

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

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**\$1.00 Per Annum.**  
(IN ADVANCE.)

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party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-  
stantly receiving new types and material,  
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction  
as all work turned out.

New 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 com-  
munications, although the same may be writ-  
ten in a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

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### Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R.

Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday,

morning at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sun-

day School at 2:30 p. m. E. Y. P. U.

meeting on Tuesday evening at

10, and Church prayer-meeting on

Thursday evening at 7:30. Women's Mis-

sionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday

evening at 7:30 p. m. Choir's Church

services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and

7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.

Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting on Sunday at 11 a. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E.

Smith, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath

at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion

at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School

at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting

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services are free and strangers welcomed at

all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching

at 4 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. 2d, 4th and 5th

at 1 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30

p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Kirtis, Wardens.

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St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,

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St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M.,

meets at their Hall on the second Friday

of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.

P. A. Dixon, Secretary.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets

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**STARR, SON & FRANKLIN'S,**  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

## Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

That was a wonderful home coming  
for Faith. The experience she had  
been reborn in the family circle,  
and there never had been so much  
hearty, pure laughter in the parsonage  
since it was built. In the frosty  
evenings they sat around the one  
open fire in the parlor, and even Mal-  
com shut up his study and joined the  
group early, talking over matters with  
Faith, and entering into all her new  
plans with the enthusiasm of a boy.  
Dorothy smiled often through her  
happy tears, as she looked at her  
children and saw them growing up  
into sturdy, useful lives, and in her  
heart she thanked the Great Father  
continually for such treasures, worth  
more to her and her husband than all  
the gold and silver in the world.

"I want the boys to go to Phillips  
Academy next fall," Faith said with  
an air of one possessed of untold riches.  
"That where father graduated, and it

will be a fine thing for them to follow  
him there."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Malcom.  
"I've always dreamed it would be so."  
"Art is long" continued Faith,  
"but I'm sure I can win some of the  
prizes for best photographic ideas offer-  
ed by the eastern papers. If the boys  
had a hundred dollars apiece, they  
could enter the school and earn their  
own way for the most part, couldn't  
they, father?"

"Of course they could," replied  
Malcom, and he told of some of his  
own experiences as a boy in academy  
and college life.

"It seems to me, Mr. Kirk, that you  
have done a little of everything in your  
lifetime," said Malcom Stanley, who  
sat in the family circle, and, somehow,  
seemed quite like one of them.

"Everything except looking out for  
himself," said Faith, quietly.

"The Lord has blessed us very  
much," said Malcom, looking at Faith,  
tenderly. "I'm afraid your poor old  
father has had to fight a good many  
hard battles against selfishness that he  
hasn't told you about. Your mother

might tell you how bad I am if she  
wanted to."

"I don't feel like that now," replied  
Dorothy, as her eyes rested on Mal-  
com's plain, loving face, and her love  
for him was stronger than ever.

"But about my plan, father," said  
Faith, after they had all been silent  
before the fire. "What do you think  
of it? Can I do anything that way?"

"It will take a good deal of wisdom.  
Do you think you can do it and carry  
on your art studies, too?"

"It is worth trying," said Malcom,  
very thoughtfully.

"I don't know," Faith said, softly.  
"But now just think of it. Here is  
the fact. Thousands of families all  
over the world are dependent for their  
physical and mental and moral support  
upon the kind of service they have in  
their kitchens and homes. Now, if  
this is the case, why isn't it possible to  
dignify and elevate such service to a  
point where a girl who goes out to  
work may feel that she is doing a  
really noble thing in helping to keep  
a whole family in the comfort of body  
and peace of mind that will make the  
family more happy and more useful in  
the world? That is the 'hired girl'  
problem in one sentence. My plan is  
to start with Christian families and  
with Christian girls, and get each side  
to realize what benevolent service can  
be made to do. I believe a circle of  
such people can be formed in such a  
way that gradually the homes and the  
girls will be organized into a mutual  
helpfulness, and it will be more honor-  
able and better, financially and moral-  
ly, for a girl to go out to service than  
to go into a store or an office, even.  
At least for a time. For it really  
takes more brains to be an efficient  
cook and housekeeper than to stand  
behind a counter and sell notions."

Faith paused, as if she suddenly felt  
that Malcom Stanley was looking at  
her with the greatest interest, as, in-  
deed, he was. And if he really began  
to love Faith right then and there  
more truly than he yet had done, it  
was owing to the sudden glimpse he  
had caught of a young soul on fire to  
be and do for the good of others.

But Faith's plan led to a discussion  
so many days, and continued through  
so many days, that we cannot follow it  
in detail here. It is enough to say  
that when Faith went back to Chicago,  
she carried with her a definite plan,  
which she was able sooner than she ex-  
pected to put into working practice.

Conrad will never forget the anni-  
versary week held in honor of Malcom  
Kirk and his church. It was a week  
of surprises to him and Dorothy. The  
town woke up in sudden, hearty,  
western fashion, and before he knew it  
Malcom was the recipient of a whole  
town's honor.

Sunday the church had appropriate  
exercises to celebrate their twenty-five  
years' existence. There was a great  
sermon in the morning by Malcom  
and papers by old settlers and charter  
members in the afternoon. In the  
evening, the young people crowded the  
church with their meeting, and when  
they adjourned, they went out in front  
of the parsonage and sang a hymn  
that one of their own members had  
composed in praise of the church.

The only sad feature of the day to  
Malcom was the presence of Mrs. Bar-  
ton at the morning service. It was a  
sadness relieved by one great burst of  
joy.

"Oh, Mr. Kirk," said the old woman,  
looking new with years and sorrow.  
"If Phil had only been saved! Thank  
God, I owe my other son to you."  
She went on to speak of Malcom's ef-  
forts which had made the saloon out-  
law in Conrad these many years, and  
pointed with pride to her remaining  
son, who was a member of the church  
and one of Malcom's great friends.

"He'd gone the way of Phil and his  
father if the saloon was here," she said,  
and wrung Malcom's hand and went  
out, but Malcom knew her heart was  
still hungry for her first-born.

Next day the citizen's held a meet-  
ing in the court-house, at which the  
mayor presided. Malcom was present  
as the guest of honor. He had tried  
to prevent any such expression towards  
himself. But when he found himself  
powerless, he seized the occasion to  
glorify the cause of God's kingdom.  
His speech was a splendid tribute to  
the power of righteousness. Through-

out all his modesty and unselfishness  
had never been more forcibly or beau-  
tifully illustrated to his townspeople.  
The citizens of Conrad remembered  
that address long years after countless  
political speeches had faded out of  
their memories.

It was, perhaps, significant of the  
peculiar esteem in which Malcom Kirk  
and Dorothy were held in Conrad that  
no attempt was made that week to pre-  
sent them with a gold watch or a ten-  
set, or any physical token. The  
church at a business session voted to  
increase Malcom's salary, and there  
were very many flowers sent to the  
parsonage, but the people seemed to  
know that what would be most accept-  
able to Malcom Kirk and his wife on  
that anniversary would be the love of  
the parish, and they did feel that, and  
never in all their lives had it meant so  
much to them.

One incident of that anniversary  
week illustrated Malcom's character  
better than any other.

The picture that Stanley had  
brought to Kirk had been placed in the  
parsonage, but it was almost ridicu-  
lously large for the small rooms.

Dorothy and Malcom both felt it  
was out of place, but the gift meant so  
much that they were in doubt what  
was best to do with it.

The day after Malcom's address in  
the court-house, one of the managers  
of the Orphan's Home, that Malcom  
had been largely instrumental in or-  
ganizing, was calling on Dorothy.

She saw the picture, and instantly  
said:

"If we only had that in the hall of  
the Home!"

"Just the place for it, too," said  
Malcom, when Dorothy told him of it.  
Without delay, and with Stanley's  
assistance, the picture was taken to the  
Home and hung up in a conspicuous  
place in a large hall-way. It had a  
remarkable effect on visitors. One  
ranchman, who was never known to  
give anything to any cause, visited the  
place shortly afterwards, and the sight  
of the picture moved him to give  
twenty-five dollars to the Home.

"The sight of that baby in Mr.  
Kirk's arms just hypnotized the money  
out of my pocket," he said afterwards.

"That is the sort of hypnotism we  
believe in," said the matron of the  
Home, and Conrad echoed the senti-  
ment.

When the eventful week was gone,  
Faith made her preparations to return.  
Malcom Stanley also announced his  
return to the New Mexico mines.  
The night before he departed, he went  
into Malcom's study, and with some  
embarrassment told him what Malcom  
had seen already. For he and Dor-  
othy had not been able to conceal from  
each other the fact that the young  
Englishman had grown to have a great  
liking for Faith's company.

"It seems like a short time, Mr.  
Kirk, but I love Faith, and I want  
your consent to be her suitor."

"I should think her consent would  
be worth more to you," said Malcom  
Kirk, with a flash of his old wit, which  
had not the slightest approach to  
levity. But he had grown to love  
Malcom Stanley, and felt sure, from  
indications, that Faith was not far  
from the same feeling.

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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### KIDNEY DISEASE.

The Result is Often a Life of Pain and Misery.

MR. DAVID CROWELL, OF HORTON, N. S., WAS AN INTENSE SUFFERER AND ALMOST DESPAIRED OF FINDING A CURE.—TELLS THE STORY OF HIS RELEASE.

Recently a reporter of the ACADIAN was told another of these triumphs of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are becoming very common in this vicinity. The fortunate individual is Mr. David Crowell, a highly respected resident of Hortonville.

Below is his experience, in substance, as he gave it to us:

"About two years ago, for the first time in my life I began to realize fully what ill health meant. The first symptoms was a feeling of overpowering drowsiness which crept over me at times. Often I would be at work in the field when the drowsiness would seize me and I would find that it required the exercise of all my will-power to keep awake. In a short time I was attacked by sharp, piercing pains which shot through me in the lower part of my back. At first this did not trouble me very much during the day, but at night the pain became almost unendurable, and often I would not close my eyes throughout the whole night. Gradually a nausea and loathing for food developed. Sometimes I would sit down to a meal with a keen appetite, but after a mouthful or so had passed my lips, sickness and vomiting would follow. I became greatly reduced in flesh and in a short time was but a wreck of my former self. The doctor said the trouble was disease of the kidneys, but his treatment did not help me. My mother who was something of a nurse, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last, to satisfy her more than from hopes of being cured, I took up their use. After taking one box I seemed better and I resolved to try another. Before the second box was used my condition was improved beyond gainsay and I felt sure the pills were responsible for it. I took two more boxes and before they were all used the pain in my back had wholly disappeared, my appetite had returned and I felt like a new man. For the sum of two dollars I cured myself of a painful disease. There cannot be the least doubt but that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was the sole cause of my recovery, and I consider them the best medicine in existence."

Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Refuse all substitutes.

Don't Forget the Business End.

Farmers are like editors in one respect, says *Live Stock*, and that an important one. The editor gives all his thought and work to making the best paper he can, and forgets the "business end" of his calling. So the farmer pays too little attention to the sale of the farm products. In times past many farmers, especially in the south, directed nearly all their energies to production, and when the crops of grain and stock were ready for the market they were dumped promiscuously on the market with little attention to the demands of the trade. The successful farmer and stock raiser of the present day studies the markets, plants to meet the demand, and uses his best endeavors to sell his products at the time and place and in the manner to get the most out of them. One end of the business is about as important as the other.

Letters dropped in the post-offices at Paris are delivered in Berlin in one hour and a half, and sometimes within twenty-five minutes. The distance between the cities is 750 miles and the letters are sent through pneumatic tubes.

THE END.

### Unearth Your Talents.

We all have our plausible excuses for our omissions as well as our commissions. I wish I had as many dollars as times I have remarked that a woman couldn't be expected to do everything. It is a stock phrase, and it is as big a falsehood as ever was told. A woman can do anything that is in her world to do. She can keep all her talents alive under any circumstances. She can get a few minutes to practice every day, even if she does have to cook, wash dishes, and write articles to keep something in the dishes and clothes on the children's backs.

We may bury our talents, but not one of them can ever stay buried. Somewhere, some day, they will rise up and demand their rights. I think it is beautiful that there is no way of getting out of anything. We can dodge, evade and hide round corners for some time, but the inevitable in ourselves is sure to run us down. Everything that is latent in us must be brought into activity. A sleeping giant is of no earthly use.—*Eleanor Kirk.*

### A Sensational Speech.

A man named Cochran was hanged in a town in Missouri last week for murder. On the gallows he made a speech, confessed the crime, and said his sins were forgiven. He said he had committed the murder through the too free indulgence in whiskey.

Just before the trap was sprung, he gave a great warning to the whiskey drinkers around him, by stepping back to the centre of the scaffold, taking hold of the nose dangling from the crossbeam, raising it aloft, and dramatically saying: "Whenever you turn up a glass of whiskey, look in the bottom and you will see the shadow of this rope."