THE ACADIAN
One Year to Any Address for $1.00.

The Acadian.

No better advertising medium in the Valley than
THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXXIV. WOLFVILLE, KINGS COUNTY, N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1914. 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.

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.

Contract rates 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.

J. D. CHAMBERS, 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 4.05 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.40 p. m.

E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. G. O. Gates, D. D., Acting Pastor. 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 3.30 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 at 7 p.m. Sunday School at 9.45 a.m. and Adult Bible Class at 2.30 p.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Services at Lower Horton as announced. W.F.M.S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 3.30 p.m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Wednesday at 3.30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH. — Rev. W. H. Rackham, 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 Greenwich, preaching at 3 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 in Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rector.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

REV. R. F. DIXON, Rector.

T. L. Harvey } Wardens.
R. Creighton }

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 2.30 p m; Splendid class rooms, efficient teachers, live 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. BARSS, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

ORPHEUS LODGE, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcomed.

H. M. WATSON, Secretary

TEMPERANCE.

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

FORESTERS.

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

For Sale in Wolfville.

Carriage Factory and Dwelling adjoining, formerly occupied by Charles H. Borden. Good location and a splendid opportunity for a good man. Will sell at a bargain.

MRS. CHAS. H. BORDEN,
Wolfville.

Get your Printing at this office.

Oven is a wonderful baker. That's because the heat flues completely encircle it.

McClary's
Kootenay
Range satisfies the most exacting cook on every point. Let the McClary dealer demonstrate the fact. 55

MADE IN CANADA
Sold by L. W. Sleep, Wolfville, N. S.

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 Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

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 Diarrhœa 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
Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.
GAS ADMINISTERED.

C. E. Avery deWitt
M. D., C. M. (McGILL)
One year post graduate study in Germany.
Office hours: 8—10 a. m.; 1—3, 7—9 p. m.
Tel. 81 University Ave.

M. R. ELLIOTT
A.B., M.D. (Harvard)
Office at residence of late Dr. Bowles.
Telephone 23.
Office Hours:—8-10 a.m., 1-3, 7-9 p.m.

W. E. ROSCOE, K. C. BARRY W. ROSCOE, LL.B
ROSCOE & ROSCOE
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
KENTVILLE, - - N. S.

CORSETS.

The Spirella Co., of Canada have appointed Mrs. G. A. Johnson, Summer street, as their representative for Wolfville and vicinity, who will be pleased to call upon those wishing Corsets, Waists, and etc.

Wolfville Real Estate Agency.

Persons wishing to buy or sell apply to
J. W. SELFRIDGE,
Manager.
Wolfville, April 27.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Dogs Fight for Masters.

The Belgian newspaper patriots tell this story:

A battery of Belgian mitrailleuses was surrounded when their ammunition was exhausted, but the men determined to make a rush with clubbed rifles, using their bayonets as daggers. As everybody familliar with Belgium knows, dogs are everywhere used for light draft, and mitrailleuse batteries are mostly drawn by fine animals. Seeing their masters roughly treated in a hand to hand fight the dogs joined is so effectually as to enable the gunners to break through.

A soldier carried one of these heroic beasts in his arms, for it had a bullet through its paw, but it did not whine but kept licking the man's hand with its great hot tongue.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

ATTENTION!

Going To The Front

Langston's Wholesome BREAD
7c. Per Loaf.

Cakes and Pies
Fresh Daily

Acadia Bakery & Lunch Rooms
J. Langston, Prop.
(Late Baker of Acadia)

Her Costumes.

Watch Miss Earth when it is time for her to dress for fall;
Russet red her petticoats, shiny gold her waist;
Scarlet at her waist and throat, yellow in her hair.
Ever see the like of her, saucy faced and fair?
She's put her springtime duds away, lacy things and sweet;
She'll lay her summer drapery by, and change from head to feet.
Hems and tucks and ruffles new, like an image off,
She'll be kneeling at the streams looking at herself.
Watch Miss Earth a little while. She will change again
To dazzling robe of chrystal white with a sweeping train,
Diamonds on her breast and brow [illegible]
[illegible] way she dresses, she's such a pretty girl,

In War Ravaged Belgium.

Ostend was a town of wandering and frightened ghosts—a town full of those who mourned their dead, and themselves expected to die at any hour.

I saw one young woman in a bedraggled wedding dress and was told that, her fiance having been called to the front on the day before that set for their wedding, she had gone mad and insisted on wearing her wedding dress when she fled with her mother from the oncoming Germans.

I saw two graybeards with great crepe rosettes on their hats, and they explained to me that they were mourning at a funeral in their village when the Uhlans suddenly appeared; the coffin was hastily lowered into the grave and the entire funeral party took to their heels The majority of these fugitives were in their bright holiday clothes, and I asked why. 'Because,' was always the answer, 'it was the easiest way to carry them, and we did not want to leave them behind for the enemy.'

One woman of seventy had a cotton handkerchief stuffed with the silver buttons cut from the clothes of her long dead parents—'The happier for being dead,' said she—and from those of her husband and sons, now somewhere on the firing line. Here and there a bearer stumbled or was jostled by a companion and her bundle fell to the pavement and burst open, disgorging its poor contents in the dirty street.

All along the curb fugitives, fainting or worn out would fall or sink to the ground, and sit or lie there inert, speechless, until a soldier shouldered his way through the press and roused the weary or carried off the ill. Some were bleeding, more were bandaged; all were footsore.

The beach was packed with bivouacking refugees; whole families were huddled about the pile of bundles they had flung together in their Flemish hamlets before running from the cottages that had housed their ancestors for generations and leaving them to distruction. On the paved streets the newcomers, though they rarely spoke, made a deafening tattoo with their wooden shoes, and in every open space they heaped their hampers, trussed belongings and hodge podged salvage.

Women and children and old men—every road leading away from the German advance must be stained with their blood. I talked with a tottering woman of twenty-five whose husband had been called to the colors and killed in the first days of the fighting about Liege. She had with her a son of five who was staggering under the weight of his eighteen-month-old sister; another sister carried a basket as large as herself, and the mother had in her arms an infant that she vowed had been born to her on the roadside only thirty six hours before.

What will you do?' I helplessly asked her.

She made the sign of the cross.

'What the good God wishes,' she answered.

A few yards behind her a girl, who might have been eighteen years old was lying where she had fallen a minute before. She was beautiful, with black hair and a creamy skin; and her face was very calm. A wound, some one explained had reopened—a wound inflicted by a stray shot some days since. I bent over to speak to her; she was dead.

Making my way out of the town I stemmed the human tide along the Bruges Canal, near Stalhillbrugge. A white bearded man I passed was carrying in his arms a black haired little girl of three or four years, fast asleep. I asked whether it was his granddaughter but he shook his head.

'Surely not your daughter?' I persisted.

'No, he said simply. She was wandering along the road with us and said her mother had been hurt in a cannonade of their village—killed, I suppose. I do not know whose child she is. My faith! There are many such in these bitter days, monsieur.'

Every citizen of Ostend I spoke with substantiated this impression. Mills are empty; crops rot in the fields; commerce is dead. It is as though some tremendous blight had settled on the entire country side. It is a situation that, if brought about by flood or plague, would cause meetings for succor and open subscription lists for assistance in every country throughout civilization. It means poverty or death to thousands of people who have never seen more than the maps of the countries involved; but we call it the Glory of War.

On only one opinion of the war were these fleeing peasants in agreement; again and again I had repeated what an aunt of mine once told me she heard from so many wounded Confederate prisoners and ill Federal troops in the hospitals of 1863—'This is the rich man's war.'

For these wanderers were despoiled of everything save what they carried in their arms or on their backs. They had nothing—absolutely nothing besides.

'Where is the Belgian cottager's quarrel with the cottager of Germany, or his with us?' one octogenarian quavered. Two days before he had owned a little house and garden near Auderghem, on the Termonde road; tonight he was penniless and starving. 'Does it matter to us whether Russia and Servia killed that Austrian Grand Duke together, or only Servia alone? Are our crops any better or any surer because Germany gains a seaport or France retakes Alsace and Lorraine? Not a bit; but just as though it mattered everything; we must die for it!'—Reginald Wright Kauffman, in Saturday Evening Post.

The Terrors of Indigestion

DISAPPEAR WHEN THE BLOOD IS MADE RICH, RED AND PURE.

The mistaken idea that laxatives or drastic purgatives provide a short cut to the cure of indigestion is largely responsible for the prevalence of dyspepsia and other stomach disorders. Indigestion calls for more than a makeshift. Your stomach needs tone that cannot absorb nourishment from the food you eat. To give new strength to your stomach so that it may perform the work of digestion without pain or distress, you must enrich the blood. This is the tonic method for strengthening weak stomachs. In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pill for Pale People are the best medicine known. Every dose makes new, rich blood, which not only strengthens the stomach, but builds up every part of the body as well. Here is an illustration of what this medicine can do: Mrs. I. N. Brown, Dowville, N. B., says: 'For three years I was a sufferer from chronic indigestion. I was hungry all the time, yet could take very little food, and what I did take was followed by great distress and nausea. My sleep at night was broken, and I often had profuse night sweats. The suffocating feeling which often followed eating would cause my heart to palpitate violently. At times my hands and face would become the color of clay and I would be completely prostrated. I was under the care of a good doctor who finally told me the trouble was incurable and that the most I could hope for was temporary relief. I was in these straits when a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and used the pills steadily for two months when I was again a well woman, and have since had no return of the trouble.'

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Cissie—Are you going to marry my sister Ethel?

Embarrassed Caller—Well—er—I really don't know yet, you know.

Cissie—That's what I thought. Well, you are!

The latest Boston story is about a small child who fell out of a window.

A kind hearted lady came hurrying up with the anxious question, 'Dear, dear! How did you fall!'

The child looked up at the questioner and replied, in a voice chocked with sobs. 'Vertically, ma'am.'

A Horror of Peace.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, once had a collection, to the announcement of which he added with deep pathos: 'Widows and orphans will not be expected to contribute!'

A few Sundays later there was another collection for the same object.

'This time,' said the preacher, 'widows and orphans will not be exempt; for no battle ever made so many widows and orphans as the announcement made on the previous Sunday.'

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Cream of Tartar

Many people use cream of tartar for quick baking. They value its superior qualities and will not knowingly accept substitutes made of alum or lime phosphates, such as are sometimes offered.

But even the most careful cannot always know. The high price of cream of tartar has led to efforts to substitute alum and phosphate of lime compounds which are vastly inferior and not as healthful to use.

The easiest way in which the housekeeper can be sure of quality and economy is by using Royal Baking Powder, which is made from pure cream of tartar.

Royal Baking Powder gives perfect results, is less trouble to use, and has not been advanced in price.

Anyone who has once become accustomed to using Royal Baking Powder never reverts to home-made mixtures or any other product for raising biscuit, griddle-cakes, doughnuts, or cake.

Rev. Prof. David Smith, D. D., on the War.

X Y Z—What would you reply to a member of a Christian church who, on reviewing the conditions of things in the world today, said: 'Well, say what you will, Christianity has failed?' G P—Do you think that Christian men can favour and support this or any other war, in view of the teaching of the New Testament?—Was it not Russel Lowell who, being asked why he had not think Christianity had failed, replied that he rather thought it had never been tried? Sometimes, when I consider what has been said and done in its name, the wonder with me is that Christianity has survived: and then I always bethink myself that this is in truth an evidence of its divine origin. Christianity is not a creed or a philosophy, but the practice of the love of God and all His creatures through fellowship without Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, who revealed that love in the days of His flesh and sheds the grace of His Spirit on loyal souls. If that be Christianity, then it is absurd to ask if Christianity has failed. Christianity is eternal and invincible, and it is the lack of it that occasions whatever is amiss in the condition of the world. Lay your finger on any wrong, and consider whether it has the sanction of the Lord Jesus Christ, whether it would exist had His law been obeyed and His way followed. The simple truth is that the Millennium would be a present reality if only His will were done; and when things go wrong, then, instead of crying out that Christianity has failed, we should rather resolve to give it a chance in good earnest. And is the case really so bad as we make it out? To my mind it is wonderful what Christianity has accomplished, despite the poor chance the world has given it. It is chiefly the brutality of the German warfare that is staggering our faith at present; but we forget that it is nothing else than a recrudescence of medieval barbarism, and our abhorrence of it marks how far we have travelled and how largely our manners have been softened. The change is an achievement of Christianity, and the mitigation of its barbarities is the prelude to the total abolition of war. God's operations, as science has taught us, are always patient and gradual. The evolution of the world was a long process, and so is the evolution of the new heavens and the new earth. Meantime, this war is a struggle between Christ and anti Christ, and it is the duty of every Christian to bear his part. It is simply untrue that the New Testament absolutely prohibits war. Is it not significant that our Lord's highest eulogy was pronounced on a Roman soldier, and he required neither him nor any other to abandon the military profession (St. Matt viii. 5 13) Of course, there are His precepts of non-resistance in the Sermon on the Mount (St. Matt. v. 39-42 St. Luke vi. 27 30); but these have nothing to do with war. They concern our attitude to personal affronts and injuries; and, says Thomas Fuller, 'one may be a lamb in private wrongs; but in bearing general affronts to goodness, they are asses who are not lions.' War is indeed a horrible thing, but the necessity will remain until wicked passions are eradicated from the human soul. A national policy of non-resistance would mean the surrender of the world to the dominion of the Devil, and it would be treachery to Christ to let His enemies trample His cause under their feet. It is an impressive fact that a policy of non-resistance proves impossible in actual practice. During the Napoleonic wars our merchant ships carried cannon for fear of attack by the French privateers, and it is told in John Bright's Life how a Quaker company in Liverpool, prohibited by their principles from putting real arms on board their East Indian clipper, the Bengal, had wooden cannon placed at the portholes to scare an impregnable enemy. This is the reductio ad absurdum of an impossible theory. It seems to me that the Christian law is twofold. (1) It forbids aggression (cf. St. Matt xxvi. 52). but it requires resistance to it, the repression of injustice and the vindication of right. This, according to St. Paul (cf. Rom xiii. 4), is one of the divinely appointed offices of a ruler. (2) It prohibits the rebellion of subjects against their own government, where their wrongs may be redressed by civil processes. It is remarkable how the Apostles, writing to men under the just dominions of the victorious Roman Empire, bade them submit to the law and pray for the Emperor (cf. 1 Peter ii. 13, 14; 1 Tim. ii. 1.2). It is only when redress is otherwise impossible that civil war is justified; and it is in accordance with this principle that the Boers, in the first instance, resisted our aggression, and now, when their liberties are respected, are fighting on our side.

DAVID SMITH.

A Well Known Man.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.

DEAR SIRS,—I can recommend your MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results. Yours truly,

T. B. LAVERS.

St. John.

Care and Abuse of Farm Machinery.

Recent investigations by the Conservation Commission reveal some very interesting facts regarding the effect of care, or neglect, as the case may be, upon the life of machinery on the farm. Between 90 and 95 farms, divided into three districts, were visited in each of the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

In Saskatchewan, out of 94 farms visited by the Commission's representative 76 leave all their implements out of doors. On 73 of the farms, there were no implement sheds of any description.

On 21 of the farms, sheds large enough to cover a part of the implements were found, in most cases this being only a buggy or a democrat, but not in one single farm was the machinery all housed. Not one farmer was found who painted his implements to protect them from the weather.

In Manitoba only 14 out of 94 kept their machinery under cover during the winter, while 44 claim to keep a part of it inside. On 34 of the Manitoba farms no provision whatever is made for protecting implements, and only four claim to have done any painting.

In the three districts visited in Alberta, mixed farming is carried on quite extensively, making more barn room available, so that implements are more likely to be protected, but even here, 37 out of the 92 visited leave all machinery out of doors.

In one district in Ontario where 40 farmers were visited, every man housed his implements during winter, although none of these men do any painting.

In the Ontario district visited where the implements are housed, the average life of the binder was found to be between 16 and 17 years. Many binders were seen which were in good running order after cutting 20 seasons' crops.

In Saskatchewan and Manitoba, where so much of the machinery was left out of doors, the average life of the binder is given by the farmers as about 7 years, which is less than half that of the binder protected by the weather. Many binders [illegible] years, was retiring from the farm, held an auction sale. His binder after cutting 12 crops sold for $30, or 50 per cent. of the original cost, and his other machinery at proportionately high prices. It had all been well housed and the necessary painting and repairing had been done to keep it in good order. On a neighboring farm a binder which had cut only three crops, but which had been neglected and stood out of doors, was being relegated to the scrap heap and a new one was being purchased.

An implement shed costs money, but if its use will double or treble the length of time the machinery will last, it is a good investment. Farmers often say they cannot afford to build a shed. The truth is, they really cannot afford to be without one. Apart from the additional power necessary for operation, the depreciation on unhoused machinery on the average sized farm is so great as to amount to much more than the cost and upkeep of an implement shed. The binder works for only a short time during the year, while machinery in a shop works the whole year through and lasts proportionately many times longer. It is simply a matter of care. The life of a machine extends in direct ratio to the care it receives, and abuse and neglect will shorten the life of any mechanism. The manufacturer is not responsible for the care of the machinery after it is sold. This rests entirely with the farmer, and as a common sense business proposition he should look after his own interests sufficiently to house his implements and thus save the thousands of dollars wasted annually in unnecessary depreciation.—F. C. N.

WHAT MOTHERS NEED

Too many women struggle under pains and aches. They are not sick—but weak, nervous, irritable.

Such women need that blood-strength that comes by taking SCOTT'S EMULSION. It also strengthens the nerves, aids the appetite and checks the decline.

If wife or mother tires easily or look run down, SCOTT'S EMULSION will build her up.

SHUN SUBSTITUTES.

14-49

First Lady—'I see the master cutting a dash this morning. Nobody wouldn't think he was hard up.'

Second Lady—'Lor' bless yer, no! Since this 'ere Merrytorium come in he walks down the high street in front of all the shops as though he didn't owe 'em a penny.'

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Begin Now to Provide for Old Age.
YOU CAN OBTAIN FROM
THE EXCELSIOR LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
An Endowment Policy Maturing at Ages 40 to 70.
FULL INFORMATION GIVEN BY
CAPT. S. M. BEARDSLEY, Provincial Manager
WOLFVILLE, N.S.