

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, APRIL 21, 1916.

NO. 31

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. Newsy 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 insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contracts made for yearly advertisements furnished on application. Reading notices ten cents per line first insertion, two and a half cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Rules. Copy for new 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 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. O. N. Saturdays open until 8.30 p. m. Mails are made up as follows: For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.00 a. m.

Express west close at 9.35 a. m. Express east close at 4.00 p. m. Kenville close at 5.45 p. m. Reg. letters 15 minutes earlier. E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES. BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. N. A. HARRISON, Pastor. Sunday Services: Public Worship at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9.00 a. m.

Methodist Episcopal 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 Port Williams and Lower Horton as announced. W. F. M. S. meets on a Tuesday of each month at 8.30 p. m. The Mission Band meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 8.45 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 Port Williams and Lower Horton as announced. W. F. M. S. meets on a Tuesday of each month at 8.30 p. m. The 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. ARMSTRONG, 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 managers welcomed at all the services. At Greenish, preaching at 8 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 on Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m. Superintended and teacher of Bible Class, the Pastor. All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome. Rev. R. F. DIXON, Rector. A. G. COVIE, T. L. HARVEY, Wardens.

St. FRANCIS (Orthodox)—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 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 7.00 o'clock. A. K. BARR, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS. OSWEGO LODGE, No. 99, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcome. H. M. WATSON, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE. WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 7, meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8 o'clock.

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

Ladies!

Think well of the grocer who handles

PURITY FLOUR

More Bread and Better Bread

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 best 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 prepay the freight on all orders amounting to \$10.00 and over, except for such heavy goods as sugar, flour, molasses, salt, oil, etc. If your name is 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.

Heart of a Hundred Sorrows.

O heart of a hundred sorrows
Whose pity is great therefore,
The gift that the children bring thee
Is ever a sorrow more.

Sure of thy dear compassion,
Concerned for our own relief,
Rise and ever we seek thee,
And each with his gift of grief.

Oh, not to reprove my brothers,
Yet I, who am less than less,
Would bring thee joy of being,
The true of my happiness.

The spirit that makes you kinder,
The goodness without alloy,
O heart of a hundred sorrows,
Bring thee a little joy.

An Easter Offering.

BY MARY E. MITCHELL.

"Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!" Miss Brown's calico apron flapped in unison with the command. "Shoo, you noisy things, shoo!"

Intimidated by the apron, the hens retreated into the shed. Miss Brown closed the door with a bang.

"Land of liberty!" she exclaimed, as she went into the house. "I don't believe them thirty orphans next door are any more trouble than hens. If it ain't scratching up other people's gardens, it's not laying, and if it ain't not laying, it's bound crops. It seems as if they was possessed."

There was an air of abstraction about Miss Brown that night as she ate her solitary supper. She put things in wrong places, spilled the dish water, and was brought to her senses only when she made a futile attempt to wring out the dish pan. This last act of absent-mindedness mortified her so much that she gathered her faculties and finished her work without further mishap. Then she took her knitting and sat down by the stove, but her work soon sank unheeded to her lap.

"I must say the minister is wrong for once," Miss Brown said to herself. "It was all very well for him to say in his sermon yesterday that nobody's too poor to make an Easter offering, when he looked right down on Mrs. Joseph J. Turner, who rides in her own carriage, or even on Betty Sills, who makes seventy-five cents a day sewing, and victuals thrown in. But how can I expect to give when I ain't got one extra cent! What with the rent due and my having to get new shoes, I can't lay my finger on a penny. I am afraid of getting a mortal illness with my soles all wet through, and it is my Christian duty to keep well and off the town. There ain't a thing I can call my own but the hens and bossy, and they are meat and drink to me."

At half past eight she rolled up her work and put the reluctant cat down the cellar stairs. As she did so, a thought came to her.

"There's eggs!" she exclaimed aloud. "I can't spare 'em! I never had 'em here, almost defiantly. 'I'm taking the very best out of my mouth.'"

The next morning she counted her eggs carefully.

"I ain't got anything to dye 'em with," she remarked. "However, I reckon I could fix them up pretty. But there, it ain't to be thought of!"

As Miss Brown sat at her lonely breakfast her eyes wandered across the muddy yard to the bare brick orphan asylum. "I don't suppose there's much Easter comes into them young ones' lives," she thought. "They are awful hateful sometimes, but even if they are, I suppose I could spare one laying for 'em."

Some weeks later, the day before Easter, Miss Brown counted a pile of eggs that had been laid aside in a wooden bucket.

"Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, and this little hantam for the baby!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "I don't suppose the minister would call it much of an offering, but it's the best I can do."

More than once during those days of saving Miss Brown's heart had almost failed her. Then, too, the orphans had been unusually exasperating. "They chased her hens, teased the cow, and when Miss Brown remonstrated, Bobby White had made faces at her."

She had risen early this Saturday morning to blow the eggs. "I wish I had some pretty dyes," she said, as she viewed the heap of carefully blown shells. "Not one crack in the whole thirty, and a bowl of yellow yolks and a bowl of clear whites on the dresser."

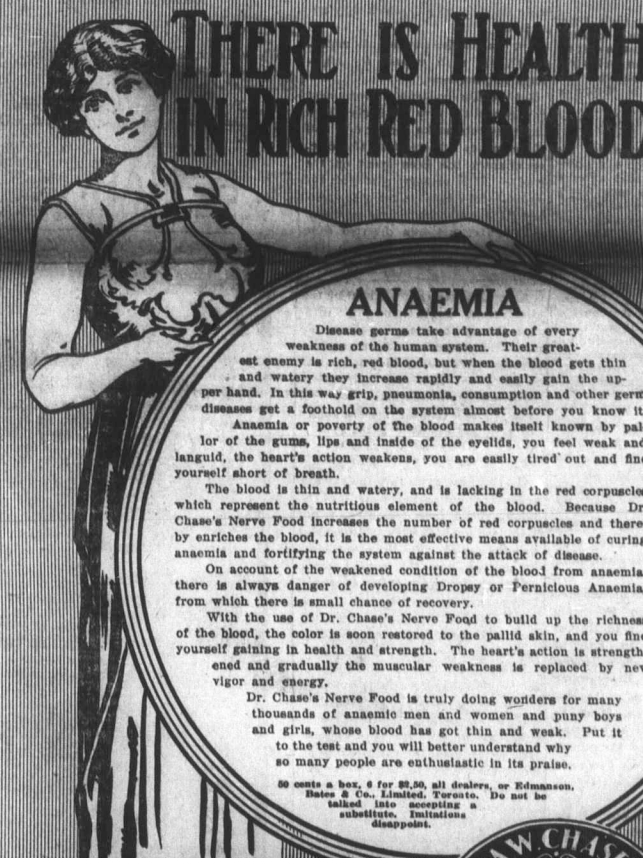
"Land! she exclaimed suddenly. "Why didn't I think of that before?" She climbed to the attic, and returned with a box of colored papers. "I never knew what I was saving 'em for," she remarked to herself. "But they'll come in handy now."

With eager, clumsy fingers she cut out crooked crosses, wavy crowns, ill-balanced stars and misshapen circles, and pasted them on the smooth shells. Then she drew through each egg a long piece of red worsted, secured at one end by a knot, and tied in a loop at the top. No two eggs were decorated alike.

She was very happy over her work, and she sang little snatches of hymns as she snipped and pasted and tied.

"Mrs. Turner wouldn't think much of 'em," she thought. "But dollars

THERE IS HEALTH IN RICH RED BLOOD



ANAEMIA

Disease germs take advantage of every weakness of the human system. Their greatest enemy is rich, red blood, but when the blood gets thin and watery they increase rapidly and easily gain the upper hand. In this way grip, pneumonia, consumption and other germ diseases get a foothold on the system almost before you know it.

Anemia or poverty of the blood makes itself known by pallor of the gums, lips and inside of the eyelids, you feel weak and languid, the heart's action weakens, you are easily tired out and find yourself short of breath.

The blood is thin and watery, and is lacking in the red corpuscles which represent the nutritious element of the blood. Because Dr. Chase's Nerve Food increases the number of red corpuscles and thereby enriches the blood, it is the most effective means available of curing anemia and fortifying the system against the attack of disease.

On account of the weakened condition of the blood from anemia, there is always danger of developing Dropsy or Pernicious Anemia, from which there is small chance of recovery.

With the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to build up the richness of the blood, the color is soon restored to the pallid skin, and you find yourself gaining in health and strength. The heart's action is strengthened and gradually the muscular weakness is replaced by new vigor and energy.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is truly doing wonders for many thousands of anemic men and women and puny boys and girls, whose blood has got thin and weak. Put it to the test and you will better understand why so many people are enthusiastic in its praise.

50 cents a box, \$ for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmondson, Boston & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations cheap.

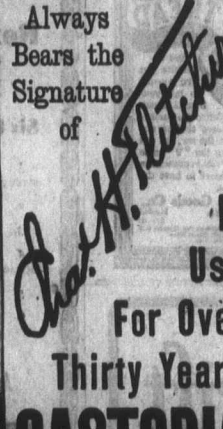
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free if you mention this paper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

JOB PRINTING!

Neatly and Promptly executed at

THE ACADIAN

We print Wedding Invitations, Calling Cards, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statements, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Shipping Tags, Business Cards, Receipt Forms in all the latest styles of type.

COAL!

Acadia Lump, Albion Nut, Springhill, Inverness.

A. H. WHEATON

Don't Whine.

A recent number of Medical Talk has an article on the physical effects of "whining." Complaints, says the writer, are usually made in a minor key. This monotony raps the vocal chords, taxes nasal nerves and muscle that should not be brought into play at all in speaking, and tends to shallow, uneven breathing. The whiner, too, is also without exception a more or less idle, lazy person. The habit of whining itself tends to sap initiative impulse and increases phlegmatic tendencies. Habitual whining, not healthy, vigorous self-feeding, but fault really exists, but the helpless, futile complaining of a narrow nature too indolent to make any effort to right the causes of complaint, has definitely deleterious physical effect on the whole constitution. Add to this the fact that certain fault finding is more than likely to wear out the weakest friendship, and take the light from the lover's countenance, and the fall effects of this insidious and prevalent habit will be better appreciated.

"Get the whine out of your voice or it will sap development and growth of your body. It will narrow and stifle your mind. It will drive away your friends; it will make you unpopular. Quit your whining; brace up; go to work; be something; stand for something; fill your place in the universe. Instead of whining around, exciting only pity and contempt, face about and make something of yourself. Reach up to the stature of a strong, ennobling manhood, to the beauty and strength of a superb womanhood. There is nothing the matter with you. Just quit whining and go to work."

At a British recruiting meeting recently the speaker, having got his audience in a high state of enthusiasm by telling them of the many brave deeds performed by our soldiers in France, suddenly espied a big, strong built man at the back of the hall. "My man," he cried, "How is it that you are not at the front?"

"Oh, it is all right," replied the burly yokel; "I can hear every word you say from here."

First Telephone Girl—Do you know Mr. Ringer?

Second Telephone Girl—Not by sight; only to speak to.

Spring Reminders of Rheumatism

RAW, DAMP WEATHER STARTS THE PAINS, BUT THE TROUBLE LIES IN THE BLOOD.

Spring weather is bad for rheumatism sufferers. The changes from mild to cold, the raw, damp winds start the aches and twinges, or in the more extreme cases, the tortures of the trouble again. But it may be borne in mind that it is not the weather that causes the rheumatism. The trouble is rooted in the blood—the changeable weather merely starts the trouble and to cure it is through the blood. The poisonous rheumatoid acids must be driven out. Liniments and rubbing may give temporary relief, but cannot possibly cure the trouble. The sufferer is only wasting time and money with this kind of treatment and all the time the trouble is becoming more deeply rooted—harder to cure. There is just one speedy cure for rheumatism—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act directly on the impure, acid-tainted blood. They purify and strengthen it and thus root out the cause of the rheumatism. Here is strong proof of the above statement. Mr. Michael, Fenlon, Man., says:—"My mother suffered several years with rheumatism. We tried a number of remedies but they all failed to cure. Then we got Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using them for some time she was completely cured and has had no sign of the trouble since."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"How did you come out with your lawsuit?"

"I won it."

"Get damages?"

"Sure! I got almost enough to pay my lawyer."

The Parcel Post.

The parcel post has made its usefulness felt in many ways, unexpected as well as foreseen. But the English parcel post does one surprising thing that has not yet been introduced into our own system.

An Englishman wished to reach a customer living in a remote part of Balham, one of the suburbs of London, and it was necessary that he find him quickly. Knowing nothing of the district, he called at the general post office at St. Martin's-le Grand, to consult a directory. On explaining his case to a clerk, he was amazed to learn that he could be sent to the address by parcel post by paying a fee of three pence a mile.

The gentleman had never heard of such a thing, and it is said that very few persons in England know that it can be done. He was placed in charge of a messenger who was familiar with all parts of the city, and was soon on his way. The boy carried a printed slip on which was written a description of the "parcel" in charge, under the heading, "Article required to be delivered," and before leaving the customer's house both the customer and the gentleman had to put their signatures on the paper. The limit in weight for anything delivered by parcel post in England is generally understood to be eleven pounds, but there is one clause that reads, "A person may be conducted by express messenger to any address on payment of the mileage fee."

Paralyzed Limbs.

To day it is sleepiness, headaches, digestive trouble, and irritability, of which you know some form of paralysis has developed. Mr. Alex. Houshager, 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 20 years."

To the village clergyman's house there came one day a bonny baby boy. Kind neighbors and members of his flock hastily gathered together a few dollars and presented the money to the proud but poor father.

So great was his gratitude that he decided to thank his congregation the following Sunday before beginning his sermon, and this was what the wondering congregation heard:

"Friends, I want to express my keen appreciation and great thanks for the timely little sum of that came to my house yesterday."

"Blessings—How do you like my new hat?"

"Caroline—I think it is charming. I had one just like it last year."

TASTEFUL SATISFYING

KING COLE TEA

You'll Like the Flavor 40c., 45c., 50c. per pound.

Red Rose Tea

"is good tea"