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Butter..... 100 lbs.
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Vegetables..... 500 lbs.

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equals in nourishing properties ten pounds of meat. Your physician can tell you how it does it.

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125 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

JOHN.

How Toting a Basket Got Him a Better Job.

An old woman came around the corner bearing a basket. She was a little old woman, a shabby old woman, whose shoulders were bent and whose gray hair was carelessly held back by a battered old comb.

The basket was heavy and she walked slowly, stopping now and then and changing the burden from one side to the other.

The young man coming toward her quickened his steps.

Here, he said, let me help you.

The woman darted a sharp look at him and held fast to the handle.

You want to run away with it, she abruptly said.

He laughed.

If I meant to do that, he answered, I'm quite sure I wouldn't be so polite about it.

She gave him another sharp look from her keen gray eyes.

The politest ones are the biggest rascals, she said.

He laughed again.

I'm sure my dear mother didn't mean to train me for a rascal when she tried to teach me politeness.

The old woman nodded.

That's well said, she muttered. You may carry it if you insist.

I do, said the young man, and he lightly lifted the burden.

They walked a little way in silence, the old woman now and then casting a quick glance at her companion. He was a well built young man, straight and firm, and his smiling brown eyes were clear and bright.

Maybe I'm taking you from your business, the old woman presently snapped at him.

I haven't any business.

That's bad.

Very bad.

This is my home, said the old woman.

The young man looked up with some surprise. It was a pretentious house in an excellent neighborhood.

It was a fairly large house in a large lot, and if its shabbiness had been removed by paint it would have ranked well with the best of the adjoining dwellings.

The young man pushed open the front gate.

Shall I leave your basket at the front door? he said.

I never use the front door, she answered.

So he followed her around the house and placed the basket on the back porch.

Thank you, said the old woman sharply. Then as if moved by a sud-

den impulse she took an apple from the basket and handed it to him.

Do you want to tell me your story? she presently asked,

I'll gladly tell you, he replied. I came here to accept a position that was offered me by a man to whom I was recommended. When I reached the city I found he had suddenly died.

His affairs were in very bad shape—all his representations had been exaggerated. There wasn't even money enough left to send his invalid wife to western relatives. I did what I could to straighten out matters, and yesterday I started the lady—a very worthy lady—on her journey to Colorado. Well, when I woke up this morning I found I had just enough money to satisfy my landlord. A little cash does disappear so fast in a big city, you know.

They take money away from children very quickly, she said. You are just a big child. Why didn't you take care of your money? Don't you know money was made to be saved?

He was still smiling.

It seems to me that money is also made for investing and the investment I made—but let us talk of something else.

The woman frowned.

You are a very silly boy, she said and stared at him for a little while. Will that woman get well out there? she abruptly asked.

No, he answered, she can't get well. The woman drew a long breath.

What do you expect to gain, she demanded, by helping sick women and carrying baskets?

He laughed merrily.

Pardon me, he said, but that thought had never occurred to me. He laughed again. Didn't I seem surprised when you offered me this food? But now you must let me do something to pay you for your kindness.

Sit still, she said. What's your name?

John Knowles.

How old are you?

Twenty-seven.

Where is your home?

In Iowa. I'm a country boy.

Tell me something about yourself.

I grew up on a farm. Then I worked through college and law school. I've taught school and worked in a county bank—assistant cashier and bookkeeper, and I've carried the mail.

The old woman looked at him.

A school teacher, a lawyer, a banker, and a bookkeeper.

Likewise a farmer and mail carrier.

John Knowles, said the woman, do you want to know who I am?

If it pleases you to tell me, madam I am Mary Shelburn and I am 68 years old. A good many people call me Aunt Polly Shelburn. I am looked upon as an eccentric person. I have been called crazy. Because I live alone here without servants they speak of me as a recluse, a miser, a demented old woman I live as I want to live. I take care of what is mine in the way that suits me. If I distrust everybody, if I look upon men as rogues and swindlers believe me, boy, I have good cause.

She had raised her voice and her face had flushed. Then she suddenly paused.

The young man's eyes grew troubled.

Do you live in this big house all alone? he asked.

Yes.

He shook his head.

I don't think that is right, he said.

The woman frowned.

I have my own opinion as to that, she said. Let it pass. She paused. You seem to be fond of helping the friendless. Can I secure your aid for a few hours?

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GOLD DUST has all desirable cleansing qualities in perfectly harmless and lasting form.

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GOLD DUST is a good, honest, vegetable oil soap in powdered form—scientifically combined with purifying ingredients of magic power.



Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
Makers of FAIRY SOAP, the oval cake.

Certainly, madam—for even longer if you wish it.

What is your price?

I will leave that to you, madam. I drive very hard bargains.

I am not worried, madam.

She went to a cabinet and brought out a black box.

I wish you would take the papers you find there and put them in order and itemize them.

The task kept him busy until dinner time, and then he was called into the dining room, where he found a good though simple meal.

The work is done, madam, he said. I will look it over later, the women answered. You will stay here to night.

The work was satisfactory, and the women expressed her approval. Those papers should have been put in shape long ago, said John Knowles.

Some of them have considerable value as records, others are no more than waste paper. Have you tried to look after all your affairs yourself?

Yes, John. There was nobody I could trust.

That is all wrong, he quickly said.

There are many honest and honorable men in the world—and you need a helper.

He might have expected an outburst but she only nodded her gray head.

You mean that I am getting old she quietly said. That is true. She sighed softly. I—I am glad to have you here, John Knowles. I have been alone so long—so very long.

That is wrong too, said the young man. You need the sunlight and cheerful laughter and friendly voices.

The woman looked at him wistfully.

I like your laughter and your voice.

COOKING NOTES.

A thick slice of onion laid on top of a roast, when put into the oven will impart a fine flavor to the meat also to the gravy.

Rice to be a useful article of food should be stewed with milk, butter or stock, which will supply the want of natural fat.

Salt will curdle milk. Hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

To cut a loaf of hot brown bread take a piece of twine, place it around the loaf, cross the ends and pull. There will be a clean cut without crumbs.

When cooking vegetables, such as onions, cabbage, etc., which emit a disagreeable odor, try boiling with them a generous piece of stale bread. A delightful sweet may be made by pressing a bit of nut meat, candied lemon or orange into the heart of a toasted marsh-shallow and then rolling the whole in melted chocolate.

Dry, grate and bottle all your lemon and orange rinds, and they will be ready for use in dishes and sauces that call for the grated rind of a lemon or orange.

Honey sandwiches are much relished. The honey is blended with butter before it is spread on slices of Boston brown bread.

Face Sores and Eruptions

Zam Buk Will Quickly Heal

The approach of Spring finds many people with unsightly face sores, eruptions, boils, etc. In this connection Zam Buk is invaluable. An illustration of the way in which it cures even the most serious and chronic cases of eruptions, sores and ulcers, is provided by Mr R H Barker, of Glencairn, Ont. He says:

"I never could have believed that any remedy could cure so quickly and at the same time so effectively as Zam Buk cured me. My face began to be covered with a kind of rash, which itched and irritated. This rash then turned to sores, which discharged freely and began to spread. I first tried one thing and then another, but nothing seemed to do me much good, and the eruption got worse and worse until my face was just covered with running sores.

"Apart from the pain (which was very bad), my face was such a terrible sight that I was not fit to go out. This was my state when some one advised me to try Zam Buk. I got a supply, and within a week I could see that the sores were rapidly healing. A little longer, and Zam Buk had healed them completely, and my skin was as clear as if I had never had a sore. We shall never again be without Zam Buk in the house."

Zam Buk is unequalled for Spring rashes, eruptions, children's sores, scalp diseases, ringworm, ulcers, abscesses, eczema, tetter, piles, cuts, burns, bruises, and skin injuries and diseases generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c box, or post free from Zam Buk Co, Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful imitations. Zam Buk Soap, which may be had from any druggist at 25c a tablet, should be used instead of ordinary soap in all cases of eruptions and skin diseases.

THOMAS ROBISON.

Thomas Robison, M P P, of Harvey Station, died on March 5th, after an illness of nine days. He was taken with what seemed to be a bilious attack a week ago Saturday, and seemed to be recovering, but on Wednesday he became much worse. Sunday afternoon he began to sink. He was fifty four years of age and leaves his wife, five sons and five daughters, all of whom were with him when he died, except a son and a daughter who reside in British Columbia.

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E. Robinson, B. A.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

New York Herald: Everybody looked pleased at Anderson's Auction rooms on Friday when \$18,958 was announced as the total receipts for the four days' sale of rare volumes and first editions, including a portion of the library of A Fontoura Xavier, the Brazilian minister. The sales of the afternoon reached \$8,141.95. A first edition of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" was captured by Charles Scribners Sons for \$3,500. A rare set of Shakespeare brought \$205. Dodd and Livingston paid \$102.50 for a first edition of Robert Louis Stevensons works. Another Izaak Walton London, 1698, went to G D Smith at \$250. A first edition of Thackerays "Vanity Fair" went to G D Smith at \$750.

GAS DISTENDED HIS STOMACH

Caused Palpitation, and Prevented Sleep—When Health Was Gone, Cure Followed Use of "Nerviline."

"My last wish will be," writes Harry P. Pollard, a well-known boot and shoe traveler of Hartford, "that everyone with a bad stomach may learn as I did, before it's too late, that Nerviline is the one remedy to cure. Why, I was in mighty bad shape, my digestion was all wrong, and every night I would awaken with a start and find my heart jumping like a threshing machine. This was caused by gas on my stomach pressing against my heart. When I started to use Nerviline I got better mighty fast. It is certainly a grand remedy for the traveling man; keeps your stomach in order, cures cramps, prevents lumbago or rheumatism, breaks up chest colds and sore throat—in fact there hasn't been an ache or pain inside or outside for the past two years that I haven't cured with Nerviline. Do you wonder I recommend it?"

For general household use Nerviline has no equal; it will cure the aches and ailments of the entire family—refuse anything but Nerviline, 25c. per bottle, five for \$1.00, all dealers or the Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

TESTIMONIAL

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