

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
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Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8.00 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 8.15 a.m.

Express west close at 10.00 a.m.

Express east close at 4.09 p.m.

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Geo. V. Baird, 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 E. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sun. School at 9.30 a.m. B. Y. P. U. Service of song and prayer-meeting, 6.30 to 7.30 p.m. Sacred Literature Class on Tuesday evening and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Missionary Association meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and 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 4 p.m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School 9.45 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Chalmers' Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p.m. Sunday School at 10 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Joseph Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. a.m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwich, preaching at 3 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 1st and 3rd at 11 a.m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 3 a.m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 a.m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, J. Wardlaw, S. J. Rutherford, J.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.).—Rev. M. Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a.m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

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

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

CRYSTAL HALL of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Court Blomfield, L. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall 1st, 3rd and 5th Thursdays of each month at 7.30 p.m.

A STIRRING STORY.—The beautiful life of Frances Willard, by Anna A. Gordon, for 21 years her private secretary. Introduction by Lady Henry Somerset. The only authorized life story with Tributes by Frances K. Clark, president Christian Endeavor Society; Margaret Dutton, president King's Daughters; Dr. Parkhurst, Moody, Mrs. Stevens, president W. C. T. U.; Bishop Vincent, Captn. Willberforce and a score of other celebrities. The only book authorized by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It will be fully illustrated. No one can afford to miss the inspiration of this stirring story. The Early Publishing Company of St. John will supply agents with prospectus copy and complete outfit to take orders for fifty cents. There will be no other authorized memorial volumes and the work will be sold only by subscription. Price, cloth \$2.00; half Morocco \$2.75; full Morocco \$3.75. Agent will please mention this paper.

WANTED: Farmers' sons and other industrious persons of fair education to whom \$50 a month would be an inducement. I could also engage a few ladies at their own homes.

T. H. LINSCOTT,
Toronto.



SOME OF OUR SPRING GOODS! HAVE ARRIVED, AND MORE TO COME!

It is an **STYLISH** assortment of Goods as can be shown in the **PROVINCE.**

After one of the best Winter's trade in our experience we are able to offer these goods at prices that are bound to sell them.

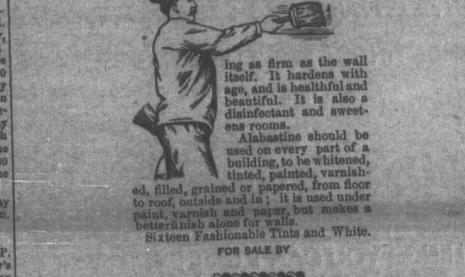
NOW IS THE TIME!

to get your Spring Suit or Overcoat. You could shut your eyes and select from our Stock and run no chance of getting a poor suit. They are all good.

Laundry Agency in connection.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,
Noble Crandall,
MANAGER.
TELEPHONE NO. 35.

ALABASTINE WALL COATING.



Alabastine makes a coating as firm as the wall itself. It hardens with age, and is healthful and beautiful. It is also a disinfectant and sweetens rooms.

Alabastine should be used on every part of a building, to be whitened, tinted, painted, varnished, roof, outside and in; it is used under paint, varnish and paper, but makes a beautiful finish alone for walls.

Sixteen Fashionable Tints and White.

FOR SALE BY
STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,
WOLFVILLE.

Wah Hop, CHINESE LAUNDRY,

Wolfville, N. S.
First-class Work Guaranteed.

LOOK!

There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat-store in

Crystal Palace Block!

Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon, Bologna, Sausages, and all kinds of Poultry in stock.

Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

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

FIT, STYLE, MAKE, UP TO DATE.

FINE TAILORING.

TWEEDS, WORSTEDS, OVERCOATINGS.
N. L. McDONALD,
"Acadia Corner,"
68 Water St., Halifax, N. S.
Change in Business.

POETRY.

Faith and Hope.
A swallow, in the spring,
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essay'd to make her nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.
Day after day she toil'd
With patient art; but, ere her work
was crown'd,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoil'd,
And dash'd it to the ground.
She found the ruins wrought;
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.
But scarcely had she plac'd
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hands, or chance, again
Laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.
But still her heart was kept
And toil'd again; and, last night,
hearing calls,
I look'd, and lo! three little willow
slips
Within the earth-made walls.
What trust is here, O man!
Hark! hope been smitten in its early
dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust
or plan?
Have faith, and struggle on!

—Southey—

SELECT STORY.

When a Man's Single.

BY JAMES M. BARRIE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.
"The dear beads," murmured Mary.

"Many a day my mother has walked from the saw-mill into this glen with my dinner in a basket."

"Good mother," said Mary.

"Now," said Rob, "now, when I come back here and see you, I remember what I am. I have lived for you from the moment I saw you, but how ever hard I might toil for you, there must always be a difference between us."

He was standing on the high bank, and their faces were very close. Mary shuddered.

"I only frighten you," cried Rob. Mary raised her head, and, though

her face was wet, she smiled. Her hand went out to him, but she noticed it and drew it back. Rob saw it too, and he did not seek to take it. They were looking at each other bravely. His eyes proposed to her, while he could not say a word, and here accepted him. On the hills men were shooting birds. Rob knew that Mary loved him. An awe fell upon him. "What art thou?" he cried, and Mary put her hand to his forehead, and he raised his head and could not speak.

The colonel sighed, and his cheeks were red. His head sank upon his hands. He was young again and walking down an endless lane of green with a maiden by his side, and her hand was in his. They sat down by the side of a running stream. Her fair head lay on his shoulder, and she was his wife. The colonel's lips moved as if he was saying to himself words of love, and his arms went out to her who had been dead this many a year, and a tear, perhaps the last he ever shed, ran down his cheek.

"I should not," said Mary at last, "have let you talk to me like this."

Rob looked up with sudden misgiving.

"Why not?" he cried.

"Papa," she said, "will never consent, and I—I know that; I have known it all along."

"I am not going to give you up now," Rob said, passionately, and he looked as if he would run away with her at that moment.

"I had no right to listen to you," said Mary. "I did not mean to do so, but I—I—her voice sank into a whisper—"I wanted to know—"

"To know that I loved you! Ah, you have known all along."

"Yes," said Mary, "but I wanted—I wanted to hear you say so yourself."

Rob's arms went over her like a hoop.

"Rob, dear," she whispered, "you must go away, and never see me any more."

"I won't," cried Rob; "you are to be my wife. He shall not part us."

"It can never be," said Mary.

"I shall see him—I shall compel him to consent!"

Mary shook her head.

"You don't want to marry me," Rob said, fiercely, drawing back from her. "You do not care for me. What made you say you did?"

"I shall have to go back now," Mary said, and the softness of her voice contrasted strangely with the passion in his.

"I shall go with you," Rob answered, "and see your father."

"No, no," said Mary; "we must say good-by here, now."

Rob turned on her with all the dourness of the Anguses in him.

"Good-by," he said, and left her. Mary put her hand to her heart, but he was already turning back.

"Oh," she cried, "do you not see that it is so much harder to me than to you?"

"Mary, my beloved," Rob cried. She swayed in her saddle, and if he had not been there to catch her she would have fallen to the ground.

Rob leaped a footstep at his side, and, looking up, saw Colonel Abinger. The old man's face was white, but there was a soft look in his eye, and he stooped to take Mary to his breast.

"No," Rob said, with his teeth close, "you can't have her. She's mine."

"Yes," the colonel said, sadly; "she's yours."

Off Sandersy went, with some women and a dozen children at his heels, but he did not find Tammas in. "I wanna ha'e 'ya' about here," Christy, the wife of Tammas, said, crying the telegram as something that might go off at any moment; "ye'll better tak' it on 'time!"

He's takin' a dander through the buryin'-ground wi' Sneaky Hobart.

Sandersy marched through the east town and at the head of his following, and climbed the steep straight brace that leads to the cemetery. There he came upon the stone-breaker and the bellman strolling from grave to grave. Silva McQuinty and Sam'l were also in the buryin'-ground for pleasure, and they hobbled towards Tammas when they saw the telegram in his hand.

"Thomas Haggart," the stone-breaker murmured, reading out his own name on the envelope. "Thrum's, Thrum's." Then he stared thoughtfully at his neighbors to see whether that could be looked upon as news. It was his first telegram.

"Ay, ay, deary me," said Silva, mournfully.

"She's no very explicit, do ye think?" asked Sam'l Todd.

Sneaky Hobart, however, as an official himself, had a general notion of how affairs of state are conducted.

"Rip her open, Tammas," he suggested. "That's but the shell, I'm thinkin'."

"Does she open?" asked Tammas, with a grin.

He opened the telegram gingerly, and set down on a prostrate tombstone to consider it. Sneaky's fingers singled to get at it.

"It begins in the same way," the stone-breaker said, deliberately; "Tammas Haggart, Tenement, Thrum's."

"Ay, ay, deary me," repeated Silva. "That means it's to you," Sneaky said to Tammas.

"Next," continued Tammas, "comes Elizabeth Haggart, 101 Lower Fish Street, Whitechapel, London."

"She's a' names thegither," muttered Sam'l Todd, in a tone of remembrance.

"She's a' richts," said Sneaky, nodding to Tammas to proceed. "Elizabeth Haggart—that's the telegram comes from."

"Ay, ay," said the stone-breaker, doubtfully, "but I ken no Elizabeth Haggart."

"Hoots," said Sneaky; "it's your ain dootter Elizabeth."

"Keeps us a'," said Tammas, "so it is. I didna understand at first; ye see we aye called her Leebie. Ay, an' that's whaur she bides in London too."

"Lads, lads," said Silva, "an' is Leebie gone? Ay, ay, we all fade as a leaf; so we do."

"What!" cried Tammas, his hand beginning to shake.

"Havers," said Sneaky, "ye himma come to the telegram proper yet, Tammas. What mair does it say?"

The stone-breaker coughed over the words, and by-and-by his face wrinkled with excitement. He puffed his cheeks, and then let the air rush through his mouth like an escape of gas.

"It's Rob Angus," he blurted out. "Man, man," said Silva, "an' him lookin' sae strong an' snod when he was here i' the back end o' last year."

"He's no deid," cried Tammas, "he's mairit. Listen, lads. The thing is true. Rob Angus has married the colonel's daughter at a castle Rob Angus has married the colonel!"

"Loosh me!" said Sam'l, "I never believed he would manage't."

"Ay, but she reads queer," said Tammas. "First she says Rob's mairit the dootter, an' next 'at he's mairit the colonel."

"Twa o' them!" cried Silva, who was ower in a state to believe anything. Sneaky seized the telegram, and thought it over.

"I see what Leebie's done," he said admiringly. "Ye've restrected to twenty words in a telegram, an' Leebie found the had said a' she had to say in fourteen words, so she's repeated hersel' to get her full shillin's worth."

"Ye've bit it, Sneaky," said Tammas. "It's just what Leebie would do. She was aye a mighty-thrifty, shrewd critter."

"A shillin's an awfu' siller to fling awa', though," said Sam'l.

"It's weel spent in this case," rejoined Tammas, sticking up for his own; "there hasn't been sic a starlin' in Thrum's since the English kirk-steepie fell."

"Ye can see Angus's saw-mill frae here," exclaimed Silva, implying that this made the affair more wonderful than ever.

"So ye can," said Sneaky, gazing at it as if it were some curiosity that had been introduced into Thrum's in the night-time.

"To think," muttered Tammas, "at the saw-miller down there should be mairit in a castle. It's beyond all, Oh, it's beyond, it's beyond."

"Sal, though," said Sam'l, suspiciously, "I wud like a sight o' the castle. I mind o' readin' in a booky 'at every Englishman's hoose is his castle, so I'm thinkin' castle's but a name in the sooth for an ord'nar' hoose."

"Weel a' that, ye never can trust the foreigners," said Silva; "it's weel beknown 'at English is an awfu' pertentious langitit too. They slither ower their words in a hurried way 'at I canna say I like; no, I canna say I like it."

"Will Leebie has seen the castle?" asked Sam'l.

"No," said Tammas; "it's a lang

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

My frae London; she'll juist ha'e heard o' the mairitch.

"It'll ha'e made a commotion in London, I dinna doot," said Sneaky, "but, lads, it proves as the colonel man stuck to R. b."

"Ay, I hardly expected it."

"Ay, ay, Sneaky, ye're richt. Rob'll ha'e manage't him. Weel, I will say this for Rob Angus, he was a critter 'at was terrible fond o' gettin' his ain way."

TO BE CONTINUED.

When the Heart is Heavy.

"There is always a remedy for a heavy heart," writes Ruth Ashmore in the March Ladies' Home Journal. "It may be in work—it outbreak it. It may be in thinking out the joys that have been given to you, and the sorrows from which you have been saved. It may be in helping others by sympathy, or in whatever way help is most needed. But the heavy heart can always be made light if self is forgotten, and the needs of others are remembered, and, as far as possible, relieved. Not one of us can learn to become light-hearted in a day, or a week, or a month, or a year, for it is the lesson of life, this knowing how to lift our hearts up and give from them help unto those who are in need. It is a good fight—this one against allowing one's self to be submerged in personal grief—it is a good fight, and out of it you can come conqueror if you will.

"Do you intend to give up the fight and fall by the wayside overcome by a heavy heart, or to go along through life as a brave woman should? You must decide this early in your life. And you will, I feel sure, decide to do that which is right, and then your heart will never be heavy nor your conscience disturbed, unless you fall. And when you fall, thank God, you can always rise again if you keep a brave heart."

A few drops of ammonia in a cupful of warm rain water, carefully applied with a sponge, will remove spots from painting and chromos.

Paine's Celery Compound Cures

Nervous, Weak, Sick, and Broken-down Men and Women.

Has Saved Thousands From Agony, Suffering and the Grave.

The Great Spring Medicine that Cures When All Others Fail.

Eminent Professional Men, People of Wealth, and the Ordinary People Declare that Paine's Celery Compound Has No Equal.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,
DEAR SIR:—I take this opportunity to express my gratitude for the good that I and my friends have received from your valuable discovery, Paine's Celery Compound.

For years I have suffered from constant sick headaches; at times I have been so bad that I have been unable to sleep two hours a night for weeks.

I have tried many medicines and doctored a great deal, but never received a hundredth part of the value from them that I have obtained from Paine's Celery Compound. After using three bottles I can sleep well, my headaches have ceased, and I feel better and fresher than I have done for years.

Being one of the earliest settlers in this place, I am known to all the enterprising country. I feel it a duty to let others know about the medicine that has done me so much good. I send this testimonial without any solicitation.

Yours very truly,
MRS. E. WILCOX, Creemore, Ont.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,
DEAR SIR:—It is with great pleasure that I testify to the value of your great medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. For nearly two years I suffered from indigestion, kidney and liver troubles. After trying several medicines that did not effect a cure I decided to try your Compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to pain in my back; it was only by resting on elbows and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and am now working every day. Anyone may refer to me in regard to these statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE J. SMYK, Sheffield, Ont.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,
GENTLEMEN:—No living mortal can imagine the terrible sufferings that I endured for four years, owing to liver trouble, headache and sore back. I may say that in addition to the dangerous ailments just mentioned, I was continually sick at my stomach, with a sour taste and mouth all furred and coated. I tried many patent medicines and was under the treatment of doctors, but received no benefit. I thank God for having heard of your wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. I procured a supply and used it, and experienced a great change. No other remedy ever gave me such wonderful results in so short a time. I now find myself a new woman, and can sleep well and enjoy my food. No soul should despair when they can procure Paine's Celery Compound, the sweet and best of all medicines.

Yours truly,
MRS. J. CURRIE,
280 Delaware Avenue,
Toronto, Ont.