

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1899.

No. 43.

Vol. XVIII.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office

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

TERMS:

\$1.00 Per Annum.

(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line

for every insertion, unless by special ar-

rangement for standing notices.

Letters for standing advertisements will

be made known on application. The

above requirements for advertising

will be guaranteed by some responsible

party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-

stantly receiving new type and material,

and will continue to guarantee satisfaction

as all work turned out.

Fewy communications from all parts

of the county, or articles upon the topics

of the day are cordially solicited. The

names of the party writing for the ACADIAN

must invariably accompany the communi-

cation, although the same may be written

under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVIDSON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8.00 a. m. to 5.30 p. m.

Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.10

a. m.

Express west close at 9.40 a. m.

Express east close at 3.56 p. m.

Kentville close at 6.40 p. m.

Geo. V. KING, 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. MURDO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. Hugh B.

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

morning at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sun-

day School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U.

meeting on Tuesday evening at

7.45, and Church prayer-meeting on

Thursday evening at 7.30. Women's Mis-

sionary Aid Society meets on Wednes-

day evening at 7.30. All the

doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES—Sunday

at 7.30 a. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

Sunday School at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E.

Deakin, 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

doors to welcome strangers.

At Greenway, preaching

at 3 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 and 3 at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at

1 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30

p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Storer, Warden.

Geo. A. Pratt, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,

F. F. Mass 11.00 a. m. the fourth 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 E. O. T. meets

every Monday evening in their Hall

at 8.00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the

Temperance Hall every Friday after-

noon at 8.00 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Hamilton, L. O. F., meets in

Temperance Hall on the first and third

Thursdays of each month at 7.30 p. m.

SEE OUR



SPRING SUITS!

GOING FAST!

FROM \$12.00 UP

FOR TWEEDS.

WORSTED

\$18.00 AND UP.

Made to fit perfectly.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.

NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

YOU WILL FIND

HAMMOCKS,
RUBBER HOSE,
LAWN MOWERS,
WATERING POTS,
SCREEN DOORS,
WINDOW SCREENS,
KITCHEN-WARE,
CARPET SWEEPERS,
BALL-BEARING WRINGERS.

AT STARR, SON & FRANKLIN'S,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

But Malcolm Stanley had risen, his

whole expression betraying great ex-

citement.

"If this girl's name is Kirk, Mrs

Fulton, and she is from Kansas, it is

almost certain that she is the daughter

of the man who was with my mother

when she died in mid-ocean; the man

who held me in his arms. The man

who has always been in my thoughts

as one of the heroes of the world."

Mrs Fulton rose, looking bewildered.

She was familiar with Francis

agitation of manner.

"If this is the daughter of Malcolm

Kirk," he said to himself. Then he

turned to Mrs Kirk and bowed for-

mally.

"You will excuse me, madam, if I

take my leave now. I am obliged to

make some arrangements about the

picture at Mr Raleigh's this afternoon.

"When do you leave for the west?"

Mrs Fulton asked. She was annoyed

at the events of the day.

"I had planned to go to-morrow. I

expect to visit Mr Kirk on my way to

Denver. But I feel anxious to see

feeling, and Malcolm Stanley looked

gratefully at her.

"I may come out with Mr Fulton

this evening," he said.

He bowed and went out, leaving

Mrs Fulton and Alice to talk over the

matter, while he went down to Francis

Raleigh's studio, determined every

moment with increasing resolve to re-

turn and see Faith before the day was

over.

Meanwhile, Faith had gone directly

to the familiar window on State street,

where the picture had been. She

knew before she reached the place that

the picture was gone, because the usual

crowd of people was not there, she

stopped in front of the window, how-

ever, and read the address of the artist

which was attached to a small note of

a foreign script. She hesitated a

moment, and then resolutely went on

to Randolph street, to the block where

Raleigh's studio was.

His room was at the top of the

building, and when she reached it she

hesitated again before going in.

When she finally opened the door, she

drew back at the entrance, for the

room appeared to be empty, except for

a large canvas and a few decorations.

There was another room opening from

the first, and after waiting a moment

Faith went on to the door of that room.

A man was sitting there with his

back to the entrance, so absorbed in

his work that he evidently had not heard

her come in. But Faith was at once

attracted by the sight of the familiar

picture of the father which was on a

great easel in front of the artist.

She came a few steps farther into

the room, and still the artist did not

look up; and it was only when Faith had

little, but he continued to listen in

sympathetic silence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

His love for Dorothy Gilbert had

long ago passed into a memory. He

was married now, and had a wife and

children whom he dearly loved. But

as Faith went on and made her errand

to him clear, he thought back in silent

wonder at that time when Malcolm

Kirk had crossed the ocean with him

and he had thoughtlessly made the

sketch which meant so much now to

more than one person.

"And I've come here now," contin-

ued Faith, as she concluded the story of

her experiences, "to see if you would

give me a letter of introduction or

recommendation to some place where

I could do the work that I feel that I

would like to do. I'm very proud

I don't mean that I am in any way

ashamed of the 'housework.'" Faith's

cheeks glowed with sudden color, "but

I am sure I can do something different,

something that the world needs more.

Sometimes when I look at a picture

like that, I feel as if I could, in time,

paint something almost as good."

Francis Raleigh bowed and a pleas-

ant smile came over his face. Not all

the praise from the art critics of his

picture had gratified him so much.

"If I could get a permanent position

somewhere, I know I could work up

into a piece of usefulness. I can do

the retouching, and I like to do it.

And in time I might have a studio of

my own. There are several successful

women photographers here."

"That's true, and I know one or

two of them," said Raleigh, thought-

fully. He never knew how much it

had cost Faith to ask him what she

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Malcolm came slowly forward, look-

ing at Faith, who had risen. Each of

them was evidently excited at what

was now evident to them both.

"Miss Kirk," said Raleigh with an

emotion he did not try to conceal,

"this is Mr Stanley, Malcolm Stanley,

whose likeness I have so faithfully re-

produced on the canvas there!"

Malcolm and Faith faced each other

in silence, and then Faith put out her

hand.

"Will you shake hands with a hired

girl, Mr Stanley, for father's sake?"

she said, half shyly, half in the manner

she had inherited from Malcolm Kirk.

"Will I?" cried Malcolm Stanley.

The way he shook Faith's hand assur-

ed everybody that he had no hesita-

tion on the score of Faith's position.

They had all three been suddenly

smitten with unusual solemnity, and

Malcolm's energetic handshake made

Raleigh laugh. Faith followed and

Malcolm joined in, and the excitement

of that sudden meeting passed into

question and answer.

"It's a long way from the dock of

that steamer to this studio," said Mal-

colm Stanley. But truth is stranger

than fiction, at least in fiction I ever

read." And then he went on to give

Faith some account of his life since

the time when Malcolm Kirk had left

him with his aunt in London.

The aunt had died when he was two

years old, and he had been adopted

into the family of a distant relative,

taking the name of Malcolm at his

father's request, in loving memory of

We had no idea—

"It's not a long story, my dear,"

said Malcolm.

"Mr Raleigh, how do you do? It's

a long time since I saw you on the

deck of that steamer." Malcolm point-

ed to the picture, and still his great

brown eyes rested on Malcolm Stanley,

who was standing there pale and ex-

citement.

Raleigh took Kirk's hand and shook

it heartily. He then turned quietly

to Stanley.

"You ought to know this gentleman,

Mr Kirk. You met him before I

did."

Kirk stepped towards Stanley. Both

men were deeply moved.

"You were with my mother when

she died, Mr Kirk," said Stanley in a

voice that trembled a little.

"If we were Russians we would em-

brace each other now," cried Malcolm

Kirk, "but as you are an Englishman

and I am an American, I suppose a

hand-shake is the nearest we can get