

THE ACADIAN.

Published every Friday morning by the Proprietors.  
DAVISON BROS.,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in advance. If sent to the United States, \$1.50.  
News communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially invited.

Advertisements here are first-class, 35 cents for each subsequent insertion.  
Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application.  
Reading notices less cents per line first insertion, two and a half cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Copy for new advertisements will be received up to Thursday noon. Copy for changes in contract advertisements must be in the office by Wednesday noon.  
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.

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE.  
T. L. HARVEY, Mayor.  
A. E. COTTELL, Town Clerk.

Office Hours:  
9.00 to 12.30 a. m.  
1.30 to 3.00 p. m.  
Close on Saturday at 12 o'clock.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.  
Office Hours, 8.00 a. m. to 8.00 p. m.  
On Saturdays open until 8.30 P. M.  
Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.15 a. m.  
Express west close at 9.55 a. m.  
Express east close at 3.00 p. m.  
Kentville close at 5.25 p. m.  
E. S. CRAVELL, Post Master.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Sunday evening at 8.15, and Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday 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 2.30 p. m. All seats free. Officers at the door to welcome strangers.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. David Wright, Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton Falls: 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. W. Prosser, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.45. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Grandview, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.  
St. John's Parish Church, or Horton.—Services: Holy Communion every Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sunday at 11 a. m. Matins every Sunday 11 a. m. Evensong 7.15 p. m. Wednesday Evensong, 7.30 p. m. Special services in Advent, Lent, etc. by invitation 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.  
Geo. A. Peas, J. D. Sherwood, Wardens.

St. Francis (Catholic).—Rev. William Brown, P. F.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month at 7.30 o'clock.  
A. M. WARBTON, Secretary.

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.  
A. M. WARBTON, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.  
OPENING LODGE, No. 22, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall in Harris Block. Visiting brethren always welcomed.  
Dr. E. F. Moore, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 4, meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

FORBES.  
Court House, I. O. F. meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m.

F. J. PORTER,  
Licensed Auctioneer,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
Will hereafter accept calls to sell in any part of the county.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that will surely fail. Expectants that

What is CASTORIA  
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, Croup, Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE BENTLEY COMPANY, 17 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY.

We do Job Printing of All Kinds. Try us.

Professional Carps.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna  
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College.  
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.  
Telephone No. 43.  
Gas administered.

Dr. J. T. Roach  
DENTIST.

Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Office in Herald Block, WOLFVILLE, N. S. Office Hours: 9-1, 2-5.

Dr. D. J. Munro,  
Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

Office Hours: 9-12 a. m.; 1-5 p. m.  
Barrs Building, Wolfville.

Leslie R. Fair,  
ARCHITECT,

AYLESFORD, N. S.

ROSCOE & ROSCOE

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,  
NOTARIES, ETC.,  
KENTVILLE, N. S.

E. F. MOORE

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
OFFICE: Delaney's Building, Main St.  
RESIDENCE: Methodist Parsonage, Gasperson Avenue.  
OFFICE HOURS: 9-10 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-9 p. m.  
Telephone connection at office and residence.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

Corner North & Lockman Sts., HALIFAX.  
Fitted with all modern improvements, magnificently furnished. Situation and view unsurpassed in Halifax. Within five minutes ride by street cars to any part of the city.  
Terms—\$2.00 to \$2.50 per day, according to location.  
WM. WILSON, Proprietor

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.

Voicing, Regulating and Repairing. Organs Tuned and Repaired.

M. C. COLLINS,  
P. O. Box 121, Wolfville, N. S.

CLARKE'S

AUCTION SALE ROOMS

is the oldest established and best in the Province.

WEEKLY

Sales of Horses, Wagons, Harness, Blighs, etc.

Also—House Furnishings of every description.

Bellevue 78 & 80 Argyle St., Halifax, N. S.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.

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To a Friend.

Through drenching deeps a ship is sailing,  
A battered broken journeyer,  
And yet she keeps her course unflinching,  
A harbor waits for her.  
Hope of that port her way both order,  
How far soever on the sea;  
As my heart, beyond the harbor,  
Beckons and governs me!

The Playactress.

BY G. S. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

She looking to this district for

her home, and she found it

in the person of a young man

who had been her lover.

But yet he

deserved to be as carefully spoken

of as the boy's son. This was the

Great Preacher's policy.

Work for mother—not much—not

if I know it, she's an old geezer!

said the boy, promptly. "She'd

every make I took home. But she

don't green me—'cause why, I don't

go home! Work for mother! Not this

here fiery thing. I works for to

take my girl to the theatre. We

take a bloomin' box at the Lyceum,

and I feeds her on gingerbread."

The boy was so intent on his

'sancing of the old cove' that he did

not hear Constable X 509 step softly

behind him. So that the broad

palm of Robert's left hand applied to

one side of his head might fatally

disturb his equilibrium, had it not

been for an immediate application of

power thoughtfully applied on the

other by Robert's right.

"Lemme go, see—you'll hit yer

now, I will!" cried the urchin, wig-

gling violently; but as soon as he

found himself in the hands of an

officer his tone changed. "I ain't

wonted nothin'—s'elp me, Bob. I'm

for Rigby and Softside in the Easton

Road—honest and reggilar. You come

an' see!"

The policeman laughed and

continued to dust the boy's ears.

"None of your sass, young shaver,

Be off to Rigby's. I'll look in on

you some day. It's a reformatory

time I'm on the look for you, young

man—as well as a right smart taste

of the birches."

The boy went off, and Gilbert

Rutherford asked concerning him to

the policeman and he continued to

walk with a slow and a sad

and narrow squall of Bow

Street.

The policeman knew the boy, but

not his name. Indeed, he rarely

gave his name more than once, and

he had been up for 'petty' on two

occasions, and on X 509 said, the next time

he would actually get five years in a

reformatory, which would be the best

thing in the world for him.

"Can nothing be done?" asked the

Great Preacher, anxiously.

To him Tommy the Shaver

represented the whole irresponsible,

uneducated youth of London.

He was the first fact which bore in

upon him the misdeeds of difficulty

of the problem he had come to this

great Babylon city to solve. The idea

that the city could contain within it

itself honest and honest lives by

the million had not yet broken

upon him. It was as yet to him only

"this great Babylon."

"Done!" said the policeman. "Why,

of course, Mr. Vaughan will

commit him to Crouch Road, and I'll

be sure to see that he'll be

done, and willing, too!"

"But nothing in the way of in-

fluence?" said Gilbert, pityingly.

"'Lar' bless ye," said X 509, "like

of him don't care a rap for influence.

It was for sneaking wips in a Sun-

day-school. Bless yer, 'e don't care.

There's all a million, more or less,

just like him in this city."

He walked on together. Behind

them, through the chill silence of the

morning, the smart, steady falling

rap, rap, rap of a horse's hoofs on

the pavement pursued them. The

hansom came nearer. Gilbert

Rutherford instinctively went to the

side of the narrow street. The policeman

turned to mark the driver and his

number with professional caution.

As the hansom came to the end of

the narrow lane where they were, a

great lumbering wagon, trailing coun-

tyard from Covent Garden, stood still

in its tracks, while the driver in a

neighboring house of call—where

they sold hot morning coffee and

rolled out his nose in a beverage that

certainly was not hot coffee.

At this delay the driver of the

hansom hunched in at the door a

volley of blasphemies, and as he checked

his mare almost on her haunches,

the sparks glistened forward diagonally

from the pavement beneath her feet.

The policeman turned with his hand

palm outward toward the driver of

the hansom.

"'Lar' of that language," he said,

"I'll report you before the beak; and

you with ladies inside!"

"The driver snorted a contemptuous

grat.

"The driver said, deeringly, there's

a good many more about."

The hansom stopped for a moment

as the great wagon's driver was

about to pass under a running fire

of epithets and retorts.  
Within it there were two people.  
One was a woman with very bright  
golden hair, and on her cheek a glow  
and color that was neither the breath  
of morning nor the flush of innocence.  
Her light billowy dress escaped under  
the two-fold door. She lay asleep  
with her head on the shoulder of a  
younger woman—a girl dressed in a  
plain dark dress, with a small bonnet  
of brown and black, who looked  
straight forward with set face. She  
was very pale, and there were dark  
purple rims round her eyes.  
Her face was downward, and she  
appeared to be in a deep sleep.  
She appeared to Gilbert Rutherford a virgin  
angel, swept out of the abode of bills  
by some mistake into the crowd of  
Satan's rebels, for whom there was  
neither return nor end of defilement.  
The hansom drove away, whirling  
the pillowed golden head and the pale  
dove-looking face out of his world  
into nothingness in that strange Lon-  
don way which is at once so fascinat-  
ing and so sad.  
But ere they went Gilbert Ruther-  
ford knew that on the very morning  
of his coming to that wide wilder-  
ness of London, he had seen her that  
had been the wife of his son, and was  
the mother of his treasure—the little  
lass who at that moment lay asleep  
in the bed of Alison Greig in the  
little low house out on the wide,  
whaup-haunted moors, where a man  
may walk alone with himself, and  
a child with God.  
Also he knew that by some rare,  
unthought of providence he had again  
seen Bessie Upton.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. JOHN SPENCER, OF GODOWN AND

CO., CHINA MERCHANTS.

DR. GILBERT RUTHERFORD

entered upon his lodgings with

contentment, and his landlady was

an honest woman—according to her

lights. She was honest with the rent,

but she ate her lodger's butter. She

gave him clean sheets once a week,

and charged him two pence for his

coal—which indeed, he knew, was all

ways dear in London. She lived in

Rexes Street, Strand, and her name

was Curator.

Mrs. Curator was the sister of

Constable X 509, and had married late

in her youth, and had had a

keep a husband. Her choice was Mr.

Augustus Curator, who had been

looking for such an appointment for

some time. It was enough to be the

possessor of so distinguished a name,

without having to work. Augustus

had been the Sunday Democratic

weeklies (published on Wednesday)

call a newspaper man—that is, a

footman to the Lady Helena Rock-

hampton. It was a good berth, as

these things go; but to be husband

to Mrs. Curator was better. She

had been cook at Lady Helena's, and

had a tidy sum in bank to retire upon,

bes