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## THE ACADIAN (Established 1883)

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## WOLFVILLE'S MEMORIAL UNVEILED

Continued from page one. them were frankly incredulous. How the end had come at last, and at 11 A.M.. Nov. 11, the guns fired th ir last death bearing message and an eternal silence settled over those lands so horribly mained and devastated.

And so now after more than two years have elapsed we have gathered together to pay our last respect to those gallant dead. To all who fell in the great war in general and in particular to these 29 boys who were born and brought up among the apple blossoms of this beautiful valley.

Some of you, many of you in fact have pointed the finger of scorn at this memorial and described it as unworthy. Surely it is unworthy. Nothing that the hand of man could accomplish, be it made of pure gold, or of whitest marble would be worthy of that sacrifice made by these men. But we are not here to pay tribute to some architectural triumph, to something that must necessarily please the eye. You are here to pay respect to the memory of 29 men. What matters it whether this monument is of stone or but a plain white cross. If you come here to enjoy its beauty, to point it out with pride to the admiring tourist, then be gone. This is composed of human blood, blood of those boys who have stood where you are standing now, and blood that was spilled that you might live and enjoy life. Away with your false pride, you are witnessing something too beautiful to be the work of man, something that cannot be excelled, greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend.

To some of you this is a day of sadness and of sorrow. The memory of some absent face, the sight of the vacant chair, rises up, and your thoughts are bitter and your hearts are sad. But I venture to say that no matter how sore is your heart, how great your grief, it would be increased tenfold, if he whom you now mourn had failed in the performance of his duty. This war was but the expression of the soul of man indignant against wrong and scornful of safety. So each of these : 29 the path of duty opened up clearly before them, they accepted the gague an willing ly paid the price. Victories sink into the past and become words, nations crumble and become as' dust, but this pride this proud grief in our dead, has been, is and

will continue into eternity One word more and I' am finished The dead are gone; nothing that we can say, nothing that we can do will com-

pensate for their sacrifice. They have gone to their reward and doubtless are now enjoying that peace, which we have have obtained through their sacrifice. But by their deaths they have given us a duty to perform. We still have the living, the de-pendents of those w o have fallen, and their chums who have perturned. Upon each and every one of you falls the duty of seeing that these are properly cared and provided for. Our hospitals are crowded with men, men who have suffered untold corrested with men, men who have suffered untold corrested with men, men who have suffered untold obtained through their sacrifice. But by

has done remarkably well in providing for the returned men. I think in this rewriters and occasions when they were composed. Each hymn after being desgard she is second to none. But as time passes, man's memory grows dim and gation. The service was unique and greatly the tendency wille to forget ones obligation and to shirk ones duty. We cannot repay enjoyed by the large audience present and the dead, but we can and must recompense

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the living in any way possible. Moreover these men have ransomed this country with their lif' blood. Is not the duty ours to make it a country worthy of the sacrifice of its sons. Just as the fellows in France, saw their differences and united against a common foe, so let us unite. The war was won by the men in you win the peace? Sink will your class interests, your political interests, your religious interests and unite your efforts for the good of this great Canada of ours. You young people, you who could not join your brothers in France France, here is your opportunity. Deter mine to make this country as great as the men who died for it. What matter it, it you can make a few more dollars by going to the States. Remain at home, de vote your energies towards building up your own land and in a few years we will have a nation here that will be second to none, a nation that «can turn reverent eyes towards that great silent army o occupation and say, we have kept the

faith. This then is the message that come from those 29 graves, this their last request. Provide for our relatives, care for our comrades and live for Canada as we have died for Canada

To you from failing hands we throw The Torch, be yours to hold it high; If ye break faith with us who die We shall not sleep tho poppies grow

In Flanders Field.

At the close of the address "The Last Post" was sounded by Bugler Lake and the ceremony closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. C. Coombs moved on Tuesday into their new residence just completed on Earnscliffe avenue, by Mr. C. H. Wright. Mr. Wright has begun the erection of another dwelling-a bungalow -on the same street.



agonies and who will never be able again to enjoy health and happiness. Canada Halifax, 11th May, 1921.



June 10, 1921



Mr. A. J

BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES

The pastor having been called to Cape

Breton by the death of his brother-inlaw, the services last Sunday were con-

ducted by Rev. Dr. Spidle. In the morn-

ing, he gave a very practical and interest-ing sermon from Exodus 15:27, "And

t'iey came to Elim" ... The choir was at-

tired in cap and gown and looked very nice in their new robes.

Mason sang a beautiful solo, which was

greatly appreciated by the congregation

delightful violin solos and Mrs. Barteaux

sang in her usual pleasing manner. In stead of the usual sermon, Dr. Spidle gave a very interesting account of a number o

ell known old hymns telling about their

scribed, was sung by choir and congre

we hope for a similar service in the near

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NOT

Tt e evening service was called a musical service. Af er the usual service of song, Mrs. (Dr.) Thompson gave one of her

