THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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THE ACADIAN.

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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 trancient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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

Newsy 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 over a fictitious signature.

Address all comunications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N S

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8 30 P M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 10 a m.
Express west close at 10.20 a. m.
Express east close at 4 25 p. m.
Kentville close at 7 00 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.

G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, 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, Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COLIN W ROSCOE, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

ST ANDREW'S (PRESBYTERIAN.)

Service every Sabbath at 3 p. m. Sabbath School at 2 p. m. Evangelistic and Testimony Meeting at 7 p. m. Bible Reading Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

CHALMER'S (LOWER HORTON.)

Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Praise and Prayer Meeting Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar Gronlund, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday 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 Thursdays.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday at 3 p. m. except on the first Sunday in the month, when the service will be at 11 a. m., with a celebration of the Holy Communion.

REV. ISAAC BROCK, D. D.,
Rector of Horton.
Canon of St Luke's Cathredal, Halifax.

Frank A. Dixon, Robert W. Storrs, } Wardens.

ST FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev T M Daly, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m the last 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 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

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

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

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

APPLE TREES fo SALE.

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.
Ripans Tabules cure the blues.

POETRY.

My Fathers's Way.

"I must look to the sheep in the fold,
See the cattle are fed and warm.
So, Jack, tell mother to wrap you well:—
You may go with me over the farm.
Though the snow is deep and the weather cold,
You are not a babe at six years old."

Two feet of snow on the hillside lay,
But the sky was as blue as June;
And father and son came laughing home
When dinner was ready at noon—
Knocking the snow from their weary feet,
Rosy and hungry and longing to eat.

"The snow was so deep" the farmer said,
"That I feared I could scarce get through;"
The mother turned with a pleasant smile,
"Then what could a little lad do?"
"I trod in my father's steps" said Jack,
"Wherever he went I kept his track."

The mother looked in the father's face,
And a solemn thought was there,
The words had gone like a lightning flash
To the seat of a nobler care,
"If he tread in my steps, then day by day
How carefully I must choose my way."

"For the child will do as the father does,
And the track that I leave behind,
If it be firm and clear and straight,
The feet of my son will find,
He will tread in his father's steps and say
'I'm right for this was my father's way.'

Oh! fathers treading in life's hard road,
Be sure of the steps you take,
Then the sons you love when gray haired men,
Will tread in them still for your sake,
Then gray haired men to their sons will say
"We tread in our father's steps to-day."

SELECT STORY.

BESSIE.

"You're failin', Geordie; your work is not what it was." Mrs Carr held up to the light an end of the web the weaver had lain on the table. "It's thin in places, and there are knots," she said.

"The knots were in the yarn; I did not make them; it's a good web," Geordie answered with conviction. He was a little man, with an irregular-featured, dreamy face, and grey hair that curled in small tight knots over his head. He wore a frock coat of faded brown cloth, and trousers of the same carefully turned up at the ankles. His appearance suggested an impoverished country schoolmaster rather than a working tradesman.

"I'm sure you do your best,' Mrs Carr conceded, generously; "but your eyesight is not what it was. I'm not findin' fault, an' I'll take nothin' off the price, but it's as well you should know you're beginnin' to go down the hill."

Geordie did not answer; there was no good in arguing. His eyesight failing! Just as if his being stone blind would have mattered, after five-and-forty years at the loom.

"There's a power of folk send their wool to the big factories," the farmer's wife continued, Geordie having seemed to acquiesce; "but I always hold by the old neighbors; an' till your work gets still worse, Geordie—"

"It's a good web. I showed it to Bessie, an' she said it was a good web,' the man maintained stoutly.

"It's not to be expected that Bessie would want to hurt your feelin's an' I respect her for it. How is Bessie?" Having made her point, Mrs Carr did not wish to be needlessly cruel in driving it home. "If you'll sit down a minute, I'll put up a bit of butter an' an egg or two for her."

"Ah'm obledged to you, Mrs Carr."

"I was very glad to hear the good news of Bessie," she began, a few minutes later, as she deposited a small covered basket with a slight flourish on the table.

'What good news?"

"Why, about her an' Dan'l Pryce, that she is keepin' company with Dan'l Pryce."

"Dan'l Pryce drops in of an evenin' now an' then, but there's no keepin' company."

'Of course not, Geordie." Mrs Carr burst into a laugh that showed all her white teeth. "When a young man goes where a young woman is, there's never any keepin' company. It's always the father the young man goes to see, an' to hear about the price o' yarns an' such. To be sure, it is." Her fat sides shook a little and the frilled cap border quivered round her rosy face as she spoke.

"There's no keepin' company," Geordie maintained. His ideas were limited, but they were very definite.

"Well, well; keep your own counsel, my man; folks can't be too careful where a girl's name is in question. It's you Dan'l Pryce goes to see, if you will, an' as he's a steady fellow, an' come of a decent stock, I wish you luck of him. There, that's the basket, an' here's the money for the web, an' good-day to you."

Mrs Carr always bewildered Geordie and dazzled such wits as he possessed. She was so fluent and so good-humoredly positive that the little man lost himself amid her showering sentences.

Geordie Dennet was not a native of Grimpat, but he had settled there nigh on thirty years before, when times were better, work more liberally paid, or his productive power greater. Still he did not complain; he was able to rub along, and that is as much as most people attain to or expect. He was a widower now, with but one child, the Bessie referred to, a girl of six-and-twenty, with a plain, wise face, and a reputation for good sense and clever management that was distinguished even in that practical community.

That Bessie should have a lover had never occurred to Geordie, and that Daniel Pryce stood to her in that relationship was not likely to suggest itself. Daniel was younger than she, his parentage was better, and this advantage has its full value in rustic communities. Then his visits to the weaver's cottage had never seemed specially directed to Bessie—and there was Mrs Pryce!

All the same, when the idea was put before him, it did not seem so utterly unreasonable. The disparity between the young people was not so very great—three years at most, and Bessie was—Bessie. A sigh arose from the little man's full heart and fell on the bosom of the western breeze. In six and twenty years she had never given him a heartache. That another man should see her as she was and desire her was very natural.

Mrs Pryce, Daniel's mother, was highly respected in the parish. As Mrs Carr said, Daniel Pryce came of a good stock, residents in the place for generations, and with an untarnished record on both sides. Mrs Pryce was a widow; that her bereavement dated only two years back was one of the things the neighbors habitually forgot, for James Pryce had, through an accident, been bedridden during nearly all their married life. It was worse than if he had died outright, Mrs Pryce said often, when discussing the matter dispassionately, for it added attendance on him to all her other troubles.

James Pryce's bondage lasted two decades, and when he died he spoke of heaven as green fields among which he would wander, a strong young man again. That Daniel would inherit the farm was a foregone conclusion; he was the eldest, and birthright bulks largely in communities that are somewhat patriarchal. He was a good fellow, entirely free from small vices, but somewhat dull, even in the eyes of neighbors not remarkable for brilliancy. He was moderately tall, moderately good looking, more than moderately muscular, entirely amiable, a man no way out of the common or likely to assume heroic proportions in the eyes of a clever girl somewhat older than himself. But the fact was, Bessie Dennet was so deeply, silently, unconfessedly in love with Daniel Pryce that neither she nor I could put it into words.

They had been keeping company three months, but in such a reserved, unobtrusive, brotherly and sisterly way, that even shrewder people than Geordie might have noticed nothing. Daniel would drop in of an evening when Bessie sewed or knitted by the window, or filled the quills with yarn for the loom, the reel gyrating noiselessly under her deft manipulation like a big daddy-longlegs in the middle of the kitchen floor, and the talk would be altogether neighborly, Geordie taking the chief part often. When Dan was going away, Bessie would sometimes accompany him to the little rustic gate that shut in the house and the flower patch from the road, and the pair would stand talking there awhile, under the moonlight or the stars, while the soft breezes shook the alder bushes, and the landrails called in the standing corn. Occasionally Dan would execute a small commission for Bessie in the market town when he went with the farm produce, and now and then he would bring her a fairin', a packet of seeds, a story book in a gay cover, or a ribbon for her neck.

The Dennets' cottage was as pretty as a picture. There are people in whose presence flowers seem to thrive. Bessie's garden had once been a piece of waste ground, but how every breath that blew through the open door was laden with a score of delicate odors. Dan could not fancy a greater joy in existence than to sit on the window sill or lean against the lintel talking to the girl, while the bees reveled in the honeysuckle and the linnets twittered in the elms. He had sown her initials in mignonette in a bed just beneath the window, and if, when the seedlings first showed above the surface, both he and she saw that B. D. stood for Bessie and Daniel as well as Bessie Dennet, and if they looked into each other's eyes, as the consciousness struck them simultaneously, what did it matter to anyone but themselves, and who cared?

This had all lasted about three months, and not a word of love, not a caress had ever passed between them, when, about the same period, Geordie Dennet and Mrs Pryce heard from different sources that their children were keeping company.

Daniel had dressed to go out for the evening. In his attire there was that special something which signifies that a young man's toilet has a purpose in it. He came down stairs softly, tiptoeing on the carpetless treads. At the foot of the stairs was the seldom-used best room. The door stood open, which was unusual, and through it came Mrs Pryce's voice, which was more unusual still: "I want you, Daniel."

The young man stopped on the threshold. His mother was at the far end of the room, sight her back to the light, her knitting in her hands, the long end of her worsted stocking caught under her arm. The light that lingered in the west after the setting sun fell on poor Daniel's best coat, his well-blacked boots, and the flower in his buttonhole.

Mrs Pryce looked at all this splendor derisively "Where are you off to?" she asked with a little disdain.

"I was minded to look in for half an hour at Geordie Dennet's."

"I thought that. Well, this is just what I wanted to say, Daniel Pryce that I'm against these goings-on. I want no sweethearting, an' no daughter-in-law; leastways, one as old as myself, an' without a penny in her pocket. If folks mind their business, it's enough for them without larkin' o' evenin's. I'm fair surprised at Geordie Dennet that he should encourage any widow woman's son to waste his time and make a fool of himself; an' you can tell him I said so."

Daniel stood staring at his mother, the ruddy color in his face gone a kind of gray with the shock. "There is nothing against Bessie Dennet," he stammered helplessly.

"No, nothin' at all, in her own place, but her place is not alongside o' my son. You can tell her to-night that I'm not minded to allow any carryin's-on between you."

Daniel turned and went out without a word; but it seemed as if the very flower in his throat had shrunk and shrivelled. To him his mother's will had always meant destiny, and it never struck him to dispute it As he passed down the lane between the hawthorn hedges, it seemed as if there was no more golden light in the western sky, no flower faces in the grass of the wayside, no bird voices among the whispering leaves.

Things had been too good to last, and Bessie knew the end had come when she saw Daniel's face; but she talked commonplaces as women can in those dreadful crises, as much to hold certainty aloof as to deceive onlookers. When he was going away she went with him to the gate as usual.

"What has happened?" she asked.

He did not attempt to evade the question or make light of the trouble. "Mother thinks I come here too often."

Bessie understood perfectly. "And won't she let you come?"

"Oh, yes, she lets me come."

"But it will [illegible]

"Yes, it will [illegible]

SKODA'S HOME IN THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

A Canadian writer says. "From some of the heights of the North Mountain may be seen the rich and beautiful valley of Cornwallis—Horton, with its Grand Pre—the flourishing little towns of Canning, Kentville and Wolfville—6,000 acres of the finest marsh land in the world—upwards of 3,000 snow white cottages and farm houses, thirty churches, twenty-six school houses, six temperance halls, thousands of orchards in blossom or laden with fruit, according to the season, the Basin of Minas with its numerous inlets and little estuaries, and the twelve rivers that pour their waters into its bosom, may all be seen with one sweep of the naked eye. . . . . A portion of four of the finest counties in the world is before you, while the garden of Nova Scotia is at your feet.

This was written some twenty years, or more, ago, but to-day the picture is in many respects improved. In Wolfville, one of the towns in this fair and fertile region, is the home of the Canadian Skoda Discovery Company, where most of the stock is owned. The laboratory at Wolfville, a cut of which is here given, is 70 feet long, 45 feet wide and four stories high,

BOTTLING ROOM, SKODA DISCOVERY COMPANY, WOLFVILLE.

and nearly all the four floors of this building, containing almost one-third of an acre of surface, is uted in the manufacturing and putting up of the well known Skoda Remedies. The ingredients for the Discovery are mixed in largeo aken tanks, and the bottling room is furnished with an automatic bottle filler, having a capacity of 1,800 bottles per hour, which takes the medicine from the tanks and places it in the bottles ready for use. (See cut.) The bottles are corked, sealed, washed and wiped. The advertising matter is then wrapped around them, they are placed in cartons and packed in boxes, containg 12 boitles, ready ro be shipped to the trade.

The business office is situated on the south-west end of the building (See cut.) Here is placed the company's safe, and around the walls of the room are hung maps of the various provinces of Canada, showing the location of the different towns and cities, their railroad connections, etc. Here the books of the company are kept and all the business correspondence attended to.

The great success of the Skoda Remedies in the United States and the frequent calls for them in the Dominion necessitated the stocking of a company and the building of a laboratory in Canada. To this end, the trade mark and name of the remedies were copyrighted by the Dominion government, and in January, 1892, a stock company was organized in Wolfville, Nova Scotia, for the purpose of placing these remedies before the Canadian people. The stock was readily taken by physic-

BUSINESS OFFICE, SKODA DISCOVERY COMPANY, WOLFVILLE.

ians and business men, and the organization was effected under the laws of the Canadian govern- Pres., G. W. Borden, Sec.-Treas. and Business Manager. The board of directors inclu- Wolfville, Dr Haley, of Windsor, S. S. Strong and Judge Chipman, of Kentville. Burgess, the president of the company, is a shipbuilder khawn in the Maritime Provinces.

The company advertises extensiv-

GOODS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS, etc.,
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