

THE ACADIAN.

Published every Friday morning by the
Proprietors,

DAVIDSON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in
advance. If sent to the United States,
\$1.50.

Newspapers from all parts
of the country, or articles upon the topics
of the day, are cordially solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.
\$1.00 per square (2 inches) for first
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Copy for new advertisements will be
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Advertisements in which the number
of insertions is not specified will be con-
tinued and charged for until otherwise
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This paper is mailed regularly to sub-
scribers until a definite order to discon-
tinue at the post office 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. OLDWELL, Town Clerk.

OFFICE HOURS:
8.00 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 6.00
a. m.
Express west close at 9.45 a. m.
Express east close at 4.00 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.55 p. m.
E. S. CHAPMAN, Post Master.

CHURCHES.
BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber,
Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching
at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.;
Sunday School at 9.30 a. m.; B. Y. P.
U. prayer-meeting on Sunday evening
at 8.15, and Church prayer-meeting on
Wednesday evening at 7.45. All
the saints are free and strangers welcomed
at all the services. At Greenwell, preaching
at 3.30 p. m. on the Sabbath.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Pastor, Andrew's Church,
Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday
School at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on
Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Church
Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship
on Sunday at 9 p. m. Sunday School at
10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at
7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. W.
Prestwood, Pastor. Services on the Sab-
bath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath
School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meet-
ing on Wednesday evening at 7.45. All
the saints are free and strangers welcomed
at all the services. At Greenwell, 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 Sunday
at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m.
Evangelist 7.30 p. m. Special services
in Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in
church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Super-
intendent and teacher of Bible Class, the
Rector.

All saints free. Strangers heartily wel-
comed.

Rev. E. F. Dixon, Rector.
Geo. A. Pratt, Warden.
J. D. Sherwood.

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 7 p. m., Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. Sunday
School at 2.30 p. m. Bjendell class rooms,
efficient teachers, men's bible class.

MASONIC.
No. 1000, L. O. O. F. & A. M.,
meets at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 7.30 o'clock.
A. M. WEBSTER, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.
GRAND LODGE, No. 62, meets every
Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall
in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren al-
ways welcomed.
Ch. E. F. MOORE, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION, No. 8, of T. M. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall at
7.30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.
Court Hamilton, I. O. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the third Wednes-
day of each month at 7.30 p. m.

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Property on Main street occupied
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and has been made under the personal supervision since its infancy.
Allow no one to deceive you in this.
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but
traps to catch the ignorant and endanger the health of
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and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the
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The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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Office Hours: 9-1, 2-5.

Dr. D. J. Munro,
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental
Surgeons. Office in
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Barss Building, Wolfville.
Leslie R. Fair,
ARCHITECT,
AYLESFORD, N. S.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES, ETC.,
KENTVILLE, N. S.

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EXPERT OPTICIAN,
WOLFVILLE.

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Organs Tuned and Repaired.
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F. J. PORTER,
Licensed Auctioneer,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Will hereafter accept calls to sell in any
part of the county.

FOR SALE.
The property on Gaspeuse
avenue, lately occupied by Mrs.
Fosbury. Will be sold at a bargain.
Apply for terms, &c. to
MRS. A. GREEN,
Wolfville.

Come To Me Little One.

Come to me little one, drowsy and dear,
Marian will wrap me her darling white,
I am so lonely when twilight is here,
Lie on my bosom and snuggle and snore.

I have no little one, dearie, like you,
No little head to hold close in the night,
No one to dream of the lonely hours through
No one to wake for when God sends the light.

But now are real, and all snuggles are true—
Life is so full of baby like you!
All things are wonderful under the sun,
Would they might be so when childhood is done.

Wide little eyes that are questioning me,
Life is so strange to you than to me,
The secret worth knowing I never shall see,
The end of the rainbow I never shall see.

So, little drowsy one, snuggle and snore,
Lullaby, baby, lullaby—
There always is peace in the dream that you
Lullaby, little one, lullaby—
—Ella Parker.

Swinging Bridge.

BY EMMA HOWARD WRIGHT.

(Continued.)
She lifted her eyes then and looked
at him strangely, as she replied:
"Yes, I will become your wife."

"With an exclamation of joy, he
stopped, drew her into his arms and
kissed her passionately.

A tinge of color crept into her pale
cheeks, then, very gently, she with-
drew herself from his arms and said:
"Come, let us go on," she said,
and in her eyes, as they lingered upon
his radiant face, there was a look like
pity.

They left the hill and walked along
the road beside the creek for a time in
silence.

"When will you marry me, Mary?"
he asked at length, turning eagerly
toward her.

"Oh, not for a long time," she re-
plied shrilly. "It is much too
soon to think of being married."

"Too soon to think of being mar-
ried?" he laughed, joyously. "I don't
see that at all. I have been thinking
of it for years."

"You have always been sure that I
would marry you?" she asked.

He flushed a little, then he laughed
again.

"Why, yes, I thought you would
after you grew tired of flirting with
me," he replied. Her eyes still lingered
upon his face with an expression
he could not fathom. She was won-
dering if he would really marry her
if he knew the truth.

"Perhaps you think I am too much for
granted," he remarked, after a moment,
glancing at her deprecatingly. "But
you have known right along that I
loved you and every one expected you
to get married some day," he added,
triumphantly.

She smiled faintly. "Then it appears
that every one has done what you have
done—taken things very much for granted!"
she declared.

"Well, so it seems," he admitted.
"But you haven't told me, Mary, when
you will marry me. There is no reason
for delaying our marriage. I shall be
quite able to support a wife very
comfortably. Stephen has said he
will make over to me a half share in
the farm when I marry."

"A silence, then the girl said, tense-
ly:
"He is very generous."

"Generous!" Ernest repeated the
word slowly, and a change came over
his face. The light, the happiness
which had been in his eyes, faded
out of it. He remembered that
when in his happiness he had forgot-
ten—how generous Stephen was. Oh,
far more generous than the girl walk-
ing at his side had any conception of!

He glanced at her furtively. Would
she have consented to become his wife
if she knew? He put the question
aside. He dared not seek to find the
answer to it.

He walked on, silent and miserable,
but Mary, absorbed in her own
thoughts, did not notice the change
in him. It was not long, however,
before Ernest rallied from his depres-
sion.

This May Interest You
Last year the sale of Pullman's Peer-
less Fruit and Ornamental Trees increased
40 per cent in Nova Scotia because we
delivered standard trees and to contract
growers. Our agents made money in pro-
portion to the increase in sales. We want
you a reliable agent for Kings county.
Pay Weekly. Exclusive Territory.
Write for best terms
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commodiously furnished. Situation and
views unsurpassed in Halifax. Within five
minutes ride by street cars to the centre
of the city.
Terms—\$2.00 to \$2.50 per day, accord-
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Along the South Shore**
Are reached by the
**Halifax & South
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resorts for

Trout and Salmon Fishing
Acadia is the gateway to the finest
salmon in the peninsula—Lakes Rossignol
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eral Agent, Halifax.

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ralgia.

Minard's Liniment for sale every-
where.

"What is the use of my worrying?"
he asked himself with characteristic
selfishness. "That won't mend mat-
ters. And Stephen wants me to be
happy or he would never do what he
is doing for my sake." He turned
again to the girl, smilingly, and look-
ed at her. "Yes, Stephen is very gen-
erous," he said. "And you see there
is no obstacle in the way of our mar-
riage."

She did not appear to hear him.
She was staring straight before her,
and he saw the color come into her
face and then die away again, leaving
her paler than before.

Ernest's eyes looked here and he
—Stephen coming toward them on
Lillian's little white pony.

Ernest smiled, as he released Mary's
hand.

"You are afraid that Stephen will
see me making love to you," he said.
She half stopped and looked at him.
"Tell him," she said.

"Tell him what?" Ernest asked, a
little bewilderedly.

"Tell him that I have promised to
become your wife."

"Ernest started a little.

"Do you mean that I am to tell him
now?" he asked.

"Yes, tell him—now," she replied.
By that time Stephen had reached
them. He lifted his hat and reached
for her hand, but Ernest stepped
between them with a gesture.

"Stephen," he said, "I want to tell
you that Mary has just promised to
become my wife."

There was a moment's silence.

Ernest paled as his eyes wander-
ed slowly from Ernest's happy face to
the white one of the girl. He studied
her face very gravely, almost sternly,
before he turned again to Ernest.

Since the latter had first come, a
small boy, to Swinging Bridge Farm,
he had found Stephen ever ready to
sympathize with him in all his boy-
ish troubles or perplexities, to parti-
cipate in his pleasures, and so it had
been during all the years from boy-
hood to manhood. In the blue eyes
lifted to his there was the same trust-
ing faith that Stephen had seen so
often in the eyes of the child and boy.

His face softened, a tender light
made his grave eyes beautiful.

He stepped and laid his hand on
Ernest's shoulder.

"I hope you will be very, very hap-
py," he said, and then he rode on.

"Stephen!" in the best of the dearest
followed the words. Ernest ex-
claimed, a little unsteadily. "He has
always been so good, too good, to me."

"Come, let us go on," said Mary.
Tensely, neither spoke until they had
reached the swinging-bridge.

Then Mary stopped and turned to
Ernest. "Do not come any further
with me," she said.

"I may come to see you to-night?"
queried Ernest.

"No," she replied, passionately, and
turning from him, walked rapidly up
the steps to the swinging-bridge.

CHAPTER IX.

In the small parlor of the post-
master's house, Mary and Ernest
stood facing each other.

It was the following evening.

Both were very pale, and on Er-
nest's face was dawning a look of pain
that robbed it of its boyishness and
seemed to age him years.

"Our engagement must end, Er-
nest," the girl was saying. "I cannot
become your wife. I do not love you."

"You do not love me?" he repeated,
slowly, staring at her with a mixture
of bewilderment and anguish. "Then
why, why did you promise to become
my wife?"

"You have the right to demand an
explanation," she replied. "And I
must tell you the truth, hard as it
speaks to your heart, it is to do so."

She paused, and then continued with
an effort. "I have not done you a
wrong, Ernest, but I have been guilty
of a most unwomanly act. I think
I must have been mad, mad with
humiliation, tortured with the knowl-
edge that I had betrayed my love to
a man who had never sought it."

Ernest started.

"You love some one else?" he mur-
mured, hoarsely.

"Yes," she replied, while the color
crept painfully into her cheeks. "I
love some one else."

It was a moment or so before his
lips could frame the question that
quivered upon them.

"Who is it?"

"May I tell you that?" she cried,
passionately. "Do you not know—
enough?"

"Yes," he replied, "I forgive you."
"You are very generous," she mur-
mured. "I do not deserve that you
should forgive me." For an instant
she hesitated and then went on re-
solutely: "I met Stephen on the swing-
ing-bridge the day before yesterday,
I thought he was free, and that there
had been some mistake. He could not
but read in my face that I loved him.
And afterward, I—"

He interrupted her with a passion-
ate gesture of pain.

"Don't!" he exclaimed. "I think I
understand—all. Tell me, do you still
love Stephen in spite of that?"

"Yes," she replied, "I still love him."
"A woman's love does not easily die."
"Stephen is in every way worthy of
your love." She started and looked
up at him questioningly. He was
pale to the very lips, but there was a
steadfast purpose in the eyes that
met hers, as he went on: "Ever since
I first came, a little child to Swing-
ing-bridge Farm, Stephen has been a
brother to me in the best sense of the
word, unselfish, patient, forbearing,
loving and kind. The time has now
come when I can repay him, to some
extent at least, for all he has been,
all he has done for me. He loves you."

"Why do you say that?" she inter-
rupted him, passionately. "You are
wrong, quite, quite wrong. Why, he
has never given the slightest sign
that he cared for me."

"No, because he knew that I loved
you. You see, his voice grew a lit-
tle tremulous with emotion, Stephen
has never thought of himself when it
was a question of my happiness.

"You woman's heart, your womanly
instincts have guided you aright in
loving Stephen. He is worthy of your
love. I am not."

"Worthy of my love?" she cried,
with exceeding bitterness. "He,
a breaker of the laws, a moonshiner!"
He shook his head with a faint,
sad smile.

"No, it is not Stephen who is a
breaker of the laws, a moonshiner. It
is I."

A solitary figure was standing up
on the swinging-bridge in the moon-
light.

Stephen was so absorbed in thought
that he did not notice the approach
of Ernest until the latter spoke his
name.

"Stephen," he said, "you are home early." Stephen
said, as he turned toward him.

"Yes, I am home early," Ernest re-
peated, a little mechanically.

"I have just come from town my-
self," Stephen continued. "I have
some news for you which I think you
will be glad to hear. If I pay a fine,
that will practically settle that affair
of the drum on the mountain that
night, is purely circumstantial, and
the Federal authorities might not be
able to prove their case. So they have
decided upon a compromise. You see,
and he smiled, "things are not so bad
after all."

"I am glad I shall not have to go
to jail," Ernest said quietly.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that I do not intend to ac-
cept this sacrifice at your hands," Er-
nest replied. "A great sorrow has
come to me, Stephen, but I think it
has made a man of me. Mary Graham
has broken our engagement."

"Why has she done that?" Stephen
exclaimed.

"Because she does not love me."

There was a great commotion in
Stephen's grave eyes as he laid his
hand gently on Ernest's shoulder, and
said: "This is hard, bitterly hard, upon
my poor Ernest," he said.

"She has given her love to some one
more worthy of it than I," said Ernest,
steadily. "I bring to you, Stephen,
your heart's desire."

He passed on, leaving Stephen
alone on the swinging-bridge.

THIS END

Convalescents from fevers and inju-
ries that have kept them bedridden
for some time and all people run-down
and below par generally will find a
course of treatment with Ferrovin,
the invigorating tonic just the thing
to put them on their feet again in
good shape. Ferrovin is composed
of fresh lean beef, Citrate of Iron
and pure old Spanish Sherry Wine. \$1.00
per bottle.

Sir Wilfred Laurier received a great
reception at Winnipeg. Fully 7000
heard him speak in the Horse Show
building.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
Ingredients: Sulfur, Glycerin, Quinine, Sulfur Chloride,
Castor Oil, Water, Perfum.

Anything injurious here? Ask your doctor.
Anything of merit here? Ask your doctor.
Will it stop falling hair? Ask your doctor.
Will it destroy dandruff? Ask your doctor.

Does not Color the Hair



Adds Healthful Qualities
to the Food
Economizes Flour,
Butter and Eggs

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

The only baking powder
made from Royal Grape Cream
of Tartar

No Alum—No Lime Phosphates

Summer Months Fatal to Small Children.

Every mother must know how
fatal the summer months are to
small children. Cholera infantum,
diarrhoea, dysentery and
stomach troubles are all com-
mon at this time and many a
precious life is snuffed out after
only a few hours illness. As a
safeguard mothers should keep
Baby's Own Tablets in the
house. An occasional dose of
the Tablets will prevent stom-
ach and bowel troubles, or if the
trouble comes on suddenly, will
bring the little one through
safely. Mrs. R. E. Sanford, In-
verary, Ont., writes:—"My baby
was sickly for over a week with
stomach and bowel troubles and
cried night and day. Nothing
helped her till I began giving
Baby's Own Tablets, but her
stomach and bowels were all right
and she is a big healthy child
with fine rosy cheeks. The Tab-
lets are certainly a wonderful
medicine and I recommend them
to all my friends who have little
children." Sold by medicine
dealers or by mail at 25 cents a
box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dean Jolts Cornell Head.

Jacob Gould Schurman, president
of Cornell University, was walking a
cross campus the other day with the
dean of one of the colleges when the
chimes in the library tower began to
ring.

"Dean," said he, "the music of those
chimes is so beautiful that it always
sets me dreaming of the past. My
boyhood days—"

"What do you say?" interrupted the
venerable dean.

"I say the chimes are very, very
beautiful. They make me think—"

"What?" yelled the dignified old
dean again.

"The chimes—the chimes—how
beautiful—"