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. XXVIII. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1908. NO. 13

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 of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES

$1 00 per square (2 inches) for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application.

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

RULES.

Copy for new advertisements will be received up to Thursday noon. Changes in contract advertisements must be in the office by Wednesday noon.

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

This paper is mailed regularly to subscribers until a definite order to discontinue is received and all arrears are paid in full.

Job Printing is executed at this office in the latest styles and at moderate prices.

All postmasters and news agents are authorized agents of the ACADIAN for the purpose of receiving subscriptions, but receipts for same are only given from the office of publication.

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE.

W. MARSHALL BLACK, Mayor.
A. E. COLDWELL, Town Clerk.

OFFICE HOURS:
9.00 to 12.30 a. m.
1.30 to 3.00 p. m.
Close on Saturday at 12 o'clock

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

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

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.15 a. m.
Express west close at 9.15 a. m.
Express east close at 4.10 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.45 p. m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, 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 7.30., 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. David Wright, 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. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH. — Rev. E. B. Moore, 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.

GEO. A. PRAT, J. D. SHERWOOD, } Wardens.

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

THE TABERNACLE.—Rev. A. Cohoon, D. D., 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.

A. J. MCKENNA, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

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

E. W. DUNCANSON, Secretary

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7 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.

SCOTIA FARM DAIRY

J. Rufus Starr, Proprietor

BEST QUALITY MILK AND CREAM.

FRESH EGGS supplied early every morning by our teams.

Leave orders at Mrs. Hutchinson's, telephone exchange, or telephone No. 13 at Fort Williams 49

Beautiful Kid Gloves

$1.40 Value For $1.19 Per Pair.

Kid Gloves make one of the most acceptable of Christmas gifts, and what woman is there who would not be greatly pleased with a pair of handsome gloves such as those we offer at the very special price of $1.19.

They are made of a beautiful quality of fine selected French kid skins; soft and pliable, and will adjust themselves to fit the hand perfectly. They come in pretty shades of tan, brown, grey, fawn, light biscuit, beaver, navy and cardinal also black and white.

These gloves are our regular $1.40 quality, but we have decided to offer them as a Christmas special to mail order customers at $1.19 a pair mailed postpaid. Please give size and shade desired and mention this paper.

Write to-day for our free Catalog and Christmas Circular.

MAHON BROTHERS LIMITED

Mail Order Department, Halifax, Canada.

PANDORA RANGE

The Recipe "Ladies, here's my recipe for Apple Custard Pie:-

'Two eggs, four or five apples, grated, a little nutmeg; sweetened to taste; one-half pint of new milk or cream; pour into pastry'—then

The Oven

"'PANDORA' OF COURSE."

The Result

"Four—pies—that—don't—last—long."
Four pies and pans of bread can be baked in a "Pandora" oven at one time.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary. 23

L. W. SLEEP, LOCAL AGENT.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna

Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.
GAS ADMINISTERED.

Dr. J. T. Roach

DENTIST.

Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgeons. Office in HERBIN BLOCK, WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Office Hours: 9—1, 2—5.

Leslie R. Fairn,

ARCHITECT,

AYLESFORD, - N. S.

W. E. ROSCOE, K. C. BARRY W. ROSCOE, LL.B.

ROSCOE & ROSCOE

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

KENTVILLE, - - N. S.

E. F. MOORE

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

OFFICE: Delaney's Building, Main St.
RESIDENCE: Methodist Parsonage, Gaspereau Avenue.
OFFICE HOURS: 9-10 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-9 p. m. 23
Telephone connection at office and residence.

Wolfville Real Estate Agency.

Persons wishing to buy or sell apply to
J. W. SELFRIDGE,
Man ger.
Wolfville, April 27.

At Wolfville.

Building Lots for sale on the Randall Hill, fronting on Victoria Avenue and the new street, running east and west across the hill (King street).

The lots are conveniently and beautifully situated in the centre of the town.

Land good. Air and views delightful. Apply to
MRS. ED. COGSWELL
tf Wolfville.

$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.

D. B. SHAW,

Buyer of
Hydes, Calfskins, Sheepskins, Tallow and Wool.

I pay CASH. Bring your stock to me. Plastering hair always on hand.

Willow Vale Tannery.
Sept. 10, '08.

Constipation

Baked sweet apples, with some people, bring prompt relief for Constipation. With others coarse all-wheat bread will have the same effect. Nature undoubtedly has a vegetable remedy to relieve every ailment known to man, if physicians can but find Nature's way to health. And this is strikingly true with regard to Constipation.

The bark of a certain tree in California—Cascara Sagrada—offers a most excellent aid to this end. But, combined with Egyptian Senna, Slippery Elm Bark, Solid Extract of Prunes, etc., this same Cascara bark is given its greatest possible power to correct constipation. A toothsome Candy Tablet, called Lax-ets, is now made at the Dr. Shoop laboratories from this ingredient and most effective preparation. Its effect on Appetite, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Sallow Complexion, etc., is indeed prompt and satisfying.

No griping, no unpleasant after effects are experienced, and Lax-ets are put up in beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents per box.

For something new, nice, economical and effective, try a box of

Lax-ets

A. V. RAND.

MELVIN S. CLARKE

"THE AUCTIONEER"

76 & 80 Argyle Street, Halifax, N. S.

Sales conducted throughout the Province with best results. If you contemplate moving and selling off—Consult me and get my expert advise for which no charge is made.

If you prefer selling your effects in one lot I will buy on bloc for cash the entire furniture and furnishings of anyone desirous of selling, paying highest prices for same. No charge made whatever for advice. This business has been running more or less continuously 56 years, having been established in 1840, and the name "CLARKE" is a household word throughout the city of Halifax and Maritime Provinces.

P. O. BOX 97. TELEPHONE 775. 21

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.

Voicing Regulating and Repairing. Organs Tuned and Repaired.

M. C. Collins.

P. O. Box 321, Wolfville, N. S.

Christmas.

Say, it's gettin' 'round to Christmas,
The crops is in an' all,
We're nearly into winter
We're almost out of fall.

I'm awful fond of Christmas,
I tell you it is great
When the puddin's in the kettle
An' the turkey's on yer plate.

It's awful hard awaitin',
An' specially that last night
When ye're wishin', wishin', wishin'
Christmas Day would just get light.

There ain't no time like Christmas
For fun an' food an' joy,
An' there's none appreshates it—
'Cept, perhaps, it is a boy.

—James P. Haverson, in the Christmas Canadian Magazine.

A Prophet in Baby-land.

BY W. J. DAWSON.

A SELLER OF RHETORIC.

WHEN Gaunt woke next morning the sun was shining brightly and the late November air was soft and pleasant. His good spirits came back to him with a rush, as they usually did on days of abundant sunlight. It was impossible not to believe in himself on such a morning. The city itself which spread around him, this wonderful New York, with its disorderly gaiety, its clamant light heartedness, its atmosphere of energy, courage, triumph, set his nerves tingling with a new sense of life. New York believed so vehemently in itself. It was prodigal, corrupt, foolish, yet somehow it went on in its path of careless conquest. Its men and women were a race by themselves. They took the chances of life with such inimitable gaiety. This was the outstanding characteristic about them which had always moved Gaunt to admiration. In older countries and cities—London, for example, in which he had once been a sojourner for several months—when men failed they went down, and that was the end of them. In New York failure was regarded as a mere episode on the way of success. Men felt the solid ground suddenly shift beneath their feet, but they just squared their shoulders, escaped the avalanche by a hair's breadth, and were soon climbing again with undiminished courage. Well, and he was a New Yorker. He had lived long enough in the city to be infected by its spirit. He must now show that he had profited by it, and be up and doing to rebuild the tottering structure of his success.

He was quite gay when he sat down to breakfast, when his wife rejoiced and expanded in the atmosphere of his cheerfulness, as flowers expand in the sun. She was by nature a person of equable temperament, indefatigably diligent, kind-hearted, and sweet-tempered. She had little imagination, and so was spared those extremes of emotion which come from a too acute vision of things. Life was for her a very plain and practical piece of business; its one commanding ethic was to do the duty that lay at hand, and do it as well as could be. Gaunt had sometimes wished that she had more power of entering into his inner world of thought and feeling, but he had come to recognize that her very disability gave her a kind of undisturbed serenity and strength on which he was glad to lean. On any practical question he would have trusted her judgment against his own. Upon the more delicate issues of conduct he would have hesitated to consult her. He loved her, of course, but it was not with that adoring passion which far less competent women often excite. But if he could not give her passion, he gave her what women of capricious charm rarely get, complete confidence in her wisdom and her ability to guide his affairs with discretion. Was she content with what he gave? She believed she was; but what woman ever yet was really content with the rewards of discretion, what woman in her private thoughts does not yearn for the touch of passion which transfigures life? Margaret Gaunt had known that yearning, but being a woman of equal temperament had dried her secret tears and had called herself foolish for indulging in them. It was a sort of victory which multitudes of women attain, but it is rarely so complete that the heart never wakes from its trance—a truth, which Margaret was to discover later on as life moved out upon a boarder curre to stormier seas.

She made a pleasant figure as she sat behind the steaming coffee maker that morning. Her calm face refreshed by dreamless sleep, had a bright girlish color in it, her hair was arranged in a broad brown braid, and she wore a plain linen dress which admirably fitted her. Her face was not, in any ordinary sense, beautiful. Her man or his ... when quite ... were of that hue of clear gray which bespeaks sincerity.

'You were very late last night,' she said, 'It was good of you not to disturb me.'

'Yes, the meeting went on longer than we expected,' he replied.

'What did they do? I hope it all went off pleasantly.'

'Well, no. Not exactly pleasantly, but still we got through.'

'Tell me about it.'

'Oh, you can guess,' he replied. 'Roberts is all for economy, and I imagine he only says bluntly what the others think.'

'Well, I suppose he's right. I'm sure it wouldn't hurt us any if we gave up the quartette. They cost a great deal, and lately they've sung dreadfully flat. Besides which they don't really take any interest in the service. The men have taken to go out during your sermon, and it's my belief they go out to smoke, and the women sit and yawn.'

Gaunt frowned. He knew very well the truth of what his wife said, but he did not like to hear her say it. However, he covered his annoyance with a laugh, and replied, 'Well, I don't think that idea struck Roberts or anyone else. Besides, it's preposterous; we must maintain the music at all costs.'

'Why?' she asked. 'You wouldn't be pleased if I kept an incompetent maid in your house. You would ask if she was worth the price. Besides, I suppose that if the managers talk of economy there is some real need for it, and they realize that they must cut their clothes according to their cloth.'

It was just the very phrase which Roberts had used, but as he now heard it on the lips of his wife it seemed to have an almost malignant meaning. It laid bare the whole commercial side of the church too nakedly, too grossly. He made no effort now to conceal his annoyance.

'I wish you wouldn't talk like that, Margaret. It hurts me more than I can say. You make me feel just what I felt last night when Roberts was speaking, that there's nothing sacred about a church, and nothing delicate in my relations to it—that it's all a matter of commerce, and I am what Augustine long ago so bitterly called himself, a mere 'seller of rhetoric.'

'I don't know Augustine,' she replied, 'Who was he anyhow? But if he was pastor of a New York church, I guess he spoke the truth. You see, dear, however, you may put it, you are a seller of rhetoric too. I don't see that anything can alter that, and I don't see why you and I shouldn't speak the exact truth to each other. It may be all wrong, but that's the principle on which churches are run to-day. I don't believe Roberts ever thought of the church as a sacred place in his life, except of course in the conventional sense. It's a kind of business, which he is anxious to run at a profit. So's a college for that matter, and the professors in it, what are they but sellers of knowledge? And a successful poet, what is he but a seller of emotions?'

'Well, that's not my idea of a church, and I don't believe it's yours really.'

'I didn't say it was, dear. But you see it's not a question of ideas but of facts. And you can't dispute facts. The only thing you can do is to be reconciled to them.'

'O, Margaret he replied, with a passionate gesture, 'let us get out of it all. Let us find a cottage somewhere and be free. But, no, that's cowardice. It's only running away. And I gave Roberts my work last night that I would go on, that I would go on, that I would win out somehow . . . Margaret help me to believe.'

'My poor dear, you're worried.' She had risen from her seat and stood by his side. She laid her cool, capable hands a moment on his own, and said, 'I think I know how you feel.'

'No, you don't dear,' he said, 'You don't know how this sort of thing tortures me, and God forbid that I should tell you.'

'Well, don't be tortured,' she said brightly. 'I don't pretend to be a philosopher, like you; but there's one bit of philosophy I do know—admit the facts and then make the best of them. I never knew a house yet where everything went on perfectly. Something is always going wrong, but then you expect it, and you don't let people know more of it than you can help. I guess churches are pretty much the same. There's a lot of things go on in the basement that aren't reported upstairs. But there's no need to think too much about them. Now you go and make your sermon like a good boy, and forget all about Roberts and the rest of them. It takes courage to forget, more courage, I sometimes think, than anything else, but it's the only way to go through life with comfort.'

Gaunt could not help smiling, which was precisely the effect which she wished to produce.

'I believe,' he said, 'there's more real wisdom in your little finger than in my whole body.'

'Oh, wisdom of a kind,' she said with a laugh. 'Wisdom of the plain, not the decorated kind. A woman who has run a house with three maids in New York city for seven years, and never failed to put a dinner on the table properly, can't help learning a few things worth knowing, and the chief is, just to go on, and don't worry.'

'But how not to worry, that's the question, Margaret. I don't think you quite realize my position, dear.'

'O yes, I do. I've seen trouble coming for a long time. Do you think I've not noticed the change in the church, people leaving, and all that? It it were your fault, I should worry fast enough, but I know it isn't, and so I don't worry.'

'It doesn't matter whose fault it is, from what I can see. It's the thing itself, the humiliation of it.'

'I don't feel humiliated anyway,' she said proudly. 'When I am I'll let you know, be sure of that. If it comes to that I'd rather see you leading a forlorn hope than finding everything easy. It's much more interesting for one thing, and it appeals to one more. Of course you're going to be disappointed in some of the people. Adversity leaves only the worthiest for one's friends. Well, I don't know but what it's worth it. I think you've always thought people better than they are, the church people I mean—and so you expect from them a good deal more than they can give. Don't you think it would be wise just to admit what everyone else sees to be the truth, that church people are pretty much like other folk, with all sorts of streaks in them, and none of them good or bad right through?'

'But they ought to be better than other folk, Margaret. If they are not, it is my reproach.'

'If God made them so, I don't see why you should worry because you can't improve on His workmanship. If they are good enough for Him to make they should be good enough for you to put up with. So you take my advice, dear, and just go on, and don't worry.'

Margaret left the room with a bright smile of gentle mockery, and Gaunt went to his library. Usually the mere sight of the large quiet room, with its long rows of books, brought an instant composure, but to-day the charm failed.

His was the kind which once started on a theme cannot dismiss it at will. It analyses, discusses, dramatizes the intruding thought; allows it to possess the fancy, to dominate the will, until the entire brain is full of its echoes, its endless personifications, its subtle variations. And the thought which obsessed him now was this humiliating thought that he was a 'seller of rhetoric,' a brain and voice bought for a certain sum of money by an organization called a church.

He had never quite seen himself in this light before. But once having seen himself, he could see nothing else. It did not help him to reassure himself that he had never tampered with his sincerity for gain. His boast of freedom was true as far as it went; he had taught what he pleased, and had never consciously modified his teachings to suit any man's views. But behind this boast there emerged a disconcerting question: had not his power to please the taste of his hearers arisen simply from the fact that he had accepted his environment, and unconsciously adapted himself to it? Was not his whole mental life like the dyer's hand, 'subdued to what it worked in?' He remembered now some of those hasty socialistic generalizations which he had taken for truths in his Seminary days. He had then held, or thought he held, very decided views on the inequality of wealth. Suppose these views had truth in them, why had he not preached them? And he knew that the reason for his silence did not lie in any radical change of view, but in his unconscious compliance with his environment. Unconscious, perhaps, but not the less real. For a man's temper is revealed, because there is no effort to retard the truth.

From this his mind passed at a bound to a more disturbing question: was the accepted organization of a modern church right? Could any sincere man suppose that the poor man of Nazareth would have approved the hire of men for their talents as the ministers of His church? Was it not inevitable that the real truth about things could scarcely be spoken under such conditions, since he who lived to please must needs please to live?

And the longer he thought, the clearer there rose before his mind the vision of the Man out of whose tragedy all churches had been born—His poverty, and contentment with poverty, His simplicity and entire unworldliness, His disdain for appearances, for conventions, for the smooth hypocrisies of traditional religion: His boldness in the face of certain social disaster, His sublime unselfishness, and at last His solitary death, deserted even by those who had believed Him, and yet secure in his own knowledge of victory, in His own sense of the things for which He was born having been really done. Alas, who could say that? Whose life was not based on compromise? And yet surely the very essence of that divine life was the lesson that compromise with truth is death, that the only victory is complete sincerity.

Dared he be sincere, he, John Gaunt? That was the real question in life.

But like most questions that go to the core and root of things it was spoken so quietly that he did not at first comprehend its force. It was a still small voice within his soul, the sound of a bell heard underneath the sea, in a submerged belfry. It fell strangely on the ear of his spirit. For like most men who lead a busy public life he had gradually ceased to have any real acquaintance with himself. The very need, the constant care, for the expression of his thoughts had led him to a rapid harvesting only of such thoughts as lay upon the service of the mind; he knew nothing of the depths. And now from that depth of his own unrecognized personality there came this quiet voice, which spoke with incomparable clearness asking him whether he had ever been sincere, whether he could be even if he would?

In the ordinary sense of the term he could answer, yes: he had never dealt falsely with himself. But he now saw that such a reply was insufficient. Had he dealt truly? Had he ever allowed his soul free play? And he knew he had not. It was not the selling of rhetoric which troubled him now; it was rather that he had sold himself. Not in any vulgar sense, of course; not as men did who made fortunes by fraud or dishonesty; but he had sold himself for praise, and that was why the withdrawal of praise was to him a torture.

So decisive was the verdict that he looked round the room uneasily, as though he feared that the inward voice might be overheard.

As he did so, his eyes fell upon a large photogravure of a picture which he had always fascinated him, the Christ upon the Cross by Velasquez. Margaret, with her practical mind, had always objected to it, as much too morbid and depressing for the library of a thinker. He had often thought of removing it, but whenever he essayed to do so, the pathos of the picture moved him afresh, and seemed to protest against the wrong he would do it. He looked at it now, the dim background, the bowed head with the dark hair fallen over the forehead in the last abandonment of pain, the white rigid limbs, the finality, the majesty, the conquering tranquility of it all—he looked, and instinctly fell upon his knees.

For he had heard—that silent spectator on the Cross. And he had asked the question too—He whose death was the sublime vindication of sincerity.

'God help me to be sincere; I will try.'

He hardly knew that he had spoken the words. Perhaps he did not. But his inmost soul had spoken, and deep had answered unto deep.

(Continued Next Week.)

Throat Coughs

Ask your doctor about these throat coughs. He will tell you how deceptive they are. A tickling in the throat often means serious trouble ahead. Better explain your case carefully to your doctor, and ask him about your taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Ayer's

We publish our formulas. We watch alcohol from our medicines. We cure you to stay cured. Ask your doctor.

Who makes the best liver pills? The J. C. Ayer Company, of Lowell, Mass. They have been making Ayer's Pills for over sixty years. If you have the slightest doubt about using these pills, ask your doctor. Do as he says, always.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in cows.

Royal Baking Powder is indispensable not only for rich or fine food or for special times or service, but is equally valuable in the preparation of plain, substantial, every-day foods, for all occasions. It makes the food more tasty, nutritious and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The swan is the longest-lived of birds.

You Will Never be Sorry.

For telling the truth.
For living a pure life.
For your faith in Christ.
For doing your very best.
For confessing your sins.
For thinking before acting.
For being kind to the poor.
For hearing before judging.
For forgiving your enemies.
For helping a fallen brother.
For being candid and frank.
For thinking before speaking.
For being honest in business.
For being loyal to your church.
For standing by your principles.
For stopping your ears to gossip.
For harboring only pure thoughts.
For bridling a slanderous tongue.
For being courteous and kind to all.
For sympathizing with the afflicted.
For money given to the Lord's cause.
For faithfulness in keeping your promises.
For asking pardon when you have done wrong

Playiny Havoc with Patent Medicines

An Old-Fashioned, Home-Made Mixture which Cures Kidney and Liver Troubles.

A prominent local druggist states that since the celebrated prescription of a distinguished specialist has become more or less known it is interfering with the sale of secret medicines, especially the patent or advertised kidney pills. The prescription, which first appeared in a leading health journal, is reproduced here, just exactly as originally written:—

Fluid Extract Cascara..... ½ oz.
Carriana Compound..... 1 oz.
Syrup Sarsaparilla..... 6 oz.

Directions: One teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

Any good druggist can dispense this, or, even better, a person can buy the items separately and mix them at home by shaking them well together in a bottle. It is stated that the ingredients being vegetable, are harmless and simple. It has a gentle and natural action, and gradually tones up the eliminative tissues, leaving the kidneys in a perfectly healthy condition.

A merchant well known in public affairs states that this recipe cured his rheumatism. Save the prescription.

Do the Little Kindnesses.

How often do we think of the value of little kindnesses? Just consider for a moment your ideal of what a woman should be, and you will most likely find that she is not a woman who does wonderful things but one who does the graceful little deeds of tactful kindness. She is the woman who says the timely word of encouragement that dispels despair; who always has an eye to the comfort of those about her; whose quiet and unexpected ministrations are like balm to those bruised by the world; and who only asks to make happiness wherever she can her whole life through. It is a big point for all of us to consider. So many people are apt to devote all their thought to the big things of life while they overlook the little kindnesses. We rush blindly ahead over the stony road, which, by a little thought, might be made smooth and easy.

The old fashioned way of dosing a weak stomach, or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is all wrong. Dr. Shoop first pointed out this error. This is why his prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is directed entirely to the cause of these ailments—the weak inside or controlling nerves. It isn't so difficult, says Dr. Shoop, to strengthen a weak Stomach, Heart or Kidneys, if one goes at it correctly. Each inside organ has its controlling or inside nerve. When these nerves fail, then those organs must surely falter. These vital truths are leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Test it a few days, and see! Improvement will promptly and surely follow. Sold by A V Rand.