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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type 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 editor of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday 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 7:30 p. m. All seats free. Doors at the doors to welcome strangers.

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

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor, at Andrew's Church, Wolfville. Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Church's 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. J. E. Rankin, 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 men are free and strangers welcomed at all services— at Greenwich, preaching at 11 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 11:30 a. m., 2d, 4th and 5th at 11 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH O. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Norris, Warden.
Geo. A. Frost, Organist.

ST. FRANCIS (R.C.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. O. Mass 11:00 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

Episcopal.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. 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 of T. W. meets Monday evening in their Hall at 8:30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

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Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

She took the paper to her room, and finally settled on one advertisement as offering a possible chance for her.

She had made up her mind for several weeks that she could not make a living by retouching.

"I'll do it," she said, with a faint flush of color in her face. "I wonder what mother would say!"

The advertisement was as follows:

"Wanted—An American girl to do cooking and general housework. Wages satisfactory. Apply, with references, to No. 1, Elm Avenue."

"If I can get four dollars a week with my board, I can save nearly every cent of it," said Faith, resolutely. "And mother taught me how to cook. I am sure it is an honorable way to earn a living as working in a store."

There was a bit of adventure in it also that attracted her. The thought of Dorothy Gilbert's daughter working

Faith sat down. It was the dining room, a fine large room, evidently well kept.

"My name is Faith Kirk. I have been at work as a teacher in Kefen's studio, and here are some references from that place."

Faith handed them out, and the woman took them and carefully read them. While she was reading, Faith looked about, shyly but observantly. She liked the appearance of the house.

"Have you ever worked out in the city?" asked the woman suddenly, as she finished the references.

"No, ma'am. I came here to work in the studio, and lost my position there owing to a reduction of hands."

"Can you cook?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Faith, modestly.

"And do the housework for a family of four? There are my husband, and my son and daughter."

"I think I can do it. I am sure I can. I am strong and well." Faith spoke with some pride, for whether she had her mother's beauty or not, she had inherited her parent's splendid physique.

The woman of the house looked at her in some hesitation.

"I don't know you at all," she finally said.

"No, ma'am. I don't know you either." Faith said it without the least appearance of being impertinent, and after the fashion of Malcolm Kirk she looked straight in the other's eyes as she spoke.

The woman colored at first, and then smiled a little.

"It does seem to be about an even thing, doesn't it? Well, the references are good as far as they go. Would you come for a week on trial? I have generally hired my help in that way."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am willing to pay three and a half a week if you can do the cooking. Or even four dollars, if you can do all the work satisfactorily."

"I will come on trial, and if I don't please you, you can dismiss me," said Faith a little eagerly. There was something about the woman's manner that seemed to her cold and unnecessarily business-like, but, on the whole, it seemed like a desirable place to work.

"My name is Fulton. Yours is?"

"Kirk, Faith Kirk."

"Ah, yes. Well, Faith, I'll show you your room. Have you a trunk?"

"Yes, ma'am. At my room."

Faith gave her the number.

"I'll send an express man after it."

She went to a telephone in the next room and gave the necessary order. Faith had packed up her trunk so as to have it in readiness.

Mrs. Fulton led Faith upstairs to her room, which was a comfortable place, and as they stood there, she talked about the work expected of the "help."

"I suppose you will want your Thursday afternoon and Sunday, after dinner?"

"I suppose so," said Faith, a little vaguely.

Mrs. Fulton looked at her sharply.

"I have always been in the habit of giving my girls that amount of time. Of course, you don't have to take it if you don't want to."

"I should like my Sunday. I want to be able to go to church," said Faith boldly.

ters. Besides, she found herself laboring under a pleasant excitement that stimulated her. She knew she would be able to do her best.

Mrs. Fulton looked at her new help again with some sharpness.

"Where did you say you were from? I mean, before you came to the city?"

"My home is in Kansas."

"That is a good way from Chicago," Mrs. Fulton spoke in some surprise.

"No farther than Chicago is from Kansas," said Faith, again after her fashion, looking straight at Mrs. Fulton.

The woman of the house seemed amused this time. She seemed also to be on the point of asking more questions. But finally went out of the kitchen, leaving Faith in possession of the room.

As Mrs. Fulton sat down in the parlor, she sighed, but it was evidently a sigh of relief.

"I never did such a thing before, to hire a girl on such slender knowledge. But she looked clean and intelligent," she said to herself. "And I am so tired of the help I have been having. I expect, of course, to be disappointed in her. I always am. But I'll let her try it for a week, and see."

Mrs. Fulton sighed again, and went upstairs to look after some of the work there, for no matter how many girls she might have had, or how capable they may have been, she was a born housekeeper, and never was satisfied unless she was doing something herself.

Meanwhile, Faith, down in the kitchen, planned and prepared a lunch that was a delightful surprise to the family when it sat down at half-past twelve. She had rightly supposed that Mrs. Fulton was a generous provider, and she found an excellent supply of everything in the larder.

Dorothy had taught Faith cooking, and had even gone beyond the simple, plain cooking ordinarily common to the life in the parsonage. It was not a difficult thing, therefore, with the supply before her, for Faith to produce a dainty and appetizing lunch.

When she rang the bell a few minutes before the time, the boy, who had been in the library, came in and sat down at once. Mrs. Fulton, who had not been able to keep out of the kitchen altogether, in spite of her determination to let the new girl manage alone, sat down with a feeling of surprise as she viewed the table. The girl, who was about Faith's age, came in from the parlor, where she had been playing exercises on the piano, and the lunch proceeded with many favorable comments, especially from the boy, who had brought home with him a school-teacher's appetite.

"Say, this salad is all right," said the young gentleman, as he passed his plate for the third time. "Hope you'll keep this new girl for life!"

"She certainly has done very well for the first time. I expect it will wear off soon. We never had a girl yet that kept it up very long," said Mrs. Fulton. She rang the bell for something, and Faith came in. It was the first time the boy and girl had seen her.

She was somewhat embarrassed, but she served something on the table quietly and gracefully. Something in her manner seemed to attract the girl, who, after a moment of awkward silence said:

"Mother, you have forgotten to introduce Roy and me."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Fulton, with a shade of annoyance. "Yes, this is my daughter, Alice, and my son, Roy—Faith—what did you say your other name was?"

"Kirk, Faith Kirk."

"Yes, Kirk. You can bring in the desert now, Faith, if you have any. Have you?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Faith. She could not help looking at the other girl with interest. She was pale, and did not seem to be very well. She was the extreme opposite of her mother, evidently. There was a pleasant smile on her face as she nodded to Faith, and Faith would have been a very stupid girl if she had not noticed the look and been warned at the heart by it.

"With you would have that salad here," said Roy, as Faith was about to take it off the table.

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"Roy," said his mother, sharply. "You have had all the salad that is good for you to day. Faith, take it out."

Faith removed the dish, and Roy made a face, and said, "What have you got for dessert? Apple pie?"

Mrs. Fulton rebuked him again, and Faith went out with the dishes. She cleared the cloth deftly, and then brought in the dessert, which to Master Roy's great satisfaction happened to be a delicious apple pie, made from one of Dorothy's own recipes.

"This is what I call a pie," said Roy, as he attacked a segment which represented about a quarter of the circle.

"It won't be a pie very long, at the rate you are eating now," said his sister.

"There's another, I hope, isn't there?" he asked Faith, anxiously.

Faith nodded, and Mrs. Fulton looked sternly at her boy. But she was pleased with the new girl so far. When the lunch was over, and Faith was clearing everything away, Mrs. Fulton and the children were talking about her in the parlor.

"Mother, I'm sure she's not just an ordinary hired girl. She seemed to me like a lady," said Alice.

"You needn't try to spoil her," Mrs. Fulton spoke with a near approach at irritation. "She is apparently a capable girl as far as cooking goes. She may be a failure in other ways."

"The cooking is the main thing," said Master Roy, as he strapped his books together and started off to school.

"That last girl we had didn't know how to boil eggs. I vote for the new girl every time."

That afternoon Faith continued with her work, conscious that so far she had pleased the family. When Mr. Fulton came home and sat down to the dinner, he was agreeably surprised and joined with the rest in praises of the new girl.

"I think you have found a treasure," said Mr. Fulton. "And if so we ought to pay her four dollars a week. She is a superior cook."

"By all means, my dear," said Mrs. Fulton. "We can afford to give that to keep her."

When Faith came in to serve that evening, she was startled as she recognized in Mr. Fulton the gray-haired man who had stood in front of the picture with the young gentleman she had called "Malcolm." Evidently, Mr. Fulton did not recognize her, or remember that he had seen her before.

He seemed like a man who was completely engrossed in his business. He was generous, and wanted the best of everything, especially for his table.

Like the others in his family, he welcomed, with a feeling of relief, the domestic service, which meant comfort and pleasure in the affairs of the kitchen and the table.

At the close of the week Mrs. Fulton felt so well satisfied that she told Faith she would give her four dollars a week to remain. Faith accepted the offer, and in her room that Saturday night she took account of her surroundings with considerable satisfaction.

"I am really making more money than I was in the studio," she said to herself. "Nearly all I make now is clear gain. I get my board, room and washing, and that saves a large bill of expense. If I went into a store at five or six dollars a week, and had to pay my board, I couldn't save anything."

She was right about that, for she had come away from home well provided with clothes, and her expenses, outside of board, and room, and car fare had been almost nothing.

There was one thing that troubled her now, however.

She had not written home of her present place of work. She said to herself that she ought to tell her mother frankly how it all came about, and that resolve seemed to give her

peace of mind. She would write home to-morrow, Sunday afternoon.

But when Sunday came, several things happened through the day to disturb her.

In the first place Mrs. Fulton informed her that they were to have company for half-past two dinner, and Faith knew that meant a hard forenoon's work.

"It doesn't seem right for people to have company dinner on Sunday," she said to herself, as she cleared away the breakfast dishes and proceeded to wash them while the family went into the parlor for Sunday morning prayers.

The kitchen door had been left a little ajar, and presently Faith could hear the piano. Mr. Fulton never had family worship during the week. He was too busy to stop for it in the morning. But Sunday he held to the custom which his own father had strictly observed back in New England, not only in the morning of every day, but at night as well.

Alice was playing. The family had read a passage from the Bible in turn, and now, before the prayer, they were singing.

"Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest," floated out through the dining-room into the kitchen, and Faith paused as she wiped a dish, and to tell the truth, a very hot tear dropped down into the dish water. She had not been asked to unite with these Christian people in worship, and for a moment an angry, hard, rebellious spirit stirred in the girl as she listened to the familiar hymn. It was one the family at home often sang at prayers on Sunday.

Mr. Fulton kneeled to pray. He was a trustee in a large and fashionable church, had a class in the Sunday School, and was considered to be a strictly honorable, exemplary Christian man. It never crossed his mind that the servant in his kitchen could possibly need or want a little worship with other Christian people. As for Mrs. Fulton, she had never invited her help into the parlor for such services. It was her theory and practice that it was best not to encourage familiarity with the "domestic." Alice was troubled over the matter, and had, in fact, once or twice timidly said something, but Mrs. Fulton silenced her objections always by saying, "The girls never want to come in to prayers. So what is the use of asking them?"

In the kitchen of the Fulton mansion that Sunday morning, while the family was all away at church, a struggle was going on that would have startled the complacent doctor at Mr. Fulton's church as he preached beautifully from the text, "There is no respecter of persons with God."

CHAPTER XVI.

Faith Kirk was having one of her great battles as she worked over that Sunday dinner. And she had not fought it out when the family returned, bringing with them four friends of Mr. Fulton, business acquaintances from either city, whose good will it was necessary to keep.

The dinner was served promptly, and Faith had no reason to feel afraid of her success. Mrs. Fulton even came out into the kitchen when it was over and complimented her on the dinner.

The guests lighted cigars and retired to the library with Mr. Fulton. It was now nearly four o'clock. By the time everything was cleared away in the kitchen it was half-past four, and in the short winter day dark already.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Dr. Edward Gilpin, Jr., Halifax, has just issued a letter inviting the owners of gold mines to assist him in making up an exhibit for the Paris exposition. The government will guarantee the return of any specimen loaned. If half the mining men will take part in the exhibition the display will attract world-wide attention. Nova Scotia, so far as free gold is concerned, is able to make a show which will defy competition by any part of the world.