

THE ACADIAN

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THE ACADIAN.

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Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the printer, and payment on such advertisements must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to their insertion.

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 name may be written over a dictation signature.

Address all communications to

DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors and Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 9.00 A. M. to 3.30 P. M.

Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.10 A. M.

Express west close at 9.40 A. M.

Express east close at 3.50 P. M.

Kentville close at 6.40 P. M.

Geo. V. Mann, 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. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A. M. and 7.00 P. M.; Sunday School at 9.30 P. M. B. Y. U. 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 3.30 P. M. All seats free. Ushers 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. P. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor, 54 Andrew's Church, Wolfville. Public Worship every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 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, 6 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the seats are free and strangers welcome 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 1st and 3rd at 11 A. M., 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 A. M. Services every Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

REV. R. F. DIXON, Rector,
Robert W. Carter, Warden.
Geo. A. Pratt, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. M. Kennedy, F. R. Mass 11.00 A. M. on the fourth Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 7.30 P. M.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

CENTRAL Board of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

Forsters.

Court Blomdon, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 7.30 P. M.

HEADQUARTERS

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Stencils, Notarial

AND OTHER Seals, Sign

Markers!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

London Rubber Stamp Co.,

HALIFAX, N. S.

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Dwelling House of 8 rooms, on upper Garret Avenue, Outbuildings, 4 acres of land mostly covered with young orchard.

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MRS J. B. DAVIDSON.

GLOBE

Steam Laundry

HALIFAX, N. S.

"THE BEST."

Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

Wishes for the Acadian.

By Miss Basil.

I wish you would creep in

Across the shining strand,

The scope you bear—the foam you wear.

You leave them on the land.

You leave them on the land by me,

I love you so I know that half my life

is bared to you.

Beneath your blue waves' flow

Oh! waters sweet that kiss my feet,

How can I love you so!

You bring me thoughts of vanished days

And memories dear and dim.

But there is one you took away—

You never bring me him.

Your tide slides down the shore again

And leaves me far behind,

The dull brown of your naked tracks

Creeps in this heart of mine.

The brightness of my life flows out

On every glittering wave,

A skeleton of love remains—a ghost front

out a grave.

A voice from over ninety years

Is singing with the sea,

And eyes divine look into mine

From out eternity.

I stretch my hands to meet a form,

Oh, waters, waste and wide!

Bring me back that you bore away!

Bring me back that you hide!

A knell, more sad than life or tears

Is sounding with the roar

Of many waves upon a grave.

"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

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"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

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"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

"Forever, forevermore!"

The Master of the Mine.

By Robert Buchanan.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

Before the day was out, I quite

understood the motives which led to

the engagement of a man with a "riff"

in his character. The miners were a

wild, godless lot, and the last overseer, an

elderly man, had more than once been

in danger of his life. As a person

still subject of violent proclivities, I

had been chosen to take his place.

The truth was, the place bore the

worst of names, and few men would

have accepted the situation, at any

price.

The agent, during our first inter-

view, hinted that the mine needed an

iron hand to rule it, and I was

rather glad than otherwise of the in-

formation, for I wanted work, the

more desperate the better. That very

afternoon I inspected the place, and

found myself inspected in turn by a

villainous set of faces as I had every

encountered. There was much mur-

dering and muttering, for the fellows

wanted to be under the direction of

one of their own number, one Michael

Looe, a red-haired giant, who had this

one advantage over his comrades—that

he could read and write.

The very next day, the first after

my installation, I found out the sort

of opposition with which I had to

reckon. As I stood by the open mine,

giving some directions, that same Looe

ran up against me, with a pick-axe on

his shoulder, and almost opais'd me.

A coarse laugh greeted this perfor-

mance.

"Can't ye look where you're gannin'?"

Meister? cried the fellow, grinning

savagely, to the high delight of the

throng—men, women, and children.

I looked him steadily in the face, as

one looks in the eye of a furious bull.

What I saw there did not daunt me.

The fellow was a bully, and I had

dealt with bullies before. If I was to

retain any authority in the place, I

must bring him to his senses.

"What's your name?" I said,

quid.

"My name? he repeated, looking

round at the others. "Mike Looe, if

you mean know. As good a name as

yourn, I'd wasser."

Another laugh greeted this touch

of primitive humor.

"My name is Hugh Trell, wa y,

and, as I am master here, I'll trouble

you to remember it. If you don't, my

name, I'll find a way to impress it on

your memory."

"You will, will 'ee?" said the giant.

"And so you be wasser? Mate's,

be added, looking round, "d'ye hear

'un? Take off your hats to 'un!"

This fine gentry pnp be master!" I

said. "Take off your hats to 'un, I

say!"

And sniting the action to the word,

he bowed mockingly before me. My

blood was up now, and I faced him

resolutely. "Go back to your work,"

I said. "No more words. Do as I

bid you."

His manner changed from mockery

to savage determination.

and flung it on the ground. He

clenched his fist and made a rush at

me. I waited for him, and landed

him a blow which made him stagger

back, dazed. The men flocked round

us, murmuring and threatening.

But Michael Looe had confidence in

his own prowess. He weighed fifteen

stones, and had the fists of Anak; so

that I, though a tall strong man, look-

ed no match for such a giant. He ut-

tered a fierce oath, and bade the men

stand back.

"Fair play, lads!" he cried, grin-

ning again. "Les the new master to

me. Don't 'ee see, he means

fightin'?"

With that the men made a ring,

while their champion stripped off his

waistcoat and began quietly turning up

his sleeves, showing an arm with mus-

cles like iron bands. For a moment I

shrank back, not that I feared the

ruffian, but because I felt ashamed to

take part in such a brawl.

The men saw my hesitation, and

uttered a derisive cry.

"Look at 'un! He be afeerd!

Hit 'un in the 'ee!"

At this juncture, an old man, one

of their number, but superior in man-

ner to the rest, whispered in my ear.

"You'd better bolt, Meister. He'll

smash ye like an egg, as he did the

chap afore you!"

My answer was decisive. Off went

my coat, down went my hat on the

ground, and, clenching my fists, I faced

the giant. This rather turned the

tide of feeling in my favor; at any

rate, it elicited a feeble cheer. The

men prepared themselves for enjoy-

ment; a real "stand-up" fight was im-

minent.

Were I acquainted with the beauti-

ful vocabulary of the ring, I might

compose a prose poem on this episode;

but alas! I am as one uninitiated,

and, after all, it is too absurd. An-

noying as the affair was at the time, I

laugh at it now.

Mike Looe came at me like Goliath,

but at the first encounter I discovered

that he had no science. I myself had

a little, and though far his inferior in

weight, possessed muscles and sinews

of steel, due to my healthy life and

constant exercise, from boyhood up-

ward, in the open air. The result is

easily predicted. In matters of fis-

tions, science, combined with pluck,

is everything. Before many minutes

had passed, Michael Looe had received

as sound a thrashing as man could de-

sire. He lay on the ground, his head

supported on the knee of one of his

comrades, and looking stupidly up into

my face.

I turned to the men, with as much

good humor as I could assume under

the ornaments of a black eye and