

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.

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Warmth Without Weight

You don't want to be loaded down with clumsy, heavy cotton-filled underwear, you want to feel free—Free to move your limbs and body without carrying a load all day. GET INTO

Eureka Underwear.

The one underwear made from pure domestic wool! NOVA SCOTIA WOOL IS CANADA'S BEST! Wool that won't shrink. Wool knit into garments which still retain all that nature intended it to do, viz., Warmth Without Weight.

Eureka Underwear is guaranteed Unshrinkable.

Note the Trade Mark below: Almost every manufacturer in the world is using Eureka in our underwear. We cannot talk with later friends of those old times to which we have such a warm and happy home.

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The Thinning Ranks.

The day grows lonelier; the air is chillier than it used to be. We hear about us every where. The haunting words of memory. Dear faces once that made my joy.

Have vanished from the sweet home land. Dear faces that were our loved ones. Dear faces that were our loved ones.

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The Song Record.

It had been a very foolish quarrel—lovers' quarrels usually are—but his past was concerned.

Of course Elsie had been foolish in thinking he would tolerate any such treatment. She was heartless and well within his rights in leaving as he had.

But whether he had been right or foolish, he was very lonely now. Cate's ranching has its charms, but they are not sufficient to soothe the heart that longs for a certain girl, even if the head related to the heart does not admit the longing.

Five years ago to day he had spent hours with her, talking over their plans, listening to her sing—how she could sing! Had there ever been such another voice as hers?

That evening she had sung on and on as if loath to stop, and he had listened entranced. Then she had sung 'Forgotten.' That had been their favorite, but this time it had seemed too sad.

'There, there,' Dick exclaimed as he caught himself humming the air. 'I must quit thinking of those days.' They are better forgotten. 'Forgotten!' How that song does stay with one!

That evening the lonely thoughts came trooping back, as he lay sprawled on the grass near the ranch-house.

The night was beautiful—just what another night that night had been. A great loneliness filled him and he vainly tried not to think of Elsie—of Elsie and her singing.

Then, through the stillness came from the house a few chords that struck him like a blow. He knew them so well. Then came a voice.

'Elsie!' he cried, leaping to his feet. 'Forgotten you! Well, if forgetting be longing with all your heart.' The words were ringing clear in such a voice as has seldom been heard on land or sea.

Dick sank to the ground. That song was for him—sung as she had sung it, for him five years ago! But the voice—not even in his dreaming had the memory of the voice been like this.

He sprang up and raced to the house.

The story of the song and of his journey there had been in the paper.

'That song melted the last bit of false pride, I think. And somehow, I felt that you did remember me and love me.'

'I sang it for you,' she said simply. 'Of course I love to sing, but it was for you chiefly that I sang into public ears. I thought sometime you might hear, and if you loved me you might come back to me. Then, when the phonograph company wanted me to sing for them, I refused, and then I thought that if I sang 'Forgotten' as I used to sing it to you, you might hear it and at least remember the old days. And then she added happily, 'I'm so glad I did!'

At a nod from the minister, Mr. Richfield, the elder, came forward and cleared his throat. He had to present to the congregation his too familiar plight that of a small country church, struggling half-heartedly against the fate that has overtaken so many others. Older members and generous supporters had passed to their reward; substantial families had moved away, until now the case looked hopeless.

Mr. Richfield mentioned the deficit in the crisp tones of a man who knows what dollars and cents mean, and how hard they are to get. The Ladies' Aid Society, he added, would pledge fifty dollars; by a very liberal estimate, another fifty might be picked up here and there; but seventy-five dollars still remained uncollected for. That was a large sum for a small country church.

'I have a great request on their part was preferable to a flat refusal to meet their financial obligations. Sanctuary privileges were not to be sought there, even if the doors of the old church closed.

The half dozen men accustomed to say a word on such occasions agreed regretfully with the elder. The mood of the assembly was despondent. As the discussion went on, some of the women wiped their eyes. Then during the silence that ensued a new voice broke. It was that of sturdy Jim Wagner. He shrank a little from the outgoing glance that was turned upon him.

'I never could speak in meeting,' he began, in a voice that quavered with embarrassment, 'but when it's a question of doing all a man's got, he can't keep quiet. You know what I was with the Lord got a hand on me a year ago. I ain't braggin' of what I've done since, but if it hadn't been for the church here, and the prayers and the preaching and the hymns every Sunday I couldn't have done so well as I have. I don't dare to do without them. Mr. Richfield—say

Cold Sores and Ulcers are Healed by Zam-Buk.

Cold sores, chapped hands, ulcers, and winter eczema are common troubles just now, and for all these Zam-Buk will be found the surest and quickest remedy.

Sometimes cold sores arise from chilblains on the toes or fingers, and in the former case, where colored socks are worn, there is a danger of blood poisoning from the dye. Zam-Buk being so powerful a septic removes the danger as soon as applied and quickly heals.

The despondency was gone. A dozen men were standing in with uplifted hands. The church at Garret was saved.—Youth's Companion.

Lightly, hidden away from our own eyes under the disguise of routine a secret trust committed to us by God for the souls of men.

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Meals!

LOTS of home baked bread, cake and pastry are always welcome. But baking is not always an easy job. Perhaps we can help you. Here is a truth backed by honest proof.

Help: Royal Flour really yields the best quality and the most quantity of bread per barrel of any flour in the world. Makes light, white loaves. And such meltingly flaky pastry.

Proof: Try Royal once. If it is not just as good as we have promised, your dealer will return your money. We then have to pay him back. So unless you like Royal we lose completely. Isn't it fair to expect that Royal will mean easier, nicer meals?

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A Peacemaker.

A story has been told of a little girl who said to her mother one evening, 'I was a peacemaker to day.'

'How was that?' asked her mother. 'I knew something that I didn't tell,' was the unexpected reply.

Do we not all of us have frequent opportunities to make peace in this way? Perhaps we have thought of the peacemakers as the stopping of quarrels rather than their prevention, but comparatively few of us will have