THE ACADIAN.

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

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be writ in over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
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Wolfville, N. S

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

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For Halifax and Windsor close at 6 15 a. m.
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BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Trotter, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 2 30 p m. Half hour prayermeeting after evening service every Sunday, B. Y. P. U. Young People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock and regular Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Mission and Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 3.30 p m.

COLIN W ROSCOE, } Ushers
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METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Joseph Hale, 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 Greenwich, 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 1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.
REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storrs, } Wardens.
S. J. Rutherford, }

St FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev Mr Kennedy, P.P.—Mass 11 00 a m the fourth sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. 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 afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Fridays of each month at 7.30 p m.

POETRY.

A Song of Faith.

There's a joy that comes out of the past time,
Like a star in the cloud-shadowed night,
And it lingers with all to the last time,
And beautifies life with its light.

Though time in its changes diurnal
Dims the beauty of amethyst skies,
Star-like from the darkness eternal
That joy will arise.

Though we dwell in the ways that are lowly—
Where bloom not the flowers that are sweet,
In paths that the Master made holy
By the print of his beautiful feet,

That joy shall make sorrow seem lighter,
And take from affliction its sting ;
And close to the life it makes brighter
Its tendrils will cling !

And what is that joy and its mission ?
What kind stars looked down on its birth ?
Does it seek us in every condition ?
Does it reach to the ends of the earth ?

O, friends, from each other divided,
It is this : In far sun-lighted land,
When the tides of the years have subsided
We shall meet and clasp hands.

Why wander in pathways uneven,
Where no rose and no lily invites ?
Why shudder to ring down the curtain
And stand in the blaze of God's lights ?

Time tells in its starry evangel,
That when life and its cares are laid down
We shall lay at the feet of the angels
The cross for the crown.

Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

SELECT STORY.

Over "Rubber" Ice.

Such a snowstorm Lakeview had never experienced. For two days and as many nights it had raged continuously. Everything was buried in a blanket of white several feet deep, except the lake. Its glassy surface had been kept free by the sweep of the wind ; but it had not been very cold, and, except along shore, the ice was not thick.

Bert Hill lived on the shore of the lake on the outskirts of Lakeview. He was a stockily built lad of about 15, and very fond of outdoor sports. When not in school he was nearly always, during daylight, rowing, fishing, swimming or skating, as the season permitted. His great ambition was to become a newspaper man. There was a village paper in Lakeview, The Courier,

but it was only a weekly, and Bert's ideas ranged above this.

What he had in mind was a place on the staff of some big city daily. He felt that if he could only have a start, he was bound to succeed. The previous spring he had graduated from the village school with honors ; during the summer he had done some odd jobs, but there was no place for him in Lakeview which promised promotion in his chosen line.

It was in the early part of the evening on the second day of the storm that Bert heard of a bad accident that had occurred on the railroad line, two miles out of Lakeview. The express, going west, had encountered a snowslide in a gorge and been thrown from the track. Several people had been killed and many others seriously hurt. An engine which happened to be on the siding at Lakeview, was at once dispatched to the place of the disaster with doctors on board. And now, as he heard, they were bringing the dead and the injured into the village on a couple of flat cars.

Bert dashed off to the station. Sure enough, there they were, the injured being made as comfortable as possible at houses nearby, the dead entrusted to the undertaker's care, while the remaining passengers were slowly being accomodated with shelter and food by the village folks. Bert was very much interested, and stood listening eagerly to the stories told by the passengers. A stranger was talking to the telegraph operator.

"Can't you get a word through ?" he was asking.

"Not a word," the operator answered. "Why, the railroad people would do anything to send a message to the city, but the wires are down. The connection was broken half an hour before the accident occurred."

"When will it be fixed ?"

"Not before morning at the earliest, and perhaps not then. It's 40 miles to the city, and the line runs through a lot of cuts in which the snow is deep. We'll be lucky if the wires are working by noon."

The stranger uttered an exclamation of anger and disgust. "And there's no chance of getting a message through in any other way ?"

The operator smiled. "You see the condition of things," he said. "How many people do you think would try driving or tramping through the snow ? Berton is the nearest town, and it's eight miles away."

The stranger turned away, lit a cigar and began to smoke savagely. Bert approached the operator, who smiled knowingly as the boy came up.

"There, Bert," he said, "there's one of your profession, and he's in a bad fix. He has an account of a railroad accident and he can't get it through to the city. He's a member of the Globe staff and was on the train that was wrecked."

Bert was all excitement at once, and he regarded the stranger with curiosity mixed with awe. He felt a great sympathy for the man, too, and by and by, plucking up courage, he walked over and spoke to him.

"It's hard luck you can't get your account through," he said.

"Yes," answered the other, moodily. "It's a splendid 'story'. I wouldn't miss making a 'scoop' on it for $20. But it must be in the office by 1.30 to-night, or the chance is gone."

Bert did not reply, but sat down on the short bench beside the man and cudgeled his brains for a way out of the difficulty. If he could only devise some plan to help the Globe reporter ! All at once he jumped to his feet. "I'll take that message for you and telegraph it to the city," he said.

The man looked at him keenly. "You will ?" he said. "How ?"

"I'll take it down and cross the lake on my skates—at least I'll try. I can telegraph it from Pine Bluffs if the wires to the city aren't down there, too."

The man slapped him on the back. "You're a trump, youngster," he exclaimed. "I'll have the story ready in 15 minutes. How soon can you start ?"

"As soon as I can get home and back. That will be about half an hour. I'll take an hour to get to the Bluffs. I'll probably have to skate around a lot of thin ice. It's 8 o'clock now. I'll be in the Bluffs by 9.30."

"You won't lose by it, if you put the

story through for me," said the Globe man emphatically. "I'll wait for you here."

But Bert thought little of what return he might get for the task. The idea that he was enlisted in the service of the Globe—the biggest of the city papers—was reward enough for him. The thought of the possible danger ahead never entered his mind, either. Full of his project he made his arrangements and came back without stopping to explain to anybody, but when he had received the bundle of written sheets from the Globe man and was leaving, a sudden thought that he could not possibly return till late made him call to the telegraph operator to send word to his father where he had gone.

Final preparations were given him by the newspaper man, also a card to show the operator at the Bluffs in default of money to pay for the telegram. Ten minutes later he had clamped on his skates and was off.

The breeze blew directly across the lake from the northeast. It struck him on the right side, and while it did not actually impede him, made breathing no easy task. But the ice was firm and green and as smooth as could be, and he swung along at a smart pace, for there was no better skater in Lakeview. Five miles were covered in short order. Then he slackened his speed and began to consider what course he should adopt.

If he went all the way down the lake to a point opposite Pine Bluffs and cut straight across to the town it would be safest, for he would have thick, smooth ice for the whole distance ; but it would also take him longer than to strike diagonally across the lake from where he then was. The latter plan would take him over a couple of miles of ice of which he would not be sure, but he would thereby save nearly half an hour of valuable time provided the ice held.

A couple of minutes of debate decided him. The Globe needed the "story," as the man had called it, as soon as possible. He had undertaken to see that it got through quickly. He felt that if a regular member of the staff of that paper had the matter in hand he would not weigh his convenience, or even some danger, against doing the service speedily.

He swung around, and started out on a straight course for the town. The wind was on his back, and if he had skated fast before, he now was ringing along at a pace which made his earlier efforts seem slow. In five minutes he was entirely without the shelter of the high-ground.

The ice was still firm but almost transparent under the light which the moon occasionally gave as it struggled from between clouds. It had stopped snowing, but little whirlwinds of light, powdery flakes now and then scurried across the path.

For some reason, which he could not at first explain, Bert began to grow uneasy. He strove in vain to drive the fear from his mind. The ice looked firm ; there was no break in it ; apparently it was firm and capable of bearing his weight. But somehow the "feel" of it told him that he was in danger. As he swept forward he seemed to be rising and falling with each stroke. He had been on such ice before. It bent under him in waves, and he knew that if there had been more light, by looking over his shoulder he would have seen it undulating in long swells, just like the water of the lake on a calm day.

The ice was too thin to bear his weight if he stood still for an instant. The skimming speed of his flight alone kept him from crashing through it. Would it grow thinner ? If it did there was little chance of his ever getting safely to land. He was nearly in the middle of the lake, and there, presumably, the ice was weakest. He knew it was a race for life.

Suddenly, back of him the panting boy heard an ominous crack. It did not need a glance behind to tell him what had happened. The ice had broken there, at its rise, released from his weight. A chill struck through

him ; but the fear merely made him increase his efforts. He knew that he was going at a tremendous rate, yet it seemed as if the dangerous space could never be passed.

But now, through the darkness, the lights of Pine Bluffs began to twinkle, only a few miles away. Bert no longer felt that terrifying rise and fall of the ice beneath him, and skated with new confidence. Tired though he was, his speed did not slacken. He had reached safety at last.

He struck the shore near the steamboat wharf, and it was only a minute's work to pull off his skates. Then, swinging them over his shoulder by a strap, he walked through the snow to the path, which had been partially shoveled clear. Five minutes later he was at the telegraph office.

"Are the wires working ?" he asked, breathlessly.

"All open," returned the official.

"Thank goodness !" ejaculated Bert. For a moment he had thought of the awful possibility of being stopped here after all his work and danger. He unbuttoned his coat and brought out the precious manuscript. "Send that through to the Globe as fast as you can, please," he said, handing it to the operator. "And here's my card."

The operator glanced at the bit of pasteboard and then looked curiously at the boy. "Are you one of the Globe men ?" he asked.

"I am to-night," Bert answered promptly. "I brought that message across the lake."

The man uttered an ejaculation. "Well, you newspaper fellows beat all !"

Soon the message was speeding over the wires, and to Bert the clicking of the instrument was the sweetest sort of music. He leaned on the sill of the office counter and eagerly listened until the last word had been transmitted. Then he suddenly realized that he had to return that night, and that he should be starting, for he would have to go back by the longer way.

As he reached the door of the room the telegraph instrument began again to click, and the operator sang out to him : "Hello ! hold on there, Globe ; they're sending a message to you from the city office." And Bert halted in surprise.

After a minute the operator said : "They say send 500 words on your trip across the lake."

"How'd they know anything about that ?" asked Bert, in wonderment.

"It was in your account, here at the end," explained the operator. "Don't you remember ?" Bert did not remember, but he understood. The Globe man had added a line explanatory of how his "story" was to be put on the wires. For a moment the young aspirant for newspaper honors did not know just what to do. Here was his chance, but it was so unexpected that the surprise of it bewildered him. But he managed to answer : "All right. Tell them they shall have it at once."

The experience he had so recently been through was still vividly clear to his mind's eye, and he gave it in a straightforward, simple story. The 500 words were quickly written and dispatched, signed with his name. Then Bert, with a good sight to the operator, trudged with a light heart down to the frozen lake.

It was a long, hard pull back, for he had to make a big detour to avoid the thin ice, and it was 12 o'clock when he reached home. His father was waiting for him ; so was the Globe man, and many were the words of praise he got for his pluck.

But happy as these made Bert feel, it was a letter which came a week later that made his joy the greatest. It was from the managing editor of the Globe, and is offered him a chance to work for the paper with the promise, if he did well, that he would be regularly enrolled on the staff.

Of course, Bert wrote a prompt acceptance, with his father's approval and how much he made of this opportunity is shown by the fact that he now has a responsible place on the Globe force, and is one of that paper's most trusted workers.

A Cruel Deed.

The following story was once told by the late Eugene Field of a conversation between the aged Simon Cameron and Col. Ingersoll. It preaches a sermon in itself which all Bob Ingersoll's ribaldry and sophistry cannot refute. It was a cheerless, rainy night, and the venerable Simon Cameron was sitting in a hotel corridor, gazing out into the fog and darkness when Col. Ingersoll entered. "What has happened, General ?" he asked. "You look as if you had lost your last friend." "Ah, Bob," said the old man, with a sigh. "I have just seen a cruel, pitiful sight. An aged and crippled soldier was painfully toiling up the street yonder, and was making some progress, when a big, double fisted, broad shouldered fellow kicked the crutches out from under the old cripple, leaving him, feeble and helpless, to pick himself up as best he could." "I wish to God I had been there !" cried Ingersoll angrily. "I'd have trounced the ruffian ! I have never heard of so brutal an outrage ! What, abuse an old and crippled man like that! I'd make quick work of the brute !" "Wait a moment, Bob," interposed old Simon Cameron, gently. "I was that aged and crippled veteran, and I was toiling along to my grave. And it was you, Bob, who came across my path and kicked from under me the crutches that supported me in that last journey." Col. Ingersoll made no answer, and the old man continued to look mournfully out into the night.

What Keeps Women Young.

Mrs Crawford, writing from Athens to London Truth, says : "Greek women do not wear well. I attribute this to the seclusion in which they had to live under the Turks—a seclusion that is still in the manners of the country. What keeps women young is to have minds. They can be intellectual without being members of Parliament. But they must have friction with other minds, and spheres for the display of their talents and the use of their energies. Cleverness and philosophy applied to the circumstances of everyday life preserves more of fresh and youthful spirits and of bodily activity."

"Have you not mistaken the pew sir ?" blandly said a Sunday Chesterfield to a stranger, as he entered it. "I beg pardon," replied the intruder rising to go out. "I fear I have ; I took it for a Christian's."