

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, APRIL 20, 1900.

No. 32.

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 the standing notices.

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Wolfville, March 23, 1890.

HER SECOND LOVE.

When Ephraim Winter, in the language of the residents of Barclay, went back on Rhoda Bowden, every one, Rhoda herself included, thought he had broken her heart. With commendable pride the devoted one per on a brave front and went to "meeting" the Sunday that Ephraim appeared for the first time with his city heels. Every one was disappointed in their eagerness to see the bride and equally anxious to see "how Rhody took it." It would have amazed those simple folk could they have known that with her first look at her successful rival Rhoda lost her heart. Not to the somewhat overplump Mrs. Winter, however, but to the black lace shawl about her ample form. It was the first one that had appeared in Barclay, and while all admired, it impressed so one else with its beauty as it did Rhoda. She stole furtive but frequent glances at it all through the service, and when on leaving the church a friend asked her, "What do you think of the bride?" Rhoda answered absently, "What 'd you s'pose it cost?"

She learned to her sorrow at the next Dorcas society, for Mrs. Winter was careful that all present should know that "pa paid \$75 for it."

Seventy-five dollars! That was a fortune in itself to poor Rhoda, but she determined nevertheless that some day and somehow she would have that sum to expend on a lace shawl for her own adornment. How this was to be accomplished was indeed a serious problem. She and her mother had set up a small notion store in the front room of their little house and from the sale of thread, needles and such small wares managed to make a bare living. But out of this scant income Rhoda contrived to save a very little each month by putting an occasional penny aside.

Rhoda was 35 when the lace shawl came into her life and still comely and attractive. There were many who would gladly have taken the place of the fickle Ephraim, but, knowing that none of the thirty bachelors and widowers who sought her hand could be persuaded into the extravagance of buying her a \$75 cloak, much less a garment whose sole use was ornamental. Rhoda resolved to remain single and accomplish her aim in life, which was to possess a shawl like that of Ephraim Winter's wife.

She became miserly to the last degree, denied herself some of the very necessities of life and her only pleasure was to go to church or other gatherings where she might feast her eyes on the object of her dreams. All through divine service she traced and retraced every design in the intricate pattern of the shawl, until she had only to close her eyes at any time during the week and every thread and mesh appeared before her. Fashions change slowly in small towns, and Mrs. Winter wore the coveted lace shawl year in and year out on all state occasions, when her city friends had long since cast their aside or made them over into dress trimmings.

After five years of careful saving and hoarding Rhoda found to her joy that she had accumulated \$15. She wondered wistfully if some sort of a lace shawl could not be purchased for that sum. But she put the thought aside as quickly as it came. She would never be a cheap imitation of Ephraim Winter's wife. She would save the remaining \$60, and with such a good start the rest of the money would come easier.

But a sad calamity befell her. Her mother was taken ill and died after a long, lingering illness. The expenses thus incurred took not only the little money that Rhoda and her mother had laid aside for such an emergency, but \$11 of the "lace shawl money." This was a terrible blow, and in a measure swallowed up her grief for her mother.

Then came a season of prosperity. A perfect crop for crocheting thread lace struck the town. Rhoda did a brisk trade in thread and braid, and with only herself to do for, dimes and even quarters began to rattle merrily in the tin box. When her business got a little going, she went berry picking and worked so hard "she was able to add \$10 to her growing store."

At the end of the year success seem-

ed assured, and then came a whining letter from her sister Charlotte, which Rhoda felt sure, had been dictated by "her lost of a husband," as she dubbed her brother-in-law. Charlotte complained that no settlement of her mother's estate (Rhoda smiled grimly) had ever been made and that she was entitled to half. The fact that Rhoda had worked to earn the money for the original stock of goods did not enter into Charlotte's calculations. Rhoda knew that her brother-in-law could establish no legal claim, but to save Charlotte the disagreeable time she knew he would make her, took an inventory of the little stock and sent Charlotte \$23.85, nearly the entire contents of the tin box. To avoid further complications, Rhoda insisted that a paper be signed which stated that the "estate of Diantha Melissa Bowden" had been settled satisfactorily to all parties concerned and that Eben Isaac Corwin and Charlotte Penelope Corwin waived all further claim to the business conducted by Rhoda Elvira Bowden.

With quivering lips and moist eyes Rhoda put back the few remaining dollars into the tin box. "Tain't fair," she murmured brokenly, "but, then, with a little sob, 'she's my own sister, and I s'pose I mustn't complain.'"

But it was hard. Ten years of unremitting work and self denial and less than ten dollars to show for it all! Rhoda, utterly discouraged, had almost resolved to give up her cherished ambition, but the jingle of the shop bell roused her from her reverie. Wiping her eyes, she hastened into the front room and found some other than Mrs. Winter wearing the coveted lace shawl. She wanted six balls of knitting cotton and remarked casually that she was going to knit a bed spread. Rhoda brightened up considerably at this news, for she knew that every woman and girl in Barclay would be knitting bedspreads as soon as Mrs. Winter commenced hers, and she would all large quantities of knitting cotton. Cheered by the unexpected sight of the lace shawl, she did not more tears over Charlotte's greed and once more commenced her task of saving \$75.

Then followed twenty years—long years of alternate hope and despair—years when the \$75 seemed an assured fact and years when unexpected expenses or dull trade made Rhoda doubt the old black cashmere shawl with the dried tannet it would be the only wrap she would ever wear. But at last success crowned her labors, and thirty years from the time Ephraim Winter brought his bride to Barclay Rhoda counted the contents of the tin box and found herself the possessor of \$75.

The joy that this brought her made her forget that these years of struggling had made her an old woman, older than she should be at sixty-five. She could hardly sleep that night and the stores were not open when she started for the large new shop lately opened in the village. She had hated this innovation in the commercial circle of Barclay so that she had never entered its doors, but now she was compelled to. Mr. Morgan who kept the only other store in town, had never had a lace shawl in stock. For thirty years she had asked him at regular intervals:

"Goin' to hev any black lace shawls this season?"

And he had regularly replied: "Was, no, Miss Rhody. I reckon there's too high priced for Barclay. There don't seem to be no call for 'em."

To the big store she must go, then, and as soon as the doors were open she rushed blindly to the first counter before her and asked at the "gent's furnishing" department for a lace shawl. The accommodating clerk, catching by the word "shawls" answered: "Oh, yes, m. You'll find a fine assortment up stairs."

Fairly tingling with excitement, Rhoda reached the cloak department rather out of breath. The young woman in charge looked surprised when she made her errand known and said: "No, we've none in stock, but here"—holding up a frivolous affair of lace and ruffles—"is a lace cape of the latest style."

But Miss Rhoda had gone. "H'm!" she grunted as she left the store. "Might have known they'd only have cheap trash."

When she reached home a new dis-

covery presented itself. She was deter-

mined to buy her shawl that very day, "before anything happened to the \$75."

There was only one course left—she must go to the city. A trip to Europe would not have seemed more formidable, but, nothing daunted, Miss Rhoda started for the depot. It was an hour before train time, but she passed the time in a happy dream. Leaning against the wall with her reticule containing the money for her shawl, she saw a vision of herself, dressed in the black silk that had been laid aside all these years waiting for the added magnificence of a lace shawl, and draped with elegant carelessness over her shoulders. First she was walking down the aisle of the church (and she there resolved to change her pew to one farther forward in front of the Winters'). Then she was at the Dorcas or foreign mission society, and just as she was grasping a funeral with her regal presence the train came thundering along, and with a gasp and a start she managed to get aboard.

She dropped into a seat behind two pretty girls, and she gathered from their chatter that they were going to the city to do some shopping. She determined that they should serve as her guides, so when the train rolled into the city depot, close behind the two merry friends followed the faded little old woman, with heart quite as light and expectant as the bright-eyed girl in front of her who had come to the city to select her trousseau.

They went immediately to one of the largest stores, and Rhoda soon found herself confused and bewildered by the burly and bustling around her. A courteous floor walker put her into the elevator and directed the boy to leave her at the shawl department.

It would be hard to tell who was the more surprised—the shop girl to be asked for a garment so long relegated to the past, or poor Mrs. Rhoda to be told there were no more lace shawls left in stock. The latter's disappointment was so great that she did not notice the smile that passed from one clerk to another, but clutching the strings of her reticule tightly and pressing her lips together she hurried from the store.

Poor Miss Rhoda! She had started in on a sorrowful timeous day. From one store to another she trudged in her vain quest. Late in the afternoon, utterly worn out and bewildered, she unknowingly came back to the store where she had first inquired. She happened to secure upon her in the morning, but she was so dazed by the throng of strange faces she had been seeing all day, poor Miss Rhoda did not notice and wearily made her errand known.

The girl, anxious to get her stock in order for the night, answered curtly: "No, we haven't any lace shawls. They were out of date years and years ago."

Miss Rhoda started as if some one had struck her, and blindly groped her way out of the store, but not before she caught the words "old fossil" and "Noah's ark," accompanied by a titter and giggle.

A friendly policeman directed her to the depot, where by mere chance she caught the 6:30 train for Barclay. Weak and trembling, she sank into the first vacant seat. Pressing her throbbing head against the cool pane she gazed out into the night and never moved, save to give up her ticket until Barclay was reached. Like a guilty creature she crept homeward.

Once there a strange numbness came over her, and she concluded that she was too tired to eat, but before going to bed she wrote a few lines on a bit of paper and put it in the tin box and from force of habit counted the money over.

The next morning one of the neighbors, thinking it strange that there were no signs of life about Miss Rhoda's little store, went over to investigate. Repeat 3 knocks on the window and door brought no reply except the creaking of Rhoda's seat, begging to be let out.

"Something wrong," muttered Mrs. Griff, and running across the street she returned with two of the men folks, who promptly broke in the door.

Passing through the store into the little back room, a sad sight awaited

them. Poor Miss Rhoda, with her gray head pillowed on one thin, wrinkled arm, was lying with a handkerchief still damp under her faded cheek. Crying herself to sleep like a disappointed child, she had soothed herself to a rest from which there could be none but a happy awakening.

Under the pillow, where it made a hard lump, that the poor head had rested on for years, they found the tin box, and in it a slip of paper that read:—

"When I die, there is money in the bank to bury me. My sister, Charlotte Corwin, can have the store. This \$75 is for my niece, Rhoda Corwin, to buy one of them bicycles she's been wanting, and tell her to buy it quick before bicycles is out of date."—*Springfield Republican.*

Prohibition.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY THE LATE MISS WILLARD.

There is no object that we white-ribboners so much desire to photograph upon the brain of every voter as the American saloon. It is a large picture in this country that it can be in any other, because we are the largest of republics, because we are a people wholly self governing in our theory of public affairs. The most portentous factor in American politics is the saloon. It has been recently stated that there are nine thousand saloons in New York city, and that on these saloons there are four thousand chattel mortgages, held almost wholly by twenty wholesale dealers, brewers and distillers. These saloons control the votes of forty thousand men, and these forty thousand constitute the balance of power so that we have twenty men who can swing the vote of New York city, and as the city goes, so goes the State, and as the State, so goes the nation. We want the saloon photographed with this shadow in the picture. Whoever speaks of it as an isolated institution speaks ignorantly. It is an institution the character of which becomes each year more clearly defined, and one that, because of our form of Government expresses us more than any other people to political corruption. Because these things are true, the temperance women of America have gone into politics and have taken sides with men who first, last and all the time cast their ballots against candidates for office who are pledged to the saloon. We could not do less; if we could we would do more.

There is just one issue upon which the people, not the politicians, of America, are united. It is not the tariff, for that is the chameleon among issues, taking its color from the personal selfishness of capitalists, or the interests, real or imaginary, of different industries. It is not the Southern question, for that is the dead lion among issues, in whose skeleton we white ribboners have found already the honeycomb of loving comradeship. It is not the labor question, for that is the elephant among issues not yet grown to full size, and generally feared. But it is the prohibition of the liquor traffic, that earthquake among issues, which, by blending our homes in indistinguishable ruin, has shaken us together in one great brotherhood of fear and anguish. This earthquake extends under the sea. Listen to this declaration:

"There is a distillery in Massachusetts, the largest rum distillery in the world," so says an eye witness to the following account: "and the amount manufactured averages 90 barrels a day, come for home consumption, but the greater part for export to the coast of Africa. The barrels contain forty-three gallons, and the internal revenue tax is ninety cents per gallon—\$38.70 per barrel. For ninety barrels, a day's work, the treasury of the United States is enriched \$3,483, minus the cost of the services of revenue watchmen. That the government may not be deceived of a farthing of the usudgy gain, and that not one drop of the fire water may be lost, Government padlocks are placed upon the rum reservoirs, guarded and opened daily for measurement by internal revenue officers."

If it was not a prohibitionist this single awful fact would make one of me for all time. The curse of Cain upon the nation that in the light of Christ's gospel curses the barbarians of Congo with the "crazy drinks."

The supreme need of the hour is

OUR SPRING GOODS

Are arriving daily. Call at once and see our Splendid Stock of English, Scotch & Canadian Tweeds and Worsted, in a variety of Patterns and Prices to suit every taste and condition. We make a specialty of the famous

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COME NOW and get the pick before the stock is thinned by the rush of Spring Trade.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.

N. Crandall, - Manager.

Telephone 35.

Now is the Time

To Book Orders for

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With

Starr, Son & Franklin.

Individuality of conscience in the voter. He needs to have more sharply defined perceptions of his personal relation to the government. It is our duty to help him at this point by our own clearer vision. We may gain an illustration for him from this assembly. Suppose that a delegate rises wishing to get the ear of the convention, but is ignorant of parliamentary usage. She makes a remark in a general way; she would ramble on perhaps indefinitely, but some wiser comrade plucks her by the sleeve and whispers: "You must address the chairman and wait to be recognized." She then learns that this is a government; that it has laws; that she has not made her remark in such a fashion that by our laws it can be brought before us.

So it is with the remark that our perplexed voter would make to the government of this nation about the liquor traffic. It is a good thing to get him to make it in the prayer-meeting, or by his manner of life, but if he would really tell the government as well as the Lord and the people that he wants the saloon closed, there is but just one method by which he can be recognized; but just the law under which his opinion can declare itself, and his conviction make itself felt, and that law and method are fulfilled when he drops into the box a ballot that calls for a Prohibitionist as enforcer.

Quarrel over a Wedding Gown.

The historical and genealogical societies often bring to light interesting family tales and traditions. In a paper read before a local society a New England woman recently related an amusing anecdote of a spirited ancestress of Revolutionary days.

The dame, Abigail by name, was loved by twin brothers, Asaph and Asbel, but only Asaph had the courage to propose marriage. Although the girl had been suspected of an inclination for the shier brother, she accepted the more venturesome, Asaph, perhaps partly through pique. The wedding day was set, but then a difficulty arose. She was an ardent patriot, he a rather lukewarm one. It was during the very darkest days of the war, and it

did not appear to her fitting that the marriage should be celebrated with much exultation or display. All the money that could be spared was wanted to help the cause, while, as to the wedding dress, she would not have dreamed of wearing imported finery even if she could have afforded it. She vowed she would be married in homespun or not at all.

Asaph's ideas were different. He was not willing to dispense with either feasting or fine cloths and desired to make the wedding a grand occasion. A quarrel ensued, which ended by his declaring obstinately that a wife should submit to the authority of her husband and that he should expect his bride to stand up before the parson in a silk gown and nothing less.

"A bride, sir, is not yet a wife," was the girl's reply, and upon that they parted.

It was but a few days before the wedding. During the interval Abigail refused to see her lover, sending word that she was busy with the preparation of her wedding outfit. This Asaph completely accepted as evidence of submission to his will. The silk dress was no doubt in hurried process of preparation, he thought.

The day arrived and the hour of the ceremony, but to the groom's anger and confusion his bride appeared before the assembled company in a plain cotton gown, a kitchen apron, her sleeves rolled up, and her hands floury from the kneading trough!

"Will you take me as I am?" she asked, with a courtesy.

"Never!" shouted the groom, and left the house. Not in the least disconcerted, the fair Abigail smiled invitingly at Asbel, who, plucking up his courage, stepped without a word into the place vacated by his brother, and they were married there and then. Moreover, they "lived happy ever after," quite in fairy tale style, despite the dubious promise afforded by the lady's temper. Asaph remained a bachelor till his death.—*Youth's Companion.*

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists return the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Groves' signature is on each box.

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE N. S., APRIL 20, 1900.

Getting Into Line.

The Morning Chronicle, one day last week, in replying to a correspondent with "Home Rule for Ireland" leaning a tempted to point out the unpatriotic light in which the Home Rulers figure, by the use of these words: "Or suppose that a party, even a very large party, in one of the provinces, should attempt to bring about the separation of that province from the Dominion. How would that party be regarded in Canada and elsewhere in the Empire?"

If our contemporary and the ex-premier whose organ it is, were only blessed with that "gift" for which Robbie Burns sighed, they would be in an excellent position to answer the Chronicle's interrogation.

The only time that the ACADIAN ever felt called upon to take sides in a political contest was when a party "in one of the provinces" attempted "to bring about the separation of that province from the Dominion." The funny thing about it is that that party was led by a certain Mr. Fielding and the leading newspaper champion of the cause was one other than the Morning Chronicle itself.

At the time we denounced the agitation of repeal as unwise from a business standpoint and unpatriotic and unstatesmanlike as well. It is some satisfaction to hear those who were then our opponents, now admit that we were right. In the whole history of the province there is no page of which future Nova Scotians will be more ashamed than that which relates of the agitation for repeal. Although but fourteen years have passed since the repeal election, it is hard for us who are now witnessing the rising tide of imperialism, to understand how there could have been found provincial politicians little enough to seek to break in pieces the infant Dominion for the purpose of allying the provinces more closely to an alien power. It is difficult to understand how there could have been found newspapers small enough to champion such a wretched cause.

We are very glad that the time has come when even the Chronicle recognizes that the repeal sentiment in the province is no longer a name for petty power seekers to conjure with, but that hereafter the nation builder and not the nation breaker, will have honor in Nova Scotia.

We would advise our contemporary however, to be more humble in the future, for a public educator which could so easily mislead the people one, might possibly err likewise again. We think also, that considering it supported a considerable wrong here, itself at one time, it should manifest a little more charity toward its correspondent who favors home rule in Ireland.

The New Presbyterian Pastor.

Rev. E. M. Dill began his labors in connection with his pastorate over the Presbyterian congregation here and at Grand Pre, last week. St. Andrew's new pastor is a young man in the prime of life. He is possessed of a commanding presence, an excellent voice and delivery, and these gifts aided by a professional scholarship and a warm spirituality contribute to make him a very popular and effective speaker.

Mr. Dill's collegiate career has been characterized by considerable brilliancy. He received his course in Arts at Dalhousie college where he captured the Monro bursary. Completing his course at Dalhousie he studied theology at Pine Hill, from which institution he received the degree of B. D. After very successful pastorate at Parravog, and at Summerside, P. E. I., he again resumed post graduate study in the autumn of '98, pursuing a special course of work in New York. Although much of the time was spent in work at a non-degree conferring institution at the same time, he succeeded in making an excellent record at the University of New York, and obtaining again the degree of B. D. in the spring of '99.

Coincident with his call from this congregation, Mr. Dill received an invitation to become its pastor from a considerably larger church in the province at a salary greater than that which he will here receive.

On behalf of the citizens of Wolfville and Grand Pre we extend a very cordial welcome to Mr. Dill and anticipate for him a very successful and happy pastorate.

Large congregations greeted Mr. Dill at both services on Sunday, and listened attentively to two very able and practical sermons. The morning sermon was extremely appropriate, both as an inaugural and as an Easter sermon. The theme of his discourse was "The First Christian Sermon" as recorded in John 20-16, "Jesus said unto her Mary. She turned herself and said unto him Rabbouni." This, said the speaker, was the beginning of the Christian gospel; not the teaching of the gospel for the gospel had existed as long as man and even longer for divine love had prepared a remedy for man's need even before the need existed, but it was, however, the beginning of Christ's dispensation of the gospel. And a beginning is always interesting even though it be but the beginning of someone's pastorate.

The sermon had ever been the appointed channel for the gospel's dissemination. Christ's first command to his disciples was to "preach the gospel." In this first Christian sermon there appeared the same elements which had survived in the Christian sermon ever since.

This company will play at College Hall, Wednesday, May 30th.

this sermon Christ was the preacher and in the true sense he is ever this, no matter whether his mouthpiece be learned or humble. The congregation on this first Easter morning was small. It was composed of but one lone, sorrowing woman. Thus it has ever been, the sermons of the preacher Christ come most eloquently to the sad and those who realize their need. This was a personal sermon. Preachers in these days were sometimes warned against being personal and yet who could be more personal than the Christ. It was, indeed, his personal preaching that brought him to the cross.

The same fruits, also, followed the preaching of this sermon as has followed the preaching of the word ever since. Mary's sadness was turned to gladness, her enraptured "master" sealed her a servant of the King, and as a true convert she hastened to impart to others the tidings which had given herself so much of joy.

Letter from Stanley Jones.

PARADISE DRIFT, Feb. 24th, 1900.

Just a moment to write, as the mail leaves in a few minutes. I am writing this on a kopje overlooking the enemy's laager and the scene of Sunday's battle. Our war balloons according to the distance. All around me the enemy is drying their clothes or cooking some meat. We have just commenced. Food is very short—two hard tack per day with a bit of meat now and then. This has been going on for over two weeks now and we are beginning to feel—well a little hollow. Provisions are sure to arrive soon, however, and in the meantime we are perfectly happy going our duty.

You will know about our first fight long before you receive this. We had been marching night and day for a week, our last march being 20 miles Saturday night. Sunday morning, on arriving here, we washed a little, but an inside of half an hour were hurried to the firing line. We crossed the muddier river hanging on a rope, and very swift the current ran. You know how we fought all day under a burning sun, with no water or food, and how we lost so heavily. My company "A" came under fire, first and last, most of all. Our captain was struck in the beginning and three stretcher-bearers were wounded carrying him off. He has died since and his memory is very dear to us all as a gentleman and a brave soldier.

We all had many narrow escapes that day, but such things are common in battle and usually cause only a laugher or some joking remark. Our regiment fought side by side with the cream of Britain's soldiers, and I think Canada has no cause to feel ashamed of her sons. We have now an enviable reputation among the other regiments in the line.

That night I slept all night by the river and next morning went out with more volunteers and brought in our dead Canadian, Black Watch, Seaforth, Cornwalls—all were put in one grave. A soldier's death was their and a soldier's burial.

For the next week we hemmed the Boers in, getting closer all the time, our trenches being on every side of them. "Sniping" or stray shooting went on going on all the time day and night, while our big guns kept up a steady fire of shrapnel and lyddite. Monday, Feb. 21st, we lay in the trenches and were given to understand that we would finish the Boers that night. In front of us lay eight unburied bodies and at nightfall, I and four others volunteered to go out and bury them. We passed the word to our own men not to fire on us and went out to the bodies. We had barely begun work, however, when the enemy began pouring heavy volleys at us, having heard, no doubt, the click of the pickaxe. Luckily, the fire was wild, and so we were able to finish our work and get back in safety.

At 3 a. m. Tuesday the attack took place and was soon over, our trenches getting within 50 yards of the Boer position. The Royal Canadians did practically all the fighting and suffered all the loss. My own company was across the river and had no losses, the fire again being high as the enemy were in a terrible state of excitement. Machine gun firing, Snider and explosive bullets came over in thousands, but could not touch us.

Next morning the Boers surrendered, and it was a wonderful sight to see them pass by, 4,000 in all—Major's Dray, Coy! We were all jubilant, you may believe, and our regiment received congratulations on all sides for their share in the affair.

Even the Boers knew us and called out our name as they passed us. They all seemed happy to be out in safety. We spent the rest of the day burying the dead, which we could not get at before, and then moved camp to the laager. Here all was in confusion, dead cattle, buried waggons, household goods, etc., being strewn around in all directions. We captured much food and ammunition, as well as transport, etc. Of course, we have all kinds of souvenirs, but I am afraid we cannot carry them with us. Every pound tells on a long march.

We have now (March 3rd) gone further up the river, and expect to have plenty more fighting soon. We have had a good rest and feel fit for anything again, although we are not getting our full ration of food yet. We cook all kinds of native curiosities, which I know you would like to look at, as curiosities but am afraid would not pay to eat—unless you were here.

I have written this letter at odd times (two weeks since I wrote the first part), so don't expect it to be connected. I hope to write my next from Pretoria, until then, good bye.

STANLEY L. JONES, Royal Canadian, 19th Brigade.

Men's Brogans for 90c. at the PEOPLE'S SHOE STORE.

Man's Working Boots \$1.00 at the PEOPLE'S SHOE STORE.

"Where Melody Charmed All."

THE SEVILLE CLUB OF BOSTON IN HIGH CLASS NUMBER.

Prof. Sears Writes Again on Spraying.

To the Editor of the ACADIAN.

DEAR SIR—In your last issue, is a letter from Mayor Thomson on spraying which he "corrects" certain of my own statements in a previous issue. I am very glad, indeed, to have Mayor Thomson's experience on this subject and to know that in our own dimly lit way of potato and pea, we cannot be used without injury to the trees, though of course I knew this was true in many localities since other authorities than Downing give this strength as one which "may be used."

I am obliged to own that I have not had Mayor Thomson's fourteen years of practical experience in the use of this remedy, yet I am sorry to say I cannot accept his correction either as to the strength of the wash nor time of application. In regard to strength, as I said, I am glad to know that 1 lb to 1 gallon of water is not injurious to trees, and while it would of course act more energetically at that strength than weaker still I have never seen a case in which it has been quite effective at the strength I suggested. Mr. Ralph S. Eaton, who has been as successful in the use of this remedy as any man with whom I am acquainted, writes, "One pound of 2 g. lina is all right but I have never used stronger than 1 lb to 2 gallons."

As to the time of making the application, I am quite sure that the young lice hatch about June 1st and of course, other things being equal, this would be the time above all others when they could be most easily destroyed, but, unfortunately, other things are not equal, for as the major states, "the pest falls on the leaves it will kill them" and therefore all we can do at this season is to confine our attention to the trunk and large branches, leaving the bark free in undisturbed rest of the best of the tree. And since, as Dr. Saunders says in the passage quoted by Mayor Thomson, "the young lice may be seen running all over the twigs looking for suitable locations to which to attach themselves" it will be easily seen that the wonder is not that Mayor Thomson was not successful in using the strength I suggested but that he found any strength which would rid his trees of these lice.

If applied at the time first suggested, April, the tree being dormant may be sprayed throughout and every twig reached.

In closing I wish to thank Mayor Thomson for his words of commendation as to my work, and for his belief that I would be "pleased to be set right on this question" in which belief I can truthfully say he is quite correct. And may I add that I feel very happy that Mayor Thomson will equally "be pleased to be set right" on the matter under discussion.

F. C. SEARS, Wolfville, April 17, 1900.

Board of Trade.

The second quarterly meeting of the Wolfville Board of Trade was held in Temperance Hall on Tuesday evening. The attendance was fairly good though not so large as might have been desired, and the meeting was declared to be the best yet held by the Board. The minutes of the last meeting and the report of the council were read and adopted. The latter among other things referred to the action taken by the town council in request of a Board of Health in connection with the widening of Gasperua avenue between Main and Front streets, and the movement made towards the improvement in the electric light service. The Board had also to consider the report of the Canning Board of Trade co-operated with that Board in an attempt to have the mails carried by the steamer Swan going between Kingsport and Parravog. This would be a great saving in time and a great convenience to business.

A considerable time was spent in considering the different matters that affected the increase in tourist business. It was felt that a further effort should be made to preserve what the historic points at Grand Pre and make them free of access to tourists. In this not only Wolfville but the county at large, and to some extent the province is interested. The Board will be glad to see that some of the places of special interest. The one place of the discussion which was taken part in by a number of speakers was the appointment of a committee composed of the Board and the old church wardens, Messrs. E. H. Chase, E. B. Demaree and F. P. Rockwell. This committee is to get all information possible and report to a meeting of the council on Tuesday evening next.

Another matter which is quite an important one and occupied considerable time was the suggestion to take some steps to secure an excursion steamer to sail from this port regularly during the summer months. The value of such an institution was pointed out by a number of citizens who had given the matter a careful study. After considerable discussion which brought out many valuable suggestions it was decided that a meeting of the members interested be held at the office of Mr. A. V. Pines next Tuesday evening to further consider the undertaking and take such steps as might be deemed advisable.

Of the most important in this direction was the appearance of streets and private and public grounds received considerable attention. The feeling appeared to be that too much attention could not be paid to improvement of the line. Last year considerable advance in this direction was noticeable, and it is hoped that this season citizens will vie with each other in an effort to make our town attractive and beautiful. Among other things, improvements were suggested in the appearance of the grounds contiguous to the railway depot which it is hoped will materialize ere long.

A petition from the clerks in town asking that the Board order their clerks to have all the stores close three evenings each week was received and discussed, when it was thought at this season of the year such a course would not be advisable owing to the large amount of out-of-town trade done during the evenings. On the contrary it was suggested by some that the opening of the dry-goods stores every evening would be in the interest of trade. On motion Mr. E. J. Porter was appointed a committee to report upon the dry-goods merchants the advantage of such a course.

Women's Donkey Walking Shoes and Slippers \$1.00 at the PEOPLE'S SHOE STORE.

MONEY TO LEND ON MORTGAGE, Apply to E. S. Crawley, Solicitor, Wolfville, N. S.

Room Paper! We carry samples of all the latest high grade papers, and can order anything not in stock at short notice. WOLFVILLE BOOK STORE.

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Room Paper! We carry samples of all the latest high grade papers, and can order anything not in stock at short notice. WOLFVILLE BOOK STORE.

Some Stearns Pointers.

The Stearns is a THOROUGHLY RELIABLE and FIRST GRADE wheel in EVERY RESPECT.

It is Fully Guaranteed. It is no experiment. It has been on the market for over 20 years.

It is made in Canada by the "National" Company, and therefore subject to the local fire repairs guarantee.

We have a Stearns in our window. Call and see it, and let us convince you of its merits.

THE WOLFVILLE DRUG STORE.

Next Door to the Post Office.

At Overhead Conversation.

Two gentlemen were in our Piano establishment a few days ago hearing and examining the various instruments, including the wonderful Angelus Organ. They were freely shown over the place, and not at all importuned to buy. At the dinner table at the Queen Hotel a friend of ours, who was a stranger to them, overheard them saying: "What a magnificent establishment and stock there is at W. H. Johnson Co.'s. That is the place after all if you want a first-class piano," said one to the other. "Three or four years ago," he said, "the country was full of agents peddling around, and now they are all gone."

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W. H. Johnson Co., Ltd.

157 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S., AND ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents for "Chickering," "Newcomb," "Mason & Rice" and "Bell" Pianos, "Mason & Hamlin" and "Bell" Organs.

Public Auction.

To be sold under Bills of Sale at Public Auction at the LIVELY STABLES of Edward Chase, Wolfville, ON Saturday, April 28th, 1900, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

6 all purpose Horses, good drivers and workers; 1 jump seat Top Buggy, nearly new; 1 canopy top Waggonette, leather lined; 1 single Sleigh; 1 double Sleigh; 1 Pump; 1 double-seated extension Top Buggy; 1 Express Wagon; 1 Slover Wagon; 1 Hay Wagon; 1 single Top Buggy; 1 set Bobb sleds; 2 sets double and single Harness combined; 1 set double Team Harness; 2 sets light sets Harness; 1 set Brass Harness; 1 H. V. Cutter; 1 Wheelbarrow, Shovels, Forks, etc.

TERMS OF SALE.—\$10 and under, Cash; over that amount, notes of 6 months with approved security. Wolfville, April 16th, 1900.

NOTICE!

FOR SALE! One Superior Grand Square Piano, with a number of Household Goods. To be sold at Public Auction, in this town. For date and place of sale see poster.

Handsome Return for Apples. Apple-shippers have been much pleased with returns received from London during the past week. We have seen accounts of sale for several lots shipped by growers to Messrs. Nothard & Co. whose returns average more than \$5.00 per barrel. Fall waters have led the way at \$6. Golden Russets, Honey reds, Ben Davis and Baldwin following closely at prices varying from 20c. to 30c. for No. 1 stock.

Among those who command the highest prices are Messrs. J. L. Gertrude, James Gertrude, W. H. Dunnington and others whose brands always command the highest prices on London markets. Women's Low Shoes and Slippers for 75c. at the PEOPLE'S SHOE STORE.

WOLFVILLE REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Desirable Properties for Sale:

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

7. House and Lot on Central Ave.—6 rooms and bathroom. Price reasonable.

8. Farm near Wolfville—70 acres Orchard 300 trees. Good buildings.

9. Land at Wolfville—33 1/2 acres 3 1/2 acres Orchard. 10 acres Dyke.

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

13 The Wallace property at corner Front street and Central avenue. Two houses, six and seven rooms each.

25. House and Orchard on Main St. House, 2 at 17 1/2, 9 rooms. Stable. 2 acres land in orchard producing apples, pears and plums. Trees in full bearing. Also a quantity of small fruits.

29. House—2 stories, with Stable and Garden, on Acadia street. Also containing 60x120 adjoining.

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

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX.

Capital Authorized, \$1,500,000. Capital Paid Up, \$600,000. Rest, \$828,610.

DIRECTORS: Wm. Robertson, President; Wm. B. Clark, Vice-Pres.; Hon. R. B. Cook, J. H. Symons, Esq., C. C. Blackadar, Esq., Wm. Twining, Esq., Geo. Mitchell, Esq., M. P. P.

My New Stock OF WALL PAPER JUST OPENED.

ARTISTIC PATTERNS. LATEST COLORS. LARGEST VARIETY. LOWEST PRICES.

Flo. M. Harris.

Eggs for Hatching. Black Langshan, select strain. Extraordinary winter layers. Equal to the best for table fowl. Eggs \$1.00 for setting of 14.

E. E. ARCHIBALD, Wolfville, N. S. FOR SALE! Dwelling House of 6 rooms, out-building and lot—corner Front street and Central avenue. For particulars 25—3rd apply to W. A. REID.

For Sale or to Let.

The house and premises now occupied by J. D. Chambers, adjoining the "Cam" and Drap Head. Possession given April 1st. Apply to SIDNEY BORDEN, 23—2 mos. Port Williams.

THE WHITE NOTICE!

Is made of the Best Material, is Most Accurately Adjusted, has the Handiest Attachments of any Sewing Machine made. Is made with Ball Bearing and Drop Head.

H. PINEO. NOTICE.

Having recently put in a Saylor Grinding Machine, I am prepared to grind a put in order all kinds of sets in all new rivets put in if required. An kind of Cutlery Ground, Bar, Bow, etc.

Sh. W.'s Barber Parlors.

126 Main Street, Wolfville.

THE WALK-OVER AMERICAN SHOE FOR MEN.

IN -

Tan Russia Calf, Tan Hickory Calf, Choc. Vici Kid, Black Box Calf, Black Vici Kid, Heyl's Patent Calf.

PEOPLE'S SHOE STORE, N. M. SINCLAIR.

This Shoe is made by one of the Best Makers of Men's Shoes in the United States, and presents the latest ideas in Men's Footwear.

LADIES.

We are showing a nice range of Moncton Tweeds. Just the goods for Spring Suitings or Bicycle Costumes. These goods are neat and tasty and unequalled for wear.

FOR MEN We have made a new departure in the Clothing line BRATED MONCTON TWEEDS. No more complaints of goods not wearing. They combine neatness with durability. A boon to all. Prices from \$9.00 to \$12.00.

PORT WILLIAMS HOUSE, CHASE, CAMPBELL & Co.

March, whether lamb-like or nonlike, is the first month of Spring, and I am commencing to make the SPRING PHOTOGRAPHS. Drop in and see the Samples.

W. W. Robson, Photographer.

Next to Electric Light Station.

THREE GOOD THINGS.

That's what our Canned Goods are. Our Corn, Peas, Beans and Tomatoes are the "Miss Canada" Brand.

COMFORT SOAP POINTERS.

2 ozs. heavier than most others, which makes a case weigh 200 ozs. more than others. Just think of it. Just as good in quality and at prices that defy competition. Get our price on a case.

"SALADA" TEA.

Is a pure Ceylon machine-rolled Tea. Cleanses and Best Flavored Tea on the market. 30c., 40c. and 50c.

H. W. DAVIDSON.

A. B. COLDWELL, G. W. BORDEN.

Coldwell & Borden,

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF—

HARD AND SOFT COALS, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

KINDLINGS ALWAYS ON HAND Telephone No. 7.

"Earncliffe Gardens," BUILDING PLANS

Plans and specifications carefully prepared; estimate if required. Apply to GEO. A. PRATT, Wolfville.

RALSTONITES.

Of those who value their soil and wish to have it in the best condition, RALSTONITES is the best. It is a natural product of the earth, and is the only fertilizer that does not burn the soil. It is the only fertilizer that does not burn the soil. It is the only fertilizer that does not burn the soil.

Largest Shoe Stock in Kings County.

The Kings Co. Board of Trade met on Wednesday next at the Court House, Kentville.

It is reported that Rev. Canon Borden of Kentville, has tendered his resignation which is to take effect June 30th.

Rev. J. E. Donkin, pastor of Methodist church, exchanged on Sunday with Rev. J. G. Gault, of Aylesford.

Mr. C. H. Borden, the enterprising furniture man is having his new paint, which adds much to the appearance of his goods.

At REST—First 6 rooms on corner opposite Baptist church. A. V. PINEO.

With every pound package of U. S. Best Tea the purchaser has a chance of winning one of the hundred and twenty cash prizes.

The closing exercises in connection with the School of Agriculture at Kentville on Thursday, April 13th, began at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

C. H. BORDEN.

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