

THE ACADIAN.

Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors.

DAVISON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in advance.
Newspaper commissions from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES
\$1.00 per square (10 inches) for first insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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

RULES.
Copy for new advertisements will be received up to Thursday noon. Copy for change in contract advertisements must be in the office by Wednesday noon.

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 of discontinuance 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.

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE.
T. L. HARVEY, Mayor,
A. E. COLWELL, Town Clerk.

OFFICE HOURS:
9.00 to 12.30 a. m.
1.30 to 3.00 p. m.
Close on Saturday at 12 o'clock.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.
OFFICE HOURS, 8.00 a. m. to 8.00 p. m.
On Saturdays open until 3.00 P. M.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.00 a. m.
Express west close at 9.05 a. m.
Express east close at 4.10 p. m.
Kentville close at 5.35 p. m.
E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

HAPPY CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 11.45 a. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Sunday evening at 8.15, and Church 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 8.20 p. m. All seats free. Officers at the door to welcome strangers.

PERSEVERANT CHURCH.—Rev. David Wright, Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.45 a. m.; Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 8.00 p. m.; Chalmers' Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m.; Sunday School at 10 a. m.; Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. B. Moore, 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 welcome at all the services. At Greenfield, preaching at 7.30 p. m., on Wednesdays.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
St. John's Parish Church, of Horton: Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m.; Last and Communion at 11 a. m.; Matins every Sunday 11 a. m.; Evensong 7.15 p. m.; Wednesday Evening, 7.40 p. m.; Special services: Advent, Lent, etc., by notice in church; Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rev. Dr. Moore.

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.
A. M. WILSON, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.
DAVIDSON LODGE, No. 92, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren always welcome.
Dr. E. F. MOORE, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.
WOLFVILLE DISTRICT No. 7, meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

FORESTERS.
Ours Honorable, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m.

At Wolfville.
Building Lots for sale on the Randall Hill, fronting on Victoria Avenue and the new street, running east and west across the hill (King street).
The lots are conveniently and beautifully situated in the centre of the town.
Land good. Air and views delightful.
Apply to
MR. ED. OGDEN, Wolfville.

Put a little "Sunshine" in your home

An old-fashioned, ill-working furnace is a non-producer.
It consumes the coal, but through leaks and cracks wastes the heat.
It is not economy to have such a furnace in your own home, or in your tenant's home.
If you are thinking of building you should be interested in Sunshine Furnace. It adds 100 per cent. to home comforts.
As soon as you let the contractor for your home decide on your furnace, the Sunshine Furnace will be pleased to tell you just how the rooms ought to be laid out with an eye to securing greatest heat from the smallest consumption of coal.
If you want to experiment with the question don't specify "Sunshine."
If you want to settle the question specify "Sunshine."

McClary's

For sale by L. W. Sleep, Wolfville.

Professional Carps.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College.
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.
EST. GAS ADMINISTRATOR.

Dr. J. T. Roach
DENTIST.
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgeons. Office in Harris Block, WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Office Hours: 9-1, 2-5.

Leslie R. Fair,
ARCHITECT,
AYLESFORD, N. S.
W. B. ROBERT, E. C. BARRY W. ROBERT, S. L. R.

ROSCOE & ROSCOE

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES, ETC.,
KENTVILLE, N. S.

E. F. MOORE
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
OFFICE: Delaney's Building, Main St. Residence: Methodist Parsonage, Gage Street Avenue.
OFFICE HOURS: 9-10 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-9 p. m.
Telephone connection at office and residence.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.
Voicing, Regulating and Repairing.
Organs Tuned and Repaired.
M. C. Collins.
P. O. Box 321, Wolfville, N. S.

H. PINEO.
EXPERT OPTICIAN,
WOLFVILLE.
Write if you wish an appointment either at your home or his.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Rates quoted and tickets issued from ANY PLACE EAST TO ANY PLACE WEST And Vice Versa.
W. S. HOWARD, D. P. A., C. P. R., ST. JOHN, N. B.

OCEAN TO OCEAN

Full Information on Application.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

One of the Finest Residential properties in WOLFVILLE.
Formerly occupied by the late Amelia Higgins. The house alone will be rented on reasonable terms. The place contains about 60 acres of upland, besides dyke. There is a large orchard, and the house and barn are in excellent condition. The property could be divided into two farms if desired. A large part of the purchase money can remain on mortgage.
Apply to
W. V. HIGGINS.

Bishop & Porter,

(Successors to J. C. Bishop.)
Carpenters and Builders.
Repairing and Shop Work a specialty.
Metallic Shingles and all kinds of Inside Metallic Fittings.
Agents for all kinds of outside and inside House Plumb.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Never Again.

I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do.
I wish I could sing of a lion slain—
Of a pirate crew on the Spanish main—
Of a little girl in a bonnet red
Sailed by a prince from a hideous bed.
I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do.
Ora little girl in bonnet red
Sailed by a prince from a hideous bed.
And the girl who she and the prince was—
Just as it used to do.
I wish the kettle would sing again,
Just as it used to do.
The kettle is cracked and the tale is told.
The health is still and the years are old.
The days are long and the nights are long,
The days are long and the nights are long.

A Prophet in Babylon.

BY W. J. DAWSON.
THE POOL AND THE RIVER.
Continued.

They were widely quoted of course. They gave occasion for certain other things to be said. It was not as New York, where Butler smiled grimly, and related for their benefit the story of the men upon whom the tower of Babel fell, with emendations and applications of his own.

But the most remarkable thing was that after the first outburst of the "Yellow Press," that great agent of public demoralization, that is to say, Gaunt was disposed to regard this as a victory, but Butler soon deceived him.

"Not a bit of it," said Butler. "I don't say they won't pretend to support me if they should conclude that it would pay them to do so, but it is far more likely that they will conspire to crush me. Indeed I have reason to know that is what their silence really means."

"No, but I've found that they have tried quietly to buy the control of my paper," said Butler. "I don't know. Have I ever sold you the history of my paper?"

"No, I would like to hear it," said Butler. "I worked for years at journalism, and every cent I could always in the hope that I might some day get a paper of my own, for a mere editor is in a position much more insecure than that of any minister. He is, of course, entirely at the mercy of his proprietors. They may change their policy at a moment's notice, or they may differ from their editor in opinion, or they may sell their interests. A mere editor is the least independent of men. He is saved and saved to obtain independence, and for years limited myself to two very plain meals a day. Then a fortunate event gave me my chance. I started my paper, putting all I had into it. For more than a year I stared me in the face. I had finally to sell a quarter share to save myself, and from that day the tide turned. But I kept three-quarters in interest, though I almost starved to do it. In the first six months of the partnership, it was worth saving for, it was the price of freedom."

"Well, the other man with the quarter share has been to see me three times in the last week. Each time he came on the same errand. He wanted to buy a controlling interest, and offered me a sum for it that would have made me a rich man for life. He wasn't very adroit about it. I read his story in his eyes. Of course he's been got at by the other side."

"Which means that the other side is thoroughly alarmed," said Butler. "Of course. And you'd say so if you knew all that went on in my office."

"He paused a moment, and smiled at some recollection. Then he added, 'The tank of a Grand Inquisitor isn't my sin, and nothing could be right with me until that sin was renounced. Having reached that decision, I knew what I had to do. I have spent the last month in New York, and have gone thoroughly into my affairs. Some of the worst abuses have been remedied. Be patient with me, and I promise you that the rest shall follow. The best guarantee that I can give you for that promise is that at Christmas I shall return to New York to go to work, and go to business every day as usual. I was relatively poor and struggling. I have let my country house. I intend to live among the people who hereafter will work not only for me, but with me; and I will make it my business to make them shrewd in all the good that I enjoy, as far as it is possible to me.' Gaunt and Butler were both deeply moved. Gaunt stretched out his hand to Stoenecroft in warm regard—it was some moments before he could speak. When he spoke he said in a low voice, 'Mr. Stoenecroft, a few weeks ago when you offered me money for the League of Service, we

refused it. I want to ask you now to give me something better than money."

"What is that?"
"Give us yourself. Join the League and work with us. You have earned the right."
"I shall count it the greatest honor of my life," he replied.
And so that night there was written on the roll of the League a name that has ever since been a synonym for stainless honor and widest charity, the name of William Stoenecroft.

HONOR AT LAST.
The conversion of Stoenecroft soon became public. Indeed he himself counted publicly by writing a long letter to the Daily Light, in which he earnestly pleaded the cause of the League, and insisted on the new principle of conduct which he had discovered, viz., that those who make money in a city should live among those whom they employ. His letter naturally attracted great attention, and among those who read it was Dr. Jordan.

Jordan was an obstinate, but not a stupid man. The astuteness which had enabled him to manage a church successfully through so many years, also gave him some power of reading the signs of the times. Stoenecroft's letter started him. He began to ask himself for the first time whether he had not been mistaken in his estimate of Gaunt and his work.

When a man of Jordan's temperaments begins to doubt his own infallibility, the disintegration of the said infallibility is rapid. Hitherto Jordan had abundant faith in himself, and had justified it. Amid a hundred contentions and disputes, some of them paltry enough, but others of real moment, he had never once found himself seriously mistaken. He had always chosen his ground with care, had measured men and occasions with cautious perspicacity, and had uniformly found himself upon the winning side.

Stoenecroft's letter disturbed him. He thought, "I feel you had that kind of faith in me that I've found strength to fight the hardest battle of my life," he said.

"But it has been a hard, hard fight," he continued, and as he spoke the dullness in his voice dissolved, and he began to speak with energy. "I give you my word I had no idea of the existence of the sort of things you had in charge. Of course that's no excuse. I ought to have known. Yes, that now, and I must not see it long ago. Up to about ten years ago I was moderately rich, and I looked after my affairs with jealous scrutiny. Then I found myself wealthy, and like most wealthy men I had a right to enjoy my leisure. I made my riches in New York, but I ceased to live in it. That was the beginning of the mischief."

"I think I understand," said Gaunt. "No, I don't do it, or can. At all events, I am sure you can't understand the temptations of such a position. Do you know what it means to live in a green nook of the country, with all the pleasures wealth can give you? Well, I will tell you what happens—your soul goes to sleep. The days pass so noiselessly, life moves on so even, that you forget the very existence of a tragic world. If you think of it at all, it is with a complacent commiseration, as if of something far off and unreal. Then your moral sense becomes lethargic, and as for your power of sympathy, there is nothing to call it out. That was how I lived—with my soul asleep, but I've learned in it. I thank God, I've learned it, though it has been a terrible one."

His face was tragic. He continued: "Do you remember how you asked me that day what I was going to do? I went away in great anger, but night and day that question haunted me. I found myself reviewing my method of life, and the more I considered it, the more unhappy I became. At last I saw one thing clearly. I saw that a man ought to live where his money is being earned. The moment I arrived at that conclusion everything else became clear to me. I was taking the rewards of labor without laboring—that was my sin, and nothing could be right with me until that sin was renounced. Having reached that decision, I knew what I had to do. I have spent the last month in New York, and have gone thoroughly into my affairs. Some of the worst abuses have been remedied. Be patient with me, and I promise you that the rest shall follow. The best guarantee that I can give you for that promise is that at Christmas I shall return to New York to go to work, and go to business every day as usual. I was relatively poor and struggling. I have let my country house. I intend to live among the people who hereafter will work not only for me, but with me; and I will make it my business to make them shrewd in all the good that I enjoy, as far as it is possible to me."

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Absolutely Pure
Grapes give the chief ingredient, the active principle, and healthfulness, to
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
Insures wholesome and delicious food for every day in every home
No Phosphates
No Alums

ness which he had shown toward his thought, but the hour for pride was over. Stoenecroft's defection—for so he still called it—had inflicted a fatal wound to his pride. Here was a man of great wealth and social influence, the one man in Jordan's church who more than had stood for the old order of things, a man moreover of great astuteness of mind, not in the least liable to fanaticism—and he had suddenly become the public advocate of Gaunt's views. Jordan groaned in genuine bewilderment of spirit. He had no longer the vigour to resent the blow that had fallen upon him. He had even begun to realize, with a pang of torturing humiliation, that it might be deserved.

The bell rang. Jordan roused himself from his gloomy reverie, a visitor was climbing the stair. The visitor was Stoenecroft.

"Good morning, doctor," said Stoenecroft. "I thought I would catch you early, before your day's work began. I am always glad to see you," said Jordan with a briskness of manner which was noticeably forced.

Stoenecroft sat down and for some minutes the conversation ranged over conventional matters. Each man was acutely conscious of the question which waited for discussion, but each shrank from introducing it. At last Stoenecroft said abruptly, "Well, doctor, let us come to business. I want to speak to you frankly about the League of Service."

"You know my views," said Jordan stiffly.
"I know what you have announced as your view, corrected Stoenecroft. 'Isn't that somewhat insulting distinction?'"

"It is not meant so," said Stoenecroft. "At the time when Gaunt began his crusade it was perfectly natural that you should take the stand you did. I entirely sympathized with you. But many things have happened since then. I should undertake your intelligence if I supposed that you were so bound to the fetish of consistency that you felt obliged to hold to your first view of the case simply because you had publicly announced it—quite irrespective, I mean, of the deductions which may be made from later developments."

"I am not aware of any later developments that demand a change of view on my part," said Jordan with a flash of his old obstinacy.
"Doctor," said Stoenecroft earnestly, "forgive me, but is that quite true?"
"No, it isn't," said Jordan, with a sudden capitulation which surprised himself. "I will confess that your own conduct had been so surprising that it has raised doubts in my own mind. 'Doubts as to my conduct or your own?'"
"Both," said Jordan. He was silent a moment, and then his misery spoke. "I am full of unhappiness," he said in a low voice. "I am no longer sure of myself. In twenty-five years of public life I have known many conflicts of opinion and principle, but I have never known the misery of the divided mind. I have never known hesitation; hesitation has been peculiarly abhorrent to me, as the worst form of weakness. That which I despised in others I now endure. I am ashamed of myself and of my confession. I do not suppose that you or any man can understand the pain I suffer."

Stoenecroft rose, and laid his hand on Jordan's shoulder. "Yes, I can understand," he said.
"I can understand because I have endured the same torture. Do you suppose it was an easy thing for me to do what I have done? You call this the torture of the divided mind. Yes, it is that, but I suspect that it might be more truthfully described as the torture of pride. It was my pride that was put upon the rack; it is really your pride that is there now. I believe that of all hard things in life, the hardest is for a man who has at ways moved with the easy stride of complete assurance to say, 'I am wrong, I have done wrong.' The

AN IDEAL TONIC

And Blood Purifier is Mother Seigel's Syrup, made from roots, bark and leaves. It cures indigestion and constipation, regulates the bowels, tones the Digestive System, imparts the Vigour and Vitality of Health to every Organ of the Body.

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