

The Man who tries, and fails, succeeds.

The Acadian.

The man who succeeds without trying, fails.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXXV.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS COUNTY, N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1915.

NO. 6

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 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 insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertising... 25 cents per line for first insertion, two and a half cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Rules.

Copy for advertising must be received up to the day noon. Copy for changes in contracts... 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:
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 are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.05 a. m.
Express west close at 9.35 a. m.
Express east close at 4.50 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.45 p. m.
Reg. letters 15 minutes earlier.
E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH - Services: Sunday Public Worship at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 3.00 p. m. Mid-week 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 8.30 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.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - Rev. G. W. Miller, Pastor: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Services at Fort Williams and Lower Horton as announced. W. F. M. S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 9.30 p. m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Monday at 7.00 p. m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Sunday at 10.00 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH - Rev. F. J. Arncliffe, 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 Greenhill, preaching at 8 p. m. on the Sabbath.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND. St. JOHN'S PARISH CHURCH, OF HOWSON. - Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. Matins every third Sunday at 11 a. m. Evensong 7.00 p. m. Wednesday Evensong 7.45 p. m. Prayer Meetings in Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rev. Mr. Black. All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

Rev. R. F. DIXON, Rector.
T. L. HAYWARD, Warden.
K. CRIGHTON.

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 open air gospel services - Sunday at 7 p. m., Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 8.30 p. m. Sabbath day classes, 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.
A. K. BARR, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

OLYMPIAN LODGE, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcome.
E. M. WATSON, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 1, meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.

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

COAL!

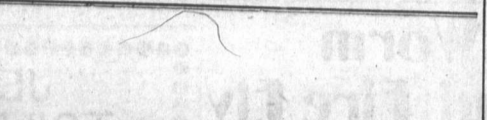
Ardin Lump,
Albion Nut,
Springhill,
Inverness.

A. H. WHEATON.

A Great Blessing to be Freed of Indigestion

For Years He Suffered After Almost Every Meal - Attributes Complete Cure to Use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The experience of many people who suffer from indigestion is like that of the writer of this letter. Stomach troubles are common, and cannot be actually cured until these organs are not right. With the liver sluggish there is constipation, and the food ferments in the bowels instead of being digested. This is the source of pain and suffering, and the cause of such dread diseases as appendicitis, peritonitis and kidney disease. It is much better to use the safe side and prevent such ailments by the timely use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Mr. J. D. & Barrett, N.S., and formerly of Trillimaine, N.S., writes: "For several years I was a bit of food caused me considerable trouble, and often I could scarcely eat a meal a day. The many remedies I tried proved futile until I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and after using about eight boxes I was completely cured. Since that time I have not been troubled with indigestion, which I consider a great blessing. I feel grateful for this cure, and shall gladly answer any inquiries from persons suffering as I did." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, 25¢ a box, 5 for \$1.00, all dealers, Edman, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



For Results
ADVERTISE IN
The Acadian

Building Repairs.

We manufacture and keep in stock building finish necessary for repair work or new buildings. Ask for our prices on soft and hardwood flooring, sashes, doors, veranda stock, sheathing, gutters, mouldings, frame stock, shingles and laths. Ask for our Furniture Catalogue.

J. H. HICKS & SONS

Furniture and Builders' Materials
Factory and Warerooms, - BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Look Through This List of School Goods.

Insure prompt delivery by ordering now before the last minute rush. Scribblers and Exercise Books, new patriotic designs, every grade of paper. Foolscap Paper, all rulings and qualities. Blackboard Brushes, "Wool Felt" and "Favorite Dustless." Crayons, several new styles in Chalk and Wax, at all prices. Compasses, Drawing Paper, School Bags, Drawing Pens, Pencil Boxes, Slate Pencils, Erasers, Note Books, Pencils, Penholders, Rulers, Slates.

L. E. Waterman's Fountain Pens.

WOLFVILLE BOOK-STORE.

FLO. M. HARRIS.

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 55.

T. E. HUTCHINSON, Proprietor.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.

Voicing, Regulating, Repairing Organs Tuned and Repaired.
M. C. COLLINS.
P.O. Box 331, Wolfville, N.S.

REWARD.

Town of Wolfville.
A reward of \$10.00 is offered by the Town of Wolfville for information that will lead to the conviction of any person or persons committing any of the following offenses:
Theft, breaking into houses or buildings, trespassing, destroying public or private property, the use of profane or abusive language on the street or in public buildings, the illegal selling of intoxicants, incendiarism or any criminal offenses.
McDONNELL & MacGIBSON,
Fox Ranches,
Wolfville, N. S., 83
W. M. BLACK, Town Clerk.

The Days Gone By.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by! The apples in the orchard and the path through the rye. The chirrup of the robin and the whistle of the quail. As he piped across the meadows sweet and nightingale; When the bloom was on the clover and there was in the sky, And my happy heart trimmed over in the days gone by. In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped. By the honeysuckle tangles where the water lilies dripped. And the ripple of the river lipped the grass along the bank. Where the play-eyes and lark-footed child came to drink. And the lipping snipe stood fearless of the trout's wary cry. And the splashing of the swimmer in the days gone by. O the days gone by! O the days gone by! The music of the laughing lily, the luster of the eye. The daisy's faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring. The simple, soul-reposing glad belief in every thing. When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh. In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by.

The Terror By Sea.

John Renfrew, sauntering up Fifth Avenue in the hot glare of a June afternoon, suddenly made up his mind to go home. He had been out of King Land just three years, and had never felt homesickness so acute, so overwhelming, so unbearable as now. His actual age was 39, and he had looks of a kind, a well-knit, alert figure of which, catching sight in the long mirror of his hotel wardrobe that morning he had suddenly pictured in uniform with an odd thrill at his heart. His brother? Already one had helped to dye red the Dardanelles sand with his blood, and it was because of that the call had come to John Renfrew—a call so loud and insistent as to be almost startling. Hitherto he had heard it only dimly, and in secret places, chiefly because he believed that he was doing his duty where he was, and indirectly helping the cause of the Allies by means of the great commercial machines of which he was already one of the honored heads. The deciding factor, though perhaps he would not have admitted it, was a few lines in a woman's letter he had received from Halifax that very day. It took out presently: "You ask what I am doing? I wonder whether you will laugh when I tell you. I have no gift for nursing, besides I could not be equipped in time to be of any use, and you know that whatever I try to do must be 'top hole,' as Billy says. By the by, the latest about Billy is that he went to a recruiting office miles from Crawford Heath, and lied about his age. They suspected him, however, and he has been rejected again. Mother lives in daily terror lest he repeats the experiment, and comes back a soldier. I am writing this from Brith, so perhaps you can guess I am missing shells. Yes, honestly, and very good shells too. I know that I am of use. It did not believe it was good, any nothing would keep me here. There are some to whom it is merely a new sensation, and who won't keep on, but to me it is work, God-given work, which is going to help the great sum which we are going to reckon up soon. 'Soon! Oh, John, if it could only be soon. We are so tired of waiting, and so many are going every day, going for good, I mean, 'west' as they say in the fighting line. When they told us it was going to be a three years' war none of us realized just what that would mean. I don't believe that we shall be able to stand it for more than half that time. 'Yes, I'm making shells, and the work is interesting, and my hands are raised. But all the time I keep thinking what an occupation work for a woman, whose first business should be to preserve the life men don't prize half enough. Oh, if only I were a man! Here she left off abruptly, and began to write on another, and quite irrelevant theme. A strange look came on John Renfrew's face, for Grace Babacombe was the only woman who had ever interested him, the one he thought he might one day marry. If there is one thing in the world which proves a man's first youth is past it is when he begins to reckon and calculate to determine to clear the path before he does this thing or that. Youth, thank God, has naught to do with such reckoning or calculation in the office and affairs of love, therefore there is still some remnant of the happiness of Heaven upon a dreary earth. He had left England without saying the decisive word to Grace Babacombe, and had kept writing dilatory letters to her right through, paying just sufficient attention to keep her heart stirred and her mind diverted from others—a word, he had stolen and kept her youth without giving her anything in exchange. The call had come! He knew that he ought to be at home, that there was work for him to do there, grim work that manipulating army contracts which were putting money

in his purse. There were others to step in that breach. He had a fighting arm which he had been taught to use, and his place was in the trenches. To the trenches, then, he would go. Late that night he wrote a letter to Grace Babacombe. "Sixty hours after you get this, my dear, you may look to see me face to face. I will come straight to Brith, because nobody except you will know what that means, Grace? It means that I want you. But before I can see you for the word which will make heaven for me out of a very troubled and, up to now, unsatisfactory earth, I shall have to be at your feet. I have been wrong all through. What I ought to have done was to beg you to come here with me, to help build the new life which is as dust and ashes in my mouth at the moment when I write. "I know now that it has been dust and ashes all through. I've missed the best. God sent it may not be too late to come with it yet. Couldn't you have done something to show me the appalling magnitude of my folly and selfishness? It is greater because I have loved you all along and only waited the convenient season? What happened to the man in the Bible who kept on waiting the convenient season? I seem to remember something about him, but you who read it so constantly will be able to put me right. Side by side with this overwhelming desire to see you, to hear your voice, to bag a crumb from your rich store, there is the other call. I've been a slacker, dear woman, though I have called myself by a higher sounding name. And I know that you have thought so too, and it gives me courage to face you, that before I come I'll have fallen into line. "I won't write more, because, if I once let myself go there will be no damping of the flood. Love you—God, how I love you! If only I could see you this moment! I should make you know and believe it. I sail on the Misotaur next Wednesday. They are warning us on this side, but there is no terror of the sea big or cruel enough to keep me from you. Good-bye, my love, my dear! If it is any consolation to you to hear it, my wife I am writing to, the wife God gave me, though I have been slow at awakening to the pricelessness of the gift. "Good-bye, no, not good-bye; it is a loathly word, which ought to be wiped out of the book of remembrance,—your faithful and repentant lover, John Renfrew." The boat sailed duly at the scheduled hour, after the company had shown themselves of all responsibility by issuing explicit warning. She had an uneventful voyage across the ocean, which for once was kind and sunny to the verge of extravagance. It was when the low green shores of Ireland hove in sight that the terror came. It was in the full light of a glorious afternoon, when suddenly a few hundred yards away popped the wicked little periscope of the submarine, and the deadly torpedo was launched. It was all over in ten minutes, and as John Renfrew struggled in the water a shot from the submarine destroyed his last chance of life. It was all over, then, he thought, confusedly, as he sank into the great nothingness, but thank God, Grace knew! He had partly redeemed himself, given his life, such poor stuff as it was. Perhaps somewhere God who knows all human weakness, would be pitying and kind. Her face, like an aureole, shone upon him as he went down. Grace Babacombe is still making shells, and if those who work by her side have noticed any change, it is only such a change as makes her more and more a miracle of sweetness and indomitable industry, and high resolve. They do not know that inside the bodice of her gown there is a talisman, the letter John Renfrew wrote in the silent watches in the hotel Astoria New York. Her lover's letters, the lover who is nearer to her now than in all the years she had known him, the lover she will meet again where all these terrors and alarms will be forgotten—on the other side,—Revels Orchard.

The Man Who Stayed Home.

(The following verses were written by one of the boys at the front, who before the war was a working lad in London.)
Oft in my trench I think
Of the poor chaps left at home,
And the perils that surround them
Where'er they choose to roam.
The tram and train collisions,
The juggernaut motor-bus,
Baillif in the cow's milk,
And Zep. raids which are wuss.
How awful it must be at night,
To sleep on feather bed,
And find for breakfast daily
There's a butter on your bread.
With all these shocking worries,
A man's life must be sad;
To think that I am missing this
Makes me exceeding glad.
Out here things are quite different.
Life is so grand and free;
We don't have butter on our bread,
Or cow's milk in our tea.
We have no fearsome elderdown
Or feather beds at night,
Zeps. never, never trouble us,
But keep well out of sight.
The only things that worry us
Are bullets, bombs and shells,
Bally beef and biscuits.
And nasty horrid smells.
So to young chaps in England
I send my sympathy,
To come out here with me.

To Check a Cold.

It is easy to check a cold if you begin in time. Frequent doses of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine keep the cough loose, allay the inflammation and so prevent it spreading to the bronchial tubes and lungs. Mrs. S. M. Moore, Shortreed, B. C., writes: "I wish to state my gratitude for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, for it cured a cold which a friend said would soon put me in the grave."

A Farmer's Letter.

TRACES NECESSITY OF RIGHT SELECTION OF BEST POSSIBLE POTATO BREED.
Farmers in the Maritime Provinces should put on their "thinking caps" after reading the following short letter from an Ontario agriculturist—a sort of "Macedonian cry" for help from the potato growers of Eastern Canada. The note runs:—"Dear Sir:—The potato crops of the country are a failure. The member here advised me to write to you, saying that you might be able to tell me where good potatoes can be got and who has them for sale."

A Wonder Worker.

"He looks like magic" is a favorite expression when Dr. Chase's Ointment is used. It works quickly, stops all itching at once, often heals in a single night. For sores, salt rheum, berber's itch, skin irritation or eruptions, it is a most satisfactory treatment. Being antiseptic, it prevents blood poisoning. He seemed preoccupied. "A penny for your thoughts," she cried. "How extravagant of you," he said. "Don't you know I'm a free thinker?"

The Best Advertisement

— a friend's recommendation is often the reason for a first trial of KING COLE TEA.

Its flavor so pleases and satisfies that users are glad to tell others.

REMEMBER the Guarantee!
"You'll like the flavor"

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Pay Your Way.

It is better to have the reputation of paying your honest debts than of being a leader in society. All the glory of social life cannot compensate for the ignominy of getting through on false pretences. The wretchedness of a man or woman, who for the sake of display, is haunted night and day by creditors is pitiable. There must be an end to him and a bitter one. Character is worth more than clothes, and independence more than social swim. Fine clothes often cover a poor character with little brains.

Wolffville Druggist Pleases Customers.

A. V. Rand reports customers greatly pleased with the QUICK action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ka. This simple remedy drains the old, foul matter from the bowels so THOROUGHLY that ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE of constipation, sour or gassy stomach. It is so powerful that it is used successfully in appendicitis. Adler-ka never gripes and the INSTANT action is surprising.

A Little Child.

The newest of the new officers straggled into the sergeants' mess to have a look round. It looked a complexion which a society beauty might have envied. The middle aged warriors were not at all pleased at having to "kowitz" to this strapping, and one gruff voiced sergeant observed audibly: "And a little child shall lead us." The young officer did not notice the remark and soon left the room. Some time later when the men had all settled down for the night, playing cards, etc., he again entered and addressing the sergeant said:—"You will assemble the men immediately for a twenty-mile route march. And a little child shall lead you; only he'll be on horse-back, and you lazy fellows will walk."

Take Life Like a Man.

It is a pitiable thing to see a young man whining over his lot in life and excusing indifference and inaction because of hard luck or some cruel fate that has put stumbling blocks in his way. No matter what your environment or what you may be called upon to go through, face life like a man, without whining, turn your face to the sun, your back to the shadows, and look the world in the face without flinching. Make the most of your situation. See the beauties in it and not the ugly features. This is the way to improve an unfortunate environment.

An American was one day showing an Irishman some of the sights of New York.

When they came to a statue of George Washington, the man proudly exclaimed: "There's a man for you, a lie never escaped his lips." "Shure," said Pat, "I suppose he spoke through his nose as all you Americans do."

If this name is on the barrel you can buy with confidence.

PURITY FLOUR
More Bread and Better Bread

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"