last eternal rest,
Breathing these only words: "I am content."
But happier he, that, while his blood is warm,
Sees hope and friendship dead about him lie—
Bares his brave breast to envy's bitter storm,
Nor shuns the poisoned darts of calumny
And 'mid it all stands sturdy and elate,
Girt only in the armor God hath meant,
For him, who, 'neath the buffeting of fate
Can say to God and man: "I am content."

—EUGENE FIELD.

A Summer Girl.

A flutter of pink muslin, a gleam of floating pink ribbons, of a summer hat wreathed with roses, and a charming, earnest girl face looking out from under it, and all the piazza people at the great hotel said, "That must be Rosamund Ellis, the college girl whose coming has been talked of so long.'

And every one in the house soon knew, by the cordial greetings extended by old friends and the admiring glances of those who met her for the first time, that to Rosamund Ellis fairly belonged the fame of belle of the Mountain House.

The great, fashionable hotel crowned a height in the center of a New England village, lately found out and occupied as a summer resort by a somewhat unique circle of city people. At the head of the little company was a cultured, highly intellectual man, whose fame as orator and writer has gone the world over. With him came a college professor or two, a poet and a novelist, each attracting a little coterie, and all exulting in the rare beauty and healthfulness of the hills. The real denizens of the town, whose ancestors had transformed the wilderness into a habitable place, were, in the main, intelligent, God-fearing farmers, in whose eves the pretty white church, with its slender spire pointing heavenward from the village green, represented the true meaning of all life, material as well as spiritual.

The new city-comers, however, secretly despised the plain little church and its plain service, and often used [illegible] in speaking of its worshippers. And quite naturally the village people who were outside the church, and especially those whose gains were increased in the service of the new comers—all those whom the church longed to win to Christ—were dazzled by the glitter of the gay city people, and readily adopted their sentiments.

Sweet Rosamund Ellis found nothing in her home life to help her onward in spiritual ways, but at college her pure nature yielded to religious influences, and she had, early in the course, given her heart and soul loyally and earnestly to the service of her Saviour. From being a day to be spent in idleness and social pleasure, the Sabbath had become to her a day to be joyously given to spiritual things. The hours for communion for reading the word and meditation, for helping others on in the upward way, seemed all too short. She not only reverenced and carefully observed the day; she loved it.

So it happened that when the young girl came down to breakfast the first Sabbath morning after her arrival at the hotel, looking as fair as a spring blossom in her fresh, white gown, and with her face shining with the joy of early Sabbath morning thoughts, the chatter of the hotel company jarred painfully on her heart.

"We are off for a horseback ride to Whitecap," said a jolly young fellow, "with dinner at the new Mountain House, and a ride home by moonlight What do you think of that?"

It was not an easy matter for the girl to assert her position in the face of their careless talk. She particularly despised cant and self-righteousness. The young men and maidens clustered around her, laughing and planning. Some of them knew her ideas about Sabbath-keeping, and looked on with eager curiosity to see what she would do.

"But what about the morning service, if we all go horseback riding?" she said at length, lightly, but with a little quiver, as she faced an audience so thoroughly out of sympathy with her manner of keeping the Sabbath day.

A volley of answers, just as she expected, met her little venture. "It was too warm to go to church; the pastor didn't know how to preach; the choir didn't know how to sing; it was vacation time; let church-going have a rest with other duties of the year"; and some one breathed that ancient sophistical platitude about "worshiping God in nature.'

But Rosamund quietly held her way.

"When I was in the mountains last year,' she said, "I heard some one say to the old pastor of the town, 'What a fine thing for your church and the place, to have this brilliant company of men and women come here for the summer; it gives new life to the old town, and must be a great incentive to the young people.

"I shall never forget the old man's answer:

"'Better, a thousand times better, if the brilliant men and women had never seen our little town. They draw away from its service the boys and men who must care for their horses, and drive them about on their Sunday excursions; they teach them the use of wine and tobacco; they profane every Lord's day all through the summer, and the fact that they are cultured, intelligent and highly esteemed in the world outside adds terrible weight to their bad example. The Lord's day was a quiet, sacred, happy time until they came. Now all the preaching of the year cannot wipe away the effect of their evil deeds. The church feels the influence most keenly. And when, at the close of the season, the gay guests unite in an entertainment for our benefit, they think they are doing an act of charity. Far greater charity,' said the old man, 'if they [illegible] remain away; or, better if the[illegible] would show at least [illegible] the day which we honor, and which we are trying to teach our children to honor. Some of the visitors are members of Christain churches at home, I am told. How can they answer to their God for the long summer violation of his command to reverence the Sabbath? They excuse themselves by saying that I cannot preach as well as their city pastors; that I do not deny. But surely God's word is powerful, however feebly it is set forth, and there must be some thought in any honestly prepared sermon which should reach and help a true Christain, however lacking in eloquence the preacher may be. I do my best,' said the old man, humbly.

"Now," said Rosamund, still lightly, "if any of you feel like adding to the burdens of that good old man, I am not one of you. Every Sunday this summer I shall go to church morning and evening, God will,—and not once shall I go riding or take part in an excursion of any sort. And I shall count as my particular friends those who do the same. It is the Lord's day, not ours, you know; and, I truly believe," she added softly, "that we can make the Sabbaths among these hills beautiful memories for all our lives."

The little company gradually dissolved away from Rosamund's side and formed in groups on the piazza, in the parlors, and in quiet corners, to talk over the situation. In a half hour, the horses were brought gaily up to the front door, and a party, much smaller than the original one, galloped away over the plain. A few quietly walked across the green to the little church, and the old pastor noted their coming and wondered much what had brought them.

By degrees Rosamund won the day. She talked to the fishing young men so effectually that they gave up Sunday sport; and the small boys who usually attended on their excursion had a chance to go to Sunday school. She interviewed all sorts of Sabbath-breaking people and won many to her way of thinking. She added her fresh, well-trained voice to the choir, and sang solos to attract the music lover. She induced a city musician to preside at the little organ. She made friends with the old pastor and his wife and warmed their hearts by her earnestness and Christian sympathy.

And when the Lord of the vineyard cometh and reckoneth in that little village, then, but not till then, will be known all that Rosamund, the prettiest summer girl in the mountains, wrought for his kingdom.—Margaret E. Sangster, in Everywhere.

Could only Walk From Bed to Chair

For years a sufferer from Kidney disease—Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

MR. SAMUEL SPARLING, Ladysmith, Pontiac Co., Que., writes:—"I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and believe there is no medicine to equal them. I was troubled for years with kidney disease and this treatment has cured me. When I began to use these pills I could only walk from my bed to a chair. Now I can go to the field and work like any man. They are an excellent medicine. Dr. Chase's Ointment is a perfect cure for itching piles. One box cured two members of my family who had suffered from this wretched ailment for four years."

MR. SPARLING

Because of their direct and combined action on kidneys, liver and bowels, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure where ordinary medicines fail, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, on every box.

Dr. Chase's Ecclectric Plaster promptly relieves pains and aches.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

THE WHITE RIBBON.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

Conducted by the Ladies of the W. C. T. U.

OFFICERS.

President—Mrs J. B. Hemmeon.
Vice-Presidents—Mrs L. Sleep, Mrs I. B. Oakes.
Recording Secretary—Mrs A E. Coldwell.
Cor. Secretary—Mrs Murray.
Treasurer—Mrs Chambers.
Auditor—Mrs Roscoe.

SUPERINTENDENTS.

Evangelistic Work—Mrs Kempton.
Literature and Press Work—Mrs. deBlois.
Flower Mission—Mrs Munro.
Narcotics—Mrs M. P. Freeman.
Health and Heredity—Mrs DeWitt.
Social Purity—Mrs John Vaughan.
Mother's Meetings—Mrs. Trotter.

Next meeting Thursday, Sept. 22nd, at 3.30 p m., at the vestry of the Methodist church. The meetings are always open to any who wish to become members. Visiting members of other W. C. T. Unions are cordially welcomed.

The Subway Tavern in New York.

BY A. H. NELSON.

'What do you think of this business?' 'That,' said I, 'is just what I was about to ask you.' So began a conversation between the writer and an apparently intelligent business man as we seated ourselves at a table in the bar-room of the much talked of Subway Tavern on the corner of Bleecker and Mulberry Sts., New York City, about noon of Aug. 9.

The name Subway is, I find, misleading, many thinking that this widely advertised saloon is below the street level. That is not the fact, however, as neither one of the rooms that are included in the saloon is below ground. The name Subway is now a popular one for all new ventures in New York City because of the great subway being constructed underneath that city, hence the Subway Tavern.

On the day above mentioned I spent more than two hours in what many persons call "Bishop Potter's Saloon," but which I found was more generally styled by New Yorkers, who could take the time to speak so long a name, "Bishop Potter's Praise-God-from-whom-all-blessings-flow Saloon," because—as many of The Standard's readers doubtless know—it was opened with exercises that closed with the crowd gathered in the bar-room singing the doxology, Bishop Potter giving the whole performance the endorsement of his presence and hearty support.

Does it merit the support of so prominent a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ and of Christian people generally?

This is what it is, or was on the day I visited it:

Entering from the Bleecker St. side I found an ordinary soda water fountain. The compounder of the effervescing beverages ought to have been clad in a clean white jacket with a white apron, but he was not. The floor was dirty, the counter on which the soda water glasses stood—the glasses themselves not transparently clean—needed wiping off, and the whole appearance was—in view of the declared purpose of the Subway Tavern to furnish an attractive counter-attraction to the common gin palaces in that vicinity—most dissapointing.

On the wall, where every one who called for soda water would see it, was a card bearing the statement: 'Good Soda Water and Good Beer are Equally Harmless if Taken Moderately.' Please note that it is the loudly proclaimed purpose of those who have opened this new style of saloon to discourage the drinking of malt and spirituous liquors. Will this classing of soda water and beer together as alike harmless further that laudable purpose? Perhaps?

On the other side of this rather small room, about twelve feet square, was a cigar stand and over the swinging door through which one passes into the bar-room is this sign: 'Ladies not admitted to tavern. Beer sold at fount.' That seemed like another invitation to take beer instead of soda water and this time it was to the beer drinking ladies! There were, however, no ladies present nor any tables in that room at which the ladies (?) of Mulberry and Bleecker Sts. could sit and sip their beer, and therefore, if any accept this alluring invitation they must stand up at 'the fount' and take their drink.

Strange, thought I, that I find no ladies in so clean and attractive a place. I think it must be that they wish to protest against not being 'admitted to the Tavern.' Perhaps?

However, after failing to get either a glass of coco-cola, or a cherry phosphate, I imbibed a not very cold—the day was warm—glass of root-beer and then passed through the arched entrance into 'the Tavern.' That was even more untidy than the outer room. I saw no cuspidors, but two lean cats were foraging for their free lunch among the scraps of bread and sausage, burnt matches and cigar stumps scattered about the floor. An attendent was making a feeble effort to mop up some of the refuse.

The literature provided for such as might wish to read while they drank consisted of two back number magazines. No daily or other newspaper of any kind. At the bar customers stood three deep waiting their turn for whiskey, beer, gin or whatever they had called for.

On one of the mirrors behind the bar was written with soap: 'Temperance is promoted by every man paying for his own drink.' That seemed to be a good idea, but following the direction in which many of the men at the bar were looking I saw that on the bar-room side of the sign that notified the ladies that they could not enter 'the Tavern' there was the invitation: 'This way to the water wagon.' So every man there saw that the men running the Subway Tavern were poking fun at water drinkers. That, too, like the beer and soda classification, will encourage the substitution of water for beer as a beverage. Perhaps?

I interviewed the head bartender and asked him if he found less of the custom of treating at that bar than at others where he had been employed. He said: 'Yes, in my possession, [illegible] come up [illegible] Instil[illegible] the w[illegible] here and one they have had met and asks them whether [illegible] saying that he is [illegible] the crowd, we [illegible] him that as treating is against the rules of the house we cannot serve him.' This is another thing that will draw patrons to the bar, for of course the man who has a temperance lecture flung at him by a bartender is going out singing the doxology, specially including Bishop Potter and his new saloon in the 'blessing' and he will return thither speedily with a large following. Perhaps?

'Bishop Potter's Praise-God-from-whom-all-Blessings-Flow Saloon' has been opened to furnish the poor man, who wants to leave the poor woman, mother of his children, to struggle alone with poverty that makes his home an attractive spot, an attractive club house, where he can meet kindred spirits and spend in beer or whisky the money that the poor woman and his children need for shoes and clothes. That is a purpose worthy of the hearty support of all bishops and other clergy, and the congregations committed to their charge.' Perhaps? But the Subway Tavern as it has thus far been run is not even conspicuously clean and attractive, and it is quite certain that the poor man will not loudly thank the bishop for thinking that he and his companions will be drawn away from even a home made unattractive to them by a poor wife and too many children to such a poor man's club.

To go back and complete that conversation with my acquaintance at the table near the bar who had before him a large glass of 'good beer,' no other kind is sold there: When I told him that he had forestalled me in asking what I thought of the place he said, with several oaths, 'I can answer that question easy enough. This thing is a—— —— humbug. Do you know Bishop Potter?' I had to confess that I was not on that great man's calling list. My vis-a-vis then said: 'Well, I was going to tell you to tell him that the church can't run a saloon. I've been a steady patron of saloons for many years. I don't drink now as I used to, but I know that when the church tries to run a saloon it is bound to fail. Tell Bishop Potter from a man that knows saloons by experiance, that this will soon be only a 'bug house.'' Perhaps?

'Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter.' Vain have been all previous attempts to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' The Subway Tavern may prove the successful attempt. Perhaps?—Chicago Standard.

Almost Crazy With Nervous Headache

Mrs. Edwards was pale, nervous, irritable, and reduced to a mere skeleton of skin and bone.

MRS. E. W. EDWARDS, 23 Murray St., Brantford, Ont., writes:—"For five years I suffered more than words can tell from nervous headaches, nervous dyspepsia and exhaustion. The pains in my head would at times almost drive me crazy. I could not sleep nights, but would walk the floor in agony until I fell exhausted and unconscious.

MRS. EDWARDS

Sometimes I could take no food for four days at a time. I was pale, nervous, irritable, easily exhausted, was reduced to a mere skeleton of skin and bone, and my heart would palpitate as though it was about to stop beating. For nine months I used Dr. Chase's Nerve-Food, and for a considerable time I have not experienced a headache, or any of the symptoms mentioned above. From a mere skeleton this medicine has built me up in flesh and weight, until now I am strong and well, do my own housework, walk out for two hours without feeling tired, and am thoroughly restored to health."

Note your increase in weight while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on every box.

SOFT CORE

Like the running brook, the red blood that flows through the veins has to come from somewhere.

The springs of red blood are found in the soft core of the bones called the marrow and some say red blood also comes from the spleen. Healthy bone marrow and healthy spleen are full of fat.

Scott's Emulsion makes new blood by feeding the bone marrow and the spleen with the richest of all fats, the pure cod liver oil.

For pale school girls and invalids and for all whose blood is thin and pale, Scott's Emulsion is a pleasant and rich blood food. It not only feeds the blood-making organs but gives them strength to do their proper work.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

Canadian on the King.

Sir Gilbert Parker asks what are the qualities which make King Edward successful as a diplomatist. He asks this in the July number of the Smart Set—an "Imperial number," by the way—and there also he answers it, as follows:

He has been called shrewd, but I prefer to think of him as a man of temperament and imagination, with an instinct as keen as that of a dramatist, or painter, and with the impulses of the instinct rationalized by wide and high experience, and by the best of knowledge—that directly gained so to voce from the ablest men of the world.

The King's faculty for saying and doing the right thing—that, adds Sir Gilbert, is the equipment of a man of temperament.

If Your Children Are Run Down

Jenkins in the current num[illegible] TO GET FEVER OR PNEUMONIA. KEEP YOUR LITTLE ONES STRONG AND HEALTHY WITH FERROZONE.

Parents can't afford to neglect the health of their children, for if disease fastens itself on the child of tender years it may be the beginning of a long train of serious sickness. Ferrozone is a remedy that mothers can rely on, and every child will be benifitted by using it. Mrs Henrietta Laflame of Quebec, writes: 'Last year my daughter, aged sixteen, was run down and looked very miserable. She was worrying about her exams, and she didn't feel strong enough to study very hard. I got some Ferrozone and it made a wonderful change in Marie. Ferrozone gave her strength and toned her up splendidly. I am very grateful to Ferrozone and know that children would be much stronger if treated with Ferrozone.'

Children Grow Strong on Ferrozone.

Mrs James E. Devine of Frankford, says Ferrozone has no equal for strenthing children and writes: 'When my little daughter was weak and miserable I gave her one Ferrozone tablet at meals. She improved at once, and before taking Ferrozone a week gained in weight, and enjoyed a splendid appetite. I never used any tonic that gave such quick and permanent results as Ferrozone.'

Every child can be made stronger by Ferrozone which acts on the blood and strengthens the entire system. Ferrozone is the sort of tonic that builds up strong healthy frames; it gives a child energy and spirit, and drives away weakness. Every mother should give her children Ferrozone and give up all obsolete treatments like bitters and cod liver oil, which are hard on a child's stomach. Just one Ferrozone Tablet at meals, easy and pleasant to take. Results are sure when you use Ferrozone. Refuse any substitute and insist on having Ferrozone which alone can build up and cure quickly. Price 50c per box or six boxes for $2.50, at all druggists or by mail, from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn. U. S. A.

"De trouble 'bout de man dat borrows trouble," said Uncle Eben, "is dat he wants to pay some of it to everybody he meets, whether its owin to 'em or not."

It is Highly Injurious

To use a cheap drastic physic. Safest remedy for constipation and torpid liver is Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut which loosen the bowels without griping pains. Use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

IF YOU WANT A SUIT OF CLOTHES TRY CROZIER. HE WILL NOT SEND YOU AWAY DISSATISFIED