

THE ACADIAN.

Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors,
DAVIDSON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in
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\$1.50.
Newspaper communications from all parts
of the county, or articles upon the topics
of the day, are cordially solicited.

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This paper is mailed regularly to sub-
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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
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T. L. HARVEY, Mayor.
A. H. COLWELL, Town Clerk.

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9.00 to 12.30 a. m.
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Close on Saturday at 12 o'clock.

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Pastor. Services on the Sabbath,
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Missionary Aid Society meets on Wed-
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the door to welcome strangers.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. W. P.
Preston, 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 at 7.45 p. m. Gleaner's
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.

UNITED METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. W. P.
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Geo. A. Pratt, Wardens.
St. Francis (Catholic)—Rev. William
Brown, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth
Sunday of each month.

THE TABERNACLE.—Mr. Noble Cran-
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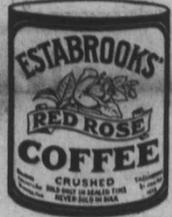
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The new Crushed Coffee as com-
pared with Ground Coffee

Merely to look at it you will see how very
different it is; Crushed Coffee being in small even
grains, totally free of
chafforskinwhileground
coffee has the appear-
ance of being mashed;
large and small grains
with chaff or skin mixed
together.



Red Rose crushed
Coffee, being free of the
chaff, can be made as
easily as Red Rose Tea.
Settles clear and bright.
No egg or anything re-
quired. Just look at our
crushed Coffee and see
correctly we describe it.

Estabrooks'
RED ROSE
Coffee
ORDER A TIN IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST



Hutchinson's
Express
& Livery

UP-TO-DATE IN EVERY RESPECT.
Backboards, Harness, Single and Double Carriages, Good Horses, Carriage
Drivers, Path-Rovers, Teams at all Times and Hours. Business carefully transacted.
E. B. HUTCHINSON, Prop., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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NOTARIES, ETC.

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H. PINEO,
EXPERT OPTICIAN.

WOLFVILLE.
Write if you wish an appointment either
at your home or mine.

Expert Piano Tuning
Guaranteed.

Voicing, Regulating and Repairing.
Organs Tuned and Repaired.
M. C. COLLINS,
P. O. Box 347, Wolfville, N. S.

F. J. PORTER,
Licensed Auctioneer,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Will hereafter accept calls to sell in any
part of the county.

FOR SALE.

The property an "Gaspernet"
avenue, lately occupied by Mrs.
Foskey. Will be sold at a bargain.
Apply for terms, &c. to
Mrs. A. GIBBS,
Wolfville.

'There isn't Anyone For Me
To Play With Any More.'

(The last words of Miss Teal.)
The glow is fading from the western sky,
And one by one my comrades as of yore,
Have given up their play and said good bye.
There isn't anyone for me to play with any
more.
Don't cry, dear heart! for I am woe and old,
No longer have I larger joys to show.
I've loved as many as you could count hold;
There isn't anyone for me to play with any
more.
I miss the tender hand-clasp of old friends—
The kisses of the loved ones gone before.
The lonely when the heart first comprehends
There isn't anyone for me to play with any
more.
I need these loving hearts, so fond and true,
I need them in my moments here and now.
When they are needed I shall no longer grieve,
There isn't anyone for me to play with any
more.

Swinging Bridge.

BY KIMMA HOWARD WIGHT.
(Continued.)

'Dat chile allers knows mighty well
jest what he wants,' she murmured,
'and he gwine to git it, too, et he kin.'

'She was spreading a second biscuit
for Ernest when Stephen came into
the kitchen.

'Before de Lawd!' Aunt Mandy ex-
claimed, as she caught sight of the
boy's face. 'What's done come to
you, chile?'

Stephen looked at her a little dazed-
ly. Then he went up to Ernest and
held out his hand.

'Come,' he said. 'Mother wants
you.'

Ernest pulled back from him.
'Me doing to eat my bustit first,' he
declared.

Stephen stood quietly waiting until
the biscuit was consumed and Aunt
Mandy had washed the child's face
and hands. Then he took Ernest's
hand and led him very gently from
the kitchen and up the stairs to the
sick room.

At the door he stopped and said:
'You must be very quiet and very
good, Ernie, so as not to disturb
mother. She's real poorly, you know.'

'Me ain't doing to lay long,' Ernest
declared. 'Me dess do in and kiss
mammy. Me doing with Pete to milk
the cow.'

Stephen softly opened the door.
The room was filled with a crimson
glow from the setting sun, and a gold-
en gleam across the still figure on the
bed.

Ernest ran toward the bed.
'Mamma! he cried.

The next moment he turned and
held up a warning finger to Stephen.
'Flush! he whispered. 'Don't make
a noise. Mammy's gone to sleep.'

CHAPTER III.
Eighteen years later.

A girl was crossing the swinging
bridge, carrying a basket in her hand.
She was very pretty. She had liquid
brown eyes, a creamy skin, pink flush
on the cheeks, a lovely mouth and
rich, Auburn hair.

In the center of the bridge, she
paused and stood looking down the
creek. It was a morning early in Oc-
tober. The trees on the banks of the
creek had the rich tints of autumn.
In some places the creek narrowed
until the branches of the trees met
and interlaced, forming natural arches
dashed with crimson and gold.

The girl lingered for some moments,
a dreamy look in her brown eyes,
then she turned and walked along the
bridge and down the steps to the road
upon which the farmhouse gates
opened.

A big, stalwart darky was cutting
wood in the yard. At the sight of the
girl he laid down his axe and came
forward to open the gate for her.

'Good morning, Pete,' she said, in
a voice that was very soft and sweet.
'Good morning, Miss Mary,' the
darky replied, touching his cap. 'I
reckon you've done come for some ap-
ples? You can go to de house and I
gwine to fill yo' basket for you. 'Tain't
nobody home cep'nting granny.'

'Yes, it is the truth, Aunt Mandy,'
replied Mary. 'I shall begin next
week.'

'Pete and Mist' Ernest better be
a getting married,' declared Aunt
Mandy. 'Dat boy lubes you better
dan he lubes anybody in de world.'

The girl flushed a little, then she
looked at Aunt Mandy with a mis-
chievous smile creeping about her
lips.

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recount as so gel, what dat boy done
set his heart on, could help lubing
Mist' Ernest, Aunt Mandy con-
cluded, with a glance out of the corner
of her eye at Mary.

At that moment Pete entered, carry-
ing Mary's basket filled with big,
red apples.

'I done fetched you some mighty
nice ones, Miss Mary,' he said.

'I see that you have, Pete,' Mary
said, rising. 'Thank you very much,'
she held out her hand for the basket.

'Don't hurry, Miss Mary, honey,'
said Aunt Mandy, with a glance out
of the window to where she could see
the men returning from the fields.

'Oh, I must make haste home,'
Mary replied. 'Or I won't have the
apple dumplings I promised father
for dinner,' and she hurried out.

'I wonder if Miss Mary knows dat
Marse Stephen is lub wid her, too?'
Aunt Mandy remarked to Pete.

'How you know Marse Stephen is
lub wid Miss Mary?' asked Pete. 'I
ain't never seed him act lak he was
in lub wid her.'

'Marse Stephen ain't one ob de kind
what shows his feelings,' declared
Aunt Mandy. 'But I ain't took keer
ob him all his life for nothing. I
knows what I is talking about,' and
Aunt Mandy nodded her head em-
phatically.

'Well, I reckon Marse Stephen ain't
got no chance side ob Mist' Ernest,'
said Pete.

Aunt Mandy reflected for a moment.
'Now I ain't so shor about dat,' she
declared at length. 'Day said dat love
an blind and Miss Mary, she sholy
an wide awake to de faults and fail-
ings ob Mist' Ernest.'

'Deed!' exclaimed Pete.

As Mary passed out, two young
men were approaching the house from
the direction of the corn fields.

The elder was tall, broad-shouldered,
with strongly marked features and
grave eyes. The younger was slen-
derly and gracefully built, with a fair
face almost womanish in its beauty.

The rose flush deepened a little on
the girl's cheek as the two young
men came up to her. Stephen lifted
his cap and passed on toward the
house. Ernest stopped, took the girl's
basket and walked with her toward
the swinging bridge.

'If I had known you were at the
house, Mary,' he said, looking down
at her basket, 'I would have done
my best to see you home.'

'You were much better employed
where you were,' the girl remarked,
dejectedly.

The young fellow laughed a soft,
low laugh.

'I wonder if you really think that,'
he murmured.

Mary made no reply, but as they
reached the center of the swinging
bridge, she stopped and held out her
hand for the basket.

'Don't come any further, Ernest,'
she said. 'Aunt Mandy was taking
up the dinner when I left and yours
will be cold when you get back.'

Ernest hesitated for a moment, then
with a smile, he handed Mary the
basket.

'I don't like my dinner cold,'
he said, 'so I reckon I had better go back.'

Mary flashed upon him an odd,
half-laughing glance in which there
was a touch of mockery.

'Good-by,' she said, and passed on.
Ernest stood looking after her, for
a moment, with a little puzzled frown,
then he shrugged his shoulders, turned,
and went back.

CHAPTER IV.
That evening Pete came into the
kitchen as Aunt Mandy sat nodding
by the fire.

She roused up and asked Pete drowsily
what time it was.

'Gwine fast to nine o'clock,' Pete
told her.

Aunt Mandy rose.
'Well, I reckon I will go to bed,'
she said. 'What is Marse Stephen and
Mist' Ernest?'

Marse Stephen an setting on de
porch,' replied Pete. He hesitated a
moment, and then added, 'I don't
see Mist' Ernest nowhere about.'

'I reckon he has gwine counting
Miss Mary,' declared Aunt Mandy.

Pete made no reply. There was a
troubled look on his dusky face.
On her way to the door, Aunt Man-
dy passed by the window and looked
out.

'I wonder de revenue officers will
catch de moonshiners to night?' she
remarked, looking toward the moun-
tains, plainly visible in the bright
moonlight.

Pete started and turned quickly to-
ward her.

Continued Next Week.



ANAEMIA'S VICTIMS

Do not wait for extraordinary oppor-
tunities. Seize common occasions
and make them great. Every day is
full of these. Larger opportunities
come only to those whose eyes are
open for the smaller ones constantly
presenting themselves.

Some people cannot see oppor-
tunity anywhere. They would pass
through a gold mine without seeing
anything precious or worthy of their
attention. Others will find oppor-
tunities in the most barren and out-of-
the-way places. Wait saw an oppor-
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