

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXVIII.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1909.

NO. 23

THE ACADIAN.

Published every FRIDAY morning by the Proprietors,
DAVISON BROS.,
Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in advance.
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, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application.
Reading notices ten cents per line first mention, two and a half cents per line on each subsequent mention.

REVUE
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. COWDREY, 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 6:30 a. m. Express west close at 6:40 a. m. Kentville close at 6:15 p. m. E. S. CHAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School, 10:30 a. m.; B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30, and Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the church, and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 5:30 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 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 10:30 a. m.; Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.; Chalmers Church, Lower Horton. Public Worship on Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. R. Moore, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m.; Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenfield, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesday.

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, etc., by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rector.

MASONIC.
St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 8, A. O. U. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock.
A. J. McKenna, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.
Officers Lodge, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visitors, brethren all ways welcomed.
Dr. E. F. Moore, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.
Wolfville Division No. 8 of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.
Court Blomston, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m.

At Wolfville.

Building Lots for sale on the Rand all Hill, fronting on Victoria Avenue and the new street, running east and west across the hill (King Street). The lots are conveniently and beautifully situated in the centre of the town.
Land good. Air and views delightful.
Apply to
MRS. ED. DOORWELL,
Wolfville.

Advance Style Booklet.

Ready for Mailing about Feb. 20.

This supplement to our regular Spring Catalog will be beautifully illustrated with large half-tone photographs, showing a number of the very latest New York styles for early Spring wear. There will be thirty new and handsome designs in Spring waists, twelve stylish skirts, five fashionable suits, eight dressy jackets, besides several attractive designs in misses' dresses, women's shirt waist suits, undershirts, etc.
We want to send you a copy of this splendid Style Booklet absolutely free. If your name is already on our mailing list you will get one, but if you have not received any of our Catalogs, wouldn't you send us your name and address to day and receive free this wonderful present booklet. Sit down now, and send us a card.

DAVISON BROS. LIMITED
NOHAW
Mail Order Department, Halifax, Canada.

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 Surgeons. Office in
HERRIN BLOCK, WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Office Hours: 9-1, 2-5.

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

E. F. MOORE
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office: DeLany's Building, Main St.
Residence: Methodist Parsonage, Greenwood Avenue.
Office Hours: 9-10 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-9 p. m.
Telephone connection at office and residence.

For Results advertise in the ACADIAN.

Apples. Apples. Apples.
HENRY LEVY
PARTNERS: HENRY LEVY, GEORGE BIRRELL.
FRUIT AUCTIONEERS

Floral Hall Covent Garden Market, London, England
Solicits consignments of Canadian, American and Nova Scotian Apples and Pears to all English, Scotch, Belgian and German markets.
SPECIAL TERMS. NO AGENTS.
Bankers:—London & County Banking Company, Ltd., Covent Garden, London.
London & Westminster Bank, Ltd., Temple, Bar, Strand, London.
The Union Bank of Canada, Montreal.

KING EDWARD HOTEL FISH MARKET.
Corner North & Lockman Sts., HALIFAX.
Having opened an up-to-date fish Market in the store recently occupied by Mr. Sheehy as a bakery. I solicit the patronage of the people of Wolfville and surrounding country. Fresh, Dry, Pickled and Shell fish always on hand.
Telephone No. 90-11.

PROPERTY FOR SALE!
One of the finest Residential properties in WOLFVILLE.
Formerly occupied by the late Amelia Higgins. The house alone will be rented on reasonable terms. The place contains about 60 acres of upland, besides dyke. There is a large orchard, and the house and barn are in excellent condition. The property could be divided into two farms if desired. A large part of the purchase money can remain on mortgage.
Apply to
W. V. HIGGINS.

D. B. SHAW,
Buyer of
Hides, Catkins, Sheepskins, Tallow and Wool.
I pay CASH. Bring your stock to me. Flustering hair always on hand.
Willow Vale Tannery.
Sept. 10, '06.

ISA B. WALLACE.
SCOTIA FARM DAIRY
J. Rufus Starr, Proprietor
BEST QUALITY MILK AND CREAM.

Leave orders at Mrs. Hutchison's telephone exchange, or telephone No. 11 at Port Williams.

Those indebted to this office will help us greatly by making prompt payment.

For This One Day.

For this one day—
Grant us sight to see the road
Creep plainly, on our winding way,
Grant us strength to bear the load.
For this one day—
Let us not see the road ahead,
Let us not see the gold above the grey
And smile the wind upon the beach,
For this one day—
When bowed at eve for banquets,
Grant that upon the night we
One sweet smile shall greet our eyes,
On this one day.

A Prophet in Baby-land.

BY W. J. DAWSON.
A RETIRED PROPRIETOR.

"I have heard of you," the letter ran—"and though I have never met you, have found myself unusually interested in your career. There may be some things which an old man might say to you, which you might not be unwilling to hear. I am presumptuous enough to think that I might even help you, if you would let me do so. Come out and see me. I am always at home, and shall always welcome you."

"That's a most interesting letter," said Gaunt, as he handed it to his wife.

"Margaret read it slowly. There had been a time when Gaunt would not have thought it worth while to show her such a letter. The change in their relationship was marked by the fact that he now consulted her on everything, and in these constant exchanges of confidence her heart had found a new and delightful stimulant to affection."

"Well," she said, as she put the letter down. "Why don't you go out to Riverside to-day as usual? Gordon's it's a lovely day, you are tired and need a change. It'll do you good."

"I'll go if you'll go with me, dear."

"Very well, it's a bargain. Let us start at once before the freshness of the day is over. I'm about tired of the house."

"That's a good thing," said Gaunt with a boyish laugh. "Because they have been a time when Gaunt would not have thought it worth while to show her such a letter. The change in their relationship was marked by the fact that he now consulted her on everything, and in these constant exchanges of confidence her heart had found a new and delightful stimulant to affection."

"Oh, I didn't say that," she laughed back. "Why, you've said as bad as that, it's a better economist than you suppose. Quite seriously, I've thought the whole thing out, but I didn't mean to say anything to you just now. I think if we give up the house—we can stand a quiet room somewhere, we can stand a quiet room somewhere, we can stand a quiet room somewhere. I can always earn enough by my pen to worth while. It'll do you good."

"And why didn't you like to speak to me, dear? Did you think I wasn't willing?"

"Not exactly that. But I thought it would come hard on you."

"It would be a great deal harder on me to suppose you thought I wasn't ready to make any sacrifice you wished me to make. Besides, I'm not so sure that it is a sacrifice. I feel very much like that Settlement girl, I've grown dull with respectability and I wouldn't object to get thrilled again into vitality. I'm suffering from fatty degeneration of the soul."

"And I'm afflicted with an incipient attack of love-making. Why, Margaret, I don't believe I've had such a dear foolish talk with you since the old days in the woods when I was courting you."

"Does it seem so very long ago?" said Margaret demurely.

"At that moment they arrived at Riverside, and were soon climbing the hill in quest of Gordon's house. They found it at last, a very plain frame house, with a little grove of trees at the back, and a wonderful view of the river, and the brownish grey battlements of the Fallades in front. As they drew near they saw Gordon himself, slowly walking up and down the gravel path that divided the small lawn from the house. He wore a long black cloak, over the collar of which his white hair streamed; he was evidently lost in some profound meditation. There was a certain grandeur of loneliness and detachment about that solitary figure which they both felt instinctively. He moved slowly, yet with a firm step which declared unabated vigour. But the chief impression he created was a singular and complete calm. It was hardly possible to associate him with any thought of a tumultuous world, still less to imagine him as a man around whom that tumult had once swirled. He looked like a man who had always trodden in the high silences, and dwelt among the lonely places of life."

Gordon heard their footsteps on the gravel path, and turned around. That impression of singular calmness which had already been created was justified

Street, I think she said, so she had data for her comparison.

"Why, it sounds quite idyllic."

"Well, according to her account it was. She said she had got more thrills out of that narrow street crowd with poor working folk than she'll ever get in Fifth Avenue. She was dying of respectability in Forty-eighth Street, literally and physically dying of dullness, but from the moment she went to live in those tiny rooms, and tried to do something for the working girls of the neighborhood, she got thrilled back into vitality."

"I suppose that is why I remember it. But when I'm talking to Riverside, we'll have a few minutes they started. It was, as Margaret had said, a lovely morning, one of those days of bright sunshine and crisp air which makes New Yorkers forget that there is such a thing as winter. They were both in high spirits, for the air had an almost intoxicating quality in it. It was the sort of day which gives men courage, which fills them with a happy sense of the benignity of Nature, and makes them move gaily to the sound of trumpets. It was a long time since Gaunt had felt so happy. No memory of the annoyances which had remained with him; he felt as though he had recaptured his youth, and the careless mirth of youth. As they went, they talked together in high good humour as people might who had never known a care. They let their fancy range over the picture they had conjured up of life in two rooms."

"I believe it would really be the greatest fun in the world," said Margaret. "Besides, think what a fine moral discipline it would be. We should be bound to behave beautifully to each other when neither of us could lose sight of each other for a single moment. Depend upon it the real cause of most unhappy marriages is that people are able to sulk in separate rooms by themselves."

"And think of the intellectual discipline of living in a house so small there isn't room in it to change your mind," he retorted.

"Nor your clothes," she said. "That's a much more serious problem for a woman."

"That would be an incentive to economy."

"If you would do me the honor to make a household account, a thing you've never done yet, you'd find incentive enough for economy, I promise you. Do you know, dear, you're a very bold man. Are you making out to live without visible means of support?"

"Oh, it's not as bad as that, is it? I'm a better economist than you suppose. Quite seriously, I've thought the whole thing out, but I didn't mean to say anything to you just now. I think if we give up the house—we can stand a quiet room somewhere, we can stand a quiet room somewhere, we can stand a quiet room somewhere. I can always earn enough by my pen to worth while. It'll do you good."

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by his face. It was a face moulded after a classic design, in fine pure lines. The nose was straight, the mouth firm, and yet tender, the forehead only contradicted the Greek ideal of beauty by its unusual loftiness. But the chief feature was the eyes. These were of a curious shade of greyish blue, quiet and penetrating, a little dulled by the film of years, but still unusually bright. They created a strong sense of self-absorption, as if their vision were inward rather than outward; eyes that brooded over their own depths, that saw hidden things, and things that were far away.

The old man greeted his visitors with a friendly smile.

"It's good of you to come to-day," he said. "Although I am an old man I have never reconciled myself to the procrastinating spirit of age. I like to do to at once the thing I mean to do. I discern the same temperament in you, and it should help us to be friends."

"I count it one of the privileges of my life to have received your invitation," said Gaunt.

"They walked up and down the little terrace for a time, talking of common things, and feeling their way toward more intimate relationship. At noon a very simple lunch was served.

"I lunch early," said the old man, "because I like to give all the rest of the day to study. At one time I did all my work in the morning, but as I have grown older I find that the machinery of the mind is a little slower in getting started. So I spend my mornings in the open air, and accumulate the vigor I need for work in that way."

"Then you still work?" said Gaunt.

"In some ways I work harder than I ever did," said Gordon. "I've a theory that the real life of man is the life of the intellect and spirit. Where this is strong, the physical life is correspondingly strong. The men who die early are usually men of imperfectly vitalized minds and souls."

"In that case you have yet a long life before you, Dr. Gordon."

"I hope so," he answered simply. "I have no patience with the common talk of good people about wanting to go to Heaven. It is the insinuating kind of twaddle. No healthy-minded man dies except with infinite reluctance. The world is much too interesting for any man to wish to leave it unless he has some special reason."

"Remember Goethe's scornful question, 'Why should a man who has work to do want to ramble off into Eternity?' 'No, it is new to me.'"

"Well, it is worth remembering, for it contains a very wholesome philosophy of life. Of course, it's not complete, for Goethe with all his wisdom and efficiency was a pagan. He never grasped the truth that what the Christian calls Eternal life is a real thing, only it begins here and now. This is Eternal life, to know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent—'not something distant and vague, but a thing that is. To the man who has once grasped that truth, old age is impossible.'"

Gordon's face glowed as he spoke, and Gaunt looking upon it recognized the truest commentary upon his words. The mass of white hair that crowned the brow only served to accentuate the freshness and eagerness of the face, which preserved, in spite of the lines drawn across it by the finger of Thought, an element of indestructible vitality.

"When lunch was over, Gordon at once introduced the theme of Gaunt's recent doings. He invited Gaunt to explain his aims and purposes. Gaunt, encouraged by his sympathy, opened his heart freely. He spoke with a half-indignant and half-humorous description of Dr. Jordan's attitude toward him.

"Poor fellow," said Gordon. "You can't be angry with him, he only did according to his nature. I think I met Jordan once, at all events I know his type pretty well. It is a type bred by the present condition of the church, in which the petty diplomat counts for much more than the prophet. You know the old satirical epigram, that the world consists of three classes, men, women, and par-

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
The Only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar—Made from Grapes—A Guarantee of Pure, Healthful, Delicious Food

THE TRUE CAUSE OF RHEUMATISM.

Caused by Uric Acid in Blood and Can Only be Cured Through the Blood.

Not many years ago doctors thought rheumatism was only a local pain caused by exposure to cold or wet. Now they know that rheumatism is caused by the blood becoming tainted with uric acid. This acid contracts the muscles, stiffens the joints, and irritates the nerves. Then the cold wet make the joints and muscles swell with aching rheumatism. You blame the weather but the real cause is acid in the blood. If not promptly treated the stiffness spreads and the pain grows worse each year until you are a helpless cripple, tortured day and night. If the disease touches the heart it means sudden death. You can't cure rheumatism with liniments, plasters or hot cloths. You must go to the root of the trouble in the blood. The one sure, scientific way to cure rheumatism is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they actually make new blood. They sweep out the poisonous acid, loosen the joints and muscles, and bring ease and freedom where before had been pain and misery.

Mrs. Fred Sabean, Canada Creek, N. S., says:—"Three years ago I was taken with a severe pain in my right hip. It grew gradually worse until it finally settled in both my hips and legs. The pain was really unbearable. At first I tried foot drafts and liniments, but this gave me only the most temporary relief, and I felt as if I was to go through the rest of my life as a suffering cripple. A neighbor whose daughter had been cured of rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advised me to try this medicine, and I purchased three boxes. Before they were all gone I was able to get my foot up on my knee and unte my shoe, something I had not been able to do for two years, and I began to feel I had at last found a medicine to cure the trouble. I kept on taking the Pills until I had used, I think, a dozen boxes, when I was completely cured and I am as well and strong today as ever. It was in my life, I was every sufferer to know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a sure cure for rheumatism, and that if they will give this medicine a fair trial, their pains and aches will disappear as mine did."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

In the last federal parliament there were 200 native born Canadians; in the new house the native born number 204. The Roman Catholics are of exactly the same force as in the old house, the figure in each being 70. The Presbyterians number 46 in the new house, last year they had 47. The Methodist church is represented by 35 in the new house as against 29 in the last parliament. The Church of England has 41 against 42. The Baptists numbered 8 in the former house; in this they are 6. There is one Universalist. The Congregationalists are 2, the same as last year, and there is one Lutheran and one Farrington Independent.

Mamma—Why did you eat the whole of that pie in the pantry, Willie? Little Willie—"Cause you told me once never to do things by halves."

Nova Scotia Masons' Home Opened.
The Masonic Home at Windsor, N. S., is now a reality and Monday, Feb. 15, was opened for the reception of inmates. Considering that only two years have elapsed since the idea of establishing a Home was first mooted, it is little less than marvellous that so much has been accomplished in such a short time. In the splendidly equipped and modernly finished Home poor, old and deserving Masons, their wives and the widows of Masons, will find a home worthy of the name and free of charge, the institution being kept up by the Masonic fraternity of Nova Scotia. While the home was opened on Monday, there will be a formal opening next July or August, when the beautiful spot will look its best, and which will undoubtedly be a red letter day in the history of Freemasonry in Nova Scotia.

THE All-purpose Flour, and superior for every purpose. Highest grade in the world. Purify label guarantees success, or your money back.

"More bread and better bread."
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., Limited
MILLS at WINNIPEG, GOERBICH, BRANDON.

PURITY FLOUR

Does Not Color Hair

Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, does not stain or color the hair even to the slightest degree. Gray hair, white hair, blonde hair is not made any shade darker. But it certainly does stop falling hair. No question about that.

Does not change the color of the hair. Promotes with each beam of light the growth of the hair. It is the only hair restorer that will stop every case of falling hair unless there is some very unusual complication, something greatly affecting the general health. This yet should consult your physician. Also ask him about the new Ayer's Hair Vigor. Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's
Indeed, we believe it will stop every case of falling hair unless there is some very unusual complication, something greatly affecting the general health. This yet should consult your physician. Also ask him about the new Ayer's Hair Vigor. Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

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