

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXX.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1911.

NO. 22

THE ACADIAN.

Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors.

Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in advance. If sent to the United States, \$1.50.

Newspaper 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, 20 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 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. COLWELL, 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 8.00 p. m.
On Saturdays open until 8.30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.15 a. m.
Express west close at 9.50 a. m.
Express east close at 3.30 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.15 p. m.
E. S. CHAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.
BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, Public Worship at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 9.00 p. m. Mid-week prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. 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 on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 5.45 p. m. All saints free. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. G. W. Webber, Pastor. Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. and Adults Bible Class at 2.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Special services on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Wednesday at 8.00 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. W. Frostwood, 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 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, and Easter, 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. Pratt, J. D. Sherwood, Wardens.

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

THE PARISH.—During summer months 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. Andrew's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.
A. M. WELTON, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.
CHURCH LODGE, No. 99, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall at Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcome.
H. M. WATSON, Secretary.

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

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

This May Interest You.
Last year the sale of Peabody's Pear-son fruit and ornamental trees increased 40 per cent in Nova Scotia. Because we deliver standard trees and to contract grade. Our agents made money in proportion to the increase in sales. We want more reliable agents for Kings county. Pay Weekly. Exclusive Territory. Write for best terms.
PEABODY NURSERY CO., Toronto, Ont.

Children Cry for Fletcher's



CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to convince you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations, and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that will ruin the health of your children. Beware.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 BUNNARD STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



Hutchinson's Express & Livery

UP-TO-DATE IN EVERY RESPECT.
Buckho rds, Barouches, Single and Double Carriages, Good Horses, Careful Drivers, Fair Prices. Teams at all Times and Boats. Barges carefully transferred. Bonding Station. Telephone No. 58.

T. E. HUTCHINSON, Prop., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Ladies' Misses' and Children's Coats.

Good fitting coats mean a great deal to every woman. Our garments are made by the most up-to-date tailoring house in Canada and carry a style and finish exclusively their own.

Over 100 to choose from in Black, Brown, Blue, Green and Gray. Prices have been made to meet a quick sale.

LADIES' SUITS.

Hand-in-hand with our coats goes a stylish tailor made suit. The effort we have made to get in touch with the smartest and best designs we feel will be appreciated by purchasers.

KNITTED COATS.

We are showing our usual line in above goods at winning prices.

Illsley & Harvey Co., Ltd.

FORT WILLIAMS, N. S.

Professional Cards.

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 Surgery. Office in HERBIE BLOCK, WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Office Hours: 9-11, 2-5.

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

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT,
ATLANSFORD, N. S.
W. R. BROWN, E. C. BARRY, W. J. BROWN, L. S. B. ROSCOE & ROSCOE
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES, ETC.,
KENTVILLE, N. S.

C. E. Avery deWitt
M. D., C. M. (McGILL)
(one year post graduate study in Germany).
Office hours: 8-10 a. m.; 1-3, 7-8 p. m.
Tel. 81 University Ave.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills
A reliable French regulator (over 100 years old) is especially beneficial in regulating the irregular periods of the female system. It is a purely vegetable preparation. Dr. de Van's are sold in a box of 10 pills for \$1.00. Mailed in any address. Dr. de Van's are sold by Dr. de Van's Dispensary, one of our Agents, Halifax.

The Best Resorts Along the South Shore

Are reached by the Halifax & South Western Railway
Lockport, Shelburne, Chester, Hubbards, Barrington and all the other incomparable summer resorts for
Trout and Salmon Fishing
Caledonia is the gateway to the finest section in the peninsula—Lakes Roscoe and Kejimikujie with their numerous and practically unspoiled tributary waters. For illustrated booklets and general information write P. MOONEY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Halifax.

Itching Piles For 27 Yrs.

Despair of ever getting relief until cured after 25 years ago with use of DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.
Mr. John Johnson, Cayley, Alta., writes: "Three years ago I was cured of itchy piles of twenty-seven years' standing by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. I used to think that death would be the only relief I could ever get from the terrible misery of piles."
Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth sixty dollars a box instead of sixty cents. I am a different man since using it. I am feeling all the time now and never miss a day. Words fail to express my gratitude for the cure this Ointment made for me. I cannot tell half as much about it as it deserves. Any one suffering this can write direct to me."
Do not accept an imitation or substitute in place of Dr. Chase's Ointment. For there has been too many imitations and substitutes which so promptly give relief from itching and so thoroughly cure every form of piles. 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmonson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for a free 1911 copy of Dr. Chase's Booklet.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

To The Game's End.

Let's play it out—this little game called Life. Where we are signed up for so brief a spell; Not just to win and the rest is strife; Or where we claim and pay ourselves well; Not just to conquer—where some one must lose. Or reach the goal, whatever be the cost; For there are other-better ways to stop 'tough in the end the battle will be lost. Let's play it out as if it were a sport. Wherein the game is better than the goal; And never mind the "detailed account" report of errors made, if each with doubtful soul, it sticks it out until the day is done. Not wasting fairness for success nor fame; So when the battle has been fought we say: "They may at least say, 'Well, he played the game.'"

Let's play it out—this little game called Work. Or where we claim and pay ourselves well; Not just to conquer—where some one must lose. Or reach the goal, whatever be the cost; For there are other-better ways to stop 'tough in the end the battle will be lost. Let's play it out as if it were a sport. Wherein the game is better than the goal; And never mind the "detailed account" report of errors made, if each with doubtful soul, it sticks it out until the day is done. Not wasting fairness for success nor fame; So when the battle has been fought we say: "They may at least say, 'Well, he played the game.'"

God's Sorrow.

STORY OF A WOMAN WHO FOUND THE WAY.
(By William H. Hauser)

There was a dozen or more of them, and they gathered, as they did once a week, at the home of Mrs. Walters, to visit and to sew. The mothers of Belltown were busy women, and had to take their pleasure as they worked.

They had talked brightly, disconnectedly, of housekeeping problems—as women always have and always will—and should. Then they talked of children; of clothes too soon worn out; of habits and traits, of flashes of wit and outbreaks of temper,—and of the neighbor's bad children next door.

Some one mentioned an epidemic of scarlet fever in a neighboring town; and the talk grew serious, as it always does when mothers discuss diphtheria and fevers. And then, and then, they spoke of the children that were gone.

There was a broken sob in a corner of the room, and the talk instantly hushed, and the women looked at each other guiltily. It was so stupid not to have thought of her.

Mrs. Collins' sewing fell on the floor, her face was buried in her arms. It had been nearly a year since her youngest child had died; but, as all Belltown knew, she still grieved constantly. Any mention of death was like to send her into a paroxysm of grief; a touching passage in the sermon often made her flee the church; and at home she often wept for hours at a time.

When Mrs. Collins gained control and picked up her work, Mrs. Walters was the first to speak.

"I believe I will tell you a story," she said, daintily stitching a bit of fine needlework—destined, as was most of her work, to be given to someone.

"Do," urged the other women, breathily. Mrs. Walters talked little, but said much, and her unerring tact made her always say the right thing. She was the best loved woman in the community. Her hair was almost gray, but her eyes were bright; and to look into her face made one think of happy, generous things. Her husband was a judge; her oldest son an attorney-general of the state; another son was winning renown as a surgeon; the youngest son was studying for the ministry, and Elsie, the unmarried daughter, the youngest of the family, was the pride of Belltown.

"I suppose not many of you know that I have a child that is dead?"

"They looked at her in great surprise—none of them knew. They had known Mrs. Walters fifteen years, but had never heard her mention a child that was dead."

"No," they said. And many of them laid down their sewing and rested their hands on their laps, while they looked steadily into the serene, smiling face.

"I'd have thought," a woman marked with care said half to herself, "you'd never had any trouble in your life."

"Yes," said Mrs. Walters, reflectively. "Mary would be twenty-two now; she was two years younger than Elsie. She was nearly four when she

thing outside the window that amused her, her face brightened and she started to laugh. "Sh—Fred checked her almost fiercely. 'You'll start her to crying again!'"

"I stole back upstairs and hid a little of the children that were left instead of the one that was gone. Then I dried my eyes and brought myself up for judgment. Thank God, we have power to reason when we're weary. For two hours I faced myself and studied the matter out—judging myself unselfishly. My grief, which held up to the light, looked so selfish, so fearfully selfish. It hung like a pall over the living children, blighting their happiness—for I knew it was my grief, not theirs, that had so long neglected little mortuaries of them."

"The Father has mercifully made the sun to shine down way straight for little children, so the shadow of grief is never long. And it was the selfishness of my sorrow that added gloom instead of comfort to my husband's troubles."

"In that way everything that called to mind my sorrow I tried to turn into happiness of some kind for my children or husband; and every memory that recalled my loss, I tried to work into a gain for the children left me—learned not at once, but soon, to turn my darkness into light."

"And this, I think, she smiled beautifully—is God's sorrow, which leads to happiness."

As the other women left, Mrs. Collins lingered; and when one looked back at the gate, the two women had their arms about each other and both were weeping through their tears.

His Bunch.

A man who had bumped around from church to church, trying to find a congenial congregation, stopped one Sunday at the Little Church Around the Corner.

"Good morning," said the usher. "Are you a stranger?"

"Oh, no," said the man, "not particularly. I just happened in."

"Just then the congregation began to read this service with the minister."

"We have done the things we ought not to have done, and have left undone the things we should have done."

Before they got any further the man said:

"Thank Heaven, I've found my bunch. Guess I'll stay."

For that terrible thing, Eczeasa, tetter and salt rheum keep their victims in perpetual torment. The application of Chamberlain's Salve will instantly allay this itching, and many cases have been cured by its use. For sale by Rand's Drug Store.

she often as it must; but every time I was reminded of her, instead of crying out over my loss, I would at once do the thing suggested, for one of the children left me, or someone else.

"I combed my hair, bathed my eyes, changed my dress and went down. The first thing I noticed was one of Mary's slippers, and instantly I remembered that one of Elsie's needed mending. I sat down by the window and began to mend it. Elsie came up to see what I was doing and looked at me in surprise; then smiled and fondly patted my cheek. I smiled back at her; she was so far from being to tell her brothers that 'Mamma had mended the slippers' that she came and watched me out at the corner of her eyes."

"The slipper mended, my eyes fell on Mary's favorite doll in the corner of the room. The tears started, but I choked them back, and recalled Charles' broken wagon. I got the toy and went to work. In a minute he was at my elbow looking at me gratefully. In planning how to mend it he laughed—and I laughed too."

"At the sound of my laughter the children's hearts seemed to fairly dance, so great was the relief, and in a few minutes they were in the yard playing most joyfully."

"At dinner that evening my husband looked at me in quick surprise, and nodded thoughtfully, a look of great relief, of sad happiness in his eyes."

"As soon as Mary learned to talk, we had taught her to lip a blessing at the table. Since she had gone away, I could not bear for thanks to

"Directly the little girl saw some-

"Our house was a veritable fountain of tears." She smiled—How my poor husband must have dreaded to come home to his meals.

"One day I think it was six weeks after, something had sent me into one of my grieving fits. I had been up to my room crying for an hour. I came down, my dress in disarray, my hair disheveled and my eyes swollen and red. At the foot of the stairs I paused. The sitting-room door was open. On the floor by the west window sat the four children, a dejected little group. Fred's coat was torn; Charlie held listlessly an unended toy; and Elsie's hair was sadly neglected.

"Directly the little girl saw some-

thing outside the window that amused her, her face brightened and she started to laugh. "Sh—Fred checked her almost fiercely. 'You'll start her to crying again!'"

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