

THE ACADIAN
One Year to Any Address
for \$1.00.

THE ACADIAN

Published every Friday morning by the Proprietor.

DAVIDSON BROS.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Subscription price is \$1.00 a year in advance.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

\$1.00 per square (2 inches) for first insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application.

Reading notices ten cents per line first insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

RULES.

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

Advertisements in this paper 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 in this office in the latest styles and at moderate prices.

All printers and news agents are authorized agents of the ACADIAN for the purpose of receiving subscription, and receipts for same are only given from the office of publication.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 9.00 a. m. to 5.30 p. m.

Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.35 a. m.

Express mail close at 8.45 a. m.

Express mail close at 4.30 p. m.

Kentville close at 6.10 p. m.

Geo. V. RAND, Post Master.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT

OF ALL KINDS OF

PLANTS!

AT

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. 5.

Ayer's

Take cold easily? Throat tender? Lungs weak? Any relatives have consumption? Then a cough means a great

Cherry Pectoral

deal to you. Follow your doctor's advice and take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It heals, strengthens, prevents.

Weak Lungs

Ayer's Pills increase the activity of the liver, and thus aid recovery.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY CO.

ON AND AFTER OCTOBER 1st, 1903, trains will run as follows, connecting at Truro with J. C. & L. trains and at Windsor with the D. A. R.

Leaves Truro at 7.00 a. m., arrive in Windsor 9.00 a. m.

Leaves Truro at 8.15 p. m., arrive in Windsor 9.55 p. m.

Leaves Truro at 5.15 a. m., arrive in Windsor 9.00 a. m.

Leaves Windsor at 7.55 a. m., arrive in Truro 9.00 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.

HERBIN,

Jeweler and Watchmaker.

A FULL LINE OF

Jewelry and Silverware.

Special Lines in

Amethyst Rings, Sterling Silver, Wedgewood and Souvenir China.

J. F. HERBIN,

Optician and Jeweller.

Wolfville, N. S.

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.

Wolfville Coal & Lumber Co.,

GENERAL DEALERS IN

Hard and Soft Coals, Kindling-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 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX.

C. H. LONGARD, Sec. Teas.

W. F. PARKER,

AGENT,

Wolfville, N. S.

Dentistry.

Louis Saunders, D. D. S.

GRADUATE AND LATE DEMONSTRATOR OF UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND.

Crowns and Bridge work a Specialty. Anesthetics administered for Painless Extractions.

Will be at Wolfville, Friday and Saturday of each week.

Office one door east of Dr. Boyles.

Wm. Regan,

HARNESS MAKER.

HOUSE TO LET

On Central Avenue, six rooms, comfortably fitted up with all the modern conveniences. Bath room, Furnace and hot water connections. Apply to C. E. STEWART.

By the Waters of Galilee.

The wind is low in the oleander. Softly stirring the rose sea; Out from the hill a still messenger, Down to the waters of Galilee.

A burning blazon of blue enamel. The pale blue heaven that arches o'er; And Drusus draws by their crumbing oars Where the meadows dip to the slanting shore.

Crumbling walls that the hyssop clings to, Such is Magdala's glory now; And the only car that the cuckoo sings to, Is that of his mate on the carob bough.

The colonnade quiet that Herod finished, That glinted white in the moonday blue, Naught is left of his past impulsion, Save ghosts that wander, its equal ways.

Never a sail nor a galley oaring, The absent sea's ripples are heard only: Only a watchful water oaring Over the crest of a lonely pair.

But still the mountain, violet, verdant, And the brooding waters where the shepherd's staff is laid.

And the sun in its equinoctial glare, That glinted white in the moonday blue, Naught is left of his past impulsion, Save ghosts that wander, its equal ways.

And ever, to hush the desert place, By the waters of Galilee, The hazy thought of that face of face Of Him through whom this life is born.

—CLYDE SCOLLARD.

Beneath the Wrinkles.

Left by a careless maid, it lay upon the floor, a bit of faded, deeply wrinkled ribbon. I picked it up, and to the way to the waste-basket, I wondered aimlessly what its color had been, and what its use; and as I walked I smoothed it hard between my palms, for it was thick and the wrinkles deep—where from beneath the deepest fold of all there glowed a streak of full rose-pink. In a moment I had recalled a dainty French hat, all trimmed with white lace, wreathed with pale wild roses, and for a coquettish looping beneath the left ear, two rose-pink ribbons. This was the ghost of one of them.

I smiled in recognition, but I could not yet cast it away. The pallid, wrinkled thing—what was it trying to remind me of? Faintly old memories seemed to be stirring. Not dear, precious memories—guarded carefully, placed securely where they may be found on the instant; but poor, old memories, pushed back, far back into the dark corners, on the high shelves of my brain. I stood staring hard and whispering to myself: "So old, so faded, yet beneath the wrinkle such a lovely streak of color," and then, right in a second's flash, I saw before me a face—pallid, faded, care-worn—where fifty years had wrought the lines of seventy. The eyes dim, the lips pale; but beneath the wrinkles—was there any color there? I straightened out the ribbon gently and shut it in a book—I'd call it a marker. I could not cast it away, for to me it was a veritable daguerotype of old Hester Tyler, whose sad, worn, faded face it had summoned before me.

I knew her well, old Hester, and just at first I used to be afraid of her. She was so silent and she worked so desperately. She rose lean and hard and wrinkled. She rose by candle-light—but her work was never done. She was housekeeper for an old bachelor brother and an old, old mother, and she was the bond-slave of a mortgage. She toiled early and late inside the house and outside in the garden. She went nowhere, she saw no one. She read nothing but the Bible—that, she pored over on Sundays.

At the top of the steep, unpainted stairs, directly under the sloping roof—freezing in winter, scorching in summer—was her room, and there she had gathered her treasures. They were three. This woman of over fifty years had received in her whole life but two gifts. They and a small Bible—she had won it as a school-prize in her far away youth—were her most precious possessions. The gift that had come from her father interested me greatly. It was a small hair trunk. It was blue—white and soiled—and I always expected to see it kick when she sat down on it. It was a very florid article, and had the letters "H. T." on the top in large brass-headed nails.

The other gift was a very different affair—it was a daguerotype, the closed case fastened by a small brass hook, and the pictured face within was the touch of color, rosy-pink and warm, left beneath the pallor and the wrinkles. For when old Hester had been young Hester, Love, standing in her path one day, had turned, and walked beside her for a time, and she had found God good and the world fair. Then the tempest came and struck them down, and he rose up no more, while she walked on her way alone, and the years slowly turned her into the old Hester that I knew.

She had been a pretty girl—rosy, bright and light of foot—when, owing to a temporary embarrassment in money matters, Louis La Farge came down to Bedford village to teach school during the winter months. He was young, well-looking, well educated, and before settling down to

business, his father had given him two years' grace in which to travel and see a little of the world. In those days remittances from home did not always arrive with precision and speed; so that a reckless, generous, or a careless man was very apt to be caught now and then, as La Farge had been, in a strange land, with an empty pocketbook that presaged an empty stomach.

Glad of the employment, though amused at its novelty, La Farge worked hard and accomplished wonders in his school. Undoubtedly Hester Tyler was his best pupil, though she had only attended that winter "for fun." When her ambition had been aroused, she, to use a village expression, "had turned to work like Cain." Then she had formed a small class of four, to whom he proposed to teach his native language—French—and before long Hester found that, to save her life, she could not look her teacher in the face while conjugating the verb aimer; and after that it was surprising how much help he thought she needed in that study.

Often they were seen walking side by side to or from the school-house, he holding a certain written exercise in his hand, which she scrutinized carefully (while the passer-by was in sight), and Hester bending her studious glance on her open French grammar. And as they trod the sweet, old, bewildering maze, whose paths have been worn clear and smooth by countless lovers' feet, and found, at last, the temple where they made their vows, each to the other, and came forth promised man and wife; for love had made them so deaf and blind, they had seen nothing, heard nothing of the rising storm that was about to break upon them. It seems almost impossible that there ever was a time when the word "foreigner" was a mere term of contempt, when a German was a "Dutchman" or a "Dutchy," and a Frenchman a "Mousser" or a "Frogger." Wealth, manner, refinement made not the slightest difference: a foreigner was a person to sneer at, to jeer at or to suspect. Particularly was this the case in the country, or in small country towns, where the people were narrow and ignorant.

Now, while Louis La Farge was immensely liked by the young people of Bedford, the older people had always frowned upon the upstart Frenchman; one man, indeed, taking his son indignantly out of that small class of four who wished to study French. But, while being a foreigner was bad enough, poor La Farge was something far, far worse in their eyes—he was a Catholic.

Just at that time there was the bitter-possible feeling between sects. A wretched book was in circulation among the common people, a clap-trap, sensational, escaped-sun sort of a tale making a malicious, inconsequent attack upon the Catholic Church. Its absurdities were implicitly believed, and hatred and fear of Catholics was the result; therefore, when young La Farge courted Hester Tyler, the whole village stood aghast. Her mother indignantly refused to hear him out when he came to ask for Hester's hand. He offered to give up his native land for love of her, and settle in the near-by city, that her family might watch over her welfare. His answer came in threats of bodily harm from her brother.

The old parson of the village church was his friend and tried hard to serve young Louis when he found he could not wrestle from the field and leave his sweetheart. Letters of warning were soon followed by letters filled with cruel threats of violence. Hester grew sick with fear for her lover's safety. His remittance came long ago from his home in France, and at last they determined they would go; but, ever thoughtful for the welfare and the honor of his beloved, he coaxed his friend, the

parson, to marry them in his home before they fled, and the next day they would be remarried in the city by a priest of his church. All was arranged—the minister kept his windows darkened that no one might happen in.

Pretty Hester, upstairs under the slanting roof, with trembling fingers fastened the white gown she had made in secret, for she felt she simply could not be married in colors; then, pinning the pretty gown up carefully about her she slipped over it a dark skirt and circle collar, and with her Louis' daguerotype, her small, honorably won Bible, and two dollars berry-money for her whole dot and furnishing for her new life, she stole out of the front door—that door which only opened for weddings or for funerals, and on swift young feet, fled through the lanes where long brambles caught at her and held her by the skirts; fled across the fields where small furry creatures scurried across her path; but, swiftly as she ran, Supplication kept pace with her, and she noted every sign of evil—even glancing up and noting that the pale young moon appeared to her over the antlers of the moon, that like a tiny boat, rode over the waves of ink-black clouds or was for a time buried beneath them.

And when, all hat and breathless, she reached the small parsonage and stood waiting for the opening of the door, from the dim distance there came to her the dismal howling of a dog; a common enough sound at nightfall in this country, but this night was not like other nights, and she wished she had not heard it. To her first question on entering: "Has he come? Oh, has he come?" she received a smiling negative and the reminder that she was ahead of time.

Then the minister's wife helped to unpin the white gown, smoothed it down, brought it a flower for the girl's hair—and then they waited.

To the minister, who knew well that extreme impotency was the main fault of Louis La Farge's character, his tardiness was disquieting in the extreme.

The hour struck—still they waited, while blushing expectancy changed to surprise; waited, while surprise changed to annoyance, and annoyance to mortified anger—aye, waited until fear grew into terror.

When the clock had three times struck the hours of bitter waiting, there was a consultation. Could Hester enter her home again without discovery?

She thought she could, as all were heavy sleepers there; and she had, of course, left the front door unfastened.

"The dog," suggested the old lady—but Hester thought she could easily quiet his friendly recognition. And so it came about that the bride expectant crept back unnoted to her home.

The old minister held her icy hand and led her stumbling, like the newly-blind, along the way her racing feet had brought her in the early darkness. With a gesture she quieted the dog, who came joyously to greet her. He stood looking at a moment in perplexity, then sniffed about her, and finally rested up, with his paws upon her chest, looked into her eyes and whimpered uneasily. Hester took his rough head between her hands and spoke for the first time during that walk, and said slowly: "Yes, Watch—he's dead!"

At which the kindly old man at her side exclaimed: "But, my dear—"

But she broke in drearily: "What power could keep him away from me if he were alive? No—my Louis is dead."

She put the dog from her and without another word, went up the walk, softly opened the front door and disappeared.

When Hester Tyler took her place at the breakfast table, next morning, her face was positively ghastly. In answer to questions she muttered something about having had a bad night. She scarcely seemed to see what was before her, or to hear what was said; yet had she been watched closely, it would have been seen that she was listening for something with her very soul!

Her brother had gone to his work, and she was silently attending to her regular duties in the house when it came—the thing she had listened for! The tramping of feet—the excited voices! She stood stock-still, and for a moment felt that she swung in space. Then holding tight and hard to the back of a heavy chair, she heard the words—"Carry him in here till you can mend the wagon"—separate themselves from other words; and knew that the front door was being opened—the door that only opened for marriages and deaths!

She felt the jolt of the floor beneath her feet, that told of the heavy stepping of men in the next room—men

who bore a burden—then all was still in there. Her mother, sister, brother were outside listening to the tale of the finding of Louis La Farge's body clothed in his best—wearing a white neckerchief, and on one hand a white glove—the other lay on the ground near him—white down between the finely crumpled ruffles of his shirt the blood had run from the knife stuck in his breast. There was no trace of a struggle; he had evidently been attacked by some one in hiding in the thick undergrowth and bushes at the roadside; and at the nearest house a dog, early in the evening, had howled and howled until its owner had gone out and threatened him into silence.

Poor Hester must have heard it as she waited for the opening of the parsonage door, and now, while those outside talked and tinkered at the broken wagon wheel, she swiftly entered the darkened front room where her love awaited her. She gazed long at the chill, white face, that she saw for the first time without a smile. He was stretched at rigid length up on the sofa, and she knelt down beside him and laid her head upon his breast, and, with her arm about his icy throat, she whispered into his dull ear, calling him "husband," and promising to be true always, until they met again—and gave him warm kisses her girlish modesty and self-respect had denied to his strong pleading. And then she rose and looked long again, kissed him on the brow, turned crept up the steep stairs, gained her room, and never knew when the still body was carried out again and taken to the village.

The mystery was never solved. His parents sent money for a headstone; and in his cold breast he held the flower of Hester Tyler's youth.

She almost lost the faculty of speech, so silent she became. Her sister married, her brother involved himself in business trouble, a mortgage was suspended over the old home, the mother grew crabbed in her old age.

Hester worked early and late, and faded and wrinkled fast, and so came to be the old Hester Tyler that I knew; but on Sunday afternoons up under the sloping roof she reads the little Bible slowly, then kneels beside the open hair-trunk and looks long and tenderly at the bright, dark, smiling face the daguerotype holds, for that is the one single trace of lovely color which life has left beneath her pallor and her wrinkles.—Clara Morris, in McClure's Magazine.

A MOTHER'S PRAISE.

"From the time my baby was born," says Mrs. Robt. Price, of Combermere, Ont., "he was always sickly and costive until I began giving him Baby's Own Tablets. He is now well, strong and growing nicely, and I can hardly say how thankful I am for my baby's cure." In every home where there are young children this medicine should always be kept on hand. The troubles of little ones come when least expected, and a dose of the Tablets promptly given may save a precious little life. Baby's Own Tablets cure all the minor ills of little ones, and an occasional dose will prevent sickness. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. The Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Debts of the Nations.

The nations of the world owe various and vast sums. They are by no means poorest in credit who owe the larger sums. A statement recently compiled may be of interest. The public debts of the chief countries of the world to-day are in aggregate \$34,380,000,000. Of this amount, says the writer, "France, the United Kingdom, Germany, Italy, and Spain owe \$17,000,000,000. France owes \$5,350,000,000, or \$150 per capita; the United Kingdom, \$3,385,000,000, or \$22 per capita; Russia, \$3,333,000,000, or \$24 per capita; Italy, \$2,360,000,000, or \$81 per capita; Spain, \$2,610,000,000, or \$110 per capita; the German Empire and German states, \$3,185,000,000, or \$50 per capita; Japan has a debt of \$206,000,000, representing \$4.73 per capita. The United States is the only country in the world able to borrow money at 2 per cent. The highest interest charge per capita is the \$10.14 for Australia. That of the United States is only thirty-five cents per capita."

A Great Little Worker.

"During a long life time the heart will propel half a million tons of blood through the body, and so long as the blood is in a healthy condition it will repair itself as fast as it wastes, patiently keeping up the play of its valves and the rhythm of its throbs. If the action of the heart gets weak, irregular and fluttering, the blood is backing in scurrying qualities and requires just such assistance as is best supplied by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great blood builder and nerve restorative.

PROFIT

The matter of feed is of tremendous importance to the farmer. Wrong feeding is loss. Right feeding is profit.

The up-to-date farmer knows what to feed his cows to get the most milk, his pigs to get the most pork, his hens to get the most eggs. Science.

But how about the children? Are they fed according to science, a bone food if bones are soft and undeveloped, a flesh and muscle food if they are thin and weak and a blood food if there is anemia?

Scott's Emulsion is a mixed food; the Cod Liver Oil in it makes flesh, blood and muscle, the Lime and Soda make bone and brain. It is the standard scientific food for delicate children.

Send for free sample. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Scott's Emulsion you buy.

Scott & Bowne CHEMISTS, Toronto, Ontario. 50c and \$1.00 druggists.

Birds and Insects.

It is hardly a single group of insects which does not suffer from the appetite of one or more species of bird. The eggs and larvae are dug and pried out of the wood by the woodpeckers and creepers; those underground are scratched and clawed up to view by quail, partridges and many sparrows; warblers and vireos scan every leaf and twig. Flycatchers, like the cat family of mammals, lie in wait, and surprise the insects on the wing, more particularly those flying near the ground, while swallows, martins and swallows glean a harvest from the host of high flying insects. When we think humming birds are taking dainty sips of honey from the flowers they are in reality more often snatching minute spiders and flies from the deep cups of the calyxes. When night falls, the insects, which have chosen that time as the safer to carry on the business of active life are pounced on by crepuscular leathery beings; the cavernous mouths of whorlpoorwills engulf them as they rise from their hiding places, and the bristle of night hawks brushes them into no less rapacious maws if, perchance, they have succeeded in reaching the upper air.—New York Post.

Stanley Hall on Dancing.

President G. Stanley Hall, I. L. D., of Clark University, is lecturing before the Ypsilanti Normal College Summer School. In a recent lecture he said:

"The dance is the best exercise for developing every muscle of the body, and I am glad it is being taken up and taught in the best gymnasiums. By this I mean the dance like that of the religious dances of the early races, the tragic choros of the Greeks the dance that embodies radical and national characteristics, that expresses poetry, love, fear, anger, joy and every emotion, that exemplifies every industry and development of the race, and teaches self-control and the power to express every highest emotion of the soul. Such dancing vitalizes, it makes one conscious of the joy of being alive and I think it is a shame that it has been allowed to die out and our young people reduced to the miserable effete, decadent dance of the modern ball-room, a thing contemptible, of insignificant culture value, and usually stained with undesirable associations, and unworthy of any intelligent person.

For Stomach Trouble.

"I have taken a great many different medicines for stomach trouble and constipation," says Mrs. S. Geiger, of Dunkerton, Iowa, "but never had as good results from any as from Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets." For sale by G. F. Rand.

England gets about \$5,000,000 worth of gold from Africa every month, and \$7,000,000 worth out of Australia.

Motor Ataxia
The Canada Nerve Food
I began the use of the Canada Nerve Food, and preserved the use of the treatment, until now I am at work again. The medicine has been most remarkable in its effects. I was unable to walk or talk, my legs and arms were paralyzed, my blood did not circulate properly, and I could not do any work. In fact, I was so weak that the doctors gave me up and thought I could not live through the summer. I began the use of the Canada Nerve Food, and preserved the use of the treatment, until now I am at work again. The medicine has been most remarkable in its effects. I was unable to walk or talk, my legs and arms were paralyzed, my blood did not circulate properly, and I could not do any work. In fact, I was so weak that the doctors gave me up and thought I could not live through the summer. I began the use of the Canada Nerve Food, and preserved the use of the treatment, until now I am at work again. The medicine has been most remarkable in its effects. I was unable to walk or talk, my legs and arms were paralyzed, my blood did not circulate properly, and I could not do any work. In fact, I was so weak that the doctors gave me up and thought I could not live through the summer. I began the use of the Canada Nerve Food, and preserved the use of the treatment, until now I am at work again. The medicine has been most remarkable in its effects. I was unable to walk or talk, my legs and arms were paralyzed, my blood did not circulate properly, and I could not do any work. In fact, I was so weak that the doctors gave me up and thought I could not live through the summer. I began the use of the Canada Nerve Food, and preserved the use of the treatment, until now I am at work again. The medicine has been most remarkable in its effects. I was unable to walk or talk, my legs and arms were paralyzed, my blood did not circulate properly, and I could not do any work. In fact, I was so weak that the doctors gave me up and thought I could not live through the summer. I began the use of the Canada Nerve Food, and preserved the use of the treatment, until now I am at work again. The medicine has been most remarkable in its effects. I was unable to walk or talk, my legs and arms were paralyzed, my blood did not circulate properly, and I could not do any work. In fact, I