THE ACADIAN
One Year to Any Address for $1.00.

The Acadian.

No better advertising medium in the Valley than THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXIX. WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1909. NO. 10

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.

Newsy 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, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application.

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

RULES.

Copy for new 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 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 ACADIAN for the purpose of receiving subscriptions, but receipts for same are only given from the office of publication.

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE.

T. L. HARVEY, Mayor.
A. E. COLDWELL, 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, 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 9.05 a. m.
Express east close at 4.10 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.35 p. m.

E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Sunday evening at 6.15, and Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers 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 at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton. Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH. — Rev. J. W. Prestwood, 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 Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

ST. JOHN'S PARISH CHURCH, OF HORTON.—Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sunday at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m. Evensong 7 15 p. m. Wednesday Evensong, 7 30 p. m. Special service in Advent, Lent, etc., as by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rector.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

REV. R. F. DIXON, Rector.

Geo. A. Prat, J. D. Sherwood, } Wardens.

ST. FRANCIS (Catholic)—Rev. William Brown, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—Mr. Noble Crandall, Superintendent. Services: Sunday, Sunday-school at 2.30 p. m., Gospel service at 7.30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

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.

A. M. WHEATON, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

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

DR. E. F. MOORE, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

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

F. J. PORTER,
Licensed Auctioneer,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Will hereafter accept calls to sell in any part of the county.

HEAL that OBSTINATE SORE!

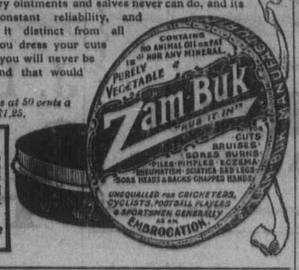
CUTS and bruises are often very obstinate in refusing to heal. The edges of the wound remain inflamed and sore, and there is a daily danger of disease-germs settling on the raw flesh and giving rise to serious complications. Thus, neglect or improper treatment of an injury, be it a cut, burn, scald, or even a simple scratch, is a menace to life.

In cases where wounds refuse to heal quickly, nothing but Zam-Buk will suffice if the skin is to be made to grow naturally and perfectly once again. Zam-Buk robbed gently over a wound has the remarkable effect, not only of rendering the wound proof against disease-germs, but of growing new skin-tissues.

Thus Zam-Buk heals wounds in a perfectly natural manner, and the possibilities of eczema and other torturing skin-diseases are entirely prevented. Possessing rare medicinal properties, Zam-Buk accomplishes what ordinary ointments and salves never can do, and its ever-ready character, constant reliability, and absolute purity, render it distinct from all other preparations. If you dress your cuts and sores with Zam-Buk you will never be troubled with "the wound that would not heal."

Of all Druggists and Stores at 50 cents a box, or three for $1.25.

FREE.
Send this coupon (with 1c. stamp to cover return postage) to the Zam-Buk Co., Colborne Street, Toronto, and a free trial box will be mailed at once.
Have you tried Zam-Buk Soap?



Professional Carps.

DENTISTRY.

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

Dr. J. T. Roach
DENTIST.
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgeons. Office in HERBIN BLOCK, WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Office Hours: 9—1, 2—5.

Dr. D. J. Munro,
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. 47
Office Hours: 9—12 a. m.; 1—5 p. m.
Barss Building, Wolfville.

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

W. E. ROSCOE, K. C. BARRY W. ROSCOE, LL.B.
ROSCOE & ROSCOE
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
KENTVILLE, - - N. S.

E. F. MOORE
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
OFFICE: Delaney's Building, Main St.
RESIDENCE: Methodist Parsonage, Gaspereau Avenue.
OFFICE HOURS: 9-10 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-9 p. m. 23
Telephone connection at office and residence.

H. PINEO,
EXPERT OPTICIAN,
WOLFVILLE.
Write if you wish an appointment either at your home or his.

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

CLARKE'S
AUCTION SALE ROOMS
is the Oldest Established and Best in the Provinces.
WEEKLY
Sales of Horses, Wagons, Harness, Sleighs, etc.
ALSO—House Furnishings of every description.
Salesrooms: 75 & 80 Argyle St., Halifax, N. S.

To Rent.

Tenement on Main street, 6 rooms beside hall, bath room, store-room and pantry. Apply to
I. W. SELFRIDGE or C. W. STRONG.
Wolfville, Aug. 28 1908.

Wolfville Real Estate Agency.
Persons wishing to buy or sell apply to
J. W. SELFRIDGE, Manager.
Wolfville, April 27.

Property for Sale OR TO LET.
Now occupied by the subscriber in East Wolfville. Dwelling, barn, fruit-house, and shed, and ¾ acres of land, with 40 fruit trees—apple, cherry, plum and peach.
1—tf. J. F. HERBIN.

TO LET.
One half the house adjoining premises of Church of England, containing five rooms, viz: kitchen, dining-room, parlor and two bedrooms. Rent moderate.
Apply to—
E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY, Agent.
Wolfville, Oct. 14th, 1909.

BUILDING PLANS.
Plans and specifications carefully prepared; estimates if required,
Apply to,
GEO A. PRAT, Wolfville.

J. J. Ellis
Wishes to notify the public that he is now in a position to do all kinds of
TEAMING AND TRUCKING.
Gardens plowed and planted and yards cleaned.
Leave your order at J. M. Shaw's, or Regan's or at residence on Gaspereau avenue.
36 J. J. ELLIS.

KING EDWARD HOTEL
Corner North & Lockman Sts, HALIFAX.
Fitted with all modern improvements, magnificently furnished. Situation and view unsurpassed in Halifax. Within five minutes ride by street cars to the centre of the city.
Terms—$2.00 to $2.50 per day, according to location.
WM. WILSON, Proprietor

Bishop & Porter,
(Successors to J. C. Bishop.)
Carpenters and Builders.
Repairing and Shop Work a specialty.
Metalic Shingles and all kinds of Inside Metalic Fittings.
Agents for all kinds of outside and inside House Finish.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
Rates quoted and tickets issued from
ANY PLACE EAST TO ANY PLACE WEST
And Vice Versa.
OCEAN TO OCEAN
Full Information on Application.
W. B. HOWARD, D. P. A., C. P. R., ST. JOHN, N. B.

108 Nox a Cold in One Day
Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and all Lung Trouble. None just as good. At all leading drug stores. 25c. and 50c. bottles. Manufactured by the Scobell Drug Co., St. Catherines, Ontario. A. V. RAND, Special Agent.

Open the door.

Open the door of your heart, my lad,
To the angel of love and truth,
When the world is full of unnumbered joys
In the beautiful dawn of youth.
Casting aside all things that mar,
Saying to wrong, 'Depart!'
To the voices of hope that are calling you
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,
To the things that shall abide;
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul
Like the stars at eventide.
All the fadeless flowers that bloom
In the realms of song and art
Are yours if you'll only give them room,
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,
Heedless of class and creed,
When you hear a cry of a brother's voice,
The echo of a soul in need.
To the singing hearts that ever you hear
You need no map nor chart;
But only the love of the Master;
Open the door of your heart.

—Edward Everet Hale.

The Playactress.

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

So, with just as much heartiness as though he were a lame probationer or a raw student, William Greig came to say a word to Dr. Gilbert Rutherford. He shook the preacher warmly by the hand. It was quite impossible for him to shake hands in any other way. He would even have gripped the hand of an Episcopalian, and that cordially—especially if his own minister had not been looking.

'It's twenty-seven years since ye abode in my house—that was my father's then doctor. I'm the young man that ye spoke to in the oak plantin' about his soul—William Greig of the Nether Larg, wha under the Almichty Himsel' owes to you the spirit that is in him the day.'

Thus William Greig.

That is one of the glorious moments that come occasionally to the fisher of men, who fishes as truly as he can for souls, yet chiefly seems to throw away his endeavors—bait, line, and all. For such moments, though they come but rarely, it is worth while to live.

'I mind you, William; I mind you well. How could I forget?' said the preacher, gripping his hand.

'The years have brought us both to the silver grey, I see; and I doubt not to many another change, William.'

The two men looked each other in the eyes, as only men do who meet after many years.

'When is Aunt Bessie coming back?' asked a little reproachful voice, low down near the grass.

The two men dropped each other's hands and looked at her, half ashamed of their forgetfulness. Little Ailie Rutherford was standing there very still and patient, with her hands crossed before, a quaint and pretty figure.

'I cannot tell when Aunt Bessie will come back!' said her grandfather, sadly foreseeing weary days for the little one.

'But you asked her, and she said that she would come,' persisted the small, tender voice.

'Yes, she will come some day,' said Dr. Rutherford, but not very brightly.

'Grandfather,' she went on, 'I am to call you that, am I not? Aunt Bessie said so. Why did auntie cry when she went away? Auntie only cries when mamma is not well and speaks loud to her. But you are quite well, and you do not speak angrily. Aunt Bessie ought not to cry. Will you tell her so?'

The Great Preacher felt the limitations of a man.

Once more it was William Greig who relieved the strain.

'Doctor,' he said, 'will you not come up again to the hills and taste the callar air. A man may sup health by the spoonfuls up at the Nether Larg. Come up and do us good! And bring this denty wee wifie to get some color into her cheeks. It will bring a blessing like that of the house of Obed-edom.'

The doctor appeared to consider for a moment.

'I hae nae mistress noo, as ye may ken,' said William Greig; 'but there's a lass or twa o' mine up yonder, that wad be proud to show the bonny woman whaur the gowans are thickest and the thorn blossom whitest.'

It seemed a happy solution. It would give him time to bethink himself and, in the upland stillness, to form an acquaintance with this child of his later years.

'If the minister will allow,' he said: 'every man is under orders in another man's parish.'

He looked at Stephen Armstrong as he spoke. That young man seemed somewhat absent minded, for he said—

'I see that you have found friends in the neighborhood.'

'Yes,' said the farmer of Nether Larg, 'I hae reason to call the doctor my friend, if ever man spoke of another by that name.'

And so it was settled. William Greig was to come for them on the following day about the middle of the forenoon. He had to come down to get the pony shod at any rate,' he said.

'Are the gowans flowers, grandfather?' inquired Ailie Rutherford the third, gently.

'Yes, my dear,' said he.

'Will it be prettier than Richmond Park?' she asked again.

'I think it will,' Gilbert Rutherford made answer, smiling.

The little maid sat down suddenly and unexpectedly and sobbed her heart out.

The minister knelt beside her in great distress, putting his arm about her.

'Why is it that you cry, dearie?' he said tenderly. 'Tell me, and I will help it if I can.'

The child was silent for a while, sobbing irregularly and irrepressibly.

'It is because it will be so lovely and Aunt Bessie will not be there to see it,' she said.

The Great Preacher took her in his arms and walked down to the manse with her, comforting her. William Greig went with him to the door. As for Stephen Armstrong, he followed in the rear meditating.

As they paused, before separating at the gate, William Greig said—

'What is her name?'

'Ailie!' said the doctor, looking at her as her crumpled and tearstained head lay on his shoulder; 'that was my wife's name.'

He spoke in a low tone, as if he were in a sick room.

'So it was o' mine!' said William Greig, in the same voice, but, if anything, yet lower.

The two men gripped hands, without looking at one another this time, and turned away.

So Warristoun Water and the Kirk on the Hill came very near together—just because a playactor's little waif was named Ailie.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE GREAT PREACHER.

BUT the morrow was not yet come. Stephen Armstrong had a housekeeper, a lady of severe aspect and severer morals, known and feared as 'Girzie of the Manse.' Of her, little Ailie Rutherford the third would have none.

'Aunt Bessie said as how I was to be grandfather's little girl. It's kind of you black lady; but Aunt Bessie knows best.'

And this was her reply to all overtures on the subject of bed and undressing. So the Great Preacher, with an odd pain in his bosom, began to brush up his knowledge of buttons and hooks. There came to him a picture of himself that winter very long ago, when he and Ailie were so poor, and when their old servant went home ill and left them alone away back in the little manse in the country.

There he saw his gentle Ailie bending over a little white heap of bedclothes, and there was he at the fireplace with a bairn on his knee—Ailie laughing brightly over her shoulder at his awkardness, which was greater in finding that terrible 'button of juncture at the back' than it had ever been in worrying out a knotty point in the 'Original Hebrew.'

Then, what was it that Ailie said? He remembered it as clearly as the way she bent her arms when she did her hair.

The knot was hard in his throat now—constricted so that it hurt. Where were the bairnies who that night made the little manse blithe with their merry din?

All gone, lying side by side on the green howes of Warristoun, save only Willie—whose buttons it was so hard to find because the rogue systematically pulled them off—he resting all his lone by the wash of warm topic seas.

But in a little this younger Ailie was on the minister's knees, and he said—

'To night you must be a good girl, for you are to sleep in grandfather's bed. He will look after you. But he does not know much about little girls, and so you must help him.'

'Hadn't you never no little girls, grandfather?' said the maid.

'Yes, my dear, I had little girls,' said Gilbert Rutherford, 'an Ailie like you, an Isobel—'

There was a pause for a little.

'But why are you sad, grandfather? Did you have to take them and leave them in some one else's house, like Aunt Bessie left me, as they could undress them and take care of them?'

'Yes,' said the Great Preacher, 'that is just it. I took them and left them in Some One else's house!'

'Then you mustn't look cryful, grandfather, for Aunt Bessie says, 'Tis for our good' and 'tis right'—that's what she says!'

Ailie stooped, shaking her head, a wistful little whitch, and then went thoughtfully—

'But perhaps he wasn't as good's you?'

'Who?' said Gilbert Rutherford, startled.

'Your little children's grandfather that you left them with, you know.'

'But He is—far kinder and better!' said Gilbert, quickly.

'Did you cry when you took the train tickets, like Aunt Bessie did under the big arch, where the engines go 'Hoo—Hoo'?'

'I fear I did,' said Gilbert to his small inquisitor.

And he felt himself smiling strangely through an environing midst.

In time the mystery of hooks and eyes, of ties and buttons, cleared itself a little. But a new terror fixed itself upon his soul—how next morning he would put all these things together. He remembered once that, with the help of the Encyclopædia, he had taken down his watch with great satisfaction to himself, but had entirely failed to put it together on the following morning. For with much natural depravity it had resolved itself into a tangle of wheels and springs laid out on a sheet of grey paper.

The cases were analogous. The maze of ties, strings, bands and buttons before him on the floor looked more hopeless than the watch had done.

'Time for my bath!' said Ailie, crisp and sharp.

A new danger was here.

The Great Preacher shamelessly prevaricated.

'To-morrow perhaps grandfather will have a bath for his little girl. To-night we are not in our own house, and you see grandfather did not know that his little girl was coming—'

'Oh, yes, I know,' said Ailie, brightly. 'I am not to worry grandfather if I don't get everything I want.'

She repeated this excellent moral precept like the headliness of a copy-book.

'For some things may not be for little girls' good—as baths, specially when it's cold, lessons, and nasty medicine,' she added, nodding her head as she enumerated.

At last, soberly endured upon with trailing white, infinitely overwhelming for her, and looking more quaint and delightsome than ever, the little fairy figure came and plumped down at his knee. Then she began without a preface or warning—

'Jesus tender Seppard, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
In the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.'

Gilbert Rutherford sat rebuked. He had been debating how he would begin to teach the rudiments of religion to this child reared among the playactors.

'From all the dangers of this night keep little Ailie. God bless grandfather that is far away—oh, no, but he isn't now—and mother, and dear father that is coming home to his little girl, and Aunt Bessie, for she is the very goodest aunt, and make Ailie a much better girl, for Jesus' sake. Amen.'

The little elf was up from her knees in a moment, as soon as the 'Amen' had been despatched.

'Now climb—and hug—and fairy story!' she exclaimed, denting her fat arms into her grandfather's neck, and nuzzling as far under his chin as she could get her head to go.

Continued Next Week

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
Makes the finest, most delicious biscuit, cake and pastry; conveys to food the most healthful of fruit properties
Absolutely Pure

CAUSE AND CURE OF NEURALGIA

Modern Methods Dispose of the Cause Instead of Treating the Symptoms.

Neuralgia means simply 'nerve pain,' so there may be a great variety in the character and intensity of the pain and any nerve in the body may be affected. There are a number of causes of neuralgia, but the most common is a general run-down condition of the system. The discovery of this fact from reliable statistics led to the new treatment for neuralgia which consists in building up the general health by the tonic treatment and so disposing of the cause of the trouble.

Persons reduced by acute sickness, or by severe mental or physical strain, or by loss of sleep are frequently victims of neuralgia and it is common in the case of those suffering from anæmic or bloodlessness. This brings us to the actual cause of neuralgia, which is nerve starvation. The blood which in normal health carries to the nerves all of their nourishment, is unable to perform this duty satisfactorily when it is weak or impure. Build up the blood and the neuralgic pain will disappear as the nerves become better nourished. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood-making tonic, and for this reason cure even the most obstinate cases of neuralgia. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood, which feeds the starved veins and drives out the sharp, darting, stabbing pains of neuralgia. Mrs. John Tibert, Little River, N. S., says:—'A few years ago I was a great sufferer from neuralgia in my head and face. At times the attacks were simply excruciating, and I would be forced to remain in bed. I tried doctors' medicines, but did not receive any benefit until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am happy to say that the benefit I received from these was wonderful. I may also add that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured my daughter of anæmic and indigestion, at a time when we began to despair of her getting better. I can highly recommend these Pills to anyone suffering from these troubles.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicines or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2 50 by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

6 Yrs. a Victim of Itching Piles
In dreadful agony day and night—DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT brought relief and cure.
Mr. G. W. Cornell, who is with the Shaw Milling Co., St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "In justice to suffering humanity I write to tell you of the world of good I obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. For about six years I was the victim of itching and protruding piles, and was in dreadful agony day and night. Doctors were unable to help me, and I could get nothing to relieve the suffering. I was about as miserable a creature as was to be found on the face of the earth.
"One day my druggist advised me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, which I did, and obtained relief from the first box, and complete cure with the second. My trouble was caused by heavy lifting, and I consider that Dr. Chase's Ointment would be cheap at fifty dollars a box in view of the good it did me." There is no question that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the most satisfactory treatment for itching, bleeding and protruding piles that was ever discovered. 60 cts. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Destroys Hair Germs
Recent discoveries have shown that falling hair is caused by germs at the roots of the hair. Therefore, to stop falling hair, you must first completely destroy these germs. Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will certainly do this. Then leave the rest to nature.
Does not change the color of the hair.
Ayer's Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it. Then do as he says.
Recent discoveries have also proved that dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp. Therefore, to cure dandruff, the first thing to do is to completely destroy these dandruff germs. Here, the same Ayer's Hair Vigor will give the same splendid results.
Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns etc.

PURITY FLOUR
Use it for bread, pies, cakes, biscuits, everything
It's the champion all-purpose brand.
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
Purity
MANITOBA HARD WHEAT
Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited.