

THE ACADIAN.

Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors.

DAVISON BROS., PROPRIETORS.

Subscription price in \$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; 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application.

Readers who have not yet received their copy of this paper should apply to the publishers for the next subsequent issue.

NOTES.

Copy for new advertisements will be received up to Thursday noon. Copy for change 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.

T. L. HARVEY, Mayor.

A. E. COLWELL, 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 6.15 a.m.

Express west close at 9.00 a.m.

Express east close at 3.00 p.m.

Kentville close at 6.15 p.m.

E. S. ORAVELY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webster, Pastor. Services: Sunday, Public Worship at 11.00 a.m. and 7.00 p.m.

Sunday School at 10.00 a.m. Mid-week prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society, meeting on Sunday at 9.30 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 7 p.m. Sabbath 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. J. W. Frostwood, 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 Greenwood, 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. Evening 7.15 p.m. Wednesday Evening 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 Rectory.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome. Rev. R. F. Dixon, Rector. Geo. A. Pratt, | Warden. J. D. Sherwood, |

St. Francis (Catholic)—Rev. William Brown, P. F.—Mass 11 a.m. on the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—During Summer months open at special services—Sunday at 7 p.m. Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 9.30 a.m. Splendid class rooms, efficient teachers, men's bible class.

MASONIC.

St. Andrew's Lodge, A. F. & M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock. A. M. Warston, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

Andrews Lodge, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Hattie's Block. Visiting brethren at ways welcomed.

H. M. Warston, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.

Wolfville Division No. 5, of the United Brethren is meeting in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

FORSTERS.

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

This May Interest You.

Last year the sale of Pullman's Process fruit and ornamental trees increased 40 per cent in Nova Scotia because we deliver standard trees and to contract made. Our agents made money in proportion to the increase in sales. We want you to make a similar gain in Kings county.

Pay Weekly. Exclusive Territory. Write for terms.

PULLMAN NURSERY CO. Toronto, Ont.

LOOK AT OUR LINE

OF FELT HATS, untrimmed, at cost. We also offer at Greatly Reduced prices several Trimmed Hats in the Latest Styles.

W. C. DEXTER & CO. HERBIN BLOCK.

HARD COAL.

TO OUR CUSTOMERS: We are still doing a Coal business in Wolfville and solicit your orders. We have 700 Tons Hard Coal, in all sizes, due here this week. Orders for delivery from vessel will have our best attention.

BURGESS & CO.

Hutchinson's Express & Livery

UP-TO-DATE IN EVERY RESPECT. Buckboards, Barouches, Single and Double Carriages. Good Horses; Careful Drivers; Fair Prices. Teams at all Times and Coats. Baggage carefully transferred. Boarding Stables. Telephone No. 64.

T. E. HUTCHINSON, Prop., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats.

Good fitting coats mean a great deal to every woman. Our garments are made by the most up-to-date tailoring house in Canada and carry a style and finish exclusively their own.

Over 100 to choose from in Black, Brown, Blue, Green and Gray. Prices have been made to meet a quick sale.

LADIES' SUITS. Hand-in-hand with our coats goes a stylish tailor made suit. The effort we have made to get in touch with the smartest and best designs we feel will be appreciated by purchasers.

KNITTED COATS. We are showing our usual line in above goods at winning prices.

Millsley & Harvey Co., Ltd. PORT WILLIAMS, N. S.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY. Dr. A. J. McKenna. Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College. Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville. Telephone No. 43. Gas Administration.

Dr. J. T. Roach, DENTIST. Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office in Herbin Block, WOLFVILLE, N. S. Office Hours: 9-1, 2-5.

Dr. D. J. Munro, Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office Hours: 9-12 a.m.; 1-5 p.m. BARRIS BUILDING, Wolfville.

Leslie R. Fair, ARCHITECT. AYLESFORD, N. S. W. R. ROSSOR, E. C. BARRY W. ROSSOR, L.L.B. ROSCOE & ROSCOE BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. KENTVILLE, - - - N. S. Wolfville Real Estate Agency. Persons wishing to buy or sell apply to J. W. BELFRIDGE, Manager. Wolfville, April 27.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills. A reliable French purgative. Over 50 years ago its efficacy was established by the discovery of its ingredients. It is a safe and powerful laxative. It is not a medicine, but a natural product of the earth. It is not a medicine, but a natural product of the earth. It is not a medicine, but a natural product of the earth. It is not a medicine, but a natural product of the earth.

The Awakening.

Love touched my eyes, and I saw— I had been blind till then; The soul of the world had lain hid Under the mask of men.

BY MARIE NELSON THURGOOD.

'You'd better be,' Charley would declare heartily. 'I won't hear of anything being the matter with you, dad.'

'I guess it won't make much difference,' the old man said once wistfully. Charley turned upon him sharply. 'Look here, dad—there's something the matter!' he cried anxiously.

The old man brushed up impatiently. 'Of course not, Charley,' he declared. 'Yet, somehow, was Charley's back turned before he had fallen into the apathy that was creeping so steadily upon him.'

And then, in a day, it was all changed—a day when the old man wandered nervously about the yard, looking up at darkened windows. It was ten o'clock when Charley, his young face white with the pain of the hours, beckoned him upstairs.

'She is coming through all right,' he whispered, 'and dad—look here, I want dad to take it first, nurse.' The nurse put the bundle with the tiny crumpled red face at one end of it, into the old man's arms.

'It's a girl,' he said. It sounded like a prayer. 'Why dad—how did you know?' Charley cried. 'I know'd it. I just know'd it,' his father answered. His arms had closed about the little bundle as if he had carried it all his life.

From that day life awoke again for the old man, sweeping in a great tide that carried all the cloudy places of his heart. One night he had fancied the two living in some secret world of their own—the old man and the tiny girl—so completely did they seem to content each other. Louise was half jealous, half approving. She was coaxing Charley to take part in the politics of the little city now, and her days were full of the absorbing occupation of making new acquaintances.

Little Louise was three years old when her mother's ambitions reached their flowering. Charley was elected mayor of the city. It was a very small city, but he was a very small city; Charley laughed at his little child, great though the achievement seemed to her, could imagine the old man's pride. He talked on it by day to little Mary, and brooded happily over it at night. He had always known Charley would be a great

FOR SALE.

The property an Gaspareau Avenue, lately occupied by Mrs. Foshy. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply for terms, &c. to MRS. A. GREEN, Wolfville.

The Best Resorts Along the South Shore Are reached by the Halifax & South Western Railway. Lockeport, Shelburne, Chester, Hubbards, Barrington. And all the other incomparable summer resorts for Trout and Salmon Fishing.

Caledonia is the gateway to the finest resort in the peninsula—Lakes Rossignol and Kojimikjick with their unexcelled, and especially unexcelled, tributary waters. For illustrated booklets and general information write P. MOONEY, Gen. Pass Agent, Halifax.

But not even the thought of little Mary could bring healing just then. The old man looked at her in pathetic bewilderment. 'I guess I ain't fully got it through my head yet,' he said.

'But don't you see that you can't, father? There is only one hotel and that would be full because the G. A. R. people are coming down. And Mrs. Jennings only invited us—now don't go and take it hard, father. You will spoil everything!'

The old man drew a gasped breath. 'I won't take it hard,' he promised solemnly. 'I just didn't understand you was talking about that.'

The old man was unwaveringly silent at supper, not that his spoke often at any time, but he usually had some few words to say to Charley about the matter. Charley noticed that he looked white, and did not eat but his father turned it off. It was just the heat he said. He'd be all right to-morrow.

As a matter of fact he did seem much more like himself in the morning, to Louise's relief. She had had a bad hour the night before making it clear to Charley why his father couldn't go. Charley wanted to find a place for him to stay over night; he was really hurt when Louise declared that she didn't think father cared much about it.

'Dad always cares,' he declared. 'But he's getting old,' Louise persisted. 'You don't realize—the crowds'

start without a bit of breakfast. He tiptoed softly down stairs that he might not wake the cook, but partly from anxiety over the time, and partly from fear of detection, he took only cold coffee and bread. A few minutes later he was out in the fresh summer dawn, on his way to hear Charley.

The people around him, amazed at first, were soon watching sympathetically, catching with a crowd's keen instinct, the drama being acted before them. When the colonel, stopping abruptly, said that boy of over forty years ago is here to-day—I've seen him in the audience, and I want the privilege of showing you a hero, who not only stood the fires of battle, but with his hat pulled over his eyes, he was sure that he would escape notice; he would sit so that someone would hide him from Louise.

Slowly at first, and then more and more rapidly, people began to come. By ten o'clock all the seats about him were filled and the park was full of grey crowds. Presently there came the sound of a band; the old man's head went up excitedly; the people about him rose to look and he rose too, peering eagerly between the bobbing heads. The band came first, a company of local militia, then a few straggling lines in the old army blue, and after them the carriages, with the speakers and guests. The old man strained his dim eyes to see. Yes, there was Charley at last—Charley and three other men—two were middle-aged—pleasant, smiling, pompous, but the third with a keen, brown face like an old eagle. The old man sank back on the bench trembling with excitement. His Colonel! He had not seen him for fifty years, and age had done heavy work, but he would have known him anywhere. He would have given all he possessed to grasp his hand once more, but for Charley's sake he must slip away unscathed. The excitement ebbed, leaving him weak, but determined. Not for anything 'life' could offer, would he disgrace Charley.

The guests with much settling and unsetting, were finally seated and the exercises began. To Charley's father it was all the idle sounding of a summer day till Charley stepped forward. The old man hitched to the edge of the seat and curved one hand over his best ear. In his excitement he pushed his hat back, but instantly pulled it down again with a glance of terror toward Louise. She was looking at Charley and did not see him.

Charley's pleasant voice rang out over the crowd—'Mr. Chairman—patriots and friends—' It was a good speech, not brilliant, but clear and straightforward, with a simple friendliness that captured his audience, so that the applause was general and hearty. The old man thumping his cane excitedly, did not realize that he was carrying it on after everybody else had dropped till his next neighbor angrily told him to quit for heaven's sake. He looked around dazed, but the next moment the world had fallen from him, for the man who stepped forward at the speaker's introduction was his colonel. In a few brief, terse words—the speech of an man whose life lay in deeds but words, he spoke of the significance of the day, its duties and opportunities, then of the men and women whose heritage had left their successors a priceless heritage.

'One such hero,' he went on, 'comes back to my mind this minute, recalled, perhaps, by the name of the speaker to whom we have all listened with so much pleasure. He was a color-bearer in one of my regiments, a boy of twenty-three; and the place was Lookout Mountain.' He went on to describe the terrible charge in which the boy fell wounded, only to rise and plunge struggling on. Twice he fell and twice he struggled in his feet; men called to right and left of him—until he pushed on till above his colors touched the enemy's rampart.

'Why, father, you weren't planning to go!' The old man could not understand. 'I've bought a real pretty necktie,' he said, timid as he always was with Louise, yet eager, too, for Louise must appreciate that tie. Louise spoke sharply; she never had cared for her father-in-law, but she must have been far harder than she was to enjoy the task before her; but the thing was utterly impossible, anybody else would have seen that it was. She said it bluntly because her conscience raged itself upon the side of the trembling, eager old figure before her.

'But father, you can't go. I am sorry—I wish there had been any way to do it, but you see we are to go the night before and stay with Mayor and Mrs. Jennings—we couldn't possibly get over it that six o'clock train and the ten o'clock would be too late. But Mrs. Jennings invited only us—don't you see how it is, father?' All the light had faded from the old man's face, leaving it almost grey.

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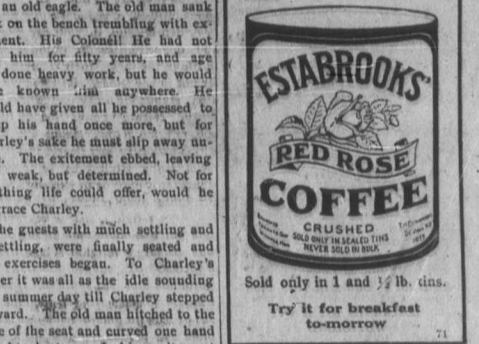
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Blending coffee is a fine operation requiring highly developed skill. The secret of that unusual richness and briskness in Estabrooks' Coffee is in the perfect blending of strength and flavor. It is a coffee for particular folk.

The undersigned begs to notify the public that he is now prepared to undertake patenting, paper-hanging, etc., of all kinds. Having had adequate experience he guarantees first-class work and entire satisfaction in every case. Orders may be left with Wolfville Decorating Co.

F. W. GODFREY, Wolfville, Mar. 9, 1910. Phone 86. Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed. Voicing, Regulating and Repairing. Organs Tuned and Repaired. M. C. Collins, O. B. Box 371, Wolfville, N. S.