

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

Newspaper 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 communication, although the name may be written over a fictitious signature.

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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Trotter, 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. B. Y. P. U. Young service every Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock and regular Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Women's Mission Aid Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 3.30 P. M.
COLIN W. BOSCOCK, Ushers
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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 A. M. and at 1 P. M. Sunday School 9.45 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 P. M. Chalmers' Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 8 P. M. 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 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 Wednesdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Holy Communion at 11 A. M. on the 1st and 3rd of each month. At 8 A. M. on Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, Warden
S. J. Rutherford, Secretary

St. FRANCIS (R.O.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11.00 A. M. the fourth Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & S. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.45 o'clock P. M.
F. A. DIXON, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. 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 Blomidon, 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."

White Sewing Machine Co
Cleveland, Ohio.

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Howard Pinoe,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
N. B. Machine Needles and Oil.
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

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Men and Women who can work hard talking and writing six hours daily, for six days a week, and will be content with ten dollars weekly. Address
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ALSO THEIR USUAL FINE ASSORTMENT

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Put away that dark Suit. It is poor economy to wear a \$20.00 Scotch Tweed that would last you all next winter when a \$13.00 to \$15.00 Homespun or light Tweed will give you solid comfort, not show dust and save that dark, heavy Suit.

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Crystal Palace Block I

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.

Minards Liniment Cures Garget in
Cows.

talkin' about it," replied Mrs. Ball, "and they said they had heard that Mrs. Rogers had bought a fine lot and was goin' to build, and that she was as lively and as interested in the plans as if she was just married. I don't believe it, and I tell you so. Why, here it is time for her to die, according to the Bible, and she taking a new start in life. And you think it's really so now, do you?"

"I don't know," replied Cerinthy. "Jenny's husband is a contractor and he's been asked to name his price for buildin' the house. He told Jen last night that it was goin' to cost considerable and have fine porches and plate glass, a built-in-ice-chest, and I don't know what all."

"Well, I suppose it's none of our business what she does," said Mrs. Ball, "but I guess every one would think it more sensible if she would give up house keeping at her age and go and live with her married daughter in Ohio."

"She thinks she shows her good sense by staying in her own home," returned Cerinthy, "and Mrs. Williams, the judge's wife, thinks so too. She declares that old people are not as old, or do not seem as old, as people of their age, did twenty-five and thirty years ago. Nowadays if they have a chance they enjoy life and keep about, and plan for the future, when folks of their age used to say they were 'in the sare and yellow leaf' and did not attempt to do anything more."

"There's truth in that," replied Mrs. Ball, emphatically. "I remember how mad Widow Lovell was when her daughter was getting ready to get married to that Presbyterian minister and he told her patronizingly that they would give her a cozy corner in his home. She was only fifty and was as smart and active as could be. Why, she was as lively as a young girl."

The house was commodious and comfortable throughout, but the sitting-room was the central and particular feature in it. It was twenty-five feet long and eighteen feet wide. It had four beautiful plate glass windows, one toward the east, one toward the south, one toward the west. All daylong the sun came into that beautiful room, and during the day it was flooded with sunshine. There was a large fire-place and there were not many evenings when the room at dusk and until bed-time was not made cheery by the blaze of a wood-fire on the hearth. One end of the room was arranged as a library with well-filled bookcases and writing-desk, the other with couch and work-table and low easy chair, with the Bible and some choice books near at hand, while on the large centre table were the lamp and magazines and interesting books.

On low stands before the windows were thriving plants, while a glass vase was seldom without cut flowers brought in by one or the other of the young or old who rejoiced to call themselves friends of the cordial, cheerful, hospitable mistress of the house.

Ten years slipped by, and Mrs. Rogers was now past eighty. She was still energetic, well, useful, and full of activity. She argued that the pleasant duties of home, together with her satisfaction of heart that she was still mistress of a home of her own, had been the principal factors in keeping her so well and so cheerful. Occasionally she made a visit of a few weeks to her dearly beloved married daughter, in a distant State, but she always returned thankful that she had her own home to come to instead of living along less independently and occupying a cozy corner in the daughter's home. At eighty she began to talk a little of growing old, but she still went out before breakfast for her marketing, she still cultivated a variety of beautiful flowers, she still taught her class in Sunday-school, and still rejoiced that she had the same place in the hearts and affections of her old friends and neighbors of forty years' acquaintance. She often asserted that to be Mrs. Rogers to every one in the city where she had lived so long, gave her more

satisfaction than much ease and freedom from care in the home of her married daughter, to whose friends, or the most of them, she could never expect to be other than Mrs. Benton's mother.

And now all those who thought it foolish for her to build when she was seventy, and who see her with her sweet happy face, sitting by her fire in her beautiful sitting-room, and who hear her say, "I'm so thankful I have this lovely room to age in," share in her gratitude, and wish that many old people had the same blessing.—The Standard.

Country Boys.

Mothers who live in the country often wish they had better opportunities for their boys.

In the sparsely settled farming districts one is apt to find his sympathy and commiseration going out to the children whose homes are in these lonely and seemingly unattractive places. Remote from towns and villages and compelled through scant comradeship to rely upon their own resources for enjoyment, it would indeed appear to some that their isolation and homely surroundings were things to be regretted. But if we knew all that these know, perhaps we would find that they have less need of pity than ourselves. They are very close to nature and nature takes care of her own. The first messages of spring are given to the farmer's boy. The mild south wind which softens the ice and sets the meadow brooks to overflowing also causes his spirits to thaw and overflow. It is to him that the first blue bird calls out her sweet and cheery welcome, and it is his sharp ears and eyes that discover the pioneer robin in the top of the tall maple. In his brown fist he brings home the earliest spring flowers, blue violets, anemones, and adders-tongues. The pussy willow blooms for him before others see it, and all the creeping, crawling and flying things report their advent to him before the rest of the world is aware of their arrival. It is not always he who travels farthest that learns the most. The intelligent boy who has spent a dozen years or more on a fifty acre farm, almost every square foot of which he has worked over with hoe, or ax, or soy-tote gets to have a very thorough knowledge of a large part of the earth's surface, even though he may never have crossed the limits of the county in which he was born. Being for the most part mechanically employed, his faculties are alert to what is going on around him. He sees the wild creatures in their moods, surprises them in their most furtive errands and sooner or later draws their secrets from them. He has, or should have, good health, strong limbs, endurance, and a love for nature. Mothers, if you have boys and live in the country do not pine for a city life till they are grown up. This is my view of the case and I know both sides of the question, for I have lived in both city and country, and seen children brought up with every city advantage come to naught, and those brought up in the country reach high stations in life. The lack of advantage rarely keeps a boy down if he has true merit in him, and an excess of advantages does not lift him up if he is lacking in the true elements of success.

The Only Perfect Dye Stuffs in the World.

The scientific preparation of dyestuffs and putting them up in proper shape for family dyeing has been brought to perfection by Wells & Richardson Co., who are proprietors of the celebrated Diamond Dyes.

These popular dyes have banished from the homes of Canada madder, fustic, log-wood, cochineal and all other antiquated dyestuffs. The work of home dyeing is now done quickly and successfully by Diamond Dyes; the process is one that would astonish our grand parents.

To-day millions all over the world use the scientific Diamond Dyes in preference to all others. Diamond Dyes commend themselves to all who use them, because they are the strongest, brightest and fastest, and the easiest to work with.

Diamond Dyes, like all other perfect and popular preparations, are largely imitated in style of package and the way they are put up. These imitations are worthless and adulterated dyes, ruinous to all kinds of goods and dangerous to handle. Great caution is advised when buying dyes for home use. Ask only for the "Diamond"; see that the name is on every packet.

The Summer Girl—Oh! I love nature so! The Farmer—Well, miss, things is just as nacheral around here as they are anywhere.

Windsor Salt

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.

older after I get into my new home," she added, laughing. "I suppose you were all ready to see me laid on the shelf, Cerinthy, but you won't have that pleasure for some time, I fancy. What's the use of being buried before one's time? I believe in living and enjoying life while one is above ground. You know what Shakespeare wrote of 'unregarded age in corners thrown.' I guess there were some old folks in those days who were too independent to be thrown into them, and there are plenty nowadays who would not accept the corners offered them unless forced to their poverty or their helplessness."

Cerinthy wondered if Mrs. Rogers' bachelor son approved of the expenditure of so much money in a house, and ventured to ask in rather a timid fashion: "Is Mr. Rogers as interested as you are in the new home?"

Mrs. Rogers bristled a little at this and replied: "Why, of course. We've made all the plans together, but if he did not care for it himself, he would be interested for his mother's sake. He always enjoys whatever pleases his mother."

Miss Cerinthy Jones concluded she had asked questions enough, and so finished her gossiping calls and went home with a satisfied air to take up her morning's work where she had left it when she heard the confirmation of the astounding news from the contractor's wife.

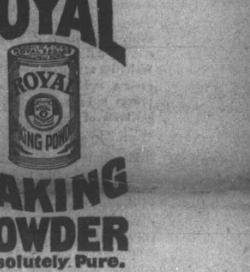
The summer had come and gone, and as the autumn leaves turned and the warm Indian summer days came on, Mrs. Rogers and her son took possession of the new home.

Every day during the past months the mistress of the house had been seen overlooking the building, seeing that the specifications had been carried out in every particular, and understanding and directing just what should be done.

The house was commodious and comfortable throughout, but the sitting-room was the central and particular feature in it. It was twenty-five feet long and eighteen feet wide. It had four beautiful plate glass windows, one toward the east, one toward the south, one toward the west. All daylong the sun came into that beautiful room, and during the day it was flooded with sunshine. There was a large fire-place and there were not many evenings when the room at dusk and until bed-time was not made cheery by the blaze of a wood-fire on the hearth. One end of the room was arranged as a library with well-filled bookcases and writing-desk, the other with couch and work-table and low easy chair, with the Bible and some choice books near at hand, while on the large centre table were the lamp and magazines and interesting books.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

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A Millionaire's Predicament.

Baron Rothschild was once caught in a predicament that many people experience daily, and that is getting into a conveyance of some kind, and then not having the money to pay the fare.

The driver of the omnibus into which Rothschild entered demanded his fare, and the baron, feeling in his pockets, discovered that he had no change. The driver was very angry. "What did you get in for if you had no money?"

"I am Baron Rothschild," explained the great capitalist, "and there is my card."

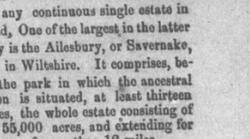
The driver scornfully tossed the card away. "Never heard of you before," said he, "and I don't want to hear of you again. What I want is my fare."

The banker was in great haste. "Look here. I've an order for a million," he said, "give me the change," and he proffered a coupon for that amount.

The driver stared and the passengers laughed. Possessing a truce of the baron entered the omnibus at the moment, and taking in the situation, immediately paid the fare. The driver realizing his mistake, and feeling remorseful, said to the baron: "If you want ten francs, sir, I don't mind lending them to you on my own account."

Largest Estates in Britain.

The largest estate in the United Kingdom is the lordship of Sutherland, the property of the Duke of Sutherland. The estate is no less than 739,200 acres in extent. The estate of Reay, in the same part of Scotland, is also very large, extending about 30 miles in length and 15 to 20 miles in breadth. These estates far exceed in extent any continuous single estate in England, Oas of the largest in the latter country is the Ailesbury, or Savernake, estate, in Wiltshire. It comprises, besides the park in which the ancestral mansion is situated, at least thirteen parishes, the whole estate consisting of about 55,000 acres, and extending for a distance of more than 12 miles.



After... Taking

a course of Ayer's Pills the system is set in good working order and a man begins to feel that life is worth living. He who has become the gradual prey of constipation, does not realize the friction under which he labors, until the burden is lifted from him. Then his mountains sink into mole-hills, his moroseness gives place to jollity, he is a happy man again. If life does not seem worth living to you, you may take a very different view of it after taking

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.