

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1897.

No. 51.

THE ACADIAN.

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

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(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 standing advertisements must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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

Newly communicated 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 over a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Office Hours, 8:00 A. M. to 8:30 P. M.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:15 P. M.
Express west close at 9:00 A. M.
Express east close at 3:05 P. M.
Kentville close at 7:05 P. M.
Geo. Y. RAIN, 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. T. Trotter, Pastor--Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Sunday School at 2:30 P. M. Half hour prayer-meeting after evening service every Sunday. B. Y. P. U. Young People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock and regular Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Mission Aid Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 3:30 P. M.
COLIN W. ROSSON, { Usher
A. PAW BASS, { Usher

WESLEYAN CHURCH--Rev. F. W. 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. and at 7 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. on Wednesdays.

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 Greenwood, 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 3d at 11 A. M.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 A. M. Services every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storey, { Warden
S. J. Rutherford, { Warden

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

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

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

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

Forsters.
Court Bloomsdale, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Fridays of each month at 8 P. M.

THE
"White is King of All."
White Sewing Machine Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Thomas Organs

FOR SALE BY--
Howard Pincio,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
N. B.: Machine Needles and Oil. Machines and Organs repaired. 25

GEO. G. HANDLEY,
Merchant Tailor,
B BLOWERS ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

Wanted.
Men and Women who can work hard talking and writing six hours daily, for six days a week, and will be content with ten dollars weekly. Address
NEW IDEAS CO., Bradford, Ont.



Midsummer Sale!

The Wolfville Clothing Company.

HAVE OPENED A FINE RANGE OF--

LIGHT--

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS
AND TROUSERINGS,

ALSO THEIR USUAL FINE ASSORTMENT

OF--

OXFORD AND MONCTON LIGHT
HOMESPUNS.

Put away that dark suit. It is poor economy to wear a \$20.00 Scotch Tweed that would last you all next winter when a \$15.00 to \$15.00 Home spun or light Tweed will give you solid comfort, not show fast and save that dark, heavy suit.

SEE OUR FINE STOCK

NOBLE CRANDALL,
MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.

WANTED--Agents for "Queen Victoria, Her Reign and Diamond Jubilee." Overlooking with latest and richest pictures. Contains the condensed biography of Her Majesty, with authentic history of her remarkable reign, and full account of the Diamond Jubilee. Only \$1.50. Big book. Tremendous demand. Bonanza for agents. Commission 50 per cent. Credit given. Freight paid. Outfit free. Duty paid. Write quick for outfit and territory. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 7, 356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Property for Sale in Wolfville!

Dwelling containing nine rooms, besides bath-room and kitchen, with hot and cold water, and all modern improvements; good outbuildings; three acres of land with apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, small fruits. Conveniently situated near schools, churches, post office, etc. Part of purchase money may remain on mortgage if desired. For further particulars apply to--
MRS. H. D. HARRIS.

Wah Hop, CHINESE LAUNDRY, Wolfville, N. S.

First-class Work Guaranteed.

\$15,000 in Cash. \$15,000
--GRAND--
PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION

AT
HALIFAX,
SEPT. 28, TO OCT. 1, 1897.

Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals.

The largest amount ever offered in Prizes at any Exhibition in the Maritime Provinces.

In addition to the Grand Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition, special attractions have been arranged for every day and night.

The Spectacular Siege of Sebastopol every evening--the most gorgeous and realistic effects ever produced in Canada. An unequalled Half Mile Track for Speed Competition. Exhibits carried at exceedingly low rates.

Very cheap excursion tickets on all railways and steamboats. Full particulars later. Apply for Prize Lists, Entry Forms and all information to--
JOHN E. WOOD,
Secretary,
Halifax, N. S.

FOR SALE.
That desirable dwelling, and also lot adjoining, situated on College street, Wolfville, in convenient proximity to depot, post-office and college, containing 10 rooms. Now and fitted with furnace, range, and other conveniences. Terms very reasonable.
I. E. FORSYTH.

A. B. S. DeWolf,
183 Upper Water St.,
HALIFAX.

Commission merchant in Butter, Eggs, Cheese and Fruit. Prompt returns. Importer of Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, etc.

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.

Miracle Lintment the Lumberman's Friend.

POETRY.

As the Sun Went Down.

Two soldiers lay on the battlefield
At night when the sun went down.
One held a lock of thin grey hair,
And one held a lock of brown.
One thought of the sweetheart's back at home,
Happy and young and gay,
And one of his mother left alone,
Feeble and old and gray.

Each in the thought that a woman cared,
Murmured a prayer to God,
Lifting his gaze to the blue above,
There on the battle sod.

Each in the joy of a woman's love
Smiled through the pain of death,
Murmured the sound of a woman's name,
Though with his parting breath.

Pale grew the dying lips of each,
Then, as the sun went down,
One kissed a lock of thin grey hair,
And one kissed a lock of brown.

--Tom Tull.

SELECT STORY.

Polly's Exploit.

Kane Creek was a railroad crossing on the S. and C. C. Railroad about two miles from the division terminal at Mercer. It was in the midst of a scrubby pine forest, with a sandy road crooking out from the trees on one side and into the trees on the other. There were only two or three houses, a little general store with a porch like the visor of a military cap, and a school house, all arranged in a seraggy row along the railroad track. The dusty red depot was an oasis in the midst of a cinder desert, with a great many telegraph wires singing overhead.

A dozen trains whirled through Kane Creek every day with only a shriek of greeting and a whipping wake of fine sand. Only two of them paid the slightest attention to the girl in a blue gingham dress who stood in the little observation window. One of them was the way freight which stopped at Kane's every time it came along while the conductor handed the girl a bundle of yellow papers and received another like it in return. The other was the night express westward bound from St. Paul, and running at forty miles an hour. It was a splendid train--ten cars, with the finest engine on the road, big No. 606. As its glaring eye flashed around the bend in the direction of Mercer the girl in the gingham dress often thought of the great train as a powerful and ferocious beast snorting and roaring westward on a race with the sun. It was a beast, but it was well trained, and she knew the hand that trained it. When the train was a mile away there were always two blasts on the whistle. Everyone else in Kane's thought they meant simply, "wake up, look out!"

--for that is what all locomotives say at every crossing--but the girl in the gingham dress heard "Hello, Polly!" and darted out on the platform and waved her handkerchief. As the great train thundered nearer a hand was thrust from the engineer's window, and although it was usually dark, she could see the flutter of something white, and oftentimes as the engine darted past the station she heard the blurred sound of a voice and caught the glimpse of a grimy face and a blue jean jacket. And then she went back to her place in the little station with a sigh of deep contentment.

For it was a moment of great joy to

Polly Marshall when her father's engine went through. Polly was the station agent at Kane Creek--any one could have told that a woman presided in the little depot, for there was always a bouquet in the window and dainty pictures surrounding the grimy time tables on the walls, and a kitten curling upon the door-step? At seven-teen Polly had gone in as assistant to learn telegraphy and when Clark, the agent was called by Mercer the company had left the independent girl in charge. She and her father lived in one of the wooden houses a stone's throw back from the depot, and since Polly's mother died they had been everything to each other.

Engineer Marshall was a big, silent man and his companions, some of them, thought him gruff and ill tempered, but to Polly he was always tender as a kitten. Often when she was a little girl he took her down with him to Mercer on his engine and while she sat on his black leather seat at the cab window, clinging on with both hands, he explained to her how the big black creature under them was started and stopped, what this brass crank was for, and how, when the engine squeaked here or squeaked there, a little oil was needed in this cup or in that groove.

And Polly had learned to know an engine as well as she knew the neat little pantry in the house at home. Indeed, she had more than once managed the levers and the throttle, although it was very heavy work for a girl to do.

It was one night late in the fall that Polly Marshall had need of all her knowledge of engines. She was sitting at her desk in the little observation window, a shaded lamp throwing its rays down on her telegraph instruments and the sounder clicking sleepily. Suddenly she was startled by the sud-

denly sought the keys, and she gave the answer that signified that she was all attention.

"Look out for--" clicked the sounder, and then it suddenly ceased, and try as she would Polly could get no further communication with the station next to the eastward. What could the trouble be? What was she to look out for? Polly sprang to her feet, remembering that the night express, of which her father was engineer, was the next train due. Could anything be the matter? She ran out on the dark platform to see that her lights were all in place and that the switches were properly set, so that the express would slip past the station without an accident. Then she went back and called up Mercer.

"Can you get Pinekey?" she asked.

Pinekey was the station which had sent her the warning dispatch so mysteriously interrupted. She knew the operator at Pinekey well--every night he told her of the approach of her father's train, and whether or not it left his station on time.

"Pinekey quiet; can't get answer," was the report of the wires. "What's the trouble?"

Polly answered as well as she could, and Mercer made another attempt to arouse Pinekey.

Her father's train was now due. It should be whistling cheerily at the lower bend. Polly stepped out on the platform and peered up the track.

Yes, there was the familiar headlight--she would have known it among a hundred. Then came the whistle "Hello, Polly," and Polly ran back in to her office much relieved and sat down to wait Mercer. At that instant she heard a peculiar cracking sound that sent her heart quivering deep in her bosom. Then there was the shrill scream of the locomotive whistle, suddenly interrupted, as if the hand that had drawn the lever had been struck from its place. Polly knew it was a cry of distress. It seemed to say "Help" in a long tremulous wail. Instantly Polly darted outside and flew up the track. Already the express should have thundered past the station, but she could see its headlight a hun-

dred yards or more away. The train had stopped.

With a hundred terrifying questions flashing through her mind Polly ran on through the gloom. When she was almost within range of a big headlight she saw a half dozen armed men swarming around the engine, she heard fierce oaths, and then the engine started up again. She saw in an instant that it had been cut free from the train. In the cab window, where his father usually stood, there was a big unfamiliar figure, managing the lever and throttle. Terrified, Polly sprang to one side into a clump of bushes. As the locomotive passed her on its way up the track she saw that the man in the cab wore a black mask on his face, and then she knew what had happened. She understood why Pinekey had tried to warn her and then failed. Robbers had held up the train and were preparing to rob the express car.

For a moment Polly was torn with doubt and terror. Had they shot her father? She knew that he never would submit to have his train captured without a struggle. Should she go to him? Then she remembered her station and the telegraph, and without a moment's delay she was flying down the track toward the depot. But squarely in front of the little depot the locomotive stopped and the black-masked man sprang from the cab window and darted across the platform. Hardly thinking what she was doing, Polly ran up on the other side, the fireman's side of the engine, and, raising herself up, peered into the cab. She had half expected to see her father's dead body lying on the floor, for she had heard much about the terrible doings of train robbers.

Through the cab window she could see the robber sitting at her own little desk, and she saw him plainly.

It flashed over her all at once that he was wiring Mercer that the express was delayed, thus preventing any alarm. The robber had pushed up his mask and she saw him plainly.

What should she do? She dared not enter the office, and she, a mere girl, could be of no service where the robbers were making their attack on the train. If only she had the little revolver that lay in the drawer of her desk--she set her teeth as she thought what she would do with it.

At that moment three shots rang out, clear and distinct, from the detached train. The man at the telegraph instrument sprang to his feet and ran to the side window in the waiting-room and looked up the track.

Now was her chance. Hardly thinking what she did, Polly sprang to the engineer's side of the cab, threw back the reverse lever and opened the throttle steadily. The big steel wheels began to turn, very slowly at first. Farther and farther the throttle opened and faster and faster turned the wheels, and yet they did not go half fast enough to suit Polly, who was now glancing fearfully over her shoulder.

Suddenly the depot door was thrown open, and she saw the robber darting up the track. He had his pistol in his hand. He was pointing it at her and shouting for her to stop. But the engine was now going at good speed, and run as he would, the robber could not catch it. But he stopped and fired, the bullet ripping through the cab cover above Polly's head.

The engine was now tearing down the track at full speed. Polly knew that it must be fired or it would not go far, and so, leaving the throttle open she sprang to the coal pit, flung open the fire hole, and with the heavy shovel in her small white hands threw in load after load of coal. When she returned to her place she could see the first signal light of Mercer already blinking into view. She pulled down on the whistle cord and the engine shrieked its distress.

Five minutes later Polly strained at the heavy reverse lever, turned hard on the air-brake and brought the great iron horse to a sudden standstill. How she ever managed to stammer the story she never knew, but in a few minutes the engine was headed back with half a dozen armed men aboard of her. Behind them came another load of men on a switch engine and two men were racing up the street of Mercer calling the alarm.

They heard firing before they reached Kane Creek, but it ceased soon afterward. The robbers had gone. They had taken with them much plunder from the passengers, but they had not been able to get into the express safe, although they were at work drilling it open when relief came.

From the time that the engine stopped Polly was missing. When the rescued and excited passengers and express managers began to crowd around and inquire the Mercer men remembered her. A party of them went out to find the girl who had brought help to the beleaguered train.

In a little clump of bushes they heard a man moaning, and an instant later they saw Polly kneeling in the sand, with her father's head in her lap, crying bitterly. And they gathered up the brave engineer and his daughter and carried them down to the train, cheering all the way.

Engineer Marshall was not badly hurt, and he was able to be in Mercer when the general manager of the road thanked the blushing Polly officially and offered her a new and better position in Mercer. And of course all the passengers and express managers heard about Polly's brave deed and said a great many pleasant things about her, but Polly, being a sensible girl, only blushed and said that she had to do it, and that any other girl would have done the same under like circumstances--which no one believed of course.

Later, when the robbers were captured, Polly was able to identify one of them positively--the one who had run the engine--and through him the entire party was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary.

Gold Fields of the Klondyke.

Everywhere all classes, men, women and children want to know all about this Land of Gold. Recognizing this intense desire of millions of our people, we have a complete work descriptive of the Gold Fields of the Klondyke, by Ernest Ingersoll, Esq., author of "Knocking Round the Rockies," "Crest of the Continent," "Guide Book to Western Canada," "The Lost Queen," "The Silver Cave," etc., etc., also an extensive traveller throughout all the Northwest from the Geological Survey and the Smithsonian Institute, assisted by Henry W. Elliott and E. E. Sedmore, who have spent years in Alaska.

It will tell you all about the mines that have been discovered--how they are worked--what fortunes have been made--what fields are yet unexplored--the vast extent and possibilities of the Gold Region--all about the Indians and other natives of the land--the climate, what riches, etc.

This book, containing 500 pages, is most richly and accurately illustrated from photographs taken on the spot, picturing every phase of mining, country, natives, mountains, ice glaciers and other wonders of the frozen North. It will contain a magnificent map in six colors, size 18 x 24, showing the Gold Fields, routes to reach them, etc., and is well worth half the price asked for the book. Not a moment should be lost in securing outfit and pushing the sale. It bids fair to rival the sale of the Johnston Flood. Price of book and map \$1.50. Secure territory quickly by sending 25 cents for Prospectus and Outfit to: Earle Publishing House, Box 94, St. John, N. B.

Packing Butter for Winter.

Henry Stewart in an article on the winter packing of butter, after stating that the full amount of butter consumed in winter is not produced as it is consumed, the deficiency being drawn from that packed during the grazing season, says in the *American Agriculturist*:

A Winona Lady.

Saved from a Life of Torture.

Paine's Celery Compound Conquers After Years of Failures With Other Medicines.

Mrs. G. H. Parker, of Winona, Ont., was for eighteen years a complete martyr to neuralgia, that cruel and merciless tormentor of thousands of old and young in Canada. During her long years of agony she had the services of some of the best medical men, and consumed a vast quantity of patent medicines, but all failed to drive off the tyrant that was making life a burden. At last she was persuaded to test the power and virtue of Paine's Celery Compound, and the happy results that rewarded her faith are described in the following letter:

"I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for nearly eighteen years; these sufferings at times were so bad that words would fail to describe them. After having tried every known remedy and different physicians, and receiving no help, I was persuaded to try your Paine's Celery Compound, which I have been using for the past four months. I am happy to say that I am now a different woman and completely cured. I can recommend your Paine's Celery Compound to all my friends, for it has been worth hundreds of dollars to me."



ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The best package for this purpose is a new white oak pail, made of sound timber, free from knots and blemishes, half an inch thick, well jointed, and perfectly seasoned. This pail holds fifty pounds. White spruce is the next best material, and is quite as free from any objectionable odor or taste given to the butter. The pail is prepared by a thorough cleaning in pure water. It should be soaked for at least twenty-four hours, then well scalded, and then filled with brine. This is done so that it may stay under the brine twenty-four hours before the butter is packed. The pail being ready, the butter is packed as soon as it has been finished at the second working the day after it is churned. It is salted in the usual manner, one ounce to the pound of butter, of the very purest and finest ground salt. It is worked as dry as it can be. The pail, being emptied of the brine, is dusted all over the inside with the salt, and the butter is put in only so much at a time as will make a layer one inch thick. This is immediately pressed down by a maple press, made like a common potato masher, so that all the moisture is pressed out and drained off.

If in this moisture there is any cloud or shade of milk, the butter has not been made as well as it should be, and will not come out in perfect condition. Not a shade of milk is to be permitted in the butter for this use, but any moisture that clings from it should be as clear as the dew on the morning grass. Then the butter thus put in is lightly dusted with salt, and another layer put in in the same manner, until the pail is filled to a quarter of an inch of the edge.

Papa--"How did you get your clothes so terribly torn?"

Tommy--"Tryin' to keep a little boy from bein' licked."

Papa--"That was a brave deed. Who was the little boy?"

Tommy--"Me."

"You've got an awful cold, Smither. Why don't you go to a doctor and get him to give you something for it?"

"Give me something for it? Man, he can have it for nothing and welcome."

This is the stamp that the letter bore which carried the story far and wide; of certain cure for the loathsome sore that bubbled up from the tainted tide of the blood below. And 'twas Ayer's name, and his sarsaparilla, that all now know, that was just beginning its fight of fame with its cures of 50 years ago.

Fifty Years Ago.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

in the original sarsaparilla. It has behind it a record for cures unequalled by any blood purifying compound. It is the only sarsaparilla honored by a medal at the World's Fair of 1893. Others imitate the record; they can't imitate the record.

50 Years of Cures!

50 Years of Cures!

50 Years of Cures!

50 Years of Cures!

50 Years of Cures!

50 Years of Cures!

50 Years of Cures!

50 Years of Cures!

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