

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIX.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1899.

No. 7.

THE ACADIAN.
Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.
TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)
CLUBS of five in advance \$4 00.
Local advertising at ten cents per line
for every insertion, unless by special ar-
rangement for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
editor, and payment on insertion advertising
will be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.
The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
on all work turned out.
Every communication from all parts of
the country, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
names of the party writing for the ACADIAN
must invariably accompany the contribu-
tion, although the name may be written
in a fictitious signature.
Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Orders HOURS, 8:00 A. M. to 8:30 P. M.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 9:10
A. M.
Express west close at 9:40 A. M.
Express east close at 3:50 P. M.
Kestville close at 4:40 P. M.
Geo. V. HAND, 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. MURRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R. Bitch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sun-
day school at 2:30 p. m. B. Y. P. U.
preaching on Tuesday evening at 7:30. U.
and Church prayer-meeting on
Thursday evening at 7:30. Woman's Mis-
sionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday
evening at 7:30. Sunday in the month
at the Woman's prayer-meeting on the
third Wednesday of each month at 9:30
p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the
doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday
at 10 a. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.
Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor, St. 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 Wed-
nesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church,
Lever Horton. Public Worship on Sunday
at 11 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E. Donlin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school
at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer Meeting
on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the
week are free and strangers welcomed at
all services.—At Greenwood, preaching
at 11 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer
meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school
at 10 o'clock. Service every Wednesday at 7:30
p. m.

REV. KENNETH O. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storrs, Wardens.
Geo. A. Prat, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.O.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
Rector. Masses 11:00 a. m. the four Sundays 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 1/2 o'clock p. m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. F. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 3:30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Court Hamilton, I. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the first and third
Sundays of each month at 7:30 p. m.

HEADQUARTERS
For Rubber Stamps,
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
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4 acres of land mostly covered with
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MRS. J. B. DAVIDSON.

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Steam Laundry
HALIFAX, N. S. 23
"THE BEST."
Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

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ARE THE MOST SUCCESSFUL!

Their perception of opportunities is the secret of their success. KEEN OBSERVERS will see that NOW is the time to order their FALL and WINTER SUITS, as our

Fall Stock has just arrived, and the first buyers will have a larger stock to pick from than those who wait until later.

WE Have all the latest patterns in ENGLISH, SCOTCH and CANADIAN

Suitings, Overcoatings & Pantings.

You could pick one with your eyes shut and have an article fit for a king.

Call early to avoid the rush.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,

NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.
Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

YOU CAN BUY

Stoves, Stovepipe, Coal Hods, Shovels, Cutlery, Paints,

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN'S.

The Master of the Mine.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.
CHAPTER XII.—Continued.
Never shall I forget that night! Just in the lee of the crippled vessel, under the cloud of white smoke which rose for a moment high above her remaining mast, there was a heaving patch where the boat could float in safety; but beyond it, and nearer to us, the waves rose again in awful created billows whirling and swirling toward the shore. Seen from our point of vantage, the boat seemed a mere cockle-shell; but we saw the tiny specks crowding into it, while the broken water streamed like milk over the vessel's decks and down her shoreward sides.
"God help them!" I cried aloud, and more than one voice echoed my prayer.
The boat pushed off. The under- swell caught her and rushed her along at lightning speed, and in a few moments she reached the broken water. There the wind seemed to smite her

down the path we rushed till we reached the shore. Entering the boat-house, we soon had the boat baled and ready for launching, when I first realized, to my dismay, that we were short-handed, several of my best men being away. But two strong lads from the mine volunteered, and my wife made a third; and so we formed a crew. To every man I gave a cork life-belt, and tied on one myself.

Then, springing to my place in the stern, I urged on my men, as with shouts and yells, scarcely heard amid the roar of the water, they ran the boat into the creek.
Each man knew his place. They urged the boat, bow forward, into the surge, and waded with it, those the furthest from shore wading breast-deep in the waves. Three were beaten back, and I thought the boat would have been crushed to pieces on the beach, but at last she floated—the men leaped in and took their places—the oars smote the boiling surge, and out we crept to sea.

Once fairly afloat, we realized for the first time the strength and fury of the storm. Clouds of flying foam covered us, the strong seas caught the ears and almost tore them from the grasp, and for a time we scarcely seemed to gain a foot of way. But the lads put out their strength, and sheer muscle and bold heroic will conquering at last, the life-boat left the shore.

And now I alone, standing in the stern-sheets, with the steering-rod in my hand, could see what mountainous seas we had to pass before we could reach the doomed vessel, which was now scarcely discernible through the sheet of low-flying spray. As some great wave came near, curling high above us, I cheered on the men, and we met it with a shock like thunder and a rattle of every plank of which the boat was made. More than once the seas made a clean breast over us, but the air-tight compartments and cushions of cork kept us from actually foundering. On we went, with the light of the keddling cast turning from red to reddish-gold behind us, and the mists struck by the new radiance, thinning to seaward; and so, after a fierce tussle with wind and water, we came in full sight of the doomed vessel.

Stuck fast on the cruel reef, her back broken, she was struggling like a crippled bird—lying over, with her decks and funnel inclined toward the shore, and quivering through and through with every blow of the strong metallic waves. A pillar of smoky foam, ever vanishing, ever renewed, hung over her in the air, and from time to time the waters foamed over her weather side, and streamed over the splitting decks.

At first I could discern no sign of life, but as we drew nearer, I saw one or two figures clinging in the rigging, from which many of their comrades had doubtless been washed away. They saw us coming, for one of them waved something white.
"Pull for your lives!" I cried.
"There are men aboard!"
The lads answered me with a cheer, and the boat shot forward to the steady sweep of their united oars till we were within a hundred yards of the steamer.

Then I saw a sight which filled all my soul with fear and pity. Lashed to, or clinging to, the mainmast, was the solitary figure of a woman. I knew her sex by the wild hair falling over her shoulders, and the curious feminine grace of her form, visible through a dark cloak that had been thrown hastily over her shoulders; but her head was drooping and her face hidden, and she did not seem conscious of what was taking place.
I told the men that a woman was there, and though they needed no new incentive to give them strength, their faces grew more animated, and I knew they would have faced fire as well as water in such a cause. In a few minutes more we were close at hand, and falling on the white surge in the vessel's lee.

Then the woman raised her head, and looked in our direction. The men saw her, and gave another cheer, but I could have swooned away in con- sideration. My heart went round. I looked again and again.
Either I was mad, or dreaming, or

the face I gazed upon was that of the love of my boyhood—Madeline Graham!
CHAPTER XIII.
Yes; I knew her in a moment. The lurid light of the tempestuous morning shone full upon her face, and on the clinging dress and cloak, which more expressed than hid her lovely form. Her eyes were wildly fixed, her face pale as death; but in her features there was a splendid self-possession far removed from womanly fear.
Though so many years had passed since we had last met, she was still the same; only taller and more womanly, and even more strongly beautiful than when she had first shed love and rapture on my boyish heart.

She was fastened to the mast by a rope. Her feet were bare, and I saw, to my horror, that all she wore save the great fur cloak was a night-dress of white cotton, reaching to her feet. Her hair fell over her shoulders in loose and dripping folds, descending almost to her waist. Peering more closely, I perceived that her lips were blue, and her form shivering with cold; indeed, it was a miracle that she had not perished in the chill of that crash night.
From that moment I saw nothing but that one figure; all others were blurred and practically unseen. In my wild amazement and eagerness to reach her, I could have sprung into the tossing waves.
The vessel lay sidelong, her decks turned toward the shore; and the fierce billows, striking her seaward side, broke with a thunderous roar and a cloud of spray, and then came surging down the slippery decks in a thin sheet of foam, bellying round the naked foot of the solitary maiden.

We hung off for a minute, to let one great sea go by; then we swept alongside. What followed was more like a dream than waking reality. But with an eager cry I leapt upon the deck, and staggered up toward Madeline Graham.
Twice I slipped to my knees, and was driven back and bruised against the bulwarks; but the third time I succeeded, and, reaching her side, clung to the mast, and gazed into her face.
"Madeline!" I cried.
"Her eyes met mine, but she gave no sign of recognition. It was clear that what I remembered so vividly she had utterly forgotten.
Drawing my clasp-knife, I cut her free, and put my arms around her to bear her back to the boat. The decks heeled and split beneath us; she clung to me, as if in terror. Then I watched my chance, and, raising her bodily in my arms, carried her to the vessel's side, and handed her to the men.
I was about to follow her, when I was attracted by a wild scream, and turning, I perceived the figure of another woman crawling on the deck close to the companion. She was dark-complexioned, like a mulatto, and almost naked. Without a moment's hesitation, I ran to her, and half lifted, half dragged her, to the vessel's side.
I now perceived that we had saved, in addition to the two women, two white seamen and a black man, who afterward turned out to be the ship's cook. I clung to the bulwarks, and looked round, searching for any other signs of life.
"Come, lad, come!" cried my uncle. "Quick! the ship's breaking up!"
I looked at the strange sailors, who sat shivering in the bottom of the life-boat.
"Are there no more souls aboard?" I cried.
"Not one," they answered. All the rest had perished in the long-boat, in the fatal attempt to reach the shore.
There was not a moment to be lost. The vessel was evidently doomed, and every shock of the sea threatened to complete the work of destruction. The black funnel, almost wrenched out of the bursting decks, was leaning over-terribly, and threatening every moment to crash down bodily and destroy the life-boat.
I leapt in, and scrambled to my place in the stern. On the seat close by me was Madeline, her eyes half closed, her neck resting on the gunnel; and at her feet was the colored woman, moaning and crying.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

It was but the work of a moment to strip off my pilot-coat and wrap it round Madeline's half-naked limbs, but while I did so the men cried impatiently, and pushed off.
"Give way, lads!" I cried. "New! Pull for your lives!"
Away we went through the surging sea. Not a minute too soon did we leave the vessel; for ere we were thirty yards away the decks were rent asunder, and the high funnel toppled over and fell like a battering ram upon the bulwarks, which broke like tinder beneath the blow.

With wind and sea to urge us on, we flew shoreward, and the strength of the oarsmen was needed rather to break than to increase our speed. Again and again the great seas rose behind and threatened to engulf us; while gripping the steering-rod I watched them, and guided the brave boat.
At last we approached the shore, and saw a great crowd waiting upon the shingle and swarming upon the cliff. Tossing like a cork upon the waters, we waited our chance, and then, after one high wave had spent itself, and there was a momentary respite of the water's power, I headed the boat's bow for the creek, and we rowed in.

As the keel struck the sands, a dozen men rushed in waist-deep to seize the boat; our men joined them, and then, with a long pull, a strong pull, and a great ringing cheer, the boat was hauled high and dry and we were safe.
My first thought was of Madeline. I lifted her out in my strong arms, and carried her into the shelter of the boat-house. Her face and hands were cold as ice, and she was still swooning. I called out for brandy; and thank God! a man handed me a full flask. Sup- porting her head upon my shoulder, I moistened her lips with the raw spirit, and once more, in my wild anxiety, I breathed her name.

Once more she opened her eyes and looked upon me; still there was no sign whatever of recognition.
She looked wildly round her, saw the rough but kindly faces on every side, and murmured:
"Where am I? Who calls me?"
"You are quite safe," I cried; "safe and among friends."
Again she looked up into my face, as if stupefied. I held the flask to her lips, and she seemed to swallow a little; then a shudder ran through her frame, and she released herself from my hold.
I placed her on one of the wooden seats, and bent over her, tenderly watching her. Gradually I saw the color come back to her cheeks, but very faintly.

"Anita!" she murmured, and looked round as if seeking someone.
The rough fellow, clustering in the boat house, murmured sympathizingly; whispered encomiums on her beauty passed from mouth to mouth. And indeed she looked strangely lovely, even in her desolation—her eyes brightening, her color coming and going, her hair streaming over her shoulders, her neck and arms and feet as white as driven snow.
As her strength and consciousness returned, a new awe fell upon me, and I stood timidly watching her.
She gazed at me again. "Now I understand," she said. "Tell me of the others; are they saved?"
I told her the truth, and again she shuddered, half closing her eyes, as if to shut out the picture of the horrors of the wreck. At that moment some of the life-boat's men appeared, leading with them the colored woman, who, the instant she saw Madeline, sprang toward her and knelt by her side, hysterically sobbing and kissing her hands.

Madeline bent over her and addressed her in some foreign tongue—Portuguese, I afterward discovered. She answered volubly in the same speech. I suspected the truth, that this black

girl was an attendant or waiting maid of some sort, and that Madeline was her mistress.
Turning to one of the rescued sailors, who had now approached and was phlegmatically chewing a quid as if he had just been comfortably landed from a passing boat, I questioned him concerning the lost vessel. She was a large trading steamer, he said, bound from Demerara to the Port of London; her name, the Valparaiso; her captain one John Stetson, a good sailor, who had been killed by the falling of the foremast, and swept overboard. Her passage across the Atlantic had been smooth and pleasant; but the night before she had experienced all the strength of the great gale, and while contending with it had broken her propeller. After that, she had tried to lie to under sail, and had the found sea-room would doubtless have been able to weather the storm; but, as ill-luck would have it, the rocks of Cornwall were right under her lee, and the wind and sea swept her down upon them.

I questioned him concerning that episode of the boat. He explained that two of the boats had been smashed into fragments when the ship first struck. The long-boat remained, and at daybreak, after the captain perished, the first officer, fancying that the ship was doomed, determined to make for shore. All the crew followed him but my informant and two others, who preferred sticking by the steamer to facing certain death. The men, in fact, were mad with fright and drink combined, and for this reason, perhaps, altogether forgot to wait for Madeline, who had gone below.
So the last boat left the ship. It had not gone far when Madeline re- appeared. She would have been swept away but for the assistance of the sailors, who strapped her to the mast as the only chance of safety; and as she stood there terror-stricken, she saw the boat engulfed with all its crew—the same sad sight which we had seen from land.

It turned out, on further question- ing, that Miss Graham was the only passenger, and occupied, with her colored maid, the captain's own cabin. Her father, a rich Demerara planter, had died some months before she took passage, leaving her a great inheri- tance. I had no time to answer for myself the many questions which crowded upon my mind—Why Madeline had come to England? Whether she had relations surviving in the old country? Whether any living person, lover or friend, had the right to protect her? But I looked at her again, and thought how different she was from all the other women I had known, in her queenly grace and warmth of beauty. Beside her, even my cousin Anita would have looked coarse and common.
But there was no time to be lost, if she was to escape the consequences of that night's exposure. She was still dripping wet, and the morning air was bitterly cold.
"You must not stay here," I said, approaching her, "or you will catch your death. Do you think you can ascend the cliff? My aunt's cottage is close by, and I should like to take you there at once."
She rose at once, shivering, and took my arm. Half leading, half support- ing her, I guided her out of the boat-house and up the steep ascent leading to the summit of the crag, my uncle helping her upon the other side. Some of the others followed, leading the colored girl.
It was a steep climb; and before we had gone far we found that her strength was failing her, so were com- pelled to raise her bodily in our arms; but she was light and fragile enough, and, for my own part, I could have carried her like a child.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.
Minards Liment Cures Garget in Cows.

Maltese Cross, Lion Brand.

New Styles. RUBBERS New Lasts. New Toes. New Makes.

At the Wolfville Hat, Clothing, Men's Furnishing and Trunk Store.

ASK FOR THE W. E. SANFORD MFG CO'S CLOTHING.

C. H. BORDEN.

THE ACADIAN. Local and Provincial.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., OCT. 20, 1899.

Local and Provincial. Don't miss hearing the Saxon Chorus...

The weather has been most delightful during the past week.

Mr. E. J. Stubbart, of the Senior class, has been elected editor-in-chief of the Acadia Athenaeum...

Yacht racing at "Minto Cafe." The Yacht and Acadia foot-ball teams...

The pulpit of St. John's church was very acceptably filled last Sunday...

Oysters 50c per qt. at "Minto Cafe." The bridge over the Gasperon river...

The town assembly have issued orders to the tax-payers...

A meeting of the executive committee of the governors of Acadia College...

Delicious Grapes at "Minto Cafe." The congregation of St. John's church...

The pulpit of the Presbyterian church was occupied last Sunday morning...

The winter timetable of the D. A. railway, which went into effect on Monday...

Mr. Thomas MacKerlie, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society...

Mr. Thomas Hutchings, superintendent of young people's work in connection with the Grand Division...

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R. E. Harris' GROCERY.

150 lbs. Five Roses Flour. 150 lbs. Crescent 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 A.

Dr. H. Lawrence, DENTIST. Wolfville, N. S. Office opposite American House. Telephone No. 20.

Mme. Andrews, Fine Millinery. Millinery Parlors—Main Street, Wolfville. Opposite Hotel Central.

Personal Mention. Contributions to this department will be gladly received.

Mr. Arthur Harris left on Tuesday for New Mexico, principally an account of his health.

Miss Lucy Balcom left on Saturday last to visit friends in New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. J. L. McKenna, of Kingston, is spending a few days in town, visiting his son, Dr. J. A. McKenna.

Mr. A. L. Davidson, who has been attending the Dalhousie Law School, is home for the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mr. Charles R. Higgins, formerly of this place, now assistant cashier of the Astoria National bank, at Astoria, Oregon, was married yesterday, at that place, to Miss Maude Warren, daughter of Mr. D. K. Warren, the president of the bank. The ACADIAN extends congratulations.

Acadia's Mock Parliament. The mock parliament in connection with the Athenaeum Society was re-organized at the last meeting.

Members under parole—McFadden, Tingley and Haley. The speech from the throne promises legislation looking to the representation of Canada in the imperial parliament, a reciprocity tariff with Jamaica, Senate reform and a number of other measures.

The opposition will be led by Mr. E. N. Rhodes.

Without doubt the publishers of the FAMILY HERALD and WEEKLY STAR of Montreal, have this year excelled themselves.

Two Handsome Gifts. The author of "In His Steps," the famous religious book, of which over three million copies have now been sold, has been induced to answer, in an article which has been sent to The Ladies' Home Journal, the question which unconsciously comes to the mind after reading his book: "Is this plan practicable in our present daily life?"

After many unsuccessful attempts the first of the series of international yacht races came off on Monday and resulted in a victory for the United States yacht.

In another race on Tuesday the Shamrock lost her top sail and the Columbia went over the course alone, winning the second heat. Another trial was to have been made yesterday.

Married. KINSMAN—MARRING. A. Kinship with on the 11th inst. by Rev. J. B. Dunlop, Frank A. Kinship to L. M. Manning.

Died. DOYLE—At Bath on October 14th, James Doyle, aged 71 years. Cause—At Wolfville, Oct. 16th, Major John Cassel, a native of Queenstown, Ireland, aged 89 years. (Halifax papers please copy.)

Grand Opening & Show Days

LADIES' CLOTH JACKETS AND CAPES

The Latest Styles of the Season.

FURS In Jackets, Capes, Caperines, Ruffs, Etc.

DRESS GOODS, In Veneer Coatings, Box Cloth, Poplins, Serges, Cashmeres.

Men's, Youth's & Boy's Suits.

Our Coats, Reefers and Pants, Men's Furnishings of all kinds, at the Lowest Prices in Town.

GLASGOW HOUSE, O. D. HARRIS.

W. & C. SILVER, HOLLIS ST., - - HALIFAX, N. S.

OUR SPECIAL LINES. For this week French Kid Gloves, Inc., \$5.00, in Fawn Brown and Black.

BEAUTIFUL FEATHER BOAS. In Black and White, Fawn and Drab, \$3.75. BLACK SATEN BLOUSES, corded back and front, new collar, \$1.55.

LADIES' WATERPROOF. With Cape, Silk Lined, in Fawn, Green and Mixture, regular \$10.00 quality, now \$5.50.

CARD.

GROceries, Fruits and Crockery. Also Flour & Meal. AT FAIR PRICES.

E. B. BISHOP & SON. A. R. COLDWELL. G. W. BORDEN.

Coldwell & Borden, HARD AND SOFT COALS,

WOLFVILLE, N. S. KINDLINGS ALWAYS ON HAND. Telephone No. 7.

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.

Bargains in Note Paper and Envelopes

WOLFVILLE BOOKSTORE.

5 Quires Fine Ruled Note Paper for 15c. 500 Fine White Envelopes, 50c. Large Size Letter Tablets, 7c., 8c. and 9c. Note Size Tablets from 2c. to 15c.

The Finest Line of Note and Envelopes, in Fancy Boxes, ever shown here, only 15c., 20c. and 25c. All Goods at correspondingly Low Prices.

ROCKWELL & CO.

NEW DRESS MATERIALS.

NEWEST STYLES AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Our Special is a Heavy, All Wool Navy Serge, 42 inches wide at 45c. per yard; a splendid article for Dresses for the family. Newest Shades in.

BOX CLOTHS, VICUNAS, BROADCLOTHS, POPLINS, CHEVIOTS.

in Suit Lengths. See our Heavy Tweed Suitings, 42 inches wide, at 30c. per yard. Golf Capeings, Curl Cloths, Beavers, Fur and Lamb Trimmings to match. Ladies' and Misses' Jackets, 100 Garments to select from. Prices range from \$3.00 to \$12.00. Order taken for special styles.

Fur Jackets, Caperines, Ruffs, Collars, Fur-Lined Capes.

Ladies heavy Cloth Capes, lined with Kaluga Fur, trimmed with Black Thibet, only \$16.00.

Flannelettes! Wrapperettes!

We put in a stock of 3,000 yards Flannelette before the rise in price. We give you the benefit of the low price. Our 8 cent quality is a beauty, good weight and nearly a yard wide. Cheaper ones in proportion.

Men's and Boy's Fleece Lined, All-Wool Underwear. Men's Heavy Lamb's Wool Shirts and Drawers, 50c. each. Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear, made in Truro from our own wool, the best heavy goods in the market. PERIN'S Guaranteed French Kid Gloves, new Fall Shades. F. D. CORSETS—have you tried them? They FIT WELL, WEAR WELL, and no more price than the poorer kinds.

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.

SHAD and HERRING!

I still have on hand a few Half Barrels of Choice No. 1 Shad! ALSO—CANSO HERRING!

C. W. STRONG. Wolfville, Dec. 29th, 1898.

FOR SALE.

That desirable property owned by J. W. Caldwell, situated on Acadia street. For further particulars, apply to J. W. CALDWELL, Wolfville.

TO LET.

Two desirable dwelling houses, in central location. Vacant October 1st. Apply to JOHN W. BASS, Wolfville.

All Kinds of Job Printing

Promptly Attended to at the Acadian Office.

FARM FOR SALE.

Small Farm—bargain—in the garden of Nova Scotia, on D. A. Ry., near magnificent bathing beach, schools and churches. Apply to R. J. HATHENSON, Meat and Flour Mills, DARTMOUTH, N. S.

FOR SALE!

The house and lot now occupied by Sidney Borden, Port Williams, consisting of 2/3 acre of land set with fruit trees and small fruit. Apply to SIDNEY BORDEN, Port Williams.

Life's Journey.

I've met with a great many people, In jogging o'er life's varied way...

Words From the Heart.

A NOVA SCOTIAN FARMER TELLS HOW HE REGAINED HEALTH.

He Suffered for Years from Kidney Trouble, Sick Headache and Rheumatism—Although Advanced in Life He Has Found a Cure.

At this time we simply give a few facts in connection with the use of Paine's Celery Compound...

Brain Stimulant. According to the Medical Journal, the best possible thing for one to do when too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep as long as possible.

AN APPARENT MYSTERY FULLY EXPLAINED. There are thousands of people in Canada with very limited resources who are always well and healthy dressed, but never in debt for the new dress, costume, cape, jacket, suit or overcoat.

Legends of the Apple. The apple enters more largely into folklore and legend than almost any other fruit.

The annual catch of lobsters along the New England coast fifteen years ago was estimated at about 109,000,000.

A Great Scheme.

"It's only a matter of time," said one of the custom house inspectors, "when the present system of searching people suspected of smuggling will be entirely obsolete.

"No, I am not joking; I am in dead earnest. I am confident that inside the next year or two a special form of apparatus will be perfected that will enable an inspector to take a suspect into a private office and in 30 seconds tell to a certainty whether he has any dutiable articles planted about his person.

FACTS WORTH CONSIDERING.

Paine's Celery Compound Is Your Only Hope if You Would Banish Sickness and Disease.

When a certain distinguished Christian statesman banished when in the twilight of "old age" sneered, he was a victor.

Don't Put the Church to Shame. Why should the church leave her high place and come down into the arena where she will be put to shame?

Perfectly Correct. A young minister, in the course of an eloquent sermon on the pomps and vanities of the world, staggered his congregation by exclaiming:

AN EASY PROPOSITION. Beauty and style without comfort is easily obtainable, comfort without appearance is equally simple.

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.

THE WHITE RIBBON. "For God and Home and Native Land." Conducted by the Ladies of the W. C. T. U.

Scraps for Odd Moments.

"How carefully your wife does watch your health." "Yes; she knows that if I get up a big doctor's bill she won't get a summer trip."

Minards Liniment Cures Diphtheria. Burglar (taking watch from vest)—Ha, ha! Excuse me for taking your time.

Minards Liniment Cures Colds, etc. A candid author, who writes to us from the far west, inclosing a few specimens of his work, says of the latter:

Minards Liniment Cures Distemper. An exchange prints the following marriage ceremony, which was said by a Tennessee agrarian a short time ago:

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Livery Stables.

Until further notice at Central Hotel. First-class teams with all the reasonable equipments. Come one, come all and you shall be used right.

W. J. BALCOM. Proprietor. Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1894.

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.

COLEMAN & CO., HALIFAX, N. S. Largest stock of Ladies' and Gents' Furs in the Province at lowest prices.

WOLFVILLE COAL & LUMBER CO. General dealers in Hard and Soft Coals, Kindling-Wood, etc.

THE BOWKER FERTILIZER CO., Boston, and Haley Bros., St. John.

EDDY'S BRUSHES. The most durable on the market. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

AN EASY PROPOSITION. Beauty and style without comfort is easily obtainable, comfort without appearance is equally simple.

JAS. PURVIS.

Marble, Granite & Freestone works, STANNUS ST. WINDSOR. Orders taken for STONE TRIMMINGS FOR BRICK BUILDINGS.

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THE ACADIAN.

Newest Thing IN Newspaperdom. Every intelligent family in the maritime provinces who can afford two or three a day, a daily paper, with its columns richly laden with the cream of all the news of the world worth knowing.

Twice-a-Week Herald. Has been established. This edition is published on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and consists of 16 pages of 112 columns a week.

WM. DENNIS, Managing Director. Halifax, Sept. 1, 1894.

Fred H. Christie. Painter and Paper Hanger. Best attention given to Work Entrusted to us.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY. "LAND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE. On and after Mon., Oct. 16th, 1894, the Steamship and train services of this Railway will be as follows:

Express for Kentville.....5 35, a.m. Express for Halifax.....9 01, a.m. Express from Yarmouth.....8 22, p.m. Express from Halifax.....5 55, p.m. Accom. "Richmond".....11 30, a.m. Accom. "Annapolis".....11 20, a.m.

Express for Halifax.....5 35, a.m. Express for Yarmouth.....9 01, a.m. Express for Kentville.....8 22, p.m. Express from Halifax.....5 55, p.m. Accom. "Annapolis".....11 40, a.m. Accom. "Halifax".....11 20, a.m.

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THE ACADIAN. Published on FRIDAY at the WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO. TERMS: \$1.00 Per Annum (IN ADVANCE).

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE. Office Hours, 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Mail is made up as follows: For Halifax and Windsor at 6:00 a.m. Express west close at 9:40 a.m. Express east close at 9:50 p.m. Kentville close at 4:40 p.m. G. W. KANE, P.M.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF N.S. Open from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. on Saturday at 1 p.m. G. W. MUMFORD, President.

CHURCHES. BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. H. M. A. Foster, Services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. B. prayer-meeting on Tuesday, 7:45, and Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Following the first Sunday in the month and the Woman's prayer-meeting Wednesday of each month. All seats free. Ladies' Mission Hall, Belleville, at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesdays. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Dunlop, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath school at 10 a.m. Prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m. and on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesdays. St. John's Church—Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Holy days at 9 a.m. and 7 p.m. 7:45 a.m. Service every Wednesday. REV. KENNETH C. HINDS, Pastor. Geo. A. Pitt, Secy.

FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. F. P. Mass 11:00 a.m. the first of each month. Masonic. St. George's Lodge, meets at their Hall on the 1st of each month at 7:45 o'clock. F. A. DICKSON, Secy.

TEMPERANCE. WOLFVILLE DIVISION every Monday evening at 8:00 o'clock. CRYSTAL Band of Hope Temperance Hall every noon at 9:30 o'clock. Forester. Court Blomfield, I. O. Temperance Hall on the Thursdays of each month.

HEADQUARTERS. For Rubber Stencils, and other Stationery Markers! WHOLESALE AND Retail. London Rubber & Stationery Co., HALIFAX, N.S. FOR SALE. Dwelling House of 8 per Gasparus Avenue, 4 acres of land mostly young orchard. For particulars apply to MRS. J. B. GLOE, Steam Laundry, HALIFAX. THE B. Wolfville Agents, I.

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