

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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Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on receipt of the copy must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to the insertion.

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

News 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 copy, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8.30 a. m. to 8.30 p. m.

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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Pastor, Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. E. Y. P. U. Service of Song and prayer, 8.30 to 9.30 p. m. Sacred Literature Class on Tuesday evening and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Women'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 11 a. 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 at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 1.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Church of the Holy Spirit, Wolfville: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 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 week-day services are held at the Church of the Holy Spirit, Wolfville, at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH O. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Stone, Wardens.

S. J. Hetherford, Organist.

ST. FRANCIS (R.C.).—Rev. Mc Kennedy, P. P.—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. F. 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.

Foresters.

Court Blenheim, 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."

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Is now on. Sweeping reduction in every line until February 1st. See our prices marked on goods in Window.

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We have a stock to select from, the largest and best in the county. We have everything you want. Remember these prices will not last longer than thirty days. Don't delay.

Also Agency for the best Laundry in Nova Scotia. Work done by hand. Will call for and deliver goods.

THE WOLFVILLE CLOTHING CO.,
Noble Crandall,
MANAGER.
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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.

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—First-class Work Guaranteed.

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

J. C. Dumaresq
ARCHITECT,
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Plans and specifications prepared for all kinds of buildings. 22

AT
This Season of the Year Prepare for Fall and Winter.

IT
Will give us pleasure to show you our late Importations and

AGAIN
Be favored with your esteemed order, either for a suit or Overcoat, or any Garment you wish in our line.

N. L. McDONALD,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
"Acadia Corner,"
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FARM FOR SALE!
The subscriber offers for sale the farm on which he resides at Wallbrook, containing 200 acres of upland and 20 acres of lake. Has an orchard which has borne 600 barrels of apples and a young one just coming into bearing, besides peaches, plums, and pears.

Apply to
CHAS. PAINE,
Wallbrook, Sept. 20th, 1897.

POETRY.
Anna Domini.
The year of the Lord: was it such to thee?
The year that is falling with thy breath—
That is going its way so silently,
As the moments glide, to its quiet death!

Were it's brief days His, as they passed along!
Its days of content, and its days of pain;
Were its mornings crowned with uplifted song,
And its even-tides with the soft refrain?

Were its hours touched with the tender lull,
Of a lofty purpose—a lowly care—
With a kindly thought for the least of His,
While the Lord Himself did thy burden bear!

In paths of peace, when thy skies were bright,
Was the glory-cloud a "defense" indeed?
And as a shadow deepened about thy night,
Did the gleaming pillar of old still lead?

The year of the Lord! let it sink to rest;
Let it pass away to the ages afar,
Let it die on the hushed and tranquil breast
Of the years, and years, that have gone before.

He gathers them unto His secret place,
When their pain and bliss are alike forgot;
But their lowliest deed will be ne'er effaced,
For the Lord is the Lord—He changeth not.

Yes, He brings them forth from the dim unknown,
And in solemn keeping He still doth hold
The days to come as the days that are flown—
One year are His years till the last be told.

SELECT STORY.
When a Man's Single.
BY JAMES M. BARRIE.
CHAPTER X.—Continued.
The only acquaintances he made were with journalists who came to his chambers to see Morrison, who was now in India. They seemed just as pleased to see Rob, and a few of them, who spoke largely of their connection with literature, borrowed five shillings from him. To his disappointment Noble Simms did not call, though he sometimes sent up notes to Rob suggesting likely articles, and the proper papers to which to send them. "I would gladly say 'Use my name,'" Simms wrote, "but it is the glory of anonymous journalism that names are nothing and good stuff everything. I assure you that on the press it is the men who have it in them that succeed, and the best of them become editors." He advised Rob to go to the annual supper given by a philanthropic body to discharged criminals, and write an account of the proceedings; and told him that when anything remarkable happened in London he should at once do an article (in the British Museum) on the times the same thing had happened before. "Don't neglect colicries," he said, "for heavy scolding cricket matches say more than what looks like signs of the times, and always try to be first in the field." He recommended Rob to gather statistics of all kinds, from the number of granddaughters the

crowned heads of Europe had to the jockeys who had ridden the Derby winner more than once, and suggested the collecting of anecdotes about celebrities, which everybody would want to read if the celebrities chanced to die as they must do some day; and he assured him that there was a public who liked to be told every year what the poets had said about May. Rob was advised never to let an historic house disappear from London without compiling an article about its associations, and to be ready to run after the first brigade. He was told that an article on flag-stone artists could be made interesting. "But always be sure of your facts," Simms said. "Write your articles over again and again, avoid fine writing as much as dishonest writing, and never spoil a leader by drawing it out into a leader. By-and-by you may be able to choose the kind of subject that interests yourself, but at present put your best work into what experienced editors believe interests the general public."

Rob found these suggestions valuable, and often thought as he passed Simms's door, of going in to thank him but he had an uncomfortable feeling that Simms did not want him. Of course Rob was not. Simms had feared at first to saddle himself with a man who might prove incapable; and besides, he generally liked those persons best whom he saw least frequently.

For the great part of the spring Simms was out of town; but one day after his return he met Rob on the stairs, and took him into his chambers. The sitting-room had been originally furnished with newspaper articles; Simms, in his younger days, when he wanted a new chair or an etching having written an article to pay for it, and then pasted the article on the back. He had paid a series of wild birds for his piano, and at one time leaderettes had even been found inside of his hats. Odd books and magazines lay about his table, but they would not in all have filled a library shelf, and there were no newspapers visible. The blank wall opposite the fireplace showed in dust that a large picture had recently hung there. It was an oil-painting which a month earlier had given way in the card and fallen behind the piano, where Simms was letting it lie.

"I wonder," said Rob, who had heard from many quarters of Simms's reputation, "that you are content to put your best work in newspapers."

"Ah," answered Simms, "I was ambitious once, but, as I told you, the grand book was a failure. Nowadays I gratify myself with the reflection that I am not stupid enough ever to be a great man."

"I wish you would begin something really big," said Rob, earnestly.

"I feel safer," replied Simms, "finishing something really little."

He turned the talk to Rob's affairs, as if his own worried him, and after hesitating offered to "place" a political article by Rob with the editor of the "Morning Wire."

"I don't say he'll use it, though," he added.

The Wigwam is one of the best known literary clubs in London, and as they rattled to it in a hansom, the driver of which was the broken son of a poet, Rob remarked that "his fame had even travelled to his saw-mill."

"It has such a name," said Simms in reply, "that I feel sorry for any one who is taken to it for the first time. The best way to admire the Wigwam is not to go to it."

"I always thought it was considered the pleasantest club in London," Rob said.

"So it is," said Simms, who was a member of half a dozen; "most of the others are only meant for sitting in on padded chairs and calling out 'sh-sh' when any other body speaks."

At the Wigwam there is a special dinner every Saturday evening, but it was over before Simms and Rob arrived, and the members were crowding into the room where great poets have sat beating time with church wardens, while great artists or coming Cabinet ministers sang songs that were not of the drawing-room. A popular novelist, on whom Rob gazed with a veneration that did not spread to his companion's face, was in the chair when they entered, and the room was full of literary men, actors, and artists, of whom, though many were noted, many were also needy. Here was an actor who had separated from his wife because her notices were better than his; and another gentleman of the same profession took Rob aside to say that he was the greatest tragedian on earth if he could only get a chance. Rob did not know what to reply when the eminent cartoonist sitting next to him, whom he had looked up to for half a dozen years, told him, by way of opening a conversation, that he had just pawned his watch. They seemed so pleased with poverty that they made as much of a little of it as they could, and the wisest conclusion Rob came to that night was not to take them too seriously. It was however, a novel world to find one's self in all of a sudden, one in which everybody was a wit at his own expense. Even Simms, who always upheld the press when any outsider ran it down, sang with applause some verses whose point lay in their being directed against himself.

"When clever pre-men write this way, 'As Mr. J. A. Frode would say, is it because they think he would, and have they read a line of Frode? Or is it only that they fear The comment they have made is queer, And that they might not say it?' Or say it Mr. Frode who says it?"

Every one abandoned himself to the humor of the evening, and as song followed song, or was wedged between entertainments of other kinds, the room filled with smoke till it resembled London in a fog.

By-and-by a yellow-faced man mounted a table to show the company how to perform a remarkable trick with three hats. He got his hats from the company, and having looked at them thoughtfully for some minutes, said that he had forgotten the way.

"That," said Simms, mentioning a well-known journalist, "is— He can never work unless his pockets are empty, and he would not be looking so doubtful at present if he was not pretty

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The Marvellous Compound is Woman's Best Friend.
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Yours very truly,
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each article, of course, having a guaranteed story attached to it. The editor, you observe, intimates his wish to include the distinguished person in his gallery of 'Men of the Moment,' and then the notability drops a line to our friend saying that he wants a few of his rooms arranged for an interview. Your countryman sends the goods, arranges them (if actually, and puts the celebrity up to the reminiscences he is to tell about each.

"I suppose," said Rob, with a light in his eye, "that the interviewer is as much taken in by this as—well, say, as I have been by you?"

"To the same extent," admitted Simms, very solemnly. "Of course he is not aware that before the interview appears the interesting relics have all been packed up and taken back to our Scottish friend's show-rooms."

The distinguished novelist in the chair told Rob (without having been introduced to him) that his books were begging his publishers.

"What I make my living off," he said, "is the penny dreadful, complete in one number. I manufacture two a week, without Linderose to other employment, and could make it three if I did not have a weak wrist."

It was thus that everyone talked to Rob, who, because he took a joke without changing countenance, was considered obtuse. He congratulated one man on his article on chaffinches in the "Evening Firebrand," and the writer said he had discovered, since the paper appeared, that the birds he described were really linnets. Another man was introduced to Rob as the writer of "Jo Memoriam."

"No," said the gentleman himself, on seeing Rob start, "my name is not Tenyson. It is, indeed, Marphy. Tenyson and the other fellows, who are ambitious of literary fame, pay me so much a page for poems to which they put their names."

At this point the applause became so deafening that Simms and Rob, who were on their way to another room, turned back. An aged man, with a magnificent beard, was on his feet to describe his first meeting with Carlyle.

"Who is it?" asked Rob, and Simms mentioned the name of a celebrity only a little less renowned than Carlyle himself. To Rob it had been one of the glories of London that in the streets he sometimes came suddenly upon world-renowned men, but now he looked upon this eminent scientist for the first time. The celebrity was there as a visitor; for the Wigwam cannot boast quite such famous members as he.

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Rheumatism Banished Like Magic.
A Marvellous Statement—Relief from One Dose.
Mr. E. W. Sherman, proprietor of the Sherman House, Harrisburg, Ont. is known by thousands of Canadians, hence the following statement from Mr. Sherman will be read with great interest and pleasure. "I have been cured of rheumatism of ten years' standing in three days. One bottle of SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE performed this most remarkable cure. The effects of the first dose of South American Rheumatic Cure were truly wonderful. I have only taken one bottle of the cure, and now I have no sign of rheumatism in my system. It did me more good than all the doctors I ever did in my life."—23.
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