

# 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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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction as 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 in a fictitious signature.

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Wolfville, N. S.

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Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturdays and Sundays.

G. W. MUNRO, 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. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every evening service every Sunday. Prayers meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Seals free; all are welcome, strangers will be cared for by  
COLIN W. ROBERTS, } Usher  
A NEW BASS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. and the Pastor's Bible Class (open to all) at 8 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers' Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

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St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion at 11 a. m. and 5th at 8 a. m.; 2d and 4th at 11 a. m. Service every Friday at 7:30 p. m. REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.  
Frank A. Dixon, } Warden  
Robert W. Storey }

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. M.—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.  
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

AGADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

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

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,  
Proprietor.

PAIN EXPELLER

WILL QUICKLY CURE  
DIPHTHERIA, QUINCY, COLDS AND COUGHS.

### PERFECTLY WELL.



John E. Verney,  
M.D., M.C.

Was all run down, poor in flesh, could not sleep, his food distressed him, and he felt tired all the time. He took

**Skoda's Discovery,**  
the great nerve and tissue builder, and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS, that cure dyspepsia, indigestion and headache. He says: "I am perfectly well."

SKODA'S DISCOVERY  
SKODA BROTHERS, LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

### DIRECTORY.

—OF THE—  
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.

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

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

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

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

HERRIN, J. F.—Watch Makers and Jewellers.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully 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.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

QUEEP, L. W.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stores, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Pianos.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.

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

WITTER, BURKE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

### AT DEATH'S DOOR.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

EXTREME DEBILITY AFTER THE GRIP.

Mr. Peter Lingley, Councillor, Peterborough, Queens Co., N. B., says:

"Oct. 21, 1892.—Last winter I had a very severe attack of the grip, which left me very feeble and exhausted in flesh. I had no appetite, and was so nervous I could not sleep. I was under Doctor's treatment for months, but received no benefit. My friends thought I was going to die, and I got so low that they were expecting me to die at any day. As a last resort they decided to try

**HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC,**  
3 bottles of which

Rapidly Restored Me To Health.

"I slept well, my appetite was restored and I soon became stronger, stouter and more vigorous. I was over the grip in less than a year. I cannot speak too highly of this medicine, as I feel that

I owe my life to its virtues.

Mr. Isaac G. Stevens, Oak Harbor, T. C. R., says: "I was under the grip, and was so nervous I could not sleep. I was under Doctor's treatment for months, but received no benefit. My friends thought I was going to die, and I got so low that they were expecting me to die at any day. As a last resort they decided to try

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### POETRY.

Bread Upon the Waters.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."—ECCLES., xi. 1.

"Mid the losses and the gains,  
"Mid the pleasures and the pains,  
"Mid the joyous and the fears,  
And the restlessness of years,  
We repeat this passage o'er—  
We believe it more and more—  
Bread upon the waters cast  
Shall be gathered at the last.

Gold and silver, like the sands,  
Will keep slipping through our hands;  
Jewels, gleaming like a spark,  
Will be hidden in the dark;  
Sun and moon and stars will pale,  
But these words will never fail,  
Bread upon the waters cast  
Shall be gathered at the last.

Soon like dust, to you and me,  
Will our earthly treasures be;  
But the loving words and deed  
To a soul in bitter need,  
They will not be forgotten,  
They will live eternally—  
Bread upon the waters cast  
Shall be gathered at the last.

Faith the moments slip away,  
Soon our mortal powers decay,  
Low and lower sinks the sun,  
What we do must soon be done;  
Then what matters, if we hear  
Thousand voices ringing clear,  
Bread upon the waters cast  
Shall be gathered at the last.

—Dagmar Weekly.

### SELECT STORY.

Jack's New Year's Eve.

New Year's eve was not pleasant to Jack Knickerbocker. It made him think how happy the coming year might be if he could recall a certain blunder in his life. Recollections of other days when another and more dainty pair of slippers rested on the fender beside his own came back to him. He could see those red Turkish shoes among the pictures in the coals, and sometimes the face of the woman who wore them smiled at him from the changing floor. Jack remembered how not many months after he had been married to the owner of those slippers, he had deliberately put her from him. It was their first quarrel, and his quick temper had made him swear that it should be their last. But he didn't start to bring this about by improving his temper. Oh, no! He decided at once that marriage was a failure, and his pretty wife, when he had brutally announced that decision, had quietly said, through her tears:

"Well, Jack, if you think it is, it is, and he had said good day.

Oh, yes; he had given her money enough, he reasoned, when he had tried to justify himself for his cruelty; he had arranged that with his lawyer. But he had gone to London and was there yet. To-night he realized that he had got his reasoning mixed up. He saw plainly that he had been crueler to himself than he had been to his wife. His lawyer had carefully followed his instructions. Jack had neither seen nor heard from his wife since that night.

Four years had passed and Jack was almost accustomed to being a bachelor again. New Year's eve and just back again in New York, he occupied an apartment in the Obornes.

A noise of some one entering from the hall made Jack start from his reverie and looked around.

There in the centre of the room stood a wee mite of a girl. She would not have been more than 3 or 4 years old. Her blue eyes twinkled with mirth and her short golden curls seemed to reflect the fire-light.

"You is Jack, isn't you?" she said as she stretched out her baby arms and toddled forward.

"Yes, that is my name," gasped the astonished man and opening his arms he received the little bundle of life.

"I knowed you was Jack," said the child as she nestled close to him, "and I saw'd you from de hall."

"And who is Jack?"

"I don't know but mums loves Jack!" the little girl slipped down and sat on an ottoman at Jack Knickerbocker's feet, and looked up earnestly into his face. "You isn't as pretty as our Jack," she said, after a pause.

"And where is your Jack?" was the question of the surprised host.

"Oh, our Jack hangs over de fire. We lives in de next 'partment, mums and me. Won't you come in and see our Jack, an' our fire is brighter dan your's!"

"But what will mamma say?" asked

ed Jack as his face reflected with joy that seemed to alight from the child's.

"Oh, mums' gone out with nurse but she will be back to wake me to see de New Year but I just waked myself. Is it New Year's yet?"

Jack looked down into the wistful little face.

"No little one," said he what is your name?"

"Alice," replied the child, and joyfully stroked his forehead with her tiny fingers. As she pressed her cheek to his, Jack sighed deeply. "I had an Alice once," he said, more to himself than to the child.

"Did you have a little girl like me?" asked the baby comforter.

"No." Then something seemed to choke Jack, for he rose to his feet and placed the child on the floor. Finally went on the lonely host his face trembled with emotion, as he gazed lovingly down upon his little visitor: "Let's play you are my little girl, just for to-night."

"All right, Jack," replied the child, as she reached her arms upward. A log falling in the fire sent out a ruddy glow that brightened the whole room and turned to glistening diamonds the tears that sparkled in the eyes of the happy pair; and one diamond, larger and brighter than all the rest, rolled down and fell upon a golden head that nestled close to a father's knee.

A New Year's Sermon.

A little planet; brief its life; no more than a marble twirling on the vast floor of heaven; and yet, something in its history, in its destiny, in its development, to make at last plain God's unspeakable purpose to all ranks of being! This, and nothing less than this, is a far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves and which, again and again, the inspired minds of the Apostles seemed clearly to grasp.

We see, in our present inadequate apprehension of God's relationship to men, how vast a growth there is over previous conceptions. We know God will save every being who is savable, forgive every intelligence that is forgivable, and that nothing can plunge any being, however small or however great, in everlasting darkness, but an everlasting hatred of the good and of the right.

Now, we are beginning to see that our God, is greater than any age's devil, that righteousness is more permanent even than sin, that where sin once abounded, grace must much more abound, that right must at last overcome darkness, and life everlastingly swallow up death.

And so, "They shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. His kingdom must come—no more the saying of a few, God at last exalted to be all in all.

How halt and blind we are in our apprehension of this, and how patiently the truth of God waits on us and at- tends our staggering progress. For still His Gospel is like the sea; in its quiet corners and nooks, on its warmed sands, you can bathe a babe; beyond its crested waves and breaking billows the strong man may venture out to swim. When first the Christian conception became incarnated to men it was something like their conception of the sea.

Then the sea meant for them the blue inland lake, and their voyages were but from shore to shore, and their Sea of Galilee not so big, perhaps, as our Lake Champlain.

Then the blue inland sea of the Mediterranean bounded all their hopes and fears; the voyages of the world were made on its landlocked waters, earth's battles fought there and the carvings of civilization traced.

Then, as man grew, the mystery of the Atlantic amazed him. Vikings and discoverers were not found bold enough to sail into its unknown region.

At last, a sea king rose and laid his hand on its secret, and came back to tell of a wider India beyond its waves; and still men went westward till another and larger ocean lay before their eyes, and the carvings of civilization traced.

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