

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

Newspaper 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 name may be written on a separate slip.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.
Office Hours, 9:30 a. m. to 3:30 p. m.
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For Halifax and Windsor close at 5:15 a. m.
Express west close at 10:00 a. m.
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Kentville close at 6:40 p. m.
Geo. V. Rams, 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.—Pastor, Rev. J. F. U. Service of song and prayer, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. Church services on Tuesday evening and Thursday morning. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the church services at 7:30 p. m. All the women's prayer meetings on the third Wednesday of each month at 3:30 p. m. All seats free. Unless at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSIONARY SERVICES.—Sunday 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10:30 a. m.

FRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, Pastor. Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Church services on Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the church services at 7:30 p. m. All the women's prayer meetings on the third Wednesday of each month at 3:30 p. m. All seats free. Unless at the doors to welcome strangers.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Joseph Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. All the women's prayer meetings on the third Wednesday of each month at 3:30 p. m. All seats free. Unless at the doors to welcome strangers.

EV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, J. Wardlaw,
S. J. Rutherford, J.

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

Masonic.
Mr. GEORGE LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at 7:30 p. m. on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION of O. F. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

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

Foresters.
Court Blomfield, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Fridays of each month at 8 p. m.

White Sewing Machine Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Thomas Adams

FOR SALE BY—
Howard Pinea,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
N. B. Machine Needles and Oil
Machines and Organs repaired. 20.

AGENTS WANTED
"Tomb's" Malaria, Wife and Mother.
A book which every woman will buy is about ready. Special prices by Lady Anderson. Introduction by Miss Frances E. Willard. An encyclopaedia on the woman's question. Fortraits of a hundred noted women, and numerous other illustrations. A map for either man or woman convalescer. Prospectus, \$1.00.

THE HINSCOTT COMPANY,
TORONTO.



OUR Annual Mid-Winter Mark-Down Sale!

Is now on. Smashing reduction in every line until February 1st. See our prices marked on goods in window.

\$16.00 Suits for \$12.00. \$18.00 Suits for \$14.50. \$20.00 Suits for \$15.00.
Pants, regular price \$5.00, for \$3.00.
"No, I'm not," \$7.50 and \$7.00, for \$5.00.

We have a stock to select from, the largest and best in the county. We have everything you want. Remember these prices will not last longer than thirty days. Don't delay.

Also Agency for the best Laundry in Nova Scotia. Work done by hand. Will call for and deliver goods.

THE WOLFVILLE CLOTHING CO.,
Noble Crandall,
MANAGER.
TELEPHONE NO. 35.

WANTED

Agents for "Queen Victoria Jubilee." Overflowing with latest and richest pictures. Contains the endorsed biography of Her Majesty, with authentic history of her remarkable reign, and full account of the Diamond Jubilee. Only \$1.50. Big book. Tremendous demand. Bonuses for agents. Commission 50 per cent. Credit given. Freight paid. Outfit free. Duty paid. Write quick for outfit and territory. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dep. V, 356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Property for Sale in Wolfville!

Dwelling containing nine rooms, besides bath-room and kitchen, with hot and cold water, and all modern improvements; good outbuildings; three acres of land with apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, small fruits. Conveniently situated near schools, churches, post office, etc. Part of purchase money may remain on mortgage if desired. For further particulars apply to.

MRS. H. D. HARRIS.

Wah Hop, CHINESE LAUNDRY, Wolfville, N. S.

First-class Work Guaranteed.

LOOK!

There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat-store in
Crystal Palace Block!
Fresh and Salt Meats,
Hams, Bacon, Bologna,
Sausages, and all kinds
of Poultry in stock.

Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

W. H. DUNCANSON,
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895. 11

J. C. Dumaresq ARCHITECT, Halifax, N. S.

Plans and specifications prepared for all kinds of buildings.

AT IT AGAIN

This Season of the Year Prepare for Fall and Winter.

Will give us pleasure to show you our late Importations and

Be favored with your esteemed order, either for a suit or Overcoat, or any Garment you wish in our line.

N. L. McDONALD,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
"Acadia Corner,"
Cor. Selts Lane and Water St.

FARM FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale the farm on which he resides at Wolfville, containing 500 acres of upland and 20 acres of lake. Has an orchard which has borne 600 barrels of apples, and a young one just coming into bearing, besides peaches, plums, and pears.

Apply to
CHAS. PAINE,
Wolfville, Sept. 20th, 1897. 11

POETRY.

An Eastern Legend.
There's a tender Eastern legend,
In a volume old and rare,
Of the Christ-child in His garden
Walking with the children there.

And it tells—this strange, sweet story—
(True or false, ah, who shall say?)
How a bird with a broken prison
Dying, in a garden lay.

And the children, cruel children,
Lifted it by shattered wing,
Shouting, "Make us merry music,
Sing you lay follow, sing."

But the Christ-child bent above it,
Took it in his gentle hand,
And alone could understand.

Whispered to it—oh, so softly
Laid His lips upon its throat,
And the song died, swift returning,
Sounded out in one glad note.

Then away, on wings unweary'd,
Joyously it sang and soared,
And the little children hearing
Called the Christ-child "Master—
Lord."

SELECT STORY.

When a Man's Single.

BY JAMES M. HARRIS.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Why?" asked Rob, quickly.

"Oh, well," said Mary.

"He has been the best friend I have ever made," Rob continued, warmly.

"I do a little now, but I have never met any one yet who admitted that he had read my articles. Even your brother won't go as far as that."

"I have read several of them," said Mary.

"Have you?" Rob exclaimed, like a big boy.

"Yes," Mary answered, severely.

"But I don't agree with them. I am a Conservative, you know."

She turned up her mouth complacently as she spoke, and Rob fell back a step to prevent his going a step closer.

He could hear Mr Meredith's line tearing the water. The boy on the next house-boat was bailing the dingy, and whistling a doleful ditty between each cast.

"There will never be such a night again," Rob said, in a melancholy voice. Then he waited for Mary to ask why, when he would have told her, but she did not ask.

"At least, not to me," he continued after a pause, "for I am not likely to be here again. But there may be many such nights to you."

Mary was unbuckling her gloves and then buttoning them again. There is something uneasy about a woman who has a chance to speak and does not take it.

"I am glad to hear," said Rob, "that my being away will make no difference to you."

A light was running along the road to Hampton Court, and Mary watched it.

"Are you glad?" asked Rob, desperately.

"You said I was," answered Mary, without turning her head. Dick was thrumming the banjo below. Her hand touched a camp-chair, and Rob put his over it. He would have liked

Notes of a Sermon

PREACHED BY REV. HUGH R. HATCH, M. A., OF NEWTON CENTER, MASS., IN THE BAPTIST CHURCH, WOLFVILLE, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 13TH.

(Reported for the Acadian by Rev. D. O. Parker.)

Text and Theme—the Vision of Isaiah.—Isa. 6: 1-8.

Isaiah was the most brilliant of the kings who had reigned on David's throne since the time of Solomon, but his brilliant career ended in gloom; and in withering blight his life was snuffed out. Among the young men of Uzziah's capital, and standing in close relation to the court life, was Isaiah ben-Amos. It is a significant fact that the call to be a prophet came to Isaiah in the year that Uzziah died. Strange date surely for one's call to be a prophet, unless there is some connection between the two events. Possibly there was some such significance as the death of some friend or loved one may have held to our own turning towards God. In the year that mother, or father, or a sister, or a brother, or a friend has died God has lifted our thoughts unto himself and to the here-land, and has given us a vision of the supernatural full of quickening power for our life. So we may imagine that the death of Uzziah furnished for his young country the occasion for deep meditation, if not bitter grief, in the midst of which God flashed into his heart this vision which made him a prophet.

I. It is a vision of God's sovereignty. Isaiah's mind is turned from the earthly king to the Eternal Sovereign, from David's throne to the throne on high, from the pageantry of the earthly court to the dazzling splendor of the court of the Heavenly King. Judah's brilliant king is dead—dead, smitten of leprosy, the plague of God—and his small territory lies in the line of march of the great conqueror from beyond the Euphrates. But to Isaiah's devout spirit comes a vision of Him in whose hand is all the earth, and whose glory cannot be manifested in the world.

The Christian heart to-day needs a vision of the Eternal in his sovereignty. We need to recognize the overlordship of the Most High. Good men die and we think their places can not be filled. But good men have multiplied themselves many fold and consequently have projected themselves into far-off future scenes; so that the words of Christ to his disciples, "greater works than these shall ye do," are in a very large sense true of them and their disciples. Jehovah is a God of infinite resources, and the progress of his kingdom does not depend upon any one man, or any one group of men. We need a vision of Jehovah's sovereign lordship, especially when we think of the power of sin, the unworthiness of excellent men and the weakness of mortal strength. Doubt, scepticism, vice, crime abound, we know; but this, too, we know "the battle is the Lord's," and the vision of God's sovereignty brings hope and strength to those to whom it comes.

II. It is a vision of God's holiness. Before that holiness the seraphs veil their feet and their faces, and the vision of God's sovereignty brings hope and strength to those to whom it comes. In contrast with God's purity Isaiah sees how black his own sins are, and how small and mean is his accomplishment in righteousness.

Sometimes we flatter ourselves on our goodness. We have done a kind act, or controlled our temper. Possibly some may think they are living a holy life, and there is much of this self-gratulation in the heart of each one of us—but, like Isaiah, we need only to look into the unfathomable depths of infinite goodness in order to see the true likeness of our little self, and to cry out, "Woe is me, for I am unclean." As God flashes into our heart some realization of his purity, how must our soul shriek within us and in utter humility exclaim, "Unclean, unclean!" God, however, shows us himself that we may know the true measure of our self, and may understand the is and the ought to be.

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Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

purifying love, Isaiah desired fellowship with God. Uncleaness of heart is the bar to that fellowship. Accordingly in symbol Isaiah's iniquity is purged, his heart renewed.

We, too, need the touch of God's redeeming, purifying love upon our lips, in our hearts. When we think of the words, the thoughts, the ambitions that somehow are making character for us, must we not hide our faces and cry, "Unclean, unclean! O God, cleanse us, save us."

IV. Lastly, notice the result of this vision upon Isaiah's life—It makes him God's messenger to men. Through it Isaiah realizes that God himself is the standard for man, and that God demands of man likeness, to himself. Isaiah understands not only his own uncleaness, but also the iniquity of his fellow countrymen. They need God's purifying. They should be brought in touch with Jehovah. Accordingly, when he hears the voice of God saying, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" his heart quickly responds, "Here am I; send me."

The vision brings the man and duty together.

This vision is repeated in Christian experience. In some form it comes to those who are seeking to know God and his will, and brings the seeker for God and the needs of the world close together. He, too, hears "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" and to the call his heart replies, "Here I am, Lord, send me."

Let us, then, pray for a vision of the Eternal—pray that it come to uplift us, to convict us of sin, to assure us of God's mercy, and, last of all, to make us messengers of God's grace to our families, to our neighbors, to our community and to the world. Let us remember

"the good we all may do While the days are going by," and, in response to the call of God for helpers to minister to the needs of suffering men, let us consecrate ourselves this day unto God with the cry of his servant of old, "Here am I; send me."

A writer in a London newspaper hears an interesting instance of the good nature of J. M. Harris. Having made his literary fortune out of "Thruham" he proposes in a small way to pay back the debt by bringing over, on an excursion to London, as many local villagers as possible, so that they may see the metropolis and at the same time obtain glimpses of his play, "The Little Minister," which is still running to crowded houses at the Haymarket. One of the actors in the present cast of the play was, it is said, born in Thruham, and several of his fellow Thruhamians have a strain of Scotch blood in them.

Do not buy shoes with heels until a child is 9 or even 10 years of age. In order to walk well and comfortably the ankle must be well supported and the toes not cramped.

PROSTRATED, EXHAUSTED.

NO SLEEP—NO REST.



Do not appreciate the words of John G. Saxe, who sang, "God bless the man who first invented sleep!" But appreciate those who have suffered as Mrs. White, of Mars Township, Ont., who became so ill with nervous troubles that, to quote her brother, Mr. Donald McNeil, a well-known resident of that illustrious section of North Ontario: "My sister had not slept a night for over three months. She could not have stood this much longer, and it was only when death seemed imminent that some of the American Sisters, because the good physician, after taking the first dose of the Nervine she slept all night, and gained in flesh until perfectly well, and has now no sign of nervousness. This is a wonderful medicine in the severest cases of nervousness, and the greatest flesh-builder to be found anywhere in the world."

For sale by Geo. V. Rand.