

# 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, FEBRUARY 17, 1899.

No. 25.

### THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:  
\$1.00 Per Annum.

Local advertising at two cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement.

Advertisements for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the publisher, and payment must be made in advance.

The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction as all work turned out.

Every communication from all parts of the country, 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 written in a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE  
Office Hours, 8:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.

Letters 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.

U. S. V. MAIL, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX,  
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.

G. W. McLean, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. Hugh R. Bick, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sunday School at 9:30 p. m.; B. Y. F. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 p. m.; Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m.; Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Women's prayer-meeting on the second and Wednesday of each month at 8:30 p. m. All seats free. Visitors at the doors welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES—Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Monday at 7:30 p. m. Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

FRESHFIELD CHURCH—Rev. P. M. McDonald, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 9:30 p. m.; B. Y. F. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 p. m.; Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m.; Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Women's prayer-meeting on the second and Wednesday of each month at 8:30 p. m. All seats free. Visitors at the doors welcome strangers.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. M. Donah, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 10:30 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. All the day are free and strangers welcome at all the services. At Greenway, preaching at 7:30 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 7:30 p. m. Holy communion at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.  
Roberts W. Storey, Warden.  
Gen. A. Frost.

St. FRANCIS (C. O.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Pastor. Mass 11:00 a. m. the four Sundays 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. DIBB, Secretary.

Temperance.  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION C. O. 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 8:30 o'clock.

Populares.  
Court Banding, L. 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.

UNDERTAKING!  
CHAS. H. BORDEN  
Has a full line of GIFFINS,  
GIBBS, etc., and a FIRST-CLASS  
HEARSE. All orders in this line will  
be promptly attended to. Charges moderate.

Wetville, March 11th, '97.

GLOBE  
Steam Laundry  
HALIFAX, N. S. 25  
"THE BEST"  
Wolfville Agents, Rankwell & Co.



### The Wolfville Clothing Co's ANNUAL MID-WINTER MARK-DOWN SALE IS NOW ON!

FOR 30 DAYS ONLY WE WILL MAKE TO ORDER

Good All Wool Tweed Suits!

For \$12.00, \$13.50, 14.50

Fine Black Clay Worsted Suit, \$16.00.

Pants, \$3.00, \$4.00 & \$5.00.

THESE PRICES ARE FOR CASH ONLY.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailors,  
Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

### Starr, Son & Franklin.

Revolvers, Ammunition, Iron, Steel, Bolts, Coil Chisels, Locks, Knobs, Snow Shovels, Flower Stands, Paint, Varnishes, Stairs, Gold Palat, Zinc, Lead, Dry Flooring, Dry Sheathing.



### SPECIALTY OF SKATES.

(Doesn't differ grades of Skates.)  
Alabastine, Rain Seepers, Meat Choppers, Shovels, Forks, Cow Ties, Steel Traps, Glass, Putty, Chamfers, Sponges, Coal Hods, Wash Tubs, Pails, Soap by the Box, Carpenters Tools, Nails, Self Leather, Wall Papers, Brushes.

A Snowstorm.  
Outside I see the armies of the storm,  
The dazzling millions of the bright,  
White snow.

But, though so countless is the constant storm,  
I smile upon them from the cozy glow  
Of my well-furnished fire. Besides, I know  
That very soon the Spring, with kisses warm,  
Will charm these armies to another form  
And bid them in gay streams like music flow.

So I rejoice. But something like a sting  
A thought like Banquo's ghost which  
will not down—  
Still haunts me. There are some to whom  
the Spring  
Will bring no message; some on whom  
the frown  
Of Poverty hangs so dark they feel the  
storm  
Without a fire or hope to keep them warm.

Overcoming the World.  
BY CHARLES W. SHELTON.  
CHAPTER I.  
The senior class in the theological seminary at Hermon had just had its picture taken by the photographer,

prospects of the class. The red-faced, jolly-looking young man in the center was going to take a church in Northern Vermont. The man just behind him had received a call as assistant pastor of an institutional church in Philadelphia. The delicate featured student by the chapel door was going to teach school a year and had a church as soon as he had paid off his college debt.

Every member of the class had spoken of his prospects except one. This one sat on the extreme edge of the group as if he had purposely chosen to be as inconspicuous as possible in the picture. A stranger carelessly walking by would have instantly judged him to be the homeliest, least interesting man in the class. He had dull brown hair, very heavy and stiff, blue eyes, a rather large mouth, the lips of which, however, were firm and full of character, high cheek bones, and an unusually high forehead. His arms and legs were very long, and his general attitude as he sat on the edge of the steps was almost strikingly awkward.

"Here's Kirk," said a word yet," cried the little man who had first spoken. "What are you going to do, Kirk?"

Every member of the class turned and looked at the figure sitting on the edge of the group. It was noticeable that while several of the class smiled at the question, "What are you going to do?" there was no disrespect in the smile, and on every man's face was a look of real interest amounting to an excited curiosity.

Malcom Kirk smiled slightly as he looked up. He did not look at any member of the class in particular, but seemed to include them all in a friendly interest that was affectionate and gentle.

"I don't know," he said, "I'm waiting for a call. I've had one and accepted it, but I need another before I can go to work."

Everybody stared. The man up by the chapel door had a look in his eye as if he understood what Kirk meant, but no one else seemed to catch his meaning.

"My first call was from the Lord, several years ago. I feel perfectly satisfied with it. He wants me to preach. But so far none of the churches seem to agree with Him. At least none of them have asked me to preach. So I'm waiting for my second call."

He spoke without the least touch of irreverence or even humor. The impression made on the class was a feeling of honest perplexity concerning the future prospects of Malcom Kirk.

"I don't see," said the man who was to be the assistant pastor of the institutional church in Philadelphia, "why Kirk hasn't had a call to a large church. We all know he has more brains than all the rest of us put together. I think it is a shame the churches should pass by such a man and—"

"It's easy enough to see the reason,"—Kirk spoke without the shadow of any irritation in his manner. "You fellows know, as well as I do, that brains don't count with the average city congregation." He laughed good-naturedly, and the class joined him. Then someone said:

"Why don't you do it black, Kirk?"

"I can't afford to," he replied gravely. "That is the only reason I don't get a call. I'm too awkward in the pulpit. Did I tell anybody the last time I preached in the Third Church at Concord I knocked a vase of flowers off the pulpit with my elbow, and when it fell on the floor it waked up every officer in the church. Of course, I never could expect to get a call from that church."



the tail-end of a wagon, and never have a parish. But I do want a parish and a people. I can love people like everything. I feel hungry to have a parish of my own."

The other man was silent. He had never felt just like that, but he thought he could understand.

"I hope you will have such a church, some time. I would like to be a member of it."

"Thank you!" Kirk smiled. "Well, son, if you were that church, I would have a unanimous call. I am sure there is a work for me somewhere in God's great world. Else, why did he give me such a passion to speak to men and to love them?"

Malcom Kirk looked out across the great seminary campus and spoke with a conscious cry of heart-longing. The beautiful June day was nearly gone. The future for him was as indefinite and unsettled as any condition can be. Yet the strong, patient, undisturbed realities of his call to preach the Gospel were as unmoved as the sky of that lovely June day. The light would soon fade out of the heavens, but the sky would still remain.

The next day was commencement at Hermon Seminary. The chapel was filled with a representative congregation of Hermon people, friends and relatives of the classes, the trustees and officers of the Seminary, and the usual number of undergraduates.

It was the custom at Hermon for the annual announcement to be made at the close of the exercises of commencement. For some reason, however, this order was changed, and the audience listened with unusual interest to the president's remarks.

He had read the names of the students in Hebrew and New Testament Scholarships, and the successful men in the general work of the entire course. He paused now at the end of the list, and then read the last name, looking down at the graduating class as he did so.

"The German scholarship is awarded to Malcom Kirk, of the graduating class."

There had been a slight rustling of applause as the different names were read, but when Kirk's name was spoken the class applauded vigorously, and the clapping extended over the chapel very heartily. Kirk sat bolt upright and blushed very red, and Wilson, who was sitting by him, exclaimed in a loud whisper, "Good! That means seven hundred dollars and a year abroad."

Kirk said nothing. There was no question he was pleased. His lips trembled and he shuffled his feet under the pew, and his great hands opened and shut nervously. When his turn came to go up on the platform to speak, he felt as if his natural awkwardness and shyness had been doubled by the attention directed to him by the winning of the best scholarship in the gift of the Seminary.

The minute he began to speak, all this shyness disappeared. It was true, Kirk loved to face an audience. He loved people, and after the first moment of conscious fright was passed, he eagerly entered the true speaker's position and enjoyed both the audience and his own after in addressing it.

His subject was "The Business of Preaching." What was it? How did it differ from oratory? What was the object of preaching? What were the materials of preaching? He spoke with his heart in what he said. It was the thought of more than one minister in the audience that this man who had won the German Scholarship had a remarkably good voice. More than one pastor felt like curving the peculiar tone of that voice. It had a carrying quality that commanded attention and held it. And nearly every man on the Seminary faculty was wondering why Kirk had received a call from any church. There was no question as to his ability. He had both brains and heart. It is true his face and figure were not in his favor. He was not of the orthodox ministerial cut. His clothes were not a very good fit. But were the churches looking for a fashion plate? For an ornamental failure behind the pulpit?

In the audience that morning there were also two other persons who had paid close attention to Kirk while he was speaking. One of these was a young man nearly Kirk's age, with a face and manner that spoke of the most successful reason of success. It was the face of a dreamer. Dark eyes, wavy dark hair, handsome features, thin, delicate, curved lips, the hand of an artist. His clothes were made of the finest material and bore the stamp of that unconscious gentleness which always goes with a man who has all his life been used to exquisite details. As he sat there listening to Malcom Kirk this morning, Francis Raleigh was attracted by the voice of the speaker. He had listened to the others with a conventional interest that did not mean anything to him. He started the moment that Kirk spoke the first word, and fastened his look upon him until he was through. He then resumed his previous attitude of mild indifference to the programme.

The other person who followed Kirk's speech with especial interest was a young woman who sat in that part of the church reserved for the trustees of the Seminary, and their families. It is said that the young woman who works in the nitro-glycerine and dynamite establishment at Ardery, Scotland, have the most perfect complexion in the world, owing to the nature of the peculiar materials they handle and breathe. It is very certain that Dorothy Gilbert had never lived or worked in any more explosive atmosphere than that of her own intense energy, but her face would fairly have rivalled that of any Scotch lass in Arden. There was a striking resemblance in many ways to Francis Raleigh's beauty. It might have been due to the similarity in training and in tastes. The New England type of independent, morally calm, but thoroughly interested activity was well represented in Dorothy Gilbert. Her father sat beside her, a dignified, carefully dressed man of fifty-five, iron grey hair and monastic, a successful book publisher, with a beautiful home in Hermon and business in Boston. Dorothy was the only child at home. She had graduated a year before at Northampton, and was now taking a special course in music, going to the city three days in the week.

### 75 Cents

For a Black or Tan Guaranteed

### KID GLOVE

(Regular value \$1.00 to \$1.25) until December 31st.

### HALF PRICE!

Until Dec. 31st, of the largest and most complete stock of

### FANCY RIBBONS!

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES. WRITE FOR SAMPLES.

Our Stock taking Sale now on.

### A. O'CONNOR

Milliner and Outfitter.  
47 & 49 Barrington St., Halifax.