THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVIII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1899. No. 39.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS 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 arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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

Newsy 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 communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

Address all comunications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

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. RAND, 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. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh H. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7.00 p m; Sunday School at 2 30 p m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.45, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 7 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. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E. Dowkin, 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 welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, 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 1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Starr, } Wardens.
Geo. A. Prat, }

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

Masonic.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

F. A. DIXON, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 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.

HEADQUARTERS

For Rubber Stamps, Stencils, National AND OTHER Seals, Sign Markers!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

London Rubber Stamp Co.,
HALIFAX, N. S.

FOR SALE.

Dwelling House of 8 rooms, on upper Gaspereau Avenue, Outbuildings, 4 acres of land mostly covered with young orchard.

For particulars apply to

MRS J. B. DAVISON.

GLOBE Steam Laundry

HALIFAX, N. S. 28

"THE BEST."

Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co

SEE OUR

SPRING SUITS!

GOING FAST!

FROM $12.00 UP

FOR TWEEDS.

WORSTED

$18.00 AND UP.

Made to fit perfectly.

The Wolfvile Clothing Co.,

NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

NOTICE!

We have declined to handle the Massey-Harris implements this season as the company would not allow us to sell certain other implements which we consider superior

We shall sell the latest improved **Roller and Ball Bearing Mower** made, and a carefully assorted stock of

HORSE RAKES,
DISC AND SPRING TOOTH HARROWS,
PLOWS,
CULTIVATORS, ETC.

and guarantee satisfaction to every customer.

We wish to thank our friends for their patronage in the past and by fair dealing hope to merit a continuance of the same.

Write us for catalogues and prices.

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

A Wish.

When skies are gray and folks are blue,
Oh, them's the days that tries your heart;
When joys seem far between an few
An bauntin grief from memory starts;
When them that's wanderin through the grove
A low sob through the branches hears,
As if the sorrowin clouds above
Was strivin to choke back the tears.

I'm thankful fur the friends I claim
An fur the foes whose hands is tied,
Fur food an house—but, jes the same,
Sometimes I'm fur from satisfied.
There's days when nature seems unkind
An livin but an empty play.
I wish that I was color blind
When folks are blue and skies are gray.

Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

But he was right in saying that the battle had only just begun by the act of the legislature. The weeks and months that followed witnessed some wonderful scenes in Conrad. Now the women of Conrad began to show their power, as they had already been a constant power for years.

Dorothy suddenly assumed a place she once would never have dared to take. The women in all the other churches, recognizing her ability, came to her and insisted that she take the presidency of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union that had been organized a short time before. She did so, at first with fear and trembling, then with a brave, joyful confidence that amazed her and her husband, but the Lord was leading her.

The time passed; and the election day drew near. Night after night before that eventful day when the people of the state were to vote on the question of saloon or no saloon in their commonwealth, the woman's union held street prayer meetings in front of the saloons. Dorothy worked and prayed incessantly. Her great beauty, spiritualized by her suffering, had wonderful influence. Many a young ranchman went away from those prayer-meetings vowing to vote for the amendment. The saloon men would come to the doors of their places and eye the groups of kneeling mothers and wives in sullen amazement. They had cause to fear for their unholy traffic when the women of the state were thus on their knees, calling on God and heaven to help the cause of "Home and Native Land."

The afternoon of that election day, Malcom was suddenly called out to "The Forks" to see Philip Barton. He had been steadily failing during those two years, and Mrs Barton sent for Kirk in haste and he went, supposing it might be for the last time.

It was after dark before he came back to Conrad. Philip Barton had died that afternoon, unconscious at last of the prayer that Malcom had offered by the side of his heart-broken mother.

"God of mercy," cried Malcom, as he entered the street that night, "grant that this day's work in our state has killed the power of this enemy that has killed this boy and broken this mother's life!"

The election was over, but no one could predict the result. As Malcom came up the street, it was crowded with men and women. The Christian Temperance Union had been at work all day. It had served a free lunch to all the voters, and now was holding a prayer meeting in front of Valmer's place.

The crowd filled the wide street and overflowed the broad sidewalks Free whisky had flowed all day. The crowd was full of men who had been drinking, and they were now in a condition to quarrel.

Dorothy was kneeling in the centre of the women. Malcom forced his way up to the edge of the sidewalk in front of the saloon. He had never loved his wife as he loved her now. Her face was glorified by the Spirit's work within. He was conscious of an unusual disturbance behind him, coming from the saloon. There were shouts and oaths, and a pistol shot. But still he continued to gaze at Dorothy, who, as calmly as if in her own room, kneeled there while the confusion in front of the saloon increased. And never again in all his life will Malcom Kirk feel the satanic venom he felt that night in the rum power which on that eventful day faced the prayers and the homes of the women of Kansas.

CHAPTER XIII.

Nearly twenty years had gone by since that night of the election, when Dorothy had kneeled in front of Valmer's saloon, in the main street of Conrad, when one evening a well-dressed, distinguished looking gentleman stepped out of the west-bound express upon the platform.

"Does Mr Kirk live where he used to?" he asked of one of the loungers at the station.

"Yes, he lives up by the church," was the answer.

The stranger went on down the main street, looking about him curiously, and finally stopped in front of a comfortable looking house close by a good sized church building.

He went up the short broad walk and rang the bell.

The door was opened by a girl about nineteen years of age, a girl with a great profusion of heavy, brown hair, and a face that people had to look at twice before they knew whether she was what is generally called "pretty" or not.

"Is your father at home?" asked the gentleman, smiling.

"I don't know. Will you come in? That is, unless you have something to sell, and then I am sure father is out." She said it without the least appearance of being pert or rude.

"I haven't anything to sell," replied the stranger, laughing. "I am George Wilson, one of your father's old classmates in Hermon, and he—"

"Come right in," said the girl. "Anyone from Hermon is welcome. I've heard father speak of you often."

"This is Faith, is it?" he asked, as he entered a pleasant sitting-room."

"Yes, sir," she answered, shyly. "Excuse me, I'll call father."

She went out of the room, and the Rev. George Wilson, of the famous Institutional Church of Boston, looked around him, and his look was full of the most absorbing interest.

What he felt and thought can, perhaps, best be told in a letter which he wrote home two days afterwards, while sitting in the guest chamber of the parsonage. The letter threw much light on the events of the past twenty years, and is of value as coming from one who saw Malcom Kirk and his family at this time, both as a friend also as an intensely interested spectator of a very remarkable life.

"I am sitting in Malcom Kirk's house," the letter began, "and it is difficult for me to realize all that that fact means. There is no question in my mind that Kirk is, in some ways, one of the most remarkable ministers in this country, and yet he and his talented wife have remained in this comparatively obscure place for over twenty years, working quietly and without ostentation, with some most astonishing results, until lately unheard of by the churches in the east.

"Since I was in Conrad about twenty years ago great changes have occurred in the state. Perhaps the greatest change of all has been the prohibitory amendment to the constitution. Everyone knows that the election on the legislature's act to submit the amendment resulted in an affirmative vote. Everyone also knows that the people have never reversed that decision, and it seems probable that they never will.

"You will also remember what an excitement was caused by one event in Conrad at the close of that famous election day. I listened to the story from Kirk's own lips, and it was as exciting as any novel I ever read.

"He had been called out of town on the afternoon of that day to see a young man who died of the effects of a drunken debauch, and as he came back to Conrad in the evening, his wife was kneeling in the centre of a group of other women, holding a prayer meeting in front of one of the most notorious saloons then in Conrad.

"He had only just come to the place when a great disturbance broke out in the saloon behind him. Someone broke through the crowd and attempted to throw a bottle of vitriol at Mrs Kirk. It was afterwards shown that the man was crazy with drink, and awfully excited by the events of the day. He was only partly successful in his horrible attempt. Mrs Kirk's face was burned on one side, but a man by the name of Carver, who had been drinking, but was sober enough to realize what was going on, grappled with the other and took away the bottle, receiving dreadful burns in doing so. This man is now sexton in Mr Kirk's church, a devout, sincere Christian, and a good example, so Kirk says, of hundreds of men who will remain sober if the saloon is taken away and the constant temptation to drink is absent. And so far as I can observe, he is decidedly right in his belief.

"Well, Mrs Kirk has recovered from those injuries, and her beauty of face, which is still remarkable, is marred only by a scar which gives her, to all who know her history, an added interest. The affair created an intense feeling here for a long time. Nothing so terrible had been known since that attempt to disfigure Mrs Coleman, of Maryville, Canada, while marching with other women in a temperance procession. The event opened many people's eyes to the satanic power of the drink evil. It was only one out of countless events where the whisky element has stood for the greatest crimes, and for which it must answer heavily at the judgment bar or a long-suffering God.

"It is difficult for me to write of Malcom Kirk, without seeming to exaggerate and over-emphasize his work. I want to speak of his beautiful family, which is a part of the best part of this western town.

"Mrs Kirk has developed into a woman of rare power in all the church and social life of the place. Years ago the women here recognized her ability as a leader by making her president of the Christian Temperance Union. It was largely through her efforts that the township polled a very heavy vote for the amendment. She has thrown all her rare talents as a gifted musician, also, into the redemption of the town, with the result that no woman has such an influence as she has on all the young thoughtless life that has crowded in here during the town's rapid growth in the years of eighty-six and seven.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

"There are three children, two boys, named Gilbert and Hermon, and a girl, the oldest child, named Faith. The boys are bright, handsome fellows, and take after the mother. Gilbert is seventeen and Hermon fifteen. Faith, who is nearly nineteen, is like her father. I have not yet been able to tell whether she is what you women would call 'pretty' or not, but she is one of the most interesting individual girls I ever met. She is fond of trying experiments, and resembles her father in that respect. She wants to know and feel things for herself, and is passionately fond of doing for other people. I begin to get the impression that she is thoroughly unselfish, and that she has the making of a remarkably useful woman. But I predict for her some trying experiences. She is one of those girls who would make her father and mother anxious for her future, if it were not for the fact that they and herself are Christian in their whole nature. That is the salvation of such a girl as Faith, and Mr and Mrs Kirk seem to be peacefully sure of that fact. All of the children are members of the church, and all three of them are very evidently proud of their father and of what he has done.

"You ask, What has Malcom Kirk done?

"In the first place, in spite of what seemed like impossibilities, he succeeded years ago in building a church and parsonage, both of which had been burned down, it is supposed, by the whisky men during the fight which went on before the amendment was carried. The church is a comfortable structure, seating three or four hundred people, with several class rooms attached. The parsonage is a good house of eight rooms, fairly well furnished, although Kirk's peculiar habits of generosity have not permitted anything approaching luxury even in the slightest degree.

"But the building of the church and parsonage is in one sense the very smallest thing that Kirk has done. It is not too much to say that he and his wife have revolutionized the moral life of this whole town. When they came here about twenty years ago, they found a community of fifteen hundred people. A great amount of lawless, thoughtless life crowded the saloons, the dance houses, the cheap resorts of amusement. Kirk and his wife, after passing through an experience of great suffering and temptation, most of which has always been unknown even to their own people, came out of their affliction with astonishing power over the life of the place. There is no question that the very thinking of the people here is shaped by Malcom Kirk's Christianity. The promise he and his wife made when they came here has been constantly in mind. The number of lost men and boys who have been attracted to Kirk's ministry and to Mrs Kirk's singing and playing, and led to Christ, is amazing. Even the business and political life of the town has been shaped by Kirk's purpose in life. That means a great deal, as any one will acknowledge. This fact, however, is shown by the common allusions to Conrad by other towns. They speak of it as 'Kirkville.' A higher compliment to a man's influence it would be difficult to find.

"It is, of course, still true that the devil does business in Conrad, Kirk has told me that the whisky men have never ceased from the day they were driven out of Conrad to attempt to come back in some form, and carry on their work. At the present time he tells me that through failure on the part of the officers of the law to enforce the law the whisky men have grown bold, and opened several places. He is right now in the midst of the old struggle again. This time it is a struggle with state and county officials who have broken their oaths of office. It is the same struggle in another form. At the bottom of the whisky business in any state, whether it has a prohibitory statute or not, is the incentive of great financial returns for a very little real labor, and also the human passion for drink, two things which, Kirk says, must be recognized by the temperance people, and always reckoned upon in the problem of temperance.

"It remains, therefore, to be said that, so far as Kirk and his wife are concerned, the contest they began here, the battle they entered for victory over the world, still goes on. Is there a place in the world where a Christian may cease from fighting the good fight of the faith? But I am profoundly touched by the extent of overcoming to be seen in this place. I have been unable to silence the question, 'What if every minister as he entered a new place, no matter how small or difficult, entered it with a passion like Kirk's to redeem the lost part of it, and bring it back to God?' I know this much is true of the work done here. There has been no unusual excitement and no extraordinary means employed to produce the astonishing results. There is no question that Kirk has certain qualities that have helped him. His voice is, as it always was, a fine instrument. He knows how to talk to people, and he writes uncommonly well. But, on the other hand, he is still awkward, homely of appearance, and by no means always at his best. He loves people. He longs, as Paul did, for the salvation of the world. And there lies the secret of his work. It is nothing which other men may not also have. I don't know a minister in our churches anywhere who might not claim all that Malcom Kirk and his wife have claimed. They have overcome the world by means of their love, by following the plain path of duty at the cost of suffering, by not pleasing themselves. They are still engaged in the struggle. It will never cease this side of death and paradise. But I wish that every pastor and every church might come here and see what has been done and what the future seems certain to record. The most malignant forces of evil have evidently arrayed themselves against Kirk and his wife, and so far these two have overcome them all. Heaven has won the victory out here, and I do not know why it should not do so everywhere. Do we want the world to be saved? Do we have a passion to save it? Do we put the Kingdom first? If we did, should we not see the results everywhere that we see here? I shall return home from my visit to Malcom Kirk with that question sounding in my heart."

There was one brief allusion in this letter which meant even more than Wilson knew. It was his allusion to what he called "Malcom Kirk's peculiar habits of generosity." Indirectly these led to events which have to do with this history of the human conflict against sin, and involved in that growing conflict all the members of Kirk's family.

A few days after Wilson's departure, Faith and her mother were sitting together in the "common room," as Faith called it, the room that the family used for dining and sitting-room together. Dorothy was sewing, and Faith was helping her with some work on the boy's suits.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Faith of a Little Child.

At a country church it was decided by the members to assemble together at a given time to pray for rain, which was badly needed for the growing crops. At the appointed hour the people began to gather, and one little fellow came trudging up with an umbrella almost as big as himself.

"What did you bring that for, youngster?" some one asked.

"So's I wouldn't get wet going home," was the confident reply.

"What makes young Mr Bught wear his hair so long?" said Maud.

"Oh, it isn't his fault, poor boy," replied Miss Cayenne. "He has been lionized so much he doesn't feel comfortable without a mane."