

The Man who tries, and fails, succeeds.

# The Acadian.

The man who succeeds without trying, fails.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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NO. 2

## 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. News 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 advertising on special notice 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. FRYER, Mayor. W. M. BLAKE, 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 4.00 p. m. Kentville close at 5.45 p. m. Reg. letters 15 minutes earlier. E. S. CHAWLEY, Post Master.



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## CHURCHES.

**BAPTIST CHURCH**—Rev. N. A. Harkness, Pastor. Sunday Services: Public Worship at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. 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 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 at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Services at Fort Williams and Lower Horton as announced. W. F. M. S. meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 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. 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. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenrich, 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 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. A. G. Cowie, Warden. H. L. Harvey, Organist.

**St. Francis (Catholic)**—Rev. Fr. Donahue, P. P.—Mass 9 a. m. the second 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 9.30 a. m. Splendid clean 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.** Ophir Lodge, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcome. H. M. Wason, Secretary.

**TEMPERANCE.** Wolfville Division B. 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.

## COAL!

Acadia Lump, Albion Nut, Springhill, Inverness. A. H. WHEATON

## The Faith of Hetty 'Ria.

Somewhat or other, said Hetty 'Ria to herself, I've got to do it. I, Hetty Maria Jessup, have got to straighten the Jessup family out. Ma's lost every bit of spunk she ever had since pa's got so bad, and the youngsters don't care whether they go to school or not, long with the boys and girls calling them 'Old Dan Jessup's kids. Oh dear me, it's almost too big a job for a girl!

Hetty 'Ria's head sunk forlornly upon her breast as she sat alone on the back steps of the rickety, rickety cottage she called home. She struggled with her troubles. Suddenly Hetty 'Ria sat up, pushed back the tangled hair with her chapped, tough hands, and rubbed her weary eyes.

'I wonder if He would jest wonder?' she questioned, gazing up into the clear sky as though she had expected an angel to appear with a golden trumpet and answer her. 'He cured the blind folks, deaf and dumb folks and even the awful leper folks. Surely He could cure pa, as, say, if He didn't cure the dead ones, too, and make them all new! Course He can cure pa if he wants to. I wonder if He really wants to? She pondered doubtfully for a minute, then she asked herself, 'Hetty Maria Jessup, what are you thinking about? Didn't He say, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not.' Course he loves us, even if we ain't got nice clothes and shoes and things, perhaps he loves us all the more for that. Didn't I tell you, she addressed the sun, just slinking in the west, 'didn't I tell you 'twas too big a job for a little girl? But it ain't too big a job for a little girl and God to gether, I just guess. I'm going to get the youngsters to help, and will ask Him every single day for a week.

The idea took hold of the childish faith of the younger Jessups, as Hetty 'Ria gathered them around her and told of the wonderful things the Jesus to whom they were to pray could do. She taught them all, from lisping baby Jane to sturdy Ben, how to say the words of prayer. In Hetty 'Ria's greatest mind, a prayer, to be really and truly a prayer, must be said in church, and this part of the program seemed hard to manage. Hetty 'Ria always believed it was a part of the miracle that the very next afternoon, as she, with her brothers and sisters were coming home from school, they discovered the back door of the church ajar. Quickly and seriously, led by Hetty 'Ria, the little group entered, climbed the velvet carpeted stairs to the big room, and knelt in one of the pews. The man who played the organ always practiced every afternoon about this time, for that was the reason for the open door. As the children entered he sat letting his fingers wander over the keys in a gentle, soothing accompaniment to his thoughts.

The minister, tired from working on his sermon stole in from his study and took a seat in the church to listen. Suddenly a sound, other than the organ music, caught the minister's ears. It came from a nearby pew. He quickly changed his seat to discover whence came the sound. There he saw, kneeling in the pew, five childish forms, five reverent, little heads bowed upon the cushions, Hetty 'Ria's brown pig tails at one end, and baby Jean's sunny tangle of curls at the other. 'Jean must begin 'cause she's the littiest,' instructed Hetty 'Ria, very softly.

'Dear Jesus,' whispered the baby voice, 'Please won't you make my dear, kind papa like he used to be. Amen.'

'We'd be just awful glad, please,' piped out Nell's shrill voice, 'if you'd make pa over new like you did the paper men. Thank you, eh no, I mean Amen.'

'Ben's joyful, manly voice now chimed in, 'We're jest counting on You not going back on You word, Lord Jesus, cause Hetty 'Ria says if folks honest and true ask You for things that's right to have, You said You'd sure do 'em and Hetty 'Ria knows, for she heard the minister say it and we jest believe You'll do the right thing by pa and us. Amen.'

'It's jest the same thing I want too,' faltered Elizabeth's gentle voice, 'jest to have our papa cured. And please hurry and do it right away.'

Hetty 'Ria's voice trembled a bit, as she closed. 'We don't know much about praying, dea. Lord Jesus, but we know it was you that said the children could come, and so we're believing You'll listen, even though we don't say it quite prayer like. We would be so much obliged if you could cure pa before Ben's birthday. It's a whole month yet. Amen.'

The minister sat as quiet as a mouse as five pairs of feet crept softly down the aisle and out of the door. Five pairs of wistful eyes looking back at the face of Christ in the great windows, as if they expected the lips to part and the Master's voice to speak to them.

'Dear Lord and Master,' murmured the minister reverently as he watched little Jean's golden head disappear

through the door. 'Thou who canst make the dead to live, save this father, and Master, let me have a share in it.'

Hetty 'Ria lay awake that night until the clock struck the long, long years, wondering just how God would cure her father. She wondered if He might not send great throngs of white-robed angels down from Heaven to hover around him and keep the tempters from coaxing him to drink the poison that made him so unlike himself. She even thought that possibly

the Garden of Eden, to stand with a flaming sword before Jim Mulcahy's saloon to keep such sorely tempted men as his father from going in. She thought and thought until her thinking changed to dreaming, and the air seemed full of angels, whose soft, gentle fingers soothed and comforted the tired, worried child in a dreamless slumber.

'I ever there was a message went straight up to God's throne,' said the minister at least a dozen times the next day, 'I'm sure the prayer of those babies did. The father to children of such great faith is surely worth saving.' Not only did he say this a dozen times, but he said it to as many as a dozen people, who listened to their hearts' core, lost little time in repeating it. It was remarkable how many men remembered within the next few days that they had jobs about their houses or stores that Dan Jessup might do. It was even more wonderful, to Dan Jessup at least, that well dressed respectable business men should take the trouble to stop him on the street and take him by the hand in greeting.

'Anybody I'd like,' said Dan to himself, 'that I'd fallen heir to a big fortune, y the fuss they're making. What's the matter with me, I wonder. I'm just the same old bum I was last week when they hurried past with their heads turned the other way for fear I'd ask them for a dime to buy a glass of beer.'

Nevertheless, to some continued surprise, people did take occasion to speak to him and offer him jobs of fixing sidewalks or storm doors, treating him like a gentleman, while he was doing his work, and never failing, it seemed to Dan, to speak of a fine little family, who everybody seemed to know, especially Hetty 'Ria. He wouldn't admit it to himself, but by the second day Dan began secretly to bra h his old clothes and rub up his shabby shoes.

The greatest surprise came, however, when, tempted beyond the strength of his feeble will by the possession of a shining silver dollar paid by Mrs. Williams for fixing her chicken house, Dan wended his way toward Mulcahy's dram shop, and was met at the bar with a grin, 'Hello Dan. Can't give you anything tonight, sorry, but I can't. Folks will make trouble for me if I do. 'Dan stared at 'Folks' he is quired angrily. 'What folks is trying to do my business?'

'What an ain't got business enough of their own, I guess,' answered the saloon-keeper. 'They say there's laws against selling to such men as you, and for the sake of your kids they're going to see it stopped. Say, Dan, why can't you get moderate like and not be making trouble for me?'

Dan Jessup turned and left the place without a word. 'For the sake of the children' the words ran through his angry thoughts. Everybody seemed possessed to talk about the children lately, and now for their sake somebody had shut the doors of the saloon on him. It was the minister of the big church who interrupted his gloomy thoughts.

'Oh, Mr. Jessup, the very man I was looking for. Have you a half hour this afternoon to give me? It's got to be some business in my study, if not in the church.' Dan, having no excuse, followed the minister. It was nearly dark before the job was finished.

'Just sit down in that pew a minute,' said the minister, while I run up and see if the organist can change a bill so I can pay you.'

Whether or not Hetty 'Ria would have recognized them as angels, the fact remained that within forty-eight hours after the children left the church, angels, dressed out in white robes, were busy helping to answer the children's prayers.

As Dan sat in the corner of the church, the little group filed in as the minister felt sure they would at just that hour and knelt and offered again a prayer that the father might be made well. What Dan Jessup thought as he listened, no human being knows. He never moved as they passed out, Hetty 'Ria saying cheerfully, 'It's a whole week now since we've been praying, it surely won't take much longer. He surely

## Your Mother Will Be Pleased

with this tea. Tell her I recommend it, for I use it in my own home. Show her the Guarantee on the label, and I know she will be glad to try it.



"You'll like the flavor"

## Don't forget to do it before Ben's birthday.

Hours after the minister and the organist had left the church, and the sun had sunk behind the hills and the moon was shining through the window, revealing the face and form of the Christ, Dan sat and thought and thought, and at last dropped up on his knees and prayed the prayer of the publican. 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!'

That night, late as was the hour of his return, five little Jessups had the unusual experience of being kissed 'good night' by their father. As if that alone wasn't joy enough, there was a bag of candy tucked into each pair of hands as the father left them.

'Oh papa,' cried Hetty 'Ria, as she held his close in her loving arms, 'did the angels come and cure you, as we asked them to? Did they for sure, papa?'

'I wouldn't dare say it was for sure, Hetty 'Ria,' replied the father with a sob in his voice, 'if I had to do it all alone, but with five such babies as I've got to be praying and a helping me, I believe it's for sure this time.'

## Nerves Are Exhausted.

When you have frequent headaches, feel yourself easily irritated and annoyed, feel discouraged and down-hearted, cannot rest and sleep well, and find appetite faulty 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 off disaster.

## Defying the Doctors.

Doctors may err, even in the stillness of the sick room. 'How much more they are they likely to make mistakes in the uproar of the battle-field. That this is so is shown by the experience of the famous Russian General, Dragomiroff, who once narrowly escaped losing both legs. He commanded a division during the Russo-Turkish War, and fell in the fighting at the Shipka Pass, wounded in several places. He was carried unconscious to a field hospital, and came to himself just as the doctors were about to amputate both legs.

Dragomiroff said he would rather take his chance of dying, but he persisted. Then he drew a revolver, and swore he would blow out the brains of the first man who tried to use a lancet on him. At night he made his servant stand on guard armed with a rifle. He recovered after a few weeks' illness, and the only ill effect was a slight limp. Needless to say he afterwards regarded the army surgeon as one of the soldier's worst foes.

## Operation For Appendicitis.

Mrs. J. A. Ballantyne, Sturgeon Falls, Ont., writes—'My husband was treated for appendicitis and the doctors ordered an operation. But he would not consent to an operation and began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Since doing so he has had no need of an operation or even of a doctor as the trouble has completely left him. I cannot find words to speak our gratitude for his cure.'

A father decided that he must administer a stern lecture to his faithful son. Father spoke judiciously, but severely; he recounted the boy's misdeeds and duly explained 'the whys and wherefores of his solemn rebuke, his wife the while standing by, duly impressed.

Finally, when the father ceased for breath and incidentally to hear the culprit's acknowledgement of error, the boy, his face beaming with admiration, turned to his mother and said: 'Mother, isn't dad interesting?'

The pitcher that never goes to the well never brings any water; and it may fall off the shelf and be broken. One great danger in marrying for money is that money may get a separation.

## The Reapers.

Red are the hands of the Reapers, And the harvest is so white! Red are the feet that are treading The threshing-floors by night; And, on the young brows, dripping As with the dew of morn, Drip rose-red are the woundings, Like scars of a crown of thorn.

Tired, so many, with reaping— Tired with treading the grain Still they lie in their sleeping, Low in the Valley of Pain— Never again to be quaffing The joy of life, like wine; Never again to be laughing In youth's glad hour divine.

Birds shall sing in the branches, Children dance by the shore; But they who shared the red reaping Shall come back nevermore. Let whoso can forget them, Walking life's busy way; We who have looked on the Reapers Go quietly, all our days.

## Measuring the Height of Trees.

A simple way to measure a tree can be practised by anyone on a sunny day or in bright moonlight. All that is necessary is a straight stick of any length. Draw a circle with a radius (half the diameter) of a little less than the length of the stick. This is done by holding one end of the stick, say, two inches from its end, and moving the other end around, making the circle with a knife or chip. Then place the stick in the ground exactly in the centre of the circle, perfectly upright and press it down until the height of the stick is exactly the same as the shadow of the tree will be exactly the same measurement in length as its height. Of course in such a case the sun will be at an exact angle of 45 degrees. Measurements of this character can be best affected in the summer, when the sun is powerful. To many to whom this idea may not have occurred, it might be made annually a matter of interest when worn summer days take to the height of prominent trees, and so to compare growth from year to year.

## When Jelly is Done.

It would save much time and worry if one could be sure when jelly was exactly of the proper consistency to take off the stove. This is the way. Drip the boiling liquid from the straining spoon as the jelly is cooking. While there is only one drip at the last the jelly needs more boiling, but when the drip separates and drips in two drips because it is time to pour the jelly into glasses.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Prevention is better than cure but it does not get its name in the paper so often. The most effective cure for an unfortunate love affair is a fortunate one.

## By Purifying the Blood You Get Rid of Pain

Here is the Sworn Statement of a Lady Who Was Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Poison causes pains and aches, tired, languid feelings and derangements of the vital organs of the body. By ridding the human system of poisonous impurities Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure rheumatism, headache, backache and pains through the body and limbs.

As an illustration, we would refer you to the sworn statement of Mrs. Bergland. It is just such experiences as this that has made so many thousands of people enthusiastic about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. This is why they are to be found in the great majority of homes.

Mrs. O. Bergland, Danville, N. S., writes—'I can highly recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to all who are suffering from weak kidneys. I suffered from headache and backache, had heart flutterings and my sleep was so broken and unrefreshing that it was with difficulty that

## Some Horse Notes for Fall.

The man who neglects to use the currycomb is often a poor horseman. A cold rain is never good for a hard-worked horse forced to graze its living at night. Pull the shoes off the team while at the fall plowing. It will be better for their feet.

Fall plowing, later on when the ground becomes soft, is good work to start the newly broken colt on. The end of this month and all through next month is a good time to breed for a fall colt next year. A draft horse can travel too close. Going extremely close is generally accounted for by the narrowness of chest and body.

Shoulders get sore in the fall as easily as in the spring, and are just as hard to cure. Be careful when starting the fall plowing. If you would avoid colic and acute indigestion keep the ration of new oats to the hard worked horse down for a few days, until he becomes accustomed to them.

If most farmers fed hay as carefully as they do oats there would be more thrifty, fat horses in the country. A mangel rammed full of salt hay is not very appetizing. Feed just what the horses eat up at each meal.

Tomato Sandwiches—Butter the bread and sprinkle with shredded green onions. Lay on thin slices of tomato, spread with dressing, and put the sandwiches together.

Chicken Salad.—One cup cabbage shredded, one-half cup green beans cooked, dressing to mix. Serve in lettuce decorated with chopped whites of eggs, the yolks stirred or grated, and finely chopped parsley.

Green Tomato Pickles.—Eight lbs. green tomatoes, 1 pint vinegar, 4 lbs. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon each of mace, cinnamon and cloves. Cut the tomatoes in slices and add the sugar. Let boil down gently for 3 hours, then add the vinegar and spice, and cook the whole 15 minutes. Let cool before sealing.

For nine long years he had been wanting the fair daughter of the 'Juncos.' 'Jennie,' he moved, 'I read the other day that in a thousand years the Lakes of Killarney will dry up.' Jennie clutched his arm excitedly. 'Oh, Tom!' she exclaimed, 'What's the matter, lass? Why, as you promised to take me there in the honeymoon, don't you think we'd better be a little careful that they don't dry up before we get there?'

'What's becoming of that friend of yours who used to be such a strong advocate of the saloon, on the ground that so long as the nation recognized the business a man had a right to open it if he chose?'

'He's quit.'

'What happened?'

'Somebody tried to open a saloon in his neighborhood and he was the first man to get-out with a petition to stop it.'

# RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"