

Added Form
Key Disease

English River, Ont.,
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of the nature
adder, or gravel, and
endured an excruciating
na unable to do any
ly discharged blood.
dundreds of dollars in
lived no relief, and at
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dition I was advised
Kidney-Liver Pills,
to faith in them. I de-
fair trial. After using
change for the
ing five boxes I feel
an entirely new out-
of discharge of blood.
ommand Dr. Chase's
to any fellow sufferer,
verify this statement
as follows:
Kidney-Liver Pills, one
a box, at all dealers,
& Co., Toronto.

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Cough Rem-
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chant of Kirkville,
than twenty years
Remedy has been
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For sale by Rand's

St. Vincent Insti-
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Pneumonia. Sold
A. V. Rand.

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rlain's
Favorite
Group and
Cough.

Remedy
Favorite
Group and
Cough.

THE ACADIAN

One Year to Any Address
(or \$1.00.)

VOL. XXVI.

THE ACADIAN.

Published every FRIDAY morning by the
Proprietors,

DAVIDSON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in
advance.

News 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 in-
sertion, 25 cents for each subsequent in-
sertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertise-
ments furnished on application.

Reading notices ten cents per line first
insertion, and five cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

RULES

Copy for news 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 con-
tinued and charged for until otherwise
ordered.

This paper issued regularly to subscrib-
ers until a definite order to discon-
tinue 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.

W. MARSHALL BLACK, Mayor.
A. E. COLWELL, Town Clerk.

OFFICE HOURS:

9.00 to 12.30 p. 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 8.30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.10
a. m.
Express west close at 9.35 a. m.
Express east close at 4.35 p. m.
Kentville close at 4.40 p. m.

Geo. V. RAND, Post Master

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. L. D. Moore,
Pastor. Services: Sunday, preach-
ing at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.;
Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P.
U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening
at 7.30. Women's prayer-meeting
on the first Sunday of the month
at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at
the door to welcome strangers.

PRESBYTERIAN 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. Chalmers'
Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship
on Sunday at 9 p. m. Sunday School at
10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at
7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. E.
Moore, Pastor. Services on the Sab-
bath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath
School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meet-
ing on Thursday evening at 7.30. All
the seats are free and strangers welcome
at all services. At Greenwood, preach-
ing at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer
meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

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 7.15 p. m. Wednesday
Evensong 7.30 p. m. Special services
in Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in
church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Super-
intendent and teacher of Bible Class, the
Rector.

All seats free. Strangers heartily wel-
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Rev. R. F. DIXON, Rector.
Robert W. STORR, Wardens.
H. TROYE BULLOCK, Warden.

St. FRANCES (Catholic)—Rev. Martin
Carroll, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth
Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—Rev. A. Colman,
D. D., Superintendent. Services: Sun-
day, 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.,
meets at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 7.30 o'clock.
T. L. HARVEY, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

ORPHEUS LODGE, No. 92, meets every
Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall
in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren al-
ways welcome.
H. M. WATSON, Secretary

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 7, meets
every Monday evening in their Hall at
7.30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

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

LABOR BUREAU.

Gasfanning, Grading, Spraying, Team-
ing, Mastec-work, and odd jobs of all
kinds wanted.
Address letter or postal,
36 P. O. Box 302, Town.

The Acadian.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1907.

NO. 29.

No better advertising medium in
the Valley than
THE ACADIAN.



FURNESS, WITHY & CO., LTD.

London, Halifax & St John

FROM LONDON, FOR LONDON
Almerians..... Mar. 10
Mar. 12—St. John City..... April 4
Mar. 20—Halifax City..... April 15
Mar. 30—Americans..... April 30
London City..... Mar. 20

Liverpool, St. John's, Nfld.,
and Halifax.

From Liverpool, For Liverpool
FOR LIVERPOOL DIRECT,
—Uluda..... Mar. 11
Mar. 10—Annapolis..... Apr. 3
Steamships St. John City and
Evangeline are fitted with electric
fans and Gibbs system of ventilation.
Uluda has excellent first-class pas-
senger accommodation.

Dahome has superior accommoda-
tion for both first and second-class
passengers.

Furness, Withy & Co. Ltd.
Agents, Halifax, N. S.

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Gasfanning, Grading, Spraying, Team-
ing, Mastec-work, and odd jobs of all
kinds wanted.
Address letter or postal,
36 P. O. Box 302, Town.

To all our customers we send
Most hearty New Year's greet-
ings.

Hoping that in the coming year
We may have frequent meetings.
Then here's to luck and pluck and
wealth,
A happy life and blessed health!

I. S. BOATES & CO.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.
GAS ADMINISTERED.

Dr. H. Lawrence,
DENTIST.
Wolfville, N. S.
Office in Herbin Block
Telephone No. 45

Leslie R. Fair,
ARCHITECT,
AYLESFORD, N. S.

H. PINEO,
WOLFVILLE.
EXPERT OPTICIAN.

Devotes all his time and attention to
the science and art of special fitting. Es-
pecially interested in difficult cases. Do
not despair till you have tried him.
Correspondence invited.

Furniture for Sale!

During the remainder of this month
a quantity of Household Furniture
will be disposed of at private sale.
Chairs, Tables, Beds, Springs, Mat-
tresses, Carpets, Hooked Mats, etc.
All in good order. Inquire of
MISS ROBINSON,
Exchange and Tea Room.

Shopping for
MOTHER

MORSE'S
TEA
IS THE
BEST

A very desirable two-story house
on Central Avenue overlooking the
town and Minas Basin. Two veran-
dahs—an upper and a lower—on each
of the north and east sides of the
house give an exceptionally fine
view. Four cottages can be seen
from the upper verandah. The house
is new, and made specially to defy
both wind and frost. Nice rooms and
pantry, wood-house and bars at-
tached. Price moderate. Apply to
REV. J. W. BROWN,
Gaspareau.

The Only Perfect Emulsion

Any well made emulsion of good Cod Liver Oil is
good as far as it goes, but if it lacks Iron it is not a
perfect emulsion, because Iron is even more necessary
and more valuable than the oil.
Ferro! is not only made of the best Cod Liver
Oil, but it combines with the oil Iron and Phosphorus
and is the only emulsion that contains Iron at all.
Moreover

FERRO!

is finer, more palatable and easier to digest than any
other preparation of Cod Liver Oil. Anybody can
take Ferro!; few can take Cod Liver Oil in any
other way.

Every intelligent person knows that three of the
greatest remedial agents known to science are Cod
Liver Oil, Iron and Phosphorus. To get them in
combination and in proper proportion you must have
Ferro!. There is no other way.
Suffers from Anæmia, Bronchitis, Chronic
Coughs and Colds, Lung Troubles of any kind,
Nervous Prostration, Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia,
General Debility, Loss of Weight, Whooping Cough,
Croup, La Grippe or any of the ailments known as
wasting diseases, can take Ferro! with the confident
assurance that it will cure them if a cure is possible.

REMEMBER

Each dose of Ferro! contains a full medicinal dose
of Iron and in no other way can Iron be properly
administered.
Ferro! holds the record for increasing the weight.
Ferro! contains neither alcohol, "dope" nor dan-
gerous drugs of any kind.
Ferro! is the Ideal Infant Food. If your baby is
not thriving, give it Ferro! and watch it grow.

Ferro! is not a patent mystery. The formula is freely published. It is prescribed by
the best Physicians. It is endorsed by the most eminent Medical Journals. It is used in
grounded Hospitals, Sanitariums, etc.
A. V. RAND, DRUGGIST, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Cures Grip
in Two Days
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.
This signature, C. H. Brown
ON EVERY
BOX, 25c.

The Common Things.

The sunshine and the gentle rain.
The clear bird song that fills the morn.
The meadow land which flowers stain.
The swaying leaves of the corn.
The grass that whispers to the breeze—
What common, common things are these.

The broad, blue mirror of the lake
That smiles back at the sleeping sky;
The billows, too, that leap and break.
And ding their foamy jewels high;
The silver clouds that one by one
You look the lanes of the sun.

The stars that blink at jewels black
And make the world-old mystery,
While they on their appointed ways,
Go speeding through eternity.
Across unfathomed seas of space
On paths that we but dimly trace—
All these are common—brook and hill
And meadow, and the trees that grow
And yet there is no day or night
But borrows all of their delight.

No common thing is held apart
From us, or placed with lock and key,
But in the goodness of its heart
They are all made for you and me.
It always makes God loves the best
Things He sees the commonest.

Without Your Man.

Abner Wilson slipped out of bed,
and dressed in the dim-darkness of the
early spring dawn. Without
looking at the little clock on the shelf,
he knew it was a few minutes till five.
Habit, born of continual custom, had
taught him to arise at that hour. He
tapped lightly on his wife's door and
hurried down to the kitchen to start
the breakfast fire. He found the burn-
er of pitch kindling in its usual place
at the end of the woodbox, the match-
es in the cornucop holder on the wall,
and the waste paper in the rack near
the stove. Abner left the damper open,
knowing his wife would be down
by the time he reached the barn.

It had always been a delightful
thing to him to be bathed from hat to
boots in the cool fragrance of the early
morning. The bawling of the calves
in the lot, the squealing of the pigs
from the sty, and the hungry nick-
erings of the horses as they bobbed
their heads over the stanchion when
he opened the feedbox had always
been music in his ear.

But on this morning it all seemed a
mockery. The cries of his beloved
beasts were a bedlam of discord that
rasped in his ear. It was all because
Mary was going away—going to leave
the ranch and return home. She was
weary of the Oregon mountains, tired
of looking always out over the endless
array of fir-clad ranges, and her heart
ached for the level prairies of Iowa.
She would only be away three or four
months—just long enough to visit the
home folks and the old home place—
but even that would seem a long time
to Abner, since the two had been con-
stantly together during the four years
of their married life, all of which had
been lived out in the hills. Most of
all, he feared she would never again
be content with the solitude of the
fir-covered mountains.

They ate in silence, Abner conclud-
ing his second cup of coffee, his third
slice of ham, and his fourth biscuit
with the remark: 'I'm afraid my fat-
jacks will be mighty heavy diet,
Mary, after fasting so long on these
light slim gins of yours.'

'Oh, you will manage that part of
it all right,' she assured him; 'the
only thing I hate, Abner, is the
thought of leaving you out here all
alone. It seems selfish in me to go
away without you.'

'Don't worry about that, little one,'
replied Abner. 'I owe it to you.
You've been loyal these four years.
Most girls would have given up in de-
spair. You should see your folks
anyway. I've kept you from them
long enough. It is possible that a
sawmill will be placed in the gulch
this winter and I can sell my quarter
section of timber at a good figure.
Then, we can both go back.'

'Probably I ought to wait, but I'm
awful homesick—awful tired of the
hills,' said the young wife.
'I know it, Mary, and there will be
no waiting.' 'We've planned for this
trip of yours a long time, and I am
just as happy as you in the thought
that you can go. I'll have the roams
around to the gate in ten minutes.'
He shoved back his chair, and giving
his wife an affectionate pat on the
head with his broad palm, bounded
out of the door.

A half hour later the two were in
the saddle, and cantering briskly
down the winding road toward the
railway station. It was a clear May
morning, and the air was wood-spiced
with the fragrance of cedar and bal-
sam fir. Though she had been secretly
happy in preparing for her return
home, she now felt a pain of regret at
leaving. She had believed it would
be as if leaving a prison that had
walled her in with mountains that
could not be scaled, but somehow, this
morning where she had never seen it
before—in the dancing of the light
and shadows across the road, in the
nimble scampering of the silver-grey
squirrel across the road and in the
tall fern that formed a noble canopy
of broad fronds over the trail. She
heard music and laughter and merriment
in the chatter of the creek over
the boulder, the whistling of the larks
and robins, and the barking of the
chipmunk's. Greatest of all, she felt

the warmth to know you.
hearted me stout man flushed.
nice morning o' that,' he abruptly said.
enjoy a few knew his father and mother,
herself and her worthy people, and the boy
and his good boy. Neither my partner
the smiling have been married, and the
thought of a sister sort o' seems like a son to
It was there's no question about mon-
road eleven there was a brief silence.
rival of I don't think that I ever met a cir-
rums, a performer before, said the young
near the

Only one man laughed.
little of I guess we're all human,' he said.
I'll have all joys and sorrows, our
stool, I'll face against the bag-
gage trunk on which rested a long
line box, ominously suggestive. She
recognized the greeting of the two
new arrivals with the unexpressed
steedman of the people of the hills.

Mary was at once interested in the
woman, and while Abner purchased
her ticket and checked her trunk that
had been brought down by wagon two
days before, she opened a conversa-
tion with her.

'Are you going on this train?' Mary
asked pleasantly.

'Yes,' the woman replied.
'That is good. I am going too.
Are you going to travel far?'

'I'm going back to the States—back
to Illinois,' said the woman, without
taking her saddened eyes from the
pointed firs of the surrounding hills.
'Tom and me came from there twenty
year ago. Our two boys are grown
up and gone, and I have to go. Tom's
here in this box. He was killed by a
falling tree. Oh, it's hard—hard to
give up Tom' hard to leave the hills
where Tom and me have lived so
long.'

The woman spoke without
emotion, but there were lines in her face
that told of hidden sorrow. She
paused, and then, as if to change the
subject asked: 'Are you going far?'

'I'm going back to Ohio on a visit.
I have not seen my folks in four
years.'

'Is your man going?'

'No, he can't leave now. But I
can't stay out here any longer, even
though I have to leave him for a
while.'

'Your man ought to go too,' said
the woman. 'There ain't anything
when your man is away. Tom and
me—well, I'll be honest with you,
why I'll be honest with you, I don't
want to see you here. It's much
better out here in the hills where it is
all so quiet and peaceful, and where
everything is so wide and high and
deep; but Tom won't be here any
more. Now, there ain't anything with-
out your man.'

For the first time a tear trickled
across the wrinkled cheek. Mary
turned her face away. The great
truth of the woman's words weighed
suddenly heavy on the young wife's
heart. It was a relief to her when
Abner came out and gave her the
ticket and check.

'There's no need of my waiting,'
said he. 'I'll get back up to the
ranch and do some planting in the
garden.' He put his arm around her
and pressed a kiss on her cheek.
'Good-bye, little one,' said he; 'have
the best time possible and don't
worry about me. Give my love to all
the folks and write often.'

Mary clung to his neck, tears filled
her eyes. She could not speak. She
raised her face and he kissed her
again full upon the lips. He turned
from the platform and walked hur-
riedly across the clearing to where the
roams waited. The woman by the
truck put her hands up on the box
and turned to the sobbing girl, re-
peated: 'It's too bad to have to leave
him. There ain't anything without
your man.'

With a burst of tears, Mary retired
to the waiting room, and dropped
sobbing into a seat in one corner.
Once she lifted her face to the little
window and saw Abner and the two
roams disappearing in a roll of dust
up the road. She ran out on the plat-
form as if to call him back; but he
was gone—gone from sight around a
turn of the fir-braded road.

She came suddenly to the decision

Ask Your
Own Doctor

If he tells you to take Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral for your
severe cough or bronchial
trouble, then take it. If he has
anything better, then take that.
We have great confidence in
this medicine. So will you,
when you once know it.

The best kind of a sentimental
"Ball for over sixty years."
Ayer's
PILLS
Keep the bowels open with one of
Ayer's Pills at bedtime, just one
Minnel's Jointed Cures Diphtheria.