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THE ACADIAN.

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New communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

\$1.00 per square (10 lines) for first insertion. 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Over you there is cause for grave alarm.

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Nothing is worse than to look forward to Mrs. McKELLAR, that helplessness. Sometimes it is helplessness of body, and at other times the mind is affected, which is far worse.

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Be Square.

My boy, though there are drawbacks that may hamper you in life.

Though the skies above are darkened, and the future seems a strife.

Just resolve to face it bravely, have the grit to up and dare.

And you'll win despite the drawbacks, if to all things you'll be square.

There's a something in the spirit, of an honest youngster's eye.

That draws the admiration which the world does never deny.

Meet him where you will, with a smile, he'll break your heart in two.

And if he's anything but "be square," you'll find him true to you.

Plan great deeds, then up and do them with a manly, glowing face.

Just forget about the drawbacks, be a leader in the race.

Have a noble steadfast purpose, and you'll win the prize.

For you've learned true victory's secret, in those simple words, "Be square."

For the sake of France.

By EVELYN SMITH TRUFF.

I was fortunate enough to secure my appointment as Paris reporter for the New York Light just one month before Austria declared war on the little nation which had slain her royal ones.

This declaration was but a spark to the tinder long a drying. Europe blazed up in a day; but before two weeks had passed, the world conflict, long prophesied and little expected, was upon us.

Striving times in Paris, monsieur! and good to be here in the midst of it all.

Everywhere the military regiments hastening to the front, hundreds of reservists drilling day and night in the city squares, guarding the forts and wireless stations, reconnoitering in the air, everywhere the military—and everywhere the enthusiasm. I wrote reports of our most of it doomed to an ignominious end at the hands of the Bureau des Censurs, already established and doing far too efficient work for an appreciate.

Evenings I spent in the theatres, mostly; or falling that, in the little tea room of my good friend, Raoul D'Este, one of my early Paris acquaintances. A striking old man, D'Este, and a veteran of that other war of 1870, that war of which he never tired talking, as real it seemed to him.

One day, however, I was sitting at my table, when the Prussian foot was on the neck of France, and when those never to be forgotten insults were heaped upon her. Surely they shall be avenged now! Marie, his pretty little daughter and only child, served our tea or wine and smiling at her father's arm as he talked, patted at his warmth. A sweet child, Marie, and a very cheerful companion indeed for a lonely bachelor reporter with a tendency to a grinch. Friendships ripen fast in war time, and I had long since ceased to be a mere patron, but was treated rather as a friend and confidant.

"Only seventeen, monsieur, my little girl, but engaged already, and planning to leave her old father. A brave lieutenant in the Reserves, a fine lad, is Henri; young, too, but already on his way to a capitancy. You shall see him for yourself some day!" I smiled assent, and smothered a suspicion of a sigh, Lucky Henri!

Then we spoke of other things, of the invasion of Belgium, the plucky defence of Liege, doomed already to an early fall; the possible invasion of England, the mobilizing of the ponderous Muscovy hordes of the east, then marshaling their unwieldy ranks. D'Est was confident of the short duration and certain outcome of the war; I more pessimistic, knowing as I did that getting a proper perspective on it all was past all finite power, and only the gods themselves might prophesy as to the end.

During the next week I was more than busy; history was making fast, and my friends in the Rue de l'Anglerie were quite neglected for the time. To my great surprise, however, Saturday night brought me a shy note from Marie—a note which interested me very much. Henri, it seemed, had been granted a few days' leave, and was coming tonight. Would monsieur honor them all by his presence at dinner? It would be most informal—just Madame Bouillier next door and one or two more old friends. And—perhaps monsieur, always kind, would not object to serving as a witness at the ceremony at 8—for they had decided to be married at once, as another leave for Henri might be out of the question for many months to come. Of course I went, after paying a hurried visit to the nearest jeweler, who received me with open arms. Business had been some too good of late. I found Henri all that Monsieur D'Est had claimed, and more handsome and gallant, and very much in love with Marie. And very beautiful she looked, in her soft, white gown, with pale, pink roses Henri had brought nesting against her curls.

There was much laughter and many congratulations after the short, solemn service was over, and it was a merry party that gathered in the little drawing room after dinner to drink coffee by the fire. We were chatting gaily when a noise too gentle knock sounded on the street door, and a messenger entered, bearing a myster-

ious box, which I alone recognized—my wedding present to the two. It was opened with delighted little cries from Marie, a piece after piece of the silver service was unearthed. "It is quite too beautiful. And all for us! It is!"

Another knock, more gentle than the first, and Marie again to the door, her gasp of delight drifting in from the passage. She returned in a moment, holding in her hand "Ah, Monsieur D'Est, it must be!

Another one you see, has remembered me on my wedding day. What can this be, do you think?" She glanced at the letter. "Why! It is not for me, after all; it is for Henri—Ah, my husband; some rare memento which he heard of your ally marriage to me, and will see you for 10 million francs, no doubt. Read, and tell us all, at once."

Henri tore it open, scanned the brief lines, and handed it to me without a word, as he drew Marie to his side. I took it, half mechanically, and read aloud.

"Your regiment is ordered to Vincennes. The Germans are advancing on Paris."

Paris went mad for 24 hours—stark, staring, mad. Prussia! the ancient enemy; the same Prussia that in 1870 had brought France to her knees—had burdened her with an indemnity grievous to be borne—had quartered an insolent soldiery upon her—had wrestled from her the fertile fields of Alsace Lorraine, an injury never to be forgotten, and one day surely to be avenged—Prussia! And they would take Paris again, would they?—No, vert!

I saw D'Est a few days later, working on the streets with a crowd of men, old, all of them. They were tearing down trees and piling up barricades—preparing for the worst. The excitement had quieted—from the flames of panic and passion had emerged a new Paris, one that shall go down in history. The national spirit, the real France, surged up through the flush of senseless, the luxury, the love of ease, which is the Paris of the world knows.

The government and the people's soul were set on fire. The result was a resolute, courageous, resourceful, a ready for siege; her young men fighting outside, her old men on guard within. They would hold out to the last—that was certain.

I made my farewells as best I could, for I followed officialdom to Bordeaux on the morrow, I sent my regards and sympathy to poor stricken Marie—she was waiting up bravely, her father said, he was at the Hospital Sainte Croix with their care of the wounded, who were coming in ghastly numbers. Always thinking of the poor, dear child, and now of the poor soldiers of France most of all.

I stayed in Bordeaux three weeks, and meanwhile the tide had turned, slowly but surely, turned. They were in retreat, the Germans, with the French in pursuit—and Paris breathed once more. But how near they had been—how very near! and only the bon Dieu himself knew what it meant! Paris had been taken. To Claye, to little hills from our fortifications. Our brave Centre Reserve it was, that turned them back and saved France.

The flags of triumph were flying in the streets, and there was good cheer everywhere, in spite of the fresh black of many of the women, and the craps that hung from the doors of desolate homes where son or husband or lover would return no more. The September breeze that swelled the folds of the joyful flags, fluttered, too, these dark streamers which had made the flags possible. As I passed up the little Rue de l'Anglerie to my old haunt at D'Est's I was half afraid to look lest some sad omen there should tell a story I prayed might not be true. But there was no sign of mourning, and my heart grew lighter as I ran up the steps and entered the little room as Marie, with a low cry of welcome, came forward to meet me.

She was pale, but more beautiful than ever, I thought; the same white gown, and a single pink rose like the one she had worn on her wedding night in her hair. Her father was well, she said, but tired—the strain had told on him—he was resting above. She would tell him I had called; he would be anxious to know of all that had befallen in Bordeaux.

"And Henri," I said, at last, "you have heard from him no doubt?" "Yes, monsieur, I have heard."

"And he is well, our brave Henri? Your news of him are good, I trust?" She turned away for a moment, and there was silence in the room, and at last—Henri is dead, she said simply.

I was astounded. Henri—dead! Surely it could not be! Only three short weeks ago we had sat in this very room; he had been so gay, so full of life—surely there was some mistake. And Marie, in her white

Weak, Tired, Depressed

THAT IS THE USUAL CONDITION OF PERSONS AFFECTED WITH ANEMIA.

Anemia is the medical term for poor, watery blood. It may arise from a variety of causes, such as lack of exercise, hard study, improperly ventilated rooms or workshops, poor digestion, etc. The chief symptoms are extreme pallor of the face and general weakness and palpitation of the heart after slight exertion, headaches, dizziness and a tendency to hysteria, swelling of the feet and limbs and a distaste for food. All these symptoms may not be present, but any of them indicate anemia which should be promptly treated with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills make new, rich blood every stimulant and every part of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made thousands of anemic people bright, active and strong. The following is one of the many cures. Mrs. Phillips, wife of W. E. Phillips, Princeton, Ont., says: "Some years ago, while living with my parents in England, I fell a victim of anemia. The usual complications set in and I soon became but a shadow of my former self. My mother, who had been a former nurse of many years' experience, tried all that her knowledge suggested; tonics of various kinds were tried, and three doctors did their best for me, but without avail, and a continued gradual decline and death was looked for. Later my parents decided to join my brothers in Canada, and it was coincidentally expected that the ocean voyage, new climate and new conditions would cure me. For a time I did experience temporary benefit, but was soon as ill again as ever. I was literally bloodless, and the extreme pallor and generally hopeless appearance of my condition called forth many expressions of sympathy from friends whom we made in our new home in Acton, Ont. Later a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although in a condition where life seemed to have little to hope for, I decided to do so. After using three boxes I began to mend. Continuing I began to enjoy my food, sleep almost normally, and to have a happy, fresh interest in life as I felt new blood once again running in my veins. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought about a complete cure and I am today in robust health. My husband is rector of this parish and I have recommended the use of the Pills to a great number of people with whom we have come into contact in the course of my husband's ministry, for we both know what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do."

These Pills may be had from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes at \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Probably more intellectual women would marry if they were asked.

them only for handling, storing or delivering milk. The top of milk pails should be partly covered, leaving an elliptical opening about 4" by 6". This will prevent a large amount of dirt from falling into the milk.

12. To clean dirty utensils, use only pure water. First rinse the utensils in warm water. Then wash inside and out in hot water in which a cleansing material has been dissolved and rinse again. Sterilize with boiling water or steam. This keep in vented in pure air and sun, if possible, until wanted for use.

MILKING AND HANDLING MILK.—13. Use no dry, dusty food just previous to milking.

14. The milker should wash his hands immediately before milking, and milk with dry hands. He should wear a clean outer garment, kept in a clean place when not in use. Tobacco should not be used while milking.

15. Wipe udder and surrounding parts with a clean, damp cloth immediately before milking.

16. In milking be quick, quick, clean and thorough. Commence milking at the same hour every morning and evening, and milk the cows in the same order.

17. If any part of the milk is bloody, stringy or abnormal in appearance, or if by accident dirt gets into the milk pail, the whole contents of the pail should be rejected.

18. Do not fill cans in stable. Remove the milk of each cow at once from the stable to milk room. Strain immediately through cotton flannel or cotton. Cool to 50°F or lower.

19. Never mix warm milk with that which has been cooled, and do not allow milk to freeze.

20. A person suffering from any disease or who has been recently exposed to a contagious disease should be required to remain away from the cows and the milk.

The Burden of Age.

The kidneys seem to be about the first organ to wear out and fail to properly perform their work. The result is weak, lame, aching back, rheumatic pains and faded 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, kidneys and bowels.

The Production of Clean Milk.

(Issued by the Department of the Public Health, Nova Scotia.)

Milk, which is so necessary to the life of children, is all too often the cause of disease. Experience everywhere has shown that the great mortality amongst the infants is largely traceable to unclean and carelessly protected milk. No other food is so easily contaminated, nor so likely to be rendered unfit for use by careless handling.

The dairyman is in a position to be a real benefactor. If he will insist upon cleanliness of the cows, the byre, the milkroom, the containers, and those engaged in milking and in handling the milk. On the other hand, if he is indifferent about these matters, he will be responsible for much suffering and many deaths.

The following suggestions, which are, with slight variation, those formulated by the Dairy Division of the United States Department of Agriculture, are offered for the guidance of those engaged in the production and sale of milk.

1. Never allow a cow to be excited by fast driving, abuse, loud talking or unnecessary disturbance; do not expose her to cold or storms more than necessary.

2. Keep the cows as clean as possible. Clip the hair in region of udder.

3. Do not allow any strong flavored food, like garlic, cabbage, or turnip to be eaten, except immediately after milking. Change in food should be made gradually.

4. Provide fresh, pure water in abundance, easy of access, and not too cold.

5. The stables—6. Dairy cows should be kept in stables, preferably without cellar under the cows or storage loft, and where no other animals are housed.

7. The stable should be light (four square feet of glass per cow) and dry with at least five hundred cubic feet of air space per animal. It should have air inlets and outlets, so arranged as to give good ventilation without draft of air on cows.

8. The floor should be tight and constructed preferably of cement. Walls and ceiling should be tight, clean, free from cobwebs, and the walls should be whitewashed twice a year. Have as few dust catching ledges, projections and corners as possible.

9. Allow no dust, nasty or dirty litter, or strong smelling material in the stable. Haul manure to field daily, or store under cover at least forty feet from stable.

MILK HOUSE.—10. Have a light, clean, well ventilated and screened milk room, located so as to be free from dust and odors.

11. Milk utensils should be made of metal, and all joints smoothly soldered. Never allow utensils to become rusty or rough inside. Use

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