

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIV.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1895.

No. 23.

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
arrangement for standing notices.

Not for standing notices unless by special
arrangement for standing notices.

New communications from all parts
of the county, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
names 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
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 for 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 them
leaving them uncollected for a period
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8:30 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 8:30
a. m.

Express west close at 10:10 a. m.
Express east close at 4:30 p. m.
Kentville close at 6:45 p. m.
Geo. V. BARR, Post Master

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed
on Saturday at 1 p. m. Geo. W. MACKAY, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins,
Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11
a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.
Half hour prayer meeting after evening
service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on
Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7:30.
Sings free; all are welcome. Strangers
will be cared for as usual.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oscar
Brentwood, Pastor. Services on the
Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath
School at 10 o'clock, noon. Prayer
Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30.
All the seats are free and strangers
welcome 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—Sunday services
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at
8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30
p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storey, Warden.
S. J. HATHERFORD, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. 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 1/2 o'clock p. m.
P. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. 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 after-
noon at 2 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE!

For the Fall and next Spring trade,
at the

Weson Nurseries,
KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction
guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

FOR SALE.

A DESIRABLE HOUSE AND
LOT, IN WOLFVILLE, Apply to

Geo. H. FRIQUIN.

W. H. H. N. S., 25th, 1892. [Jan 22
1895]



A Little Daughter

Of a Church of England minister
cured of a distressing rash, by
Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mr. RICHARD
BIRKA, the well-known Druggist, 287
McGill St., Montreal, P. Q., says:
I have sold Ayer's Family Medicines
for 40 years, and have heard nothing but
good said of them. I know of many

Wonderful Cures

performed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, one
in particular being that of a little
daughter of a Church of England minister.
The child was literally covered
from head to foot with a red and ex-
ceedingly troublesome rash, from which
she had suffered for two or three years,
in spite of the best medical treatment
available. Her father was in great
distress about the case, and, at my
recommendation, at last began to ad-
minister Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bot-
tles of which effected a complete cure,
much to her relief and her father's
delight. I am sure, were he here to-day,
he would testify in the strongest terms
as to the merits of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use
your right, and we can safely recommend
them as our most enterprising business
men.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriges
and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots
& Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace,
Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Pub-
lishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS—Dealers
in Meats of all kinds and Feed.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods
Clothing and Gent's Furnishings.

HEBBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and
Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Deal-
er. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe
Maker. All orders in his line faith-
fully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and
Repairer.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers,
Stationers, Picture Framers, and
Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing
Machines.

DAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy
Goods.

SLEEP, L. V.—Importer and dealer
in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tin-
ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plow
Works.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobac-
conist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and
Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BUREPE—Importer and
dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,
Ready-made Clothing, and Gent's Fur-
nishings.

Physicians

ENDORSE

Them,

and we

GUARANTEE

them to

CURE.

(on money
refunded.)

SKODA RHEUM

and all diseases of the Blood & Skin—
Skoda's Discovery, Skoda's German Soap,
Ointment and Skoda's German Cure,
especially adapted to cure Inheri-
tary and chronic diseases. Mrs. Miller
writes: "I have had Salt Rheum ever
since I could remember, and tried many
remedies, but received no benefit until
I took Skoda's Discovery."

Skoda's Cures.

My husband says it will cost too much
to board me if I take any more of Skoda's
Discovery.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure skin headache,
constipation and dyspepsia. 20 in a box, 50c
KING'S CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS
Cure Headache and Dyspepsia.

POETRY.

Tired Mothers.

A little elbow leans upon your knee—
Your tired knee that has so much to
bear—
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled
hair.

Perhaps you do not heed the velvet
touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours
so tight;

You do not prize the blessings evermuch
You almost are too tired to pray to-
night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day.

We are so dull and thankless and too
slow

To catch the sunshine until it slips
away—
And now it seems surprising strange to
me

That while I bore the badge of
motherhood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only
grief.

And if one night when you sit down to
rest,
You miss the elbow on your tired knee
This restless curly head from off your
breast,

This lisping tongue that chatters con-
stantly;

If from your own dimpled hands had
slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in you palm
again.

If the white feet into the grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-
ache then.

I wonder that some mothers ever fret
At precious darlings, clinging to their
gown.

Or that the footprints, when the days are
wet,
Are ever black enough to make them
frown.

If I could find a little muddy boot
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a row, restless foot
And hear it patter in my house once
more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the
sky;

There is no woman in God's world
could say
She was more blissfully content than I
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my
own

My slipping birdling from its nest has
 flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is—dead.

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. F. MEADE.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"You little goose," said Gerald. He
shook himself as if he were half in a
dream, and looked fondly down into
Lilias' pretty dimpled, excitable face.

"Well, girls, are the trunks packed,
and have you put in plenty of finery?"

I promise you Mr Paget will give a
dinner party every night—you'll want
heaps of fine clothes while you stay at
Queen's Gate."

Marjory began to count on her
fingers.

"We arrive on Wednesday," she
said. "On Wednesday evening, dis-
cuss number one, we wear our white
Indian muslins, with the Liberty rashes,
and flowers brought up from the dear
old garden. Thursday evening, dinner
number two, and evening of wedding
day, our bridesmaid's togery must
suffice; Friday, dinner number three,
those blue nun's veiling dresses will
appear and charm the eyes. That's
all. Three dresses for three dinners.
For it's home, sweet home again on
Saturday— isn't it, Lilias?"

"Of course," said Lilias. "That is, I
suppose so," she added, glancing at her
brother.

"Valentine wanted to know if you
would stay in town for a week or ten
days, and try to cheer up her father,"
said Gerald. "Mr Paget and Valen-
tine have scarcely been parted for a
single day since she was born. Valen-
tine is quite in a state at having to
leave him for a month, and she thinks
two bright little girls like you may
comfort him somewhat."

"But we have our own father to see
to," posted Marjory. "and Sunday
school, and their practicing, and the
library books—"

"And I don't see how Valentine can
mind leaving her father—if he were
the very dearest father in the world—
when she goes away with you," inter-
rupted Lilias.

Gerald sighed, just the faintest
shadow of an impatient sigh, accompanied
by the slightest shrug of his shoulders.

"Augusta can give out the library
books," he said. "Miss Queen can
manage the choir. I will ask Jones to

take your class, Lilias, and Miss Peters
can manage yours with her own, Mar-
jory. As to the doctor, what is the
use of having five young daughters, if
they cannot be made available for once
in a way? And here they come, and
there's the governess in the midst of
them. He doesn't look as if he were
likely to taste the sweets of solitude,
ah, Marjory?"

Not at that moment, certainly, for a
girl hung on each arm, and a smaller
girl sat atop on each square shoulder,
while a fifth abated and roared, now in
front, now behind, pelting this moving
pyramid of human beings with flowers,
and screaming even more shrilly than
her sisters, with eager exclamation and
bubbling laughter.

"There Gerry," exclaimed Augusta.
She was the tallest of the party,
with a great stretch of stockinged legs,
and a decided scarcity of skirts. She
flew at her brother, flung her arms
around his neck and kissed him rap-
tulously.

"You darling old Gerry—don't we
all just hate and detest that horrible
Valentine Paget?"

"Hush, Gussie," responded Gerald,
in his quiet voice. "You don't know
Valentine, and you pain me when you
talk of her in that senseless fashion.
Here, have a race with your big brother
to the other end of the garden. Girls,"
turning to his elder sisters—"seriously
speaking I should like you to spend
about a fortnight with the Pagets,
and had you not better go and pack,
for we must catch the eleven o'clock
train to-morrow morning. Now, Gus-
sue—two, three, and away."

Two pairs of long legs, each working
hard to come off victorious in the race,
flew past the group—the rector and the
little girls cheered and shouted—Mar-
jory and Lilias, laughing at the sight,
turned slowly and went into the house;

Gerald won the race by a foot or two,
and Gussie hung herself panting and
laughing on the grass at the other end
of the long walk.

"Well done, Augusta," said her
brother. "You study athletics to a
purpose. Now, Gussie, can't you man-
age to give away the library books on
Sunday?"

"I? You don't mean it?" said
Augusta. Her black eyes sparkled,
she recovered her breath, and the full
dignity of her five feet five and a-half
of growth on the instant. "Am I to
give away the library books, Gerry?"

"Yes, I want Lilias to stay in Lon-
don for a few days longer than she
intended."

"And Marjory too?"

"Of course. The girls would not
like to be parted."

"Gallupions! Won't I have a time
of it all round! Won't I give old
Peters a novel instead of his favorite
Sunday magazines? And won't I
smuggle Pailley's Evidence of Christ,
famously into the hand of Alice Jones,
the dressmaker. She says the only
books she cares for are Wilkie Collins'
'Woman in White' and the 'Dead
Secret,' so she'll have a lively time
of it with the Evidence. Then there's
'Buster's Analogy,' it isn't in the parish
library, but I'll borrow it for once from
Rhoda Fleming. Oh, what fun, what
fun. I won't take a single story-book
with me, except the 'Woman in White,'
for Peters. He says novels are 'rank
poison,' so he shall have his dose."

"Now look here, Gussie," said
Gerald, taking his sister's two hands in
his, and holding them tight—"you've
got to please me about the library
books, and not to play pranks, and
make things disagreeable for Lilias
when she comes back. You're thirteen
now, and a big girl, and you ought to
act like one. You're to make things
comfortable for the dear old father while
we are all away, and you'll do it if you
care for me, Gussie."

"Care for you!" echoed Augusta.
"I love you, Gerry. I love you, and I
hate—"

"No, don't say that," said Gerald,
putting his hand on the girl's mouth.

Gussie looked dull and submissive.

"It is so funny," she exclaimed at
length.

"You can explain that as we walk
back to the house," responded her
brother.

"Why, Gerry, to see you so fright-
fully in love! You are, aren't you?
You have all the symptoms—oh, before

pression. His lips were perfectly hid-
den by his silvery moustache, and the
shape of his chin was not describable,
owing to his long flowing beard. But
had the beard and moustache both been
removed, no fault could have been
found with the features now hidden—
they were firmly and well-moulded.
On this beautiful face no trace of a
sinister cast lurked.

Mortimer Paget in his business
transactions was the soul of honor.
No man in the city was more looked
up to than he. He was very shrewd
with regard to all money matters, but
he was also generous and kind. The
old servants belonging to the firm never
failed to leave him; when they died off
he pensioned their widows and provided
for their orphans. He was a religious
man, of the evangelical type, and he
conducted his household in every way
from a religious point of view. Family
prayers were held night and morning
in the great house in Queen's Gate,
and all the servants were expected each
and all to attend church twice on Sun-
days. Mr Paget had found a church
where the ritual was sufficiently low to
please his religious views. To this
church he went himself twice on Sun-
days, invariably accompanied by a tall
girl, richly dressed, who clung to his
side and read out of the same book
with him, singing when he sang, and
very often slipping her little hand into
his, and closing her bright eyes which
he napped unconsciously during the
prayer.

This girl was his only child, and
while he professed to be actuated by
the purest love for both God and his
fellow creatures, the one being for
whom his heart really beat warmly,
the one being for whom he could gladly
have sacrificed himself was this solitary
girl.

Valentine's mother had died at her
birth, and since that day Valentine,
and her father had literally never been
parted. She was his shadow, like him
in appearance, and as far as those who
knew her could guess like him in
character.

The house in Queen's Gate was full
of all the accompaniments of wealth.
It was richly and splendidly furnished;
the drawing-rooms were spacious, the
reception-rooms were all large. Valen-
tine had her own boudoir, her own
special school-room, her own bedroom
and dressing-room. Her father had
provided a suite of rooms for her, each
communicating with the other, but
except that she teased off her handsome
dresses in the dressing room, and sub-
mitted at intervals during the day with
an unwilling grace to the services of
her maid, and except that she laid her
bright little curling head each evening
on the softest of down-pillows, Valen-
tine's suite of rooms saw very little of
their young mistress.

There was an old library in the back
part of the house—an essentially dull
room, with windows fitted with painted
glass, and shelves lined with books,
most of them in tarnished and worn-
out bindings, where Mr Paget sat
whenever he was at home, and where
in consequence Valentine was to be
found. Her sunny head, with its
golden wavy hair, made a bright spot
in the old room. She was fond of
perching herself on the top of the step-
ladder, and so seated burrowing eagerly
into the contents of some musty old
book. She devoured the novels of
Smollett and Fielding, and many other
books which were supposed not to be
at all good for her, in this fashion—
they did her no harm, the bad part
falling away, and not touching her,
for her nature was very pure and
bright, and although she saw many
shades of life in one way or another,
and with all her expensive education,
was allowed to grow up in a somewhat
wild fashion, and according to her own
sweet will, yet she was a perfectly in-
nocent and unsuspecting creature.

When she was seventeen, Mr Paget
told her that he was going to inaugurate
a new state of things.

"You must go into society, Val," he
said. "In these days the daughters of
city men of old standing like myself
are received everywhere. I will get
your mother's third cousin, Lady
Princes, to present you at the next
Drawing-room, and then you must go
the usual round, I suppose. We must
get some lady to come here to chaperon
you, and you will go out to balls and

assemblies, and during the London
season turn night into day."

Val was seated on the third rung of
the step-ladder when her father made
this announcement. She sprang light-
ly from her perch now, and ran to his
side.

"I won't go anywhere without you,
dad; so that's settled. Poor old man!
—Dear old man!"

She put her arms round his neck,
and his white moustache and beard
swept across her soft, peach-like cheek.

"But I hate going out in the evening,
Val. I'm getting an old man—sixty
next birthday, my dear—and I work
hard all day. There's no place so
sweet to me in the evening as this
warm, eaten, old armchair—I should
find myself lost in a crowd. Time was
when I was the gayest of the gay.
People used to speak of me as the life
and soul of every party I went to, but
that time is over for me, Val; for you
it is beginning."

"You are mistaken, father. I perch
myself on the arm of this wretched,
worm-eaten, old chair, and stay here
with you, or I go into society with
you. It's all the same to me—you can
please yourself."

"Don't you know that you are a very
saucy lass, miss?"

"Am I? I really don't care—I go
with you, or I stay with you—that's
always been the way, you understand.
You and I are to be always together—
all our lives. You quite see what I
mean?"

"Yes, my darling. But some day
you will have a husband, Val. I want
you to marry, and have a good husband,
child; and then we'll see if your old
father still comes first."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Typhoid Fever.

The After Effects of the Disease often
More Serious and Fatal than Ty-
phoid itself.

HEMLOCK, Ont., Feb. 4.—Ty-
phoid fever is a disease to be dreaded
because of its dangerous nature as well as
for the fact that some disreputable results
usually supervene when the patient has
escaped from the clutches of the disease.
Harvey H. Neff, of this place, was con-
valescing after an attack of typhoid when
he was prostrated by a severe form of
kidney disease. He was bedridden for
weeks, and no medicine that he took was
of any avail. But like a light in the
darkness, came the news of what Dodd's
Kidney Pills had done for other victims
of kidney disease. Five boxes of the
pills put Mr Neff on his feet again,
thoroughly cured.

Girl—I told Jack we must be strangers
henceforth.

Another Girl—Did he fall on his knees
and implore forgiveness?

Girl—Not he. He said 'very well,'
and then tried to flirt with me.

Don't let a cold 'take its course.'
Hurry it out of your system by the aid
of Hawker's Balsam.

Anæmic Women

with pale or sallow complexions
or suffering from skin eruption
or scrofulous blood, will find quick
relief in Scott's Emulsion. All
of the stages of Emaciation, and
general decline of health, are
speedily cured.

Scott's Emulsion

takes away the pale, haggard look
that comes with General Debility.
It enriches the blood, stimulates
the appetite, creates healthy flesh
and brings back strength and
vitality. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat,
Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption
and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Send for our pamphlet. Mailed FREE.
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & 80c.

Known
Everywhere.
Sold Everywhere.
Grown Everywhere.

FERRY'S SEEDS

Know your dealer for the best
Ferry's Seed Annual for 1895.
Ferry's Seed Annual for 1895.
Ferry's Seed Annual for 1895.
Ferry's Seed Annual for 1895.

NIAGARA NURSERIES
ESTABLISHED 1835

PLUM TREES

AND ALL OTHER NURSERY PRODUCTS

E. MOODY & SONS
LOCKPORT, N.Y.