

VOL. XXIII.

THE ACADIAN.
Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors,
DAVISON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in advance.
Newspapers from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited.
Advertisements Rates
\$1.00 per square (2 inches) for first insertion, 35 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application.
Reading notices ten cents per line first insertion, two and a half cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
Rules
Copy for new advertisements will be accepted only on Monday. Copy for changes in contracts advertisements must be received on Monday.
Advertisements in which the number of insertions is not specified will be continued and charged for until otherwise ordered.
This paper is mailed regularly to subscribers until a definite order to discontinue is received and all arrears are paid in full.
Job printing is executed at this office in the latest styles and at moderate prices.
All postmasters and news agents are authorized agents of the ACADIAN for the purpose of receiving subscriptions, but receipts for same are only given from the office of publication.

**A GOOD ASSORTMENT
OF ALL KINDS OF
PLANTS!**
Freeman's Nursery,
WOLFVILLE.
Roses, Carnations and
Other Cut Flowers.
Weddings and Funeral Designs
a specialty.
W. A. FREEMAN,
WOLFVILLE.

\$10 REWARD!
As we are under considerable expense in repairing street lights that are maliciously broken, we offer the above reward for information that will lead to the conviction of the guilty parties.
Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
ACADIA ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Edwin E. Dickey, M.D.,
Wolfville, N. S.
Office: Two doors east of Manual Training Hall. Telephone No. 57.

CHURCHES.
BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. L. D. Morse, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.; B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:45; and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Missionaries 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 3:30 p. m. All seats free. Ubers at the door to welcome strangers.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. E. M. Dill, B. D., Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.; Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.; Chalmers' 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. Geo. F. Johnson, 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 Greenwood, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m., on Wednesdays.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
St. John's Parish Church, of Horton.—Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. Evensong 7:15 p. m. Wednesday Evensong, 7:30 p. m. Special services in Advent, Lent, and Easter by notice in church. Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Superintendent and teacher of Bible Class, the Rector.
All seats free. Strangers heartily welcome.
Rev. R. F. Dixon, Rector.
Robert W. Storrs, Vicar.
Frank A. Dixon, Organist.

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

THE TABERNACLE.—Mr. N. Crandall, Superintendent. Services: Sunday, Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.; Gospel services at 7:30 p. m.; Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

MASONIC.
St. George's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.
Wolfville Division S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:30 o'clock.
CHURCH Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 8:30 o'clock.

HOMESTEAD.
Covey Blomfield, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m.

REPAIRING STATION.
Bicycles repaired and cleaned. Lawn Mowers put in order. Locks repaired and keys fitted.

Bicycle Findings.
Alfred Suttie.

Fred H. Christie
PAINTER
PAPER HANGER.
Best Attention Given to Work Entrusted to Us.
Orders left at the store of L. W. Sleep will be promptly attended to.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Dentistry.
Louis Saunders, D. D. S.,
GRADUATE AND LATE DEMONSTRATOR OF
UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND.
Crown and Bridge work a Specialty.
Anesthetic administered for Painless Extractions.
Will be at Wolfville Friday and Saturday of each week.
Office one-door east of Dr. Bowler's.

Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral
We know what all good doctors think of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your own doctor and find out. He will tell you how it quiets the tickling throat, heals the inflamed lungs, and controls the hardest of coughs.
One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.
THE MIDLAND RAILWAY CO.
ON AND AFTER OCTOBER 1st, 1903, trains will run as follows, connecting at Truro with J. C. R. trains and at Windsor with those of the P. A. R.
Leaves Truro at 7:00 a. m., arrive in Windsor 9:05 a. m.
Leaves Truro at 8:45 p. m., arrive in Windsor 10:15 p. m.
Leaves Windsor at 7:55 a. m., arrive in Truro 10:15 a. m.
Leaves Windsor at 10:45 a. m., arrive in Truro 12:45 p. m.
Leaves Windsor at 5:45 p. m., arrive in Truro 7:55 p. m.
H. V. HARRIS,
General Manager.

MISS MARY.
At the mouth of the bay there was a treacherous reef upon which many a fine vessel had gone to pieces. The sands had encroached on the shore, were still encroaching, only at low tide the hull of a long-wrecked vessel showed through them. At night, according to country people, the drowned sailors came back and sat there, a still row in the moonlight.
Beyond the sands were the salt marshes, a few unproductive fields grew among the sparse dry grasses that would hardly pasture a goat. Beyond the fields was a belt of woodland, holding the bay within its curves. Beyond the woods was the Castle of Waring.
The Warnings of Waring were now represented by Miss Mary, and were likely to die out soon enough, since Miss Mary's trouble had kept her innocent as a five-year-old child. Anything so white, so innocent, so gentle, faintly smiling, never seen was that had knowledge of the wickedness and sorrow of the world.
Of the great staff of servants that had once been at Waring, only a few, too old to make a new venture, or too attached, remained. Besides Mrs Maythorne and Mrs Susan, there was Lovelind, the gardener, Waggett, the butler, and a couple of elderly housemaids.
Even though no one came, the house went on in its old, formal stately way; the rooms occupied by Miss Mary, the gardens and terraces over which her window looked, had nothing of the bustle of the old days, when there was the eye of a master over the place.
The good people would have scorned to cheat anything so innocent and so unsuspecting as Miss Mary.
So the terraces shone like green satin. The beds were full of carthage, azure and gold, as of old; the peacock screamed as he spread his fan in the sun; the goldfish swam in a clear basin; the garden sent up their wafts of fragrance as though to-morrow or next day the place might not be shut up, going to ruins for want of a master or mistress.
Maythorne and Susan between them petted Miss Mary as much as any child was ever petted. To get up the stairs she was carried, and 'top up,' the delicate white muslins and laces for her mistress, she might have been a mother over the dainty little garments of a child. Of evenings she dressed her lady in some soft thing of white silk or fine woolen, with a string of pearls about her neck and a blue ribbon in her soft hair; and no one seemed to find it incongruous that a woman nearly half way through her century should be so attired.
Miss Mary did not seem to remember the passage of the years. It was only lately that Mrs Susan, dressing her mistress one evening when the summer sun yet lingered, saw a line of bewilderment between the delicate brows, while Miss Mary stared at herself in the glass as she might at a stranger.
After that the glass met with an accident and was put out of sight.

J. F. Herbin,
GRADUATE OPTICIAN
and WATCHMAKER,
Wolfville, N. S.
Ten years experience in the examination of eyes and the fitting of glasses. Scientific methods used and satisfaction guaranteed.
Have you seen the latest thing in eye glasses?
what of the future?
Do you want to be better off than you are now! In your old age do you wish to live in ease and comfort! In the event of your death do you wish your family to enjoy in some degree the comforts you can now provide for them?
Apply at once for a policy with THE ROYAL VICTORIA LIFE INSURANCE CO.
TO-DAY you are in good health:— BUT
WHAT OF THE FUTURE?
JOHN T. PURDON,
General Agent
Wolfville, N. S.
C. M. VAUGHN. F. W. WOODMAN.
Wolfville Coal & Lumber Co.,
GENERAL DEALERS IN
Hard and Soft Coals, Kinding-Wood, Etc.
Also Brick, Clapboards, Shingles, Sheathing, Hard and Soft Wood Flooring and Rough and Finished Lumber of all kinds
AGENTS FOR
The BOWKER FERTILIZER CO., BOSTON.
And Haley Bros., St. John.

Do You Want Money?
The Nova Scotia BUILDING SOCIETY.
Can supply you at the lowest rates and on most advantageous terms.
95 NOLLIS ST., HALIFAX.
C. H. LONGGARD, Sec. T. Cas.
W. F. PARKER,
AGENT,
Wolfville, N. S.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE HARNESS
For light driving or heavy hauling, can be obtained here at prices that will please. The man who buys Harness here is always satisfied with his bargain. Each set is made of extra good stock, stitched by hand, and the mountings are of superior grade.
Wm. Regan,
HARNESS MAKER,
HOUSE TO LET.
25 Centre Avenue, St. John's, Newfoundland. Apply to C. S. STEWART.

Gold Settled on the Lungs
Mr. John Pollard, Echo Bay, Ont., writes:
"I was troubled last winter with a very bad cold which was beginning to settle on my lungs. I was so hoarse that I could scarcely speak, and I had a nasty hacking cough which I could not get rid of. One bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine cured me and I can heartily recommend it."
DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.
25 cents a bottle, family size three times as much 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Hester & Co., Toronto.
To prove its genuineness, examine the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous throat and lung doctor, on every bottle.

WOLFVILLE COAL & LUMBER CO.,
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Talk Happiness.
Talk happiness! Not now and then, but every blessed day. Even if you don't believe the half of what you say. There's no room here for him who whines as on his way he goes! Remember, son, the world is sad enough without your woe.
Talk happiness each chance you get—and Talk it good and strong! Look for it in The byways as you grinly find your way.
Perhaps it's a stranger saw Who've heard never. Come, but talk it soon you'll find That you and Happiness Are there.

grow laxon in time, and give him grand children, so that the place need never want to Algenron.
The two faithful women kept the secret till it could be no longer kept. Those things happened a quarter of a century ago, and, to look at Miss Mary's hair, you might think she had a dozen years had gone over her head. In a good light you saw that the eyes were wool gathering. Perhaps you noticed that the fingers moved aimlessly and were never still. Time seemed to have forgotten her case. She had the sylvan-like figure and gliding footstep, still the same. Her hair had turned a little darker. At a little distance and in a dim light she was the girl of twenty-five years ago.
She did nothing strange, nothing to oblige people to notice her affliction. Visitors to the Castle fell away, unless it was the lawyer on legal business, the parson on spiritual, the physician on matters of health.
After the late Squire's death search had been made for Algenron Waring, to whom, by right the Castle of Waring now belonged. If he would come forward he could dispossess his cousin Mary of the ghostly old barrack among the pine woods, the unproductive fields, the overgrown park. Very little else was there to come to him. The old Squire had seen to that.
Perhaps it was not worth Mr Algenron's while to come forward. Perhaps he was dead. Anyhow, now wished to see his dark, handsome, reckless face again. He had done enough mischief while he stayed.
Miss Mary's trouble had kept her innocent as a five-year-old child. Anything so white, so innocent, so gentle, faintly smiling, never seen was that had knowledge of the wickedness and sorrow of the world.
Of the great staff of servants that had once been at Waring, only a few, too old to make a new venture, or too attached, remained. Besides Mrs Maythorne and Mrs Susan, there was Lovelind, the gardener, Waggett, the butler, and a couple of elderly housemaids.
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After that the glass met with an accident and was put out of sight.

and lighting her face, making it more and more radiant.
"Ah!" she said, "I find you sitting in the dead men's place, where so often we sat together when we were both of this world. I think I knew all the time Algenron, that you were dead else you would never have left me without a word. And so you have come back from the dead to keep tryst with me once again. Oh, what love, Algenron, what faith!"
For an instant the man's chin sank lower on his breast. Then it lifted stealthily, and he looked at her with burning eyes.
"You might be out of heaven, Mary, sent to lay a drop of water on a parched, wretch's tongue. And yet do you suppose he would be the better for that drop of water knowing that once he might have slaked his thirst ocean deep, and that now he must go parched forever?"
She came a step nearer, anxiety clouding her radiant face as it might a child's who finds something said too difficult to understand.
"I don't understand," Algenron. "You can never thirst."
For a moment his lips parted as though the tongue were swollen with them, then he said with a gentleness almost equal to hers:
"Of course not, Mary; I was thinking of a poor wretch."
Her thoughts were not following him. He had an odd idea that the gold of the moon was in her garments like a light reflected in the pearls of her throat, making quiet fires of happiness in the depths of the eyes.
"Shall I sit by you, Algenron?" she asked. "You know I am not afraid of the dead. How often I came here to meet you in the old days, and many a time since! There was never anyone here. Perhaps I frightened them away. I have been here so often. How long is it since you left me, Algenron? I have forgotten."
The muslin of her gown brushed him and he moved away with an almost imperceptible movement.
"An eternity, Mary," he answered.
"I thought so, too," she said. "But of course, in months and weeks it has not really been long. I don't know when it was that it came to me that you were dead, since you had not sent me a word. After that it was easy enough except when—when I doubted. It was terrible while I thought you lived."
The man made an inarticulate sound of pity.
"And then you died," she went on dreamily. "I used to think papa was angry with you and had sent you away, poor papa! And then I used to think that there were terrible things said against you—things I could not speak of. Of course, it was not true."
"Of course not, Mary," said the man, with a spasms of his face.
"And it was because you died you never came back? You loved me too well to leave me?"
"I never loved you so well as when I left you."
"And then you died, and you have come back to me. Will you come again, Algenron?"
"Perhaps * * * I may not be permitted Mary. I came a long journey for this night. I shall have a long journey to go where I am going. It is time I took that journey. And you, you must not wander at night, child. Promise me you will not come here at night."
"I am not afraid of the dead men, Algenron."
"I know. But promise me you will not come. You used always to obey me in the old days Mary."
"I will do what you tell me, Algenron."
"And now you will go home and sleep, and dream happy dreams, Mary."
"The time will not be long," she said, "now that I have seen you. I always knew that you loved me. But there were vexatious things that would return—things that were said and whispered. They can never come back again."
She stood looking at him an instant. Hitherto he had not so much as touched a fold of her garments. Now he moved nearer and his face darkened as though the blood had rushed to it. "Give me one kiss, Mary," he pleaded, for the sake of old times, to serve me for that long, long journey, for the eternity in which I shall not kiss you again."
For a moment she was light as a snowflake in his arms. For a moment his lips were on hers. "Your lips are not cold," she murmured. "They burn like fire."
"And yours are like the dew's," he answered. "And now, run home, child. Your hair is wet with the sea fog. See how it has covered the moon. And remember you are to come here no more. Happy dreams, my dear."
She went with a hanging head, her old habit of obedience making her go while she longed to stay. When she had gone a little way she looked

back. The sea fog had rolled in and hidden all the bay. But on the higher ground the moon was still shining. Its light went with her all the way home. It flooded the silent house as she went up the stairs. Once, as she passed a muffled mirror, she smiled to herself, catching a shimmer as of silver in its depths, and remembering that once she had had a vision in a mirror of how she would look when she grew old.
The moonlight was on her face when she slept. Perhaps it was baleful as they say the moon is. Anyhow, when Mrs Susan came to the bedside in the morning, she cried out at the change in Miss Mary's face. Her age had found her out. Though her lips smiled and smiled, this was not the Miss Mary of yesterday.
But it was only that in the night the child's soul had escaped and left the body to the burden of its years. Miss Mary's heart had broken for joy.
Safety For Your Children
When a mother finds it necessary to give her little one medicine she cannot be so careful as to the remedy employed. The so-called 'soothing' medicines always contain poisonous opiates, and these should never be given to a child. Strong drugs and harsh purgatives should also be avoided. An ideal medicine for young children is Baby's Own Tablets, which care all the minor ills of childhood, and the mother has the guarantee of one of the foremost analysts of Canada that this medicine contains no opiate. Milton L. Hershey, M. A. Sc., demonstrator in Chemistry, McGill University says:— "I hereby certify that I have made a careful analysis of Baby's Own Tablets which I personally purchased in a drug store in Montreal, and said analysis has failed to detect the presence of any opiate or narcotic in them." Analysis is proof, therefore mothers know that in giving their little ones Baby's Own Tablets they are giving them an absolutely safe medicine. Sold by all druggists or mailed at 25c a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.
Three young elephants, engaged to perform at Woolwich, England, theatre have caused a lively scene in the town. They were being driven through the streets when, seeing themselves reflected in a large plate glass window of a photographer's shop they charged the premises. One of them forced the glass door and entering the window smashed the glass, and emerged into the street, bleeding from the head. The damage is estimated at \$400.
Well Again.
The many friends of John Blount will be pleased to learn that he has entirely recovered from his attack of rheumatism. Chamberlain's Pain Balm cured him after the best doctors in the town (Monon, Ind.) had failed to give relief. The prompt relief from pain which this liniment affords is alone worthy many times its cost. Sold by G. V. Rand.

Proverbs
"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.
When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.
It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.
Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.
For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.
Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.
For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free.
Be sure that this picture is the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.
SCOTT'S EMULSION,
Chemists,
Toronto, Ontario.
Sole and Retail Druggists

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UNION Grown in India and Ceylon. Your Greecer sells it at 25, 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60 cents a pound. **BLEND** HARRY W. DEFORREST, DIRECT IMPORTER AND BLENDER, ST. JOHN, N. B. **TEA**