

# 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, APRIL 28, 1899.

No. 35.

### 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 ar-  
rangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will  
be made known on application to the  
editor, and payment in advance is required.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-  
stantly receiving new type and material,  
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction  
in all work turned out.

New 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 communi-  
cation, although the same may be written  
over a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE  
Office Hours, 8.00 a. m. to 3.30 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. HARR, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.  
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed  
on Saturdays at 1 p. m.  
G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R.  
Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday,  
morning at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sun-  
day School at 9.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U.  
prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at  
7.45, and Church prayer-meeting on  
Thursday evening at 7.30. Women's Mis-  
sionary 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 3.30  
p. m. All seats free. Visitors at the  
door to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday  
at 7.30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.  
Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. F. M.  
Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. at Andrew's  
Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every  
Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday  
School 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wed-  
nesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmers Church,  
Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday  
at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.  
Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E.  
Donkin, 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 12 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. 24, 4th and 5th at  
11 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30  
p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.  
Robert W. Storey, Warden.  
Geo. A. Pratt, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,  
P. I.—Mass 11.00 a. m. on the fourth Sunday of  
each month.

Masonic.  
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M.,  
meets at their Hall on the second Friday  
of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.  
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8. of T. meets  
every Monday evening in their Hall  
at 7.30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the  
Temperance Hall every Friday after-  
noon at 3.30 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 up-  
per Gasperau 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 Ball Bearing  
Mower** made, and a carefully assorted stock of

**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 **catalogue and prices**

## STARR, SON & FRANKLIN, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

BY EDWARD KIPPLING.  
If there be good in that I wrought,  
They had compelled it, Master, Thine;  
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought  
I know, through Thee, the blame is  
mine.

One instant's toll to Thee denied,  
Stands all eternity's offense;  
Of that I did with Thee to guide  
To Thee, through Thee, his excellence.

Who, let all thought of Eden fade,  
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,  
God-like to muse o'er his own trade,  
And, man-like, stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,  
The bitter paths wherein I stray,  
Thou knowest, Who hast made the fire,  
Thou knowest, Who hast made the clay.

One stone the masonry swings to her place  
In that dread temple of Thy worth,  
It is enough that through Thy grace  
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;  
O, whatsoever may spoil or speed,  
Help me to need no aid from men,  
That I may help such men as need.

### Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.  
CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.  
Kirk looked around him. The

twenty-five miles long mirrored down  
towards them and the town of Conrad,  
with a prairie gale behind it, and  
human love and courage in its path.

CHAPTER IX.  
As Malcolm Kirk and Carver ran on  
directly in the face of that wild line of  
fire and smoke, there was only one  
supreme thought in the mind of Mal-  
colm.

He saw the boy's mother, and  
while he ran he heard her voice as she  
had appealed to him in his study.

Instinctively the two men bore off  
from the road over which the horse  
had entered the town, towards a swale  
where the grass and roses weeds grew  
deep, and it was but a few feet from  
the beaten track of the prairie road  
that they saw the body of Philip Bar-  
ton, lying face downwards, the hands  
clenched, and holding tightly to a brok-  
en piece of the lines of the harness.

No time then to stop and ask  
whether he were living, but up with his  
town with all the power of their pain-  
ing menhood.

Carver was entirely sober now. He  
was naturally a man of great muscular  
endurance. Malcolm had kept up his  
physical training in his work with the  
young men in the church.

Not a word was said. They realized  
that the time was short, and they ran  
with their unconscious heavy burden  
between them.

Meanwhile, men, women and child-  
ren had organized in a desperate effort  
to save the town. There was one fact  
in their favor. It had been the custom  
for those living on the edge of the  
town to picket their animals out on the  
prairie near by. The grass was crop-  
ped short on this account. Under any  
ordinary circumstances this fact would  
have insured safety from any usual  
fire. But the whole prairie was  
anemia, everything was as dry as two  
months of drought and hot winds could  
make it, and water, for a long time,  
had been very scarce in wells and cist-  
erns.

Back of all that advancing line  
of fire was a prairie gale that shot the  
flames straight forward, and old set-  
tlers, some of whom had seen the great  
fire in Dakota in the early sixties,  
looked at the sight now before them  
with grave faces.

Dorothy came to the door of the  
parsonage, stood there a moment, and  
then ran, with other women, her  
neighbors, down to the main street.

Bucketlines were being formed from  
all the wells and cisterns that were  
available. She instantly joined with  
the others in handling the water. A  
large company of men, armed with wet  
cloths to whip out the fire, began to  
form as far from the houses as they  
dared. It was too late now to plow  
fire-breaks, and too windy to make a  
back fire. The only hope that any  
one had was that the shortness of the  
grass near the town would check the  
fury of the advancing whirlwind of  
flames.

"Have you seen Mr. Kirk?" Dor-  
othy asked as she first joined the others.  
And they told her. Her face blanched,  
and her lips breathed a prayer as  
she worked on silently. She knew  
that he whom she never loved as she  
loved him at that moment was in the  
line of duty, and she would not have  
called him back from it. But her  
heart cried out for help, and she  
agonized for him whom her soul dearly  
loved.

Down came the great wall of fire  
and smoke. The hot air scorched the  
faces of the fire-fighters. Dim figures  
out on the advance line were seen  
desperately struggling with the ele-  
ment. The town was enveloped in

smoke and burned-out ashes of prairie  
grass that sifted over the workers until  
the faces and hands of all were black  
and grimy. Scores of men rushed up  
on the fire line as it came on, checked  
some by the short grass, and stamped  
out the flame with their feet, with  
rags, with old brooms, with pieces of  
carpeting and bedding torn from their  
own houses. The outstanding line of  
fighters was forced back, burned and  
exhausted, but the fire had been  
checked, and as it broke out in new  
places, fresh groups threw themselves  
upon it and fought for the life of the  
town.

Dorothy could not remember how  
she came to be with the fighters on the  
prairie, instead of with the water-  
carriers, but it was undoubtedly her  
anxiety for Malcolm's safety that urged  
her out towards the fire. Her dress  
had caught on fire and been put out  
several times. Some one had thrown  
water over her, but she had hardly  
known it. She worked with all the  
others in a silent frenzy. Suddenly  
she was conscious of a tall, awkward  
figure near her, looming up through  
the smoke, threshing at the fire with  
powerful energy, a very incarnation of  
resistance and stubborn refusal to sur-  
render.

"Malcolm!" she cried, and faint as  
she was, she felt new life at the sight  
of him.

"Dorothy! Thank God! We got  
back with him just in time."  
There was no time to say more.  
The danger was still great. Near  
together now, husband and wife fought  
on. The citizens of Conrad after-  
wards bore witness to the way in  
which they fought.

"Say, did you see Kirk?" A  
group of men at the postoffice, several  
days after the great fire, were talking  
it over.

"These New England folks beat  
every other kind when it comes to  
never giving up."  
"Yes, or fighting the devil. Our  
minister beats all the rest at that,"  
said Carver, who spoke of Kirk as  
"Our Minister," although he had never  
been a member of any church, and  
rarely went to hear even Malcolm  
preach. But it was a tribute to the  
hold Malcolm had secured on such men  
that they appropriated him somehow  
to themselves, or to the best that was  
struggling in them.

It was nearly the middle of the  
afternoon of that eventful day that the  
people of Conrad, exhausted, burned,  
blackened, saw the great danger pass  
around them, and the galloping whirl-  
wind thundered off beyond the town,  
leaving a mighty and desolate expanse  
of black and smoldering prairie behind  
it.

Then it was that the severest trial  
of all came to Malcolm and Dorothy.  
They had gone into the house of  
one of their parishioners, where the  
body of Philip Barton had been car-  
ried. He was lying but had received  
some injuries from falling out of the  
wagon, probably, when the team ran  
away.

They had come out of the house,  
and were on their way home, when  
some one in the street suddenly clutched  
them, and, pointing  
through the smoke, cried out:  
"Look there! The church is on  
fire!"

The church and parsonage stood at  
the opposite end of the town from the  
prairie fire, and the danger had been  
the least in that quarter. That part  
of the town had been entirely deserted  
while the fight had been going on at  
the other end.

"If the church goes, the parsonage  
will go, too," thought Malcolm, as he  
saw Dorothy run through the street.

When they reached the parsonage  
the roof had already caught from a  
flying timber blown off the church  
tower. The water of the town was  
exhausted. The well in the parsonage  
yard was already nearly empty. Mal-  
colm rushed into the house, and by  
desperate work, helped by several  
other men, succeeded in carrying out  
some furniture and a few of his books.

One of the boxes in Dorothy's room  
was blazing as he carried it out and  
threw it over, and a pile of papers in a  
portfolio was scattered. Dorothy, as  
she worked helping carry some piece  
of furniture to a place of safety, felt  
something blow against her face, and  
putting up her hand, she caught a  
piece of paper.

Even in the excitement she saw  
what it was. It was the sketch that  
Francis Raleigh had drawn on board  
the Cephalonia three years before, the  
sketch of Malcolm holding the baby.  
Dorothy sobbed as she saw what it  
was. Her own baby! And now their  
home and nearly all the things they  
counted dear!

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

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It was over soon, and in a little  
while the church and parsonage, the  
work of many a weary struggle for  
their little company of disciples, were  
dreary heaps of rain. A hard fight on  
the part of the worn-out citizens had  
kept the other houses from being bur-  
ned. The church and parsonage had  
stood in a large lot by themselves.

"After all," said Malcolm, when it  
was all over, as he sat down by Dor-  
othy on a trunk, while a little group of  
neighbors stood by discussing the in-  
cidents of the fire, "After all, dear, we  
have a good deal to be thankful for."

"Yes," said Dorothy, with a smile.  
It was a little hard for her, as she sat  
there, to imagine that Dorothy Gilbert,  
who, once back in the old New England  
home, had been noted for the elegance  
and refinement of all her ways and  
surroundings. Nothing but the great  
love she bore the man who had asked  
her to share his life now made her  
insensible to that former life before she  
was married.

Malcolm Kirk sat there gazing at  
the ruins of his home and his church,  
and deep down in his heart there was  
a mighty conflict going on. He had  
lost his books, nearly all that were of  
value, and the other losses were great.

He was blackened and burned, his  
clothes hung in ragged rents about  
him, his great feet were bleeding, and  
here, beside him, was the woman who  
had left all, for—what? To share  
such privations, dangers, losses?

For a moment he hardly heard what  
some of his parishioners were saying.  
They had been talking excitedly to-  
gether.

"Mr. Kirk, we are of the opinion  
that this fire was incendiary."  
"How is that?" asked Malcolm,  
rousing up a little.

"The first sign of it was in the  
tower. Now, the fire from the prairie  
could not possibly have caught up  
there. Some one must have set it."

Then different ones began to whisper  
their suspicions.

The next day, while Malcolm and  
Dorothy were staying with one of the

church members, who took them into  
his home, the rumor grew that the fire  
was the work of the whisky men.

Down on the street excited groups  
of men gathered that evening, discus-  
sion the matter. Everyone knew that  
Malcolm Kirk had fought the saloons  
from the day of his entrance into Con-  
rad. He was feared and hated by  
them more than any else. He had  
succeeded, to a large degree, in getting  
the other churches to act together in  
the agitation now going on all over the  
state. He was already noted for his  
leadership throughout the county, and  
had written and spoken on every pos-  
sible occasion for the proposed prohibi-  
tion amendment.

So there was reason in the suspicion  
held by the citizens. As the evening  
wore on proof at a certain saloon man's  
guilt seemed almost sure. Two or  
three persons had seen him coming out  
of the parsonage yard that afternoon  
of the fire. A child had seen the same  
man on the steps of the church a few  
minutes after Dorothy had left the  
parsonage.

It was now 10 o'clock. The crowd  
at the corner by the postoffice grew  
every minute larger and more threaten-  
ing. Groups of men stood surround-  
ing some speaker, who urged lyarding  
as the only satisfactory punishment for  
such a crime. The citizens were ex-  
asperated and nervous from the great  
strain of the last two days.

Malcolm Kirk came down to a late  
that night to get the mail from the  
east-bound express, and walked into  
the mob just as a cry of "Lynch the  
fire-bug!" rose from many voices. As  
soon as the crowd saw him, it sur-  
rounded him, excitedly.

"Mr. Kirk, we've proof that 'Big  
Jake' set fire to your church."

Malcolm looked over the crowd a  
moment in silence. He had not been  
thinking so much about the loss of his  
church and parsonage as he came down  
town as about Dorothy and his future  
prospects. But the sight and sound  
of that mob of citizens brought his  
mind back to the situation, not only  
in the town of Conrad, but throughout  
the entire state. For the time, there-  
fore, he let his own personal plans go,  
as he faced the fact of a grave crisis in  
the temperance movement.

He had, more than one Sunday  
evening, held out-door services at the  
very corner where the crowd now  
gathered.

Dorothy had often helped him at such  
services by playing and singing. Every  
man in Conrad was familiar with the  
tall, homely, awkward figure that now  
towered over almost every other head,  
and every man in Conrad respected him,  
and every man in Conrad respected his  
wife.

There was an empty dry goods box  
near one of the stores, and Malcolm Kirk  
asked some of the men to drag it out to  
the corner of the sidewalk. The minute  
he had mounted it the crowd became  
silent.

It is a rare gift to be able to speak to  
a great crowd of men out of doors, and  
hold them. Kirk possessed that gift.  
His voice was a splendid instrument,  
and he knew how to use it. It is said  
of Gladstone that in the days of his  
greatest power as a speaker people would  
linger in the corridors of the House of  
Commons when he was talking, simply  
to enjoy the sound of the tone of his  
voice, although they could not distin-  
guish a word that was said. Some-  
thing of this same quality made Kirk's  
voice a fascination for an audience.  
Whatever it was, it could truly be called  
a great gift of God.

And he used it now in a God-like  
manner. He began by calling attention  
to the fact that the people of the state  
were trying to abolish the saloon by  
legislative amendment to the Constitu-  
tion. At such a time as that, for the  
temperance people to set in a lawless  
manner, towards even the enemies of  
the home and the church, would be an  
act of folly so great that it might en-  
danger the entire movement for probi-  
tation.

## WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, AND FOLLOWING DAYS!

### OUR Easter Millinery Opening!

Imported Domestic Trimmed Millinery, marvels of artistic creation, and triumphs of millinery art, combined with economy of price.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE OUR PROMPT ATTENTION.

## A. O'CONNOR, Milliner and Outfitter.

47 & 49 Barrington St., Halifax.