

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1899.

No. 51.

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 arrangement for standing notices. Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to the insertion.

THE ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction as well as work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics at the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the Acadian must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written under a fictitious signature. Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
General Boxes, 8:00 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:10 a. m.
Express west close at 9:40 a. m.
Express east close at 3:55 p. m.
Keatville close at 6:40 p. m.
Geo. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturdays at 1 p. m.
G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.
BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R. Hinch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. B. Y. F. U. paper-reading on Tuesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday morning the first Sunday in the month at the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3:30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 7:30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. A. MacDonald, M. A., Pastor. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E. Beattie, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. A. M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 p. m. All the services are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, 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 4 p. m. 4th and 6th at 11 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 1:30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector. Robert W. Stone, wardens. Geo. A. Pratt, organist.

REV. FRANCIS (R.O.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, 27, Main Street, in the fourth Sunday of each month.

Masonic.
REV. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meet at their hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 8, of T. M. meet every Monday evening in their hall at 8 o'clock.

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

Foresters.
Great Blomfont, L. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m.

HEADQUARTERS
For Rubber Stamps,
Stencils, National
and other Seals, Sign
Markers!
Wholesale and Retail.
London Rubber Stamp Co.,
HALIFAX, N. S.

FOR SALE.
Dwelling House of 8 rooms, on upper Gasquet Avenue, Outbuildings, and a large lot mostly covered with trees and shrubs.

Particulars apply to
MRS. J. B. DAVISON.

GLOBE
Steam Laundry
HALIFAX, N. S. 25
"THE BEST."
Wholesale Agents, Rockwell & Co.

Don't be an Ostrich!

HERE are buyers who think that by wearing their spring and winter suits through the summer they will save money.

But that doesn't mean YOU, you aren't an ostrich.

In the summer months you can SAVE BOTH FLESH AND MONEY by laying aside your spring clothes and getting a light summer suit, so that when the colder weather comes again you have a good suit of heavier clothing, not a worn out one that you would have had if you had worn it all summer.

See our Styles and Prices.

We have the latest and noblest patterns in light Summer Tweeds and Worsted.

We carry a fine range of Oxford Tweeds, and can make you a Cap like your suit.

We have the largest stock this side of Halifax.

CALL AND SEE US.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,

NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

HEADQUARTERS.....

FOR

Locks
Paints
Lumber
Cement
Shingles
Iron

Knobs
Oils
Laths
Lime
Plaster
Stoves

INDIAN BASKETS & AXE HANDLES,
WILKINSON STEEL PLOWS,
CUTLERY & KITCHEN WARE,
OUR SPECIALTIES.

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN.

Written for the Acadian.

An Revolt.

August breeze slowly quiver,
August breezes slowly ways,
August streams are slowly flowing
Far away!
Farwell, summer! Summer's dreamy days!
August birds are faintly singing,
August lilies brightly blaze,
August shadows shift and linger
Where they stay!
Farwell, summer!
Farwell, summer! Dying day!

The Master of the Mine.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Quite late in the evening I was dazed into the garden—a favorite resort of ours. The sun had sunk, but his slowly fading light was still tinting the quiet place, and the shadows of trees and bushes were still distinct upon the ground.
I had not been here long when I heard the foot I knew, and, turning, I beheld my little friend hastening toward me.

She was pale, but otherwise composed, and said at once,
"Have you heard I am going away?"
I stammered something, I knew not what; it must have been inaudible. I had a sharp, choking sensation, and drooped my looks from hers.
"I have just got a letter from my father. I am to go back home immediately. See!"
So saying, she placed in my hand the small enclosure which she had received from Munster in the morning. Seeing my puzzled look, she exclaimed:
"You may read it."

I did read it, in one quick, painful glance, I remember every word of it now. It was written in a large, bold hand, and ran as follows:
"MY OWN DARLING LITTLE MADIELINE:
I have fallen upon my knees by my bedside, and am passionately kissing the lock of hair I begged from her last night. My heart seems breaking. All the world has grown dark for me to a moment.
To what new trouble is this that I am about to write, now that the one

Prepared as I had been for the blow it did not fall so heavily as it might have done. I struggled with my feelings, and checked down a violent tendency to cry.
She perceived my consternation, and was herself moved. But there was a quick, strange light in her eyes, as if she were contemplating something far away.
"I have prayed many a night that my father would send for me," she said, thoughtfully; "and now he has done so, I scarcely feel glad. I am afraid there is something wrong at home. Shall you be sorry, Hugh, when I go?"
At this open question I broke down utterly, and burst into a violent sob.
She put her hands in mine, and looked earnestly into my face.
"I thought you would be sorry. None of them will miss me so much as you. We have been great friends; I never thought I could be such friends with a boy. I shall tell my father of you, and he will like you, too. Will you kiss me, Hugh, and say good-bye?"
I could not answer for tears; but I put my arms round her neck, and I did kiss her—a pure, true, loving boy's kiss, worth a million of the kisses men buy or steal in the broad world.
My tears moistened her cheek as I did so, but she did not cry herself.
She was altogether calm and superior, bowing down to my boyhood, compassionate and cherishing me; but in all possibility sharing little of my intense personal passion. She was nearer womanhood than I to manhood (girls always are more mature than boys), and she took my worship in gentle state. A Queen, kissed by a loyal subject, could not offer her cheek more royally than little Madeline offered her cheek to me.
Yet her manner was full of strong affection, too. She would miss me, I felt sure.

In the midst of my agony I found words to inquire how soon our dreaded parting was to take place. What was my astonishment to hear that she was to leave Munster's at once.
"There is a ship to sail in two days, and I must go away to Liverpool tomorrow, early in the morning. My poor father! There is something very wrong indeed, and it will be many a week before we meet, though the ship should sail ever so fast."

As I write, recollection darkens, the sun sinks behind the little garden, the little shape fades away, and it is dark night. I seem to remember no more.
But what is this that gleams up before me?
It is the faint grey light of dawn, I have been in a very disturbed sleep, and am awakened by a harsh sound in the distance. It is the sound of carriage-wheels.
I start up; it is daylight.
I hear a hum of voices in the house below. Without awakening any of my companions in the room, I creep to the window, and look out.
How chilly looks the cold damp world outside! How pitiless and cold lie the dew on the leaves all around! I shiver, and my heart aches.
A travelling-carriage stands at the door, and a sleepy-eyed coachman yawns on the box.
Hush! I yonder from the house-orchard comes Mrs. Munster, and by her side the little figure that I love.

The proud spirit is broken this morning, and the little eyes look soft and wet. Madeline elicits to her protest, and goes adieu to the servants, who look around to bid her farewell.
She does not look this way. Does she think at all of the poor friendless boy whose heart she has filled with beauty, and whose eyes are watching her so wildly from the curtained bed room window up above?
The coachman cracks his whip, the horses break into a trot, the little sun leaves out, and waves her handkerchief until the carriage rounds the corner and is hid from view.
Madeline! Little Madeline!
I have fallen upon my knees by my bedside, and am passionately kissing the lock of hair I begged from her last night. My heart seems breaking. All the world has grown dark for me to a moment.
To what new trouble is this that I am about to write, now that the one

star of my life's dawn has faded away?

CHAPTER III.

The prologue over, the drama of my life begins. There is always a prologue of some sort, in which the keynote of life is generally struck for good or evil, pleasure or pain. Mine is the episode of little Madeline. Much of the spirit of what has been told will survive in the events which I am now about to narrate.
Madeline Graham faded at once and forever out of my boyish existence. I neither saw nor heard from her directly; but some months after her arrival in her distant home, there arrived a wonderful parcel, full of dried fruits, nuts, and other foreign edibles, addressed, in the hand I knew, to "Master Hugh Trelawney," at Munster's. My school-mates laughed wildly on its arrival. I tore it open, expecting to find some message in writing, showing me that I was not forgotten. There was not a line. With a somewhat heavy heart, I distributed the more perishable fruits among my school-mates, reserving a very little for myself—for I had no heart to eat. I stored up many of the nuts in my trunk, till they were quite mouldy and rotten. When I was obliged to throw them away, I seemed to cast away at the same moment all my hope of seeing my dear little love again.

No other message—no other gift—ever came; though I wrote, in my round, boyish hand, a little letter of thanks and kind wishes. All grew silent. Little Madeline might be lying in her grave, far over the lonely waters, for aught I knew to the contrary.
I remained at Munster's until I was fourteen. In all these years I never forgot Madeline, never ceased to mention her name every night when I prayed by my bedside, never relinquished the thought of some day sailing across the ocean, and looking on the dear, bright face again.

This intense and solitary passion became, if I may so express it, the secret strength of my life. It brightened the coarse and indigent experience of school-life, filled it with tender and mysterious meanings and associations; it made me inquiring and tender, instead of hard and mean; it determined my tastes in favor of beauty, and made me reverence true womanhood wherever I saw it. In a word, it gave my too commonplace experience just the coloring of romance it needed, and made the dry reality of life bloom with simple poetry, in a dim, roiling light from far away.

What wonder, then, if at fourteen, I found myself reading imaginative books and writing verses—of which early compositions, be certain, Madeline was the chief and never-wearying theme.
I had taken tolerable advantage of Munster's tuition, and was sufficiently well grounded in the details of an ordinary English education. I had, moreover, a smattering of Latin, which in my after struggle for subsistence, turned out very useful. I should have progressed still farther under the care of my schoolmaster, but at this period my father died, and I found myself cast upon the world.

It is not my purpose—it is unnecessary—to enlarge on my own private history, and I shall touch upon it merely in so far as it affects the strange incidents in which I afterward became an actor. Things were at this point when I one morning received the startling intelligence that my father was dead, and that I was left alone in the world. The first feeling which the news produced in me was one of very confused and dubious sorrow. Of late years I had seen very little of my father. Since I had come to Munster's I had been left there, never even going home for my holidays as other boys did. Munster's was my home, and to all intents and purposes Mr. and Mrs. Munster were a father and mother to me. Still, for all that, the knowledge that I had a father in some remote quarter of the globe, who paid for my maintenance, and came to Munster's about once in six or eight months to spend an hour with me, had been a source of some satisfaction, and earned me now, for a short time or at least, to deplore his loss.

There came other and more complicated thoughts. If I had no longer a father to pay for my maintenance, what was to become of me; for, as far as I knew, I had no other relation in the world? Puzzled by these thoughts and seeing no solution to them, I could do nothing but wait in eagerness and dread for what was to follow.
The next morning when I was dressing, Mrs. Munster came into my bedroom and handed me a jacket with a crepe band on the left arm; she also pointed to a cap which she had brought with her, and said—
"You must wear this one now, Hugh."

Then she turned, but her kindly eyes upon me, and kissed my forehead and murmured, "My poor boy."
I ventured to inquire whether I was to see my poor father in his coffin or follow him to the grave. The tears came into the woman's eyes, and she took my hand.
"You will never see him again," she said; "never. He died in America, and was buried before we received the news. But you are a brave boy," she added "and must not grieve. It is sad for you, my dear; but trouble is sure to come, sooner or later. If it comes when one is young, so much the better, for one is better able to bear it."
"Mrs. Munster," I said, piteously, "what is to become of me?"
The good lady shook her head.
"I don't know, my dear," she replied; "your poor father hasn't left you a sixpence.....Hugh?" she added, suddenly, "have you any relations?"
"No," I replied, "not one."
"Are you sure?" she continued.
"Think, my dear."
I did think, but it was of no use. My brain would not conjure up one being to whom I could possibly lay any claim.
"No uncles, or aunts, or cousins?" persisted Mrs. Munster; when suddenly I exclaimed—
"Yes, Mrs. Munster; now I remember, I've got an aunt. At least I had an aunt; but she may be dead, like father."

"Let us hope not," said Mrs. Munster. "Well, my dear, tell me what she is like, and where she is to be found."
"I don't know what she is like," I replied. "I never saw her."
"Never saw her?"
"No; she never came near us; but I've heard father speak about her. She was my mother's sister, and her name is Martha Pendragon, and she lives at Cornwall."
"Martha Pendragon," repeated Mrs. Munster. "Is she married?"
I reflected a moment, and then I remembered having seen letters addressed to "Mrs. Pendragon," by a small steamer as far as Falmouth, and thence by road to St. Gurlott's-on-Sea. I was conducted to the boat by Mr. Munster. On arriving at Falmouth, after an uneventful passage, I was met on board by a rough-looking person, who informed me that he had been deputed by "Mianus Pendragon" to convey me and my belongings to St. Gurlott's.

What manner of man he was I could scarcely tell, beyond realising the fact that he was of tremendous height, that he wore a white beaver hat, and that his figure was wrapped in an enormous frieze coat which reached to his ankles. He gave a glance at me, and then said in a peculiar pipy voice—
"Come, lad, gie's the tip about your boxes, and we'll move on; the mair's got a journey afore us, and we'm best awat be late!"
I moved aft, and pointed out to him my little trunk. He looked at it in much the same way as a giant might look at a pebble, but it quietly under his arm, and moved off again, inviting me to follow. We crossed the gangway, and came on to the quay. Here we found a large van, and a fat, shaggy-looking man rose. The wagon was roofed with black tarpaulin, and on the side was painted, in large white letters,
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.
Minards Liniment Cur-Js Burns, etc.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

cated thoughts. If I had no longer a father to pay for my maintenance, what was to become of me; for, as far as I knew, I had no other relation in the world? Puzzled by these thoughts and seeing no solution to them, I could do nothing but wait in eagerness and dread for what was to follow.
The next morning when I was dressing, Mrs. Munster came into my bedroom and handed me a jacket with a crepe band on the left arm; she also pointed to a cap which she had brought with her, and said—
"You must wear this one now, Hugh."

Then she turned, but her kindly eyes upon me, and kissed my forehead and murmured, "My poor boy."
I ventured to inquire whether I was to see my poor father in his coffin or follow him to the grave. The tears came into the woman's eyes, and she took my hand.
"You will never see him again," she said; "never. He died in America, and was buried before we received the news. But you are a brave boy," she added "and must not grieve. It is sad for you, my dear; but trouble is sure to come, sooner or later. If it comes when one is young, so much the better, for one is better able to bear it."
"Mrs. Munster," I said, piteously, "what is to become of me?"
The good lady shook her head.
"I don't know, my dear," she replied; "your poor father hasn't left you a sixpence.....Hugh?" she added, suddenly, "have you any relations?"
"No," I replied, "not one."
"Are you sure?" she continued.
"Think, my dear."
I did think, but it was of no use. My brain would not conjure up one being to whom I could possibly lay any claim.
"No uncles, or aunts, or cousins?" persisted Mrs. Munster; when suddenly I exclaimed—
"Yes, Mrs. Munster; now I remember, I've got an aunt. At least I had an aunt; but she may be dead, like father."

"Let us hope not," said Mrs. Munster. "Well, my dear, tell me what she is like, and where she is to be found."
"I don't know what she is like," I replied. "I never saw her."
"Never saw her?"
"No; she never came near us; but I've heard father speak about her. She was my mother's sister, and her name is Martha Pendragon, and she lives at Cornwall."
"Martha Pendragon," repeated Mrs. Munster. "Is she married?"
I reflected a moment, and then I remembered having seen letters addressed to "Mrs. Pendragon," by a small steamer as far as Falmouth, and thence by road to St. Gurlott's-on-Sea. I was conducted to the boat by Mr. Munster. On arriving at Falmouth, after an uneventful passage, I was met on board by a rough-looking person, who informed me that he had been deputed by "Mianus Pendragon" to convey me and my belongings to St. Gurlott's.

What manner of man he was I could scarcely tell, beyond realising the fact that he was of tremendous height, that he wore a white beaver hat, and that his figure was wrapped in an enormous frieze coat which reached to his ankles. He gave a glance at me, and then said in a peculiar pipy voice—
"Come, lad, gie's the tip about your boxes, and we'll move on; the mair's got a journey afore us, and we'm best awat be late!"
I moved aft, and pointed out to him my little trunk. He looked at it in much the same way as a giant might look at a pebble, but it quietly under his arm, and moved off again, inviting me to follow. We crossed the gangway, and came on to the quay. Here we found a large van, and a fat, shaggy-looking man rose. The wagon was roofed with black tarpaulin, and on the side was painted, in large white letters,
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.
Minards Liniment Cur-Js Burns, etc.

"It is from your aunt, my dear," she said; then, looking at the letter again, she added: "She is your aunt, I suppose?"
"From Mrs. Pendragon?" I asked.
"Yes," she replied, with a strange smile, "from your Aunt Martha."
I wanted to hear more, but no more came. Mrs. Munster again turned attention to the letter, and began studying it as intently as if she were carefully working out some abstruse mathematical problem. Presently her husband came into the room, and she handed him the letter. My curiosity received a fresh stimulus when I saw him start at sight of it, read it twice and then glance, as I thought, half pityingly at me.

"I suppose it is all right," he said, turning to his wife; "the boy must go." She nodded her head thoughtfully. "It seems a pity, doesn't it, after the education he has had?" she said to her husband; then, turning to me, she added, "Let me see, Hugh, how old are you now?"
I replied that I was fourteen.
"And are you sure you have no other relations except this—this Aunt Martha, as she calls herself?"
I replied that during the last few days I had been racking my brain incessantly on that subject, but without avail.

"Well," she said, "I suppose your Aunt Martha is better than nobody, —she seems a good-natured sort of person, and is quite willing to give you a home; but it seems a pity to take you from school before your education is complete, and if we could find another relation who would let you stay here it would be so much better for you. I will write again to your aunt; she may know of someone, though you do not—your father's relations, for instance; but if she does not—why, the only thing you can do is to go to Cornwall."

I accordingly had to wait a few more days, at the end of which time another letter was received from my mysterious relative. This time it failed to bring with it disgust or amazement, and conveyed only disappointment.
"Your aunt tells me she is your only relative on your mother's side," said Mrs. Munster, "and your father's family she knows nothing about. She has fixed Thursday as the day on which you are to go to her; therefore, my dear child, I see no help for it; you must leave us!"
Thus it was settled. On the Thursday morning I, accompanied by my small stock of luggage, started on my travels, and saw the last of Munster's.

CHAPTER IV.
Munster's was situated in the suburbs of Southampton. It was arranged, therefore, that I should journey by a small steamer as far as Falmouth, and thence by road to St. Gurlott's-on-Sea. I was conducted to the boat by Mr. Munster. On arriving at Falmouth, after an uneventful passage, I was met on board by a rough-looking person, who informed me that he had been deputed by "Mianus Pendragon" to convey me and my belongings to St. Gurlott's.

What manner of man he was I could scarcely tell, beyond realising the fact that he was of tremendous height, that he wore a white beaver hat, and that his figure was wrapped in an enormous frieze coat which reached to his ankles. He gave a glance at me, and then said in a peculiar pipy voice—
"Come, lad, gie's the tip about your boxes, and we'll move on; the mair's got a journey afore us, and we'm best awat be late!"
I moved aft, and pointed out to him my little trunk. He looked at it in much the same way as a giant might look at a pebble, but it quietly under his arm, and moved off again, inviting me to follow. We crossed the gangway, and came on to the quay. Here we found a large van, and a fat, shaggy-looking man rose. The wagon was roofed with black tarpaulin, and on the side was painted, in large white letters,
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.
Minards Liniment Cur-Js Burns, etc.

CHAPTER IV.
Munster's was situated in the suburbs of Southampton. It was arranged, therefore, that I should journey by a small steamer as far as Falmouth, and thence by road to St. Gurlott's-on-Sea. I was conducted to the boat by Mr. Munster. On arriving at Falmouth, after an uneventful passage, I was met on board by a rough-looking person, who informed me that he had been deputed by "Mianus Pendragon" to convey me and my belongings to St. Gurlott's.

What manner of man he was I could scarcely tell, beyond realising the fact that he was of tremendous height, that he wore a white beaver hat, and that his figure was wrapped in an enormous frieze coat which reached to his ankles. He gave a glance at me, and then said in a peculiar pipy voice—
"Come, lad, gie's the tip about your boxes, and we'll move on; the mair's got a journey afore us, and we'm best awat be late!"
I moved aft, and pointed out to him my little trunk. He looked at it in much the same way as a giant might look at a pebble, but it quietly under his arm, and moved off again, inviting me to follow. We crossed the gangway, and came on to the quay. Here we found a large van, and a fat, shaggy-looking man rose. The wagon was roofed with black tarpaulin, and on the side was painted, in large white letters,
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.
Minards Liniment Cur-Js Burns, etc.

CHAPTER IV.
Munster's was situated in the suburbs of Southampton. It was arranged, therefore, that I should journey by a small steamer as far as Falmouth, and thence by road to St. Gurlott's-on-Sea. I was conducted to the boat by Mr. Munster. On arriving at Falmouth, after an uneventful passage, I was met on board by a rough-looking person, who informed me that he had been deputed by "Mianus Pendragon" to convey me and my belongings to St. Gurlott's.

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., AUGUST 25, 1899.

Editorial Notes.

Next week we will publish a report of the meeting of the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces which has been in session at Fredericton during the past week.

The Maritime Board of Trade was in annual session at St. John last week. Very interesting sessions were held and business of considerable importance came before the meeting.

Again the splendid generosity of Wolfville's philanthropic citizens, Mr. J. W. Barnes, has been a most magnificent patron. On Sunday morning of the past week, the annual meeting of the foreign mission meeting of the Baptist convention held in Fredericton, a letter was read from Mr. Barnes, enclosing two cheques of \$3,000 each, with a request that one should be used for foreign and the other for home missions.

Did riches always find their way to such hands as Mr. Barnes' the uneven distribution of wealth would not be the curse which it is regarded to be.

Testimonial to Rev. Isiah Wallace.

DEAR ACADIAN.—While making a friendly call at the home of our old friend the Rev. Isiah Wallace with his son, the esteemed bishop of the Lawrencetown Baptist church, the enclosed communication came to his hands. It will interest his many friends not only in Wolfville but also wherever the ACADIAN is read in the Maritime Provinces and far beyond.

Mr. H. G. Mellick, the young son of our friend, is visiting her parents and expects to return with Mr. Mellick to their home in Emerson, Manitoba, about the first of September.

After three agreeable months with friends in the counties of Colchester, Halifax, Kings and Annapolis, we expect to return to our adopted home in Dorchester, Boston, on the 29th inst.

D. O. PARKER. LAWRENCE TOWN, AUG. 23, 1899.

THE BAPTIST CONVENTION OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Office of Secretary.

DEAR BROTHER.—It affords me pleasure to convey to you the following copy of a resolution passed this morning by the Convention:

On motion of Rev. S. McC. Black D. D., seconded by G. W. Springer, it was resolved—

"That the Convention desire to express its cordial, Christian sympathy with our beloved brother, Rev. Isiah Wallace, in his recent severe illness, and trust, under the blessing of God, his health may be fully restored, and that he may be permitted to continue in the service he has so long loved."

Other brethren, beside the mover and seconder, gave feeling expression to their regard for you and their sympathy with you in your affliction. In all this I myself most heartily join.

Yours very sincerely, HERBERT C. CREED, Secretary of Convention.

Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 21, '99.

The garden party held on the grounds of Mr. Henry Newcombe, Church Street, last Friday evening, was a most pleasant and successful affair.

It was given in aid of the Presbyterian church at Upper Caspary, and the handsome sum of \$121 was realized.

The grounds which are very prettily arranged were well lighted with Chinese lanterns and presented a pretty appearance.

The Wolfville band was in attendance and furnished an excellent programme of music which was much enjoyed.

Prof. Adams also gave a number of concertina solos. Over four hundred persons were present, a large number going from Wolfville.

The dwelling-house with barn and out-buildings and contents, belonging to Mr. Everett Porter, of Coldbrook, was totally destroyed by fire on Friday last.

The fire was occasioned by children playing with matches in a shed. Both Mr and Mrs Porter were absent at the time. Mr Porter's loss is a heavy one as he had no insurance.

Solical response next Monday, August 28th.

Written for the Acadian. A Vision of Mythologues.

Not long since as I travelled through the Realm of Imagination, I became awestruck, and, seeing before me a pleasant hill called "Hill of the Far Prospect," I made haste to get to the top, that I might rest my limbs and refresh mine eyes with the pleasant scenery as well.

The landscape, the fleecy clouds, and the Ocean lit by the setting sun soothed my passions, and ere long sleep sealed my eyelids. I awoke with a start. An old man leaning on a staff stood beside me. "Look before thee, Mythologues," said he, "and tell me what thou seest."

Prompted by curiosity, I looked where he directed. "I see," said I, "a vast plain covered with people. The greater part are stretched out on the ground sunk in deep sleep, but some are awake and seem to be forming into two camps. Over one is unfurled a white banner, over the other, a swarthy one. The men in both camps are most active, and are trying, often vainly, to awake their fellows. Gradually the two camps swarm with life, but in spite of all efforts, nearly one-half of the entire multitude are still slumbering.

About one-half of these are in neither camp, and about half are within the precincts of the white banner. In the camp of the swarthy banner all are awake and active, yet methinks the white banner waves over more warriors eager for the fight."

"These men," said Mentor (for that I perceived by the inscription on his shield, was his name) these men are the three holders in one of the greatest joint-stock companies in Christendom. They are met together to-day to signify their will to the Directors, upon a question which has often agitated them and which is now referred to them for decision. Do you observe aught else that is peculiar?"

"I see," said I, "a blue badge on the breasts of about half of the white camp, half of the swarthy camp, and half of the sleepers. About an equal proportion of either camp and of the sleepers wear a red badge. Here and there I see a warrior without a distinctive mark. Ah! they raise a sudden clamor and rush into the open. Each one is armed with a small ticket. What is the meaning of that, Mentor?"

"That ticket," said my companion, "tho' it seems but a feeble weapon, is mighty enough to dethrone kings, and has done so. So powerful is it that a mere preponderance of these weapons on one side, will determine the victory. What do they know?" he asked.

"They are holding up their weapons to be counted," I answered. "The Whites have a majority of more than ten thousand strong."

"Ah!" said he, "then they have won, and now it only remains for the Directors to give effect to the decision of the shareholders. Close thine eyes, Mythologues. Open them. Now look once again and tell me what thou seest."

"Again," said I, "I see a plain, filled with the same multitude I saw but a moment ago. At first all is confusion, but out of the confusion they are gradually arraying themselves into two camps. This time nearly all take an active part. Very few are indifferent. As before, there are two banners, but now they are a scarlet and a blue one. What may they signify, Mentor?"

"These banners," replied the sage, "are the standards of the two great sections into which the shareholders are divided, as to what shall be the general policy of the corporation. New Directors are shortly to be elected, and the two parties are marshalling their forces for the conflict. The retiring Board, which wears the scarlet badge, disregarded the mandate of the shareholders as expressed by the majority, and gave the decision for the Blacks. Read me the picture further, my son."

"I observe," said I, "that an equal proportion, less than half, of either camp wear a dark badge partly concealed beneath their left arm. But for your mentioning the Blacks I would hardly have noticed the circumstance. Did I say equal proportion? I am wrong. Those of the dusky badge lately belonging to the blue camp are gradually withdrawing themselves from it, and help to swell the numbers of those under the scarlet banner. They make a large force, and an evil and ill-favored set they appear. But why do they all go to the red camp?" I asked.

"Did I not tell thee," said he, "that the Governing Board decided in their favor? It was a matter of life and death with them, and is yet. They support together, and actually they support those who helped them."

"But," said I, "was it not equally a matter of life and death with the Whites?"

"It was, and is," he replied. "But they are only beginning to realize it now. Disunion is their chief characteristic. You see how the black army has swelled the ranks of the Reds. They are now in a great majority over the Blues."

"Yes," said I, "I see it. But is there no remedy? Can a Governing Board go directly contrary to the expressed will of the shareholders, and hope for re-election?"

"There is one remedy," said he, "and only one. Do you observe that small movement near the outer edge of the red camp?"

"Yes," said I, "it is caused by a young man, with a white ribbon on his breast, crossing over to the other camp."

"He'll like such company," said my friend. "Ah! Here an old white-haired man steps over. He lost a son through the work of the Blacks. There came a group of Christian workers. Here comes a small army."

ANOTHER PIANO STORY

Of something the same character as the one we published last week.

The day following the last issue of our last week's advertisement in the Chronicle, we had a visit from a most respectable gentleman who lives in the north end of the city. He said: "I read your story of the man in the country who paid \$275 for a \$150 piano, who thought he was getting a bargain, and as I had an experience somewhat similar less than a year ago, I concluded to come in and tell you about it. If you wish to publish it you may do so as I think the public should be put on their guard against fakirs with similar methods."

"In my case the agent forced his piano into the house while I was away from home. Then he sat around a friend who could play brilliantly, and between the two of them they did the trick. He said the piano was worth \$500, but I finally bought it for \$750. Afterwards I learned of a man who had bought a similar one for \$450."

The moral of this gentleman's story is, that if you want to buy a piano right, you must buy it from respectable people. We do not like to boast about our business methods, but we think that all of our patrons—and they may be found in every town and village of the province—will admit that we have always given them full value for their money."

We are agents for the "Chickering," "Newcomb," and "Mason & Rice," all of which are standard instruments.

The W. H. JOHNSON Co. Ltd. 157 Granville Street.

crossing over to the other camp.

"He'll like such company," said my friend. "Ah! Here an old white-haired man steps over. He lost a son through the work of the Blacks. There came a group of Christian workers. Here comes a small army."

"Mentor," said I, "tell me the meaning of these things."

"Mythologues," he answered, "hast thou not already guessed their meaning? The Joint-Stock Company is the Dominion of Canada. The shareholders are the electors. The Board of Directors are the Government. The first scene thou seest was that of the plebiscite."

"Yes, and the second scene—" said I. "The second scene," he answered, "lies partly in the present and partly in the future. The first part represents the major party as a whole going to the Government side."

"And the second part—" said I. "But I received no answer. My companion had vanished, and I lay with my back to the rock, gazing out upon the azure sea."

Notes of the Big Fair at Halifax. The re-opening of the Prize List for grade cattle has resulted in a great many additional entries.

Great preparations are being made for the representation of the great military spectacle of the Storming of Peiwar Kotal. Sergeant Major Long has his squads of soldiers, upwards of two hundred of them, under special drill so as to make the display thoroughly realistic. The colossal erection is being painted and prepared for erection on the grounds. The singers, many of them the best in the city, are practicing the music for the camp songs in the night scene when the British Army is bivouacking during the truce, which precedes the final action with all its thrilling effect.

The secretary and office staff are kept busy in attending to the many applications for space in all the departments, and distributing advertising matter. Everything is moving forward in a way that would indicate the most popular and successful Fair that has ever been held in Nova Scotia.

The Special Attractions embrace many new and brilliant features that cannot fail to draw a large attendance of sight-seers.

The transportation rates, which place exhibitors in distant sections of the Province from Halifax in practically the same position as the central counties, give the utmost satisfaction and ensure representative exhibits from all parts of the Province.

The Teller. A charming story by the author of David Harum has reached us this week. An unusual subject for romance, the hero, a Bank Teller, falls in love with the daughter of one of the directors, and the plot deals with the difficulties and complications which ensue in an interesting and admirable manner. The story is published by The People Printing Company, Limited, Toronto, and is for sale by all newsdealers, at the low price of 15 cents, or will be sent postpaid by the publishers on receipt of price.

Mrs. Missie Fulton, who has been spending a vacation of some months at her home at Poplarville, Upper Stewiacke, arrived in town last night, and will leave in the morning for Acadia Villa Seminary, Horton Landing, where she is to join Principal Patterson's staff, as teacher of book-keeping and stenography. We wish this talented lady every success, and congratulate the worthy Principal of Acadia Villa on this valuable acquisition to his teaching staff.

Why Suffer? When there is such a good remedy as Nervine for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia in five minutes; toothache in one minute; lame back at one application; headache in a few moments; and all pain just as rapidly. Give it a trial.

A WANT FILLED! NEW GOODS!

We are receiving daily our Spring imports.

OUR REPUTATION FOR CLOSE PRICES WILL BE MAINTAINED.

OUR STOCK OF GOODS will contain many novelties, and intended buyers should scan our adv. from time to time so that they may be assisted in purchasing good goods at close prices.

Port Williams House, CHASE, CAMPBELL & CO.

ROBSON'S Wolfville Photo. Studio

Which was partially burned, has been all Refitted and Opened for business. Mr Robson himself is here EVERY MONDAY & TUESDAY.

Call in and see the rooms and samples of work.

TRY A PAIR! AT THE PEOPLE'S SHOE STORE. WOLFVILLE.

Opposite Telephone Office.

A Sad Death. The death of Miss Florence Benjamin, eldest daughter of Mr Douglas Benjamin of Gasperon, occurred at Mount Hope Lunatic Asylum, on Wednesday last week under particularly sad circumstances.

Miss Benjamin became mentally unbalanced while attending a faith cure institute at Shiloh, Me. She came home under the care of a trained nurse and about three weeks ago was sent to Mt. Hope. On the day above mentioned she in some way obtained possession of a piece of cord which she tied about her neck and ended her existence by tightening it until the breath left the body. She was about 30 years of age. The remains were brought home on Friday evening and the funeral took place on Sunday. The bereaved family have much sympathy in their sad affliction.

H. W. DAVISON. Don't forget that DAVISON'S CRYLON TEAS are clean machine rolled Teas. That alone sells them. Our customers pronounce Royal Java Coffee the best.

GOODS THAT SELL! ARE—Crosse & Blackwell's Fine Mixed Pickles, Pickled Walnuts, Cauliflower, Onions, Chow Chow, &c.

ALSO Preserves, Jams, Marmalades, Mushroom Cat-sap, Bengal Chutney, Olives, Curry Powder, Salad Oils, &c.

The above goods are the purest and best on the market. WE SELL THEM.

Don't forget that DAVISON'S CRYLON TEAS are clean machine rolled Teas. That alone sells them. Our customers pronounce Royal Java Coffee the best.

H. W. DAVISON. August 14, 1899.

WOULD BE PLEASSED TO SEND YOU A CARPET SWEEPER

ON A WEEK'S TRIAL. Full stock of Bissell's Carpet Sweepers just in.

A. J. WOODMAN.

Coldwell & Borden, HARD AND SOFT COALS, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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.

Because of its central location the property is yearly increasing in value and a purchaser now will have every prospect of a margin for profit.

FOR TERMS APPLY TO AVARD V. PINEO.

BUILDING PLANS. Plans and specifications carefully prepared; estimates if required. Apply to GEO. A. PRAT, Wolfville.

FIRST CLASS BOARD. Can be obtained at Rose Cottage. Light, airy rooms, pleasant location, five minutes walk from railway station. Terms moderate. MRS. T. MACKENZIE.

FOR SALE. Five swarms of German bees in Italian Longhorn hives, at about half the regular price. A. L. DAVISON.

TO LET. The store owned by J. W. Vaughan situated in Wolfville, corner of St. and Linden Ave. One of the best business stands in town. Possession at once. Apply to J. W. VAUGHAN or H. W. DAVISON.

Notice to the Public. The subscriber has secured the necessary equipment and is prepared to clear Case-loads, W. Closets, etc., at a reasonable rate, within the town, to the satisfaction of owners. Orders may be left at the ACADIAN office and will receive prompt attention. I am the first to undertake this work in Wolfville and solicit the public patronage.

William Hunt.

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., AUGUST 25, 1899.

Local and Provincial.

The Wolfville Cricket Club received a challenge to play the Kentville Club in September.

The Thomas St. members will be dedicated in St. John during the morning service next.

The tides have been unusual this week. It is said by some have not been higher since "Saxby tide" than on Tuesday.

There has been a great number of tourists in town during the All the hotels have been full guests have been quartered in houses.

The Wolfville foot-ball team re-organized for the season Albert Green, captain. They are practicing every night and good account of themselves in a few days with the

The annual picnic of the Sabbath-school was held on at Starr's Point. The day pleasant as it might have been good time is reported by the

The three masted schooner Capt. Knowlton, arrived on Tuesday with a cargo of 500 tons of coal for the Wolfville schooner Wellman Hall is to arrive in a few days with the

The approaching marriage of Dunslop, of Kentville, to Finney, of Bear River, is the ceremony will take place in the hall on Sept. 15th. It is a graduate of Acadia and friends here.

The musical to be given by Louise Wheatley Cowan in next Friday evening should be a most successful one. She has undertaken a most ambitious task in Wolfville, to make a career in a satisfactory manner. We hope to receive the patronage of the public.

Quite a sensation was created by the arrival in town of some four-in-hand tarsoot Hedges, a wealthy physician, Mass., who with a party of is driving through the Province in the finest style of horse and carriage.

A very pleasant social gathering will be given by the Wolfville Ladies' Aid Society on Monday evening. Progress towards the principal aim of the Society was made by the ladies of the Society.

Money to loan on Mortgages in Wolfville, N. S.



Cheap Sale

OF SHOES!

AT PRICES FROM 25 CENTS TO \$3.50,

Marked away down.

Have you seen our Bargain Counter?

These goods must be sold.

C. H. BORDEN.

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., AUGUST 25, 1899.

Local and Provincial.

The Wolfville Cricket Club have received a challenge to play a game with the Kentville Club in September.

The Thomas Tuzo memorial window will be dedicated in St. John's church during the morning service on Sunday next.

The tides have been unusually high this week. It is said by some that they have not been higher since the famous "Barby tide" than on Tuesday night.

There has been a great influx of tourists into town during the past week. All the hotels have been full, and many guests have been quartered at private houses.

The Wolfville foot-ball team has been re-organized for the season with Mr. Albert Green, captain. The boys are practicing every night and will give a good account of themselves later on.

The annual picnic of the Presbyterian Sabbath-school was held on Wednesday at Starr's Point. The day was not as pleasant as it might have been, but a good time is reported by those who attended.

The Methodist Sabbath-school held its annual picnic at Starr's Point on Tuesday instead of at Berwick as was intended. The day was a pleasant one and a most enjoyable time was had by the young people.

The three masted schooner Adela, Capt. Knowlton, arrived on Tuesday from New York with a cargo of 372 tons hard coal for the Wolfville Coal Co. The schooner Wilmore Hall is expected to arrive in a few days with a smaller cargo.

The approaching marriage of Mr. A. E. Dunlop, of Kentville, to Miss N. A. Phinney, of Bear River, is announced. The ceremony will take place at the bride's home on Sept. 13th. Mr. Dunlop is a graduate of Acadia and has many friends here.

The musical to be given by Miss Louise Wheatley Cowan in College Hall next Friday evening should draw a full house. Miss Cowan has a host of flattering testimonials from well-known musicians as to her musical abilities. She will be assisted by a number of first-class performers.

We would call the attention of citizens of Wolfville to the advertisement of Mr. William Hall, in another column. Mr. Hall has undertaken a work that is much needed in Wolfville, which he intends to carry on in a systematic and satisfactory manner. We hope he may receive the patronage and support of the public.

Quite a sensation was created yesterday by the arrival in town of the handsome four-in-hand turnout of Dr. S. E. Blodgett, a wealthy physician of Lincoln, Mass., who with a party of eight friends is driving through the Province. He has four handsome matched bays harness in the finest style to a buckboard wagon. The horses stand sixteen hands and are handsome animals.

A very pleasant social gathering took place at the pretty residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Tabor, Highland avenue, on Monday evening. Progressive Crokinola was the principal amusement. Miss Lou Dalton won the lady's prize, and Mr. Crowe, of Truro, the gentleman's. Delightful refreshments were served, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. and Mrs. Tabor are most cordial entertainers.

Big Apple Production.

A London commission firm sends out the following apple report: Crops will be from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. larger this season than last, according to localities. In New York state I find the yield will fall below last year's average, especially for early kinds, but the other states will have crops considerably heavier. Missouri, for instance, will ship enormous quantities of late varieties, such as Ben Davis, etc., and California will supply the English markets with a larger quantity of Newport Pippins (in bushel boxes) this season than ever before.

In Ontario I found the fruit of fine quality, being clear and spotless; grow, as they say they never saw the apples as pretty. The impression throughout the province is that the fruit will bulk up in packing, and the export quantity prove an increase of fully 50 per cent. over last season's shipments.

Nova Scotia.—From statistics gathered from Kings, Annapolis and Hants counties, I learn that a good crop is expected, probably three quarters of an average; it is estimated that there will be 400,000 barrels shipped from Halifax this season, against about 250,000 barrels last season.

Mr Herbin's Book.

The August number of The Canadian Magazine refers to Mr Herbin's latest book, of which reference was made in a late issue of the ACADIAN, in the following flattering terms:

"The Marshlands," by J. H. Frederic Herbin, is a remarkably fine collection of descriptive poems and sonnets. The author has studied poetry-making and mastered the art in its details. He has perhaps fallen into the error of following too closely in the path mapped out by Robert, Curran and Rand. Tatnam, Blomfield, Fundy, Grand Pre, and the expulsion of the Acadians, are his main themes. Here is the keynote:

Oh, dykes that are mourning a nation, That laid you and lifted you high; Ye fields with your old lamentations, And the grief that shall live with the sky.

It is an open question if even a just grief may not be made ludicrous by excessive lamentation. But Mr Herbin is a poet.

Gaspereau Gossip.

The Baptist congregation of this place are to be congratulated on having one of the most pretty and modern parsonages to be found anywhere. The building is now fresh from the artistic hands of Wolfville's talented painter, Mr. F. H. Christie, and is decidedly an ornament to the village. The building committee who certainly have exhibited rare good judgement in this enterprise, express themselves as delighted with the workmanship and fitness displayed by the contractor, Messrs Chappell Bros., of Windsor, and undoubtedly the satisfaction which these builders have given to the congregation in carrying out their contract will be a valuable advertisement to them in this vicinity. The dwelling is now ready for use, and Pastor Spidell will occupy it as soon as the carpets and curtains, which have been ordered from St. John, come to hand.

The remains of Miss Florence Bestja, who was interred last Sunday afternoon, The Rev. Mr Spidell officiated and delivered an extremely impressive and eloquent sermon. The very large number which attended the last sad rites, testified to the esteem in which the deceased was held and the sympathy for the bereaved family.

The store and warehouse of Mr E. A. Davison have been very tastefully painted. Mr F. H. Christie administered the pigment.

Dyke Feed For Sale.

4 Cows' feed on Dyke in front of Station to let. Cows can be turned in at once.

Apply to R. E. HARRIS.

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.

Japanese Goods

LUNCH BASKETS, "Just the thing for picnics."

WASTE PAPER & LAUNDRY BASKETS,

FANCY WORK BASKETS, TRAYS,

JAPANESE PAPER & SILK FANS,

GRASS MATTINGS

and clean, 20 pieces to choose from.

Japanese and Oriental FLOOR SQUARES & RUGS.

GLASGOW HOUSE. * O. D. HARRIS.

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. While thanking the public for patronage received would respectfully solicit a continuance of same.

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

DENTISTRY. Dr. C. PERCY HEALES, Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery. (Graduate of Philadelphia School of Anatomy) Office: at residence, Main St.

ALMOST GIVEN AWAY!!! CLOSING SALE!

G. W. BURRELL has manufactured a number of ladies' fall Suits and Skirts. These must now be sold at any price.

Beautiful fitting Oxford Homespun Skirt, \$3.75 and \$4.65. Perfect fitting Blue Serge Suits, with Coat lined with Silk, big snap, \$9.75. Oxford Tweed Suit 9.75.

Men's suits at away down prices. Black Worsted suits from \$15.00. Tweed suits at a price.

GOOD BARGAINS and UP-TO-DATE FIT and STYLE.

Come in and look through. This business must be closed in about six weeks. I have a large range of choice imported Pantings in stock, also some splendid imported Scotch Tweeds.

Yes, there ARE other SARSAPARILLAS BUT RAND'S Leads them all, and only 50 cents.

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY Is the place you are looking for. If you want Stoves or Stove Fittings, Coal Hods, Ash Sieves, Shovels, Pokers, &c., the best place to buy is at

L. W. SLEEP'S.

A full stock of General Hardware always on hand. We make a specialty of Plumbing and Furnace Work

SPRING GOODS

NOW ARRIVING AT *WOLFVILLE BOOKSTORE.*

NEW ROOM PAPER! Extra large stock, prices away down.

Fishing Tackle, Base Ball Goods, etc.

BICYCLES! The Massey-Harris leads them all. See our '99 samples. Other makes from \$30.00 upwards.

ROCKWELL & CO.

OPENING THIS WEEK.

NEW FLANNELETTES, NEW WHITE SHAKER, NEW CASHMERE HOSIERY, NEW UNDERWEAR,

NEW AMERICAN GOLF HATS.

NEW RIBBONS, NEW WORKING SILKS, all shades, in Filo, Twisted Embroidery, Rope Silk.

New Styles in Neckware.

New Valenciennes Laces, New Bias Corded Velvet Bindings.

Remnants and Odds and Ends of Summer Goods clearing at Low Prices.

Agents Wanted. For Kings County, by one of the best known Life Assurance Companies. Very liberal terms. First class chance for young man of push and ability. Address: MANAGER, "ACADIAN" OFFICE, July 15, 1899.

Chambers

GREAT HARM!!

is done by using the eyes if they pain you Save trouble by having them tested at once

A FULL LINE OF GOLD GLASSES IN STOCK!

The latest and finest thing in Rimless Spectacles and Eye-glasses.

Wolfville Jewelry Store, J. F. HERBIN.

JAS. PURVIS' Marble, Granite & Free-stone works, STANNUS ST. WINDSOR.

Orders taken for STONE TRIMMINGS FOR BRICK BUILDINGS. Stone cutting of every description. Terms moderate to suit the hard times. Designs and prices furnished on application.

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

FOR SALE! The house and lot now occupied by Sidney Borden, Fort Williams, consisting of 1/2 acre of land set with fruit trees and small fruit. Apply to SIDNEY BORDEN, Fort Williams.

DR. BARSS, Residence at Mr Knowles', Cor. Acadia street and Highland avenue; Office over F. J. Porter's store. Office Hours: 10-11, a. m.; 2-3, p. m. Telephone at residence, No. 38.

Which One? Some day, two, who are climbing together... The pathway steep to heights above...

A Message to Garcia. In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars in perihelion.

What to do! Someone said to the President: "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan who will find Garcia for you if anybody can."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the inability of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go and do the task? On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Corrogi is indexed under the C's, and not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say "Never mind," and go and look it up yourself.

Can such a man write a letter to Garcia? "You see that bookkeeper?" said the foreman to me in a large factory. "Yes, what about him?"

stant weeding out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is expressing him or intending to oppress him.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-stammering, I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it; nothing but bare board and clothes.

A WOMAN'S SUFFERING. Was Troubled With Palpitation of the Heart, Extreme Weakness and Nervous Headaches.

In the little hamlet of Montrose, Welland County, resides a lady who gives much praise to the curative power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

At the meeting of Feb. 16th, a letter was read from Mrs. Black, Prov. Supt. of Systematic and Proportionate Giving, saying it had been suggested that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Women's Crusade be celebrated by a thank offering of one cent for each year, the proceeds of which shall be applied to the Memorial Fund which was established in 1896 for the purpose of raising a fund for the relief of the poor.

On May 11th a letter was read from Mrs. Forster, Prov. Supt. of the World's Missionary Department, referring to the work of Mrs. Large in Japan, and asking the Union to contribute five cents per member towards her support.

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 attendant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation.

THE WHITE RIBBON.

"For God and Home and Native Land." Conducted by the Ladies of the W. O. T. U.

President—Mrs Trotter. Vice-Presidents—Mrs Hemmelen, Mrs Chambers. Vice-Pres. at Large—Mrs Jones.

During the year twenty meetings have been held, of which five were Mothers Meetings and one was devoted to the department of Health, Heredity and Social Parity.

The Mother's Meeting of Dec. 9th was held at the home of Mrs. Rossop, who kindly opened her rooms to us. On December 22nd, by request of the Provincial Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Caldwell was appointed to send her items of interest concerning our work for insertion in the Women's Journal.

A WOMAN'S SUFFERING. Was Troubled With Palpitation of the Heart, Extreme Weakness and Nervous Headaches.

In the little hamlet of Montrose, Welland County, resides a lady who gives much praise to the curative power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

At the meeting of April 18th a letter was read from Mrs. Whitman, asking the Union to contribute towards an operating table for a hospital for fishermen and sailors, and \$100 was sent. At this meeting, Mrs. J. M. N. Stevens, our new national president, was read.

On June 8th a letter was read from Mrs. Mary Paul, stating that her husband, a Methodist minister of the Ontario Conference, has been in poor health for some time and was compelled to resign his pastoral work, and she is obliged to earn the living—being so by making aprons and handkerchiefs and asking us to help her by selling her work for her.

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 attendant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation.

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.

"WAB NOP" LAUNDRY.

Removed to old stand in consequence of fire. All work carefully attended to as heretofore. Work taken every day. Satisfaction guaranteed.

LOOK!

There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat-store in Crystal Palace Block I.

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

EVANGELINE HOUSE, LONG ISLAND.

The proprietor has decided to open his new and commodious house at Long Island to summer visitors. Every attention will be paid to guests and no trouble spared to provide for their comfort.

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.

Mrs. Patricius, respectively. We have gained four members during the year: Mrs. Barberie, Mrs. Chipman, Mrs. P. M. MacDonald, and Mrs. H. Davison.

FOUGHT DEATH SUCCESSFULLY.

Users of Paine's Celery Compound never suffer disappointment. The great medicine at all times and all circumstances brings to all sufferers relief and a permanent cure.

Paine's Celery Compound Saves a Little Girl's Life.

Users of Paine's Celery Compound never suffer disappointment. The great medicine at all times and all circumstances brings to all sufferers relief and a permanent cure.

Oxford and Serge SUITINGS, Silk Lined \$16.50.

Samples of our work can be seen in the Ladies' Department, 235 Barrington St.

H. LETHBRIDGE. Ladies and Gentlemen's Tailor, HALIFAX.

I WAS CURED OF Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

I WAS CURED OF Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

I WAS CURED OF Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

"Money" said the Corried Philosopher, "is like ice; the hotter the time, the sooner it is gone."

Minard's Liniment Cures Bandwag, Dolly—My cheeks are all on fire. Her Best Friend—I thought I smelt burning hair!

Hello! Horsemen and Farmers!

Having one of the best Harness Stores in the Province, I am prepared to give you Horse Goods of all kinds, consisting of Harness, Rugs, Rabat, Whips, Collars, Oils, Brushes, Combs, &c.

Wolfville, Oct. 14th, 1897.

Torbrook 28613 Myrtleton 9577 Red Wilkes 1794 Myrtle 2.25

Nubietta Nutwood 600, 2.18 Bonnie Wilkes 2.25

Torbrook bay horse foaled 1893, 16 h. 1 in. high, 1100 lbs. standard bred Will registered, none better bred, a perfect individual, having size, style and speed, and will bear inspection.

Nubietta, by Nutwood 2.18 sire of and 105 others.

Grad dam Bonnie Wilkes, by George Wilkes, to her credit Bon Bon, 2.26; Bonnie Nutwood, 2.24; Bonnie Bon, 2.29; and Bonnie June.

F. W. Steadman, Spruce Bank Stock Farm, KENTVILLE.

If you intend purchasing a FUR COAT! Or any other Stylish Fur Garment get prices from

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.

USE EDDY'S BRUSHES, The most durable on the market.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

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.

Eggs for Hatching.

From the following varieties: B. P. Rocks, Golden, Silver and White Wyandottes, Black Minoras, Provincial Exhibition, 1898, on 23 entries, we won 21 prizes, winning 1st prize on each variety entered, competing against birds from N. B., P. E. I., and N. S.

Fred H. Christie Painter and Paper Hanger.

Best attention given to Work Entrusted to us. Orders left at the store of L. W. Sleep will be promptly attended to.

Destiny Changed.

The "Slater Shoe" is closely watched during the process of manufacture. Every shoe undergoes a careful examination after leaving the hands of each operator.

The slightest flaw in the leather or workmanship—a stitch missed—a slip of the knife, only discernible to an expert, condemns the shoe that started toward the "Slater" goal to the ordinary.

nameless, unwarranted army of footwear sold to whoever will buy them.

The "Slater Shoe" is made in twelve shapes, all leathers, colors, widths, sizes and styles. Every pair Goodyear Welted, name and price stamped on the soles.

\$3.50 and \$5.00.

C. H. Borden, Sole Local Agent.

THE Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED)

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

THE QUICKEST TIME, 15 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston!

4 - TRIPS A WEEK - 4

The Fast and Popular Steel Steamer "BOSTON"

COMMENCING July 1st one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every

Tuesday, Wednesday Friday and Saturday Evenings

after arrival of Express Train from Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis' wharf, Boston, every

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 2 P. M.

making close connections at Yarmouth with Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railways for all parts of Nova Scotia.

This is the fastest steamer plying between Nova Scotia and the United States and forms the most pleasant route between above points, combining safety, comfort and speed.

Regular mails carried on steamer. Tickets sold to all points in Canada, via Canadian Pacific or Central Vermont and Boston and Albany, Rye, and to New York via Fall River Line, Stuntings Line, New England and Boston and Albany Rye.

For all other information apply to Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central, and Coast by agent, or to W. A. CHASE, L. E. BAKER, Secretary and Treas. Manager

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

"LAND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE. On and after Mon. July 3rd, 1899, the Steamship and train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Express from Kentville..... 5.30, a.m. Express "Halifax"..... 8.59, a.m. "Flying Bluenose" from H.Z..... 10.53, a.m. Express from Yarmouth..... 3.10, p.m. "Flying Bluenose" from Yar..... 12.55, p.m. Express from Halifax..... 6.02, p.m. Accom. "Richmond"..... 11.40, a.m. Accom. "Annapolis"..... 11.30, a.m.

Express for Halifax..... 5.30, a.m. Express "Yarmouth"..... 8.59, a.m. "Flying Bluenose" for Yar..... 10.53, a.m. Accom. "Richmond"..... 11.40, a.m. Express for Kentville..... 11.50, a.m. Accom. "Halifax"..... 11.40, a.m. Royal Mail S. S. Prince George & Prince Arthur. 2400 gross tonnage, 7000 horse power. Poston Service.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston, leaves Yarmouth, arriving in Boston early next morning. Retaining, Leavay Long Wharf, Boston, N.S.

DAILY, (Sunday excepted) immediately on arrival of Express Trains DAILY, (Sunday excepted) at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Express Trains.

Steamship Prince Edward, 1420 gross tonnage, 3200 horse power. St. John and Boston. DIRECT SERVICE. Leaves St. John, Mon. 5.30 p. m.; Thurs. 5.30 p. m. Leaves Boston, Sat. 4.00 p. m.; Wed. 11.00 a. m.

Royal Mail steamship Prince Rupert, 1200 gross tonnage, 3000 horse power. St. John and Digby. DAILY SERVICE. Leaves St. John, 7.00 a. m., arrive in Digby 9.30 a. m.; arrive Digby 2.00 p. m., arrive St. John 4.30 p. m.

S. S. Evangelina makes daily trips between Kingsport and Parrsboro. Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on "Flying Bluenose" Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth. Trains and Steamers are run on Eastern Standard time.

P. GIFFENS, Superintendent. R. S. CAMPBELL, Secretary, Kentville, N. S.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

Trade Marks, Designs, Copyrights &c. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York.

Change in Business. Having purchased the Most 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.

GLOBE Steam Laundry

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

FOR SALE. Dwelling House of 8 rooms, on Gasparan Avenue, Oakbuilt & some of the most costly covered porch orchard.

For particulars apply to MRS J. B. DAVISON

Change in Business. Having purchased the Most 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. DAVISON, Dec. 9th, 1897.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S.

TERMS: \$1.00 Per Annum. (IN ADVANCE) CLUBS OF five in advance \$4.00.

Local advertising at very low rates for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Advertisements for the sale of real estate, and payment on transit and advertising are guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction in all work turned out.

Every communication from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the Acadian will invariably accompany the communication, although the name may be written in fictitious signatures.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE. Office Hours, 8.00 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. Single rates made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.10 a.m. Express west close at 9.40 a.m. Express east close at 3.30 p.m. Esteville close at 6.40 p.m. GEO. V. BARR, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX. Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m. G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches. EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. Hugh R. Laid, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, morning at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. R. F. U. U. S. Convention on Tuesday evening at 7.30, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday morning the first Sunday in the month at the Women's prayer-meeting on the last Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p. m. All saints' feasts. Usuals at the usual times welcome strangers.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

UNITED METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.

WESLEYAN CHURCH—Rev. J. J. Doolan, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All welcome.