

re and painful form of... on arises from sluggish liver in supplying the for good digestion and action of the bowels.

capable hands and turn to a domino party at the of the be a peasant's (the firm will slave e. There is scarce

the woman is too often the house. Nowhere is launce more active, more

ach Trouble Cur- ed. sick for the past two a, had stomach trouble, a one dose of Chamberlain's Liver Tablets. They did d that I bought a bottle of ve used twelve bottles in all well of had stomach trouble.

Wash, scrape or 4 parsnips. Mash and salt, pepper and a table- spoon, add a pint of egg well and drop in spoonfuls of fat, fry brown, take up, brown paper and serve

Children. a cough medicine for child be afraid to buy Chamberlain's edy. There is no danger relief is always sure to fo- untended especially for coughs, and whooping cough, and better medicine in the world.

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THE ACADIAN

One Year to Any Address for \$1.00.

The Acadian

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1907.

No better advertising medium in the Valley than THE ACADIAN.

NO. 22.

VOL. XXVI.

THE ACADIAN

Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors, DAVISON BROS.,

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.

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 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 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 6.10 a. m. Express west close at 9.35 a. m. Express east close at 4.35 p. m. Kentville close at 7.40 p. m.

Geo. V. RAND, Post Master

CHURCHES. BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. L. D. Morse, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. E. B. Moore, Pastor. Services on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30.

St. John's Parish Church, of Horton—Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. Masses every Sunday 11 a. m. Evening 7.15 p. m. Wednesday Evening, 7.30 p. m. Special services in Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in church.

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.

Oddfellows. Orpheus Lodge, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren all ways welcomed.

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

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

Labor Bureau. Gardening, Grading, Spraying, Teaming, Mason work, and odd jobs of all kinds wanted.

Address letter or postal. P. O. Box 302, Town.



To all our customers we send Most hearty New Year's greetings. Hoping that in the coming year We may have frequent meetings. Then here's to luck and pluck and wealth. A happy life and blessed health!

I. S. BOATES & CO.

SCOTIA FARM DAIRY

J. KINGS 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, Port Williams.

FURNESS, WITBY & Co. Ltd.

London, Halifax & St. John FROM LONDON. FOR LONDON

—Durango Jan. 23 London City Feb. 1 —Evangeline Feb. 11 Jan. 20—St. John City Feb. 21 Jan. 25—Halifax City Mar. 7

Liverpool, St. John's, Nfld., and Halifax. From Liverpool. For Liverpool FOR LIVERPOOL DIRECT.

—Uluda Jan. 24 Jan. 16—Dahome Feb. 6 Jan. 19—Annapolis Feb. 30

St. James St. John City and Evangeline are fitted with electric fans and Gibbs system of ventilation. Uluda has excellent first-class passenger accommodation.

Dahome has superior accommodation for both first and second-class passengers. Furness, Witby & Co. Ltd. Agents, Halifax, N. S.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. David Wright, Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

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Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

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

Dr. H. Lawrence, DENTIST. Office in Herbin Block Telephone No. 45.

Leslie R. Fairn, ARCHITECT. AYLESFORD, N. S.

H. PINEO, EXPERT OPTICIAN. Devotes all his time and attention to the science and art of special fitting. Especially interested in difficult cases. Do not despair till you have tried him. Correspondence invited.

Wm. Regan, HARNESS MAKER. What the leading Medical Journal of the world has to say about FERROL.

After making a thorough test of FERROL in its own laboratory the London (England) Lancet published an article from which the following is taken:

"This is a successful combination of the well-known valuable remedies, Cod Liver Oil, Iron and Phosphorus. The formula is no secret, and our analysis showed the presence and amount of constituents as described. The preparation is a good one and of distinct therapeutic value. The association of an easily assimilable oil, in a fine state of division, with a phosphoric salt of iron which is easily tolerated, determines its success as a food and tonic in wasting diseases."

What the London Lancet recommends as a food and a tonic in all wasting diseases must have very special qualities. No higher endorsement is possible. The results following the use of FERROL for the past ten years have proved that this endorsement is well deserved.

FERROL is not a patent mystery. The formula is freely published. It is prescribed by the best Physicians. It is endorsed by the most eminent Medical Journals. It is used in prominent Hospitals, Sanitariums, etc.

A. V. RAND, DRUGGIST, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Brown on every box, 25c.

THE CHILD IN HEAVEN. My little child, so long away, How thou hast forgotten me! And how some Mother foot in Heaven Plays kissing games with thee?

Then, does it seem, the playing done, The hour is come for rest, And that as yellow as the moon, Thy head lies on her breast.

I bid you hold him, Mother Foot, As if he were your own; I bid thee softly, softly lie, O child that I have known!—Anne Finch, in Harper's Weekly.

A Conflict in Duty. Now Parsons, said the master of Morton's Mills in his impetuous, this matter of a watchman is a very serious one. I am sick and tired of this watchman business. Is it possible to get a really reliable man?

"Mr. Morton," said Parsons, "I have outside now in the reception room a man who will, I believe, fill the bill. Look at his recommendations!"

"Oh, recommendations don't go any more. They all have them." "Well, look at his, Mr. Morton."

"Oh!" said Morton, as he glanced over the letter. "This is from my old friend Johnson, who recently closed his factory and retired from business. It certainly does recommend this man John McGrath most highly. He was in their employment for eight years. Ask him to walk in."

A wiry looking red haired little Irishman, not over five feet six in height, entered the mill owner's office, and stood like a soldier at attention.

Morton cast a quick but comprehensive glance at him, and asked him to be seated. "You are John McGrath?"

"Yes, sir." "How old?" "Forty-five." "H'm," said Morton, "Married or single?"

"Married, sir, about a year. I have a fine little boy, a month old; but the wife is ailing something bad, sir, and—"

"Yes, yes, that's it!" broke in the mill owner impulsively. "Always the way! There's always something! Now see here, McGrath. I've had eight watchmen—or is it nine, Parsons?—in the last two years. One or two were dishonest; one always ran away with a child; one was beaten—poor fellow—and nearly killed by that mysterious gang. I have been the sufferer all along. Last month alone we were robbed of over three thousand dollars' worth of merchandise. Now, you, McGrath, how are you going to do the work any better for me? You were with my old friend, Mr. Johnson, for eight years. That means a great deal, of course; but what guarantee have I of you being any better than the others?"

During this explosive tirade from Morton, McGrath, with just the suspicion of a smile upon his humorous face, had listened attentively. "Well, sir," said he, "I'm a little man; I say you take that in when I entered the room. But that has never stopped me. I've got here me honorable discharge from my regiment, sir, and he handed over for inspection his papers received from a famous regiment with which men of his race have been identified for years."

"All this is very good, very good, McGrath. But you watchmen all have excuse for shirking suddenly. Mind, I don't wish to be personal. Now, you have a month's old child and a sick wife."

"Sure yes, I have that, God bless them!" said McGrath. "What have I got to go on? You know I have been robbed, cheated, and deceived, through the dishonesty, cowardice, and stultification of my watchmen. What guaranty, I repeat, can you give that you will do your work well? What will prevent your leaving me in what may prove my hour of need?"

McGrath rose from where he sat, advanced a step or two. "Me wurd a all I can give ye."

"McGrath," said Morton, after a moment's reflection, you may go on duty to-night."

The superintendent escorted forth with the new watchman to the best which he was to take up later, that is, from seven p. m. until six a. m.

He was shown the little office in the mill, in which telephone messages could be sent and received, it necessary all night. In short, his routine was mapped out and thoroughly explained.

It was a murky, cloudy night the new watchman went on duty at the mills, which were situated in a lonely quarter of the town. There was a definite and professional air about the little man as he carefully patrolled his beat.

All went well until about ten o'clock, when he noticed a man skulking on the opposite side of the street. McGrath observed him quickly, but went on steadily in his monotonous routine, looking forward, nevertheless, to the morning hour, when he could again be with his sick wife and his baby.

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A sharp ring came on the telephone in the little room in the mill. McGrath unlocked the door, entered, and took down the receiver.

"Is this you, McGrath? This is Father Kelly calling you up. I am here, also the doctor. The wife is sinking. It came suddenly John. Don't worry, my poor man; but try and get here at once. Your duty? Of course I know. Get your boss or the superintendent on the phone, and get them to send some one in your place. There'll be time."

"Not mind, bear up, my boy, bear up and be the same man I've always known you to be."

McGrath hung up the receiver. "To him, Go, go! This is paramount. Go, go, now! This outcurses all else."

He shook himself as one would shake off an oppressive dream, and strode up to the telephone. "Give me to Gray," said he. "I want Mr. Morton. Go out, you say? You don't know where; and you don't know when he'll be back? For the love of God get him at the earliest minute! Tell him McGrath's wife is dying, and that he wants to be relieved at once."

McGrath then tried to find the superintendent of the mills on the telephone; but he had gone out of town for the night.

Tearing out the electric lights, and locking the door, McGrath went on his best again.

Once more that tempting whisper came to him. Now it grew until it became a tumult in his breast. It was the call of the home.

"My wurd, my duty!" he muttered between clenched teeth. "Home, home, home!" it kept shouting to him, until it bleated into a fearsome, husky cry behind his back. "Do him, Jimmy! Do up the greeny!"

A man grasped him round the waist; and McGrath, with the energy of a tiger, threw him off, and dealt him a fearful blow with his right stick. The man staggered back into the darkness.

But two others came up to the watchman with a rush. One held a revolver. "Throw up your hands!" he whispered.

"Never!" shouted McGrath. "Then die, you fool!" hissed the other as he sprang before falling. McGrath fired through his overcoat pocket the shot that stretched the ruffian dead in his tracks. The third man fled.

By a supreme effort McGrath dragged himself to the door of the little office. How he ever managed to unlock the door is something almost unaccountable. How he hung on so long to the telephone shelf would be too painful to relate.

He rang up the police headquarters. "Come to Morton's Mills at once! It's me," he gasped. "McGrath, the new watchman! Have killed burglar! He's shot me! Get Mr. Morton here! Take me home—home—"

He sank an exert mass, upon the floor.

There was a blaze of acetylene lamps, the throbbing of giant motor cars before the doors of Morton's Mills.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" Mr. Morton, said the sergeant, "but your new watchman has killed the wickedest burglar and cutthroat in this State! He's nailed the man that none of us could get these past five years. Oh, here's the poor fellow!" he added, as they found the watchman on the floor of the little room.

The mill-owner, the sergeant, also the doctor and Father Kelly gathered round the dying man and administered to him the last rites of his Church.

McGrath was perfectly conscious. The physician's work restored him for a time, and the Church officers buoyed him up with a final effort.

"Tell me," he asked faintly, "Father, how is Della?"

"It is well with Della, my son."

"It is well—Oh, Father, I know what ye mean, sure. 'Till be well."

Does Your Heart Flutter? You know heart fluttering means you're not as well as you should be. It's an evidence of impaired nerve and muscular power. To obtain cure, try Ferrozone; it has a special action on the heart as seen in the case of Thos. Grover of Cole Harbor, N. S., who says: "If I exerted myself it would bring palpitation. To carry any heavy weight or go quickly upstairs completely knocked me out. When bad attacks came on I lived in fear of sudden death. Ferrozone gave my heart the very assistance it needed, and now I am quite well." For heart or nerves it's hard to excel Ferrozone, 50c. per box at all dealers.

Not long ago a woman in a New York library was observed smelling the books. She explained that she never took those that bore an odor of perfume, but preferred those redolent of tobacco. "The best books," she said, "are read by men."

Because it wouldn't work, the lock of a church in Haslemere, Eng., was removed. The locksmith found about \$3 in it, some people having mistaken it for a contribution box.

Minaud's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Minaud's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

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Maritime Union.

The Canadian Courier of this week publishes a valuable article from the pen of J. B. Baxter, on "Maritime Union," the difficulties and advantages of which are discussed clearly and forcibly. Admitting the strength of the many obstacles in the way, Mr. Baxter strongly favors the union policy, chiefly because of the greater weight it would give to Maritime Provincial influence in the government of Canada. Other advantages immediately accruing from the proposed union, he believes, would be a united administration of the mines, the agricultural department and the technical school system of the provinces. One system of laws would strengthen the bar and the bench, besides affording great relief to mercantile interests. The policy of immigration could then be dealt with in a systematic way and the effort which is now divided and wasted would become productive of useful result. The last must realize that if she can hold men to her land for a generation the immigrant children will be found either in the cities or in the West. The only successful policy on this subject for the East will be one which treats immigration as a stream flowing through the land enriching it as it flows. Such a policy needs all the strength of all these provinces, not the haphazard efforts of one or two.

Ways With Stale Bread.

There are various ways by which stale bread can be utilized, among which are the following:—

Hasty Pudding—Make a batter of one egg, one cup of milk, one table-spoonful of sugar, a little vanilla. Add this to a dish of breadcrumbs, which have been fried in butter, bring to a boiling point, remove from fire at once.

Fried Bread—Cut thin slices of bread, dip in batter made as above, and fry in butter or drippings.

Mock Dressing—Make dressing as for chicken or turkey, press into a loaf, bake until brown in oven,asting frequently with water and butter; or, the dressing can be made into thin cakes, like mashed potatoes cakes, and fried the same way.

Coated bread is a good substitute for crackers in the various soups.