

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.
New 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.
Insertions, 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 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.
C. S. FRYOL, Mayor.
W. M. BLACK, 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 6:05 a. m.
Express west close at 9:35 a. m.
Express east close at 4:00 p. m.
Kentville close at 6:45 p. m.
Reg. letters 15 minutes earlier.
E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.
CHURCHES.
BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. N. A. Harkness, Pastor. Sunday Services: Public Worship at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 3:00 p. m. Mid-week prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Anniversary meeting on the third 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 4:45 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 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 3:00 p. m.
METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. F. J. Armitage, 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 services. At Greenwood, 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, 7:30 p. m. Wednesday afternoon, 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 welcome.
Rev. R. F. DIXON, Rector.
A. G. Cowie } Wardens.
T. L. Harvey }
St. Francis (Catholic)—Rev. Father Donahue, P. F. Mass 9 a. m. the second Sunday of each month.
THE TABERNACLE—During Summer months open air gospel services—Sunday at 7 p. m., Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 8:30 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.
H. A. FROX, Secretary.
ODDFELLOWS.
GREYS LODGE, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcome.
H. M. WATSON, Secretary.
TEMPERANCE.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8. of T. meets every Monday evening in their hall at 8 o'clock.
FORESTERS.
Court Blomhous, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m.




For His Own House
No one knows better than a professional painter what poor economy it is to use cheap paint. Sometimes he is compelled to use it on other people's buildings, in order to meet their demand for a low price; but when he paints his own house, he chooses the **best paint he can get**—knowing it not only makes the best-looking job at the beginning, but is also **cheapest in the end.**

"ENGLISH" B-H PAINT
is known among painters throughout Canada as being of a quality not approached by many other paints. Its guaranteed formula:
70% Brandram's B.B. Pure White Lead
30% Pure White Zinc
100% Pure Paint

is recognized as combining the world's two standard paint materials in exactly the right proportions to meet Canadian climatic conditions. These materials, and our special methods of grinding and mixing, produce a paint with **maximum penetration, ease of working, good appearance and durability.**
See that it's used on Your Buildings!

L. W. SLEEP
are our local representatives.

BRANDRAM-HENDERSON LIMITED
MONTREAL · HALIFAX · ST. JOHN · TORONTO · WINNIPEG



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

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

The finest farm of Mr. VanZost, twenty eight acres of land, cuts twenty tons hay, yields one hundred barrels apples, and a young orchard just commencing to bear. House in fine condition. Pasture next to barn. Good hen-house. Horse and Cow and machinery goes with the farm. Owner has enlisted. \$2000 may be made on mortgage if desired.
MRS. VANZOOST.

Even If War Is On You Must Have Clothes
And we are well prepared to serve you in this line.
Our work in **MEN'S CLOTHING OF ALL KINDS** is winning us a reputation. We use the best materials, employ the best workmanship and our styles are always right.
We guarantee every garment and shall be pleased to show goods and quote prices.
A. E. Regan, Wolfville

McCallums, L'td
The largest dealers in Improved Farm Properties in Canada.
Halifax, N. S., Canada.
Are now offering the property of the Wolfville Fruit Land Improvement Co. Nineteen acres of orchards fully improved. In whole or part. Price exceptionally low.
C. A. Porter, Local Agent. OFFICES: WOLFVILLE AND KENTVILLE
F. J. PORTER
Licensed Auctioneer for towns of Kentville and Wolfville, N. S.

For Sale
The fine farm of Mr. VanZost, twenty eight acres of land, cuts twenty tons hay, yields one hundred barrels apples, and a young orchard just commencing to bear. House in fine condition. Pasture next to barn. Good hen-house. Horse and Cow and machinery goes with the farm. Owner has enlisted. \$2000 may be made on mortgage if desired.
MRS. VANZOOST.

E. B. SHAW
Repairing of Boots and Shoes of all Kinds
Has resumed business at the old stand in his new building.
Orders Solicited and Carefully Executed

FOR SALE
Those interested in building lots at the west end, would do well to confer with E. C. Johnson, as he is now offering for sale the only available lots at this center.

Shadow.
I am sailing to the leeward,
While the current runs to seaward
Soft and slow;
While the sleeping river grasses
Brush my paddle as it passes
To and fro.
On the shore the heat is shaking
All the golden sands awaking
In the cove;
And the quaint sandpiper, winging
O'er the shallows, ceases singing
When I move.
On the water's pale pillow
Slips the overhanging willow,
Green and cool,
Where the rushes lift their burnished,
Oval heads from out the tarnished
Emerald pool.
Where the very water slumbers,
Water lilies grow in numbers
Pure and pale;
All the morning they have rested,
Amber crowned and pearly crested—
Fair and frail.
Here, impossible romances,
Indefinable sweet fancies,
Cluster round;
But they do not mar the sweetness
Of this still September sweetness
With a sound.
I can scarce discern the meeting
Of the shore and stream retreating,
So remote;
For the laggard river, dozing,
Only wakes from its reposing
Where I float.
Where the river mists are rising,
All the lullage baptizing
With their spray;
There the sun gleams far and faintly,
With the shadows soft and saintly
In its rays.
And the perfume of some burning
Far-off brushwood, ever turning,
To exhale;
All its smoky fragrance dying
In the arms of evening lying,
Where I sail.
My canoe is growing lazy,
In the atmosphere so hazy,
While I dream;
Half in slumber I am guiding
E.eward, indistinctly gliding
Down the stream.
—Pauline Johnson.

A Working Girl's Problem.
Anna Newcombe was a pretty little girl with brown, curly hair, in which the gold shone. A little corkcreeper curl hung over one ear most bewitchingly, and it was this and the pretty brown eyes with their appealing expression, as well as her petite figure, that made everyone who was not prejudiced to think of her as 'a dear little girl.' In reality Anna was twenty two.
Many people were prejudiced, however, for Anna was a maid. How mockingly and with the stiffness suddenly evaporated from her backbone, 'Anna would confess to an enquirer, 'I'm a maid.'
'Just wish I could say out stoutly, like you do,' she told a friend in the cafeteria one day. It was on an occasion when her friend had come late for tea at the Y. W. C. A. lunch on their afternoon out. Some strangers and other acquaintances were seated at tables nearby.
'My, but you look pale!' they chorused, as the girl came in.
'You would look pale too if you had been doing up preserves all day, she retorted.
'Why, do you just stay at home all the time?' someone inquired.
'No, indeed I don't,' she answered. 'I'm a cook general. I get twenty-two dollars a month and my board, and I paid ninety-five for this hat.' She tossed her head defiantly. She was handsome and well dressed, and determined to assert the financial superiority of her position. The other girls looked at their almost shabby apparel.
'Just the same, I wouldn't do house work,' one said to another in a low voice.
It was then that Anna had whispered to her friend her admission of her courageous assertion.
Anna had not always been a maid. Over in England were friends who thought she was living in comparative luxury. Her letters painted her existence in quite rosy colors. Anna's father had been killed in the South African war, and a year later her mother died. Her youngest sister inherited the pension, and Anna was taken by her aunt and taught dressmaking.
A story of high wages and new prospects brought her to Canada, where she found work in a small dressmaking establishment. The companionship was quite pleasant but the hours were long and the air too good, and Anna developed a backache. Lower back and shoulders ached, and oh! how they ached! It was not very long before Anna was in the hospital.
When her illness was over, housework seemed to be the only thing to which she could turn and she was not very well experienced. She met some hard rebuffs.
'You don't know how hard and cross some ladies are,' she would con-



Just Home!
and tired after the day's work. That cup of KING COLE TEA, ready and waiting, will refresh as nothing else can quite do. In its warm, generous glow, weariness will be forgotten.

"You'll like the flavor."

Fighting for the King of Kings.
A LETTER FROM DR. GREENPILL.
I expect this summer to again cross the coasts of Labrador and North Newfoundland, made lovelier and sadder by the drain of so many of our youth and manhood to this great war. We shall need new courage and more help to attain ends some of which we were beginning to feel were in reach. I want here to once more ask our friends to remember the launch the 'Northern Messenger,' which carries us from home to home, doing what we can to relieve the terrible suffering of the people of Labrador. We have the cost of running it to meet, and we have never yet appealed to you in vain.
The news from our little 'front,' where we are trying to fight for the King of Kings is all good—the best incentive for us to 'go forward.' 'Ah,' said someone to me the other day 'you do not have such discouragements and set backs as we do.' It is not that a lie which every human being engaged in the real fight of human life is apt to believe! No—rather let us be glad God has given us opportunities to win the cross for valor; dangers and difficulties to bring out and strengthen what good is in us; and sometimes humiliations to remind us we have need of help and fellowship with the Master of men. Often I have been for our wounded, temporarily 'held aside' while battles are being won. A great ball full of soldiers last night acclaimed with a great shout when I stated that the reward a soldier would rather have than anything on earth is not money, food, luxuries, ease days—but the little cross on his heart that enables him to believe he too, has, if only momentarily, trodden in the foot steps of Jesus Christ.
WILFRED T. GREENPILL.

Childless Homes.
Many years ago a woman in very moderate circumstances, the wife of a carpenter, had two beautiful daughters who were to her as the apple of her eye. But death took both of them within a brief space of time.
For while it seemed as if the mother would lose her mind, but religion and an inherent richness of nature brought her in time to a calmer and therefore a more reasonable condition. She went to an orphan asylum, a leet two little girls about the age of those she had lost, and adopted them. In a little while they were as her own flesh and blood, and the bond of affection grew stronger as the years passed. Both girls grew to a happy womanhood, and both married well.
Once more the house was desolate, and once more the mother sought the orphan asylum, adopted two more children and began a third life of motherhood, which is not yet finished. In the meantime her success in healing the grief of bereavement and in regaining her happiness attracted the attention of others, and she herself urged her friends to follow her example. As a result more than twenty children have found good homes and more than twenty families are happier.
Why is it that so many childless people give freely of their material resources and so few give at all of the maternal or paternal riches that would make many of the orphan asylums unnecessary? Fear is probably the main reason. You know nothing of the parentage of the adopted child, or at least nothing of its innate disposition. It is too great a risk. It is just as great a risk with children of your own; no greater. The statistics of adoption are among the most heartening in the world.
Besides the fear the feeling doubts enters: This is not my own child. I could never feel quite the same towards it as I should toward my own blood. Those who have adopted children say otherwise and they should know.
Parenthood is, or should be, something more than love for the child of your body. Far more truly it is the divine wish to mould the mind and morals of another human being to all that you wish to see in the world, the highest and best—what is noblest, noblest and spiritual; and that is possible without being a parent.

War Sensations.
In 'The Magazine of the Trenches,' an article in the September Century, Collett Burgess quotes from one of those improvised newspapers that break the monotony of trench life the following list of 'greatest sensations of the post at the front,' sensations every one of which, as Mr. Burgess says, has been lived through by hundreds of thousands of men:
To eat one meal only, day or night, for eight days running.
To go over a field of battle two days after an engagement.
To sleep, with no trenches, in the open air near the enemy.
To live for forty-one days in water in a trench without getting out.
To stay for six long days in water half way up to your knees, with only one meal (at night) and no shelter.
To endure for twenty four hours a precise and capacious bombardment by the enemy's big guns.
To watch for the first time the seriously wounded taken to the rear.
Not to wash for fifteen days.
Not to shave or change your linen for thirty-five days.
To keep awake every instant for three days and three nights.
To spend a night as sentinal beside a cow that has been dead fifteen days.
To sleep, sheltered only by branches under the snow for eighteen days.
To be grazed by a spent shell that does not explode.
To see your best friends killed at your very side.
To be awakened in entrenchment by a shell bursting on the roof.
To crawl three or four hundred feet on your hands and knees.
On patrol at night, to be suddenly illuminated by a light bomb a few feet from the enemy's barbed wires.

Used for Shaving.
Many men are troubled, more particularly in the cold weather, with a sort of roughness of the skin or eczema caused by shaving. The application of Dr. Chase's Ointment after the shave cures the trouble and by using it after each shave you keep the skin soft and prevent irritation and soreness. Because of its antiseptic qualities this ointment prevents and cures Barber's Itch.
If business was never booming before in the head and spangle line, it is this season. Not only is the demand the heaviest leading factors in the trade have seen, but goods are about the scarcest they have ever been. Steel beads are particularly in demand and they are so hard to get that prices have advanced on them from 7 cents a bunch to 19 cents or more. Cat steel beads are especially scarce, being in demand for trimmings on shoes, dresses, hats, coats and other wearing apparel, and on velvet and crocheted bags. Seed beads in all colors, some 30 shades in all, are also much called for, many of the colors being hard to get now. Oriental and French pearl beads are much wanted for use in neckties. In the spangles, jet and iridescent effects are in heavy demand for use on evening dresses. Prices on all kinds of beads now average 25 to 30 per cent higher than normal.
With the growing popularity of the separate skirt, dress goods manufacturers have devoted more attention than usual this season to originating special designs for this branch of the apparel trade. One of the fabric styles that has been especially well received for next-spring is the regimental stripe design. This consists of a group of three stripes in colors, harmonizing with the background shade, separated by a space of two or three inches. The design is said to be particularly effective when used in skirts.

Nerves Were So Upset Could Not Endure Noise
Neuralgic Headaches and Extreme Nervousness Caused Keenest Suffering—Lasting Cure by Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Once the nervous system gets run down everything seems to land to make it worse. You worry over your condition, are unable to get the required rest and sleep, not a little until you see the future is most discouraging.
The nervous system does not get the proper nourishment from the food you eat, so you must have something else to lift you out of the run-down condition. You may find that your experience coincides with the written assurance and you are encouraged to get Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to the end of your troubles.
You will make no mistake in employing this food cure, for, acting as it does, it is based on Nature, it is bound to do you good.
Mrs. J. S. Jordan, Gwynn, Alta. writes: 'About ten years ago I was troubled with severe attacks of neuralgic headaches and was for several months so bad that I could not get a night's rest. I used several medicines recommended by the druggist. My doctor also prescribed, but nothing he gave me brought any relief. Instead I got worse and worse until I could scarcely do anything or bear the least bit of noise. My nerves were all upset.
'My husband read about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and got me some. Although I had no faith in it, I began its use, and after a few doses began to sleep well and the neuralgic headaches subsided. I used six more boxes and have never had any troubles from neuralgic or the nerves since.
'This is to certify that I know Mrs. Jordan and believe this statement to be true and correct. Fred Freeman, J.E.'
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers or Est. W. B. Chase & Co., Limited, Toronto.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"