

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

VOL. XXXII.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1912.

NO. 2

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.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited.

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\$1.00 per square (10 lines) for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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TOWN OF WOLFVILLE.
J. D. CHAMBERLAIN, Mayor.
A. F. CROWLEY, Town Clerk.

Office Hours:
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1:00 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.
Or Saturday open until 8:30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:05 a. m.
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CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, 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, 7:30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, at 5:30 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 Thursday of each month at 3:45 p. m. All seats free. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

PARISH CHURCH.—Rev. G. W. Miller, Pastor. Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 3:45 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 3:00 p. m. Senior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Junior Mission Band meets fortnightly on Wednesday at 5:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. W. H. Beckham, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:45. All the seats are free. 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. Mission every Sunday, 11 a. m. Evening, 7:00 p. m. Wednesday Evening, 7:30 p. m. Special services in Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m. Rector, student and teacher of Bible Class, the Rector.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.
Rev. R. F. Dixon, Rector.
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St. Francis (Catholic).—Rev. William Brown, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—During summer months open air gospel services—Sunday at 11 p. m., Tuesday at 7:30 p. m., Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Special services, 7:30 p. m. All seats free.

MASONIC.
No. 1800th Lodge, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock.
H. K. Harris, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.
Officers Lodge, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Horton Block. Visiting brethren always welcomed.
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Wolfeville Division No. 2, meets every Monday evening in their hall at 8:00 o'clock.

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Orest Blomdell, O. F. M. meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m.

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Will handle real estate to sell in any part of the county.

Common Things.
Give me, dear Ned, thy single common things,
Which all can see, which all may share—
The bright and dewy, green and starry sea—
Nothing unique or new, and nothing rare.
Just daisies, knowed, wind among the thorns,
Some clove to cross the blue of sky above;
Rain, winter dew, a useful hand, a heart,
The common glory of a woman's love.
Then, when my feet no longer tread thy paths,
(Keep them from footing sweet things say-
ing)
Write once on epitaph in green-ill words,
"Such things look fairest that be sojournd
here."

'Only a Nigger Baby.'

The farmer and his son John came home tired and hungry from the field. But the keen-eyed farmer paused at the garden gate and looked down the slope along the lane to the main-travelled road.
"My boy," he went on there with those people coming up the valley. They had been an hour poking along past this ranch. I guess their old horse is most dead. Jump on the colt and help them out. Bring them right in for supper, or to stay all night and we'll feed up that plug."
The youngster was used to such things. They happened on that farm at all hours of day or night. He leaped the barn-yard fence, called his colt, which came running from the pasture, slipped a hackamore on his head, sprang on, bareback, and galloped down to the big gate. Meanwhile, the farmer went in to supper, and told Mary, his wife that some guests were likely to happen along.
The boy found a miserable old horse all skin and bone, dragging, along with frequent passes, a ramshackle cart by a nondescript harness. In the cart a very old negro sat holding the bit of rope that served for reins. Beside him was a young colored woman with a sick baby. They looked forlorn, worn out and utterly hopeless.
"Sar," asked the old negro, "how far to Cannell Batters's place?"
"It's four miles, and a good deal up hill," the boy answered.
"Lord, Rosy," the old fellow said to the woman at his side, "bit will take us most all night." His voice fell away into a groan of weariness.
"Look here, neighbors," said the boy, "I've got a horse and cart for you to have supper and stay till to-morrow night. Your horse needs it, and both of you look worn out."
"The baby is awful sick," said the woman, "litter a dusty and tear-stained face."
The boy opened the gate, pushed manfully at the old cart and soon brought the whole outfit to the garden gate.
"So you are Virginians, too," said the boy, making conversation as they came up the road.
"Law me, Massa, yes!" the old negro replied. "Tais yere's my step-niece, and I've got a grand-darter up in the settlement at the Cypress's."
Then the farmer and his wife came out, carried in the baby and put it in a cot-bed by the fire, took in the tired mother, and the old Negro, set food before them, waited on them, spoke words of good cheer. The boy tied his colt to the fence, and took care of the ancient horse; then he came in to supper, and wondered whether or not this very old Negro had ever seen General Lee or Stonewall Jackson.
The farmer's wife and the Negro mother, sat by the sick baby, talked in low tones, tried to help the sufferer, and felt that the case was beyond their resources.
"We will send for a doctor," the farmer's wife said, at last. "Our old family doctor, who has been here for years, and takes care of all your folks up at Coloped Batten's, is away on a vacation, but there's a new young doctor just settled in the village, and I've no doubt he's first rate."
"Missus, we pss hain't no money."
"That is all right, Rosy, you are going to be neighbors of ours, you know. When you get well, you can help us out some time. You don't know how glad I am that you came in to-night!"

Pert Paragraphs.

Some people, not having any grievance to exploit, consider that a sufficient reason for carrying about a large sized grouch.
Falling in love is a quick process, but staying there takes a lifetime.
The love of approbation is responsible for many comic situations and many queer mistakes.
Nobody will ever call you stumpy because you keep your troubles to yourself.
Trouble is invariably friendly to those who are on the lookout for it and give their whole hearts to its attention.
If every young man knew when to go home there would be a world full of disappointed girls.
Girls think so much more about falling in love than men do that they are just as much more likely to be critical and hard to suit.
It is hard to say why it is more pleasant to be contrary and dissenting, but a lot of people think that is the only way to have a good time.
Music teachers earn a comfortable competence demonstrating to parents that their offspring is not musical.
Dogs are just as good for pets as children, just as easily spoiled by petting and do not grow up into disagreeable citizens.

The Making of Toys.

According to American sources of information, New York can claim the credit at any rate at the present time, of being the world's largest toy-market, and the statement is made that its annual volume of trade at wholesale prices is \$45,000,000, the largest part of which is shipped to the great fairs of Europe and Asia. It is claimed that a great boom in the toy-trade, so far as America is concerned, has been caused by the Durbar, and that toys in loads have been sent from New York to Indian princes who have resolved to give public entertainments in connection with the Durbar, which will include the distribution of toys to children, while the bazaars of Calcutta, Bombay, and Delhi have purchased millions of toys from American manufacturers.
From inquiries which the writer has made, however, it would appear that the popularity of German and French-made toys is by no means on the wane. Take for instance the tin-toy industry. It is estimated that Germany in the last twelve months has turned out 70,000,000 tin toys from the five cent movable figure to the small mechanical motor car. In France the annual output is 50,000,000, of which latter no fewer than 50,000 people are employed in Germany (turning out carved figures). In a single year Germany sends to England alone over 12,000 tons of toys, worth roughly five million dollars, while the total exports of these unconquerable trifles represent nearly three times this amount.

Nova Scotia Genius.

Not all the fish provokers live in the United States. The following is a letter to the editor of the Montreal Star:
Recently I read an interesting account of the singing fish in your paper. I recalled to me the memory of a rather remarkable fish we have here in Nova Scotia. It is known as the 'Prost Fish,' because it may be frozen like a lump of ice, but if put in water in that condition it soon thaws out and swims around as vigorously as ever.
The natives make use of this property to make ice cream.
The fish is caught, frozen, and placed in the cream, allowing it to freeze the cream, and its movements at the same time stirring mixture, making it smooth.
In commenting on the above the New York Sun says: Taking them by large, from Moosehead Lake to Puget Sound and from the Upper Mississippi to the Gulf, we have some very capable and industrious fish livers in this country. But we should hand the reel and rod over to Nova Scotia.
We have talent in this country. But Nova Scotia is the abode of genius.

Appie or Onion.

No one would for a moment imagine any one mistaking an onion for an apple. But don't be too sure. Some day when you have nothing else to do cut a small square of onion and a square of apple of the same size, close your eyes and hold your nose tightly and then get some one to tell you one of the squares without telling you which one it is. You would be well advised not to wager any money on being able to tell by chewing which it is. The explanation is that a large part of what we call taste is really smell.—Pearson's Weekly.

Muscles Useless Without Nerve Force

Perhaps you are not quite clear on the relation of the nerves to the rest of the body. Through the nerve fibres which extend through countless branches to every nook and corner of the human system is conveyed the motive power which operates the various organs.
There could be no breathing, no beating of the heart, no flow of the digestive fluids, no action of any muscle or organ of the body without nerve force. Consequently, when the nervous system becomes exhausted there is complete collapse of the body, the different stages of which are described as nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia and paralysis.
The time to use such restorative treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is when the headache, dizziness, nervous system is thus sufficient to revitalize the wasted nerve cells and restore health and vigor.
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 60¢ a box, 6 for \$2.50, all druggists or Edman, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Sacred Book For Acadia College Museum.

Through the generosity of Dr. M. C. Smith, M. A. of Lynn, Mass., there has come to the Museum a copy of a sacred book from Burmah. It is made of palm leaves, on the outside of which are 'covers' of wood. The writing is made by a sharp stylus and the leaf afterwards dipped in oil, which darkens the writing and makes it legible. The leaves are then placed together, plied off smoothly and glued. The whole is fastened together by two wooden pins, which penetrate each leaf and cover, and is tied with a tape on which is printed a prayer. The writing is in Burmese and the contents are called a 'Zat.' It describes one of the many lives of Quatona, the founder of the Buddhist faith. It has been in use in a Buddhist monastery and copies are somewhat difficult to obtain. The expenses were met by Dr. Smith, the book was obtained by Rev. R. McCurdy, 95 of Mansley, and was brought to us by Miss Hughes, ex 95 of Mounts, Burmah.—Acadia Bulletin.

Birds That Carry Their Young.

The woodcock, it is said, has been known to carry away her young when threatened with danger. She places them on her spread tail, pressing them in between her toes and the breast. A naturalist says many woodcocks also carry their young down to marshy feeding grounds in the evening, returning before dawn. In fact they have no means of feeding their young except by carrying them to their food, for they cannot convey their food to them.

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KING COLE TEA

Work and Worry Weaken Women.

It is useless to tell a hard-working woman to take life easily and not to worry. Every woman at the head of a home; every girl in offices, shops and factories, is subject to more or less worry. These cannot be avoided. But it is the duty of every woman and every girl to save her strength as much as possible and to build up her system to meet any unusual demands. Her future health depends upon it.
To guard against a breakdown in health the blood must be kept rich, red and pure. Nothing can keep the blood in this condition so well as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They strengthen the nerves, restore the system, bring the glow of health and vitality back, and remove worry to those people. Women cannot always rest when they should, but they can keep their strength and keep disease away by the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Or if a breakdown has come unexpectedly they can obtain new health through this same medicine. Mrs. M. Thomas, River street, Toronto, says: "For several years I was almost a constant invalid, unable to do my housework and spending much of my time in bed. My nerves seemed worn out and I was so run down that all my friends thought I was in a hopeless decline. I was as pale as a corpse; I was so bloodless that if I cut my finger it would not bleed; my limbs were swollen far beyond their usual size. At the least exertion my heart would palpitate violently, and I frequently had fainting spells. I was under treatment by good doctors, but it did me no good. Then one day my husband brought home some Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I began taking them. They seemed to do the work of the trouble, and in the course of a few weeks the improvement they were making was quite plain. Gradually as I continued taking the Pills the swelling of my limbs disappeared; the weak spells came less and less frequently; my appetite greatly improved, and finally I was completely cured and able to do my housework with ease. Later, my daughter Elina seemed to be troubled with anaemia, and we gave her the Pills with the same good results."
Why suffer in any way when you can begin curing yourself to-day with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Torments of Tetters and Eczema Allayed.

The intense itching characteristic of eczema, tetters and like skin diseases is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Salve and many severe cases have been permanently cured by its use. For sale by all dealers.
Fortune doesn't always knock when a woman is having one of her bad days.
Here is a woman who speaks from personal knowledge and long experience, Mrs. P. H. Brogan, of Wilson, Pa., who says, "I know from experience that Chamberlain's Ointment is far superior to any other. For eczema there is nothing that excels it." For sale by all dealers.

Teacher (in a grammar school).

"What is the meaning of 'topaz'?"
"A topaz," said the boy, "is where the mules walk when they're drawing a canal boat."

Novelty.

My dear Doctor Wyman, "I got this mail and fastened home. The old Negro had been put to bed; the women were lying over the baby; the father was smoking a pipe on the porch."
In a few minutes the young doctor, who drove a fast nag, came in with his traveling case.
"Go right in; the baby's by the fire," said the farmer, waving his pipe. The doctor went in. He came out immediately, almost choking with sudden anger, and leaned over the father.
"What sort of a creature do you call that—that—for a high-class practitioner—to—"
The farmer interrupted, with a sweet seriousness.
"My dear Doctor Wyman," he said, "that is merely a human baby—just the regular sort that human mothers bring into the world."
"That thing!" shouted the young doctor so loudly that the boy and the women heard him. "Why, that's nothing but a nigger baby. I consider this an insult, sir. I won't attend to dians, Chinese, niggers, dagos, and such cattle!"
The farmer rose and put a strong hand upon the young man's shoulder.
"He will listen to me," he said, dropping into the familiar speech of his boyhood. His wife, hearing, smiled to herself; she knew that it meant perfectly controlled emotion, seldom awakened, but always irresistible. The neighborhood used to say that he "always wore his Quaker talk."
"This will listen," he went on, low-voiced, intense. "The knots that once did graduate, The State did educate these. And these did take the great Hippocratic Oath. Hast thou forgotten its meaning, Or didst sever from that the knowledge is not thine to refuse? Go thou in the house and fight for that baby's life as if it were the last of thy own brother!"
The young doctor shivered and colored, but he was not yet quite conquered.
"But you got me here under false pretenses," he said, "Why didn't you write me that it was a nigger baby?"
A look of complete surprise crossed over the farmer's face.
"So I ought, young man," he answered. "But the fact is, it never occurred to me, I noticed that the baby was black, and when I clean forgot it. That was foolish, of course, but really, now, I supposed all there was to be said to a nice neighborhood doctor was that it was a baby—and a mighty sick one!"
"Say no more!" the young man cried, and led the way back into the room, took hold of the case, stayed all night, and pulled the baby through.
After breakfast the young doctor stood with the farmer, while the boy put his horse into the sulky. He was awkward and troubled, but he came up to scratch at last.
"There isn't any charge," he told the farmer. "Please say to your wife that I regret the way I spoke about it. That confounded youngster suffered just like any other baby. And when we felt safe about it, the mother caught my hand, and she said: 'You're a good man, Doctor; God bless you, you are!'"
The farmer shook hands with the young doctor.
"You certainly are more of a fellow traveler this morning than you were last night," he answered. "And I think you will do. Study our old Army doctor from Vermont when he comes back. He's wearing out, but he's a salut and a hero. Work with him, and you'll gradually get ready to be a place. It's a mighty big place to fill too."

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"But you got me here under false pretenses," he said, "Why didn't you write me that it was a nigger baby?"
A look of complete surprise crossed over the farmer's face.
"So I ought, young man," he answered. "But the fact is, it never occurred to me, I noticed that the baby was black, and when I clean forgot it. That was foolish, of course, but really, now, I supposed all there was to be said to a nice neighborhood doctor was that it was a baby—and a mighty sick one!"
"Say no more!" the young man cried, and led the way back into the room, took hold of the case, stayed all night, and pulled the baby through.
After breakfast the young doctor stood with the farmer, while the boy put his horse into the sulky. He was awkward and troubled, but he came up to scratch at last.
"There isn't any charge," he told the farmer. "Please say to your wife that I regret the way I spoke about it. That confounded youngster suffered just like any other baby. And when we felt safe about it, the mother caught my hand, and she said: 'You're a good man, Doctor; God bless you, you are!'"
The farmer shook hands with the young doctor.
"You certainly are more of a fellow traveler this morning than you were last night," he answered. "And I think you will do. Study our old Army doctor from Vermont when he comes back. He's wearing out, but he's a salut and a hero. Work with him, and you'll gradually get ready to be a place. It's a mighty big place to fill too."