

THE ACADIAN

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THE ACADIAN.

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

Newly communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The same are invariably accompanied by the author's name, although the same may be written in a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
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MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 1:30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. K. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. At Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday 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 2:30 p. m. All seats free. Others at the doors to welcome strangers.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E. Danks, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock. S. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Upperwich, preaching at 3 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. on the 1st, 4th and 5th of each month. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

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ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. 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.
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Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.
A few days later she read the report again. People in Hermon were talking about it. It had actually stirred the life of the village in some ways. Dorothy placed the sketch of Kirk in the pamphlet and put them away in her desk.

Malcom Kirk finished his year and took passage on one of the French steamers for New York. He had used his money well, but he had so little at the end of the year that he took steerage passage. That was one degree lower than the intermediate, and he smiled a little grimly to himself as he crowded into his noisy, close quarters with French peasants, and a colony of Monacan emigrants. However, it was literally true that he loved people regardless of their condition, and to many a simple, ignorant soul in the steerage the American clergyman, who somehow was strangely there, became during the nine days' voyage, a friend

and took the first train for Hermon. He bought a paper, and he entered the train, and as it was moving out of the station he began to read. Among the first items that caught his eye was this:

"The publishing firm of Sydney, Gilbert & Co. assigned yesterday. The company was involved in the recent syndicate failure in the book business. Mr. Gilbert's loss is heavy. It is thought he saved little, if anything, from the failure."

It was simply one item out of a score of others stated in a cold, newspaper style without comment. But it made Malcom Kirk tremble all over. What effect would this have on Dorothy Gilbert? If he, Malcom Kirk, was poor, and Dorothy Gilbert was now somewhat nearer him in condition, what of his love for her now?

He reached Hermon and went at once to the president's house. The president had not come home from his vacation, but was expected the next day. Dorothy and her father were still out of town. He learned that they might return that week. He looked up the steward of the building and secured the key to his old room, where he had been allowed to keep his few books and pieces of furniture until he returned. The room was not very desirable, and had not been occupied by any of the new students.

He went in and opened his curtains and sat down. There across the familiar campus was Dorothy Gilbert's house. He sat there thinking deeply about his future. Then he took out the miniature and laid it lovingly in his great brown palm.

CHAPTER V.

The next day Malcom Kirk doggedly set to work on his report. In the evening he went over to see the president, and consulted with him as to certain details, and then for the next three days he gave himself up to his task of getting together the great mass of material he had accumulated while abroad.

It was the fourth evening of his return, that he saw the lights in the Gilbert house across the campus, as evening set in. The house had been shut up and dark.

"She is home again," was his first thought. He was unable to work well that evening. The next day he continued, but the evident nervousness of Dorothy made him restless to see her. Once she came out on the porch, and he readily recognized her, even at this distance.

That evening he did not pretend to himself that he could do anything worth doing on his report, and resolved to go and return the miniature with out waiting any longer. He had kept it more than a year now. He was under promise to give it back. As well now as any time.

He rang the bell with a tremor at heart that instantly opened the door when Dorothy herself opened the door. He stood there in the light of the porch and his trepidation did not hinder his observing that Dorothy looked very pale and even as if she had been crying.

"Won't you come in, Mr. Kirk? I am very glad to see you," said Dorothy. She spoke so easily, so kindly, that he recovered his self-possession at once, and went into the parlor and sat down, wondering at the commonplace details of his meeting with the one woman in all the world to him.

"You will excuse me for coming so soon after your return?" he said simply.

"Certainly," replied Dorothy, smiling. "Would you like to see father?"

"No," said Malcom Kirk. "I came to see you." It was so evidently true, that Dorothy could say nothing for a moment. There was an awkward silence. She broke it by saying:

"I have read your pamphlet describing the life of the people on the continent in the cities. I thank you, not for the pleasure, but for the pain it gave me."

He looked at her gratefully. He understood exactly what she meant. The opening had been made for talk along the line of his deepest life, and before he knew just how it had been brought about, he was telling her some of the experiences of his year abroad, things he had told to no one else, and had not even been able to put into his report. All the time he felt the miniature in his pocket. But he seemed to fight against the knowledge that he must give it up.

As for Dorothy, she experienced a feeling of exhilaration in her talk with this man. She was sick of the empty nothings she had been hearing all summer. The recent experience of her father's failure also had excited her. There was much in everything that provided Malcom Kirk's life work to attract her at the present moment.

It must have been nearly an hour that they had been talking, she asking questions and he replying, and every minute grew increasingly full of interest to her, when he suddenly stopped as he had done that evening a year before and asked: "Would you—do you feel as if you could play something?"

He was simply battling for time, and he was in a condition where he could not run the risk of speaking something he ought not. The longer he stayed, the deeper he knew his heart longed for Dorothy Gilbert. He felt that while she was playing he might measure his duty and his inclination better.

She was never able to tell herself why she played as she did. She began with the old German Loretel, "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten das Ich so traurig bin." "I know not how it is that I am so sad," and then before she could control her fingers or her thought, she had passed on to the Traumerli, which Kirk had asked her to play before.

When she finished, she hardly knew her own feelings. When she turned about he was standing, and he had the miniature in his hand.

"I promised to return it when I came back," he spoke with great simplicity and, as his fashion always was, looked straight in her face like a man who is not ashamed or afraid. "No one but myself has seen it. The keeping of it has not—"

He hardly dared to trust himself to say what lay within his heart. In truth he knew well enough that he would be a far different man for the rest of his days if he could only have this woman for his wife, but at that moment he felt as if such a possibility was too remote for even thought.

He had walked to the unmetel, and was about to put the miniature down in the place where it had been, when a sound in the library startled them both. It was a sound as of some one falling heavily.

"Father!" Dorothy exclaimed in terror. She ran into the hall, but swift as she was, Malcom Kirk was before her. Even as he leaped forward he was conscious that he held the miniature still, and before he reached the library he had mechanically put it into its old resting-place in his pocket.

They found Mr. Gilbert lying on the floor unconscious. Dorothy knelt on one side of the body, Malcom Kirk on the other, and for a moment there was a wild fear in Dorothy's heart that her father had in some way killed himself. His business failure had been the great humiliation of his life.

Kirk put her mind at rest. "He has had a shock or stroke of some kind." He lifted the body up, placed it on the lounge and instantly ran out of the house for the doctor who lived only a few doors away.

When he came, he pronounced the case serious, but gave Dorothy hope. Malcom Kirk came back, but in the excitement he could do nothing but express his sympathy and finally go back to his room, after the president's wife and some others had come in to stay with Dorothy for the night.

Mr. Gilbert had been a typical New England business man of the old school. When his failure came, and he had begun to recover from the first effect of the blow, he had no thought of any other course but to pay dollar for dollar of his honest indebtedness. To do it meant the loss of his beautiful home in Hermon. Dorothy felt as he did about it. He had no fears on her score. The integrity and firmness of such a moral course were never in question with either of them. So he had come back from where he had been staying with his sister, and the night Kirk called he was busy in his library arranging the business of the Hermon property, going over all the details of his recent loss, and making what provision he could for the future.

He was nearly fifty-five, and he manfully determined to begin all over again. He could leave Dorothy with her aunt, who was alone much of the time, and needed her at present, and himself struggle into place again with honour untarnished and the good name of the firm free from commercial stain.

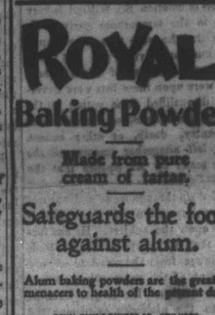
So the honest, sturdy publisher thought as he sat at his desk with his papers before him. Then, suddenly, just a little after Dorothy had ceased to play, he felt a new and awful pain seize him, he reeled in his chair, vainly tried to call out for help, and sank unconscious to the floor.

The next few days were days of great anxiety to Malcom Kirk. He could see the doctor's carriage before the Gilbert house every morning. One morning he saw the doctor go up the steps with another man, who entered with him. The doctor's carriage remained in front of the house that day until noon. In the afternoon Kirk called to inquire, and the servant came out at the back porch and told him Mr. Gilbert had been sinking rapidly.

A celebrated physician from Boston had been in consultation, and he said there was little hope.

Kirk passed an almost sleepless night, and next morning as he looked across the campus he knew that the woman he loved best was alone with her grief. He could see the wreath of flowers on the door, and it told him at once that John Gilbert had passed on never more to be vexed with the struggle of the life that now is on the earth.

The week following was one of the most trying that Malcom Kirk ever knew. The funeral of John Gilbert was held in the Seminary chapel, and attended by the professors and towns people generally. Dorothy's aunt was with her. Kirk had no opportunity to see Dorothy and be to her the comfort he longed to be. It was agony to him, after the funeral was over, to think that there across the campus in the great house was the woman he loved



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passing through a great sorrow, and he had no right to go to her and share that sorrow with her. He felt as if he could not break in on her grief to speak even of his love. So the days passed restlessly for him, and he tried to work on his report, but made very little real progress. He laid the miniature on his table, and tried to write with the face looking up at him, but he made no progress at all there, and the close of the week found him walking his room in great uncertainty of heart and mind.

On Monday, the week following, he was obliged to go down to Boston to consult some authorities in Settlement work, and when he came back the next day the Gilbert house was closed, and Dorothy and her aunt had gone to Beverly.

It was the very next day that Kirk saw in a Boston paper the name of Francis Raleigh, arrived a few days before from Liverpool on the Cephalonia. Looking over the columns a little further down he saw in the local news from Beverly this statement:

"Mr. Francis Raleigh, the Hermon artist, recently arrived from a year's study abroad, is the guest of Mrs. Arthur Penrose, sister of the late John Gilbert."

That was all, but it roused Malcom Kirk to instant action. He knew with all the vigor and intensity of his deep, honest nature that his love for Dorothy Gilbert was now the largest part of his life. He had consecrated his time and strength to the ministry. He did not deceive himself. He knew what such a consecration meant. He feared, open-eyed, the entire meaning of a minister's career "out west."

But, looking at it all through dispassionate eyes, he said as he walked his study: "She must choose between him and me. I cannot go to my work without speaking to her. My love for her is honest and true, and if God grant that she can love me and share my life with me—"

He left the rest unspoken, and going back to his desk he sat down, trembling a little, as he put his face in his hands and prayed that the hunger of his heart might be satisfied. He had made up his mind to act, and act quickly, and once he had decided on his course he was free from all doubt as to its wisdom.

He took the afternoon train for Beverly, and reached the place before dusk. Mrs. Penrose lived in one of the handsome summer villas near the sea. The whole place smote Kirk as with a blow aimed at his poverty, his obscurity, his whole future. And yet he said to himself as he walked up the steps that there was something in his life which money and all its attendant elegance could not buy, and he believed that Dorothy Gilbert somehow, if she ever loved anyone enough, would feel the same way towards all the outward display of wealth.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.
"The Friend—Experience is a great teacher."
"The Fool—Yes; but, hang it, I wish her lessons were given in private."

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