

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIX.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1900.

No. 17.

### 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 arrangement for standing notices.

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

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and the name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the order, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.  
Address all communications to  
DAVIDSON 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 9:10 A. M.  
Express west close at 9:40 A. M.  
Express east close at 3:50 P. M.  
Kentville close at 4:40 P. M.  
Geo. V. Hazen, 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. McCreo, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R. 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. 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 8:20 P. M. All saints free. Visitors 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. F. M. MacDonald, M. A., Pastor. M. A. 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. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 2 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E. Donkin, 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 saints are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—at Oranville, preaching at 3 P. M. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 P. M. on Wednesday.

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. R. F. DIXON, Rector.  
Robert W. Stone, Warden.  
Geo. A. Park.

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 7 o'clock P. M.  
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION B. 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 afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Blonidan, L. 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, Notarial  
and Other Seals, Sign  
Markers!  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—  
London Rubber Stamp Co.,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

FOR SALE.  
Dwelling House of 8 rooms, on up per Gasparous Avenue, Outbuildings, 4 acres of land mostly covered with young orchard.  
For particulars apply to  
MRS. J. B. DAVIDSON.

GLOBE  
Steam Laundry  
HALIFAX, N. S. 23  
"THE BEST."  
Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

Unto the End.  
I know not where the morrow's path may lead,  
Nor what the future holds, but this I know,  
Whichever way my feet are forced to go,  
I shall be given courage to the end.  
Though God that awful gift of his may send,  
We call long life, when headstones in a row  
Tells all of happiness, yet be it so;  
I shall be given courage to the end.  
If dark the despoiling be the blend  
With life's pale sunlight when the sun dips low,  
Though joy speeds by and sorrow's Steps are slow,  
I shall be given courage to the end.  
I do not question what the years pretend—  
Or good or ill whatever wind may blow.  
It is enough, enough for me to know,  
I shall be given courage to the end.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Youth's Companion.

### The Master of the Mine.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

My aunt, who was busily knitting some stockings to form part of my wardrobe, listened to my bold talk, and do-folly shook her head.  
"This well to be a light heart," she said, "and 'tis easy when one is young. But they tell me Gwendovey be a 'awsome place."  
"Not a bit of it," I answered, laughing. "Not half so lonesome as St. Gurliott's."  
"And it be so far—'tis, bad as going across the sea."  
At this I laughed again.  
"Why, 'tis only seventy miles away as the crow flies! A man might gallop it in a good horse in a few short hours. Then, as to the mine itself! It's different to being underground, and what's worse, under salt water. It's open to the sky, and cheerful as sunshine—isn't it, uncle?"  
My uncle, who occupied his usual place by the ingle, looked round vaguely, and nodded.  
"Is that, that be true?"  
"Sunshine, did 'ee say?" said my aunt. "There'll be new sunshine for me or father, when our lad be gone. I don't know what father will do with hisson, when you're gone. You ha' been his right hand ever sin you was but a child; and now he be breakin' like, he'll miss the more and mer. But I don't blame 'ee, lad! You're 'right to seek your fortune; and this be a poor place, Lord knows, for a bold lad like you!"  
"Hugh will come back, mother," cried Annie, who stood behind her father's chair. "He is only going for a while."  
"Of course," I exclaimed. "Or, better still, I shall make my fortune, as you say, and you will come over and live with me."  
"Too late for that," returned my aunt. "We be auld folk now, and our time be nigh come. When he comes back, 'twill likely be to our buryin'."  
"Nonsense, aunt!"  
"I could ha' died content, Hugh, if I had seen 'ee a happy man, with a childer at your knee," she said, glancing at Annie, and remembering the old plans—which had fallen long before, like a house of cards.  
"I shall never marry," I replied, darning, in spite of myself.  
There was a long silence. My aunt's words had struck a painful chord, and we were all more or less affected. To break the spell of gloomy thought, I rose and peeped from the window. It was a fine night, with a full moon.  
"We shall have fine weather," I said. "The wind has gone up into the north."  
As I spoke, the kitchen door opened, and John Rudd entered, but in haste. He greeted us all round, and, at my aunt's request, took a seat by the fire. After smiling silently for some moment or so, he put his hands in his pockets, and produced some of his new presents, brought that day from Palsmouth.  
"Gavin' away to morrow, Measter Hugh?" he asked presently.  
"Yes, John. I start after breakfast."  
"Dear, dear! A-horseback, Measter Hugh?"  
"No; I am going to tramp it right across the moor. I shall take it easy,

you know; divide the journey into two days, and sleep one night on the way."  
"It be a middlin' long walk, Measter. Folk tell me there be snow out on the moor. I wish 'ee were goin' my way; I'd gie then a lift, and welcome."  
"Thank you, John," I said.  
"Lad, it do seem but yesterday sin you first rode, a little lad, in my awid cart. Do you remember, Measter Hugh, how I made a pome about Missie and Annie here, and how you put 'an dawn in writing as fine a print?"  
"Of course I do," I replied. "You don't write so much poetry now, John."  
John Rudd's face fell. He scratched his head somewhat ingenuously.  
"My gift be failing me, I fear," he murmured; "but that, pomes be far young folk, not for old chaps like John Rudd. Howsomer, it do come out of me now and then, like sparks fra' a forge; but there be much on't I can't repeat, and much I disremember."  
"Twere a relief to my feelings, like Measter Hugh, when I had you handy to put 'an dawn!"  
He added, spreading his great hands on his knee, and sipping his voice to a whisper.  
"Did I ever tell 'ee the pome you made about your son, when they took 'ee for killing the overseer?"  
I saw my uncle start and change color, while the pipe that he had lit and was smoking almost dropped from his mouth.  
"Never mind that now, John," I cried, quickly. "Talk of something else—something more pleasant."  
"All right, Measter Hugh," returned the poet. "Shall I tell 'ee the news?"  
I nodded; and he continued.  
"Young measter be coming home from Lunnon to-morrow wif her he is to wed."  
"How do you know that?" I cried, flushing to the temples, and conscious that all eyes were turned suddenly upon my face.  
"I brought a big bawx to leave up at the house, Measter Hugh, and 'twere addressed to the young missie; and when I were up in the kitchen, and taking a glass o' ale wif the cook, they told me postman had brought a letter this afternoon, and that young measter were coming home. See?"  
He little knew the torture he was causing me; but every word he uttered went through me like a knife. Again I made a device to change the subject, and succeeded; but while the good fellow rattled on, my mind was full of the news that he had brought. My original determination had been to leave home at ten or eleven in the forenoon, and, striking across the moorland, to do a leisurely forty miles before resting for the night; but I was now resolved to depart much earlier—indeed, at daylight. I dreaded the torture of seeing my darling again; and I knew it to be extremely probable that she might arrive from Palsmouth very early in the day.  
After a parting glass of spirits, in which he pledged me heartily, and wished me all the good luck in the world, John rose to go away. I walked with him to the door, and across the garden to the gate.  
Here we shook hands heartily.  
"Keep an eye on the old man when I am gone," I said. "Gwendovey is not far away, but far enough if any thing goes wrong. My uncle may want a friend. If anything happens, don't fail to send me at once."  
"I'll do that, Measter Hugh," replied John Rudd. "I be dozwright grieved to see the old man sea broken down."  
After another hearty handshake, he walked away in the moonlight. I was turning to go in, when I felt a touch upon my arm. It was Annie, who had crept out after me, and now spoke in a low voice, almost a whisper.  
"Hugh, dear Hugh, this is the last night we shall be together for a long day. I wanted to speak to you before you go. I wanted to be quite sure that we are friends, in spite of all that has passed."  
Her voice was broken with tears. Full of tenderness and pity for her, I put my arm around her, and kissed her on the forehead.  
"More than friends, Annie," I said,

scarcely a word was spoken between us till I reached the point whence I meant to strike off across the open moor. Here I paused, and held out my hand; he gripped it to both of his, and looked into my face. He was never one of the crying sort, but I saw now that his eyes were dim.  
"Hugh, my lad, I know you're nait going far away, but summat tells me as it may be a lang while afore we meet again. I ha' ever loved 'ee like my own son. If aught happens to me, you'll be a son to the awid woman still?"  
"Ay, that I will!"  
"And Annie, poor lass—you'll be a brother to poor Annie?"  
"Be sure of that," I answered. "But keep up a good heart. We shall all be together soon."  
He gazed at me sorrowfully, with eyes in which there was no earthly hope.  
"Maybe, lad, maybe; but look 'ee, I be an awid man now, and a'most done wif life. There be summat here i' my heart, gnawing like, and I feel like that chap in the Bible as were ate up by worms. But I mu' wait and bear, wait and bear; only promise me again, lad, to look after the awid woman and our little lass."  
I promised with all my heart. He still gripped my hand, and seemed about to say more, but with a moan, he blessed me and turned away. Greatly moved and troubled, I left him and walked away across the open moor.  
The day was bright and still; one of those calm days early in the year, when the chill of winter is still about the dark tones of the earth, but when there are quickening motions in the air, and mesmeric admonitions of a vernal resurrection. The dew sparkled upon the heath, and strung its silver threads upon the bare branches of gorse and broom. A hawk was rising from the ground and singing heavenward, as if it were spring indeed.  
Following a thin sheep-track, I was soon out upon the wild moor. Turning at last, I saw St. Gurliott's redden in the sun rays, while away beyond glimmered the sparkling expanse of the sea. My heart swelled within me, with love for the dear old place. I might have been a pilgrim to the Antipodes, instead of a man merely journeying to the next county. Beg in this world of ours, distance is measured by sympathy, not by mileage; and never having been much of a wanderer, I was inexperienced enough to undergo the pangs of exile—though the place of my banishment was to be only the adjoining parish.

With a sigh of farewell to St. Gurliott's, I turned and faced the track again. Around me on every side the moor stretched like a sea, flat for the most part, but here and there rising to rocky knolls, or descending into green hollows, where the sward was damp and spongy under foot. From time to time I passed a lonely moorman, cutting turf or gathering furs for fuel, with whom I would exchange greetings and stand talking a few minutes before wandering on. But for the most part the place was solitary, haunted only by stray sheep and wild cattle. Hawk and raven were numerous, and it was their nappy hunting-ground. Trouble had made me a little superstitious, and I eyed these birds, especially the black crows, and their kindred vagabonds, the hooded crows, with little favor.  
As I went on, the prospect grew wilder. Tall blocks and tops of granite were scattered everywhere, like the fragments of some submerged world; and, indeed, I knew well that the ground whereon I walked had once been the bottom of the sea, and that the mighty stones had once been washed by mightier waves, and deposited there long ere the coming of man. Mile after mile, far as eye could behold, stretched the stony blocks—some tall and high, moonlike, pebbled over by green moss and grey lichens; some flat and incumbent, like mighty tomb stones—and indeed they were. Verily, it was Tadmor of the wilderness; broken up confusedly, as if so earthly clouds had just passed.  
But though the scene was wild and bleak below, the sky was calm above it, calm and flecked with delicate, filmy clouds that stretched over the brilliant

## GREAT 30 DAY Marked Down SALE!

\*\*\*\*\*

We have a large Stock on hand which we want to clear to make room for Spring Stock. For 30 Days We Will Sell our Large Stock of English, Irish, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds at very near cost.

All Woolen Goods have advanced 25 per cent., but we secured our Stock before the advancement and are able to give you clothes at a price less than the Wholesale Cost of the Goods Now.

Now is your time to get a Suit or Overcoat. We can make you a good All-Wool Suit, and Guarantee you a Perfect Fit and Satisfaction for \$10.50 and up.

Pants Going for \$2.50 and up.  
You want the Goods, We want the Money.  
Come and See and be Convinced.

Remember for 30 Days Only.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,  
NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.  
Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

## SKATES. 25c. to \$3.50.

## HOCKEY STICKS. 15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.

Starr, Son & Franklin.

blue of the far-off ether. Had my heart been less soft, I should have exulted in the beauty and wonder of the scene. Even as it was, I drank in the keen moorland air with a quickening sense of life. Gradually, the dark shadows flitted from my brain, and the strength of my manhood returning upon me, I paced on rapidly across the waste.

More than once, in my passage, I struck the road again, and found myself among moorland villages and pasturages, with intervals of leafless wood. At mid-day I halted at a farm-house, situated many miles from human habitation and surrounded by pasture watered by a wild moorland stream. As I approached the door, a troop of wild shepherd-dogs surrounded me, so savage that I had to beat them off with my staff; but the simple folk welcomed me with true pastoral hospitality, and regaled me royally with scones and milk. The coming of a stranger was an event in their lonely lives, and they had a hundred questions to ask concerning myself, my destination, and the unknown region whither I was bound.

The sun was setting when I sighted Torborne, the inland village where I had arranged to sleep, which was close

on fifty miles from my old home by the sea. It was a mining settlement, and as I approached I found myself abreast of a rough tram-road communicating with the mines. A busy sound of clattering and clanking, clashing and rattling, broke upon my ear; great wheels suddenly appeared, revolving in the air above my head, together with a lofty chimney, skeleton platforms, and iron chains clanking over iron pulleys. Flocks of women and children soon appeared, busy on the surface. Close by them ran a braving stream, copper-colored by the refuse of the mine. They greeted me merrily, as I paused to look at them. I noticed that they spoke a dialect somewhat different from that of the district where I had lived so long.

I slept at Torborne, and at daylight next morning proceeded on my way. Soon after mid-day, I reached my destination, another mining settlement on the very borders of two counties, Cornwall and Devon. I found it to be, as rumor had informed me, a "lonesome" place situated on the banks of a small river, and surrounded on every side by the wild blecks and tops of the moor. The mines on which I had been engaged belonged to Lord —, who had a residential castle close by, and whose representative, a solicitor, resided in the village. I reported myself in due course, and was forthwith installed in my position.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.