

The Man who tries, and fails, succeeds.

The Acadian.

The man who succeeds without trying, fails.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXXVI.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS COUNTY, N.S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1916.

NO. 14

THE ACADIAN.

Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors, DAVIDSON 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 country, 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.

Reading notices ten cents per line first insertion, two and a half cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

ROLES. Copy for new advertisements will be received up to, any day 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. Closed 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 6.00 a.m.

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

CHURCHES. BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. N. A. Harkness, Pastor. Sunday Services: Public Worship at 11.00 a.m. and 7.00 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. F. J. Armitage, 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.

UNITED METHODIST 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 the second Tuesday of each month at 8.30 p.m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Monday at 7.00 p.m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Sunday at 5.00 p.m.

ANGLO-SCOTCH 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 the second Tuesday of each month at 8.30 p.m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Monday at 7.00 p.m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Sunday at 5.00 p.m.

W.P.M.S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 8.30 p.m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Monday at 7.00 p.m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Sunday at 5.00 p.m.

Rev. R. F. Dixon, Rector. A. G. Cowie, Warden. T. L. Harvey, Secretary.

St. Francis (Catholic)—Rev. Father Donahue, P. F.—Mass 9 a.m. the second Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE—During Summer months special services—Sunday at 7 p.m., Tuesday at 7.30 p.m., Sunday School at 9.30 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 7.30 o'clock. H. A. PACK, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS. OXFORD LODGE, No. 95, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall a Harris Block, visiting brethren always welcomed. H. M. WATSON, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE. WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 30 o'clock.

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

COAL! Acadia Lump, Albion Nut, Springhill, Inverness. A. M. WHEATON

WOMEN'S NERVES

Women, more than men, have excitable nerves, because tiring work and physical strain tax their more delicate nervous systems and bring premature age and chronic weakness—unless treated intelligently.

Drug-laden pills and alcoholic concoctions cannot build up a woman's strength, but the concentrated medicinal food properties in SCOTT'S EMULSION

will build strength from its very source and are helping thousands of women to gain control of their nerve power—overcome tiredness, nervousness, impatience and irritability.

SCOTT'S is a liquid-food—Free from drugs.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 71 BROADWAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

O. P. V. a Substitute for Grain.

The price of grain has reached such high figures this year that the farmer who was not forehanded enough to buy early in the fall or late summer feels now as if his cattle must go without grain for this winter. How much better he would feel if he had several thousands bushels of roots in the cellar and a silo full of O. P. V. The letters O. P. V. have quite a magical sound and some will wonder what they represent. It is not a case of magic however, but of good common sense and a resultant succulent food for cattle.

Ontario and some parts of Nova Scotia raise corn for the purpose of making silage. Not all of this Province is suitable for corn, however, and O. P. V. is found to make an excellent substitute. At the Agricultural College this mixed crop has yielded as high as 15 tons of green matter.

Years wrinkle the skin; but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. 'Worry, doubt, self-doubt, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the greening spirit back to dust.

Whether 60 or 16, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement at the star and at the starlight things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unflinching, childlike appetite of what next, and the joy of the game of living. You are as young as your faith, as old as your fear, as young as your self-confidence, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart is an evergreen tree; its name is Love. So long as it flourishes you are young. When it dies you are old. In the central place of your heart is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from God and from your fellow men, as long as you are young.—Exchange.

When Christmas Comes, the bells rang out in happy cheer to welcome in the birthday month.

Of one in lowly manger born, Who died for men yet rules a King. All hearts take up the theme and sing. As angels sang, o'er Bethlehem's hill, 'Peace on earth, to men Good Will.' When Christmas comes.

And holly hangs upon the wall, In humble home and stately hall, Then men put by, for one brief day, The cares that frighten peace away— All thoughts that vex—and festal cheer Comes, on the best day of the year.

When Christmas comes, We somehow feel the whole world kin. Then friendship's fires are kindled in Cold hearts, whose doors have long been shut. 'Come in,' rings out from hall and bay— 'Come in,' come in this Christmas day. Put all old differences away. Join hands and hearts, as all men should, In universal brotherhood.

When Christmas comes, Nancy Poster was 'broke', and just before Christmas-time too. It was the war that did it, because, as Nancy said, 'How can anyone be contented while the Tommies are cold?' and what with blankets and socks and belts and mules, there was nothing left for Christmas presents.

As a matter of fact, she had to borrow money to contribute to the last fund that was started—but that was just like Nancy. Of course, under the circumstances she knew that none of her friends would feel hurt at not receiving the usual gifts, with the exception of Miss Titmus, a quaint maiden lady living in the same town, who possessed an ample income, an iron-grey mustache, a fondness for presents and an extraordinary gift of taking offence. Miss Titmus was Nancy's grandmother and had hinted more than once that favorite grandchildren who behaved themselves might benefit from certain sound investments in the year to come. It was not easy for a high-spirited, unconventional girl to keep on the right side of an exacting old lady of obsolete views, but Nancy had managed it, and though she didn't bother much about money, the thought of a nice little nest egg is always comforting.

It was on Christmas Eve morning, while she was worrying over Miss Titmus' probable annoyance at drawing a blank from her godchild, that the teapot arrived. Such a dainty bit of china would have pleased any girl, and Nancy's drooping spirits went up with a bound when she saw that it was addressed to her in Harry Verker's sprawling hand. Nancy liked Harry more than a little. She had knitted him a helmet when he dropped stock-jobbing and dented the khaki and if he found that form of head-gear a thought too constricted for practical use he did not mention the fact. Harry Verker was Miss Titmus' nephew, and might also be benefited by his aunt's will if he was a good boy—and he was really such an engaging nephew that Nancy, being rather suspicious by nature, more than once wondered if he was trying to cut her out.

But it was dear of him to send the teapot, and the girl pressed his cold cheek against her soft warm one and lifted the lid and peeped inside. Harry was 'by way of being a wag, and on a slip of paper inside he had printed in neat characters:

Let the water be damp; Put the tea leaves within; But, like old Sarah Gampy, Don't substitute gin!

Nancy uttered a little liquid giggling giggle and murmured something that sounded suspiciously like, 'the silly old duck'; and then she had to go to the kitchen, her promise to help cook with the mincepies being much overdue. In fact she was just about her worries till a pair of dark brown kid gloves arrived from her grandmother, with the compliments of the season.

A harassed look came into Nancy's blue eyes. Then all of a sudden she remembered the teapot. Better sacrifice Harry's gift than risk her grandmother's displeasure; besides, he was stationed with his regiment some where in the Midlands. She could write him the sweetest little letter of thanks and he would never know.

And thus saving her conscience she packed up the teapot, post-paid it, and went to bed with a quiet mind.

It was while she was dressing up Christmas morning that Nancy remembered that she had forgotten to extract the slip of paper from the interior of the teapot. For a few moments her brain reeled. Then she did a little quick thinking. If Miss Titmus saw that vase she would be fatally offended. That her dutiful godchild should flout such a ribald jest at her gray hairs was an insult never to be forgotten.

'I must get that paper or die in the attempt,' muttered Nancy with pale lips. But how? She knew her grandmother made a practice of opening all her presents at breakfast-time on Christmas morning. If she could get there first and remove the offending document the situation might be

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With a gasp of thanksgiving Nancy was sprouting the table, when the sound of footsteps coming along the hall turned her to a petrified statue. They were masculine, not to say martial, foot-taps, and the balcony voice that was humming a line of Good King Wences' sent her heart in her throat and the color draining from her face. It was Harry's once—Harry's footstep—but what was he doing here? In another moment he would be in the room he would see her—where could she hid? The massive mahogany table loomed the only available cover she could take. With a little doubt, she slipped aside the body she divided the chair's legs and crouched—

Harry's eyes fell on the crouching girl, and he stared for a moment at the long mirror opposite to his chair. He recognized her ever in his khaki; but the return to the table and peep under the shining covers of the breakfast dishes upon the heavy, warming tread of Miss Titmus made him remember his moments in a hurry.

Cordial Christmas greetings passed between aunt and nephew, and he dealt her placidly though Nancy nervously escaped a kick on the tummy in the process of the conversation.

'How do you get on, dear?' asked Harry, and she answered him with a position of great security, and to the thinking accompaniment of coffee cups and knives and forks gathered round the table had been stated near by, and the soldier had got a lady's leave to spend Christmas with his friends.

'And so you thought you'd come to your poor old aunt,' remarked Miss Titmus' deep voice. 'It was very kind and considerate of you, Harry. I shall not forget it, my dear.'

'Oh, that's all right,' replied Harry. 'Yes, I'll have some more ham, it's topping. I thought I'd run round and look Nancy up later on. Seen anything of her lately?'

'I have not,' said Miss Titmus sternly. 'She has been too occupied to think of me, and really until she gets more material in her skirt and in the neck of her bodice she'd better stay away. I don't know what girls of the present day are thinking of now, when I was a young woman—'

'Well, anyhow, aunt, she's sent you a present,' interposed Harry. 'That's her writing, isn't it?'

'So it is,' exclaimed Miss Titmus in a mollified tone. 'Open it for me, my dear boy, and let me see what it is.'

With quivering eyes Nancy peeped through the fringe, and her heart thumping with apprehension and remorse, she saw the expression of surprise changing to vexed annoyance on Harry's face as he drew forth the teapot.

'Oh, what a charming present!' exclaimed Miss Titmus. 'The dear child! It must have cost her a pretty penny, and she has little enough to spare. However, she shall lose nothing by it. But is there no message? Perhaps she has put a few lines inside. Yes, here it is. Read it, Harry; I haven't my glasses.'

The crunched up little figure under the table clenched her fists and listened with the calmness of despair as Harry took the slip of paper and paused.

'What does she say?' remarked her grandmother. 'Can't you make it out?'

'Oh, yes,' said Harry in a quiet voice. 'She says, "With Nancy's fond love to her dear grandmother, wishing her a peaceful and happy Christmas."'

Nancy buried her face in her hands, and the little gasp that broke from her was lost in the clamor of Miss Titmus' pleasure at the gift and appreciation of the giver.

At this moment the maid knocked at the door with the tragic intelligence that cook said the turkey was too big to go in the oven.

No sooner had Miss Titmus hurried to the kitchen, leaving her nephew to finish his breakfast alone, than the table's opposite to him began to move about in a most unaccountable manner, and next moment Nancy crawled out from under the table, and

Healthful Food for the Children

The same healthful qualities that exist in ripe grapes, a natural, wholesome food, are conveyed to cakes, biscuits, muffins and pastry made with Royal Baking Powder.

Hence, Royal insures food that is always safe, and is the baking powder which should be used in the preparation of flour foods for the children. Many of the cheaper baking powders are made from materials derived from mineral sources which have no food value.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from Grapes Contains No Alum

With flushed cheeks and downcast eyes stood before him. 'Hello!' cried Harry, springing to a leader. 'What a fine job you've done!'

'Oh, it's all right,' said Nancy. 'I should have been a good deal better if I'd been a little more like you. He knows I'm a bit of a nervous wreck, and I know she'd be so vexed if she got through the good old-fashioned way of making documents like in the first place, and then to have to go to the trouble of making them in the first place. I—I wasn't. Oh, Harry, see and you've been such a brick. I don't deserve it. Can you ever forgive me?'

'Nerves are Exhausted. When you have frequent headaches, find yourself easily irritated and annoyed, feel discouraged and disheartened, cannot rest and sleep well, and find appetite and digestion bad, you may know that the nerves are in bad condition. Don't wait for these symptoms to become chronic, but start in early with the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and head of disaster.'

Field Marshal Iwo Oyama, the noted Japanese soldier, is dead.

Nervous Headache



Pain is a blessing in disguise. It is Nature's danger signal to warn you that there is something wrong in the system.

While headache may result from a variety of causes, it most frequently denotes a starved condition of the nerves.

The brain is the headquarters of "central" of the nervous system. Here nerve force is consumed at an enormous rate. If there is any lack of rich, red blood from which to form new nervous energy the brain is first to feel it and the head aches.

Headaches may be stopped by powerful drugs, but that is like breaking the semaphore which warns the engineer of danger.

The only wise way is to increase the amount of rich, red blood in the human body by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and thereby feed the starved nerves back to health and vigor.

Not only will the headaches disappear, but you will sleep well, feel well and gradually regain strength and confidence. The Nerve Food will sharpen the appetite, improve digestion and build up the whole system.

In this way the headache will prove a blessing. It has warned you of approaching nervous collapse while yet there is a foundation on which to build good health.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

DR. A.W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD