

THE ACADIAN

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The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction in all work turned out.

Newspapers from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names of the party writing for the Acadian are invariably accompanied by the name of the author, although the same may be written in a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R. Baskin, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:00 P. M.; Sunday School at 3:30 P. M. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 P. M. Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 P. M. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 8:30 P. M. All seats 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. St. 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 11 A. 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 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 on 3d and 5th of each month; 2d, 4th and 6th at 8 A. M. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stott, 4 Warden.
(Geo. A. Frazer, 4 Warden.)

St. FRANCIS (R.O.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, F. P.—Mass 11:00 A. M. the fourth Sunday of each month.

Masonic.
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & M. 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 S. 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 afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Court Blomfield, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 7:30 P. M.

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NOTICE!

We have declined to handle the Massey-Harris implements this season as the company would not allow us to sell certain other implements which we consider superior.

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Write us for catalogues and prices

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,
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Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The little woman could see that something unusual had happened at the parsonage, but her own trouble practically absorbed her feelings. She looked at Dorothy, however, with the admiration which her beauty of face often excited in what we call ordinary people.

"Oh, ma'am," she cried, "I've come to see if Mr. Kirk won't help me to get my boy home again. He's been drinking. I live in a lonesome place, at 'The Forks,' and I don't have often come to town, but I have heard of your husband, and they say people all around here have gone to him for help, and I know he will do what he can for me. My boy will be twenty-one next week. I told your husband that some day your baby would grow up into a good Christian man, to comfort and bless you. That's what I hoped and prayed my boy would do. And he might, if the saloon had not tempted him."

My husband was. We lost a good farm back in Ohio on account of the drink, and then my husband died, and I took the boy and came out here. I went purposely to a lonesome place to keep my boy from the town. I may have made a mistake, but I did the best I knew, and I feared for him on account of his father. Oh, ma'am, your heart is sore, I know it, but it's not as sore as mine, for your baby never broke your heart. I would sooner see my boy in his coffin than see him as I have many a time during the past two years. There's trouble and trouble. May God help us to bear our own. But your baby's safe now. How can I tell if mine ever will be?"

She spoke the last words in such a tone of hopeless sadness that Dorothy lifted her up her head and looked at her.

"Don't say that!" she said, and the tears flowed down her face faster. They were merciful tears. Her heart, which had been fast bound within her, as if it would burst, felt the first relief she had known. God was leading her. She did not know that what Malcom had experienced had come to her also. But the lonely, stricken woman in the little study, representing so much human sorrow of a kind that neither Dorothy nor Malcom knew, had touched her. She, also, was able to say to her husband years afterwards that she felt as if the coming of that other burden into their own heavy-hearted lives was a part of the loving Father's plan for their victory in overcoming the world, the world of what might have grown to be a very selfish sorrow.

What happened, all that was said in that little study room after that, is not easy to tell. But when Mrs. Barton went out, Malcom Kirk went with her. Dorothy went into her own little room and prayed, and there was that in her prayer that revealed to her the loving Father. For the first time she saw her baby surrounded by the Infinite love, and when she came back to her work in the kitchen there was hope, immortal hope, and a large measure of the peace of Christ in her heart.

Malcom Kirk got into the farm wagon with Mrs. Barton and they drove to the main business street of Courad.

"Now, Mrs. Barton," Malcom had said, "if you will wait outside, I'll go into the saloons and see if I can find your boy. While I'm looking, you might question passers-by, and ask them if they have seen the hay wagon and horses anywhere."

She thanked him gratefully, and he noted that even in the burning sun her thin, sorrowful figure trembled and shivered and her lips quivered as if she were cold. His compassion for her motherhood increased every moment.

"God help her," he said, as he stepped down out of the wagon. "This boy is one of the lost ones in this town that Dorothy and I pledged ourselves three years ago to rescue. Heaven give me strength and wisdom to make that promise good."

He had never been inside of a saloon in his life. He shrank from the ordeal before him, with all the shuddering of a highly sensitive spirit in the presence of an ugly, repulsive, hideous evil. But he went at once into the first saloon on the main street and stopped inside near the door and looked around him.

It was not yet ten o'clock in the morning, but there were a dozen men and boys in the room, which was quite large, seated with stools, and furnished with small, round tables.

At first his entrance attracted no attention. A few of the men were lounging at the bar. The rest were seated at the tables. But as he remained by the door, two or three of those nearest him turned and looked at him. One of the men was a laborer who had several times been employed by Malcom in odd jobs about the house.

Instantly Kirk walked over to him and held out his hand. "Carver, do you know Mrs. Barton's boy? Philip is his name. She is looking for him. He left home Saturday, and she is sure he is in one of the saloons somewhere."

The man looked very much embarrassed. He shuffled his feet nervously in the dirty sawdust under the table. "I saw him yesterday. He was in Valmer's place in the next block."

"Thank you," said Malcom, slowly. "Can any of you gentlemen tell me anything about him? Has anyone seen him to-day?"

No one answered, and there was a painful silence. The bar-keeper, who had been eyeing Kirk, suddenly broke the silence by saying with a short laugh:

"You won't find him here. I won't say he hasn't been here. He knows a good thing when he sees it. Won't you step up and take a glass of ice beer this morning? We keep the best in the town on tap for preachers."

There was a laugh from one or two of the men nearest the speaker, but Malcom simply looked him in the face, without a word. He then laid his hand on Carver's shoulder and said softly:

"I'm sorry to see you here, Carver. You promised me you would quit it. The man written in his seat, but did not say a word. Kirk looked at him anxiously.

"Come, Carver, come out of this. I'll give you something to do. Don't lose your soul in this place."

"Say," said the barkeeper, who had been leaning with his elbows on the bar listening, as had also every other man in the saloon, "you leave my customers alone, will you, and mind your own business."

"That's just what I am doing," replied Kirk, earnestly, and as he spoke his pale blue eyes filled with a high, white light. "It's my business to destroy your business. Man, do you know that just outside that door is a mother's broken heart that you have helped to break? And here is only one out of thousands all over the world. Mind my own business! It is exactly what I intend to do, until every hell like this is wiped out of this town."

He spoke very quietly, almost softly, his voice did not declaim, but the unusual quality of it thrilled everybody there. He looked into their faces a moment and, with a last appealing look at Carver, he turned and went out.

"Whew!" said the barkeeper. "First sermon ever delivered here. Score one for Parson Kirk!"

The other men did not respond with much enthusiasm. Carver had risen from the table.

"Better have one before you go," said the barkeeper.

"I won't drink again to-day," Carver retorted with an oath that was a curse. He staggered to the door and went out into the glare of the hot, withering sun. Down the street he could see Kirk just entering Valmer's place.

"I'm half a mind to help Mr. Kirk hunt for the boy," Carver muttered. He hesitated for a moment, and then went on down the street, following the

minister.

That forenoon Malcom Kirk went into every saloon in Courad, but he failed to get any trace of the missing boy. Always behind him, unknown to him, Carver staggered. In two or three saloons this man was unable to resist the invitation to drink. But he managed to buy just beer enough to know where Kirk was and to follow him.

The saloons that greeted Malcom in the saloons were never forgotten by him. He was astonished to see the number of men and boys gathered in the saloons. Many of the faces he knew, and his entrance invariably created a distinct embarrassment through the company. The majesty of customers, however, seemed, from their dress and talk, to be composed of farmers, young men from the ranches, outlying Courad. Malcom was simply appalled when he thought of what such a fact meant.

He said to himself every time he came out and faced the dumbly appealing face in the farm wagon, "And yet we, Christian people, license these enemies of the race and allow them to continue their devilish work, although we know well enough how devilish it is. May God help us as we state to declare against it by statute as well as by prayers and sermons." He lived as did every temperance man in Kansas at that time, in the great hope that the day was not far off when the saloon would be declared outlaw, but how near that day was not even he was able to predict.

It was nearly noon when he finished his tour of the saloons, and as he came out near the lower end of the main street there was a large group of men standing there looking off across the prairie and talking eagerly together. The wind had risen and was blowing almost a gale, carrying great clouds of dust through the town, and off as far as men could see there was a column of smoke spreading out with great rapidity.

"The prairie fire has started early," Kirk thought, but it was only when one of the ranchmen in the street spoke that he realized what the fire might mean.

"If this wind keeps up, this town will have its hands full in about an hour."

The speaker ran to his horse, jumped on it and was soon galloping out of the town towards one of the ranches in the direction of "The Forks."

"Mrs. Barton, it is possible that your boy has gone home since you left."

"Yes, yes," cried the woman, snatching at any hope. "I will go back. If the fire should come into 'The Forks' I ought to be there to see that my other boy has help in getting the stock behind the fire guards. We ploughed ours early this year on account of the dry weather. We lost all our hay-stacks one September from fire."

He was just starting home, after asking several men if there was really any immediate danger to the town from the fire, when through the dust, racing in from the prairie, came a team of powerful farm horses drawing an empty hay wagon. The lines were trailing on the ground and the harness was broken, and as they rushed by someone shouted, "That's Phil Barton's team."

A little farther down the street the horses were caught and stopped.

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Kirk ran up with a crowd of other men.

"No sign of Phil Barton," said one of the men who had helped catch the team.

"He's probably been thrown out somewhere."

"Dunkin men never get killed."

"I wouldn't give much for his chances if he fell off in the gully grass over there," said another, pointing towards the district from which the horse had come into the town.

Malcom's mind was in a whirl.

"He may be near by. We ought not to leave him without looking for him."

As he spoke, he heard the boy's mother saying as she faced Dorothy in the study, "My boy may never be saved."

"We've got our hands full looking after the town. We might as well face that fact. No rain for two months; water all out of cisterns and low in wells, and that fire coming down on us forty miles an hour," said one of the business men.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

How to Dress Well.

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Instead of having to depend upon one dress for street and church wear, any thrifty and handy woman with the help of Diamond Dyes can have two or more dresses in stylish colors always ready for service.

Do not risk your dresses with imitation or adulterated dyes; see that your dealer gives you the Diamond Dyes when you ask for them.

Words from the Family Oracle.

Never play a part. Be what you are and do not be ashamed of it.

If Heaven made you this or that or the other you are that and nothing else. You are only a plain person. Very well; it is good to be a plain person.

You have no "grand aspirations," no "yearning after lofty things" so don't pretend that you have.

Out with your opinions. If you think a thing is wrong, say so, don't wink at it because it is fashionable.

Take the common sense which God has given you and use it.

"Do you think it proper," said the man who was trying to keep his temper, "to laugh at a man who slips on a banana peel by accident?"

"Well," replied the spectator, apologetically, "I laughed by accident, too. I didn't think of such a thing until I saw you."

A little girl ran into a chemist's shop, and asked for a pennyworth of pills.

"Antibillous?" said the chemist.

"No," said the child; "uncle's bilious."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, AND FOLLOWING DAYS!

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