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THE ACADIAN

One Year to Any Address for \$1.00.

The Acadian

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1904.

No better advertising medium in the Valley than THE ACADIAN.

NO. 4.

THE ACADIAN. Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors. DAVIDSON BROS., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in advance. News communications from all parts of the county or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited.

Advertisements Rates. \$1.00 per square (2 inches) for first insertion, 20 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application. Reading notices ten cents per line first insertion, two and a half cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements in which the number of insertions is not specified will be continued and charged for until otherwise ordered.

This paper is mailed regularly to subscribers until a definite order to discontinue is received and all arrears are paid in full.

Job Printing is executed at this office in the latest styles and at moderate prices.

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 office of publication.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE. OFFICE HOURS, 8.00 a. m. to 8.30 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.30 a. m. Express west close at 9.45 a. m. Express east close at 4.30 p. m. Kentville close at 6.10 a. m.

Geo. V. RAND, Post Master.

CHURCHES. BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. L. D. Morse, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.—Rev. E. M. Dill, B. D., Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville. Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

St. John's Parish Church, or Holy Trinity Church.—Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m. First and third Sundays at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m.

St. Francis (Catholic)—Rev. Martin Carroll, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

The Tabernacle.—Mr. N. Crandall, Superintendent. Services: Sunday, Sunday School at 2.30 p. m., Gospel service at 7.30 p. m., Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

MASONIC. St. George's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.

ODDFELLOWS. Orlin's Lodge, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their Hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcomed.

TEMPERANCE. WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 5, meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

FORESTERS. Central Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

REPAIRING STATION. Bicycles repaired and cleaned. Lamps, Mowers put in order. Locks repaired and keys fitted.

Bicycle Findings. Alfred Suttie.

Dr. H. Lawrence, DENTIST. Wolfville, N. S. Office in Herbin Block. Telephone No. 20.

Potted Plants AND Cut Flowers OF ALL Description AT FREEMAN'S NURSERY

Wedding Bouquets and Funeral designs made up at short notices. W. A. Freeman, WOLFVILLE.

Telephone 32.

\$10 REWARD! As we are under considerable expense in repairing street lights that are maliciously broken, we offer the above reward for information that will lead to the conviction of the guilty parties.

Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. ACADIA ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

Leslie R. Fair, ARCHITECT, Present P. O. address, AYLESFORD, N. S.

Edwin E. Dickey, M. D., Wolfville, N. S.

H. V. HARRIS, General Manager.

HENRY LEVY. Partners: HENRY LEVY, GEORGE BURRILL. Fruit Auctioneers.

Covent Garden, London, W. C. England. Direct Receivers and Auctioneers, American, Canadian

Nova Scotia Apples our Specialty.

REFERENCES: London and County Banking Co., Ltd., Covent Garden; London and County Banking Co., Ltd., Covent Garden; London and County Banking Co., Ltd., Covent Garden.

T. L. HARVEY, General Agent, Wolfville, N. S.

what of the future? Do you want to be better off than you are now? In your old age do you wish to live in ease and comfort?

IF SO Apply at once for a policy with THE ROYAL VICTORIA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

TO-DAY you are in good health:— BUT WHAT OF THE FUTURE? JOHN T. PURDON, General Agent, Wolfville, N. S.

C. M. YADGIN, F. W. WOODMAN. Wolfville Coal & Lumber Co., GENERAL DEALERS IN

Hard and Soft Coals, Kindling-Wood, Etc. Also Brick, Clapboards, Shingles, Sheathing, Hard and Soft Wood Flooring and Rough and Finished Lumber of all kinds

AGENTS FOR THE BOWKER FERTILIZER CO., BOSTON. And Haley Bros., St. John.

A. W. Allen & Son, MANUFACTURERS OF Sashes, Doors, Mouldings.

ALL KINDS OF BUILDERS' FINISH AND MATERIAL IN Native and Foreign Woods. BOXES, STAVES, HEADING! Catalogue and Prices on Application.

MIDDLETON, N. S. Fred H. Christie, PAINTER.

PAPER HANGER. Best Attention Given to Work Entrusted to Us. Orders left at the store of L. W. Sleep will be promptly attended to. PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Ayer's Hair Vigor. Do you like your thin, rough, short hair? Of course you don't. Do you like thick, heavy, smooth hair? Of course you do. Then why not be pleased? Ayer's Hair Vigor makes beautiful hair of hair, that's the whole story. Sold for 60 years.

Weak Hair. I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time. It has induced a wonderful hair growth, and I feel much better for it. Dr. J. W. Taylor, Middlebury, Vt.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY CO. ON AND AFTER JUNE 1st, 1904, Trains will run as follows, commencing at 7.15 a. m. on the 1st of June, 1904.

Leaves Truro at 7.00 a. m., arrive in Windsor 9.05 a. m.

Leaves Truro at 2.45 p. m., arrive in Windsor 5.00 p. m.

Leaves Windsor at 5.00 a. m., arrive in Truro 6.55 a. m.

Leaves Windsor at 7.40 a. m., arrive in Truro 9.35 a. m.

Leaves Windsor at 9.50 a. m., arrive in Truro 11.55 a. m.

Leaves Windsor at 5.45 p. m., arrive in Truro 7.55 p. m.

When the strike did come, fifteen years later, both Ferrier and the Mexican lay in the deep sleep up among the pines on the hills, and from the lone shack Quitta and her mother looked down on the valley and saw the chosen of the Lord of Mammon sweep away their Canadian and its wealth.

But they were weary, being women, and showed no fight and Happy Chance as a law abiding community reviewed their case and admitted to a share in the profits of their own property and shook hands with itself over its generosity.

The summer after the strike Larry Carroll alighted in camp, and we entertained him unawares, not seeing any wings. We had heard of Larry before. He was a gentlemanly boy with a good record behind him of ways of honor. He was a miner, but he never mined. He would follow the cry of fame to a new camp and laze around for a few weeks until he found a claim that suited him. He paid in cash, and the camp would see him no more until one day he would come back with some poor innocent of a capitalist he had corralled, and the claim would change hands, and Larry would ride on in triumph, ten thousand to the good.

It showed a depth of intuitive wisdom that the world respected, and Happy Chance welcomed him; also he had a winning way with women. He was gay hearted and debonair and masterful, with eyes of Irish blue and hair like a water spaniel, chestnut curled. He never wooed with words, only with his eyes. They were sufficient. You cannot make out a case against a man on the score of tender eyes. So Larry rode out free over a highway of sighing hearts until he struck Happy Chance and Quitta.

There was a dance at Darity's the night he came, and he rambled in. Quitta was dancing, and as he stood

in the doorway, watching, she whirled by on big Sim Rawdon's arm, and the cluster of scarlet mountain flowers she wore in her hair fell at Larry's feet. Sim went back for them. They were in the breast pocket of Larry's shirt, and the two went out doors to settle the argument for possession, while Quitta perched herself on a window sill and smiled contentedly.

It was the beginning of a state of affairs which Happy Chance resented. Rawdon owned the biggest claim camp and if we ever grew to be a chief of police or something interesting. In the dream of the future he had shared his honors in our mine.

She belonged to Happy Chance. It was right that she should have the best article in his marriage market, and neither Sim nor Quitta had objected up to date. But with the coming of Larry there was a change. We carried Sim home from the dance with a bullet in his shoulder, and Larry went back and finished the waltz with Quitta.

The next day Sim went to the shack with a bandaged shoulder and spoke up like a man, knowing that public sentiment was with him. When he came back he invited us all to the wedding, and Larry tipped his hair farther back on the shady stoop of the Silver Star and whistled softly. The wedding was set for the following Saturday, and Sim rode every day to the shack and came back with a smile on his lips and a spray of scarlet flowers from the vine that grew on Quitta's hillside. But Saturday at sunset, when he rode after his bride, he came back without smile or flowers and told the story to the crowd that waited in the Silver Star. Quitta was gone. Old Dolores said she had been carried off by the devil with the Irish eye to the mountains, and Sim asked for company.

We were willing to go. She was a home product, and we didn't propose having any blue eyed waverick come out of the north and steal her away.

Up through the valley we rode that night, forled the Yarka just below the hills and took to the mountains on the Callifornia line. Larry was making for the States by the coast, and we hoped to catch him before he struck a railroad.

"Will you plig him on sight, Sim?" asked Keno Davis, in mild interest. "I don't believe there'll be any shaking hands," said Sim grimly, and we gloried in the coming fight.

Just before sunrise we came upon their half way up Bald mountain. As we rounded a corner of the trail a gray sombrero showed above the tangled growth of vines and ferns that clung to the top of the rocks. Sim put a bullet through it neatly. The answer laid Keno Davis out under the shade of a scrub pine, and we decided to rest and do battle scientifically, as Larry had a clear eye and a mighty good chance to take his pick of a hostile force. While the rest of us engaged his interest, Sim took four others and started on a detour to reach a point above.

It was a good fight. There was no yelling or Apache war dancing, only a steady, quiet interchange of compliments that meant business, and a gradually closing in around the rock.

"We knew Quitta must be with him, but whether she had fainted or been bound we could not tell, until suddenly a clear, sharp cry rang out, and Larry man lowered his gun at the sound. It was a cry he should not have heard, and we sent back the deep ravines and gulches. For an instant the firing ceased, then began again, faster than ever, but not so sure. All at once the voice of Sim shouted from above.

"For God's sake, boys, quit firing!" It was hard to obey with victory so near, the bullets flying wild around our heads from the hidden hand behind the rock. But we stopped, they did also, and we scrambled from ledge to ledge over the ragged, splintered stones until the top was gained, and we looked down on Larry and his captive.

It was a strange sight. Back against the rough, gray rocks stood Quitta, her eyes aflame with reckless courage and defiance. Larry's two revolvers gripped, still smoking in her hands. At her feet lay Larry, his white face upturned to the dazzling light and a dull, crimson stain soaking the right side of his flannel shirt.

"I'll shoot the first one that dares touch him!" called Quitta. "You're a pack of cowards to follow and hold me up like this! What's he done?" "He shot you."

Homeick. On the brown beach the children play With little pink feet in the foam. And when they are tired they know the way The short safe way that leads to home.

But all for us how hard the beach! How all the sand with thorns in strewed. How the sea we may not reach. Though we should walk from June to June.

The warm lights in the window start. Across the dark the red flames run. Twining hot buds about my heart And searing old wounds one by one.

A cold wind from the grey North Sea Picks the tall tufts of white foam. My wandering feet a man's may be. But my heart's a child for home.

Quitta's Kidnapping. Margaret's former fiancé, now a name, according to the baptismal records in the little white mission church at San Junipero. Over at Happy Chance we called her Quitta.

Some way she seemed to belong more to Happy Chance than she did to San Junipero, with its soft toned bells and the solitude of cloistered gardens. She was tall and slim and sunburned, with lips like the heart of a rose and dark shadowy eyes that looked sidelong at one and made the ether seem an excellent place to live in.

Before Happy Chance had opened up as a silver mining center the shack of old Tom Ferrier had held its own up on the mountain side and dominated the whole valley. No one knew when it had been built. Ferrier had drifted from camp to camp down through Colorado and across-wise through the Sierras until Mexico was the limit, and he found Happy Chance. It was a bit of the wilderness that had escaped fortune seekers and railroad surveyors, and he held it for his own and believed that some day he would be a silver king.

In earnest of that belief he had built the shack and married Dolores Ruiz, daughter of the old Mexican who claimed the valley by prior right. The result was a success in a way. There were no signs of silver, but there was Quitta.

When the strike did come, fifteen years later, both Ferrier and the Mexican lay in the deep sleep up among the pines on the hills, and from the lone shack Quitta and her mother looked down on the valley and saw the chosen of the Lord of Mammon sweep away their Canadian and its wealth.

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There was a dead silence. Her eyes were full of tears, and Happy Chance hid his face in shame. It is not pleasant to have a gallant rescue knocked in the head by the scorn of a woman's will.

But Sim stood without shame and stared at the white, young face at Quitta's feet, and at last without a word he went down and lifted Larry in his arms and made his way with him to the train, and Quitta followed slowly.

At Prospero we left the three, and Sim never gave up his guard until the wound was healed, and Quitta rode into camp beside her husband as Mrs. Larry Carroll.

There were no hard feelings. No laws had been broken but the law of the heart, and each heart has a law of its own.

But when it was all over Sim sold out his mine to him and went back over the mountains to the States. We understood and did not blame him. It is easier to save the life of the man you hate than to stand by and see the girl you love as his wife.

Joy Succeeds Despair IN THE HOME OF MR. JOSEPH HILTON, THOROLD, ONT.

HIS DAUGHTER, FLORENCE, WAS ALL BUT DEAD FROM DROPSY—HER DOCTOR HAD GIVEN HER UP—DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS WERE THEN USED AND TO-DAY SHE IS WELL AND STRONG.

From the Post, Thorold, Ont. Everybody believes in a dreamy sort of way of the efficacy of a well and wisely advertised medicine, when the recorded cases of restored health are at a distance; but when a case comes up in the home town, when the patient is known to everyone, and when the cure is not only positive but marvelous, the efficacy of the medicine becomes a fact—a decided thing. For many years the Post has advertised Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, large quantities of

them have been sold by the local drug stores, and many remarkable cures have been effected. One of these attracted the attention of our reporter and he investigated. Miss Florence Hilton, the eighteen year old daughter of Joseph and Mrs. Hilton, living in the west part of the town, was taken ill early last summer with dropsy, coupled with heart trouble. She was obliged to live up one doubly after another, and finally became unable to walk or to lie down. Her suffering was intense and medical skill did all that could be done. Florence, however, grew worse, sitting in her chair day and night for five long months to get her breath, and the parents despaired. At last the doctor gave her up and said further visits were futile. The poor girl's limbs were pitifully swollen and finally burst below the knees. She sat helpless and weak, gasping for breath and at times could breathe at all only with the greatest difficulty. One night the neighbors came in and said she could not live till morning. But to-day she is alive and well, moving about among her young companions a remarkable and miraculous contrast to what she then was. The reporter called one evening at the Hilton home, but Miss Florence was out visiting. The father and mother were in, however, and freely told him of the cure, which they attributed entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first box was brought to her by her grandmother, who urged their use. Then Mrs. Hilton herself remembered that she had the previous winter been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of a slight attack of rheumatism, and also remembered the many cures advertised in the Post. She bought two boxes and Florence took them, three pills at a dose. In two weeks she felt a slight decrease in the pain in her limbs, and more pills were procured. For five months—five long painful months—the weary girl had sat day and night in her chair, but now she began to feel the pain leaving and to see her limbs resume their natural size. Fourteen boxes of the pills were taken and at last her perseverance was rewarded. She rose from her chair; her former strength gradually came back; one by one her household duties were taken up again; and when the Post representative called he was met by beaming faces and thankful hearts and a readiness to give to the world the facts that had saved a bright young life and had brought joy instead of grief to thousands of homes.

"It was Sim who answered her. Quitta turned on him like a flash. "He didn't shoot me, Sim. I ran away with him because I loved him."

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