

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. XVIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1899.

No. 40

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S.

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS OF five in advance \$4.00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Notices for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on receipt of advertising matter by guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The same of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAYTON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N.S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Office Hours, 9:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:15 a.m.
Express west close at 10:00 a.m.
Express east close at 4:00 p.m.
Kentville close at 6:40 p.m.
Geo. V. HARRIS, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Closed on Saturday at 11 p.m.
G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R. Hatch, M.A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:00 p.m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p.m. H. T. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:45, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 8:30 p.m. All seats free. Ushers at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL, HALIFAX.—Sunday at 7:30 p.m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. E. J. McMillan, M.A., Pastor. Services: Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School 9:45 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Chalmers Church, Ladies' Aid Society meets on Sunday at 10 a.m. Sunday School at 10 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E. Dunkie, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock, a.m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching at 2 p.m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Holy Communion at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a.m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.

REV. KENNETH C. BIRD, Rector.
Robert W. Morris, Warden.
Geo. A. Frost, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (B.O.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P.F.—Mass 11:00 a.m. on the first Sunday of each month at 7 o'clock p.m.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8. OFT. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 8:30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 7:30 p.m.

HEADQUARTERS
For Rubber Stamps,
Stencils, National
AND OTHER SEALS, Sign
Markers!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—
London Rubber Stamp Co.,
HALIFAX, N.S.

FOR SALE.

Dwelling House of 8 rooms, on upper Caspeaux Avenue, Outbuildings, & acres of land mostly covered with young orchard.

For particulars apply to
MRS J. B. DAVISON.

GLOBE
Steam Laundry
HALIFAX, N.S. 25

"THE BEST."
Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

SEE OUR

SPRING SUITS!

GOING FAST!

FROM \$12.00 UP
FOR TWEEDS.

WORSTED
\$18.00 AND UP.
Made to fit perfectly.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,

NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.
Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N.S.

NOTICE!

We have declined to handle the Massey-Harris implements this season as the company would not allow us to sell certain other implements which we consider superior.

We shall sell the latest improved Roller and Hall Bearing Horse Rakes, Disc and Spring Tooth Harrows, Plows, Cultivators, etc.

and guarantee satisfaction to every customer.

We wish to thank our friends for their patronage in the past and by fair dealing hope to merit a continuance of the same.

Write us for catalogues and prices.
STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,
WOLFVILLE, N.S.

Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

It was about 11 o'clock in the morning, and Malcom Kirk was up, as in his study. The boys were at school, and Faith, who had finished the high school, had been staying at home for two years helping her mother. "Mother, how does Gilbert manage to keep his coat across the back like that?" asked Faith, holding up that garment and looking at it with great astonishment.

Dorothy could not help smiling, although the next instant she sighed a little.

"He said one of the boys pushed him against a wire fence last Saturday while they were out fishing near the Perks."

"Well, the boy that did it ought to be made to wear it after I have mended it. That would be 'making the punishment fit the crime,'" said Faith, as she snatched the back of the coat with a big snort, and began to

try, but still evidently blocking the traces.

Malcom Kirk came out of his study at the top of the upper hall. "Is that Mr. Barnes, Faith? Tell him to come up."

Faith at once stepped aside, and a shabby-looking man came in. As he passed the door of the sitting-room he looked at Faith, and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Kirk." Then he ascended the stairs and entered Malcom's study. The door closed, and Faith went back to her work.

CHAPTER XIV.

As she picked up the coat she was looking at her mother closely, and could see that she was troubled.

"Mother," said Faith, suddenly, "I don't think people ought to impose on father the way they do. They know he would take everything he has and give it away, if we don't prevent him, and they just impose on his great-hearted generosity. And you and the boys have to suffer for it."

"Hush, Faith! Your father does what seems to him the wise and Christian thing to do. It is true that everybody in the county comes to him for help. But that is what makes his work what it is. There is no one else they think of that way." Dorothy spoke with the pride of twenty-five years' companionship with the man of her choice. She loved him not with deeper, truer devotion than she had ever known in her younger days.

Faith was silent a moment. "But how can father afford to give money to people? I don't think he ought to."

Dorothy did not answer at once. "If people need the help of money more than anything else, how else shall we help them? Sympathy and prayers don't seem to be enough in such cases."

"I think father might make Mr. Barnes a present of a box of soap," said Faith. "I am sure he needs that as much as the others he has come to see for."

"They are very poor," sighed Dorothy.

"So are we," replied Faith. "Or we shall be if we always give to everybody."

Dorothy did not answer this, and Faith picked up the coat and worked on in silence. She was evidently planning something serious in her mind. It was not the first time she had ventured to remonstrate about the habit her father had of helping all sorts of people. Until a few years past, Dorothy had not allowed a thought of the matter to disturb her. Malcom's salary was very small still.

The most rigid economy was necessary to keep the family expenses within the income. The annual income from his writings now amounted to about five hundred dollars, and a large part of it was given away, and Dorothy faced increasing difficulty each year in managing the household finances.

The study door stood open, and Malcom and his visitor came down stairs.

"I'm going out for a little while, Dorothy. Mrs. Barnes is very sick, and I am going over there. Don't wait dinner for me, if I'm not back before half-past twelve."

He kissed his wife and went out. Faith and her mother watched the tall heavy figure go out of the yard with the austere Barnes shambling after him. Malcom was growing gray, but he was erect and vigorous in his prime, and to those two women watching him out of the window, he was the best man in the world.

"I'd like to see anyone say anything against father!" said Faith decidedly, while an unusual tear came into her eyes. At the same time her mother and herself were wondering how Malcom ever found time to write his sermons or anything else.

"Can I see Mr. Kirk?" asked a voice that Dorothy recognized at once.

"No," said Faith, decidedly. "Father is in his study writing, and he ought not to be disturbed."

"But he told me to call to-day, and I want to see him very much."

"Did he tell you to call this morning?"

"Well, he said to-day. But I couldn't come at any other time."

There was silence a moment, while Faith stood holding the door uncertainly.

She went off to her own room that afternoon and brooded. When Faith brooded, something happened. And it was not altogether a surprise to Dorothy when a few days afterwards Faith announced her decision.

"Mother, I've made up my mind to go away and earn something for the family. I've tried every possible place here, and you know how it is."

Dorothy looked at the girl gravely, but did not say anything.

"I have been writing to Grace Halley, who went to Chicago a year ago to learn re-touching in Kellon's studio. She is earning as high as seventeen and eighteen dollars a week. She says there will be a vacancy there soon, and if I apply at once I may get the place. You know I have learned re-touching here, all they can teach me, and I like it. Mother, I can't stand it any longer to remain here at home doing nothing. The boys will soon want to go to college. I never cared about it. I want to be a photographer, or an architect, or a paper-hanger, or something useful. If father can't spare enough money to get me started, I can be in a position before the year is out to help the family. We never can break father of his habit of helping everybody, and I want to be self-supporting and help the rest, too."

This was a long speech for Faith to make, but it was the beginning of several family conferences, and the end of it all was that one day in winter of that year, Faith and her father went down to the station, and Faith took the express for Chicago. The arrangements had all been completed for her to enter the studio, where she was to receive eight dollars a week to begin with, and promise of rapid increase if the work was satisfactory.

"Good-bye, father. Don't give away your overcoat before you get home, will you?" Faith called out of the window, as the train started.

Malcom Kirk smiled and waved his hand and handed up an envelope to Faith. She managed to kiss his hand as she took the envelope, and then leaned back in her seat and cried.

When she opened the envelope, she checked for \$25 dropped out.

"This is a 'Youth's Companion,' my dear. You will find it good company on the road. Your father."

She was written hastily in a note with the check. Faith understood it was the price of a story Malcom had written for the Companion that fall. She tucked the check into her purse and cried harder than ever.

But when she found herself in Chicago next morning, she set herself resolutely and with courage toward her new life.

The work in the studio was extremely interesting to her. Her letters to the people at home were very interesting, and even funny. But after she had been in the city a few months, she was obliged to face a serious condition, one that she had not anticipated.

In the first place, it cost her nearly every cent of the eight dollars a week to live. But, as soon as she would, after consulting out rent, and fuel, and light, with what her clothes and car fare cost, with everything that must enter into the account of daily existence, she had very little left when Sunday came.

One day she realized with a shock that she had been obliged to draw on the \$25 check. She had used all the money her father had been able to spare. The work in the studio had for several weeks been piece work, and it happened that business was dull, and several weeks she had been able to earn less than five dollars.

Then came a crisis that she had not counted on. The studio changed hands, and the new proprietor began to cut down expenses and dismiss some of the retouchers. Faith was one of the latest arrivals, and one evening as she came down to the office from the little workshop under the roof, she was notified that her services would not be wanted after the next week.

She went out of the studio, and instead of taking the car as she usually was obliged to do on account of the distance to her room, she walked on until she was at the corner of Madison and State streets.

She plunged through that boiling

crowd of humanity, and started to walk up State street the four miles that yet lay between her and her room. And as she walked on, she was deeply thinking of what she should do. The idea of writing home for money was as distasteful that she could not bear to entertain it. Her lips closed firmly, and she said to herself, "I never will do it while I can live. I have made a failure out of it so far here, but I can't burden father and mother right now. I know how matters are going at home with all the expense there, and Herman's illness last month. No, no. I started out to be a bread-winner. I must earn my own living."

She was suddenly brought to a stop by a crowd that filled up the sidewalk in front of a large window. There was a picture on exhibition there, and Faith, after running into one or two people, seeing what was the object of attraction, stopped herself, and gradually was pushed up to the window as the crowd went and came.

It was an oil painting, with life-size figures, representing the deck of an ocean steamer. A man was holding a baby in his arms, and the baby was looking up into the man's face and smiling. The title of the picture in gilt letters on the frame was simply, "Motherless."

It was one of those pictures that appeal to a common humanity, and the crowd on the sidewalk was irresistibly drawn to it. But the effect on Faith was electrical. As soon as she had seen the face of the man on the canvas, she exclaimed aloud, "Why, that's father!"

These nearest her looked at her in surprise. She checked herself and was silent. But there before her was the likeness of Malcom Kirk as she had seen him in the sketch her mother had often shown her. And the story of the baby whose mother had died in mid-ocean was familiar to all the children at home.

She looked at the corner of the Francis Raleigh. A card in the window announced the fact that the picture was sold, and that the artist's studio was in one of the new blocks on Randolph street.

Faith pushed out of the crowd and went on her way. But the picture affected her deeply. The sight of the dear father protecting that motherless baby made her cry. And it also strengthened her purpose not to appeal for financial help from home. She could not have told why that feeling accompanied her sight of the picture. But it did, and she determined that she would make every effort to support herself without help from home.

The end of the following week found her without a place, and as she came away from the studio that Saturday evening she realized, as never before in her life, what it meant to a girl with no friends or a home to face a great city without work or means. She knew that she could go home at any time, or get help from that source if she asked for it. But how about the great army of unemployed that had not even that resort? She shivered as she turned down towards the great artery of the city's human traffic, and was swept along with it.

She went up by the window where the picture was still on exhibition, and there was the usual crowd in front of it.

She stopped again and looked hungrily at it. It was like getting a glimpse into the dear home circle in the parsonage at Currid.

It was, perhaps, a little strange that she had not entertained the idea of calling at Raleigh's studio and telling him that she was the daughter of his subject in the picture. But Faith was very shy in crime ways, and she simply never thought of trying to meet the artist.

As she stood there this Saturday night, two men in the crowd were talking about the picture. They stood so near her that she could not help hearing what they said.

"It seems too bad to take the picture out of the window."

"We can leave it there another week."

"When do you start west?"

"The last of next month."

"Better leave it till then."

"I think so, too. But what a force it has, Malcom."

Faith started at the familiar name, life,

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

and looked up.

The man who spoke was a middle-aged, gray-bearded gentleman, and the man whom he called "Malcom" was, perhaps, twenty-five years old, a stalwart, fine-looking fellow, with something in his face that made Faith puzzle over something foreign there. For an instant their eyes met. Then Faith blushed and moved back out of the crowd, and went on. She did not look back, but she seemed to feel that the two gentlemen were looking after her.

"They are the persons who have bought the picture and will take it away," she said as she walked along. She was sad at the thought, for she had come to cherish the look at the father's face, which she had enjoyed every day since she first saw it there.

During the next few weeks Faith had an experience that tried her as she had never been tried.

She visited scores of photographers' studios to get piece work. In some of them she would find waiting a dozen girls all on the same errand. She proved the value of her work on several occasions, for she had learned to do the retouching in a superior manner, and still, work so hard as she would, the orders she could get did not equal her expenses, which she had reduced to the lowest possible figures.

Only after an unobtrusive approach for orders in twenty places, thoroughly tired, for she had walked a good many miles, and the streets were running over with mud and snow.

She consulted over her money, and, for the first time, realized that she had reached the end. She was determined not to run in debt, although her landlady in the flat had been very kind.

She went down to a little news stand on the corner and bought an evening paper, and looked over the wilderness of "wants," and wondered how, in a city like that, anyone ever found anything to do. She envied the butcher's boy, who was just coming out of a market near by, and thought of asking him how he managed to get his position, while so many boys were probably without any.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Are You Still in Suffering and Misery?

HAVE CONTINUED DISAPPOINTMENTS MADE YOU DESPONDENT?

Faine's Celery Compound Guarantees Safety and Good Health.

There are thousands of well-meaning people in our Dominion who are either adding to their burden of physical suffering, or who are making so little progress in banishing disease from their bodies, that they are continually despondent and miserable.

The people who refer to are the men and women who are placing their confidence in the many advertised pills, tablets, sarsaparilla and nervines that have little or no medicinal value to commend them.

The tens of thousands in Canada who are at present using Faine's Celery Compound for the banishment of blood diseases, nervous affections, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints, are the wise and prudent. They have been guided by the advice of relatives, friends and neighbors, who have found new life, health and strength from Faine's Celery Compound.

The continued flow of testimonials from cured people is the strongest proof that Faine's Celery Compound is the only salvation of the sick, the one true friend that never disappoints when disease threatens life.

Are you, dear reader, one of the many disappointed ones, still in the death grasp of some serious ailment? If you are, we would counsel you to throw aside the useless medicines you are now using and give Faine's Celery Compound an honest trial.

The great medicine is a prescription of one of the chief medical men that ever lived, and is indorsed by the highest practitioners. You must use it if you would have a new and happy lease of life.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.