

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY 11, 1917.

Editorial Brevities.

Stimulate food production to the maximum, reduce food consumption to the minimum, eliminate waste and aid in ship building were the key-words of Lloyd George's latest London speech.

With abundant grain in the country, both for home needs and for export, prices are not a matter of supply and demand, but of speculation. The circumstances call for war measures to protect the consumer.

An amendment has been introduced to the law governing the speed of automobiles and the amendment will make the conviction of offenders a much easier matter than hitherto. The previous law was far too vague and ambiguous. Let us hope that the new one will have some effect in keeping down the speed fiends.

The Houston, Maine, Post, in an editorial on "rearing daughters" says: "Another thing that makes us tired is the mother who goes to her daughter's room at 10 o'clock in the morning and says: 'Get up, dear, your breakfast is ready.' Our idea is that daughter ought to be fetching butter-cakes in from the kitchen at 7:30 and getting the old man in good humor for his day's work."

If, as Mr. Bonar Law says, the man on the farm is today contributing a more important part towards a successful termination of the war than the man at the front, it is up to the farmer of this and every other section to take into serious consideration the responsibility resting upon him, and make his plans for a bigger harvest than usual next autumn. Don't be a shirker in this respect.

The war is teaching us, or should be teaching us, great lessons. Terrible as are its effects, those who have faith in Canadian manhood hope and believe that the nation will emerge from this experience a stronger and better people. If the meaning of National Service is thoroughly grasped and properly understood, if the Government's call for information is responded to in the right spirit, the present year will be the banner year in Canada's history.

Throughout Nova Scotia generally there is a great falling off in the applications for marriage licenses, there being a number of districts in which not a single license has been issued during the past quarter. In the city of Halifax the decrease is very marked indeed. This does not promise well for the future progress of our Province. While this may be a question for the government to seriously consider it would not be a wiser thing to bonus the establishment of a home rather than the imposition of a rather stiff penalty as at present.

The Scotsmen of America.

(From the London Advertiser.) It is admitted that there are no more reliable or braver soldiers in the world than Scotsmen, Burns tells us: "Clap in his cheek a Highland gill, Say this is Royal George's will, And there's the foe; He has nae though but how to kill 'Twa at a blow."

After the great war is over it will be admitted by friend and foe alike that there is one soldier at least the Scotsman's equal—the Canadian. Those Canadians who have taken their part in the war have proved that to whatever extent fearlessness and bravery on the battlefield means true manliness, they are possessed of it to an extent as great as the men of any nation, past or present. To be a Canadian, will mean that you are a citizen of no mean country. Can da is the north part of America, as Scotland is the north part of Great Britain. James J. Hill said America would yet be ruled north of the St. Lawrence, Scotsmen occupy a proud position in the British nation and in the world. It is largely due to their splendid principles as individuals and as a nation. Andrew Carnegie is one of the very best specimens of the Scotsman abroad. He is a genuine lover of everything Scottish, but he delivered a speech to a St. Andrew's Society, November 30th, 1891, which contained a reference to Canadians that from now on to his last breath, he will regret. Listen to it:

"Who made the American nation? A little more than a century ago what was the American? A puny, miserable colonist; a dependent of another nation. He was nothing higher, nothing better than a Canadian—a man without a country, and, therefore but little of a man." When he reads of the splendid men whose deeds excelled the great deeds of the past, the charge of the Scots Greys, the charge of the Light Brigade, teeming with examples of collective and individual bravery, fighting for the cause of humanity, fighting for the brotherhood of man, he will see his great injustice, his great mistake, and, great soldiers as his native Scotsmen are, admit that the Canadians are the Scotsmen of America. As Scotsmen do not suffer by comparison with Englishmen, neither will Canadians suffer by comparison with Americans; in fact, he may even wish with Dendemonio, "that heaven had made all men such men," and blot out the reference from his speech forever.

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The Best Medicine For Little Ones. Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine a mother can give her little ones. They are gentle, laxative, mild but thorough purgatives—and are guaranteed by a government analysis to be absolutely free from opiates and other injurious drugs. Concerning them Mrs. Auguste St. Briens writes: "Enclosed find twenty-five cents for another box of Baby's Own Tablets. I had them the very best medicine a mother can give her little ones." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Halifax Military Hospital.

Such an interesting afternoon! How shall I tell you about it? It was the Halifax Military Hospital. It was the old garrison Hospital, built for Imperial troops after the Indian Mutiny. Yet better work was never done anywhere, or better results obtained, than is done and are obtained here.

At the beginning of the war there was just easy accommodation for 100 beds; now they are looking after 340; for since Canada began to have a navy, the old Sailor's Hospital has been changed into a school for the Cadets and this Military Hospital cares for returned soldiers, men on their way to the front, garrison men and sailors. It is the active treatment hospital and looks after all acute cases, all board cases, all the work and all the surgery for both army and navy. Think of it!

First let me introduce the matron, a veritable Florence Nightingale, who wears the ribbon of the South African war, the friend of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, is a friend of General Maude of Bagdad fame, and of every soldier in the Canadian Army. She knows every man in the wards and calls them all by their names—knows all about him, where he came from, where he has been and what he is going to do. I understand now what a C. A. M. C. captain meant when he told me that the most touching thing he had seen in England was the reverence of the men for the nursing sisters. I do not wonder, if they are all like the noble, kind-hearted women of this staff.

One thing only seems to make a frown and that is when a man has been expecting to be sent home to his own people and is delayed. But even here the man's welfare is the principal consideration—discharge and pension must be adjusted, warrants, transportation and escort arranged for and these things require time—just a little patience and all will be righted.

Here, in the corner in an invalid chair sat Smith, the pet of the hospital—wounded on the Messines Ridge, his thigh frightfully shattered by shrapnel. He had been months in Moore Barracks, and seven months here. "Happy, perfectly happy," he says with a wan smile, "wouldn't leave here on a bet." Next to him a hero from the Grise—you remember the Grise and its awful experience on the Atlantic Coast—tossed like a ball on the deck in the storm, his leg broken to splinters. He is sporting around now on crutches and just waiting for a walking stick. "Well, Timonius, and who are you?" "Just a homesick fero," and how his eyes dwindle at this joke on himself.

We enter the ward, just a hospital ward, but the history of the war is there—no longer on active service but knitting, sleeping, reading, doing fancy work.

And who is the lad with the fancy work? Well, just the same, he is working on a cushion top an original design of something that happened at sea. What does he know about it? Well, he was a Devon man who heard Drake's drum. He had been in the retreat from Antwerp, and in the Dardanelles, and two years and three months in the trenches at Gallipoli trying to take Acha Baba, and in the Jutland fight, and a year ago last Christmas they had bagged a Christmas box of seven submarines, and you may say it was all before breakfast if you like. Bless his heart! and he is just wishing the fleet would come back.

A lad from the Sea, two French sailors from Le Conde, a Greek, an Italian from Alberta, a 19th Battalion man who has the most wonderful belt ever, covered thick with badges from all branches of the Imperial Service. How the boys admire it! And so we might go on, but supper is served and we must not keep the men waiting. And, anyway, I have a special invitation to come back again.

Coal and Wheat.

The coal supply of the country, like the wheat supply of the country, is adequate for the needs of the country, and prices would be normal if drastic action was taken to prevent speculation. This is brief is the recorded opinion of a special investigation commission which investigated conditions for the United States Congress. Without legislation and if the public is again deceived into a scramble for early supplies in the fear of a panic, the commission sees danger of a continuance of high prices and a repetition of the experiences of the past winter. Under sane legislation and sane buying the usual summer discounts should and would obtain in the opinion of the commissioners, who report many prices at the mines as follows: Egg coal \$3.61 a net ton; stove, \$3.84, and chestnut, \$3.93. With reasonable transportation and profit charges it should be possible for dealers to market coal at rates much below those now prevailing and destined to continue unless ways and means are found to prevent speculation and to provide adequate transport. Speculation in the necessities of life, such as wheat, coal, etc., should be made impossible by legislation providing adequate profit to the producer and protecting the consumer against any and every form of extortion.

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Planting Time!

Don't let any ground go to waste this year. Now is the time to put your seeds in. Don't delay. We carry a full line of bulk and package Garden also Field Seeds. Deliveries are very slow this year so get yours before it is too late.

Canned Apples, large tins 25c. each. Dried Apples, extra good, at 8c. per pound.

Fresh Fish—always on hand. Fresh Meats—Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton. Sausages—made three times each week. Hams and Bacon—Home Cured and Smoked. Whole Dry Cod also Boneless Cod, Finnan Haddies, Bloaters.

Cucumbers, 10c. each. Spinach, 10c. lb.; Lettuce, 6c. head.

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Let's Take a Lesson From the Farm.

"I don't know much about farming but I do know that you can't reap harvests year after year unless you put something back into the land." Yet that is just what thousands of people in Nova Scotia are trying to do every day.

Back in the old days land was rich in Nova Scotia. Crops were big, Land seemed inexhaustible. No one even thought there could be a limit to the productivity of the soil. Harvest after harvest was taken and nothing was put back. It was great. Men who had struggled with the centuries-old worked land of Great Britain had the time of their lives.

Then Dame Nature stepped in. She is a most generous old lady, Dame Nature, if you treat her right. But if you don't—look out, for she has no use for either the selfish or the thoughtless. She had none with the Nova Scotians; She gave them a rude poke in the ribs. It was all over. The land was exhausted. And there was no appeal.

All over Nova Scotia to-day you can see these exhausted farms. You are familiar with them—long stretches of land so worked out that there is scarcely a stubble on them, surrounded by weather-eaten and empty farm-houses, sad and forlorn. Sometimes one may decri a few furrows and a broken-down, rusty plow lying in one as if the owner had suddenly decided it was no use to it was, and fled. Utter desolation.

From Cape North to Cape Sable, from Cumberland to Halifax, the exhausted farm is ever present. The visitor passing through in the train looks out of the car window and the picture of these desolate wastes remains with him; the tourist holidaying through in his automobile sees these farms and is repelled by them. One such farm takes away the delight of seeing many lands smiling with abundance. They will always be with us, permanent evidence of a past great folly, damning advertisements to the world of a criminal thoughtlessness.

Yet we have been drifting back into the same old ways. Not in the conduct of the farms, it is true, for we have learned our lesson. It has been a hard lesson to learn and we have suffered mightily in doing so, but we have learned it. Our farmers are second to none in their knowledge of scientific agricultural colleges and experimental farms; we have some of the finest farms in all Canada. Oh yes, we have learned our lesson.

But we have not learned that the same wasteful methods can be applied with equally disastrous results in other lines of endeavor. It is just as great folly for a man to think he can keep sending his money out of his community and keep getting money out of that community as to think he can keep taking crops off the land and still have an inexhaustible supply of nitrates, potash, and so on in the soil.

You can't keep sending your money out of your community to buy goods and expect your community to be prosperous. The drain is bound to be felt. Loss of business to the merchants in your community is going to be felt in the whole of the community. Sooner or later your own income is going to be affected. And make no mistake about it, that time is pretty close at hand. There has got to be a change in the old thoughtless methods. Are we able to apply to business in general the lesson taught us in our farming? Or, are we going to see our commercial and industrial enterprises gradually die as so many of our farms did?

Spend your money at home. Purchase your goods from the merchants in your own locality. BUY AT HOME. THIS IS THE GREAT BUY AT HOME MOVEMENT. BUY AT HOME.

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Throwing Stones. A CRITICISM OF THE CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND THAT IS POORLY BASED. These wives of soldiers are living better than when their husbands were at home! They are wearing better clothes! Their children are more warmly clad! They are actually in comfortable circumstances! Clearly, the Canadian Patriotic Fund is at fault. Clearly it is time for us to tighten our purse-strings. Why should we pay to make women comfortable, or their children warm, when their own husbands or fathers did not keep them so comfortable or warm? The idea of helping these people to be extravagant is preposterous! The men who administer the Patriotic Fund have no business judgment. And so on, and so on. It is the criticism of the Fund most commonly heard. And yet behind it lurks the fact that for every case where a soldier's wife betrays a taste for little things not wholly necessary to existence, there are a score who are suffering every cent they can against that day, certainly coming to thousands of them, when the breadwinner is reported dead or wounded, or the day coming to every other one, when he arrives home, and goes out to look for a job.

Germany's apology to Argentina for sinking an Argentine ship recalls the fact that several similar apologies were handed America, but sinking American ships continued to be a German pastime. By the way, why are no apologies offered Germany for the more than 400 ships sunk?

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The Cash Grocery AND MEAT MARKET. Fancy Biscuits a Specialty. SEEDS Garden Seeds in Packages and in Bulk. Fresh Salmon, Haddock, Cod, Halibut, Gaspareaux, Smelts, Smoked Fish, Haddies and Fillets. SPECIALS THIS WEEK: Cucumbers, Ripe Tomatoes, Lettuce, Radish and Spinach. PROMPT DELIVERY. PHONE 53. IT PAYS TO PAY CASH! FRANK W. BARTEAUX.

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