

The Acadian.

The Man who tries, and fails, succeeds.

The man who succeeds without trying, fails.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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NO. 42

THE ACADIAN.

Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors,

DAVIDSON BROS.,

Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in advance. If sent to the United States, \$1.50.

Newspapers from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day, are gratefully solicited.

Advertisements must be accompanied by cash or check.

Reading notices ten cents per line first insertion, two and a half cents per line or each subsequent insertion.

Copy for new advertisements will be received up to the day noon. Copy for changes in contracts, 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. Fitch, Mayor.

W. M. Black, Town Clerk.

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 8.00 a. m.

Express west close at 9.35 a. m.

Express east close at 4.00 p. m.

Kentville close at 5.45 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 7.00 p. m. Monday School at 7.30 p. m. Services at prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first 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 3.45 p. m. All seats free. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. G. W. Miller, Pastor: 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. Services at Port Williams and Lower Horton as announced. W. F. M. S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 8.00 p. m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Monday at 7.00 p. m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Sunday at 8.00 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. F. J. Armistead, 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 the services. At Greenrich, preaching at 9 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, 7.00 p. m. Wednesday Evensong, 7.30 p. m. Special services: Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rector.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

Rev. R. F. Dixon, Rector.

A. G. Coggins, Warden.

St. Francis (Catholic)—Rev. Fr. H. J. McCallion, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE—During Summer months special services—Sunday at 7 p. m. Monday at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2.30 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. Fitch, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

OVERSEA LODGE, No. 99, meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcome.

H. M. Watson, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 8, meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

Court Hamilton, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m.

Thrice the capacity of ordinary grates is given because the Sunshine grates are three-sided, one side at a time meeting the fire. Bulldog teeth smash clinkers easily.

McClary's Sunshine

Wouldn't you like to know the cost of installing a Sunshine in your home? I'll gladly give you particulars without obligation.

SOLD BY L. W. SLEEP

The Way to Keep Down the Cost of Living:

Buy Your Groceries, Teas & Coffees from WENTZELL'S Limited.

From one end of the Province to the other WENTZELL'S LIMITED is known as the "Big Store." It is known as a store having a big stock, a big variety, and giving big value—the only part that is small is the price.

WENTZELL'S LIMITED buy in the very largest quantities direct from sources of supply. Having ample capital, they pay cash, thus securing everything at the very lowest market price.

The policy of the "Big Store" is "large sales and small profits." This has built up a tremendous business, nothing like it east of Montreal. That's the reason why the "Big Store" prices are always so reasonable, and why you can keep down the cost of living if you trade here.

Free Delivery Offer.

We prepare the freight on all orders amounting to \$10.00 and over, except for such heavy goods as sugar, flour, molasses, salt, oil, etc. If you name it not on our mailing list, send it along, so that you will receive our catalogue and special lists as they are published.

WENTZELL'S LIMITED

Halifax,

N. S.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is Pleasant, it contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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HUTCHINSON'S
Livery and Automobile Service
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Teams or Autos always ready for a drive through the Evangeline Land. Teams at all trains and boats. Weddings carefully attended to by Auto or team. Give us a call. Telephone 68.

T. E. HUTCHINSON, Proprietor.

The Arch.

Over the street of the village end, Over the road to the bridge, Over the arch like the gate of a Moorish wall, Over across the river there, Looking under the arch, one sees, And here on the cliff, and the island there, Each day, hurrying through the town, One sees an Indian, many or two, As I catch the street and glance down, I catch a glimpse through the Moorish arch, A woman, dark, and young, and fair, Her hair all seems calm, and kind, and fair, So sometimes at the end of a thought, Where with a veiling doubt we've striven, A sudden, sunny glimpse is caught, Of an open arch, and a peaceful heaven.

The Old Family Doctor.

The old doctor has broken down—fallen with the harness on. It had been an exceedingly severe winter, followed by a late, trying spring. There had been an unusual amount of sickness, both in the village and in the outlying country. Diphtheria had raged for weeks in Johnny-Cake Hollow, and the three miles of swamp road necessary to reach the hollow had an old Morris said, "Bin just perfectly adacious."

Like another One, the doctor had spared not himself. Rheumatism had reached his heart. He had finished his course. "Time and toll his iron strength had spent," and he went up to his chamber to die.

The community was startled, quite shocked. "The doctor sick!" It was almost inconsistent. Liable never to be out again? Why, they could not spare him; he was a fixture in their lives.

"This undecorated soldier, of a hard, unequal strife, Had fought such stubborn battles with the foe that sought their life; And when many pined in sickness he had stood so strongly by, That half the people felt a notion that the doctor couldn't die."

For weeks the doctor kept what his wife in the privacy of the family counsels indulgently called "open house." His daughter pronounced it "a continuous reception." His little grand son said: "Grandpa is holding an open clinic. It comes natural to him. My patients are simply bringing back my calls."

Many of the visitors did not know each other, would not have spoken to each other on the streets. But to the rich and poor, the saint and the sinner, a cure for reasons of his own, came, and he knew them all alike.

To many he gave some little word, or nod, or token which they alone understood, and would be the better of it remembering. All wanted to do something; some did things for reasons for which only they and the doctor understood.

One morning an elaborately contrived and magnificently upholstered invalid chair appeared in his room. As attached card bore this inscription:

"Presented by members of the community in token of the years of service given to the public welfare."

For some time after the war the office of the doctor's kitchen door a strange, mysterious character. A silent, moose, some said villainous man, who lived alone in a little hut behind the swamps, and sustained a precarious existence, ostensibly by his dogs, his traps and his gun. He held a large, fat squirrel, with a bullet hole through its head, upon the kitchen table. "For him," he laconically said, jinking his thumb toward the chamber.

The man was soaked in mud and water to his hips. Some one remarked that it was an awful sight to be out. The man gruffly replied, "No worse than the night when—" then hesitantly checked himself, glanced apprehensively around, and immediately disappeared in the storm.

One bright morning, just as spring was blushing into summer, a cheery, clad child bashfully stood in the doorway bearing in her hand a bunch of fresh wild-violets. She was one of the children of Johnny-Cake Hollow who had come through the diphtheria in the winter.

The old man brightened, smiled at the child, while he held out his hand with an eager gesture for the violets. He buried his face in their dewy blooms and inhaled a deep inspiration of their woody aroma.

All that day a little bunch of wood violets, tied with a bit of wool twine, had a place upon his table by the side of the vase of exotics from Mrs. Judge Elliot's conservatory.

One day Solomon chanced to be tied within range of the doctor's window. Horse and master had broken down together. The doctor espied him, the ash was raised and the doctor called. Instantly Solomon's head went up. A flash of the old fire came into his eyes, his ears twitched, he whinnied, and expectantly raised one forward foot.

The next day Elder Eddy came in. The old circuit rider had been through the schools of life. He had studied throbbing hearts. He was well read in living men. He knew something about practical religion. He and the

doctor had had many a battle in their hands always met in their cups. They had "faden" together.

"See here! you stop! I admit you have doused me in many an argument, but I know you; and as the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, in this matter I shall not be bound."

The elder knelt by the bedside. With one hand he grasped the hand of his friend; with the other he seemed to be feeling after God. He told him, took hold on him, talked with him as if he knew him, believed in him and trusted him. And the place was B. the.

Towards evening, as the sunset hour was closing on, the doctor insisted on being helped into his arm-chair before the open westward window.

He looked lingeringly over across the valley. He gazed along the radiant pathway of light through the golden gate of the setting sun. He gazed steadfastly as if, like Stephen, he saw Heaven opening and the glory of God.

His attendant helping him to lie down, observed that he leaned heavily. He carefully stretched himself upon his bed, deliberately folded his arms, closed his eyes, and said: "Shade the light and leave me alone; I shall sleep now."

The old doctor slept and when the attendant came in later there was upon his face the look of one who had found God.

Paralyzed Limbs. Today it is deepness, headaches, digestive trouble, and irritability. Next thing you know you are unable to walk. 10 Moore Street, St. Catharines, Ont. writes: "Nervous trouble developed into paralysis of the limbs so that I became helpless. Doctors failed me, but after using ten boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I resumed work, and now feel better than I did for 25 years."

After the War. Basing his conclusions on actual experience in South Africa after the war there, Mr. Lionel Curtis of Toronto to the Ontario committee for the organization of resources last week that immediate steps should be taken to provide for a rush of immigrants to Canada after the present war. He said:

"The cause of such immigration is moral rather than economic. War, in accumulating large masses of men to a life of adventure in the open air, so changes their habits that they shrink from returning to the office and factory. Clerks who have been to the front in this war have told me that they will never be able to return to the desk. Inevitably they will turn to Canada as the nearest and easiest country in which to settle. For some time after the war the tide of immigration from Britain to Canada will be limited only by the available shipping. Unless timely preparations are made to absorb them a serious state of congestion and unemployment in the larger Canadian towns will result. Canada may be forced to close its ports to men who have fought for the empire—Worse still, soldiers who have landed and failed to find employment may drift south to the United States and so be lost not only to Canada but to the empire as a whole when to retain its depleted stock of manhood will be of vital importance."

In order to prevent a very serious condition of unemployment, Mr. Curtis believes that the soldier immigrants should be trained by the Dominion government until they are efficient farm laborers. They should be taken into government depots on landing and then should be taken to agricultural depots in the various provinces. Such practice, he said, is successfully in operation in New South Wales.

The government may be giving attention to this matter, but if so there is no striking evidence of the fact. It is of course possible that Mr. Curtis is wrong in his predictions, but his view is shared by many who have given thought to the subject, both in Canada and in the mother country.

A court has no business to try to define a kiss. That is a job for the poets.

The first and last word in home baking

Used by millions with perfect results for generations

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes.

Makes delicious and healthful cake, biscuits, muffins and pastry.

Made in Canada

No Alum



The McCharles Prize.

In view of the great interest now being taken by Canadians in all developments in the natural resources of the Dominion, the bequest of the late James McCharles providing a

special merit made by Canadians will be welcomed by all.

The following extract from the will of Mr. McCharles and the accompanying regulations drawn up by the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto governing the award as set forth below, give full details concerning the Prize which will be offered for the second time this year.

In connection with the bequest of the late James McCharles of the Provincial Government on the bonds of the value of \$100,000, on the following terms and conditions, namely, that the interest thereon shall be given from year to year, like the Nobel prizes in a small way:

(1) To any Canadian from one end of the country to the other, and whether student or not, who invents or discovers any new and improved process for the treatment of Canadian ores or minerals of any kind after such process has been proved to be of special merit on a practical scale; (2) Or for any important discovery, invention or device by any Canadian that will lessen the dangers and loss of life in connection with the use of electricity in supplying power and light; (3) Or for any marked public distinction achieved by any Canadian in scientific research in any practical line. The following conditions, as passed by the Board of Governors, determine the method of award:

(1) The title shall be the McCharles Prize.

(2) The value of the prize shall be One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00) in money.

(3) The term "Canadian" for the purpose of this award shall mean any person Canadian born who has not renounced British allegiance; and for the purpose of the award in the first of the three cases provided for by the bequest, domicile in Canada shall be an essential condition.

(4) Every candidate for the prize shall be proposed as such in writing by some duly qualified person. A direct application for a prize shall not be considered.

(5) No prize shall be awarded to any discovery or invention unless the same shall have been proved to the satisfaction of the awarding body, to possess the special practical merit indicated by the terms of the bequest.

(6) The order of priority in which the three cases stand in the wording of the bequest shall be observed in making the award; that is, the award shall go *caeteris paribus* to the inventor of methods of smelting Canadian ores; and, failing such inventions, to the inventor of methods

for lessening the dangers attendant upon the use of electricity; and only in the third event, if no inventors of sufficient merit in the fields of metallurgy and electricity present themselves, to the inventor distinguished in the general field of science.

A committee to make the award of the Prize has been appointed by the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto.

It will be seen from these conditions that the Committee of Award is given a wide scope in making its selection, as the Prize is open to Candidates in every part of the Dominion and is not necessarily confined to those who have made discoveries or inventions in recent years.

All communications in connection with this award should be addressed to the Secretary of the McCharles Prize Committee of Award, Mining Building, University of Toronto, Toronto, and should be in the hands of the Secretary not later than September 1st, 1916.

The Burdens of Age. The kidneys seem to lie about the first organ to wear out and fail to properly perform their work. The result is weak, lame, aching back, rheumatic pains and falling eyesight. Many people of advanced years have recovered health and comfort by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They ensure the healthful action of liver, kidney and bowels.

India and Germans. German trade, said a speaker at a recent meeting of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, could not be prohibited without damaging Indian trade, but it could be transacted by British subjects, and all exports and imports should be carried in British steamers. If Germans were admitted into India after the war, said the speaker, they should be controlled and taxed specially. They should be registered and licensed, and should be prohibited from owning land and establishing or controlling banks, companies, or factories. They should not be allowed to form clubs, associations, or societies. The chamber did not believe that the presence of German firms in India was essential to trade, and did not want them back. The president also urged that India should contribute substantially to the Imperial Navy.

He was running a summer hotel, and to keep departing guests from forgetting their belongings he put up a helpful sign.

"Stop—Look! Have you left anything?"

Of course the drummer had to get gay with it, thus:

"Stop—Look! Have you anything left?"

"Scotch mixtures seem to be very popular this season," remarked the dressy person.

"To wear, or to drink?" demanded the man with the impressive nose.

Singing on the Raft.

A pulsating tale of a handful of sailors adrift on a raft, singing, Nearer, My God, to Thee, in the midst of the great naval battle, is narrated by a sailor from the torpedo destroyer Shark.

Smith was one of the six men from the Fleet who were picked up and brought to Hull by the Danish steamer Vidar.

"We were one of the first of the ships to draw the fire on the Germans," he said. "We saw a long line of big vessels on the horizon, and we soon drew some of their fire, which in a few minutes became very intense, and the ship shook under us as the shells exploded all around us. Many of the shells fell short, but after about ten minutes one smashed our propeller and destroyed our steering-gear, and another made a hole in our oil tank."

She was then out of control, and she became the centre of such a murderous fire that we realized quickly that it would soon be good-bye to the Shark. Our commander tried to cheer us by saying that we shall be all right, but a moment or two later most of our guns were out of action. Then a shell burst right over us with a terrific bang, and the smoke had cleared away I saw Commander Jones and two men fighting our only remaining guns.

So far our gallant commander had escaped injury. He was still cheering the men up, and by working the last gun he drove off two destroyers that were heading for us. Then another shell came along, and a fragment struck the commander on the leg, and injured him severely. But he remained at the gun, working it till a torpedo struck us, and we went down by the stern, our engine still flying. I slipped down off the deck. A raft came floating by, and half a dozen of us, including a lieutenant, crawled on to it. We were on it for several hours. We saw the German fleet pass us, and then the tide carried us out of the latter altogether."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A cashier of somewhat portly build, was frowning over a state-net of accounts just placed before him by his pretty typist. "As a young lady," he said, "I admire your type, but I can't honestly say that I admire your typing."

"How funny!" she replied, smartly. "We are so different, for, though you are, of course, splendid at figures, no one could say you have a splendid figure!"

A Michigan editor received some verses with the following note of explanation: "Those lines were written 50 years ago by one who for a long time slept in his grave for pastime."

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

COAL!
Acadia Lump,
Albion Nut,
Springhill,
Inverness.
A. N. WHEATON