

The Man who tries, and fails, succeeds.

The Acadian.

The man who succeeds without trying, fails.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXXV.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS COUNTY, N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1915.

NO. 2

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.

Newly communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

\$1.00 per square (8 inches) for first insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for ready advertisements furnished on application.

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

NOTES.

Copy for new advertisements will be received up to Thursday noon. Copy for changes in contracts, 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 at 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.

C. S. FITCH, Mayor.
W. M. BLACK, Town Clerk.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 8.00 a. m. to 8.00 p. m. On Saturdays open until 3.00 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.05 a. m.

Express west close at 9.35 a. m. Express east close at 4.00 p. m. Kentville close at 5.45 p. m. Reg. letters 15 minutes earlier.

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 3.30 p. m. The Social and Benevolent Society meets 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. F. J. Armstrong, Pastor: Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.45. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwich, preaching at 8 p. m. on the Sabbath.

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 7.00 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 pastor.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcomed.

Rev. R. F. Dixon, Rector.

T. L. Hartley, Warden.

R. Creighton.

St. Francis (Catholic)—Rev. Fr. H. J. McCallion, P. F.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—During Summer months the open air gospel services—Sunday at 7 p. m., Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Splendid class rooms, efficient teachers, men's bible class.

MASONIC.

St. George's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the third Monday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.

ODDFELLOWS.

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

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 8, of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

FOREIENERS.

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

COAL!

Acadia Lump,
Albion Nut,
Springhill,
Inverness.

A. M. WHEATON,

Phone 93-11.

The Joy of Good Health Is Now Experienced

Nervousness, Dizzy Spells and Sleeplessness Are Now a Thing of the Past.

This is a cheerful letter from Mrs. Peacock, and it should bring joy to the heart of many a reader of this paper. Dizzy spells and sleeplessness are symptoms of exhausted nerves, and are the bane of many women, who do not know the treatment to use. You can read Mrs. Peacock's letter and take courage for she has proven that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which she uses, is a complete cure for these troubles. So pleased was she with the results obtained that she wants other women to know about this food cure. Mrs. Thomas Peacock, 23 Elizabeth Street, St. Thomas, Ont., and whose husband is conductor on the Wabash Railway, states:—*"I was quite run down in health, was very nervous, did not sleep well, and had frequent dizzy spells. Believing this to be the result of an exhausted nervous system I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and can say that this medicine did me a world of good. It has restored me to the enjoyment of good health, built up my health generally, so that to-day I feel that I am quite well again."*



In a more recent letter Mrs. Peacock writes:—*"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good, and I would be pleased to tell everybody so."* It is nearly every issue of this paper which the rich man lay a-dying. She rose so softly to her great coil upon the fire, and as she returned to her seat her uncle spoke her name.

LADIES' TAILORING!

INDIVIDUALITY

is the keynote of the present styles in

LADIES' TAILORMADE GARMENTS

For this season you have the widest range in choosing your style, only

Do Not Have the Same as Some One Else

Have a style of your own, a style which is distinctly adaptable to yourself, embodying ideas which will enhance all the fine characteristics of your own personality, moulded gracefully to your figure and yet kept well within the scope of the present tendency in style.

In justice to yourself, you will now find it more important than ever, to choose your tailor with great care, to insure perfection in every detail of your Spring Garments.

Watch for our work and examine it carefully and the result of your impartial judgment will be a finely tailored suit executed at

H. E. BORN'S

THE LADIES' TAILOR

Over Sealy's, Cornwallis St., Kentville.

Building Repairs.

We manufacture and keep in stock building materials necessary for repair work or new buildings.

Ask for our prices on soft and hardwood flooring, sashes, doors, veranda stock, sheathing, gutters, mouldings, frame stock, shingles and laths.

Ask for our Furniture Catalogue.

J. H. HICKS & SONS

Furniture and Builders' Materials

Factory and Warerooms, - BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Look Through This List of School Goods.

Insure prompt delivery by ordering now before the last minute rush.

Scribblers and Exercise Books, new patriotic designs, every grade of paper.

Footlock Paper, all rulings and qualities.

Blackboard Brushes, "Wool Felt" and "Favorite Dustless."

Crayons, several new styles in Chalk and Wax, at all prices.

Compasses, Drawing Paper, School Bags, Drawing Pens, Pencil Boxes, Slate Pencils, Erasers, Note Books, Pencils, Penholders, Rulers, Slates.

L. E. Waterman's Fountain Pens.

WOLFVILLE BOOK-STORE.

FLO. M. HARRIS.

HUTCHINSON'S

Livery and Automobile Service

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Teams or Autos always ready for a drive through the Evangeline Land.

Teams at all trains and boats.

Weddings carefully attended to by Auto or team.

Give us a call. Telephone 68.

T. E. HUTCHINSON, - Proprietor.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.

Voicing, Regulating, Repairing Organs Tuned and Repaired.

M. C. COLLINS.

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

REWARD.

Town of Wolfville.

A reward of \$10.00 is offered by the Town of Wolfville for information that will lead to the conviction of any person or persons committing any of the following offences:

Theft, breaking into houses or buildings, trespassing, destroying public or private property, the use of profane or abusive language on the street or in public buildings, the illegal selling of intoxicants, incendiarism or any criminal offences.

For fox feed, Old horses, cows and calves. Cash on delivery.

McOswell & MacGibbon,

Fox Ranches, Wolfville, N. S.

W. M. BLACK, Town Clerk.

Growing Old.

The days grow shorter, the nights grow longer; The headstones thicken along the way; And life grows sadder, but love grows stronger. For those who walk with us day by day.

The tear comes quicker, the laugh comes slower; The courage is lesser to do and dare; And the tide of joy in the heart falls lower. And seldom covers the reefs of care.

But all true things in the world seem truer, And the better things of earth seem best; And friends are dearer as friends are fewer. And let us speak softly in love, sweet love.

Then let us clasp hands as we walk together. And let us speak softly in love, sweet love. For no man knows on the morrow whether We two pass on, or but our alone.

A Rich Man's Will.

The fire burned readily in the wide, deep grate, and yet the room seemed cold.

Monica shivered in her chair beside the bed, the great fur poster hung with gold stamped velvet, in which the rich man lay a-dying.

She rose softly to her great coil upon the fire, and as she returned to her seat her uncle spoke her name.

"Monny?"

"Yes, Uncle Jabez."

"Feel under my pillow, take my keys, the voice came weak and faltering. 'Open the bureau. Pull out the third drawer on the right. Feel he hind. That's right!'"

Monica's fingers had probed a large hidden space behind the drawer and drew forth an oblong envelope. By the firelight she saw the superscription, 'My Will,' in her uncle's cramped, crabbed handwriting.

She came back to the bed and found the sick man's eyes fixed upon her with that secret, malicious twinkle she knew so well.

'Read it to me,' he whispered. And by the flickering firelight Monica read it aloud, stumbling now and then over the long, intricate legal sentences, and recovering herself with anxious haste.

Even upon his deathbed, impatient to raise hand or finger, the terror of Jabez Samaurez had wilfully inspired in all his entourage abate no whit of its potency.

But as the girl read on certain sentences detached themselves and remained imprinted in her memory.

'Hereby revoked all former wills, of sound mind,' and then one or two of the smaller bequests.

Only £50 to Mrs. Bishop, the housekeeper, for her life and to her daughter, who had served him so faithfully for 30 years, being his wife and his temper as his tantrums as not another woman in the world would have been loath to do—who was nearly too old to work.

Only £100 to his head clerk, Geoffrey Morland; £50 to buy a mourning rig to poor old Cousin Susa, to whom he had, grudgingly enough, hitherto allowed a small annuity.

The same to herself, Monica Idlesleigh, whom many people had wooed as being, without doubt, part heiress with his grandson, Harry! Well, she had never counted on anything at all.

She knew her uncle too well for that; she could earn her bread somehow—and not by the quiver of a muscle, or faintest change of tone, should the sick man be able to fancy her disappointment.

This ended the minor bequests; it mattered after all but little about them. Generous Harry would see that justice done to all as soon as he came into his kingdom.

He might be a son's son to Jabez Samaurez, but in heart and mind oceans flowed between them. She read on steadily, and the residue, both personal and real estate, whatsoever I die possessed—'

Suddenly the clear voice faltered and died away. What, what was this? The letters danced before her eyes, and yet she read them but too plainly.

'To found zoological gardens in 20 of the leading cities of the United Kingdom, one half of the collection to consist of the monkey tribe, in order to provide facilities for the future generations of my countrymen to study their ancestors, and, 'tis in my hope, learn to profit by observing them.'

A joke, surely? One of the cruel grim, practical jests which were all Uncle Jabez understood by humor? But no, it was duly signed, witnessed, sealed.

'What have you stopped for, girl?' came a fretful whisper from the bed. 'Read on.'

'Uncle! You can't mean it! This isn't really your will!'

'Isn't it,' snarled the old man feebly. 'Wait till after the funeral, my dear, and see.'

'But Harry?' she faltered. 'Your natural heir—the only child of your only son—why, he's not even mentioned!'

Just so, chuckled the feeble voice. 'I wasn't mentioned in my father's will either, because, you see, he never made one. Nothing to leave me, Harry begins where I began.'

'But uncle! Oh, you can't intend it. Let us burn this—now—'

She stretched out her hand toward the grate, but dropped back in her chair at the sound of a low, fensid chuckle from the bed. 'Burn it! Burn it at your peril!' he said derisively. 'Shall I use not do as he likes with

his own? Didn't I make it every penny?' he chuckled again.

'I'd it'll delay your marriage for a bit, my girl! Master Harry'll have to learn to keep himself before he takes a wife in town!'

Monica had risen to her feet and stood staring at him in wide eyed horror. So he knew! So he had guessed—erated it out somehow—the secret that only she and Harry shared. And because of this—because of this—she would disinherit Harry.

Suddenly he began to laugh aloud, horrible, eerie laughter from those bloodless lips in the chill and shad of death. The laughter changed, seemed to rattle in his throat, the twinkling eyes flamed over.

Terrified, Monica called the nurse. Together they sought to fan the flickering flame of Jabez Samaurez's life. But the effort was useless.

In five minutes all was over. And it was not until late that night that Monica remembered the will.

She looked at it with wide eyed loathing. It was wretched! Now, at this very moment the 20 towns were practically owned by the Samaurez fortune and Harry forever dispossessed of all he had the right to claim.

Monica's eyes filled with tears. For herself she cared nothing. Her life had been bitter enough. It would be peace and joy now to know herself released forever from her uncle's crushing yoke. But Harry! Ruined—and by her very love.

From the mantelpiece she took down his photograph. How splendid he was, yet wittal, so gay, kind and gentle. Just like his mother who had received her, a penniless orphan, 15 years ago.

The hand that held the will twitched involuntarily. In Monica's gaze also there burned a fire. A kindly house maid had lighted it, knowing the master to be beyond objection. The glowing heat of the coals seemed to lure her to drop the paper into them.

Monica remembered that she had closed the bureau and replaced the keys under the pillow before commencing to read aloud. Even the lawyers must suppose that he, him self, destroyed it.

And then Harry would inherit all—her money, her house, her furniture, her people, clerks, servants dependents. Above all, Harry and herself. And the 20 towns would not miss their cynical bequests.

Her fingers trembled over the fire. Surely—surely—it would not be wrong.

And nobody need ever know—not even Harry! But suddenly in the quiet, empty room, Monica's cheeks turned scarlet at that thought.

If Harry knew he would never keep the money. He was the soul of honor; his dead mother's own child. She was somehow ashamed that the two pictured faces should see her—Lady Chantry in the big, gilt frame above the chimney and Harry on her lap.

What she desired to do would not be playing the game! And the motto of her mother's people—Harry's Norman ancestors—rang suddenly in her ears like a tolling bell.

'Hate us, que dotis, advenire que ponatur.' 'Do the right, come what may!' Duguesclin's motto, and if she married Harry—hers. But she would have staid it.

With a sudden desperate effort she pulled back her fingers, still poised above the fire, and walked quickly out of her room and down into the dining room, where the doctors were still chatting in lowered voices.

'My uncle's will!' she said. 'Perhaps you will take charge of it, Dr. Harris!'

And before the astonished man could answer she had fled to her bedroom, where, crouching low beside the glowing hearth, she wept at last.

The funeral, with its solemn, portentous mockery was over. Side by side the betrothed pair sat in the library. The news had spread of the contents of Jabez Samaurez's unjust will, and people looked at them with a half hidden pity.

Capt. Samaurez was certainly a little pale—no wonder. But his ring sparkled boldly on Monica's finger, and it was said that they intended to emigrate to Canada and build themselves a home in the country of Hope.

The solemn lawyer cleared his throat.

'I have here a will dated June 17th,' he said, 'which was handed by my late client to Miss Idlesleigh on the night of his death, and by her given in charge of Dr. Harris in the presence of witnesses. This will, however, is superceded by a second will executed on the 18th of last June, which I will now proceed to read.'

The startled audience roused itself to listen. Monica's head buzzed. The words were plain enough. Mr.

Your Grocer
sends out KING COLE TEA confident that it will please. He has a positive assurance of its quality, in the guarantee on every package—entire satisfaction or money refunded. There is no stronger guarantee of quality.

"You'll like the flavor."

German Treachery.

The London News states through German treachery the great Russian ammunition factory at Ochia, a suburb of Petrograd, was blown to pieces a number of months ago. It was the Russian Woolwich, really the only Russian factory in Russia. The Russian military situation was badly influenced, as the Allies had to come to the rescue by the circuitous Archangel route. Russia, crippled in this manner, had to fight for time and the striking power of France and Great Britain was checked. All thought of the proposed spring offensive had to be given up and the chief energies of Allies bent to the task of supplying Russia with munitions.

Greatly Discouraged Over Baby's Illness.

Mrs. Jos. Gaudreau, Notre Dame des Bois, Que., writes: 'Last autumn our baby was very sick and we were greatly discouraged. The doctor did not seem able to help him and we began using Baby's Own Tablets which soon made him a fat, healthy child. The Tablets regulate the stomach and bowels, break up colds and simple fevers, expel worms, cure colic and make teething easy. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.'

Wolfville People Praise Simple Mixture.

Many in Wolfville praise the simple mixture of huckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-ka. This remedy is the most THOROUGH bowel cleanser ever sold being even used successfully in appendicitis. ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE of constipation, sour or gassy stomach. ONE MINUTE after you take it the gases rumble and pass out. Adler-ka cannot gripe and the INSTANT action is surprising. Sold by A. V. Rand.

How Victory Must Come.

The victory must come to us through mind, will and soul. If we were inferior to these things nothing could save us. In our capacity for these we are inferior to no race on earth, and it is time for this truth to shine out again, as in the first phrase of the war. Now, as in the days of Cromwell and Chatham, Britain is ready for heroic leadership, and demands nothing less. We are certain that the thing will come with the need, but the true touch and accent of heroic leadership are only known when, in the very hour of difficulty, the spirit of indomitable courage, exertion and resolve are breathed into a whole people by men who scorn weak concealment and seek strength from the full and require frosting of em-

Long-Range Prayer.

The Swiss mountaineers have a custom of calling through speaking trumpets at dusk each evening, "Pray for the Lord God." The call may be started by one herdman and is answered by others from neighboring peaks, the sound being much prolonged as it reverberates from one mountain to another. After a short interval, supposedly devoted to prayer, a herdman calls in the same manner, "Good night," this, too, being repeated by his fellows. Then all retire to their huts. The impressiveness of these calls, echoing and re-echoing from rock and mountain to mountain can easily be imagined.

An Appeal on Behalf of the National Patriotic Fund.

We have now entered upon the second year of the war, and the end seems as far off as ever. No one imagined, a year ago, that by September of 1915, Canada would have sent across the Atlantic nearly one hundred thousand men with as many more to follow if necessary. This magnificent enlistment, while primarily due to the loyalty of our people, has been, in a large measure, made possible by the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

This greatest of all the national benefactions is now assisting twenty thousand families of men who have enlisted for overseas service. These men have gone forward with the full assurance that the people of Canada will see to it that during their absence their wives, widowed mothers and little children shall be maintained in comfort. We hear that the drain upon the Fund is assuming large proportions, that to meet the needs of July and August \$700,000 was expended, that the reserves are being materially decreased and that the national Executive Committee now finds it necessary to make a further appeal to the Canadian Public.

There are many funds, most of them worthy, but of them all the Patriotic Fund is the one we cannot allow to fail. It is the duty of the Government to arm, equip and maintain the troops. Not a dollar do the Federal authorities give to the Patriotic Fund. This work depends solely on the patriotism and generosity of our own people. Thousands of brave men are fighting our battles, believing that we meant what we said when we told them as they went forward:—"Go, and we will care for the wife and kiddies." It would be to our everlasting disgrace if our pledge were broken.

The national organization, with headquarters at Ottawa and branches of affiliated associations in every part of the Dominion, is worthy of our most generous support in the tremendous and ever growing task that it has undertaken.

Ottawa, Sept. 1st, 1915.

The amount thus far awarded for damages for air raids and bombardments in Britain is £90,038.

The German army's monthly wage is estimated at 300,000 men.

PURITY FLOUR

and more loaves to the barrel too. Buy it and see for yourself.

More Bread and Better Bread

1916 OVERLANDS

NOW ARRIVING

LOWER PRICE. BETTER CAR.

One Man Top Electric Starter Left or Right drive

Remountable Rims Lights and Horn Crown Head Guards

Non-skid Tires on rear High Tension Magneto Underslung Springs

Lighter weight, full 55 H. P.

Price Only \$1050.00 F. O. B. Hamilton, Ont.

For demonstration and full particulars call up

Wolfville Garage J. R. Black, Mgr.

RED ROSE TEA