

THE ACADIAN
One Year for Any Address
for \$1.00.

The Acadian

No better advertising medium in
the Valley than
THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1904.

NO. 19.

THE ACADIAN. A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF ALL KINDS OF PLANTS!

Freeman's Nursery,
WOLFVILLE.

Roses, Carnations and
Other Cut Flowers.

Weddings and Funeral Designs
a specialty.

W. A. Freeman,
WOLFVILLE.

\$10 REWARD!

As we are under considerable expense in repairing street lights that are maliciously broken, we offer the above reward for information that will lead to the conviction of the guilty parties.

Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

ACADIA ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

Leslie R. Fair,
ARCHITECT,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Edwin E. Dickey, M. D.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Office: Two doors east of Manual Training Hall. Telephone No. 5.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. L. D. Morse, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.; Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:45, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Women'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 door to welcome strangers.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. E. M. Dill, R. D., Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville. Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. S. P. Johnson, 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. The seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

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. Evensong 7:15 p. m. Wednesday Evensong, 7:30 p. m. Special services at Advent, Lent, and Easter in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Pastor.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.

Rev. R. F. Dixon, Rector.
Robert W. Storrs, Warden,
Frank A. Dixon, Organist.

St. Francis (R. C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—Mr. N. Crandall, Superintendent. Services: Sunday, Sunday School at 9:30 p. m. Gospel service at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

MASONIC.
St. George's Lodge, A. F. & O. E. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.
Wolfeville Division S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

OVERSEA BAND OF HOPE meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.
Court Blomfield, L. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m.

REPAIRING STATION.
Bicycles repaired and cleaned. Lawn Mowers put in order. Locks repaired and keys fitted.

Bicycle Findings.
Alfred Suttie.

Fred H. Christie
PAINTER
AND
PAPER HANGER.

Best Attention Given to Work Entrusted to Us.

Orders left at the store of L. W. Shep will be promptly attended to.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Doctors first prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral over 60 years ago. They use it today more than ever. They

rely upon it for colds, coughs, bronchitis, consumption. They will tell you how it heals inflamed lungs.

It is a good and safe remedy for all these troubles. It is made of pure and healthful ingredients. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents.

One Ayer's Pill at bedtime insure a natural action next morning.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY CO.

ON AND AFTER OCTOBER 21st, 1903, trains will run as follows, connecting with trains of the D. A. R.:

Leave Toronto at 7:00 a. m., arrive in Windsor 9:05 p. m.

Leave Toronto at 3:15 p. m., arrive in Windsor 5:55 p. m.

Leave Toronto at 5:15 a. m., arrive in Windsor 9:05 p. m.

Leave Windsor at 7:55 a. m., arrive in Toronto 10:10 a. m.

Leave Windsor at 10:45 a. m., arrive in Toronto 1:45 p. m.

Leave Windsor at 5:45 p. m., arrive in Toronto 7:55 p. m.

H. V. HARRIS,
General Manager.

HERBIN,

Jeweler and Watchmaker.

A FULL LINE OF
Jewelry and Silverware.

Special Lines in
Amethyst Rings, Sterling Silver, Wedgwood and Souvenir China.

J. F. HERBIN,
Optician and Jeweller.
Wolfville, N. S.

BARBARA.

There where the pale green twilight brood,
With no world but God's solitude,
Between his face and mine—stranger.

It was a gray day. There had been no crimsoning gleam at sunrise, there was no hint of sunset glory now—nothing but a grey world creeping out to meet a greyer sky. The hills to the right, which yesterday had been wrapped in silver sheen and warm blue mist, were a wall of grey-green, the willows, a procession of mutes, grey-leaved, grey-robed and grey-veiled. The road along which the wagon creaked wearily, was but a grey ribbon untagging itself from wide stretches of grey prairie.

'It is starting to rain,' said Walter Preston, letting down the curtain of the covered wagon, 'and we've a mile or so yet to cover.'

'A little rain isn't going to hurt you,' said his wife of three weeks, saucily.

'I'm not thinking of myself.' They looked at each other and smiled. The smile told the story. Their his arm slipped about her waist. 'Nearly home, my girl,' adding as an afterthought, 'though there's no home till we make it.'

'Isn't it a still world?' she said at length. 'We seem to be wrapped up in silence, curtained off with it, covered over with it. Are you lonely, Walter?'

A vigorous shake of the head. 'I have you. Adam didn't do much for me in Eden to keep him company, and do the bossing. He wasn't dead anxious to give a garden party, eh?'

They both laughed. What did they care that the little lakes dotting the landscape were but sombre grey eyes staring miserably up at a greyer sky; that the gulls flying lonesomely homeward were grey; the wild duck swimming among reeds and rushes were grey; that the rain itself was grey; that the grey land stretches itself out so desolately in the dusk it would seem that God must have made it, and then forgotten it, and left it to its loneliness, its virgin strength, and its awful stillness.

'Here we are!' The covered wagon drew up at the foot of a small hill. The man jumped out, and assisted the woman in her somewhat petulant descent over the front wheel. 'Welcome to the hill. We'll have it up this week if all goes well.'

She was tall, with a soft rounded figure. The eyes she turned on her surroundings were blue and very beautiful. He watched her with some anxiety. Would she regret, ever so little, leaving home, kindred, the friends of a lifetime for this place—and him. As if reading his thoughts, she said:

'I'm to be architect, remember. You're only the builder. It must stand a little cornerwise.'

'Why not facing the road squarely?'

'There, you are interfering with the architect's plan already. I want it cornerwise so that I can look from any of its four windows and watch you at your work. Just the two of us, Walter!'

'Just the two of us, darling,' with a tremor in his voice. She was such a brick, this little blue eyed wife of his.

She broke into a peal of laughter—surely the sweetest sound that had ever stirred the grass and sage. 'I'm thinking of father's. Lost, a pair of lunatics,' she explained.

'Your friends were all against you coming out to this new land,' he said, but she wouldn't listen. 'I know what they said: "Two young folk with only love, and poverty and inexperience to begin with." But we'll thrive here, I feel it. Ten years from now we'll have changed our inexperience for wisdom and our poverty for a competence.'

'And our love for the friends who interfere so many married people entertain for each other, eh?'

'Oh, no! The red lips were a challenge. He kissed her then and there.

'Our love for nothing under heav-

deep yellow. This great stretch of grain is a sea of gold with ripples running to some far-off shore. There is a glimmer in the air. The turbid river has golden lights on its bosom; a little craft shooting out from shore has cloth of gold for sails. Oh, the harvest dawn! There is a golden glory in the heavens above, as though God, with His own right hand, did gently throw upon a golden world a golden day.

In the big white house on the hills sits Barbara, but not the Barbara of old. This one has no roses in her cheeks, no laughter in her lips. She is pale as the lace at her neck, and her eyes are bitter. She is writing a letter, a letter ending with:

'I'm tired of it all and I'm going home. You've grown to care for nothing but land and money. We have had no real life for years. Once you had time to think of higher things than riches; had time to care for me; but that was before this awful greed hardened your heart and made you what you are—a man who has lost his ideals of honesty, a husband who has lost his love for wife and home. I've long since given up hope of winning you back. Disappointment, heartache, the monotony of the life is killing me. If heaven had seen fit to spare me my children I could have borne anything, but I'm alone and suffering. I'm going home; you will not miss me; home means as little to you as love, or religion, any more. I've lost all heart. Good-bye.'

She put that good-bye down without a tear. Truly she is changed. She goes outside, but her eyes are blind to the beauty of the golden day. Walter has not been home for a week. He is a business man with many interests. As leading member of a firm of grain buyers he is engrossed night and day.

The clang of rapers fills the air. His men are beginning the harvest. Directly behind the big new house stands the little old one, and she takes her way to it. It has been her pleasure to keep the place unchanged; here is the retained corner, there the shelves in the wall, yonder the box of keepsakes. It is beside this box she pauses. From it she takes, first of all, the fat diary book, full of the records of their life together, and reads listlessly.

'Our house is completed. It is exactly as large as my study at home. I know, because I've the study carpet down, and it covers the floor beautifully. The bedroom is curtained off with chenille curtains, but I have, besides, what I call an emergency bed right under the rafters. When the weather is too bad for the hired man to sleep in his tent I rig this up for him. It is rather rickety and I often hold my breath for fear he and his snores and the emergency bed will topple down together. We've papered our walls with startling groups from the 'Lady's Pictorial,' scenes from Shakespeare, and portraits from 'Men and Women of the Century.' The artistic combination lends quite an air to the house. The Indians in particular seem struck with it.'

'Oh, the joy of a one-room house! In after years I'll not need to go round saying farewell to drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen and hall. I'll just stand in the middle of this door, open my arms wide and cry: Oh, happy place, filled to the roof with memories, no other home can ever seem so dear!'

She lifts her weary eyes and stares about her. To go back and begin all over again. She turned over several leaves and read on:

'Too busy to write much since baby came. She is very frail and precious. I have Teddy in pants, though he's only three. Teddy is a dear, with dark eyes, and cheeks like two red apples. Poor Walter is so busy he can hardly take time to be proud. He hopes to have five hundred acres in grain next year. The new house is begun, but I am not its architect.' She is crying now, the hot tears roll down her cheeks and splash upon the book. Someone lays a hand on her bowed head. 'Barbara, says a voice—the voice of a lover she had once upon a time: 'Barbara, I want you, I need you—help me.'

Up comes the red-brown head, up come the eyes, not heavy or bitter now. 'Yes, Walter,' she says, 'tell me what is wrong.'

'I found your letter, it broke my heart—it is true—true. When we came here I was full of good resolves, but the lust for land and money gripped me. And now, after all my scheming and working, I'm a poor man. I've lost everything; the company has gone to the wall, and my wealth with it. Can you bear to begin over again?'

'Listen,' it is the old Barbara speaking. 'I long to go back to the old days of peace, and prayer, and power-

Sick Blood

Feed pale girls on Scott's Emulsion.

We do not need to give all the reasons why Scott's Emulsion restores the strength and flesh and color of good health to those who suffer from sick blood.

The fact that it is the best preparation of Cod Liver Oil, rich in nutrition, full of healthy stimulation is a suggestion as to why it does what it does.

Scott's Emulsion presents Cod Liver Oil at its best, fullest in strength, least in taste.

Young women in their "teens" are permanently cured of the peculiar disease of the blood which shows itself in paleness, weakness and nervousness, by regular treatment with Scott's Emulsion.

It is a true blood food and is naturally adapted to the cure of the blood sickness from which so many young women suffer.

We will be glad to send a sample to any sufferer.

Be sure that this picture is the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE,
Chemists,
Toronto, Ontario.

His Qualifications.

An advertisement in a newspaper calling for a "First-class Bookkeeper, at \$3.00 a Week," drew forth the following answer:

'I am a young man, thirty-seven years of age, having had a business experience of twenty-five years as Cashier at Madagascars, and feel confident, if you will give me a trial, I can prove my worth to you. I am not only an expert bookkeeper, proficient stenographer and type writer, excellent operator and erudite college graduate, but have several other accomplishments that might make me desirable. I am an experienced snow shoveler, a first-class pen-nut roaster, have some knowledge of removing superfluous hair and clipping puppy dog's ears, have medal for reciting "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," am a skillful chiropodist and practical farmer, can also cook, take care of horses, crease trousers, open oysters and repair umbrellas. Being possessed of great physical beauty, I would be ornamental as well, tending to the sacred precincts of your office that delightful charm that a Salsuma vase or a stuffed ibis-goat would. As to the salary, I would feel that I was robbing the widow and swiping the sponge-cake from the orphan if I was to take advantage of your munificence by accepting the too fabulous sum of \$3.00 per week, and I will be entirely willing to give you my service for less, and by accepting \$1.37 per week would give you an opportunity of not only increasing your donation to the church, pay your butcher and keep up your life insurance, but also to found a home for indigent fly-paper salesmen and endow a free bed in a cat home.'

The Bloom of Health.

Little children always need careful attention—but they do not need strong drugs. When any ailment comes they should not be drugged to insensibility by the so-called "soothing" medicines, nor should they be given strong nauseous, gripping purgatives. The very best medicine in the world for such troubles as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, colds, worms, simple fevers and teething troubles is Baby's Own Tablets. If your little ones suffer from any of these troubles give them the Tablets and see how quickly they will bring back the bloom of health. Give the little ones an occasional dose of the Tablets and you will keep them well. Mrs. Robert Hanna, Elgin, Ont., has proved the truth of these statements and says:—'I had Baby's Own Tablets the best remedy for indigestion and teething troubles.' The Tablets cost 25 cents a box and may be had from druggists or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Life is not so short but there is time for courtesy.

This Weather Breeds Fever and Pneumonia

Thousands of Sick People Seeking Admittance to Overcrowded Hospitals: Take Warning and Keep up Your Strength.

A tour of the hospitals in the large Canadian cities shows a surprising number suffering from different complaints brought on by the present unhealthy weather.

The winds are full of searching dampness and loaded with myriads of germs just waiting for a favorable opportunity to fly down your throat. If your vitality is low these germs are sure to break out in some malignant disease.

To avoid sickness you must keep up your strength. Increase your appetite. Get as much nourishment into the blood as possible. Store up a reserve of vigor.

How can it be done? Very easily, with Ferrozene, which revitalizes all the functions of the body, stimulates the formation of pure, rich blood, invigorates digestion and renews the endurance of the whole system.

You can ward off sickness and fight disease with Ferrozene because it is a food tonic that supplies building material for exhausted tissues. This assures firm, hard flesh, strong sinews, builds up your system to such a vigorous, healthy state that sickness is almost impossible.

If you feel the need of a bracing tonic, something that will awaken your dormant energies and send a stream of strong healthy blood dancing through your veins, try Ferrozene and see how quickly you will improve and gain in weight, health and spirits.

Mrs. P. C. Spencer, of Beverley, P. Q., writes—'About a year ago I was greatly run down. I suffered from severe headaches and felt so completely worn out and depressed that I thought I must have walking typhoid. My appetite was poor and my color was pallid, indicating that my blood was too thin. I found Ferrozene just what I needed. It increased my appetite and made me stronger. The feeling of languidness disappeared. After using Ferrozene a few weeks I felt like a new woman. It made me strong and healthy. No medicine did me so much good as Ferrozene.'

Far better to take Ferrozene than to let your health run down. Get it to-day. Look out for substitutes and insist on having nothing but Ferrozene. Price 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50, at all druggists or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

For your chapped hands get some nice white mutton suet. Put it in a bowl, and set the bowl in a dish of hot water on the stove. Let it stay there until it melts, then strain through cheese-cloth into wet cups. When cold, turn the balls out and put them away for use. They will be found quite as valuable for chapped hands and cracked lips as most of the cold creams sold in the drug stores at twenty-five cents a box.

Leather belts are worn much wider than heretofore. Belts of soft material, such as satin, silk and velvet, are very pretty, and may be made the width to best suit the figure. The broad bodice is shown for the slender figure, cut wide and pointed in the front. For the stout person the soft, narrow belt has a prettier effect.

Hot milk is a most nutritious beverage, a real luxury, the value of which but few people know. Many who have an abundance of milk never think of using it as a drink, or rather as an eatable; for we should eat milk instead of drinking it—that is, take it in small sips.

Plats will again be worn to a great extent, with trimmings of the plain cloth and velvet.

what of the future?

Do you want to be better off than you are now? In your old age do you wish to live in ease and comfort? In the event of your death do you wish your family to enjoy in some degree the comforts you can now provide for them!

Apply at once for a policy with THE ROYAL VICTORIA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

TO-DAY you are in good health:— BUT WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

JOHN T. PURDON,
General Agent
Wolfville, N. S.

C. M. VAUGHN
F. W. WOODMAN

Wolfville Coal & Lumber Co.,
GENERAL DEALERS IN
Hard and Soft Coals, Kindling-Wood, Etc.

Also Brick, Clapboards, Shingles, Sheathing, Hard and Soft Wood Flooring and Rough and Finished Lumber of all kinds.

AGENTS FOR
The BOWKER FERTILIZER CO.,
BOSTON.
And Haley Bros., St. John.

Do You Want Money?

The Nova Scotia BUILDING SOCIETY.

Can supply you at the lowest rates and on most advantageous terms.

95 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX.
C. H. LONGGARD, Sec. Teas.

W. F. PARKER,
AGENT,
Wolfville, N. S.

'In the Good Old Summer Time'
everyone drinks
Morse's Empire Extra
Because it is the BEST TEA on the Canadian market to-day.

For sale only by
E. J. BOWLES,
MAIN STREET.

HOUSE TO LET.
On Central Avenue, all modern, completely furnished with all the modern improvements. Both rooms. Rent \$10.00 per month. Apply to C. S. NEWAY.

Most Dreadful of Skin Diseases

A chronic case of Dr. Chase's Ointment cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

That Dr. Chase's Ointment is a thorough cure for the most aggravated forms of itching skin disease is proven in hundreds of cases similar to the one described in the following letter:

Mr. G. H. McCONELL, engineer in Piquette's Foundry, Aurora, Ont., states:—'I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold. For about thirty years I was troubled with eczema, and could not obtain any cure. I was so embarrassed as to have blood poison, and this developed into eczema, the most dreadful of skin diseases.

'I was so bad that I would get up at night and scratch myself until flesh was raw and falling. The torture I endured almost beyond description, and now I cannot say anything too good for Dr. Chase's Ointment. I had used many, and I recommended it because I had found it to be a good cure for itching skin.'

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 50 cents a box, at all druggists—Edmonton, Hates and Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

UNBLEND TEA IS THE BEST.

HARRY W. deFOREST,
IMPORTER AND BLENDER,
ST. JOHN, N. S.

It is by supplying the best that I have secured the patronage of intelligent tea drinkers all over Eastern Canada.

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