VOL. XXXII.

THE ACADIAN. Granulation

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE. J. D. Chambun, Mayor, W. M. Black, Town Clurk.

To the Publica

of the Eyelids

ROSCOE & ROSCOE

ARCHITEGT,

J. B. NEWCOMBE

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Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada

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New Goods Opening FOR WEDDING GIFTS

Sterling and Silver Plate, Sterling Deposit and Cut Glass, Casserole in Silver and Nickel, Beaten Brass and Copper Goods.

A nice line of Seamless Gold Wedding Rings.

J. F. HERBIN Expert Optician and Watchmaker WOLFVILLE, N. S.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S

the first process of the process of

follows:

President—Mrs. Waiter Mitchell,
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Vice President—Mrs. John W. Turner, Kentville,
Recording Secretary—Mrs. (Br.)
March, Berwick,
Teassirer—Mrs. N. B. Morton,
Berwick,
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. E.
S. Langille, Woifville. S. Langille, Wolfville.

A bureau of temperance literature was established and in future those equiving literature, may procure it from Mrs. N. B. Morton, Berwick.

It is expected that a circulating library well soon be formulated.

Owing to the storm the gathering as was expected, but the women gathered in a goodly number and were well repaid for the effort. Mrs. (Rev.) Stackhouve, of Wolfville, superintendent for moral education, was the first apsaker and those privileged to hear will not soon forget her caresest words. Christ ast on the mountain searly soon years age and gave utterance to the words Blessad are the pure in heart, and the words are still true. The W. C. T. U. ever stands for social purity. We cannot be true to curselves and close our eyes to the evila around us and settle down. We are our brother's keeper to a certain extent. Miss Fortes, of Windson, sooke on our Bominion stillings, respectedly among the children, the burys and prits who will be the men

II Visit Wolfville.

RIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1913.

100 YEARS SON & CO., Inc

seeds and the control of the control

NO. 51

R QUEST OF GOOD TEA

The Truly Good Man.

The place to take a true man's measure is not to the market place or in the amen corner, nor in the form or the field, but by his own fire side. There he lays aside his mank and you learn whether he is importangel, king or eur, here or humburg. We care not what the world says of him—whether, they crown him, or path him with bad eggs; we care not a copper what his reputation or religion might be; if his babies freach his bone; or alive dollar bill, he's a fread of the first water, even though he prays night and mare till he is black in the face and howls hallelujah until he shakes the eternah hills. But it his face and howls hallelujah until he shakes the eternah hills. But it his folistep, you can take it for granted that he is true gold, for his home is a heaven and the humburg never gets that near the great white throne of God.

The Good Time.

I put a mortgage on my home, to huy a motor oar, and now all joyouns by roam on trust tooks afar. I take the children and the wife, and scout the countryside; I'm bound to lead an earry iffe and let all business side. We pass the poothouse as we race, and weathly me fear transfer.



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