

SEVEN YEARS TORTURE

Nothing Helped Him Until He Took "FRUIT-A-LIVES"



ALBERT VARNER
Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915.
For seven years, I suffered terribly from Severe Headaches and Indigestion. I had belching gas from the stomach, bitter stuff would come up into my mouth after eating, and at times I had nausea and vomiting, and had chronic Constipation. I went to several doctors and wrote to a specialist in Boston but without benefit. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. Finally, a friend advised "Fruit-a-lives". I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. I am grateful to "Fruit-a-lives", and to everyone who has miseries of health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach. I say take "Fruit-a-lives", and you will get well!"

ALBERT VARNER.
50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.

ADP.—The protection of the home, the abolition of the liquor traffic and the triumph of Christ's Golden Rule in custom and in law.

MOTTO—For God and Home and Native Land.

BACKS—A knot of White Ribbon.

WARCROWD—Agitate, educate, or organize.

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.

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White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Walter Mitchell.

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What Will You Give?

There is a beautiful legend which is told of the Christmas Rose. According to this legend, on the night when the angel announced the birth of the Saviour to the shepherds of Bethlehem, a little girl whose brothers were among the shepherds followed them to the inn where the Christ Child was. When she saw the Wise Men offering their treasures of gold and silver to the Babe, she hung back timidly and tears filled her eyes because she had nothing to give. As she looked on the face of the Christ Child her heart was filled with wonder and admiration and she wished to show her love. But she had no gold nor precious gems and no money to buy them, and so, presently, with a heavy heart, she turned back toward the lonely hills.

When she had reached the field on the edge of the desert under the silent stars, suddenly a light shone around her, and an angel, robed in glittering silver, stood before her.

"Little one, why do you weep?" he asked.

"Because I had no gift for the Child of Bethlehem," she answered.

Smiling tenderly, the angel waved a lily that he carried, and instantly the ground was white with Christmas roses.

With a cry of joy the girl filled her arms with the flowers and hastened to the village. Astonished, the people made way for her, gazing in wonder at the burden she bore. As she neared the manger, the Christ Child, turning from the gold and jewels brought by the magi, held out His tiny hands for the beautiful blossoms, and smiled sweetly as the little shepherds hesitated them at His feet.

This Christmas you probably have some gift for each of your loved ones; for father, mother, brothers, sisters, teachers, friends. What pleasure it has given you to plan these tokens of your love! But there is still another present you may make, an offering precious in the sight of Him whose birth we commemorate on Christmas Day.

The Christ Child, with a smile upon His face, is holding out His hands to you to-day just as the legend tells us He stretched them forth to the little shepherds so many years ago.

What will you give Him at this glad Christmas season?—American Messenger.

Monsieur:

For 15 days in the month of January I was suffering with pain of rheumatism in the foot. I tried all kinds of remedies but nothing did me any good. One person told me about MINARD'S LINIMENT, as soon as I tried it the Saturday night, the next morning I was feeling very good. I tell you this remedy is very good; I could give you a good certificate any time that you would like to have one. If any time I come to hear about any person sick of rheumatism, I could tell them about this remedy.

Yours truly,

ERNEST LEVIELLE.

216 Rue Ontario East, Montreal, Feb. 16th, 1908.

The Making of a Man.

A STORY IN EVERY WORD.

The editor looked starily from the bunch of copy to the new reporter.

"Do you think the readers of this paper want ——" he began.

"Give us something short and snappy," he said, getting up and warming to his subject.

"Something with punch in it. Something that's happened. Why, a good reporter will see a story in an old woman picking up a pin off the sidewalk. News items, that's what we want. There is one," he added pointing out the window at a man in khaki limping by. "Go after it."

The reporter went after it and asked the soldier for his story.

"Something short and snappy, eh?" said the soldier. "Well, it was short enough; two ticks, or thereabouts. And snappy. Snapped me in two, pretty near. Punched me in the jaw, and in the ribs, and gave me the knock out. I don't want to talk about it."

The reporter was discouraged, but would not give in. "What are you doing now?" he asked.

"Oh, just putting in the time in a convalescent hospital. Classes in arithmetic, and type writing, and mechanical drawing, you know, and carpentry and metal work, and cobbling shoes, and gardening, and raising chickens and bees, for out-door, and physical drill, if that interests you."

It did not. But then he was a new reporter, his insight had hardly been gun to sprout.

"What does it all amount to?" he said.

"I was a man," said the cripple, "and it's making a man of me again. I thought I was good for nothing, and I am going to be good for something after all. That is what it amounts to."

The editor looked up at the reporter came in.

"He wouldn't say what happened to him," the young man said. "He would only talk about what is happening to him now, and what may happen to him when he comes out on his own. Nothing out of the ordinary."

The editor made him repeat the conversation.

"Nothing out of the ordinary," he exclaimed when he heard it all.

"Why, there's a column story in every word the man said, if you know how to write it. You take on the convalescent hospital and give us a story about it every week. 'Making a man of him again,' too. When you come to that, if you can describe the making of a man in less than a half page you're the biggest genius this paper ever had on its staff. And if you can't give us a two-column story about it and leave your readers bolting for more, you'd better go and sweep the streets."

"Nothing out of the ordinary! Why it's your chance of a life time. Making a man of a knocked-out cripple! It's the most extraordinary story you'll get to write in a hundred years."

PILES

Do not suffer another day with Hemorrhoids or Piles. Use Chamberlain's Piles Remedy.

Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly as you can see it. It is a safe and reliable remedy for Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all kinds of skin diseases. Sample box free from J. C. Chase, Toronto. Write for it today.

A Helpful Monarch of Europe.

VOLUNTEER HEAD OF BUREAU OF THE MISSING SOLDIERS.

King Alfonso is one of the busy monarchs of Europe to-day. He has organized a clearing-house for information about the "missing" in the war. Being strictly neutral, the King of Spain can appeal to any country at war for news of missing soldiers. He uses this power to the utmost, finding and sending information of husbands, brothers and sweethearts. Several hundreds of letters are dealt with each day, and they come from women of all classes and nationalities. From servant girls to countesses, a large portion of the Royal Palace in Madrid being given over to the work. The idea started through the King seeing the request of a French lady who was anxious to discover the whereabouts of her sweetheart, whom she believed had been taken prisoner. After appealing to the German Government without success, she thought of Alfonso's gallant character, and sent the following letter:

"Sir,—A desolate lady asks your protection. Spain is the land of chivalry, and your majesty is the great Hidalgo of Castile, and I feel certain you will hear me."

She stated particulars of her case, and the King, touched by the appeal, took the trouble to find the required information. The lady was so overjoyed that she told everybody she knew.

Dozens, and then hundreds of anxious ladies wrote to the palace, and their servants followed suit. The news of this method of obtaining news of missing dear ones spread from country to country.

His Majesty soon saw how fine and wide-spread a comfort he could make the world, so he thoroughly organized the labor, and instructed the Spanish Ambassadors in the different capitals how to proceed.

When the King has news to send he first despatches a telegram saying that letter will follow. Sometimes he has had bad news; then he writes a tactful, sympathetic letter.

King Alfonso works hard at this self imposed task of mercy, taking as much trouble over the penniless as over the rich, and many an anxious woman to-day blesses his chivalry.

In this helpful work he finds a

JOE'S NEW HOUSE

Stone the Builders Rejected Became the Foundation of Structure of Comfort.

By FLORENCE LILLIAN HENDERSON.

There were two loyal hearts to smile encouragingly after Walter Rose and wish him an earnest Godspeed when he left Riverdale. Mercy Darrow bade him adieu through swimming eyes, but she had given him words of blissful cheer and comfort. Little Joe Dockrill, cripple as he was, lifted himself on his crutches and waved encouragingly and hopefully.

"You know what is best, dear. Walter's fiancée had told him, 'If you think the prospects in the city are encouraging, you should go there.'"

"It is only for a year, sweetheart," said Walter. "You and your parents are practically dependent on your married sister. All I have is the lot and the old house, ready to fall down any day. I could not think of taking you there."

"It would be home with you, anywhere, dear," declared Mercy bravely. "Yes, but the old folks have a comfortable home. I stuck to father, from a sense of duty, because he was attached to the old place. If I can get enough ahead to put up even a small cottage I can always wear a comfortable living. Look after little Joe, won't you, Mercy?" added the stalwart, honest-faced fellow, with a fond glance at the little cripple.

"Don't you fear?" chirped in Joe himself valiantly. "I'll look after myself. Why, you've fitted me out like a prince, Uncle Walter, and I'm going to make you proud of me. I'll help get an idea and I'm going to carry it out."

Pretty patient Mercy went home rather mournfully. Little Joe returned home, the honest, sturdy fellow called him that. Joe was a wife, an orphan child laid turned out of charitable institutions when he had outgrown the

age limit, wandered to Riverdale and run down by an automobile and crippled for life. For two months the homeless little fellow was kept in the hospital. Then he was again turned adrift, his sole asset a pair of crutches.

It was tender-hearted Mercy, true to name and nature, who took him in, but her sister resented the intrusion. Then Mercy spoke to Walter about the friendless wanderer. Walter took him to the old house. His father was very old and feeble. He needed constant attention, and took a great fancy to the bright, jolly little stranger.

Joe was so cheery, so accommodating, so handy, despite his crippled condition, that within a month Walter felt that he had secured a treasure. Little Joe made the long evenings lively. He was a faithful attendant upon aged Mr. Rose, and nearly the last smile upon the lips of the old man was for the lad who had so brightened his final hours on earth.

Joe had taken a great interest in the plans Walter had drawn for the new house. When the latter decided to go to the city, he wanted to arrange for the care of his little charge with a neighbor.

"No, Uncle Walter, no, positively!" asserted Joe. "I've planned it all out. Let me stay here, only leave old Dole and the wagon. I can't do much real work, but I can drive, and I'll pick up enough odd jobs about town to keep me comfortably and sometimes to put aside for that famous new house you're going to build. See if I don't!"

Walter agreed to this, but with some reluctance and misgivings as he looked at the thin, wistful face and crippled condition of his charge. And now Joe was the only occupant of the lonely old house that shook dangerously when the wind blew hard, and only a portion of which was at all habitable.

"The going to set up right house-keeping in the dining room and move my cot there," planned Joe. "Just as soon as I get it fixed just as I want it—then for the plans of the new house."

Daytimes after Joe drove down to the depot and waited around for a chance to haul a trunk or carry a valise or package in the old wagon. He had to have help with the heavier freight, but then his charges were steady confidential co-worker in his wife, Queen Victoria, daughter of Princess Beatrice, the youngest of our Great Queen's daughters.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Principal Festival.

Christmas in Anglo-Saxon days in England was celebrated as the principal festival of the year, the Anglo-Saxon forefathers delighting in the festivities of the holy month, as they called the month of December. At these times the Anglo-Saxon and afterward the Danish kings of England held in state and were surrounded with all the great men of their kingdom, who were sumptuously entertained. There was also an outflow of generous hospitality toward the poor.

During the reign of Alfred the Great a law was passed with relation to holidays by virtue of which the

What is Home without Music?

Every week he visits to Walter in the city. Three times a week he drove around to see Mercy. She had no time to visit him, for she had to slave hard to please her narrow-minded, complaining sister. Joe was so cheery and courageous that he brightened up her spirits considerably, despite the fact that her lover did not write the most hopeful letters in the city.

While the end of the year Walter Rose wrote that he had not done so well in the city as he had anticipated. He was homesick, however, and was coming back to his "dear old home" among friends, even if he had to work a little harder and wait a little longer for that new house.

Walter was puzzled at the gaily and suppressed excitement of little Joe as the latter met him at the depot with old Dobbin and the wagon. The animal looked well kept, the vehicle was freshly painted. Walter smiled as they came in sight of the old home. There was a discouraging look on the old man's face.

"I had hoped when I came back here," he told his companion, "I would surely have found a new house enough to provide a neat home for me and Mercy and the old folks. Instead of that I have less than \$300, a mere beginning. Why, this is what I've got!"

"You might Walter start! The old place looked like a lumber yard. I'll up syntactically were old boards, lath, shingles, rubble stone and dimensioned lumber. I've counted them—there's enough bricks—I've counted them—put to build as fine a house as was ever put up in Riverdale!"

"You blessed little fellow!" said Mercy when a hour later she saw that the new house was a certainty, and tears of joy fell upon the bright golden head as she kissed Joe gratefully.

And, lo! the stone that the builders had rejected had become the foundation of a structure of comfort, love and happiness!

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

TRUTH ABOUT PATRIARCHS

Scientific Analysis Has Reduced the Number of Their Years on Earth to a Reasonable Point.

How old was Methuselah? Nine hundred and fifty years is the age which, from our earliest youth, we have been accustomed to assign the patriarch. Scientific research abroad, however, has reduced this imposing figure to a more reasonable figure.

The experts point out that there has always existed a certain amount of doubt, even among orthodox believers, in the literal truth of the Bible concerning the age to which the patriarchs attained. Many theories have been evolved to reduce the biblical records of this kind to something near the allotted span of man.

It has been surmised that, in the earliest times, the month—the period of a moon cycle—was called a year. Thus, Adam's 930 years of life, calculated a year at 29½ days, the length of a lunar month, works out to 76½ years. After the month year there would appear to have come a five-month year, the limit of five being derived from the fingers on one hand, it being remembered that primitive peoples always used the fingers for purposes of calculation. Then came the 12-month year.

Ground for this surmising is alleged to be given in the psalmist's limit of life of three-score and ten years. Furthermore, it is maintained that between the time of Noah and of David, no such extraordinary change could have taken place as to reduce the life of man by eleven-twelfths. On the five-month-year basis, Noah's 950 years shrink to 73 and Isaac's 180 to 74.

It may be, it is also pointed out, that there intervened a six-month year, discovered by Jacob while watching Laban's flocks. Thus Jacob's 147 years work out at about 73. The 12-month year began with the Egyptians, who saw that a complete period was made up of the two "years," in one of which the days were longer than the nights, and in the other of which the nights were longer than the days.

It is a curious fact that the Christians and the Jewish years will not forever be separated, for, in due course of time, Noah's Hashona will fall at Christmas time and then catch up the Christian year. This, however, will not occur for 30,000 years.

Wise words, an engagement with her?"

"Yes, so I hear."

"Do you suppose he broke it because she has to work for a living?"

"No; I understand that he broke it because she thought that having to work for a living was a disgrace."

twelve days after the Nativity were set apart for the celebration of the Christmas festival. It is said that but for Alfred's strict observance of the full twelve holy days of Christmas and that he had been defiled by the Danes.

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A. E. Williams, Agent, Yarmouth, N. S.

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NOTICE.

IN THE ESTATE OF SELINA R. CLEVELAND, DECEASED.

All claims against the above Estate are requested to be rendered, duly attested, within twelve months of the date of this notice. All accounts due must be paid at once to the undersigned.

B. W. CLEVELAND,
SOLE ADMINISTRATOR.
Sept. 29th, 1916.

F. J. PORTER
Licensed Auctioneer for towns of Kentville and Wolfville, N. S.

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T. E. HUTCHINSON, Proprietor.

Heroism.

The man who would be a hero in other days than his own has not even the making of a hero in him. The man who belongs to a past in thought, when he could have been good, and is not good in the living and articulate present which is his own, is a dreamer of vain dreams, which are yet there only to his rebuke as to his shame.

Say not "the days that needed heroes are past." The days most in want of heroes are in the present.

We need heroic merchants, whose word, good as their bond, will make English commerce everywhere honored and trusted.

We need heroic workmen, who will bring highest ideals to lowest action, and lighten up the pain and work and the toil of their workshop with

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We manufacture and keep in stock building finish necessary for repair work or new buildings.

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Effective Nov. 1st, 1916.
Service daily, except Sunday.

ARRIVING

Express from Kentville	6.15 a.m.
Express from Halifax & Truro	9.58 a.m.
Accom. from Middleton	11.50 a.m.
Accom. from Windsor	1.30 p.m.
Express from Yarmouth	4.20 p.m.
Express from Halifax	6.50 p.m.

LEAVING

Express for Halifax and Truro	6.15 a.m.
Express for St. John and Yarmouth	9.78 a.m.
Accom. for Windsor	11.50 a.m.
Accom. for Middleton	1.30 p.m.
Express for Halifax and Truro	4.20 p.m.
Express for Kentville	6.59 p.m.

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Daily Service (Sunday Excepted)

Canadian Pacific Railway S. S. "Empress" leaves St. John 7.00 a.m. arriving in Digby at 10.00 a.m. Leaves Digby 2.00 p.m. arriving St. John 5.00 p.m. making connection at St. John with trains of Canadian Pacific Ry. for Montreal and the West.

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Express train leaving at 9.58 a.m. Yarmouth connects with steamer of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Co., Ltd., sailing on Wednesday and Saturday for Boston.

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PUBLIC NOTICE.

The public are hereby forbidden the use of my property as a thoroughfare for teams between Main and Front Streets. Persons persisting in thus trespassing will be prosecuted without further notice.

EVANGELINE D. BOWLES.
Wolfville, Sept. 10th., 1915.

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Modern 8 room house and 60x150 lot, Prospect street, Wolfville, Bath, large basement with laundry, hot air furnace, fruit-trees. Magnificent view. Possession September, 1917. For particulars apply to Mrs. L. C. Hutchinson, 2402 East Colfax avenue, Denver, Colo. U. S. A.

The Gossin government has decided upon the Gottenburg system of liquor license for Quebec province. The change to be made on May 1st, 1917.

Misera's Liqueur Cures Diphtheria.