

# 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, MAY 12, 1899.

No. 37.

### 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 ar-  
rangement for standing notices.

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

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-  
stantly 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  
same of the party writing for the ACADIAN  
must invariably accompany the communi-  
cation, 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.  
Halls are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 5.15  
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. BIRD, 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 R.  
Baird, M.A., Pastor. Services: Sunday,  
morning at 11 A.M. and 7.00 P.M.; Sun-  
day School at 2.30 P.M. B. Y. P. U.  
meeting on Tuesday evening at  
7.00 P.M. and Church prayer-meeting on  
Thursday evening at 7.30 P.M. Woman's Mis-  
sionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday  
evening at 7.30 P.M. in the month  
and the Women's prayer-meeting on the  
third Wednesday of each month at 8.30  
P.M. All seats free. Officers at the  
doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday  
at 11.30 P.M. and Wednesday at 7.30 P.M.  
Monday School at 2.30 P.M.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E.  
Dunkley, 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 P.M. 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  
at 11 A.M.; 2d, 4th and 6th at  
8 A.M. Service every Wednesday at 7.30  
P.M.

REV. ROBERT C. HIND, Rector.  
Robert W. Storr, Warden.  
Geo. A. Pat, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,  
P. M.—Mass 11.00 A.M. on 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 N. O. T. meets  
every Monday evening in their Hall  
at 7.30 O'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the  
Temperance Hall every Friday after-  
noon at 2.30 O'clock.

Foresters.

Court Blomdon, 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 up  
per Gasparan Avenue, Outbuildings,  
& acre 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, Reekwell & Co.

## SEE OUR

SPRING SUITS!  
GOING FAST!

FROM \$12.00 UP  
FOR TWEEDS.

WORSTED  
\$18.00 AND UP.

Made to fit perfectly.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,  
NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N.S.

NOTICE!

We have decided 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 Moller 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.

Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Dorothy hesitated before she opened  
the next letter, and in spite of her  
effort at self-control, a tear fell with a  
hot splash on the envelope. She knew  
only too well what a real disappoint-  
ment the letters she had already open-  
ed would be to Malcom.

The third letter bore a Boston post-  
mark, and was from the editor of a  
religious paper. It acknowledged the  
receipt of an article sent by Malcom  
some two months before, and retained  
it with a view to publication when the  
press of matter already accepted would  
permit, etc. Payment for the article  
would be sent when it was published.

Dorothy's face flushed with pride at  
Malcom's success as a writer, and at  
the same time she could not help feel-  
ing that if the editor of that paper  
only knew how much they needed the  
money he would pay for the article  
when he accepted it, instead of keeping  
the author waiting until it appeared in

year, was on our board for a time.  
We make you this offer, and hope you  
will see your way to accept. The  
salary will be \$2,000 a year, with op-  
portunity of increase. The press is as  
powerful as the pulpit in these days,  
and you may be sure your usefulness  
will not be shorted or lessened by  
making this change. We await your  
reply, hoping it will be favorable to  
us."

Here followed the name of a person  
who was at the head of one of the most  
influential papers published in New  
England. Dorothy knew well enough  
how much Malcom thought of the man,  
and how often he had expressed his  
admiration for the character of his  
literary work.

She picked the letter up and read it  
through again. What was there in  
Conrad, this wild, uninteresting west-  
ern town, struggling against a financial  
depression and a future as well as a  
past failure of crops? How could  
Malcom ever rise to any place worthy  
of his powers in this little church, so  
feeble and so poor? "It is true," she  
found herself saying, "it is true he  
chose the ministry as his life work, and  
he has often said he would not do any-  
thing else. But—"

She went to the door and stepped  
out on the little porch. It was after  
10 o'clock, and a frosty night. Down  
the main street she could see the lights  
from the saloons. There was a brawl  
going on in front of one of them.  
But that was common. A group of  
cowboys galloped down the street, firing  
their pistols as they came. That was  
not unusual. Dorothy shuddered.  
What of that promise she had made  
with Malcom to try to redeem the lost  
of Conrad. Was it worth while, after  
all? It would be so much pleasanter  
to live in Boston. They could have  
things, and live as other people lived,  
and after while her husband would  
become famous, and—

"Well, little woman, won't you take  
cold out here?"

It was Malcom, and he led her into  
the house again. She had not seen  
him come. He had unexpectedly fin-  
ished his engagement, and been able to  
return much sooner than he expected.

She saw as he came in that he was  
very tired, but was making a brave  
effort to appear cheerful and contented.  
She hesitated about showing him the  
letters, but he had already seen the  
open envelopes on the table, and his  
hand went out towards them. Doro-  
thy stood between him and the table.

"Will you read them in the order I  
say?" asked Dorothy.

"Certainly. Must I get ready for  
bed now?" he asked, soberly.

"It is for you to say," Dorothy  
answered. And she gave him the  
letters in the same order that she had  
opened them, and stood watching his  
face, hungrily as he read them.

CHAPTER XI.

Malcom read the four letters  
through, one after the other, without a  
word of comment. Only, Dorothy,  
watching him, noted the expressions on  
his face. When he finished the letter  
from the Boston magazine, he looked  
up.

"Well," said Dorothy, slowly, as if  
Malcom had asked a question.

"It's a great offer," said Malcom.  
He was evidently very much moved by  
it. And he rose and walked up and  
down.

Finally, he stopped near the door.  
"I shall have to go out doors and  
walk off the excitement," he said, look-  
ing at Dorothy with a faint smile.

She was familiar with that habit.  
Malcom had often done that when  
dired of the cramped quarters of his  
little study in the parsonage.

He walked to the table, took up his  
hat and went to the door. He opened  
it, and then turned back to Dorothy,  
who sat with her elbow on the table  
and her chin in her hand, thinking.

"Will you go with me, dear?"  
Malcom asked, quietly.

She rose without a word, and put-  
ting on her hat and cloak, went out  
with him. They walked out of the  
yard, and then, after a moment of  
hesitation, they turned and went down  
the narrow board sidewalk towards the  
main street of the town.

It was almost 11 o'clock. Nearly  
all the stores were closed, but every  
saloon was wide open. As they went

When they reached the corner where  
the church and parsonage had stood,  
they stopped and looked at the ruins.  
These were mortal, as such ruins  
always are. The foundation line of  
the church building looked pitifully  
small to Malcom as he thought of the  
little congregation that had so often  
met there for worship or the prayer  
service. And still, he could not, even  
there, as he viewed what seemed like a  
failure in life, he could not shut out of  
his sight the picture of Dorothy and  
himself as they had gone into the  
church that first night of their arrival  
in Conrad three years before, and had  
there made together their solemn  
promise to redeem the lost of Conrad.  
Were they about to break that prom-  
ise, because difficulties had come into  
the struggle? Was it possible that  
they were going to declare themselves  
beaten in the attempt to overcome?  
Were they about to choose the easy,  
comfortable physical life and shun the  
agony of the spiritual conflict with the  
evil forces? Were they about to run  
away from duty as cowards? Was it  
duty to remain in Conrad? How  
about his duty to the temperance con-  
flict? If he had any real strength  
that way, ought he to abandon the  
cause at this critical time? But how  
could Dorothy live this life of privation?  
How could he go on with his  
meagre salary, humiliated by being in  
debt to the tradespeople, and depend-  
ent for his living on the spasmodic  
giving of the churches that "endowed"  
the same missions, to be sure, but left  
the home missionary often unpaid, of the  
young Barton was having a sufficient  
treasure while in the terrible condition  
caused by his debauch at the time of  
the great fire. His mother had spent a  
fearful night with him, and at last, desper-  
ate and heart-broken, dry-eyed, but  
sleeping but blood away within, she had  
come into town for Kirk.

"Oh, Mr. Kirk, will you come right out  
to 'The Forks' with me? Phil is in a  
terrible way, and has been calling for  
you all night!"

It was Mrs. Barton, and her thin, eager  
face looked down at Malcom as she sat  
there looking at him anxiously.

Into Malcom Kirk's heart there came  
a distinct shock, almost as if he had been  
detected in doing a selfish thing. Here,  
again was this appeal for help coming at  
a time when it seemed to him as if the  
burden he was carrying was too great for  
him.

He looked up at Mrs. Barton.  
"Why, certainly, I'll go right out with  
you," he said, every instinct of helpful-  
ness in him rising and going out towards  
the cry for help.

Just then Carver came walking by.  
Kirk had the letter he was going to post  
in his hand.

"S'y, Carver, will you mail this letter  
for me, as you go by the office?" Mal-  
com asked, and Carver eagerly took the  
letter, more than willing to do Mr. Kirk  
a favor.

Malcom at once got up into the wagon  
with Mrs. Barton, and they drove out of  
town rapidly. Carver stood watching  
them a moment, then he turned and  
went on down the street. At the first  
saloon he hesitated, but finally went in.  
Before noon he had gone into three or  
four different saloons that lay between  
him and the postoffice, and the letter re-  
mained in his pocket forgotten.

On their way to "The Forks" Malcom  
learned from Mrs. Barton that while  
Philip was at his back, unable to leave  
his bed, one of the farmer boys living on  
the next ranch had brought out several  
bottles of whisky and smuggled them  
into the house. The result was that  
young Barton was having a sufficient  
treasure while in the terrible condition  
caused by his debauch at the time of  
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fearful night with him, and at last, desper-  
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came just as Malcom went to tell Mrs.  
Barton that Philip was sleeping. She had  
not been able to find any physician when  
she had gone in that morning, and had  
left word for one to come out.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Don't you feel that we have tried  
our best to keep that promise we made  
that night in the church? Dorothy  
asked, as she nervously pushed her  
foot against one of the stones at the  
corner of the foundation.

Malcom did not answer at first.  
Then he said evasively, as if he had  
been thinking of something else: "I'm  
sure I can do as much with my pen as  
I can in a church."

Dorothy did not look up or speak  
for some time. Then she said with  
rather eager emphasis:

"Why not write at once to the  
editor, and tell him you will accept his  
offer?"

"I will," said Malcom, in a low  
tone.

They stood a little while longer by  
the ruins, and then turned away and  
went home. Somewhere in the great  
spaces of the infinite to Malcom and  
Dorothy it almost seemed as if a sigh  
from an angel of light breathed over  
the sleeping town that lay on the black-  
ened surface of the prairie. What  
they felt was the inner unconsciousness  
of spirit that the promise they had made  
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have been. In Malcom's heart as he  
said to Dorothy, "I will" there was a  
distinct uncertainty of feeling. There  
was a lack of spontaneous joy at his  
action which he knew well enough  
meant that somewhere he had not been  
true to the best that was in him.

Nevertheless, in the morning he wrote  
the letter in answer to the editor, ac-  
cepting the position, and asking him to  
give him time to sever his relations with  
the church, etc.

He took the letter and went out early  
after breakfast to mail it. He would  
hand in his resignation at the week-day  
church meeting, and write to the super-  
intendent later in the day.

He was thinking it all over as he near-  
ed the main street, when a farm wagon  
drove up noisily and stopped near him.

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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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our best to keep that promise we made  
that night in the church? Dorothy  
asked, as she nervously pushed her  
foot against one of the stones at the  
corner of the foundation.

Malcom did not answer at first.  
Then he said evasively, as if he had  
been thinking of something else: "I'm  
sure I can do as much with my pen as  
I can in a church."

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for some time. Then she said with  
rather eager emphasis:

"Why not write at once to the  
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drove up noisily and stopped near him.

When they reached the corner where  
the church and parsonage had stood,  
they stopped and looked at the ruins.  
These were mortal, as such ruins  
always are. The foundation line of  
the church building looked pitifully  
small to Malcom as he thought of the  
little congregation that had so often  
met there for worship or the prayer  
service. And still, he could not, even  
there, as he viewed what seemed like a  
failure in life, he could not shut out of  
his sight the picture of Dorothy and  
himself as they had gone into the  
church that first night of their arrival  
in Conrad three years before, and had  
there made together their solemn  
promise to redeem the lost of Conrad.  
Were they about to break that prom-  
ise, because difficulties had come into  
the struggle? Was it possible that  
they were going to declare themselves  
beaten in the attempt to overcome?  
Were they about to choose the easy,  
comfortable physical life and shun the  
agony of the spiritual conflict with the  
evil forces? Were they about to run  
away from duty as cowards? Was it  
duty to remain in Conrad? How  
about his duty to the temperance con-  
flict? If he had any real strength  
that way, ought he to abandon the  
cause at this critical time? But how  
could Dorothy live this life of privation?  
How could he go on with his  
meagre salary, humiliated by being in  
debt to the tradespeople, and depend-  
ent for his living on the spasmodic  
giving of the churches that "endowed"  
the same missions, to be sure, but left  
the home missionary often unpaid, of the  
young Barton was having a sufficient  
treasure while in the terrible condition  
caused by his debauch at the time of  
the great fire. His mother had spent a  
fearful night with him, and at last, desper-  
ate and heart-broken, dry-eyed, but  
sleeping but blood away within, she had  
come into town for Kirk.

"It is all of the devil! This drink busi-  
ness!" groaned Malcom, as he went in-  
to the room where Phil Barton lay.

Never in all his life, had Malcom Kirk  
seen such a sight. Barton knew him as  
he came in, and he spoke his name. Then  
he began to curse in the most awful man-  
ner. The lower part of his body was  
paralyzed, but his arms moved incessant-  
ly, and his head rolled back and forth on  
the bed while he called on all hell to  
blast every living creature on earth.

Malcom put Mrs. Barton out of the  
room and shut the door. Then for three  
hours he spent the most trying period he  
had ever known, by the side of a suffer-  
ing and sinful human being. At the end  
of that time, Barton lay quiet, and Mal-  
com was weak and trembling, wet with  
perspiration and unnerved as if he had  
been facing some great peril. The doctor  
came just as Malcom went to tell Mrs.  
Barton that Philip was sleeping. She had  
not been able to find any physician when  
she had gone in that morning, and had  
left word for one to come out.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK