

# THE ACADIAN

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### THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.  
News communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
DAVIDSON BROS.,  
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For Halifax and Windsor close at 8.10 a. m.  
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G. W. Nixon, Agent.

### Churches.

**ANGELIC CHURCH**—Rev. Hugh E. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.45, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. 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. 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 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. and 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. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—at Greenwood, preaching at 2 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 10 o'clock. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—at Greenwood, preaching at 2 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

**REV. R. F. DIXON, Rector,**  
Robert W. Stone, Warden.  
Frank A. Dixon, Secretary.

**FRANCIS (B.C.)**—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P., Mass 11.00 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

**Masonic.**  
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, 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 S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

**CRYSTAL Band of Hope** meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

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

**LOOK!**  
There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my most store in

**Crystal Palace Block!**  
Fresh and Salt Meats,  
Hams, Bacon, Bologna,  
Sausages, and all kinds  
of Poultry in stock.

Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

**W. H. DUNCANSON,**  
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895.

**RALSTONITES.**  
Of those who value health, will find RALSTON'S "BONKERS" Food their ideal. Samples to any address.

**H. J. Matheson,**  
Meal and Flour Mill,  
Dartmouth, N. S.

### Whist.

It is after four the cards were fairly shuffled.  
And fairly dealt, but still I got no hand.

The morning came, but I with mind un-ruffled,  
Did simply say, "I do not understand."

Life is a game of whist. From unseen sources  
The cards are shuffled and the hands are dealt.

Bind our efforts to control the forces  
That though unseen are no less strongly felt.

I do not like the way the cards are shuffled,  
But still I like the game and want to play.

And through the long, long night will I,  
Unruffled, play what I get, until the break of day.

### LOVE AND LAW.

A SHORT STORY OF THE DAY.

"Jim," said Mr. Perkins to his office boy, "put on some more coal."

"Yes, sir."

"And do you hear? Take this packet of papers around to Penn & Ink's and ask 'em what they mean by sending me such a blotched piece of work."

"Yes, sir," and Jim, evidently preferring the snow freighted air and slippery sidewalks of the outer world to the close little law office, darted off like an arrow out of a bow.

Mr. Perkins took out a fresh bundle of quill pens and a quire of legal foolcap and began to work in good earnest when, all of a sudden, a tap came to his office door.

"Come in," said Mr. Perkins, in a voice that sounded considerably more like "Clear out," and a young lady entered, dressed in a current colored merino, with a little plumed hat and a neat looking satchel on her arm.

"I haven't anything to give," said Mr. Perkins, sternly.

The young lady sat down uninvited, and then Mr. Perkins saw that she was very pretty.

"I was not begging, sir," said the lady.

"May I ask, then, what was your business?" said Mr. Perkins, more friendly than ever.

The young lady took a parcel from her satchel.

"I don't want to buy anything," said Mr. Perkins.

"Does a lady named Archdale live here?" he asked in the grocery store which occupied the first floor.

"Yes, sir, she do," the grocer's wife interrupted, pushing herself before her husband, "and a nice, hard working young lady she is—she ever breathed the breath of life, and she's her rent regular every Saturday night, if she has to live on a cup of water and a crust. And if she's got any rich relation—"

"You mistake my purpose," said Mr. Perkins, coldly. "I am no rich relation to anyone."

Yet the woman's testimony, coarse and rudely given as it was, unconsciously influenced him in Amy Archdale's favor.

She brought the folios next day, neat, legible and without blot or erasure, and Mr. Perkins gave her some more work.

"You needn't bring it," said he, "I have business that way and I'll call for it myself."

"We haven't seen your uncle Elisha lately, dear," said Mrs. Molyneux Martin to her eldest daughter. "Kate must work a new penholder for him and you must embroider him a pair of slippers. It won't do to let him lose sight of his nearest relatives."

"Ma," said little Katherine, "it's a pity you discharged Miss Archdale so suddenly, because she was so handy at fancy work."

"And besides," added Edith Rosabelle, "it really and truly wasn't her fault because Walter chose to make 'yes at her'."

"Don't use such vulgar expressions, my dear," said the mamma. "She was a pert, bold faced thing and would have eloped with your dear brother if he had remained in the house another week. And I told her so, pretty plain, too. Who's that? The postman? Give me the letter at once, Edith Rosabelle!"

"Someone has sent us wedding cards," cried the youngest hope of the family of Molyneux Martin. "Open it, mamma, quick, and let us see who

retorted Miss Archdale, "so I can't justly be held to blame in that matter."

Mr. Perkins looked meditatively at her for a second or two.

"I should think you might teach," said he.

"I did try it," said Miss Archdale. "I was a governess in a private family."

"And why did you give it up?"

"Is this a catechism?" said Miss Archdale. "Well, I have no objection to answering. Do you want me to tell you the plain truth?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, it was because my lady employer did not like to have her grown up son address me with common politeness. Perhaps she thought I was trying to fascinate him, but she was entirely mistaken."

"Oh!" said Mr. Perkins. "Please write down your address."

"Are you really going to give me some copying to do?" she asked eagerly.

"I am going to try you."

For the first time the tears came into her eyes.

"I'll try my very best—indeed I will," she faltered. "For—I don't mind telling you now—I haven't got a single subscriber, and I was so discouraged."

And so Miss Amy Archdale walked off with a red-tape-tied parcel of papers under her arm.

"If she does them well and promptly," said Mr. Perkins, in a sort of moral soliloquy, "there's no reason why I can't let her have some more work. If she doesn't it won't be the first case of female swindling in New York."

But she has a pretty, innocent little face, too—hang it, I've half a mind to go to her address on the sly, and see if she really is a deserving object of charity, I was going to say. But it isn't. She wants work, not alms. There's always somebody wanting something in this great, chattering Bedlam of a city of ours," added Mr. Perkins, irately, as he drove off two match boxes, an apple girl and a vendor of pins and shoe strings from his door-step.

Mr. Perkins followed up his crotchets and walked up to No. 6, Meassey street, about dusk that self-same evening, heedless of the snow and sleet.

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they are from."

Mrs. Molyneux Martin hastily tore open the envelope, and giving one glance at its contents, fell backward with a scream.

"Elisha Perkins," she shrieked. "Girls, it's your uncle. Alas, my poor disinherited son!"

For Mrs. Molyneux Martin had educated her daughters in the full belief that each and every one of them had a right to the estate of their father.

Uncle Elisha Perkins' money.

"But, mamma, who's the bride?—whom has he married? You don't tell us the name," persisted Katherine, who was endowed with a goodly spice of Mother Eve's bequest.

"I don't know! I don't care!" screamed Mrs. Molyneux Martin, taping the soles of her slippered feet on the carpet in a way that threatened a yet more violent attack of hysterics.

"Pick up the cards, Kathie, and look," urged Edith Rosabelle.

"Amy Archdale!" she read aloud.

"Why, ma, it's the governess you discharged! It's our Miss Archdale."

"The old fool!" shrieked Mrs. Molyneux Martin. "To go and marry a girl young enough to be his granddaughter! Well, that caps the climax."

"You forget, ma," said Edith Rosabelle, "Uncle Elisha's only two years older than you are. I've heard you say so lots of times."

"Hold your tongue, you ungrateful, unfeeling daughter," ejaculated Mrs. Molyneux Martin. "I'll never speak to him again."

But she did. Sober second thoughts convinced her that it was better to submit to the inevitable—and she was one of the first to call on Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Perkins in the elegant brownstone house that the lawyer had bought and furnished for his bride.

And perhaps one of the most triumphant moments of Amy Archdale's life was that in which she extended a gracious and patronising greeting to the woman who had turned her out of doors scarcely three months before.

"Things do balance themselves evenly in this world, if one only has patience and faith to wait!" she said to her husband.

**Johannesburg.**

**THE CAPTURED GOLD TOWN—ITS PHENOMENAL RISE AND GROWTH—ESTIMATED RESOURCES.**

The famous city of Johannesburg is at once both the largest and, previous to the outbreak of the war, the greatest population of any other city in South Africa. It is situated on the southern slope of the Witwatersrand range of mountains, from the summit of which it is only a couple of miles. It is 1,014 miles distant from Capetown, 483 from Durban, 396 from Belgoia Bay, and 32 miles from Pretoria. As may be imagined, the city is well above the level of the sea, its elevation being 5,689 feet. Its altitude is greater than that of any other town in South Africa. Out of a population of over a hundred thousand that Johannesburg possessed previous to the outbreak of the war over fifty thousand were whites, sixty-seven per cent. of which were of British origin, there being but about six thousand Transvaal citizens amongst them.

The growth of Johannesburg has been something marvellous and forms a record in the history of the cities of the world. Other cities have possibly arisen as quickly, but few there are that can show such evidence of substantiality as Johannesburg, with its palatial hotels and stately business blocks, its handsome public buildings and its suburbs with their comfortable villas and pretty gardens.

Fourteen years ago to-day Johannesburg was not. One year ago it was full of commercial life, its streets were full of people, business activity was rampant and all of its industries, especially the chief of all, the mines, were in full operation. For months past it has been a silent and deserted city in comparison, its trade dead and the streets empty, save for a few natives and Zulus, or Transvaal police, merely living in the city to prevent incendiarism and disorder. It is now likely, however, that with the advent of the British army Johannesburg will in a very brief space of time become itself again. Johannesburg dates from Sep-

tember, 1886, when a few straggling shanties began to rise along the line of gold reefs now forming the Wenmer and Ferreira companies' ground. The existence of the reef at this point was not then known, but on its being discovered, steps were at once taken to secure a more suitable locality, and in December, 1886, the nucleus of the present city was laid out. The land around was previously considered of so little value that it was long ago, rarely had changed hands for the value of a team of oxen. In January, 1895, two stands in Commissioner street sold for twenty-two thousand pounds, and one on Fritchard street for forty thousand pounds. All around the undulating country is dotted in all directions with battery houses and other buildings connected with the working of the mines.

The annual output of the Johannesburg mines has reached over a hundred million dollars. The general consensus of opinion of the mining community has of late years favored the expectations of increased value of ore with increased depth of working, and so far as the results of one boring may be trusted, this theory does not seem unfounded.

The average return from nearly three and a half million of tons treated in 1895 was 13-16 dwts., and it may reasonably be inferred that this yield will not diminish within a mile of the outcrop.

Adopting as a probable a length of fifty miles of reef, five feet thick, workable at an inclined depth of one mile, and yielding the same average as the three and a half millions of tons milled in 1895, the value of the ore within this area would amount to more than \$1,250,000,000, or six times the entire production of the State of California between 1849 and 1893. Gigantic as this estimate may seem, it will appear least irrational to those who are best acquainted with the probable resources of these fields, and it is possible that the future may see even this figure largely exceeded.

Besides the Witwatersrand region, there are in the Transvaal many other gold fields such as the Venterskroon, the De Kaap, the Steynsdorp and the Soutpansberg, the latter of enormous area.

The city itself extends over an area of some six square miles, and there are over eighty miles of roads and streets. In the course of the last few years many outlying suburbs have been created for the benefit of those wishing to live a little way from the centre of the town. The streets are regularly laid out and several open squares exist, among which is the largest in South Africa. In the buildings the city is peculiarly rich considering its youth. They include the public offices, the Stock Exchange, the market buildings, the public library, the hospital and a number of churches and theatres, besides several fine hotels and business houses. St. Mary's Anglican Church is the largest in the city, but a still larger one to meet increasing need was about to be built. The city is well provided with public parks, including Kruger's Park, Joubert's Park, the Hospital Gardens and other breathing spaces. The transportation facilities are very good, including several lines of street cars and the railway, which runs through to Pretoria to the north, and to Capetown to the south. The lighting system, both gas and electric is good, but the water supply is poor both in quantity and quality, besides being what Canadians would consider exceedingly dear. The scarcity of water is owing mainly to the undermining of the earth for the mining industries, but it is expected that in the future measures will be taken to successfully cope with the difficulty of obtaining a copious supply of pure, fresh water.

**PERSEVERE.**

HOW TWO OLD STUDIES MAY TEACH US A NEEDFUL VIRTUE.

The old story of King Bruce and the spider and the older fable of the mouse that cut the cable are calculated to teach us the virtues of perseverance, for it is not simply one virtue, but many; so one never became saintly without persevering in goodness; no one ever succeeded in acquiring vast knowledge, great wealth, or anything else that may be acquired in this world, without

## Congratulations!!

Follow the Purchase of One of Our Stylish Spring Suits and Overcoats. We offer for your selection one of the Largest and Choicest Stocks of English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds.

And West of England and Canadian Worsted, and Light Overcoats ever shown in Kings County. Goods to suit every taste and condition. Tweed Suits from \$14.00 up. Worsted Suits from \$16.00 up. Stylish Light Overcoats from \$13.00 up. Don't fail to see the very latest things in Golf Trousers and Fancy Vestings.

## The Wolfville Clothing Co.

N. Crandall, - Manager.  
Telephone 35.



keeping unwaveringly to the line of action which leads to successful results.

Like cautiousness, perseverance is very distasteful to the young. In the impulsive age many things are begun without thinking and as thoughtlessly left unfinished. Anything worth beginning should be worth the trouble of completing. The old line, "If you try and don't succeed, try, try again," are rendered by the modern advertiser into modern American-English thus: "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success." The principle is precisely the same and dear old Try-try-again is much easier to remember.

Beware of saying "I can't," sings Eliza Cook. Perhaps the reason why so many young folks lack the virtues of perseverance is that it seems so easy to say "I give up!" But is it so easy? giving up implies discouragement, and if there is anything harder than discouragement the world has not yet found it out. It is only the very weak-brained or the very lazy who are easily discouraged. And the weak and the lazy do not have a very good time of it on this busy planet, mind you!

Now, dear young reader, writes somebody in the Catholic Standard and Times, what is easy about giving up beyond the ease of a moment? What do you give up? Sanctity, wisdom, knowledge, perhaps, every bit of help towards heaven, every bit of help upon earth. Is it easy to give up all these? The devil may whisper, Yes, but your angel will tell you, No. What is a little bit of indolence now to a life of hardship here and a possibility of an eternity of punishment hereafter? For just as surely as we are ignorant when we give up learning, so do we grow sinful when we give up trying to be good. There is no half-way plan. "Not good" is bad, "not learned" is ignorant, "not wise" is foolish, "not happy" is miserable. And "not persevering" turns into every one of these undesirable conditions.

When the impulse to give up trying rises, trample upon it. If your object is good, determine to persevere in it to the end. Had Columbus turned back from the Canary Islands he would not have discovered America. If Edison had not persevered in his studies he

might still be selling newspapers. Persevere; be not ashamed because your efforts are small or because you think your work may not be great. It may be greater than you imagine.

**Lightning and Rubbers.**

The one thing a woman most dreads, barring, of course, the mouse, and being out of style—is a thunderstorm. Many most estimable women of character and force, who can lead great crusades and revolutionize society, go all to pieces at a clap of thunder—and a good many men, too, for that matter.

It is not agreeable to be struck by lightning. Nor is it at all necessary. There is a sure preventive—as sure as it is simple, inexpensive and always successful—a pair of rubbers. If a woman will simply put on a pair of rubbers when the lightning begins to flash and the thunder to roar, and will stand on the floor, so that she can touch nothing else, she will be as safe as if she was sealed in a glass case.

Rubber is a non-conductor of electricity, and if the lightning has to go through a sheet of rubber to get at you it will leave you alone and take something else. In other words, when you have on a pair of rubbers, and are not in contact with anything, you are perfectly insulated.

It might be well to add that a pair of rubbers, to be effective against lightning, must be sound and whole. Do not put on an old pair with a crack in the toe, because electricity will get out of a very small hole when it is cornered and a pair of defective rubbers will do you no good.—The Bulletin.

**A CARD.**

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Williams' English Pills, if after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation or Headache. I also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Williams' English Pills are used.

GEORGE V. RAND, Druggist, Wolfville, N. S.

South Africa is of volcanic origin, and the land in the vicinity of Kimberley is so sulphurous that even ants cannot exist upon it.