

# 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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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Local advertising at ten cents per line  
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Advertisements for the sale of real estate  
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party prior to its insertion.

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

Newspapers 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 contribu-  
tion, although the same may be written  
under a fictitious signature.

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



### 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 min-  
ister. 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

### DIIRECTORY

Business Firms of  
WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use  
your right, and we can safely recom-  
mend them as our most enterprising busi-  
ness 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,  
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**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.

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Stationers, Picture Framers, and  
Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing  
Machines.

**DAND, G. V.**—Drugs, and Fancy  
Goods.

**SLEEP, L. W.**—Importer and dealer  
in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tin-  
ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plow  
and Shaw J. M.—Barber and Tobacco  
Dealer.

**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**  
Them,  
and we  
GUARANTEE  
them to  
CURE.  
(or money  
refunded.)

### SALT RHEUM

and all diseases of the Blood & Skin—  
Skoda's Discovery, Skoda's German Soap,  
Ointment and Skoda's German Soap,  
Ointment specially adapted to cure Inheri-  
ted and chronic diseases. Mrs. Miller  
writes: "I have had Salt Rheum ever  
since I could remember, I 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  
and dizziness. 20 in a box, 50¢.  
SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS  
SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

### FOR SALE.

A DESIRABLE HOUSE AND  
LOT IN WOLFVILLE, Apply to  
Geo. H. Patiquin.  
W. Hill, Nov. 25th, 1892. [Jan 22  
1895]

### 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!

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 some 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 rosy, 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  
I never dreamed by a shining head  
My sleeping darling from its nest has  
frown,  
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 choir, 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 stockings 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-  
sie—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 Paley'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 been 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 discernible, 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 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 inaugu-  
rate 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.

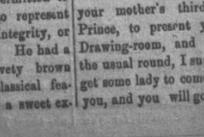
Don't let a cold 'take its course.'  
Hurry it out of your system by the aid  
of Hawker's Balsam.

#### 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. & \$1.



#### Known Everywhere. Sold Everywhere. Grown Everywhere.

**FERRY'S SEEDS**  
Send your order for them to  
Ferry's Seed Annual for 1895,  
containing all the latest and lowest  
prices of the Vegetables and Fruits  
of the World. Write for Free  
S. M. FERRY & CO.,  
Waterloo, Ont.

NIAGARA NURSERIES  
ESTABLISHED 1835  
**PLUM TREES**  
AND ALL OTHER NURSERY PRODUCTS  
E. MOODY & SONS  
LOCKPORT, N.Y.

USESKODA'S DISCOVERY,  
The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

Persons requiring  
could do well to  
obtain prices be-  
low elsewhere,  
or everything in  
upon short no-  
Orders solicit.

STARR,  
VILLE, N. S.,  
Athol, Co.,  
Toronto, Ont.

DAVISON BROS.,  
Office oppo-  
site, Wolf-  
ville, N. S.

WANTED!  
Engine, near  
Berse power, near  
be sold at  
terms. Apply to  
BROS.,  
Gravelly St.,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

to Loan.  
and Security!  
Crawley,  
SOLICITOR,  
224, 1894. ft

Food Purifier  
RES.  
whole year with Liver  
confined to my bed.  
ended me and at last  
talk in this extremely  
My mother begged  
Food Purifier, as it was  
man grasping for some-  
everything before I sent  
seven of which cured  
my well and Dock Blood  
life.

REPAIR DISTRICT,  
de River, Digby Neck,  
N. S.

TRADE MARKS  
RIGHTS.  
IN A PATENT...  
to have had nearly fifty  
years' experience in the  
business, and have ob-  
tained the highest awards  
at all the international  
exhibitions. This valuable  
patent is now being  
used by many of the  
most prominent firms in  
the world, and is the only  
one of its kind in the  
United States.

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. 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 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. Patiquin.  
W. Hill, Nov. 25th, 1892. [Jan 22  
1895]