

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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THE ACADIAN

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

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 6:15 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.
Geo. V. HARR, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturdays at 1 p. m.
G. W. MORSE, Agent.

Churches.
BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R. Finch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. B. Y. F. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:45, and Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. in the month of the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3:30 p. m. All seats free. Visitors at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL BREVITIES.—Sunday at 10 a. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. J. B. Deakin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock. W. M. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. B. Deakin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock. W. M. Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching at 2 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. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH O. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storr, J. Wardens.
Geo. A. Pratt.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. St. Kennedy, P. Y.—Mass 11:00 a. m. on the first Sunday 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. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. 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 Thursdays of each month at 7:30 p. m.

LONDON PEN & PENCIL STAMP.
The stamp, your own name, ink and much more from the pen, ink, and pencil of the London Pen & Pencil Stamp Co., Ltd., London, England.

UNDERTAKING!
CHAS. H. BORDEN
Has on hand a full line of COFFINS, CASKETS, etc., and a FIRST-CLASS HEARSE. All orders in this line will be carefully attended to. Charges moderate.
Wolfville, March 11th, '97.

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Steam Laundry
HALIFAX, N. S.
"THE BEST"
Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

CHRISTMAS BARGAINS!

TOO MUCH STOCK! TOO LITTLE CASH!

A \$1,000 Worth of Stock

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ONE MONTH ONLY.

Ladies' Blouse Silks 26c per yard, and Ladies' Oxford Suitings, Covert Coatings and Beavers all going at Cost. Ladies' Dress Trimmings, Linings, etc., at Cost.

We will Cut and Fit Ladies' Jackets and Dresses at Half Price.

Men's Tweed Suitings and Pantings at Cost.

All Wool Tweeds for 25c, 28c, 32c per yd. and up. We have a fine line of Pantings for 25c and up, all Wool.

A fine piece of English Worsted for \$1.43 per yard, double width, regular price \$2.00.

See Our Window. This Sale for One Month Only!

All Gentlemen's Suits or Pants cut at Half Price. Special prices for trimmings.

Come and see what we can do.

The Wolfville Clothing Co., Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailors, Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Starr, Son & Franklin.

Revolvers, Ammunition, Iron, Steel, Bolts, Cell Chains, Locks, Knobs, Snow Shovels, Flower Stands, Paint, Varnishes, Stains, Gold Paint, Zinc, Lead, Dry Flooring, Dry Sheathing.

Alabaster, Kafir Seeders, Meat Choppers, Shovels, Forks, Cow Ties, Steel Traps, Glass, Putty, Chamois, Sponge, Coal Hods, Wash Tubs, Pails, Soap by the Box, Carpenters Tools, Nails, Sole Leather, Wall Papers, Brushes.

In Ways that We Know Not.
I sometimes think that God lets our sorrows gather.
Till joy is hidden by pain's heavy cloud,
That in the darkness we may find "Our Father."
We need Him so when heart and head are bowed.

I sometimes think He lets friends fall and fall.
To show us earthly propers measure.
The broken hearts we lay upon His altar,
Of healing and of solace may be sure.

I sometimes think he strews our paths with roses,
And when we find that each one hides a thorn
He takes us by the hand and gently shows us—
That not to live to self has man been born.

I sometimes think, when He seems all unseeing,
Turning deaf ears unto our wild requests,
Is silent pity His great heart is bleeding
Because to grant us it were not the best.

I always think, in His divine compassion,
Not one will perish for His loving hands;
Knowing our weakness and the strength of pardon,
He pities us—because he understands.

exclamation her eyes gleamed brighter than her jewels and with no flicker in their intensity. At every pause of the pen she moved restlessly, as if to hurry its pace, but she never turned her head away.

But presently the lamplight with one last fitful leap gasped and went glimmering out, and the man threw down his pen with a quick exclamation. "Hang the lamps! Are they never seen in this house?" He stumbled tentatively to the mantelpiece, feeling his way with outstretched hands, and searched carefully across its surface.

The woman on the sofa raised herself deliberately on one elbow and regarded him, her eyes shining with malice.

"Really, is it worth while lighting it again?" she asked. "Such a pity you should have so much trouble, and you have knocked over half a dozen things already! I should leave it alone. The firelight will last our time. I suppose you are going to bed within an appreciable period?"

She sank back among her cushions. "I cannot write in the dark," he said in a sultry tone.

Her laugh echoed through the room, but she made no other reply.

"But of course that is of no consequence."

"I did not say so, but—well, it costs money nowadays to keep one's light burning, and now that you have mentioned it I am not sure—what reason have I for thinking it worth while?"

"God knows, you have little." He strook a match with shaking fingers and lit a couple of candles, then crossed quickly to her couch and, bending, laid his two hands upon hers. "Maude, do not let us quarrel. We have only each other, and—and it is the last night of the old year. Perhaps a better one is dawning for us."

She sighed impatiently and twisted her hands away from his. "Maybe," "Shall I read it to you?" He had turned to the table.

She nodded.

He carried his work to the hearth and read, standing, with bowed shoulders and excited lips, by the meager light. It was evident that this man's work was much to him. And when it was finished:

"Well?" he said, turning to her eagerly.

She was playing absently with her rings.

"To think that I should have come to wear false stones," she said, the tears almost in her eyes.

"I wish they were all behind the fire—every one of them!" he said excitedly.

"I dare say you do."
Then presently: "I dare say it is very good; but, then, I don't know much about that kind of thing. It is too good probably. Like the bread cast upon the water, it will come back to you after many days."

"There was a time when you cared enough about that kind of thing," he said bitterly.

"Ah, I dare say—in the old days when you posed as a genius and were to set the Thames on fire."
"Maude, how can you? You know that I told you—you know that I did not deceive you. I told you—"

"Oh, they all say that, but they don't mean it to be taken for gospel!" "I told you that I was no burning or shining light."
"Did you mean me to expect this?" She thrust her head toward the bare room with a contemptuous gesture that stung him to the quick.

"This? God forbid! Oh, I know I have not done my part! I have not done a tittle of what I meant to do. But it was too much to do alone. I have not had the heart. One must have sympathy—just a little sympathy."

"Just a little sympathy." She mimicked his tragic tones; her lips twisted in a sneer. "Bah! I am sick—sick to death of your fine, artistic people with all your whimpering sympathy! Other men can dispense with such fine feelings and yet earn enough money to keep their wives."

"Maude!"
"As for your work"—she leaned toward him, and with her thin hands pushed the hair back from her face—"I hate it! What are they to me—your artistic ideals? I want to have plenty to eat and plenty to wear and plenty to spend, like other women."

"Oh, it has all been a failure! I know it has been a failure! But I swear to you, Maude, that with another woman—"

"Yes? Oh, go on! Do, please. I want to hear about the other woman. She had sympathy—no doubt. You would have set the Thames on fire with the other woman. As for me, I was young and happy and handsome when you married me. Look at me now! Look!

a little! "And you," firmly, "I was working at you when John asked me to marry him. And I said, 'Yes,' I wonder why?"

On the stairs and up came a firm, heavy tread—crack, crack, crack. The door was thrown open.

"Oh, I say, little woman, you haven't half a light! What's this? Pahaw! I should put all that rubbish away—only makes a litter. Where did you pick these up? Not half bad, but I never could be bothered with those mystical arrangements, I wouldn't give you a good cigar for this whole regiment."

"I'm not sure that I want one," with a tremulous little laugh.

"No? Well, I don't suppose you do, I flatter myself that my wife doesn't smoke. Give me my cigar case off the mantelpiece, old lady. I came up for it. Better go to bed. It's all nonsense this waiting up for the old year. Or is it the new? I won't be a minute. I'm just going to have a chat with Wil-o-n. But do clear all this rubbish away before you go."

He went away, laughing at his own joke.

She put the drawings away, making a separate journey to the wrapper with each.

And as she covered over the last with a rain of tears, "Why, oh, why did you not tell me?" she whispered.

Outside the great bells clanged noisily, calling to all the city, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Dingdong, dingdong, ding-ding-dingdong. God bless you merry ladies and merrier gentlemen! A happy New Year to you all!—Black and White.

A Daughter's Heredim.
In the troubled times of Scotland, Sir John Oobrand was condemned to death by the king. The death warrant was on its way. Sir John was taking leave of his daughter at the door of his prison. "Farewell, my darling child, I must die to-morrow."

"Oh, no, father, you must not die!" "But," said her father, "the king and the law are against me, and the death warrant will be here to-night. My dear child, do not deceive yourself. I must die at dawn."

His daughter answered resolutely as she left him. "Father, you shall not die. Pray! Pray to God for your life!"

At dark on the moors of Scotland a young knight stood hidden in a thicket by the wayside waiting for the mail carrier bringing Sir John's death warrant. The knight, as the postman came by, suddenly sprang at him, threw him, and with superhuman strength wrenched the mail pouch from the surprised man and disappeared with it in the darkness.

Fourteen days were thus gained for the prisoner, during which time his father confessor was pleading for his pardon, and before two weeks had expired it came from the king. The door of his prison swung open, and Sir John went forth free. All day at home he was surrounded by rejoicing friends congratulating him. At night, when he was alone, the young knight appeared at his door desiring admittance. Sir John gave orders to admit him at once. The knight, entering, said, "Here are two documents, Sir John; read and destroy them." Sir John read them and grew pale to the lips. They were his death warrants!

Shivering, he threw them into the fire. "But," said he, "who is this brave stranger that has saved my life at the risk of his own? Who are you?"

The New Year can be likened unto a blank book of 365 pages, which has been placed in our hands. What will the book contain at the end of the year. Some pages will be stained with tears. Some will be crumpled as if clutched in despair. Some will contain words of hate and anger, which will burn the page whereon they are written. Other pages will be filled with the record of "something accomplished, something done," which has "earned a night's repose." There will be the record of battles fought, and at the end of the year we can turn back and see when we have conquered, when we have lost. There will be written upon these pages in letters of gold an account of the self-sacrifices, loves and faithful devotions.

"Do trouble wid some men dat knows a heap," said Uncle Eben, "is dat dey hab seen a positive way o' telling it dat dey makes folks too mad to listen."

Finer Cake

and biscuit are made with Royal Baking Powder than in the old-fashioned way, with cream of tartar and soda, or saleratus and sour milk.

The ingredients of Royal Baking Powder are most highly refined and absolutely pure. Royal is always uniform in strength, making the food evenly good and wholesome. No spoiled or wasted materials where it is used.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The knight threw off helmet, cloak and jupon, and, to behold, his own daughter stood before the astonished Sir John. "Gracious heaven!" he cried, "my own child! My savior! My own precious daughter!"—Exchange.

The Local Paper.
Your local paper tells you when to go to church, the county court, and probate court, says an eminent clergyman, and when to send your children to school. It tells you who is dead, who is married, who is sick, who is born, and many other things you would not otherwise know. It calls attention to public enterprise, and advocates the best schools of law and order in your town. It records the marriage of your daughter, the death of your son, and the illness of your wife free of charge. It sets forth the advantages and attractions of your town, invites immigration, and is the first to welcome new-comers. Yet, in spite of all these benefits, some people say the home paper is not half as good as some outside paper, and that it shows no interest in their business or success. The home paper, like the church, is too often neglected by those who are benefited by it.

The Coming Year.
The New Year can be likened unto a blank book of 365 pages, which has been placed in our hands. What will the book contain at the end of the year. Some pages will be stained with tears. Some will be crumpled as if clutched in despair. Some will contain words of hate and anger, which will burn the page whereon they are written. Other pages will be filled with the record of "something accomplished, something done," which has "earned a night's repose." There will be the record of battles fought, and at the end of the year we can turn back and see when we have conquered, when we have lost. There will be written upon these pages in letters of gold an account of the self-sacrifices, loves and faithful devotions.

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