

## 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 are published on all parts of the county, or articles upon the topic 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.

Headline notices ten cents per line for first insertion, five 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 contracted 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 made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.25 a. m.  
Express west close at 9.05 a. m.  
Express east close at 3.50 p. m.  
Kentville close at 6.15 p. m.  
K. G. CHAMBERS, 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 8.15, 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 8.30 p. m. All seats free. Visitors at the door to welcome strangers.

PREBYTERIAN 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. Church of the Cross, 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. Frostwood, Pastor. Services:—Sunday, preaching 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 seats 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 Evening, 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.  
Geo. A. Pray, Warden.  
J. D. Sherwood, Organist.

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

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. & M. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.  
A. M. WHEATON, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.  
OLYMPIAN LODGE, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren all ways welcome.  
Dr. E. F. Moore, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 2, meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.  
Gour's Association, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m.

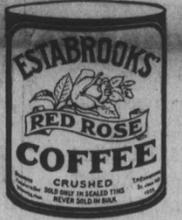
### Property Sale!

Property on Main street occupied by the subscriber. Large house containing twelve rooms, six bathrooms, fruit trees, with good building lot on Gasquet street. Also old Wolfville Hotel property. Good location. An excellent opportunity for investment. Apply to

MRS. EASTWOOD  
or J. W. WALLACE,  
Wolfville, Dec. 4, 1909.

## Crushed Coffee— what is it?

By a new process of crushing between steel rollers, instead of grinding, the skin, which remains in the eye of the bean after roasting, is separated from the kernel and removed by air suction, while the kernel is broken into small even grains. These grains when steeped, being free of the skin or chaff, settle quickly, leaving the liquid clear and bright, and give the true coffee flavor.



Estabrook's Red Rose crushed Coffee is as easy to make as Red Rose Tea. Directions are in each tin.

It is strictly pure, not a particle of chicory or any other adulterant being used, and is packed in air-tight tins the same day it is roasted so to retain its full flavor, fragrance and strength.

## Estabrook's RED ROSE Coffee

ORDER A TIN IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST

A good combination is Estabrook's Coffee for breakfast and Red Rose Tea for other meals.

### Professional Corps.

#### DENTISTRY.

**Dr. A. J. McKenna**  
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College  
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.  
Telephone No. 43.  
E. P. OAK ADMINISTERED.

**Dr. J. T. Roach**  
DENTIST.  
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.  
Office in Heron Block, WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
Office Hours: 9-12 a. m., 1-5 p. m.

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

**Leslie R. Fairn,**  
ARCHITECT,  
ATLIESFORD, N. S.

**W. H. ROSCOE, R. C. BARRY W. ROSCOE, LL. B.**  
**ROScoe & ROSCOE**  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,  
NOTARIES, ETC.  
KENTVILLE, N. S.

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

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

**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.

**For Sale or To Let!**  
THAT very desirable residence and grounds on Acadia street, Wolfville belonging to the estate of the late Geo. W. Borden. Possession given April 1st.

ARTHUR B. BORDEN, } Executors,  
A. E. COLWELL, }  
J. D. CHAMBERS, }

General Freight & Passenger Agent,  
Halifax, N. S.

### Be Swift.

Be swift, dear heart, in loving,  
For time is brief,  
And thou may'st soon along life's highway  
Keep step with grief.  
Be swift, dear heart, in doing  
The gracious deed,  
Lest soon they whom thou holdest dearest  
Be past the need.  
Be swift, dear heart, in giving  
The rare sweet flower,  
Nor wait to heap with blossoms the cockpit  
In some sad hour.  
Dear heart, be swift in loving—  
Time speaketh so:  
And all thy chance of blessed service  
Will soon be gone.

### IN THE FOG.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.  
Continued.

The gentleman with the pearl pushed the chair toward Sir Andrew, and motioned him to be seated.  
"You cannot leave us now," he exclaimed. "Mr. Sears is just about to tell us of this remarkable crime."  
He nodded vigorously at the naval officer and the American, after first glancing doubtfully toward the servants at the far end of the room, seated himself at the table. The others drew their chairs nearer and bent toward him. The baronet glared irresolutely at his watch, and with an exclamation of annoyance snapped down the lid. "They can wait," he muttered. He seated himself quickly and nodded at Lieutenant Sears.  
"If you will be so kind as to begin, sir," he said impatiently.

"Of course," said the American, "you understand that I understand that I am speaking to gentlemen. The confidences of this Club are inviolate. Until the police give the facts to the public press, I must consider you my confederates. You have heard nothing, you know no one connected with this mystery. Even I must remain anonymous."

The gentlemen seated around him nodded gravely.  
"Of course," the baronet assented with eagerness, "of course."  
"We will refer to it," said the gentleman with the black pearl, "as 'The Story of the Naval Attaché.'"

"I arrived in London two days ago, said the American, and I engaged a room at the Bath Hotel. I know very few people in London, and even the members of our embassy were strangers to me. But in Hong Kong I had become great pals with an officer of your navy, who has since retired, and who is now living in a small house in Rutland Gardens opposite the Knightsbridge barracks. I telegraphed him that I was in London, and yesterday morning I received a most hearty invitation to dine with him the same evening at his house. He is a bachelor, so we dined alone and talked over all our old days on the Asiatic Station, and of the changes which had come to us since we had last met there. As I was leaving the next morning for my post at Delerburgh, he had many letters to write. I told him, about ten o'clock, that I must get back to the hotel, and he sent out his servant to call a hansom.

"For the next quarter of an hour, as we sat talking, we could hear the cab whistle sounding violently from the doorstep, but apparently with no result."  
"It cannot be that the cabmen are on strike," my friend said, as he rose and walked to the window.

"He pulled back the curtains and at once called to me.  
"You have never seen a London fog, have you?" he asked. "Well, come here. This is one of the best, or rather, one of the worst, of them." I joined him at the window, but I could see nothing. Had I not known that the house looked out upon the street I would have believed that I was facing a dead wall. I raised the sash and stretched out my head, but still I could see nothing. Even the light of the street lamps opposite, and the upper windows of the barracks, had been smothered in the yellow mist. The lights of the room in which I stood penetrated the fog only to the

distance of a few inches from my eyes.  
"How me the servant was still sounding his whistle, but I could afford to wait no longer, and told my friend that I would try and find the way to my hotel on foot. He objected, but the letters I had to write were for the Navy Department, and, besides, I had always heard that to be out in a London fog was the most wonderful experience, and I was curious to investigate one for myself.  
"My friend went with me to his front door, and laid down a course for me to follow. I was first to walk straight across the street to the brick wall of the Knightsbridge Barracks. I was then to feel my way along the wall until I came to a row of houses

which I had to cross. I crossed to the other side of this street was a row of shops which I was to follow until they joined the iron railings of Hyde Park. I was to keep to the railings until I reached the gates at Hyde Park Corner, where I was to lay a diagonal course at Piccadilly, and tack in toward the railings of Green Park. At the end of these railings, going east, I would find the Walsingham, and my own hotel.

"To a sailor the course did not seem difficult, so I bade my friend good-night and walked forward until my feet touched the paving. I continued upon it until I reached the curbing of the sidewalk. A few steps further, and my hands struck the wall of the barracks. I turned in the direction from which I had just come, and saw a square of faint light cut in the yellow fog. I shouted 'All right,' and the voice of my friend answered, 'Good luck to you.' The light from his open door disappeared with a bang, and I was left alone in a dripping, yellow darkness. I have been in the Navy for ten years, but I have never known such a fog as that of last night, not even among the icebergs of Behring Sea. There one at least could see the light of the binnacle, but last night I could not even distinguish the hand by which it guided myself along the barrack wall. It seemed as if a natural phenomenon. It is as familiar as the rainbow, which follows a storm, it is as proper that it should spread upon the waters as the steam shall rise from a kettle. But a fog which springs from the pavilions, that rolls between solid fronts, that forces cable to move at half speed, that drives policemen and extinguishes the electric lights of the streets, that to me is incomprehensible. It is as out of place as a bird upon Broadway.

"As I felt my way along the wall, I encountered other men who were coming from the opposite direction, and each time when we hailed each other I stepped away from the wall to make room for them to pass. But the third time I did this, when I reached out my hand, the wall had disappeared, and the further I moved to find it the further I seemed to be sinking into space. I had the unpleasant conviction that at any moment I might step over a precipice. Since I had set out I had heard no traffic in the street, and now, although I listened some minutes, I could only distinguish the occasional footfalls of pedestrians. Several times I called aloud, and once a peculiar gentleman answered me, but only to ask me where I thought he was, and then even he was swallowed up in the silence. Just above me I could make out a jet of gas which I guessed came from a street lamp, and I moved over to that, and tried to recover my bearings, but my hand on the iron post, except for this flicker of gas, no larger than the tip of my finger, I could distinguish nothing about me. For the rest, the mist hung between me and the world like a damp and heavy blanket.

"I could hear voices, but I could not tell from whence they came, and the scrape of a foot moving cautiously, or a muffled cry as some one stumbled, were the only sounds that reached me. I decided that until some one took me in tow I had best remain where I was, and it must have been for ten minutes that I waited by the lamp, obtaining my ears and halting distant footfalls. In a house near me some people were dancing to the music of a Hungarian band. I even fancied I could hear the windows shake to the rhythm of their feet, but I could not make out from which part of the compass the sounds came. And sometimes, as the music rose, it seemed close at my hand, and again to be floating high in the air above my head. Although I was surrounded by thousands of householders, I was as completely lost as though I had been sent by night in the Sahara Desert. There seemed to be no reason in waiting longer for an escort, so I again set out, and at once bumped against a low iron fence. At first I believed this to be an area railing, but on following it I found that it stretched for a long distance, and that it was pierced at regular intervals with gates. I was standing uncertainly with my hand on one of these when a square of light suddenly opened in the night, and in it I saw, as you see a picture thrown by a biograph in a darkened

theatre, a young gentleman in evening dress, and back of him the lights of a hall. I guessed from its elevation and distance from the sidewalk that this light must come from the door of a house set back from the street, and I determined to approach it and ask the young man to tell me where I was. But in fumbling with the lock of the gate I instinctively bent my head, and when I raised it again the door was partly closed, leaving only a narrow shaft of light. Whether the young man had re-entered the house, or had left it I could not tell, but I hastened to open the gate, and as I stepped forward I found myself upon an asphalt walk. At the same instant there was the sound of quick steps upon the path, and some one rushed past me. I called to him, but he made no reply, and I heard the gate click and the footsteps hurrying away upon the sidewalk.  
"Under other circumstances the young man's rudeness, and his recklessness in dashing so hurriedly through the mist, would have struck me as peculiar, but everything was so distorted by the fog that at the moment I did not consider it. The door was still as he had left it, partly open. I went up the path, and after much fumbling, found the knob of the door-bell and gave it a sharp pull. The bell answered me from a great depth and distance, but no movement followed from inside the house, and although I pulled the bell again and again I could hear nothing save the dripping of the mist about me. I was anxious to be on my way, but unless I knew where I was going there was little chance of my making any speed, and I was determined that until I learned my bearings I would not venture back into the fog. So I pushed the door open and stepped into the house.  
"I found myself in a long and narrow hall, upon which doors opened from either side. At the end of the hall was a staircase with a balustrade which ended in a sweeping curve. The balustrade was covered with heavy Persian rugs, and the walls of the hall were also hung with them. The door on my left was closed, but the one nearer me on the right was open, and as I stepped opposite to it I saw that it was a sort of reception or waiting-room, and that it was empty. The door below it was also open, and with the idea that I would surely find some one there, I walked on up the hall. It was in evening dress, and I felt I did not look like a bargainer, so I had no great fear that, should I encounter one of the inmates of the house, he would shoot me on sight. The second door in the hall opened into a dining-room. This was also empty. One person had been dining at the table, but the cloth had not been cleared away, and a flickering candle showed half-filled wineglasses and the ashes of cigarettes. The greater part of the room was in complete darkness.  
"By this time I had grown conscious of the fact that I was wandering about in a strange house, and that, apparently, I was alone in it. The silence of the place began to try my nerves, and in a sudden, unexplainable panic I started for the open street. But as I turned, I saw a man sitting on a bench, which the curve of the balustrade had hidden from me. His eyes were shut, and he was sleeping soundly.  
(Continued next week.)

### Twitching of the Nerves

Wonderful cure brought about by DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.  
It is only by watching the symptoms of nervous exhaustion and applying restorative treatment that you can ever hope to ward off locomotor ataxia and paralysis.  
Mrs. E. J. Vanderburgh, of Eastern Walled Ave., St. Catherine, Ont., states:—"For twenty-one years I was badly afflicted with tremor, nervousness and cramps in the limbs, also twitching of the nerves and nervous headaches. I became weak, debilitated and emaciated. My condition was distressing and I was made worse through worry and loss of sleep.  
"I tried a hundred remedies in vain. After having used half a dozen boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food my old trouble had entirely vanished, and I was enjoying better health than I had since childhood.  
"Such cases as this prove the wonderful efficiency of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. It cures Nature's way by enriching the blood and for this reason by enriching the blood and its benefits are lasting. It is sold by all druggists or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.  
Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

### Free from Alcohol

Since May, 1906, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been entirely free from alcohol. If you are in poor health, weak, pale, nervous, ask your doctor about taking this non-alcoholic tonic and alternative. If he has a better medicine, take his. Get the best always. This is our advice.  
We publish our formulae of this medicine free from our medicine bottles. We want you to understand.

### Ayer's

A single liver means a clogged tongue, bad breath, and constipated bowels. The question is, "What is the best thing to do under such circumstances?" Ask your doctor if this is not a good answer: "Take laxative doses of Ayer's Pills."  
Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

### Minard's Liniment

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.



### Using Purgatives Injures Health

What You Need in Spring is a Blood Building Tonic.  
A spring medicine is an actual necessity to most people. Nature demands it as an aid in carrying off the impurities that have accumulated in the blood during the indoor life of winter. But unfortunately thousands of people who do recognize the necessity of a spring medicine do not know what is best to take and dose themselves with harsh, gripping purgatives. This is a serious mistake. Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicine weakens the system but does not cure disease. In the spring the system needs building up—purgatives cannot do this—they weaken you still more. The blood should be made rich, red and pure, and only a tonic medicine can do this. The best blood building, nerve restoring tonic medical science has yet discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine actually makes new, rich blood. This new blood strengthens every organ, every nerve and every part of the body. This is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure headaches and backaches, rheumatism and neuralgia, banish pimples and eruptions, and give a glow of health to the most sallow skin. Men, women and growing boys and girls who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills eat well, sleep well, and feel bright, active and strong. If you need a medicine this spring—and most likely you do—try this great reviving tonic, and see the new life, new health and new strength it will put into you.

### Arbor Day

Last week we published a timely article upon Arbor Day from a correspondent. We hope it was carefully read and that its suggestions will be acted upon.  
In most of our schools we believe Arbor Day receives more or less attention. It may be merely a day for cleaning up the rubbish which has accumulated on the school grounds during the winter. This is good as far as it goes.  
Our correspondent would have the observation more than an annual clearing up day. He would have the grounds graded and levelled when required; the walks trimmed out; fences improved; trees, shrubs and vines planted; the school garden started and plants placed in the windows. And in addition to this a literary program bearing on the work of the day.  
As 'H' points out, the surroundings during school days have a great influence upon the character of the child. This fact does not receive the attention which its importance demands. Particularly in our Valley where so much of beauty can be secured with so small effort should more attention be given to cultivating in the children a love for beautiful surroundings. Such efforts on the part of teachers and parents will bring ample returns in the near future in improvement in our already beautiful Valley.—Middletown Outlook.

### Saves Housework So!

M. L. Floorglaze your doors first, and you won't rest content until you have M. L. Floorglaze most all the woodwork in your house. Because of its beauty, because it wears so slowly, because it keeps bright and glossy with a few minutes' use of a damp cloth, you'll never get anything better than—  
**M. L. Floorglaze**  
"The Finish That Endures"  
An good outdoors as in—waterproof and sunproof. Won't stain nor crack. Get M. L. Floorglaze in tin from a gallon down. If made of solid Eastman's 7 Hardwood Lac colors; and a Transparent for natural finish. Ask your dealer or write us for Free descriptive book.  
**Imperial Varnish & Color Co.**  
Limited  
TORONTO  
Recommended and for sale by L. W. Sleep, Wolfville, and Halsey & Harvey Co., Ltd., Port Williams.

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