

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1893.

No. 31.

### 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 ar-  
rangements for standing notices.

Not for circulating advertisements will  
be made known on application to the  
office, and payment on transient advertising  
must be guaranteed by some responsible  
party to the insertion.

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

News communications from all parts  
of the country, or articles upon the topics  
of the day are cordially solicited. The  
name of the party writing for the ACADIAN  
must invariably accompany the communi-  
cation, although the name may be written  
in a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE  
Carries Home, 8:00 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.  
Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:15  
a. m.  
Express west close at 10:00 a. m.  
Express east close at 4:00 p. m.  
Kentville close at 6:40 p. m.  
Geo. V. HARR, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.  
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed  
on Monday at 1 p. m.  
G. W. MASON, Agent.

Churches.  
BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. Hugh R.  
Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday,  
preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sun-  
day School at 3:30 p. m. E. L. O. U. Services  
at 7:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sacred Literature Class on Tuesday  
evening and Church prayer-meeting on  
Thursday evening at 7:30. Woman's Mis-  
sionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday  
morning the first Sunday in the month  
and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the  
third Wednesday of each month at 8:30  
p. m. All seats free. Officers at the  
door to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES—Sunday  
at 11 a. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.  
Sunday School at 10:30 a. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. F. P.  
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 9:45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wed-  
nesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers' Church,  
Lower Hants: Public Worship on Sunday  
at 11 a. m. and Sunday School at 10 a. m.  
Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. F. meets  
every Monday evening in their Hall  
at 8:30 o'clock.

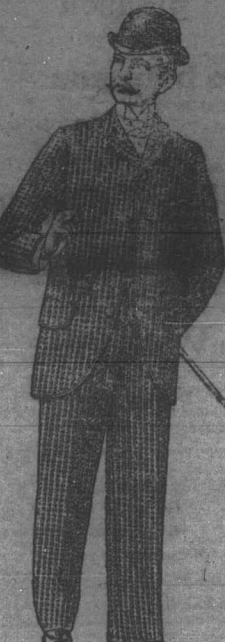
CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the  
Temperance Hall every Friday after-  
noon at 8:30 o'clock.

Foresters.  
Orest Blomholm, I. O. F., meets in  
Temperance Hall on the first and third  
Thursdays of each month at 7:30 p. m.

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

FOR SALE BY—  
Howard Pines,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
N. B. Machine Needles and Oil  
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

AGENTS sell "Klondike Gold Fields"  
like a whirlwind. Experienced canvases  
ranging the richest harvest of their  
lives; new beginners doing wonders.  
Nearly everybody's subscriber. One  
young fellow on a farm at \$12 a month  
is making \$75. A lady typewriter at \$3  
a week is clearing \$11. A machanic  
who had earned \$150 a day is clearing  
\$5 a day. We want more agents. Can-  
vassing outfit 25 cents, worth \$1.  
BRADLEY GARRETTSON COMPANY,  
LIMITED, TORONTO.



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

It is as STYLISH an 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.

### Room Paper!

Our stock is now complete and we are prepared to sell at prices which defy competition.

All the Latest Patterns!

Including Ceiling, Ingrain, Embossed, and Sanitary Papers.

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, 1893.

FIT,  
STYLE,  
MAKE,  
UP TO DATE.

FINE  
TAILORING.

TWEEDS,  
WORSTEDS,  
OVERCOATINGS.

N. L. McDONALD,  
"Acadia Corner,"  
28 Water St., Halifax, N. S.

FARM FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale the farm  
on which he resides at Wolfbrook, con-  
sisting of 200 acres of upland and 20 acres  
of drier. 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  
CHAR. PAINE,  
Wolfbrook, Sept. 20th, 1897.

times with big game and occa-  
sionally like an African explorer  
scattering largesse among the natives.  
Mr. Rowbotham might be even a greater  
editor than he will be, sure that it  
is quite the proper thing for so distin-  
guished a man as himself to believe in  
anything, and some people think that  
his politics are to explain away to-day  
the position he took up yesterday. He  
seldom writes himself, and while direct  
to the lines to be followed by his staff  
he seldom writes a single line to like to  
probe with their pens. He is pale and  
thin, and has roving eyes, got from  
always being on the alert against aspirants.

All the chairs in the editorial room,  
except Mr. Rowbotham's own, had been  
converted, like the mantel-piece, into  
temporary bookcases. Rob tumbled  
the books off one (your "Inquiry into  
the State of Ireland" was among them,  
gentle reader) much as a coal-heaver  
topples his load into a collar, or like a  
housewife emptying her apron.

"You suit me very well, Angus,"  
the editor said. "You have no lurk-  
ing desire to write a book, have you?"  
"No," Rob answered; "since I  
joined the press that ambition seems to  
have gone from me."

"Quite so," said Mr. Rowbotham,  
his tone implying that Rob now left the  
court without a stain upon his character.  
The editor's cigar went out, and he  
made a spill of a page from "Sonnets  
of the Woods," which had just  
come in for review.

"As you know," the editor contin-  
ed, "I have been looking about me for  
a leader writer for the last year. You  
have a way of keeping your head that  
I like, and your style is not so villan-  
ously bad. Are you prepared to join  
us?"

"I should think so," said Rob.  
"Very well. You will start with  
eight hundred pounds a year. Rick  
says, as you may have heard, half as  
much again as that, but he has been  
with us some time."

"All right," said Rob, calmly,  
though his chest was swelling. He  
used to receive an order for a sack of  
shavings in the same tone.

"You expected this, I dare say?"  
asked the editor.

"Scarcely," said Rob. "I thought  
you would offer the appointment to  
Marriott; he is a much cleverer man  
than I am."

"Yes," assented Mr. Rowbotham,  
more readily than Rob thought neces-  
sary. "I have had Marriott in my  
eye for some time, but I rather think  
Marriott is a genius, and so he would  
do for us."

"You never had that suspicion of  
me?" asked Rob, a little blankly.

"Never," said the editor, frankly.  
"I saw from the first that you were a  
man to be trusted. Moderate Radical-  
ism is our policy, and not even Rick-  
etts can advocate moderation so  
vehemently as you do. You fight for  
it with a flair. By-the-way, you are  
Scotch, I think?"

"Yes," said Rob.

"I only asked," the editor explained,  
"because of the shall and the will  
difficulty. Have you got over that  
yet?"

"No," Rob said, sadly, "and never  
will."

"I shall warn the proof readers to be  
on the alert," Mr. Rowbotham said,  
laughing, though Rob did not see what  
at. "Dine with me at the Garrick on  
Wednesday week, will you?"

Rob nodded, and was retiring, when  
the editor called after him.

"You are not a married man,  
Angus?"

"No," said Rob, with a sickly smile.  
"Ah, you should marry," recom-  
mended Mr. Rowbotham, who is a  
bachelor. "You would be worth an-  
other two hundred a year to us then.  
I wish I could find the time to do it  
myself."

Rob left the office a made man, but  
looking as if it all had happened some  
time ago. There were men shivering  
in Fleet Street as he passed down  
who had come to London on the same  
day as himself, every one with a tragic  
story to tell now, and some already  
seeking the double death that is called  
drowning care. Shadows of university  
graduates passed him in the fog who  
would have been glad to carry his bag.  
That night a sandwich-board man, who  
had once had a thousand a year, crept

she sees not care for. No; you do  
him an injustice. What my father  
would like to have is the power to com-  
pel her to care for Downton. No doubt  
he would exercise that if it were his."

"Miss Abinger says nothing—tends  
no messages—I mean, does she ever  
mention me when she writes?"

"Never a word," said Dick. "Don't  
look pale, man; it's a good sign.  
Women go by contraries, they say.  
Besides, Mary is not like Mohammed.  
If the mountain won't go to her, she  
will never come to the mountain."  
Rob started, and looked at his hat.  
"You can't walk to Glen Quaharity  
Lodge to-night," said Dick, following  
Rob's eyes.

"Do you mean that I should go at  
all?"

"Why, well, you see, it is this awk-  
ward want of an income that spoils  
everything. Now, if you could per-  
suade Rowbotham to give you a thou-  
sand a year, that might have its in-  
fluence on my father."

"I told you," exclaimed Rob; "no,  
of course I did not. I joined the staff  
of the 'Wire' to-day at eight hundred  
pounds."

"Your hand, young man," said  
Dick, very nearly becoming excited.  
"Then that is all right. On the press  
everyone with a good income can add  
two hundred a year to it. It is only  
those who need the two hundred that  
cannot get it."

"You think I should go north?"  
said Rob, with the whistle of the train  
already in his ears.

"Ah, it is not my affair," answered  
Dick; "I have done my duty. I  
promised to give Downton a fair chance,  
and he has had it. I don't know what  
use he has made of it, remember.  
You have overlooked my share in this  
business, and I retire now."

"You are against me still, Abinger?"  
"No, Angus, on my word I am not.  
You are as good a man as Downton,  
and if Mary thinks you better—"

Dick shrugged his shoulders to  
signify that he had freed them of a  
load of prejudice.

"But does she?" said Rob.

"You will have to ask herself,"  
replied Dick.

"Yes; but when?"

"She will probably be up in town  
next season."

"Next season?" exclaimed Rob; "as  
well say next century."

"Well, if that is too long to wait,  
suppose you come to Dune Castle with  
me at Christmas?"

Rob pushed the invitation from him  
contemptuously.

"There is no reason," he said, look-  
ing at Dick defiantly, "why I should  
not go north to-night."

"It would be a little hurried would  
it not?" Dick said to his pipe.

"No," Rob answered, with a happy  
inspiration. "I meant to go to Thrum  
just now, for a few days at my rate.  
Rowbotham does not need me until  
Friday."

Rob looked up and saw Dick's  
mouth twitching. He tried to stare  
Mary's brother out of countenance, but  
could not do it.

"Hardly, I think, to marry a man  
Night probably came on that Tues-

day as usual, for Nature is as much as  
man a slave to habit, but it was not  
required to darken London. If all the  
clocks and watches had broken their  
main-springs, no one could have told  
whether it was at noon or midnight  
that Rob left for Scotland. It would  
have been equally impossible to say  
from his face whether he was off to a  
marriage or a funeral. He did not  
know himself!

"This human nature is a curious  
thing," thought Dick, as he returned  
to his room. "Here are two of us in  
misery, the one because he fears he is  
not going to be married, and the other  
because he knows he is."  
He stretched himself out on two  
chairs.

Neither of us, of course, is really  
miserable. Angus is not, for he is in  
love; and I am not, for— He paused  
and looked at his pipe.

"N, I am not miserable; how could  
a man be miserable who has two chairs  
to lie upon, and a tobacco jar at his  
elbow? I fancy, though, that I am  
just saved from misery by lack of  
sentiment."

"Curious to remember that I was  
once sentimental with the best of them.  
This is the Richard who sat up all  
night writing poems to Nell's eyebrow.  
Ah, poor Nell!"

"I wonder is it my fault that my  
passion burned itself out in one little  
crackle? With most men, if the books  
tell true, the first fire only goes out  
after the second is kindled; but I seem  
to have no more sticks to light."

"I am going to be married, though  
I would much rather remain single.  
My wife will be the only girl I ever  
loved, and I like her still more than  
any other girl I know. Though I  
shuddered just now when I thought of  
matrimony, there can be little doubt  
that we shall get on very well together."

"I should have preferred her to  
prove as fickle as myself, but how true  
she has remained to me! Not to me,  
for it is not the real Dick Abinger she  
cares for, and so I don't know that  
Nell's love is of the kind to make a man  
concoited. Is marriage a rash experi-  
ment when the woman loves the man  
for qualities he does not possess, and  
has not discovered in years of constant  
intercourse the little that is really  
lovable in him? Whatever I say to Nell  
is taken to mean the exact reverse of  
what I do mean; she reads my writings  
opside down, as one might say; she  
cries if I speak to her of anything more  
serious than flowers and walks, but  
she thinks me divine when I treat her  
like an infant."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Royal makes the food pure,  
wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL  
BAKING  
POWDER  
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

### An Astonishing and Marvellous Cure.

Paine's Celery Compound Saves a Life After  
Doctors and Hospitals Fail.

The Man's Limbs Were Lifeless and Useless and He Could Not  
Stand Alone—A Most Critical Case of Nervous Prostration and  
Extreme Weakness—Had Little Hope of Being Cured.

Mr Deschamps Says: "After the Use of Six Bottles of Paine's Celery Com-  
pound I Am a Cured Man."

THE GREAT SPRING MEDICINE MAKES PEOPLE WELL.

At the present time there are many  
thousands of men and women in Canada  
who are suffering much the same as did  
Mr T. Deschamps, of 248 Awater Av-  
enue, Point St. Charles, Montreal. Such  
sufferers may now rest assured that the  
same medicine that made Mr Deschamps  
a well man will bestow the same gift-  
good health—to others.

Mr Deschamps' marvellous cure by the  
use of Paine's Celery Compound, after  
failures of doctors and hospitals is al-  
ready well known to many hundreds  
in St. Gabriel's ward, Montreal, for the

cured man has never ceased to sing the  
praises of the remedy that restored him  
to health. Mr Deschamps writes as  
follows:

"Having been a great sufferer for four  
years from nervousness and weakness,  
and having been completely cured by  
Paine's Celery Compound after failures  
with all other means, I desire to make  
the following statement:

"I became so bad from nervousness  
and nervous prostration that I was un-  
able to sleep or exist myself in any way.  
My limbs were numb and useless, and

for a long time I was not able to stand  
alone. I was under the care of several  
doctors in Ottawa, city, but their treat-  
ment did not better my condition. After  
coming to Montreal I was a patient in  
the Western Hospital, but after three  
months' treatment I left there no better.  
I thank Heaven that I was advised to  
use Paine's Celery Compound. This  
great medicine commenced to do its good  
work from the time I used the first  
bottle, and now, after having used six  
bottles, I am a cured man."