

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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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.

Newspapers 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 contribution, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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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 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. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 8:20 P. M. All saints 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. F. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. M. A. 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 2 P. 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. All the saints are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—at Greenwood, preaching at 3 P. M. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 P. M. on Wednesday.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Holy Communion 1st and 3d at 11 A. M.; 2d, 4th and 6th at 8 A. M. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

REV. R. F. DIXON, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, Wardens.
Geo. A. Park.

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

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:45 o'clock P. M.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of W. 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 4:30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Blomfield, L. 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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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—London Rubber Stamp Co., HALIFAX, N. S.

FOR SALE.

Dwelling House of 8 rooms, on up per Gasparneau Avenue, Outbuildings, 4 acres of land mostly covered with young orchard.

For particulars apply to
MRS J. B. DAVIDSON.

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Steam Laundry

HALIFAX, N. S.

"THE BEST."

Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

Unto the End.

I know not where the morrow's path may lead,

Nor what the future holds, but this I know,

Whichever way my feet are forced to go,

I shall be given courage to the end.

Though God that awful gift of his may send,

We call long life, when headstones in a row

Tithe all of happiness, yet be it so;

I shall be given courage to the end.

If dark the despoiling be the blend

With life's pale sunlight when the sun dips low,

Though joy speeds by and sorrow's Steps are slow,

I shall be given courage to the end.

I do not question what the years portend—

Or good or ill whatever wind may blow

It is enough, enough for me to know

I shall be given courage to the end.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Youth's Companion.

The Master of the Mine.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

My aunt, who was busily knitting

some stockings to form part of my wardrobe,

listened to my bold talk, and

deliberately shook her head.

"This well to be a light heart," she said,

"and 'tis easy when one is young. But they tell me Gwendovey be a

'awsome place."

"Not a bit of it," I answered, laughing.

"Not half so lonesome as St. Gurliott's."

"And it be so far—'tis bad as going across the sea."

At this I laughed again.

"Why, 'tis only seventy miles away as the crow flies! A man might gallop it in a good horse in a few short hours.

Then, as to the mine itself! It's different to being underground, and what's worse, under salt water. It's open to the sky, and cheerful as sunshine—'tisn't it, uncle?"

My uncle, who occupied his usual place by the ingle, looked round

pleasantly, and nodded.

"'Tis, that be true!"

"Sunshine, did 'ee say?" said my aunt. "There'll be new sunshine for me or father, when our lad be gone.

It dawns't know what father will do with hisson, when you're gone. You ha' been his right hand ever since you was but a child; and now he be breakin' like, he'll miss the more and merr. But I dawns't blame 'ee, lad! You're 'right to seek your fortune; and this be a poor place, Lord knows, for a bold lad like you!"

"Hugh will come back, mother," cried Annie, who stood behind her father's chair. "He is only going for a while."

"Of course," I exclaimed. "Or, better still, I shall make my fortune, as you say, and you will come over and live with me."

"Too late for that," returned my aunt. "We be auld folk now, and our time be nigh come. When he comes back, 'twill likely be to our buryin'."

"Nonsense, aunt!"

"I could ha' died content, Hugh, if I had seen 'ee a happy man, with a childer at your knee," she said, glancing at Annie, and remembering the old plans—which had fallen long before, like a house of cards.

"I shall never marry," I replied, darning, in spite of myself.

There was a long silence. My aunt's words had struck a painful chord, and we were all more or less affected. To break the spell of gloomy thought, I rose and gazed from the window. It was a fine night, with a full moon.

"We shall have fine weather," I said. "The wind has gone up into the north."

As I spoke, the kitchen door opened, and John Rudd entered, but in haste. He greeted us all round, and, at my aunt's request, took a seat by the fire. After smiling silently for some minutes at his own pockets, and produced some of his new presents, brought that day from Paimouth.

"Gavin' away to morrow, Measter Hugh?" he asked presently.

"Yes, John. I start after breakfast."

"Dear, dear! A horseback, Measter Hugh?"

"No; I am going to tramp it right across the moor. I shall take it easy,

you know; divide the journey into two days, and sleep one night on the way."

"It be a middlin' long walk, Measter. Folk tell me there be snow out on the moor. I wish 'ee were goin' my way; I'd gin then a lift, and welcome."

"Thank you, John," I said.

"Lad, it do seem but yesterday

sin you first rode, a little lad, in my awid cart. Do you remember, Measter Hugh, how I made a pome about Missie and Annie here, and how you put 'em down in writing as fine as a print?"

"Of course I do," I replied. "You don't write so much poetry now, John."

John Rudd's face fell. He scratched his head somewhat lugubriously.

"My gift be failin' me, I fear," he murmured; "but that, pomes be far young folk, not for old chaps like John Rudd. Howsomer, it do come out of me now and then, like sparks fra' a forge; but there be much on't I can't repeat, and much I disremember."

"Twere a relief to my feelings, like Measter Hugh, when I had you handy to put 'em down!"

He added, spreading his great hands on his knees, and sipping his voice to a whisper,

"Did I ever tell 'ee the pome you made about your son, when they took 'ee for killin' the overseer?"

I saw my uncle start and change color, while the pipe that he had lit and was smoking almost dropped from his mouth.

"Never mind that now, John," I cried, quickly. "Talk of something else—something more pleasant."

"All right, Measter Hugh," returned the poet. "Shall I tell 'ee the news?"

I nodded; and he continued,

"Young measter be coming home from Lunenburg to-morrow wif her he is to wed."

"How do you know that?" I cried, flushing to the temples, and conscious that all eyes were turned suddenly upon my face.

"I brought a big bawx to leave up at the house, Measter Hugh, and 'twere addressed to the young measter, and when I were up in the kitchen, and taking a glass o' ale wif the cook, they told me postman had brought a letter this afternoon, and that young measter were coming home. See?"

He little knew the torture he was causing me; but every word he uttered went through me like a knife. Again I made a device to change the subject, and succeeded; but while the good fellow rattled on, my mind was full of the news that he had brought. My original determination had been to leave home at ten or eleven in the forenoon, and, striking across the moorland, to do a leisurely forty miles before resting for the night; but I was now resolved to depart much earlier—indeed, at daylight. I dreaded the torture of seeing my darling again; and I knew it to be extremely probable that she might arrive from Paimouth very early in the day.

After a parting glass of spirits, in which he pledged me heartily, and wished me all the good luck in the world, John rose to go away. I walked with him to the door, and across the garden to the gate.

Here we shook hands heartily.

"Keep an eye on the old man when I am gone," I said. "Gwendovey is not far away, but far enough if any thing goes wrong. My uncle may want a friend. If anything happens, don't fail to send me at once."

"I'll do that, Measter Hugh," replied John Rudd. "I be dozwright grieved to see the old man see broken down."

After another hearty handshake, he walked away in the moonlight. I was turning to go in, when I felt a touch upon my arm. It was Annie, who had crept out after me, and now spoke in a low voice, almost a whisper.

"Hugh, dear Hugh, this is the last night we shall be together for a long day. I wanted to speak to you before you go. I wanted to be quite sure that we are friends, in spite of all that has passed."

Her voice was broken with tears. Full of tenderness and pity for her, I put my arm around her, and kissed her on the forehead.

"More than friends, Annie," I said.

"Neither and sister—as much as if we were so by blood."

"Oh, you are good, good!" she cried, resting her head on my shoulder.

"Don't think I am ungrateful! Don't think I fail to see how kind you have been; how all your thoughts have been for others—never for yourself. But Hugh, dear, you won't be angry if I speak of it?—it's on my mind, and I should like to say it to you before you go."

"What is it, Annie?"

"It's about Miss Graham! Ah, don't be angry! I wouldn't pain you for the world."

"Do not speak of her," I said, trembling.

"But you love her, Hugh, you love her—ah, do you think I have not seen?"

"Yes, Annie, I love her. What then? I learned long ago that my love was hopeless and foolish. She is far away from me so that star! I ought to have known it from the beginning."

She raised her eyes to my face, and looked at me earnestly and long. Then she said:

"Sometimes, Hugh, I have thought that you are wrong, for you are worthy of any lady in the land. Sometimes I have thought that, if you had only spoken, she would have listened to you. Why do you give her up? Perhaps there is time yet?"

"In a few days, Annie, she will be married to Mr. Redruth."

"Never, never," cried my cousin, with strange vehemence.

"Why, it is all arranged. They are engaged. Even if it were otherwise, where would be my chance? Great ladies do not marry beggars, little woman!"

"It is of that I wished to speak," persisted Annie. "I do not think those two will ever be man and wife."

"Why do you say that? Have you any reason?"

"Yes, Hugh. Do not ask me to say more now; but promise—promise me that you will not quite despair. For you care for her very much, do you not?—and I—I know what you must feel, with such a love as yours."

As she spoke, the old suspicion came upon me. I bent down and gazed into her face, lit by the brilliant moonlight. Never had she looked so pretty.

"Annie," I said, "before I go, have you nothing more to say to me?"

"No, dear Hugh."

"I mean—about yourself."

How she trembled! I could feel the sudden leaping of her heart as I proceeded:

"I have had my own thoughts all along, but I have kept them to myself. You know what I said to you long ago about George Redruth? Was I right or wrong?"

"Do not ask me now," she sobbed.

"Some day, soon too, you shall know everything—but not now! Not to-night."

I saw her spongy, and forebore to question her further. But we did not go in at once. Lingered at the gate, we talked of old times, of her father, of many things near to our hearts, but so more of the one thing that was nearest to mine. All my anger against her, all my indignation at the trouble she had wrought, died away in tender brotherly sympathy and affection. She was my little cousin again, my confident and friend. The peace of the still night fell upon us, touching our spirits with a beautiful consecration. Never shall I forget that gentle time of parting.

"What ever happens," I said, as we turned to go in, "remember that I am your loving brother."

"Dear, dear Hugh!" she answered. "I have not loved you half enough. Ah, if I had treated you at the first! But maybe it is not too late, even now. God help me, I will try to make amends!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Soon after daybreak the next morning I took the road. All I carried was my staff and a small knapsack on my back; my other worldly possessions had gone on, days before, by carrier. My aunt and Annie watched me from the door; my uncle walked with me through the village, and a short cut across the highway. He was in his working clothes, ready for his day's work in the mine.

Scarcely a word was spoken between us till I reached the point whence I meant to strike off across the open moor. Here I paused, and held out my hand; he gripped it to both of his, and looked into my face. He was never one of the crying sort, but I saw now that his eyes were dim.

"Hugh, my lad, I know you're not going far away, but summat tells me as it may be a lang while afore we meet again. I ha' ever loved 'ee like my own son. If aught happens to me, you'll be a son to the awid woman still?"

"Ay, that I will!"

"And Annie, poor lass—you'll be a brother to poor Annie?"

"Be sure of that," I answered. "But keep up a good heart. We shall all be together soon."

He gazed at me sorrowfully, with eyes in which there was no earthly hope.

"Maybe, lad, maybe; but look 'ee, I be an awid man now, and a'most done wif life. There be summat here I'm my heart, gnawin' like, and I feel like that chap in the Bible as were ate up by worms. But I must wait and bear, wait and bear; only promise me again, lad, to look after the awid woman and our little lass."

I promised with all my heart. He still gripped my hand, and seemed about to say more, but with a moan, he blessed me and turned away. Greatly moved and troubled, I left him and walked away across the open moor.

The day was bright and still; one of those calm days early in the year, when the chill of winter is still about the dark tones of the earth, but when there are quickening motions in the air, and mesmeric admonitions of a vernal resurrection. The dew sparkled upon the heath, and strung its silver threads upon the bare branches of gorse and broom. A hawk was rising from the ground and singing heavenward, as if it were spring indeed.

Following a thin sheep-track, I was soon out upon the wild moor. Turning at last, I saw St. Gurliott's redden in the sun rays, while away beyond glimmered the sparkling expanse of the sea. My heart swelled within me, with love for the dear old place. I might have been a pilgrim to the Antipodes, instead of a man merely journeying to the next county. Big in this world of ours, distance is measured by sympathy, not by mileage; and never having been much of a wanderer, I was inexperienced enough to undergo the pangs of exile—though the place of my banishment was to be only the adjoining parish.

With a sigh of farewell to St. Gurliott's, I turned and faced the track again. Around me on every side the moor stretched like a sea, flat for the most part, but here and there rising to rocky knolls, or descending into green hollows, where the sward was damp and spongy under foot. From time to time I passed a lonely moorman, cutting turf or gathering furs for fuel, with whom I would exchange greetings and stand talking a few minutes before wandering on. But for the most part the place was solitary, haunted only by stray sheep and wild cattle. Hawk and raven were numerous, for it was their nappy hunting-ground. Trouble had made me a little superstitious, and I eyed these birds, especially the black crows, and their kindred vagabonds the hooded crows, with little favor.

As I went on, the prospect grew wilder. Tall blocks and tops of granite were scattered everywhere, like the fragments of some submerged world; and, indeed, I knew well that the ground whereon I walked had once been the bottom of the sea, and that the mighty stones had once been washed by mightier waves, and deposited there long ere the coming of man. Mile after mile, far as eye could behold, stretched the stony blocks—some tall and high, moonlike, pointed over by green moss and grey lichens; some flat and incumbent, like mighty tomb stones—some indeed they were. Verily, it was Tadmor of the wilderness; broken up confusedly, as if so earthquake had just passed.

But though the scene was wild and bleak below, the sky was calm above it, calm and flecked with delicate, filmy clouds that stretched over the brilliant

blue of the far-off ether. Had my heart been less sad, I should have exulted in the beauty and wonder of the scene. Even as it was, I drank in the keen moorland air with a quickening sense of life. Gradually, the dark shadows flitted from my brain, and the strength of my manhood returning upon me, I paced on rapidly across the waste.

More than once, in my passage, I struck the road again, and found myself among moorland villages and pasturages, with intervals of leafless wood. At mid-day I halted at a farm-house, situated many miles from human habitation and surrounded by pasture watered by a wild moorland stream. As I approached the door, a troop of wild shepherd-dogs surrounded me, so savage that I had to beat them off with my staff; but the simple folk welcomed me with true pastoral hospitality, and regaled me royally with scones and milk. The coming of a stranger was an event in their lonely lives, and they had a hundred questions to ask concerning myself, my destination, and the unknown region whither I was bound.

The sun was setting when I sighted Torborne, the inland village where I had arranged to sleep, which was close

on fifty miles from my old home by the sea. It was a mining settlement, and as I approached I found myself abreast of a rough tram-road communicating with the mines. A busy sound of clattering and clanking, clashing and rattling, broke upon my ear; great wheels suddenly appeared, revolving in the air above my head, together with a lofty chimney, skeleton platforms, and iron chains clanking over iron pulleys. Flocks of women and children soon appeared, busy on the surface. Close by them ran a bristling stream, copper-colored by the refuse of the mine.

They greeted me merrily, as I paused to look at them. I noticed that they spoke a dialect somewhat different from that of the district where I had lived so long.

I slept at Torborne, and at daybreak next morning proceeded on my way. Soon after mid-day, I reached my destination, another mining settlement on the very borders of two counties, Cornwall and Devon. I found it to be, as rumor had informed me, a "lonesome" place situated on the banks of a small river, and surrounded on every side by the wild bleeks and tops of the moor. The mines on which I had been engaged belonged to Lord —, who had a residential castle close by, and whose representative, a solicitor, resided in the village. I reported myself in due course, and was forthwith installed in my position.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

GREAT 30 DAY Marked Down SALE!

We have a large stock on hand which we want to clear to make room for Spring Stock. For 30 Days We Will Sell our Large Stock of English, Irish, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds at very near cost.

All Woolen Goods have advanced 25 per cent., but we secured our Stock before the advancement and are able to give you clothes at a price less than the Wholesale Cost of the Goods Now.

Now is your time to get a Suit or Overcoat. We can make you a good All-Wool Suit, and Guarantee you a Perfect Fit and Satisfaction for \$10.50 and up.

Pants Going for \$2.50 and up. You want the Goods, We want the Money.

Come and See and be Convinced.

Remember for 30 Days Only.

The Wolfville Clothing Co., NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER. Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

SKATES.

25c. to \$3.50.

HOCKEY STICKS.

15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.

Starr, Son & Franklin.

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JAN. 6, 1900.

Stand Up for Your Town.

There is a tendency among citizens of small towns to imagine that the stores and enterprises at home are greatly inferior to those found in other places.

Did these chronic grumblers only remember that by this kind of action they were doing not only a great injustice to their neighbors but were injuring their own interests as well?

Of course we do not advocate giving praise to a concern which does not deserve it merely because it is situated in your town, nor do we believe in hushing up discussion of matters needing reform for fear that outsiders will get a bad opinion of the place therefrom.

Programme of Union Services for the Week of Prayer.

Monday, 8th, Subject: "Confession and Thanksgiving." Psalm 51; 1st John, 1: 8-10.

Tuesday, 9th, Subject: "The Church Universal." Ephesians 4: 1-16.

Wednesday, 10th, Subject: "Nations and their Rulers." Psalms 2; Romans, 13: 1-7.

Thursday, 11th, Subject: "Families and Schools." Colossians 3: 12-25 Acts, 2: 17-18.

Friday, 12th, Subject: "Missions (foreign and home)." 1st Tim, 2: 1-12; Matt, 28: 16-20.

Services begin at 7:30. All are cordially invited to attend.

In view of the gravity of the present crisis, and of the wide spread sorrow and suspense caused by the war in South Africa, the Council of the Evangelical Alliance suggests that the first Sunday of the New Year, January 7th, 1900, should be observed universally as a day of humiliation and prayer.

Acadia Forward Movement Fund.

In January of last year the Governors of Acadia College being able to report to the American Baptist Education Society that they had collected one fourth of the subscriptions to the Forward Movement Fund, received through that society one fourth of Mr. Rockefeller's conditional pledge.

During the past year the work of collecting has gone bravely on, and we are now well in sight of the second instalment.

Subscribers in Wolfville and vicinity may send their payments direct to Rev. A. Chubb, Treasurer of the College, Wolfville, Jan. 6th.

Mr. Isaac Shaw, of Weston, is still ill. He has been "hounded up" most of the time for the past year.

Rev. Alfred Chapman and wife spent Christmas with their son, A. H. Chapman, of the Kingsway and Fuller, in St. John, N. B.

To Hunt—That is a routine on a certain amount of ground.

With the Canadian Contingent.

A DIARY OF THE VOYAGE.

Mr. William Regan, of this town, received this week a number of letters from his son who is a member of the first Canadian contingent, now in South Africa.

DEAR PARENTS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS: It will be a week to-morrow since we left Quebec, and I am in good health so far.

On Friday the wind had gone down some but she still rolled considerably, and it was reported that a fellow had died in the hospital, which report proved to be correct, and we buried him that afternoon.

Sudden Death of Hon. L. E. Baker.

The Hon. L. E. Baker, President of the Yarmouth Steamship Co., a member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, and Yarmouth's most philanthropic, generous and enterprising citizen, was found dead in his sleeping berth on a train from New York to Boston, on the last day of the year.

Recruiting for Transvaal.

We understand that Canning as a recruiting station has been a dismal failure and that only one member of the King's Hussars is offered his services in South Africa, and this one is from Wolfville.

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE.

Notice is hereby given that the Assessment Roll for the town of Wolfville, upon which the rates will be levied in and for the said town for the present year 1900, has been filed in the office of the undersigned, the town clerk, and that the said roll is open to the inspection of the ratepayers of the town.

Wanted.

An experienced man is wanted to take charge of a farm, either on a salary or shares. An unscrupulous man is preferred.

WOLFVILLE REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Desirable Properties for Sale:

6. Small Farm at Hanport—15 acres. House 10 rooms, heated by furnace. Stable. Suitable for Summer Tourist or Country Residence.

16. Modern House on Main St.—Nine rooms, Bath room, furnace, hot and cold water. Small garden.

28. "American House" Stables. For further particulars, apply to AVARD V. PINEO, Barrister, Real Estate Agent, etc., Wolfville, N. S. Office in R. E. Harris' Building.

AT THE Wolfville Drug Store

They are Offering a Splendid Line of PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, HAIR BRUSHES and TOILET ARTICLES, SUITABLE FOR NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Also the Best Line of Chocolates in Town.

If the boys all thought we were going to stop, and they were all running about getting their letters ready.

THE "Bell" ORGAN.

There is no better nor more popular cabinet organ in Canada than the "Bell."

THE W. H. JOHNSON CO. LIMITED. Halifax, N. S., & St. John, N. B.

Candy, Fruits, Etc.

MIXTURES, KISSES, FINE FIGS, SWEET ORANGES, DATES AND MALAGA GRAPES.

E. B. Bishop & Son, Opposite Post Office.

FOR SALE. Farm to be sold at a sacrifice.

Cooking Class.

Public Auction.

Wanted.

WOLFVILLE REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

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EVERY DAY IS MERCHANTS' DAY AT C. W. Strong's

Where until the first of the New Year a liberal discount will be given on all Cash Purchases.

Genuine Bargains, No Deception, Call and Prove.

C. W. Strong's THE WHITE

Is made of the Best Material, is Most Accurately Adjusted, has the Handiest Attachments of any Sewing Machine made.

H. PINEO.

Notice of Removal!

R. H. TWEEDELL, Manufacturing Jeweller, &c., &c., has removed to the premises lately occupied by W. S. Wallace, opposite the Royal Hotel.

R. H. Tweedell. "Evangelical Souvenir Emporium."

TO LET.

The cottage adjoining the Episcopal church, recently occupied by Dr. Lawrence. Possession Oct. 1st.

Santa Claus

makes his headquarters at the Wolfville Kaddy Kitchen & Variety Store.

FANCY CANDIES IN ABUNDANCE.

A splendid line of Tinware and other articles. If you do not call before making your Xmas purchases you make a mistake.

Mrs Temple Piers. THE 10 CENT AND VARIETY STORE.

"Earncliffe Gardens."

Fruit Trees for planting in the Spring of 1900. Grow here and imported from Ontario.

BUILDING PLANS.

Please send specifications carefully prepared; estimates if required.

CALLED TO THE FRONT! BY THE RECENT SNOW.

OVERSHOES! LARRIGANS! LUMBERMEN'S RUBBERS! FELT LINED BOOTS! WOOL-LINED SOCKS, &C.

Make yourself comfortable this cold weather by visiting

THE PEOPLE'S SHOE STORE.

N. B. Women's Rubbers from 35c up. Men's Rubbers from 60c up. N. M. Sinclair.

THRIFTY BUYERS DO YOU?

Dress Goods in Foreign Imports. Also Nova Scotia Tweeds in Ladies' wear, the fashion leaders for 1899.

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.—We do not control the output of any of all houses in above, but we do flatter ourselves that when we talk Boots and Shoes with you and show you our stock you will give us credit for having a line of goods unsurpassed for value.

PORT WILLIAMS HOUSE, CHASE, CAMPBELL & Co.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

We will have to make your sittings soon so as to give you TIME TO SEND some PHOTOS TO YOUR FAR-AWAY FRIENDS.

W. W. ROBSON, PHOTOGRAPHER.

FINE CONFECTIONERY FOR CHRISTMAS.

Chocolates, Mixed Candy, Candy Toys, Kisses, Fruits in Oranges, Lemons, Grapes, Dates, Figs, Raisins.

NUTS IN GREAT VARIETY. GIVE ME A CALL.

H. W. DAVISON.

A CHANCE FOR ENTERPRISE.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE PROPERTY is for SALE. This valuable property which can be purchased at a reasonable figure affords a good opening for a man of enterprise.

FOR TERMS APPLY TO AVARD V. PINEO.

Coldwell & Borden,

—DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF— HARD AND SOFT COALS, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

KLINDINGS ALWAYS ON HAND. Telephone No. 7.



LADIES

10



The above in the trade. plain figures.

C. H.

WO

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JAN. 5.

Local and Provincial

The snow falls of last Friday have made good sleighing early times.

The Wolfville Coal and Lumber have our thanks for a very pretty car for 1900.

Art Association will meet at the residence of Mrs. John Harris, day evening next, Jan. 6th.

The Whist Club will meet home of Mrs. Capt. Taylor on Saturday evening, January 6th, at 7:30 o'clock.

The pulpit of the Baptist church occupied last Sunday morning, Trotter and in the evening by Rev. C. White.

Rev. Roderick McKay is expected to occupy the Presbyterian pulpit at Wolfville and Lower Horton on next Sunday.

Sabbath school of King's B. will meet in their rooms on Saturday evening as usual. The meeting will be held for a few weeks past.

Owing to the storm there was a session of Wolfville Division on Saturday evening. Next Monday evening officers for the current quarter installed.

The season up to the first of this was an unusually open one but has really set in this week with blizzards and low temperatures.

The remains of the late W. F. Piers arrived in Wolfville on Friday afternoon express. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mr. E. C. Johnson, Masonic honors. There was a large attendance.

Miss Jessie E. Barnaby, formerly of Wolfville, was married on Christmas at Bridgeport, Alabama, to Mr. C. E. Randall. Miss Barnaby is a Mrs. A. V. Rand, of this town, many friends here who will be glad to hear of her happy nuptials.

Mr. W. F. Fitch, of Virden, Mo. with his oldest son, Charles, a little chap of nearly five years, in Wolfville on Tuesday. Mr. Fitch has been in the West for about six years. We understand he has the general property of that country.

Aberdeen rink is to be open on Saturday evening. The programme of music will be given by the band. The ice is good and as the rinks are good in this there will be a big attendance.

It is expected that the band will be in town every Saturday evening during the winter.

The Wolfville hockey club organized for the season with a view to a committee of management. The members are: J. Edward Hale, I. S. Bont, W. Green, Mr. E. Houtman is secretary and Mr. John Caldwell, secretary and treasurer. The present membership, fifteen, and all interested in the game are invited to band their names either the captain or secretary some members. The members pay fifty cents. The first practice will be at Aberdeen rink on Tuesday evening next. We wish to thank all who have helped.



AT BORDEN'S Real Lamb's Wool Fleece Lined Box Calf LADIES' SKATING BAL. for \$2.00.



Men's Tan and Black Hockey Bals. with or without straps, with or without ankle Supporter.

The above lines are the best value in the trade. All goods marked in plain figures.

C. H. BORDEN. WOLFVILLE.

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JAN. 5, 1900

Local and Provincial.

The snow falls of last Friday and since have made good sleighing and lively times.

The Wolfville Coal and Lumber Co. have our thanks for a very pretty calendar for 1900.

Art Association will meet at the home of Mrs. William Chase to-morrow (Sat.) afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The Whist Club will meet at the residence of Mrs. John Harris, on Monday evening next, Jan. 6th.

The Browning Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Capt. Taylor on Monday evening, January 8th, at 7:30 o'clock.

The pulpit of the Baptist church was occupied last Sunday morning by Dr. Trotter and in the evening by Rev. G. J. C. White.

Rev. Frederick McKay is expected to occupy the Presbyterian pulpits at Wolfville and Lower Horton on next and following Sundays.

Steadfast circle of King's Daughters will meet in their rooms on Saturday evening as usual. The meetings have not been held for a few weeks past.

Owing to the storm there was no session of Wolfville Division on Monday evening. Next Monday evening the officers for the current quarter will be installed.

The season up to the first of the year was an unusually open one but winter has really set in this week with plenty of snow and low temperatures.

The remains of the late W. Temple Piers arrived in Wolfville on Wednesday afternoon express. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon from the residence of Mr. E. C. Johnson, with Masonic honors. There was a large attendance.

Miss Bessie E. Barnaby, formerly of Wolfville, was married on Christmas Day at Bridgeport, Alabama, to Mr. Clarence E. Randall. Miss Barnaby is a sister of Mrs. A. V. Rand, of this town, and has many friends here who will join the Acadian in wishing her every happiness.

Mr. W. F. Fitch, of Virden, Manitoba, with his oldest son, Charlie, a sturdy little chap of nearly five years, arrived in Wolfville on Tuesday. Mr. Fitch is a brother of O. B. Fitch, of this town, and has been in the West for about seventeen years. We understand he has shared in the general prosperity of that country.

Aberdeen rink is to be opened for the season on Saturday evening, when a programme of music will be rendered by the band. The ice is in good condition and as the roads are good it is likely there will be a big attendance. It is expected that the band will be in attendance every Saturday evening during the winter.

The Wolfville hockey club has been reorganized for the season with the following as a committee of management: J. Edward Hales, I. S. Boat, and Albert Green. Mr. E. Hueston is captain and Mr. John Caldwell, secretary and treasurer. The present membership is about fifteen, and all interested in the game are invited to hand their names to either the captain or secretary, and become members. The membership fee is fifty cents. The first practice will take place at Aberdeen rink on Tuesday evening of next week. We wish the club a successful winter's work.

Rev. Mr. MacDonald's Farewell.

A large congregation filled St. Andrew's Presbyterian church last Sunday evening and listened attentively to a very impressive and able farewell sermon from the late pastor, the Rev. P. M. MacDonald, on the text 'Love not the world, neither the things which are in the world.' 1 John 2: 15.

Since Mr. MacDonald took charge of the pastorate of the Presbyterian congregation here and at Grand Pre, a little over three years ago, he and Mrs. MacDonald have made very many warm friends, which are not found only among his own people. With him as pastor the congregation has advanced greatly, and Mr. MacDonald's popularity as a preacher and his influence over his people has increased steadily. The loss sustained in their departure at the present time, is one which the church here feels keenly, and which it will not easily overcome.

Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald left on Monday's express for Pictou. They will spend a few weeks in that town before leaving for Edinburgh, where Mr. MacDonald will pursue a course of study. For their many friends in this community the ACADIAN wishes them bon voyage and safe return.

Metereological Observations

Table with columns for Date, Time, and Weather. Includes data for Dec. 21, 1899-Jan. 2, 1900, and Jan. 1900.

Upper Dike Village.

The recent snow has made good going and our people are busy at sledding.

Miss Edith Henniger, one of Dartmouth's teachers, and her sister, Miss Bessie Henniger, of Canimig, spent a few days here last week.

On Friday evening last a very enjoyable party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Belcher. Crokinole and other amusements occupied the time most pleasantly, and excellent refreshments were served. The lady's prize was won by Miss Vera Ell.

Miss Gilliot, of Granville Ferry, has been visiting here during the past week. Miss McKie, of Halifax, has been visiting in the village for a few days past.

Mr. McDonald, of Shelburne, was visiting at the residence of Mr. A. E. McDonald this week, on his way to Truro where he will attend the Normal School.

A very pleasant party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellis and the Misses Ellis on Wednesday evening. Progressive crokinole was the order. Mr. Sherman Belcher was the winner of the gentleman's prize, and Mrs. C. E. Kingston of the lady's prize.

Married.

McDONALD-MURRAY.-At the Baptist church, Shelburne, N. S., Dec. 25th, 1899, by Rev. Joseph Murray, George T. McDonald and Jessie Elliot, youngest daughter of the officiating clergyman.

R. E. Harris' GROCERY.

150 lbs. Five Roses Flour. 150 lbs. Cross-cut Flour. 1 Car Middlings, F. Flour, Bran, etc.

To arrive This Week. Bought on the lowest market to sell at Bottom Prices. Also on hand

10-Tons Cottonseed. Apples taken in exchange for goods or cash, at Highest Prices.

DENTISTRY. Dr. A. J. McKenna.

Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College. Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville. Telephone No. 43.

Dr. H. Lawrence, DENTIST.

Wolfville, N. S. Office in Vaughn building. Telephone No. 20.

Mme. Andrews, Fine Millinery.

Millinery Parlors--Main Street, Wolfville. Opposite Hotel Central.

Death of William Young.

The death occurred on the 29th inst. of Mr. William Young, of Kentville. As we noted last, Mr. Young had been suffering for some weeks from acute intestinal inflammation. Every effort was made by professional skill to defeat the disease, and it was thought at first with success, as his condition last week appeared to be improving, and it was not until near the end that hopes of his recovery were entirely dispated.

Mr. Young came of an old and historic Nova Scotia family of Scottish descent. His great-grandfather was the widely celebrated "Agricola" (John Young) whose writings so largely and powerfully influenced the agricultural development of the province, and his grand-uncle was the well-known Chief Justice Sir William Young, from whom he inherited considerable property.

He was educated at Rugby, England, and thirteen years ago he came to King's County to study farming with Leander Hunt, ex-M. P. P. Two years later he purchased a valuable farm in the vicinity of Kentville and married Mr. Rand's daughter, Margaret, who survives him, as well as nine children, the issue of the marriage--four boys and five girls. He devoted himself energetically to farming and fruit culture, and on his place there are some superior Clydesdale horses and a herd of valuable Shorthorn cattle.

Mr. Young was a well read man, possessed much originality and force of character, and was well known throughout the province. He took an active interest in all public matters, especially those affecting agricultural and kindred issues, and he was a constant and prominent figure at the meetings and gatherings of the farming community of the district and the province. In politics he was a liberal of the out-and-out free-trade type, and he at all times exemplified the courage of his convictions. Mr. Young was a most enterprising, public spirited and patriotic citizen, ever ready to sacrifice popularity for what he believed to be the public good. It is our opinion that few residents of Kings have had the interests of the county more at heart than he, and certainly there are few who would be more widely missed. The ACADIAN tender its sympathy to the grieving friends.

Sheffield Mills

Over our way the roads are blocked with snow so we could have neither Club nor Division.

The new officers are elected for the Literary Club and it is fairly started for its winter work.

Mr. Cecil Harris, who attends the medical school at Halifax, is at home for his vacation.

Miss Rosa Perry, who has been attending the Normal School, was obliged, on account of her eyes, to return home.

A number of our young availed themselves of the excursion rate to pay a visit to "the Hub."

We would beg to suggest to our town authorities the need of a better snow plow for use on the side-walks. At present the service is very unsatisfactory. The plow instead of removing the snow simply makes a track over it and a very uncertain one at that. The cost of keeping the side-walks clear is quite a large one, but we believe a satisfactory service would cost little if any more.

The death of D. B. Woodworth, Esq. P. for this county, is reported. Mr. Woodworth had been in very poor health for some time, but it was thought was improving, and it was stated that he would leave California for his home here and arrive about the first of the year.

Money to LEND on MORTGAGE--Apply to E. B. Crawley, Solicitor, Wolfville, N. S.

Discount Sale OF FUR GOODS IN

Gentlemen's Caps, Gloves, and Mits. LADIES' Dogskin Jackets, Coon Jackets, Caperines, Collars, Boas, Muffs, Capes and Gloves, at BIG REDUCTIONS.

No Reasonable Offer Refused. Watch this space for Bargains.

GLASGOW HOUSE, O. D. HARRIS.

W. & C. SILVER, HOLLIS ST., - - HALIFAX, N. S. FOR XMAS SELLING:

Every Shelf and Counter Overflowing with the Right Kind of GOODS for HOLIDAY GIFTS.

Tapestry Portieres, heavy fringe, \$ 2.25 pair. Cheville Portieres, 2.95 "

Silk Portieres, from Italy, 13.50 " Silk Sofa Rugs and Ottomans, 1.89 "

Ladies' French Best Capes, \$35.00 now \$26.00. American Marten Muff, 4.00 " 29.50

Sable and Seal Muff, 4.90 " 3.50. Sable and Seal Muff, 6.50 " 4.50

Fine Mink Muffs, 14.00 " 11.75. Stone Marten Muff, 27.00 " 20.00

Sable and Seal Capes, 16.00 " 12.50. Gents' Fur Coats, \$19.50 and \$22.50.

Swiss Embroidered Table Mats, 4s, 6s, 9s, 13s, 20s. Battenburg Lace Squares, 55s, 85s, and \$1.00.

Battenburg Lace Sideboard and Table Covers. Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 36c, and 50c, dozen.

Pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, (4 doz.) 75c, 95c, \$1.10 per box. Ivory Hairpin Boxes, 13s and 17c.

Ivory Parer, 35s. Ivory Cigarette Cases (inlaid) 85c. Ivory and Steel Button Hooks, 23c, 33c, 55c.

Superior French Kid Gloves, 99c.

Are You Interested in TYPEWRITERS?

The EMPIRE is the Best Typewriter that is on the market to-day, and after January 1st, 1900, the price will be raised to Sixty Dollars, owing to the cost of raw material going up as well as their increasing popularity.

Over One Hundred and Fifty now in use in the Canadian Pacific Railroad Offices.

Write us a postal for descriptive circulars, that will explain the whole thing to you, or better still, call and see it for yourself.

Glasgow Music & Jewelry Store, Commercial Palace, Kentville, J. STANLEY ELLIOTT, - - MANAGER

The Prince Royal

For Hard or Soft Coal, Most Popular Stove in the Market. A Full Line of all kinds of Stoves. CALL AND GET PRICES.

L. W. SLEEP.

Until Jan. 1st, 1900, We will continue to sell Crockeryware and Glassware and other Fancy Goods at Merchants' Day Prices.

SPOT CASH PRICES. 44 Piece Tea Set at \$2.50. 97 Piece Dinner and Tea Set at \$5.50.

5 Gal. Best American Oil at \$1.00. Mixed Caddy, 8c. per lb. Corn, Peas and Tomatoes, 1c. a can. 20 lbs. Standard Granulated Sugar, \$1.00. 24 lbs. Brown Sugar, \$1.00, and all other goods in our line at low prices. We want to sell and will sell, if you want to buy for cash.

Dec. 20th, 1899, E. J. PORTER, Wolfville, N. S.

BIG CLEARANCE SALE.

Xmas Goods, TOYS, ETC.

The Balance of Our Stock to be sold at Greatly Reduced Prices.

WOLFVILLE BOOK STORE.

DEC. 23rd, 1899.

We take this opportunity to wish all our friends and Customers a

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

We appreciate the patronage given us in 1899, and hope by increased attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

For Saturday, Dec. 23rd, we offer any Hat in Our Millinery Room for 50c.

One third off the price any Ladies' and Misses' Jackets in stock. Twenty per cent. Discount off Wool Dress Goods, besides a lot of Special Lines marked down for Xmas Eve.

WE WOULD SUGGEST AS A USEFUL PRESENT

A Nice Umbrella, A Pair of Gents' Lined Mocha Gloves, A Fur Muff, A Cashmere Neck Scarf, A Fur Collar, A Stylish Tie, A Silk Tie, A Pair of Braces.

We Have Lots of USEFUL GIFTS At Moderate Prices.

J.D. Chambers

The Coming of Winter Warns you to Attend to Your Eyes

Scientific Testing and Fitting, with years of successful experience, are at your service, with no charge for examination. Do not delay.

FULL LINE of OPTICAL GOODS. OPTICAL DEPARTMENT, HERBIN'S JEWELRY STORE, Wolfville, N. S.

MORRIS CHAIRS -FOR- XMAS PRESENTS.

Select your Frames and Coverings and have them Upholstered to suit you. You could not give anything that would be appreciated more.

HEADQUARTERS FOR XMAS PRESENTS. A. J. WOODMAN.

NOW is the time to Buy RUGS! Great reduction in Prices for the next 30 days.

Some Lines 25 p. c. Discount. Also 10 p. c. Discount for cash on HARNESSES. A full stock of Collars, Robes, Oils, Curry Combs, Etc., always on hand, at

M. REGAN'S. WOLFVILLE.

Why do you look so downcast? What did I hear you say? "Nothing to give to people. On Christmas or New Year's day I will be making presents. Well, now, just think awhile, suppose you look in the glass, dear, and present yourself with a smile. Then make up a bundle of trills and give them away to the past. He owns such a croony junkshop. Where worn-out worries are cast. Just bundle them onto the old year. And let him lug them away. And next give a heart of hope, dear, to the New Year, lithe and gay. And then give praise to the best thing. In the people you meet this year: You may be surprised at the coolness. You'll find if you look, my dear. And when you are balked by the folly. Or faults of the folks you know, Just toss them a bit of your patience. And a word of pity or so.

Scenery of the Canadian North West.

Extract from a letter to a friend in Washington city by Miss Charles Munford, of Vancouver, B. C., now in the Hawaiian Islands. I cannot tell you how charmed I was with the delightful scenery of the Canadian North West. From the shores of Lake Superior until near Vancouver the scenery is perfectly enchanting; and when crossing the Rockies I was almost bewildered by the grandeur and sublimity of lofty mountain peaks, with rising streams and curious looking houses of labour on the banks of rivers and on the mountain slopes. Castle Mountain is almost a world of wonders, and had I not known better I should have supposed it to be a stone castle beginning to crumble in places. The turrets and cannon openings of stone, and the apparent flights of steps leading to the lower story; the great stone domes and natural defences at the base of the rock gave it the appearance of a massive fort, and I could not help peering it with armed warriors. I well describe the name Castle Mountain. I shall return via the C. P. R. for the sake of again seeing the grand scenery. I waited two days in Vancouver, which is a cosmopolitan town, then went on board of the "Lionel," the finest steamer of the line. The captain, formerly a Lieut. in the British army, was very kind and the passengers very agreeable. Books, music, conversation and games made the time pass very pleasantly. In Honolulu the street signs were very odd to us. The wharves were crowded with Japs, Chinese, Portuguese and Hawaiians, half being natives. It was amusing to see the easy way of the business men—never in a hurry and taking every thing for granted. For example: the baggage man from Honolulu by rail is not checked, and our trunks were all night exposed to view of passers by. Imagine such a thing in our country.

Beauty sleep is popularly believed to occur in the hours from 9 p. m. to midnight, when the early dew is falling to refresh the earth, and the coolness of nature tend toward repose. The sleep that comes at those hours is not too deep, and had dreams or nightmares are not induced by indigestion, regarding the even circulation of the blood, and cooling the nerves and tissues with restricted action. Nor is that first sleep so profound that the sleeper suffers from relaxation, and wrinkles form, nor do the weird sisters who are wont to beautify find opportunity to make furrows in the smooth face or thread the silumbrous locks with white. It is as if a rose leaf had curled up in slumber to unfold next morning with the first rays of the sun, a deeper, sweeter pink, fresh with the dew of sleep, and more perfect in every fibre. So with beauty in its first youth. It requires that mysterious strength which comes with the early watches of the night, if it would keep the natural pink flush of health which no cosmetic can imitate and do artist restore.

Moral Geography.

The largest river is Time. The deepest ocean is Death. The most highly civilized country is To-day. The region where no man hath ever set foot is called To-morrow. The region where no living thing hath habitation is called Yesterday. The greatest desert is called Life, and it hath many oases. These are called Hope and Ambition and Love and Home! And of them all the last is the most beautiful. The highest mountain is called Success. Few reach the top save those who watch sharply for the passing of the spirit of the mountain. Opportunity, who carries upward all those who seize hold upon him.

Books.

When I consider what some books have done for the world and what they are doing, how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose homes are hard and cold, kind together distant seas and foreign lands, create new words of beauty, bring down truths from heaven, I give eternal blessing for this gift.—James Freeman Clarke.

Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind that there is scarcely anything too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser who, from being long accustomed to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard is not impossible or improbable.

He-to be sure, there are some pleasant things about a bachelor's life, but then there are times when one longs to possess a being whom he can care for and whom he can call his own! She—Say, if you feel that way why don't you buy a dog? Bill—They ought to send some of the baseball umpires out to Kimberley. Jill—What for? "Why," they've been successful in springing lightning off the diamonds.

TO-SURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bismuth Tablets. All druggists have the solution if it fails to cure. The "Laxative" is a household name.

Wit.

Almost all great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times have been witty. When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much better than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality and religion, ten thousand times better than wit; wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding, caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness,—teaching age, and care and pain to smile,—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men together, and, like the combined force of oil and wine, giving every man a glad heart and shining countenance. Genuineness and innocent wit, like this, is surely the flavour of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter and perfume, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage and to charm his pained steps over the burning marble.—Sydney Smith.

The Montreal Witness says: Talk about Irish disaffection in the British army, evidently manufactured for a purpose, has been promptly silenced by those who are present with the troops. In fact, there is no Irish disaffection, outside a few noisy demagogues, either in the army or anywhere else. There is not an Irishman in the world but he is proud of the fact that the commander-in-chief of the army, Lord Walsley, Field Marshal, Lord Roberts, just appointed to the supreme command in South Africa; Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum, his chief of staff, and General Sir George White, the heroic defender of Ladysmith, are all Irishmen. Like the Irish soldiers serving under them, they are loyal to the core, and with their English and Scotch comrades are fighting together the same as ever for the empire. Such stories as those telegraphed from St. Louis and other American cities, that the Ancient Order of Hibernians is raising a million dollars to equip, arm and transport troops to aid the Boers, are laughed at as pure moonshine by members of the Order in Montreal. There are conclusive reasons for pronouncing all such yarns inventions, chief among which is that the members could not embark on such an enterprise without the consent of their chaplains, and that certainly would not be given, even were it possible for them to raise the money and manage to leave the United States without detection and arrest.

Great English Surgeon.

Mr Frederick Treves, who has gone to South Africa as consulting physician to the British medical corps, is one of the most prominent members of his profession in England. He took with him his own surgical apparatus and two nurses of special experience in his line of work. Mr Treves won for himself a place among the greatest masters of surgical art at an unusually early age. Born at Dorchester in 1853 and educated at Merchant Taylor's school and afterward at the London hospital, he became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1874, proceeding to the fellowship in 1878. In the following year he was appointed to the surgical staff of the London hospital, where also he held the chair of anatomy and later that of surgery. In 1881 he was elected professor of pathology and afterward professor of anatomy at the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1884 he gained the Jacksonian prize of the college for an essay on "Intestinal Obstruction," which has been translated into several European languages. He has written largely and well on many diseases. He has edited a well-known "Manual of Surgery" and he is the author of a work on operative surgery which is one of the modern classics of medical literature. Among his writings are a treatise on physical education and papers, on his favorite recreation of boat sailing. He has been examiner in the universities of Cambridge, Aberdeen and Durham, and at the College of Surgeons.

She Put Them Out of Sight.

A cantankerous old gentleman has had a funny experience. One morning recently he came to the office in a very bad temper, and began "larking it out" of his pretty type writer. "Everything is in confusion on this desk," he said, testily. "It always is," she responded, meekly. "You insist that you don't want any thing disturbed there." "Well, I don't want my papers disturbed; but I don't want this sheet of postage stamps left there." "Where shall I put them?" she inquired, demurely, as she took them up. "Don't ask so many questions," he snapped. "Put them anywhere out of sight." "Very well, sir," she cooed as softly as a dove, and giving them a swipe fore and aft with her pretty red tongue, she stuck the sheet onto his bald head and walked out to seek a new job.

A school teacher received the following note of caution from the anxious mother of one of her pupils: Dear Miss: Please do not push Johnnie too hard for so much of brains is intellect that he ought to be held back a good deal or he will run to lunacy entirely and I do not desire him to be a fool. Please keep him back so as to keep his intellect from getting bigger than his body and to jarring him for life.

THE WHITE RIBBON.

"For God and Home and Native Land." Conducted by the Ladies of the W. C. T. U. OFFICERS. President—Mrs Trotter. Vice-Presidents—Mrs Chambers, Mrs Hemmings. Recording Secretary—Mrs Tingley. Cor. Secretary—Mrs Murray. Treasurer—Mrs Forsythe. Auditor—Mrs Rocco. SUPERINTENDENTS. Evangelistic Work—Mrs Kempton. Literature and Press Work—Mrs Borden and Mrs Randall. Systematic Giving—Mrs Fitch. Flower Mission—Mrs Woodworth. Nativities—Mrs Oakes. Health, Hygiene and Social Party—Mrs Hatch. Mother's Meetings—Mrs Freeman.

Bethlehem.

O little town of Bethlehem! How still we see thee lie! Above the deep and dreamless sleep, Thy courts are all ashy and grey. Yet in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night. For Christ is born of Mary And gathered all above, While mortals sleep the angels keep Their watch of wondering love. O morning stars together Proclaim the holy birth! And praise sing to God the King And peace to men on earth. How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is given; So God imparts to human hearts The blessings of His Heaven. No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in. O Holy Child of Bethlehem! Descend to us, we pray, Cast out our sin and enter in, Be born in us to-day. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell; O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel.

Christmas Giving.

It is a poor sort of charity which gives away only what it does not care to keep. And yet it is foolish to conclude that because a thing is of no value to us, it is useless to others. The toy you used to play with would look as beautiful in the eyes of some child as it did in yours a few years ago. That outgrown winter coat should be warming some chilled little body, instead of being reserved for moth. The little pictures and knick-knacks which have outlived their day as far as your home is concerned, and are packed away, might brighten and beautify some other home which has little in the way of adornment. Perhaps some of you say that you do not think much of this for Christmas giving. And that is just where you make your mistake. For one of the beauties of the Christmastide is that its giving has no sting. Charity loses that shade of meaning which has made it almost an unpleasant word, and is only another name for love. The sensitive pride of that poor widow, who would almost rather starve than take a cent of what she calls "charity," will not be wounded by a ton of coal or a turkey on Christmas day. She will not be hurt if somebody gives her little daughter a half-worn coat, or a pair of shoes, or some toys that have made one child happy without reaching the limit of their usefulness. On Christmas day more than on any day of the year, we realize that we are brothers and sisters, and the false pride so unfitting between children of one Father, is quite forgotten.—Young People's Weekly.

From the New York Examiner.

The first meeting in this city of the New York Anti Slavery League, held at Carnegie Hall last Sunday afternoon, was well attended. It inaugurated the crusade which the league proposes to carry on against the liquor traffic in New York. Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman presided. The Countess Schimmelen made the opening address. She recounted how, from a true understanding of Christ's command "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," she had left her castle and the court life of Denmark for thirty years, and devoted her strength and means to the uplifting and salvation of the poor fishermen on one of the islands of the Baltic, and was now trying to aid, as far as her strength permitted, those who were made homeless and destitute through the drink habit. Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, state superintendent of the League, in a vigorous and inspiring address, defined the objects and methods of the organization. The League was started in Ohio six years ago, and is now organized in thirty-two states and territories. There are now over 6,000 Anti Slavery Leagues in those states, and more than 150 men and women giving their whole time to this work. Before the century ends there will be an organization in every state in the Union. Since the League began its work in New York state last May more than 600 meetings have been held, and more than 100 Leagues have been formed. The methods of work commenced themselves as both a social and business-like, and the work of the League should have the support and co-operation of every patriotic Christian citizen.

A CARD.

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

Scraps for Odd Moments.

"Nop; the dog won't sleep, nothere else but on the back door." "Kind of domestic, ain't he?" Indignant Customer—You don't call that chili sauce, do you? Follie Waiter—It's been on the ice all day, sir. "Everybody is talking about the big corn crop in the west." "That ought to make a lot of red ears." Patience—Our teeth are our best friends, you know. Patience—No wonder we cry when we cut them, then. Minards Liniment Cures Gargot in Cows. The Cook—I do be thinkin' we women should vote. The Chambermaid—Shure, ye fergit ye'd have to live in one place for thirty days. Mrs Pratt (angrily)—Oh, you think you know a lot, don't you? Mr Pratt (calmly)—Well, I ought to, my dear. I've been in the real estate business nearly 80 years. Doctor—Well, my fine little fellow, I was sure those pills I left you would cure you. How did you take them—in water or in cake? Boy—I used them in my popgun. Minards Liniment Cures Diphtheria. "England claims in the Transvaal matter that she is actuated only by philanthropic motives." "Yes; she wants to relieve Oom Paul of the terrible strain of being a ruler." She (condescendingly)—I'm sorry for you, dear, but I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything. The Other She (respectfully)—You couldn't get into 'em, darling. Customer—You sell cracked eggs at half price, do you not? Clerk—Yes; we always make a 50 per cent. reduction on cracked goods. Anything else to-day? "Yes, give me a dollar's worth of cracked wheat. Here's 50 cents." A steamer was stopped in the mouth of the river owing to a dense sea fog. An old lady inquired of the captain the cause of the delay. "Can't see up the river, replied the captain. "But I can see the stars overhead," continued the old lady. "Yes; but until the boilers bust we sin't a-goin' that way."

Minards Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"Pat your tongue out," said the doctor to a 4-year-old child. Little Gilbert protruded the tip of his tongue. "No, no; put it right out," said the doctor. The little fellow shook his head weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes. "I can't, doctor," he ventured at last. "It's fastened onto me."

Minards Liniment Cures Colds.

A Scotch farmer who was a bachelor, and a little past his prime, decided that the best thing he could do was to marry a certain middle aged neighbor of his who did not ask for money. He went, wooed and won, and his estate soon took on an air of greater prosperity. One of the first purchases he made with his wife's money was a horse. When he brought it home he called his wife out to see it. After admiring the animal she said, "Well, Nancy, if it hadna been for my sister, yer wadna had been here." "Jennie," replied Sandy, "if it hadna been for yer sister, ye wadna had been here yet!"

TAKE NOTICE.

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARDS' LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the best of Household Remedies.

W. J. BALCOM.

has secured an Auctioneer's license and is prepared to sell all kinds of Real and Personal Property at a moderate rate. "WAN HOP" LAUNDRY. Removed to old stand in consequence of fire. All work carefully attended to as heretofore. Work taken every day. Satisfaction guaranteed. FONG YOUTOI, Manager. JAS. PURVIS' Marble, Granite & Freestone works, STANNUS ST. WINDSOR. Orders taken for STONE TRIMMINGS FOR BRICK BUILDINGS. Stone cutting of every description. Terms moderate to suit the trade. Designs and prices furnished on application. A. J. Woodman represents the above firm in Wolfville, and will be glad to show designs and quote estimates of all kinds of stone work. WOLFVILLE, Nov. 19th, 1894.

THE ACADIAN'S JOB DEPARTMENT. Is presided over by a Skilful and Tasty Printer, and Fully Equipped for turning out ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING at Short Notice and in First-Class Style. We have a Full Stock of Note Heads, Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Envelopes, Cards, Etc. Remember we do All Kinds of Printing and Guarantee Satisfaction. ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY FILLED. THE ACADIAN JOB PRINT, Wolfville, N. S.

WOLFVILLE TO BOSTON. \$7.50. WOLFVILLE TO BOSTON AND RETURN, \$14.00. THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO., LTD. The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. 2 - TRIPS A WEEK - 2 The Fast and Popular Steel Steamer "BOSTON." The above steamer will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday Evenings after arrival of Express Train from Halifax. Returning leave Lewis' wharf, Boston, every Tuesday, and Friday at 2 P. M. making close connections at Yarmouth with Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railways for all parts of Nova Scotia. Regular mails carried on steamer. Tickets sold to all points in Canada, and to New York, via all rail and Sound Lines. Ask for and see that you get tickets via the Yarmouth Steamship Co. from Yarmouth. For all other information apply to Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central, and Coast By agents, or to W. A. CHASE, Secretary and Treas. Yarmouth, Oct. 28th, 1893. L. E. BAKER, Manager. G. M. VAUGHAN. P. W. WOODMAN.

Wolfville Coal & Lumber Co. General dealers in Hard and Soft Coals, Kindling-Wood, etc. Also Brick, Clayboards, 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. USE EDDY'S BRUSHES. The most durable on the market. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. W. J. BALCOM Livery Stables. First-class teams with all the seasonable equipments. Come one, come all and you shall be used right. Beautiful Double Teams, for special occasions. Telephone No. 41. Office Central Telephone. W. J. BALCOM, PROPRIETOR. Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1894. Fred H. Christie Painter and Paper Hanger. Best attention given to Work Entrusted to us. Orders left at the store of L. W. Stupp will be promptly attended to. PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

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LOOK! There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat 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. 11 APPLES A SPECIALTY. For Export to English Markets. H. Maywright, Meyer & Co. 6 & 7 Cross Lane, London, E.C. Accept and finance consignments of Apples, Hay, Butter, Canned Goods, etc. Guaranteed Highest Market Price with Lowest Charges. Full information from their representative, Dr. DeWitt, of Wolfville. Change in Business. Having purchased the Meat Business recently carried on by Mr O. L. Eagles, the subscriber will be prepared to supply customers with the best of everything in his line. My terms will be in Wolfville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week. T. M. DAVIDSON, Dec. 9th, 1897. DR. E. N. PAYZANT. Will continue the practice of Dentistry as formerly, at his residence near the station, Wolfville. Appointments can be made by letter or at residence. Special fees on lower sets of teeth. March 20th, 1895. 29

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