

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

# The Acadian.

No better advertising medium in  
the Valley than  
THE ACADIAN.

VOL. XXX.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.  
WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1910.

NO. 7

## 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 solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES

\$1.00 per square (2 inches) for first in-  
sertion, 25 cents for each subsequent in-  
sertion.

Contract rates for yearly advertise-  
ments furnished on application.

Reading notices ten cents per line first  
insertion, two cents a half cent per line  
subsequent insertions.

NOTES.

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

Advertisements in which the number  
of insertions is not specified will be con-  
tinued and charged for until otherwise  
ordered.

This paper is mailed regularly to sub-  
scribers until a definite order to discon-  
tinue 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. CROWLEY, 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 9.00 a. m.

Express east close at 3.00 p. m.

Kentville close at 6.15 p. m.

E. S. CRAWLEY, Post Master

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. D. Webber,  
Pastor. Services: Sunday, Public Wor-  
ship at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.  
Sunday School at 10.00 a. m. Mid-week  
prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening  
at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Soci-  
ety meets on Wednesday following the  
first Sunday in the month, at 8.30 p. m.  
The Social and Benevolent Society meets  
the third Thursday of each month at 8.30  
p. m. The Mission Band meets on the  
second and fourth Thursdays of each  
month at 8.45 p. m. All seats free. A  
cordial welcome is extended to all.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. G. W.  
Miller, Pastor. Services: Sunday, Public  
Worship at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.  
Sunday School at 10.00 a. m. Prayer meet-  
ing on Wednesday evening at 7.30 p. m.  
Chalmers Church, Lower Horton. Public Wor-  
ship on Sunday at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.  
Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at  
7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. W.  
Prestwood, Pastor. Services: Sabbath  
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath  
School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meet-  
ing on Wednesday evening at 7.30 p. m.  
All the seats are free and strangers welcom-  
ed at all services. As Greenview, preach-  
ing at 9 p. m. on the Sabbath.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

St. John's PARISH CHURCH, of Horton  
—Services: Holy Communion every  
Sunday, 8 a. m.; first and third Sundays  
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 notice in  
church. Sunday School, 10.00 a. m. Super-  
intendent and teacher of Bible Class, in  
the Rectory.

All seats free. Strangers heartily welcom-  
ed.

Rev. R. F. DIXON, Rector.

Geo. A. Pratt, Warden.

J. D. SHERWOOD.

St. Francis (Catholic)—Rev. William  
Brown, P. P.—Mass 11 a. m. the fourth  
Sunday of each month.

MARION.

St. George's Church, A. P. & A. M.,  
meets at their Hall on the second Friday  
of each month at 7.30 o'clock.

A. M. WELBORN, Secretary.

ODDFELLOWS.

OBESERVE LODGE, No. 92, meets every  
Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in their hall  
in Harris' Block. Visiting brethren al-  
ways welcomed.

Dr. E. F. MOORE, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.

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

POSTERS.

Clara Hamilton, I. O. Y., meets in  
Temperance Hall on the third Wednes-  
day of each month at 7.30 p. m.

This May Interest You.

Last year the sale of Pullman's Pear-  
son fruit and cranberry trees increased  
40 per cent in Nova Scotia because we  
delivered standard trees and to contract  
growers. Our agents made money in pro-  
portion to the increase in sales. We want  
now a reliable agent for Kings county.

Pay Weekly. Exclusive Territory.

Write for best terms

PULLMAN PEARSON & CO.

Toronto, Ont.

## This Question!

Have you been so fortunate as  
to have inspected my stock of

**LADIES' COATS**

and learned of the Great Values  
and Low Prices I can give you?

If not, come and be convinced.

**CHAS. H. PORTER.**

Dry Goods. Men's Furnishings. Clothing.

## HARD COAL.

TO OUR CUSTOMERS:

We are still doing a Coal business in Wolfville  
and solicit your orders. We have 700 Tons  
Hard Coal, in all sizes, due here this week.  
Orders for delivery from vessel will have our best  
attention.

**BURGESS & CO.**

UP-TO-DATE IN EVERY RESPECT.

Buckboards, Harnesses, Single and Double Carriages. Good Horses, Careful  
Drivers, Fair Prices. Teams at all Times and Boats. Baggage carefully transfer-  
red. Boarding Stations. Telephone No. 65.

**T. E. HUTCHINSON, Prop., WOLFVILLE, N. S.**

**Hutchinson's  
Express  
& Livery**

UP-TO-DATE IN EVERY RESPECT.

Buckboards, Harnesses, Single and Double Carriages. Good Horses, Careful  
Drivers, Fair Prices. Teams at all Times and Boats. Baggage carefully transfer-  
red. Boarding Stations. Telephone No. 65.

**Ladies', Misses' and  
Children's Coats.**

Good fitting coats mean a great deal to every woman. Our garments  
are made by the most up-to-date tailoring house in Canada and  
carry a style and finish exclusively their own.

Over 100 to choose from in Black, Brown, Blue, Green and Gray.  
Prices have been made to meet a quick sale.

**LADIES' SUITS.**

Hand-in-hand with our coats goes a stylish tailor made suit. The  
effort we have made to get in touch with the smartest and best designs  
we feel will be appreciated by purchasers.

**KNITTED COATS.**

We are showing our usual line in above goods at winning prices.

**Millsley & Harvey Co., Ltd.**

PORT WILLIAMS, N. S.

**Professional Cards.**

**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  
Harris' Block, WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
Office Hours: 9-1, 2-5.

**Dr. D. J. Munro,**

Graduate Baltimore College of Dental  
Surgery 47

Office Hours: 9-12 a. m.; 1-5 p. m.

**Barss Building, Wolfville.**

**Leslie R. Fairn,**

ARCHITECT,

ATLEBROFD, N. S.

**ROSCOE & ROSCOE**

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,  
NOTARIES, ETC.

KENTVILLE, N. S.

**McCallum's Ltd.**

McCallum's Ltd. beg to notify  
the public of Kings Co. that there  
will be a heavy rush of farm buyers  
from Great Britain throughout  
next March and April and all parties  
desiring to sell then should  
register their properties now with  
the Wolfville office.

F. J. Porter, Manager

## Prayer.

It is not prayer with our tongues we say  
—We love Thy laws, O Lord! and pray Thee  
—To keep us from sin and from all unrighteous-  
ness.

Our hearts from harm and feet from slipping  
—Keep us, O Lord!

Then straight seek out sin's paths His laws  
—Have heard.

It is not prayer to fold our hands and ask  
—Our God to shield us from our human laws  
—That bind our children to soul wracking tasks  
—Ours is the crime; ours to remove the cause.

His sun and showers our yearly harvest bring;  
—His days are filled with precious reward;  
—To great and crime our laws His blessings bring  
—And longer learn from bread, with legal sword.

Prayer is the work our busy hands have wrought;  
—Not the weak words our lips have feebly said.  
—Prayer is the act that bears our sinning  
—Words without deeds are worthless.

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Look at yourself, O Spirit of the  
—Dawn! and tell me if I have  
—Not made a picture of you?

His voice was unnatural and embarras-  
—sing and I shrank and looked at the  
—Swaying reflection of a pale, pale girl  
—With big sorrowful eyes and yellow  
—Hair and a pink water lily trembling  
—Against her temple and another kissing  
—Her throat.

—'May I model you some day?' he  
—Whispered eagerly, 'just as you are  
—All white from top to toe! I will  
—Make a companion statue for Reality'  
—and call it 'Hustation'.

—'I liked wondering, dazed eyes.  
—'Would you really? Are you serious?  
—I saw 'Reality' at the Exposition—  
—That was before Marion met you. We  
—Never thought—but I remember now  
—She said then she could love the man  
—Who once invited! and she did! I stopped  
—Abruptly, and as I spoke my sister's name  
—Cold clutch  
—I made an effort to rise to my feet,  
—and my crutches slipped, clattering to  
—the ground. I looked at them help-  
—lessly and tried to smile.

—'He bent with the tenderest gesture  
—I have ever seen, and picking them up  
—He handed them to me.' So might a  
—mother hold out arms to her crippled  
—child.

—'For the first time I lost pity  
—without sympathy.

—'I will never be ashamed of them  
—again.' I said slowly and bravely.  
—'They are my best friends.'

—'But I could not see his face for he  
—had turned it from me; so slowly and  
—haltingly, I crept up the sunny path,  
—over the velvet awning of the roses  
—of weeping daffodils, leaving  
—him in my garden alone.

—Two weeks later.

—'Some one left a bunch of violets  
—on my steps yesterday, and when I  
—opened the door to creep down into  
—the garden I found them in purple  
—and sweet and wet; lying artlessly  
—at my very feet. For moments I  
—stood gazing them with hungry eyes.  
—'I am not supposed to know who  
—sent you,' I said to myself guiltily.  
—'Anyone might have dropped you  
—here. You are quite innocent.'

—'I put my crutches aside, and, holding  
—to the rail, lowered myself to the  
—steps. I knew, though I dared not  
—say it aloud, who had dropped that  
—sweet message. I was trying to deny  
—it even to myself, but I knew. I lifted  
—the great bunch with its necklace of  
—green leaves, and laid the wet blossoms  
—against my cheeks—then some-  
—how they found my lips—were crushed  
—against me.

—'I don't know how long I sat there  
—reveling in a childish joy and ecstasy  
—deceiving myself into thinking that I  
—might catch this insignificant rem-  
—nant of something which did not  
—belong to me. Hours pass swiftly  
—when one is happy.

—'The last two weeks had been  
—strange in my life. I had come upon  
—a strange friend in by a high wall,  
—over which I was afraid to look, and  
—yet I found which my eyes were  
—never roving.

—'Between my sister's lover and my-  
—self there was a secret understanding  
—which I refused to acknowledge. His  
—eyes met mine unwillingly, yet  
—sought mine out. Our demeanor  
—toward each other was coldly formal,  
—yet our eyes were intimate. I was  
—afraid to meet him, yet there was  
—no other joy in life save just to listen  
—to his voice, to know the same tones  
—held us, to marvel at his strength,  
—his manliness, his superb mental  
—poise. To compare him to every god,  
—lying in life and delight in the  
—comparison. At first I did not real-  
—ize which way my thoughts were  
—leading me, the joy in the subtle  
—sympathy was too great. My life had  
—not prepared me for love, and coming  
—as it did, it sought me in a tumultu-  
—ous eddy, held me helpless in a fur-  
—tuous eddy, and played upon my fears.  
—Every force in my nature was at the  
—mercy of one emotion. I had read and  
—dreamed. Ah! but who can picture  
—the awakening, the birth of love? Is  
—there any hand on earth delicate  
—enough to direct a rose without  
—marring the bloom?

—'I was staring sorrow in the face,  
—and yet a strange joy still developed

## The Fiery Furnace.

Continued.

When I came near to him I leaned  
—on my crutches and held out my  
—hand.

—'He took it fearfully, as if he were  
—touching a wrath or a shadow.  
—'Who—who are you?' he stam-  
—mered in an awe-struck tone. 'What  
—are you? I say, a woman—a child  
—or a spirit?'

—'I am Marion's sister, I answered  
—simply, smiling into his dazed eyes.  
—'I am—Angela.'

—'As I spoke I was suddenly con-  
—scious of my crutches. They seemed  
—bigger than anything else in the  
—world. I dashed to my very fore-  
—head.

—'Perhaps they never mentioned me,'  
—continued painfully. 'My voice—  
—I don't go out—I am lame! My voice  
—suddenly sounded loud and harsh.  
—'Angela!' he repeated the name  
—softly, and then with a little shake  
—of his shoulders as if casting off a  
—spell, he smiled. 'I thought you  
—were a spirit,' he said in an explana-  
—tory tone. 'You stood so still in that  
—great door with the warm light over  
—you, and the light gone and the  
—pale hair—Come over here to  
—the fountain.' He ended with a per-  
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—is not some reason for my hallicin-  
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