

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, MAY 19, 1916.

NO. 35

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.
Newspapers from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited.
ADVERTISING RATES
\$1.00 per column (8 inches) for first insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Meeting notices for each week for the month, 10c; and a half-cent per line for each subsequent insertion.
Rules.
Copy for new advertisements will be received up to Thursday noon. Copy for changes in existing 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 in the latest styles and at moderate prices. All postpaid orders and news agencies are authorized agents of the ACADIAN for the purpose of routing subscriptions, but receipts for same are only given from the office of publication.

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE.
C. S. FRENCH, Mayor.
W. M. BLAIR, Town Clerk.
Office Hours:
9:00 to 12:00 a. m.
1:30 to 5:00 p. m.
Close on Saturday at 12 o'clock.
POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.
Office Hours, 8:00 a. m. to 8:00 p. m.
On Saturdays open until 8:30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:00 a. m.
Express west close at 9:30 a. m.
Express east close at 1:00 p. m.
Kensville close at 5:45 p. m.
Reg letters 15 minutes earlier.
E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

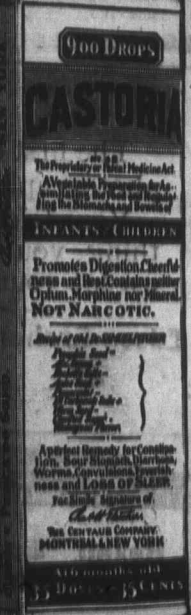
CHURCHES.
BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. N. A. Parkhouse, Pastor. Sunday Services: Public Worship at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School at 9:00 a. m. Midweek services on Wednesday evenings at 7:30 p. m. Women's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, at 8:30 p. m. The Social and Benevolent Society meets the third Thursday of each month at 8:30 p. m. The Mission Band meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 8:45 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 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Services at Park Williams and Lower Horton as announced. W. F. M. S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 8:30 p. m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Monday at 7:30 p. m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Sunday at 8:00 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, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:45 p. m. All seats free. Friends and strangers welcome at all the services. At Greenwood, 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. and 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday at 11 a. m. Meets every Sunday 11 a. m. Evening 7:30 p. m. Special services on Advent, Lent, etc. Any notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m. Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Pastor.
All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.
Rev. H. F. Dixon, Rector.
A. G. Cowie } Wardens.
T. L. Harvey }
St. Francis (Catholic).—Rev. Fr. H. J. McMillan, P. F.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.
THE TABERNACLE.—During Summer months, services on the Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Special services on Wednesdays, 7:30 p. m. All seats free. Friends and strangers welcome.
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.
H. A. Pack, Secretary.
ODDFELLOWS.
Charter Lodge, No. 95, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall on Harris Block. Visiting brethren always welcome.
H. M. Watson, Secretary.
TEMPERANCE.
Worship Division S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8 o'clock.
FORESTERS.
Court Blomidon, I. O. F. meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m.

Always the Same
PURITY FLOUR
Day in and Day out.
Week in and Week out.
Year in and Year out.
Always the same.



The Way to Keep Down the Cost of Living
Buy Your Groceries, Teas & Coffees from
WENTZELL'S Limited.
From one end of the Province to the other WENTZELL'S LIMITED is known as the "Big Store." It is known as a store having a big stock, a big variety, and giving big value—the only part that is small is the price.
WENTZELL'S LIMITED buy in the very largest quantities direct from sources of supply. Having ample capital, they pay cash, thus securing everything at the very lowest market price.
The policy of the "Big Store" is "large sales and small profits." This has built up a tremendous business, nothing like it east of Montreal. That's the reason why the "Big Store" prices are always so reasonable, and why you can keep down the cost of living if you trade here.
Free Delivery Offer.
We prepare the freight on all orders amounting to \$10.00 and over, except for such heavy goods as sugar, flour, molasses, salt, oil, etc. If your name is not on our mailing list, send it along, so that you will receive our catalogue and special lists as they are published.
WENTZELL'S LIMITED
Halifax, N. S.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria
Always
Bears the
Signature
of
Dr. J. C. Williams
In Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA



Exact Copy of Wrapper.
THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

JOB PRINTING!
Neatly and Promptly executed at
THE ACADIAN
We print Wedding Invitations, Calling Cards, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statements, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Shipping Tags, Business Cards, Receipt Forms in all the latest styles of type.

COAL!
Acadia Lump,
Albion Nut,
Springhill,
Inverness.
A. M. WHEATON

In His Hands.
He holds the key of all unknown.
And I am glad
If other hands should hold the key
Or if he treated it to me,
I might be said.
What if tomorrow's care were here
Without its rest?
I'd rather he unlocked the day,
And as its hours swung open way,
"My will is his."
I cannot read his future plans,
But I know
I have the answer to his questions,
And all the rest of his life.

A Scottish Romance.
The air was keen with frost; on the worn rim of the granite drinking trough the sparkles glistening like crystallized gems; a thin layer of clean ice covered the stream which had trickled from the old pump. But the two who stood beneath the thatch saw none of these things; the world had ceased to exist for them. They were alone together in the wonder of Love's Garden.
With throbbing pulses, John Anderson looked into the sweet face at his shoulder
"Janie," he cried, "I am loving you with every bit o' me! I am little o' it, I ken that fine, but I am taking the turn, lassie. I am away to Edinburgh the morn to earn a steady wage, and before the year comes again to Hallowe'en, I'll be wedding you, gin yo'll have me. Gie me one wee word, lassie!"
For a moment the girl stood silent, then, turning, she looked him in the eyes.
"It's just love, John," she whispered. "That's one wee word."
"Lassie—lassie mine!"
The passionate words brought the splendid color to her cheeks, and with a low, tremulous laugh, she freed herself from his embrace.
"They'll be seeing us," she said. "We must away back for the burie o' the nuts."
Midnight was striking when the merry company at last dispersed, and, forgetting a moment, John Anderson took the wee twist of newspaper which Janie's sister slipped into his hand.

"It's the aches o' our nuts," she whispered. "Put them be your pillow, dear; we may be cooing' the low down."
Retiring to the farm on the Saturday night following the festival of Hallowe'en, Janie Morton was arrested by the sound of her cousin's voice, followed by that of the priest.
"I'm no surprised," they Anderson have seen been a thankless lot. I say said the lad would come to no good. It's a peety it is that."
"What is a peety? What is wrong with John Anderson?"
At the sudden interruption the two men turned, seeing the girl as she stood by the table.
"He's got himself in jail," growled the farmer. "It's a' in the paper there."
Taking the news sheet in her trembling hands, Janie read the account of the street brawl in which her lover had distinguished himself by knocking down and injuring a constable, receiving as a reward, one month's imprisonment.
"It's a sair peety. It'll just stick to him a' his days, like a smudge o' tar; it—"

Dropping the paper the girl fled from the room, up the steep stairs to the quietude of her own bedroom.
Her heart cried out to him across the silence; other means of communication with him she had none, for in Edinburgh there are many jails, and she knew not in which to find him.
Ten long years had winged their flight, and once again the hands of time pointed to the festival of Hallowe'en.


From behind a gay array of apple Grannie Kirtay gazed through the doorway of the little grocery store, wherein she had retained for close on half a century. Trade was brisk, and her old eyes twinkled as she watched her slim waisted, det bandaged grandchild dispensing pounds of nuts and apples to the eager customers who stormed the counter.
Truly, ten years had seen the changing of the old order. Old faces had vanished; idle and lassies had left their youth behind them; the babies their toys. Of those who had filled the farm kitchen with merriment, Janie Morton alone remained, living in an unaccountable solitude at the farm headquarters by her name. Only Grannie Kirtay knew the secret lying in the depths of her loyal heart.
With absent eyes, the old woman stared at the big, bronzed man who entered the shop on the heels of a blitted liddle of seven.
"Can you tell me who is at Morton's farm now?" he asked, speaking with the accent of a Colonial.
"Ay," she answered slowly peering at him through her glasses. "There's just Miss Janie there. She has had it this long while."

"She is unmarried, then?"
Involuntarily the question seemed to catch the man's lips, and Grannie Kirtay looked intently at him.
"She is by her lone," she said. "There's many wanted her, but she wouldn't have them. She been by lone these ten years lang. Would you be wishing to visit her, anyway? she asked curiously. "If so be as you should be going to the farm, I'd take a wee bit of you if you would just let me see this wee lang doan for me."

"Alone that for you," he said, and thrusting the bag into his coat pocket, he hurried from the shop.
Alone in the glowing kitchen? which ten years ago had echoed many a peal of laughter, Janie Morton sat on the polished base of the stove, her hands clasped together in her lap and within them a twist of newspaper.
Never a Hallowe'en had come round that she had not burned the nuts in her own name and that of the man she loved, but to-night, for the first time, her heart had failed her for very aching and she omitted to call for them at Grannie Kirtay's store.
Through all the years she had waited and hoped, faithful to the core; but 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' and one by one the tears welled up, blurring over, falling in a bitter rain upon the packet of ashes that had been the mute companion of her loneliness.
"John, Janie, I'm loving you yet!"
Broken with sobs, the words fell upon the silence, as the bearer of Grannie Kirtay's 'wee bag' lifted the latch.
Startling to her feet she faced him, the color rushing to her cheeks only to ebb away.


"Janie, my wee lassie—Janie!"
The cry rang out through the quiet room about them, and John Anderson slipped his strong right arm about his love, even as he had done ten Hallowe'en's ago.
"I was ashamed to write ye," he said hoarsely. "I loved ye that well, Janie, when I was free again, I just went right away. I thought it was best for me. I have been out West, lassie. I have been working for you since you had to say 'mine' for me. It was 'thine' a farm waiting for you to come 'the way. It was that I came to tell ye. Gie me a word, Janie."
Slipping her hands into his, she looked him in the eyes.
"Love John," she whispered—just that.
"I was to give you this from Grannie Kirtay," he said presently, pulling the wee bag from his pocket.
Taking it from him, she slipped the string that with the roses blooming fresh in her cheeks, she looked up at him.
"It's some nuts, John," she said between laughter and tears. I have aye had them from her at Hallowe'en. She would be thinking I might be wanting them. Maybe we might be burning 'em."
"Maybe," said John Anderson softly.
"What was it ye send me the nuts by him, Grannie?"
With her hand in her husband's Janie Anderson looked at the old woman who had stood for her friend through the dreary years of waiting and Grannie Kirtay looked back at her.
"At my days, dearie,—she said simply,—my days I have a wonderful memory for faces!"
Skin Soft as a Child's
"It was a great sufferer from eczema and sulphur for years," writes Mr. John W. Nass, Luttrellburg, N. B. "Five years ago three boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment cured me and the old trouble never returned. My skin is soft as a child's now and I shall always say a good word for Dr. Chase's Ointment."
The Door of Opportunity.
The closing of the war will see old trade routes abandoned and new ones established. Are you pressing at the door of opportunity in this respect? Is your commercial intelligence branch gathering data as to requirements of new customers? Are your representatives ready and your samples being prepared to adjust the nature of their output to the requirements?
In this Province going to be in the front rank in the opening of the new markets, and in the supplying of her own needs? Your organization can do most effective work along this line.—Gen. E. Graham before the Halifax Commercial Club.
Gifts—How many people work in your office?
Perry—Only one. He came today. The others have been with us for some time.

"This typewriting gets on my nerves."
"Now I'm well and enjoy my work."



Neurasthenia or Exhaustion of the Nervous System.
It is quite possible for the nervous system to be considerably exhausted before you realize the seriousness of your condition. You do not feel up to the mark, are easily tired out, worry over little things, and get cross and irritable, but do not consider yourself sick.
For this reason we shall give an outline of the symptoms so that you may be warned in time and use preventive treatment at a time when it will do the most good.
1. General discomfort—excitement and depression alternating.
2. Headache and sometimes dizziness, and deafness.
3. Disturbed, restless, unrefreshing sleep, interrupted by dreams.
4. Weakness of memory, particularly of recent events.
5. Blurring sight, noises and ringing in the ears.
6. Disturbance of sensibility or feeling, as in hands, or, with women, in the breasts.
7. Coldness of parts of body or flushing and sweats.
8. Lack of tone, easily fatigued, dyspepsia.
9. Fear to be alone, or in a crowd, fear of things falling, fear of travelling, etc.
These symptoms indicate that the nerves are being starved for lack of rich, red blood. Certain elements are lacking which can best be supplied by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.
This cure is easily available and awaits alone your action in applying it. There is no question of the merits of this food cure. Enquiry among your friends will prove to you that many thousands of women, and men, too, are being restored to health and vigor by use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.
50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.


Dr. Chase's Nerve Food
Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free if you mention this paper.



The Poultry Raiser's Opportunity
From present indications Great Britain will require all the eggs and poultry Canada can produce during 1916. The unusually high prices prevailing for eggs at the present time are largely due to the anticipated export demand. Prices for poultry are also high, and will likely continue so. Last fall and winter all the surplus Canadian poultry was exported at highly profitable prices.
Now is the time, by hatching everything possible in the month of May to guard against the marking of a deranged poultry which annually becomes a drag on the market in the fall of the year.
Given their proportionate amount of attention the growing of poultry brings quick and profitable returns to the farmer. With the increasing cost of meats, milk, butter, etc., there is a constantly increasing demand for poultry and eggs. The labour problem is not critical, as the boys and girls on the farm can readily take care of the poultry. The cost of feed is nominal, prices for poultry and eggs are high—the highest, in fact, for many years. It is obvious, therefore, that Canadians have a patriotic as well as an economic duty to perform in making the year 1916 the banner year for poultry production in Canada.

Bad Cold in the Chest.
"I am happy to tell you that I used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed 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 Linseed and Turpentine to relieve and cure all inflammations and irritations of the throat and bronchial tubes.
Two clergymen met one evening. One of them was smoking, a practice to which the other objected very strongly.
"Is it possible," said the non-smoker in disgust, "that you smoke tobacco? Even a pig would not smoke so vile a weed!"
"Then, I suppose," asked the other, "that you do not smoke yourself?"
"No, indeed, I should think not!"
"Then my dear brother," said his companion, quietly, "who is more like the pig—you or I?"

FRESH FRAGRANT FLAVORFUL
KING COLE TEA
You'll Like the Flavor
40c., 45c., 50c. per pound.



Red Rose Tea "is good tea"

Forests As Tax-Payers.
MUNICIPAL FORESTS ARE SWITZERLAND'S REVENUE PRODUCERS
The Nidwald, or city forest of Zurich, Switzerland adds to the town's revenues \$20 per acre a year reducing the amount needed to be raised through taxation by more than \$35,000.
In Canada, there are no municipal forests, though the forests on Crown lands are a source of large revenue, particularly to the provincial governments. Too frequently, however, forests have been regarded merely as a source of immediate revenue, with out sufficient provisions for making the revenue perpetual, adequate fire protection and the control of methods of cutting calculated to restore the forest after cutting.

A Wonderful City in Galicia
In Galicia there is one of the most remarkable underground cities in the world. It has a population of over 1,000 men, women and children, most of whom have never seen the light of day. It is known as the City of the Salt Mines, and is situated several hundred feet below the earth's surface. There is the greatest salt mine in the world, and though it has been mined for many generations, the supply seems inexhaustible. The city has its town hall, church, theatre, and assembly room, all made from the crystallized rock salt. It has long wide streets and big squares lighted with electricity. There are numerous instances of families in this underground city where not a single individual in three or four generations has seen the sun.
Daylight Saving for Britain
There now seem to be little doubt that Great Britain will follow the example of Holland and adopt the daylight saving system. Premier Asquith has promised to give a day for discussion of the question in the House of Commons, while Mr. Secretary Samuel has written a long letter for publication strongly recommending the idea on the ground that it would be an important saving in fuel and illumination.