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The Acadian.

THE ACADIAN
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HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXXIV.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS COUNTY, N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1915.

NO. 27

THE ACADIAN.

Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors.
DAVISON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in advance. If sent to the United States, \$1.50.
Sewer 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, 26 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Contract rates for yearly advertisements.
Reading notices per line per insertion, two and a half cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
RATES
Copy for new advertisements will be received up to Thursday noon. Copy for changes in contracts, or extensions 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 ACADEIAN for the purpose of receiving subscriptions, but receipts for same are only given from the office of publication.

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE.
J. D. CHAMBERLAIN, Mayor.
W. M. BLAKE, 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 8.00 p. m.
Or Saturdays open until 8.30 P. M.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 8.00 a. m.
Express west close at 9.25 a. m.
Express east close at 4.00 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.46 p. m.
Reg. letters 15 minutes earlier.
E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Services: Sunday Public Worship at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 3.00 p. m. Mid-week prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month at 5.30 p. m. The second and fourth Sundays in the month on the third Thursday of each month at 3.30 p. m. The Mission Band meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 3.45 p. m. All seats free. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. G. W. Miller, Pastor: 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. Services at Fort Williams and Lower Horton as announced. W. F. M. S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 3.30 p. m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Monday at 7.00 p. m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Sunday at 5.00 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. W. H. Backham, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.45. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenhill, preaching at 5 p. m. on Greenhill.

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 7.00 p. m. Wednesday Evening, 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 Rectory.
All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.
Rev. B. F. DIXON, Rector.
T. L. HARVEY, Warden.

St. Francis (Catholic)—Rev. Fr. H. J. McCallion, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.
The TABERNACLE.—During Summer months open air gospel services—Sunday at 7 a. m., Tuesday at 7.30 p. m., Sunday School at 9.30 p. m. Splendid class rooms, efficient teachers, men's table class.

OPERA HOUSE.
St. Ursula's Lodge, A. P. & A. M. meets at their Hall on the third Monday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.
A. K. BARR, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.
OPERA HOUSE, No. 22, meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Hart's Block. Visiting brethren always welcome.
H. M. WARRON, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION N. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8 o'clock.
FORESTERS.
Quart. Station, I. O. F. meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m.

GET YOUR
Shampooing, Face
and Scalp Treatment,
Manicure
DONE AT
Mrs. Melanson's
McKENNA BLOCK.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria
Always
Bears the
Signature
of
Dr. J. C. Peck
In Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.
Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.
Gas Administration.

C. E. Avery deWitt
M. D., D. M. (McGill)
This year post graduate study in
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Throat work a specialty.
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M. R. ELLIOTT
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Telephone 23.
Office Hours: 8-10 a. m., 1-3, 7-9 p. m.
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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
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KENTVILLE, N. S.

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Consultation Hours: 10 a. m.—12 noon,
2 p. m.—4 p. m.
Monday Excepted. Telephone 163.
Westward Avenue, Wolfville, N. S.

WANTED
For fox feed. Old horses, cows and calves. Cash on delivery.
McCONNELL & MACGIBSON,
Fox Ranchers,
Wolfville, N. S.
Phone 93-11.

TO RENT.
Dwelling on Main street, east centre of town.
Apply to
R. S. CRAWLEY,
Jan. 27, 1915.

For Sale or To Let.
Dwelling on Gaspean Avenue, near Methodist church. Apply to
C. F. STEWART.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.
Voicing, Regulating, Repairing. Organs Tuned and Repaired.
M. C. COLLINS,
P. O. Box 321, Wolfville, N. S.

Begin Now to Provide for Old Age.
YOU CAN OBTAIN FROM
THE EXCELSIOR LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
An Endowment Policy Maturing at Ages 40 to 70.
FULL INFORMATION GIVEN BY
CAPT. S. M. BEARDSLEY, Provincial Manager
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Not Understood.

Not understood. We move along steadily, our paths grow wider as the seasons creep along the years; we marvel and we wonder why life is life. And then we fall asleep.
Not understood. The secret springs of action which lie beneath the surface and the show are disregarded; with self satisfaction We judge our neighbors and they often go
Not understood. How trifles often change us! The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight Destroy long years of friendship and estrangement And on our soil there falls a freezing blight.
Not understood. How many hearts are aching For lack of sympathy! Ah, day by day, How many who would give a little more To one another; they're so near there,
Not understood. Oh God! that men would see a little clearer, Or judge less harshly where they cannot see; Oh God! that men would drive a little easier To one another; they're so near there, They're so near there!
And understood.

His Helpmeet.

The minister was trying to fix his mind on his sermon, but in reality he was thinking about his wife and thinking with a dull pain in his heart how miserable he was.
He had brought her, a bride, to the parsonage a little over six months ago, and with a young husband's enthusiasm he had imagined she would find happiness there for herself and make happiness for others.
But the young wife had done neither of the two. From the very first she had set herself apart. She had expressed an open dislike for old Mrs. Allen, who was one of the pillars of the church, standing by it in all its struggles; and she criticized with cutting sarcasm the women of both the missionary and aid societies.
"They use such poor grammar and are really but half educated," she declared.
"But," he answered, "you cannot expect all church members to be college graduates like yourself, Lily. It takes all kinds of people to make up the membership of a church. All of them have not had your advantages. You must not expect too much, dear."
But the minister's young wife did not reply. Gradually she dropped out of active church work, busying herself with her books, her music and her own interests.
The minister began to wonder, daily, how it was going to end. There were cool looks and curt nods between the members of the church and his wife now, and he had hopes for such great things. It was hindering his usefulness; the minister saw that, yet how was he to apply the remedy. Lily was his wife; he had married her and was bound to stand by her, even if he knew her attitude to be wrong.
He sighed heavily. He loved his wife, he loved his people, and he loved his work.
Just then a knock sounded. Lily was busy with her music. He could hear her playing as he opened the door.
A stout, florid faced man stood there smiling. "Good morning," he said bashfully.
The minister's face brightened at once. "Come in," he said taking the big hand.
The man followed him into the pleasant, sunny study. It was Mark Sanford, one of the members of his church. He lived with his wife and children out at the edge of town, on a place he tended and gardened himself.
"Well, Mr. Whitney," he began, "I've come to ask a favor—" he went on, "and I thought it would be nice to have a little surprise for her. I've

asked a few of the neighbors to come in and I've the supper all planned, but it won't be complete without you. Do you think you and your wife could come out Thursday evening and help celebrate?" he asked. "You see, my wife works so hard and has so little pleasure. The children keep her busy most of the time and her old father lives with us. Between us she is no-able. I made up my mind that this birthday should be a little different. She's such a good woman—" his voice broke. "If I should sit here all day I couldn't begin to tell you what she has been to me. Let me be a happy birthday, and I desire above all things that you and your wife come and help make it so."
The minister smiled, but somehow his smile was a little sad. "I'll see, Mark," he said gently. "I'll tell my wife, and if we can possibly arrange it you may count on us."

"Who was the big, common looking man who called this morning?" asked his wife at dinner.
The minister's heart sunk. "Mark Sanford, one of our members. He wants to give his wife a birthday surprise and has invited you and me to his house that evening to help celebrate it."
"Do you want to go?" his wife asked, turning her large eyes upon him, such beautiful, unhappy eyes as they were, too.
"I ought to go," he corrected gently. "Mark Sanford is an honest, hard-working fellow and he is a member of my church. I do not see how we can refuse."
"Very well, I suppose we must go, then," she answered.
Nothing more was said, but when she came down dressed for the birthday party, she noticed that her hair had been arranged in its prettiest fashion.
They were the first arrivals. Mark Sanford's wife in a blue gingham apron, opened the door herself.
"Why, she cried, a pleased expression lighting up her face, "if it isn't the minister and his wife!"
She ushered them into a plain, little room, where an old man was sitting. "Father," she smiled, "here is the minister and his wife. They have come all the way out to see us."
"And then before the minister and

there was a sound of merry voices, and someone called out, "Happy Birthday!"
"I'll have to slip out of this dress," said Mark's wife coming towards the minister's wife. "Will you please look me up, and if you will just once fix my hair like yours, I will surely have a happy birthday. Yours always looks so pretty. It is a pleasure to look at you."

The minister's wife actually smiled, Somehow in this humble little home, where so much love was, her cold reserve melted. She slipped the gown over the stooped shoulders and hooked it up. She also arranged the pretty, soft hair, and in addition to it all she took a jeweled pin from her own locks and put it deftly in the dark braids.
"My birthday gift," she said gently, and you may have many more."
Mark Sanford's wife turned. "I love you," she said, "I don't see why—" she paused.
"Why other people don't," supplemented the minister's wife. "I'll tell you; because I don't deserve it."
Somehow she felt as if she must make that birthday surprise a success. She knew all kinds of games and she soon set the young people to playing them. She sang for them, too. When it came time to serve the little supper, it was she who put the halibut touches to the table and made a salad that had been overlooked.
At 11 o'clock the guests began to depart. The minister was too surprised to say much when Mark Sanford's wife came up and kissed Lily. "It was the very nicest birthday I ever had," she said happily, "and it was all because of you. You will be friends with me, won't you?"
And the clear eyes seemed to flash back the understanding message; "Don't be afraid, I will."

On the way home the minister put his arm about his wife. "Lily," he said and his voice shook, "how did you happen to do it?" There were tears in his eyes.
She put her hand in his. "Because," she replied slowly. "I caught a glimpse of what true religion is to love. When one truly loves one is willing to accept even hard things and to help always. Don't you suppose I know I've been a failure? I couldn't help but observe Mark Sanford."

Bad Cold in the Chest.
I am happy to tell you that I used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine and was promptly cured of a very bad cold in the chest, writes Miss Josephine Gauthier, Dover, South, Ont. You can depend on Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine to relieve and soothe all inflammations and irritations of the throat and bronchial tubes.

ford tonight. He loves his wife, and it came to me as I watched them, how much I had been at fault. I haven't made you the wife that little woman has made her husband. When I saw her in her kitchen apron, her hands stained and hardened with toil, it came to be how little I had ever done for you. I've taken the wrong end of things. I've criticised and found fault with your people when I should have been kind. From this on I'm no hindrance, I'm a helpmeet."
In his mind's eye the minister saw a long and shining path, and the two were walking in it hand in hand.

Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis.

ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH, NOVA SCOTIA.
Special interest is being taken in cerebro spinal meningitis at the present time because of the number of cases which have occurred amongst our troops, both in their training camps and at the front. In consequence much uneasiness has been caused by the development of several cases of the disease in different parts of the province. It is quite right that attention should be given to this disease and to the methods which may prevent its spread, although it is doubtful if the condition is really more prevalent now than in past winters. For several years past this disease has been causing an average of nearly sixty deaths annually in our province. There is probably no greater cause for alarm now than there has been in previous years, but it is none the less highly desirable that everyone should do his part in an effort to suppress a disease which causes such exquisite suffering and which is so frequently fatal.
There are several bacteria which may cause cerebro spinal meningitis, but the one most commonly responsible for the disease is called the meningococcus. This is usually to be found in the throat and nose of those who are suffering from the disease during the first ten or twelve days of the illness, but as a general rule it is not to be found after the fourteenth day. Occasionally, however, it persists for much longer periods, and while it is present anyone who comes into fairly close contact with the patient may become infected. Moreover, whilst there is no epidemic may not themselves during the disease they may harbour meningococci in their mouths and noses for indefinite periods, and may convey the disease to others with whom they come in contact. Some people are "carriers" of the infection, and studies made in connection with some epidemics prove that a large percentage of those who have been brought into contact with meningitis cases become carriers.
It is thought by some authorities that the carrier is the main factor in the conveyance of this disease from individual to individual. Thus one of the most important points in its control is to eliminate the carrier. This, of course, is impracticable insofar as those who are already carriers are concerned, as it would involve the examination of everyone in the community in order to determine who is and who is not a carrier. But much may be done to prevent the creation of new carriers by careful isolation of all patients suffering from the disease, by thorough disinfection of the discharges from their mouth, nose and bowels, and by the destruction or disinfection of any article which may become soiled with any such discharge. It is in these discharges that the infectious organism is given off by patient or by carrier.
Those who are known to be carriers should pay scrupulous attention to the hygiene of the mouth and nostrils, to the disinfection of their handkerchiefs, dishes, table cutlery, etc., and to covering the mouth and nose while coughing or sneezing. All expectorated matters, nasal discharges, and discharges from the bowel should be disinfected.
Those brought into contact with patients should be careful to cleanse the hands carefully after rendering any service at the bedside, and especially before eating. These should make frequent use of an antiseptic throat and nasal spray, or should gargle the throat and douche the nostrils with a suitable antiseptic solution.
The first essential to success in treatment is an early diagnosis, so there should be no delay in providing the patient with medical care. In the cure of the disease our main reliance is in the early and repeated use of antimeningococcal serum.

While travelling in a Western town the following conversation was overheard:
"What are they moving the church for?"
"Well, stranger, I'm Mayor of this place and I'm ter law enforcement. We've got an ordinance that says no saloon shall be nearer than 30 feet from a church. I gave 'em three days to move the church!"
The schoolmaster is generally a man who, having learned to teach, has long ago ceased to learn.

The Error of Selfishness.
Imagine a rose that would say to itself: "I cannot afford to give away all my sweetness and beauty; I must keep it for myself. I will roll up my petals and withhold my fragrance."
But, behold, the moment the rose tries to stoop, it withholds them from others, they wither. The colors and fragrance do not exist in the unopened bud. It is only when the rose begins to open itself, to give out its sweetness, its life to others that its beauty and fragrance are developed.
So human selfishness defeats its own ends. He who refuses to give himself for others, who closes the petals of his charity and withholds the fragrance of his sympathy and love, finds that he loses the very thing he tries to keep. The springs of his goodness dry up. His finer nature becomes atrophied. He grows deaf to the cries of help from his fellow-men. Tears that never are shed for others' woes sour to stinging acids in his own heart.
Refuse to open your purse, and soon you cannot open your sympathy. Refuse to give, and soon you will cease to enjoy that which you have. Refuse to love, and you lose the power to love and be loved. Withhold your affections and you become a moral paralytic. But the moment you open wide the door of your life and, like the rose, send out without stint your fragrance and beauty, you let the sunshine of life into your own soul.

How to Cure a Cold.
The way (ka,choo) to cure a cold is just (kaech) like this: Do not in wraps yourself enfold, As in a chrysalis; Expose yourself to good fresh air A lot (kaech) kaech) Don't make yourself, by too much care, As tender as can be; Take lots of outdoor exercise, Don't dread the chill night air, Shut heated rooms if you'd be wise, And rubbers never wear; This will you harden be (kerchow) That will you won't trouble you, I've proved this recipe—that's how I always do (ka choo)

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA
No wonder the chicken stands agape With looks description begs, On seeing the size and dreamy shape Of ye gladsome Easter eggs.
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Royal BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
Contains No Alum
Perfectly leavens and makes the food more delicious and wholesome

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