

VOL. XXVII.

THE ACADIAN.

Published every FRIDAY morning by the Proprietors,
DAVIDSON BROS.,
WOLFFVILLE, N. S.
Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in advance.
Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited.
Advertisements Rates.
\$1.00 per square (3 inches) for first insertion, 50 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.

Copy for next advertisement 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 sent 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 WOLFFVILLE.
W. MARSHALL BLACK, Mayor.
A. E. COLWELL, Town Clerk.
OFFICE HOURS:
9.00 to 12.30 a. m.
1.30 to 5.00 p. m.
Close on Saturday at 12 o'clock.
POST OFFICE, WOLFFVILLE.
Office Hours, 8.00 a. m. to 8.30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 8.15 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. I. D. Morse, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.30 a. m.; U. M. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30.
Methodist Episcopal Church.—Rev. David Wright, Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.45 a. m.; Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.; Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday 7.30, and the first Sunday in the month, and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 8.30 p. m. All souls free. Visitors 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 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.45 a. m.; Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.; Public Worship on Sunday 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 Grosvenor, preaching at 8 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
St. John's Parish Church, or Holy Trinity.—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 invitation. Church. Sunday school, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rector.
All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.
Rev. B. F. DIXON, Rector.
Geo. A. PRATT, Warden.
J. D. SHEPHERD, Organist.

St. George's (Catholic).—Rev. Martin Carroll, P. P. Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.
MARION.
St. George's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock.
A. J. McNEIL, Secretary.

GODFELLOWS.
Oxford Lodge, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Hart's Block. Visiting brethren always welcome.
E. W. DUBOIS, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.
Wolfville Division No. 8, of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

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

SCOTIA FARM DAIRY.
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FRESH EGGS supplied early every morning by our
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As a souvenir of the Prince of Wales' visit to Canada, we secured a special handkerchief, size 18 x 18 inches, made of fine white cotton. On each is a fine picture of the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and their six children, surrounded by Maple leaves, coat of arms, and flags, at the top are the words, "Souvenir of Royal Visit." The bottom of the design shows a view of the H. M. S. Dreadnought, a cruiser and torpedo boat destroyer, the picture is printed in a rich blue.

There has been a great run on these handkerchiefs all over the country. We purchased a large quantity for the city trade, but have reserved the balance for Mail Order customers, and will offer them at about half price or 5 cents each, mailed postpaid while they last.

They can be used in many ways for fancy work, and make a convenient gift to your friends. Send your order at once, they will be snapped up quickly at this price. Please mention this paper.

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Wolfville Real Estate Agency.

Persons wishing to buy or sell apply to
J. W. BELFIDGE, Manager.
Wolfville, April 27.

At Wolfville.

Building Lots for sale on the Kendall 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.
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BUILDING PLANS.

Plans and specifications carefully prepared; estimates if required.
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Neatly and promptly done at
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Little Kindnesses.

If you were talking up a weary hill
Hearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Stretching each nerve cord, and still
Struggling and being foothold here and there,
And each one passing by would do so much
As give one upward lift and go their way,
Would not the slight pleasant touch
Of help and kindness brighten all the way?
If you were breathing a keen wind which tossed
And infused and chilled you as you strove,
'Till baffled and bewildered quite you sat
The power to see the way, and aim and move,
And one, if only for a moment's space,
Gave you a shelter from the bitter blast,
Would you not feel it easier to face
The same again when the brief rest was past?
There is an little and there is so much
We weigh and measure and do not value,
A look, a word, a slight responsive touch
—are to the soul as joy to pain,
And when one slight favour is given
Some little things which tell for life or death.

Mr. Danby's Volcano.

(Continued from last week.)
John, it ain't no rubbick what's caught fire.
'What is it, then?'
'It seems to me like the first warnin', an' 't'p'raps the next thing we'll see is flames.'
'Flames!'
'Yes, John, flames,' repeated Mr. Danby; 'an' after that comes the volcano an' the avylinches.'
'But, my dear Mr. Danby, I've already told you that this mountain is not a volcano.'
'I hope ye're right, but my friend tells me it may be one, an' if it is, the avylinches of fame an' smoke'll come rollin' down the side, an' it'll turn into a volcano twenty-four hours after it gives the first warnin'. That's what he says an' he knows, for his friend has seed one with his own eyes.'
Stirling smiled.
'I see there's no use arguing the point,' he said.
'Ye've seed a volcano in yer life, John,' retorted Mr. Danby; 'so ye kin argue all ye like an' laugh all ye like, but I know what they do. If this here mountain busts out in an explosion like a cart goin' over cobblestones, we'll have just twenty-four hours to get away.'
Stirling's smile vanished.
'If I could meet the fellow that has filled your head with this balderdash,' he said, with heat, 'I'd be tempted to twist his neck!'
'That'd be a very capital thing to do to a man that wanted to live ye life, my boy.'
Miss Danby came out and joined them.
'What a gorgeous sunset!' she exclaimed, gazing at the sky over the mountain.
'Gorgeous, indeed, Barbara,' echoed Stirling. 'I have never seen the like of it.'
'Such beautiful colours!' the girl went on. 'How exquisitely they blend and harmonise! And that little patch of gray near the mountain's summit—'
'That's the smoke,' broke in the old man.
'Smoke, dad? I don't see any.'
Stirling interposed.
'Mr. Danby thought he saw smoke on the mountain a few minutes ago, Barbara,' he explained; 'but I've been unable to detect any. Can you?'
'Oh, yes, I see it,' she declared, or rather, I perceive a small gray cloud, mist-like—'
'It ain't no cloud, Bab,' interrupted the old man; 'I know better'n that; it's smoke.'
The sun had disappeared, and a darkening shadow was sweeping over the valley. Stirling glanced up and saw a thundercloud thrusting its shoulder over the top of the mountain.
'That means a shower, Bab,' he said.
'Oh, no,' came the reply; 'we should see this lovely breeze; and see—here comes Mr. Weston.' The latter approached and was soon engaged in conversation with Miss Danby and Stirling. The old man became absorbed in the mountain. Presently a flash of lightning flared out, and it was followed by a sharp peal of thunder.
Mr. Danby uttered a hoarse cry and detached the sitting in front of him.
'It's come agin, by gosh!' he shouted. 'There—don't ye see it?'
Barbara put her arm around his neck. 'Come in, dad,' she pleaded. 'Lightning and thunder always disturb you. Do come, dear.'
'No, no, I want to see the whole darn performance,' he cried, turning a pair of excited eyes upon his daughter. 'See here, Bab; if she busts out like a cart goin' over cobblestones, she's turbin' into a volcano, an' then—'
A heavy crash of thunder out of the remainder of his information. Weston leaned over and whispered to Stirling.
'Get Barbara into the house, John, but let Mr. Danby remain here.'
The young fellow's voice had a nervous ring in it. Stirling glanced sharply at him.
'What do you mean?' he demanded.
'Never mind just now, but get her inside,' returned Weston.
Stirling was about to comply with Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

quest, when a rumbling noise shook him and the other occupants of the verandah; it was instantly followed by a traffic explosion, and near the river, a hundred yards away, a mass of fire leaped from the earth and in a moment, leaving the spectators in jerky darkness.
The young fellows' cries were heard by good-natured Jerry Barbara, 'what's that?' Stirling threw his arms about the terrified girl.
'It's the pesky darnation volcano,' cried the old man, 'an' we've got to get o' here quicker, lightenin'!'
He rushed into the house and was followed by Weston.
'Come on, Bab,' said Stirling, 'let's go to the city, and by the way, let's get a horse, but it's all over, don't be afraid.'
They heard Weston counselling Mr. Danby to keep cool.
'Keep cool how in thunder can a body keep cool with a demon of a volcano at his heels?'
'Dad, it's all over and we're safe,' Barbara assured him.
'All over, Bab? By gosh, it'll soon be all over with us if we don't show a clean pair of heels to the roarin', screamin' avylinch!'
'For heaven's sake don't frighten the life out of Bab!' whispered Stirling. 'You get him out in the back somewhere and keep him quiet.' He then accompanied the girl into the parlour and applied himself to the task of allaying her fears. He had spoken scarcely a dozen words when the old man was heard to say in a relieved tone:
'By gosh, that's so, Mr. Weston. Ye, are enough, yer friend said we'd have twenty-four hours, so we needn't be in a hurry. Come along.'
The sound of their footsteps died away, and an ominous frown darkened Stirling's face.
'What does he mean, John?' asked Barbara in a frightened whisper.
'Send someone about the mountain becoming a volcano,' the young man replied, trying to smile. 'I'm afraid that your reading of the Last Days of Pompeii is at the bottom of his hallucination, but someone has been—'
A door in the rear of the house was hastily thrown open and the last stages of a fight were visible.
It was followed by Weston, whose usually tuddy cheeks were pale as death.
'What's the matter?' asked the old man in tones made hoarse by terror, 'an' closed with an offer of fifty thousand dollars for his land, which is now producing oil at the rate of one hundred barrels a day. Weston has the oil here and is off prospecting with the hope that he will meet with another lucky strike.'

Have You a Horse?

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Hay Fever (rhinitis) this year to be very severe and many are already suffering. The most positive cure is "Catarhozone," which destroys the germ and gives immediate relief. Cures quickly. Sold by all dealers, \$1.00 for two months' treatment.

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THE "ACADIAN"

WOLFFVILLE.

An Appreciation.

LEAVES FROM THE WRITINGS OF CHAMPLAIN—THE FIRST FARM.
From the WINDSOR FREE PRESS.
The next approach of the tercentennial of the coming of the French brings to the mind the acts and deeds of the chief actors in the Canada of 300 years ago. Nowhere can such interesting and authoritative accounts of those days be ascertained as from Champlain's own writings in his journal of the voyage to the St. Lawrence. The most interesting of these are the accounts of the first voyage to the St. Lawrence, and while these records were familiar to him and these records have been handed down to the present day. Two of these men were the first to settle in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and their success and also of the first celebration of the Holy Mass in Canada. Farming in that day was not on the elaborate scale of the wheat fields of the present day nor was the mass celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance of a more advanced period. The first farmer was Louis Hebert. Of France. He was educated as an apothecary, but inspired by the glowing tales of the beauty and possibilities of this new land he had followed Baron Pontrevert to Port Royal (Annapolis, Nova Scotia), where he came in 1608 to make, as he hoped, a permanent home for himself and family in that beautiful and peaceful retreat far from the disturbing influences that surrounded his life in old France.

BEAUTIFUL PORT ROYAL.
Pontrevert had accompanied Champlain and De Monts in 1604 in quest of importance to Nova Scotia. The trip had been made, as Champlain writes, 'for his pleasure,' and he had by De Monts' advice, returned to France for the winter, thus escaping the horrors of the winter at St. Croix. But he had returned the next year to Port Royal. From his first site of this spot he had been delighted with it and had asked and received a charter of it from De Monts, which was afterwards ratified by Henry IV of France. Pontrevert brought quite a colony with him to Port Royal, but was allowed to remain only five years in peaceable possession. When the colony was broken up, Louis Hebert, doubtless, returned to France, and from his old home had found his way to Quebec. The Heberts seem to have been persons of importance in the colony at Quebec. Madame Hebert is mentioned several times in the notes to the 'Voyages' and the family are mentioned as living in their own home. The greater number of the colonists at this time lived in large houses together. Later it is expressly stated that the Heberts were the only family who lived entirely by agriculture at the Quebec colony.

CANADA'S FIRST FARM.
On Champlain's arrival at Quebec, in June, 1618, he thus describes his visits to the Hebert farms:—'I visited the cultivated lands which I found planted with fine grain; the gardens contained all kinds of plants, cabbages, radishes, lettuce, sorrel, parsley, squashes, cucumbers, melons, peas, beans, and other vegetables, which were as fine and as forward as in France. There were also the vines that had been transplanted, and which were well ordered. In a word you could see everything growing and flourishing. Aside from God, we are not able to give the praise of this to the laborers of their skill, but to the richness of the soil, which is natural.'

When, some days later, Champlain and Father Dennis started for the falls they met Father Le Caron returning to Quebec to make final preparations for departing with the Indians. Champlain tried to persuade him to remain at Quebec for the winter and become better acquainted with the country before trusting himself to the wilds and the savages, but so filled was the heart of this good father with love and zeal, so willing was he to endure hardships for the sake of Jesus that Champlain decided not to oppose him further. Father Le Caron proceeded to Quebec, while Champlain and Father Dennis went on to the falls. Having arranged matters of business with the Indians, he had returned as far as the 'River des Prairies,' which was about five leagues below the falls. They were accompanied by two canoes of Indians.
The account of the celebration of the first mass in Champlain's own words is as follows: 'While there we met Father Joseph, who was returning from our settlement with some church ornaments for celebrating the holy sacrifice of the mass, which was chanted on the borders of the river with all devotion by the reverend'

(Continued on Fourth Page.)