

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1897.

No. 27.

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-
rangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment on transient advertising
must be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

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

Newspaper communications from all parts
of the county, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
name of the party writing for the ACADIAN
must invariably accompany the contribu-
tion, although the same may be written
over a fictitious signature.

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

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-
larly from the Post Office—whether dis-
tributed to his name or another's or whether
he has subscribed or not—is responsible
for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-
tinued, he must pay up all arrears of 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 refus-
ing to take newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
leaving them uncollected for *prima facie*
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office hours, 9:30 a. m. to 3:30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:15
a. m.
Express west close at 9:50 a. m.
Express east close at 2:50 p. m.
Kentville close at 5:35 p. m.

Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed
on Saturday at 1 p. m.

W. Munro, Agent.

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
services every Sunday. B. Y. P. U. Young
People's prayer-meeting on 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 Sun-
day in the first Sunday in the month at
3:30 p. m.

COLLIE W. ROSSON, { Ushers
A. DAW BARRIS, }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. P.
M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. St. Andrew's
Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every
Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday
School at 9 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wed-
nesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church,
Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday
at 9 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 Wednesday.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion
1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at
8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30
p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Rogers, { Wardens
S. J. Rutherford, }

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. on the fourth Sunday
of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M.,
meets at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock p. m.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. F. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 7:30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon 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.

SAVING DUVAL,
1893.

previously tormented with a
of her toes, was relieved by a
point it with phosphorus,
weak moment she did, but
her husband before retiring

at struck twelve when the
she and was startled to see
sparkle at the foot of the bed.
ever heard of a firely in the
did he ever remember seeing
the looking objects as the

carefully out of his bed till
he of his slippers, he raised it
and brought it down with
a upon the mysterious light,
it is a swatch of bed-cloth
over. When at last he re-
from the avalanche he dis-
wife grasping in the corner,
the phosphorized toe.

THE
"White is King of All."
White Sewing Machine Co
Cleveland, Ohio.
Thomas Organs
—FOR SALE BY—
Howard Pineo,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
N. B. Machine Needles and Oil,
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

The Wolfville Clothing Co.

Are Clearing Out Their Stock.

Trouserings BELOW
COST

to make room for
EARLY SPRING GOODS.

Call early as they are going
fast!

Your choice for \$3, \$4, \$5.

NOBLE CRANDALL,
MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.

W. L. KANE, & Co.,

61 BARRINGTON ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

Fancy Dry Goods

Materials for Art Needlework.

Spring Goods Now Arriving.

Dress Goods, Silks, Muslins,
Fancy Cotton Fabrics,
Shirt Waists, etc.

Express charges paid on Dresses.

Samples sent on application.

TERMS, C. O. D.

DAVID THOMPSON.

PAINTER & PAPER HANGER,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Orders may be left at Rockwell
& Co's or at L. W. Sleep's. [36

Dr. H. Lawrence,

DENTIST,
Wolfville, N. S.

Office opposite American House,
in Wolfville every week day except
Saturday.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

"LAND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE

On and after Monday, 1st March,
1897, the trains of this Railway will run
daily (Sunday excepted).

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE.

Express from Kentville..... 5:35, a. m.
Express "Halifax"..... 9:10, a. m.
Express "Yarmouth"..... 3:09, p. m.
Express "Halifax"..... 5:55, p. m.
Accom. "Richmond"..... 11:30, a. m.
Accom. "Annapolis"..... 11:25, a. m.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE.

Express for Halifax..... 5:35, a. m.
Express "Yarmouth"..... 9:10, a. m.
Express "Halifax"..... 3:09, p. m.
Express "Kentville"..... 5:55, p. m.
Accom. "Annapolis"..... 11:30, a. m.
Accom. "Halifax"..... 11:25, a. m.

Royal Mail Steamship Prince Rupert

Monday, Wednesday, Friday and
Saturday.

St. John and Digby.
Leaves St. John, 8:50 a. m.; arrive in
Digby, 11:00 a. m.; leave Digby 1:00
p. m.; arrive St. John 4:00 p. m.

Trains are run on Eastern Standard
Time.

W. R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.

K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

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, 1895. 11



dismounted. As he did so the stamp-
ing of the restless horses reached his
ears. Noiselessly he made his horse
fast to a redoubt stem, and crept
through the bushes to where the un-
easy equines were tied.

He passed from horse to horse, feel-
ing swiftly over each, as if in the
darkness his hands were doing duty
for eyes, revealing the merits or de-
merits of each animal.

The voice of the preacher came clear
and strong to the ear of the man among
the horses. He listened a moment as
the voice told him, in simple words,
the sweet truths of the Bible. Some-
how the words of the good book seemed
to be addressed directly to himself, and
presently, as he listened, he removed
his old slouch hat as reverently as if
he had been within the sanctuary.

Then, as the words of invitation and
consolation rang out clear and sweet
the man by the horses removed his
hand from the neck of a little mare
and muttered: "Preacher is a stunner,
shore. Reckon I'll leave the filly.
Might belong to the preacher, an' hein'
a preacher, o' course its the only hos'
he's got."

As he returned to his own animal, he
paused again to listen. Presently he
dropped the hand that was unyoking
the bridle and strode into the bar of
light that shone from the open door.
"I'll try it," he muttered. "Be'n a
long time since I've set in a church."
His slouching entrance was hardly
noticed by the congregation of shock-
headed men and sallow-faced women,
so attentive were they to the pre-
acher's utterances.

The preacher was a small, pale-faced
man, plainly, almost shabbily dressed,
and as he stepped awkwardly back and
forth behind the rude pulpit, the last
corner saw that he was lame.

and, mounting his horse, dashed away
down a bridle path, whither he knew
no cared not. Presently some small
animal sprang from the path, and the
horse swerved to one side, and the next
moment there came a blow on the
rider's head as if the great hackberry
tree stretched far above had fallen
upon him. Then, as he fell from the
horse, the animal kicked the uncon-
scious man before he had touched the
earth.

An hour after, the pale-faced pre-
cher, limping along the path, almost
stumbled over the prostrate figure be-
neath the great hackberry. The old
slouch hat had fallen from his head,
and the blood from a long wound
across his forehead had soaked his
matted hair.

The preacher's slight form staggered
under the task, but by a series of
heroic efforts he managed to convey
the unconscious man to a little log hut
where he lived alone. It was many
days before the sufferer could do more
than sit like a helpless child in the old
splint bottomed rocker and watch the
preacher as he limped back and forth
attending to the wants of his unex-
pected guest. The stranger had been
badly hurt. The blow on his head as
he came in contact with the low-
hanging limb, had very nearly fractured
his skull, and the kick of the horse had
broken several ribs.

One day there came a letter ad-
dressed in a dainty feminine hand,
and the preacher had almost completed his
answer when the hour arrived for him
to start for the little log church. After
he had gone, the invalid saw lay on
the home made table, and without any
scruples he proceeded to read both.

"From his sweetheart," the invalid
said aloud; as he finished, "Pore little
gal! I kin almost seem to see her as I
read them lines. That she is, 'way
back east, waitin' for the day when her
lover kin send the money to bring her
out yere to him. The time has be'n
mighty long already, she says, but
she'll wait for him if it takes half her
life. Brave little gal! Bids him keep
up his courage, for she is shore she'll
soon git the money, for everybody's so
generous in the west, and will pay him
well for his work, she is certain."

The invalid paused and shook one
hard fist at an imaginary auditor.
"Yes, hang ye! Pay him well w'en
yer souls git bigger. If you was white
ye'd pay more money an' do less
gruntin' in church. Look at it!" he
went on, with rising wrath. "Yere's

a man an' a Christian a workin' the
life outen his crippled body to save yer
souls, an' in return ye give him just
enough to keep him from plum starv-
in'. All the while kit of ye air good
for is to raise horses for me to run off
with."

Again he shook his fist at the imagi-
nary auditor.
"That's for ye! Look at it! Yere,
for workin' himself to death for yer
souls, ye pay him so little that the
time when he can bring his little wait-
in' sweetheart west seems years off!

Yes, an' yere I am a doin' ye no good,
an' stealin' every one o' yer horses I
kin git my hands on. In my case, ye
club together, an' offer a reward 'er \$200
jist to git me. Give him starvation
wages an' have him all the time, an'
offer \$200 jist to have me for a few
hours! That's reason, ain't it?"

Suddenly a thought seemed to strike
him, and he brought one hard fist down
on the table with a thump.
"I'll do it, I will! He shall have his
sweetheart, an' that mighty quick."

It was after midnight when the
preacher returned and it seemed to the
other that he looked paler and limped
more painfully than usual.

"My friend," the preacher said, pre-
sently, "I am glad to have you so
nearly recovered, for this house can
only shelter you a few days longer."
"Why?" asked the invalid; "air ye
gettin' tired o' me?"

"Certainly not; but the owner of
this house has warned me to leave be-
cause I am unable to pay the rent,
and—"

"What'll you do now?"

"I do not know. Doubtless I'll see
my way out of it, but I do not now."

"Parson, will ye do me a favor—one
more on top o' all you've done for me?"

"Gladly, if I can," the young pre-
cher replied.

"Take this note to the leader of the
Protective Association—"

"Amos Huddin?"

"That's him. He's a particular
friend o' mine, an' I'll be mighty glad to
see me. Do this right now, an' it'll
be the last thing I'll ask uv ye."

The door opened softly, and half a
dozen men with weapons in their hands
entered without a word. Not a move-
ment of the invalid's face showed that
he understood the errand that had
brought these stern, silent men to the
cabin.

"Howdy!" he saluted. "Take cheers
gentlemen."

"Jack Harris," said the leader of
the vigilantes, "we want you."

"Wal, ain't ye got me?" asked the
other, quietly.

"Yes," muttered the leader, "and
we are a-goin' to keep ye!"

"Wal, I don't reckon I blame ye,"
Harris answered. "It's been a long
time since ye got a chance at me, an'
I don't wonder ye want to keep me.
Did the preacher give ye information?"

"Yes."

"Has he got the reward yet?"

"No, of course not. We ain't goin'
to do no cash-in-advance business."

There was the sound of a struggle
at the door and a voice crying:

"Let me in! I will go in!"

"It's the preacher," some one said.
"Bill's a holdin' him outside."

A pistol gleamed from beneath the
table and Jack Harris' hand had
levelled it at the leader's head.

"Let him in!" he said sternly.

The preacher's white face was flushed
and there were tears in his eyes as he
limped across the room to Jack
Harris' side.

"Oh, my friend," he cried, "what
have I done? What have I done?"

"Delivered my note, I reckon."

"Yes; and sold your liberty for
money! But God knows I am innocent
of any intent to do so." He buried
his face in his hands.

"Now," said Harris, sternly, "Hud-
den, give the parson his reward. W'en
the money's in his hand I'll drop his
case. While it's up you know how
safe your life is."

The vigilantes conferred together for
a moment. Then each produced his
pocketbook and dropped a sum of
money into the leader's slouch hat.
As the money was poured on the table,
Harris laid the pistol beside it.

"That," he said, "take me."

the young preacher, "Parson," he said,
"that'll make you and the little gal in
the east happy. Good-by."

The young preacher sprang forward,
"Men," he cried, "one moment!"

Then in tones that thrilled the hearts
of the listeners, he told the story of
the horse thief's sacrifice. The little
group shuddered about uneasily when he
had finished.

"Boys," said the leader, suddenly,
"I'm boss of this yere association, ain't
I?"

"You air," they answered.

"An' what I say goes?"

"It does, jist that."

"An' horse stealin' means hangin'!"

"It does."

"Wal, I sentenbe the prisoner, Jack
Harris, to be hung this day week. In
the meantime I place him in the keep-
in' uv Shortley Meyers, the lettest man
in the crowd; an' if he lets the prisoner
escape I'll fine him \$2.50."

Shortley Meyers extracted \$2.50
from his pocket and handed the money
to the leader.

"Yere's my fine," he said.

"And the preacher keeps the re-
ward?" Jack Harris asked the leader.

"He does!" chorused the vigilantes.

"Wal, anyhow, I'll get my rent now,
I reckon," said a mop-headed vigilante.

Two weeks later, when the ceremony
was over that made the young preacher
and the bright-faced eastern girl man
and wife, the bride looked fondly into
her husband's eyes as she said:

"How much these people seem to
think of you, and how generous they
are toward you! Have they been so
ever since you came out here?"

"No; the change took place only a
few weeks ago."

"And who were those stern, rough-
looking men who shouted so when the
ceremony was done?"

"They are the vigilantes."

"As I entered the state," the young
wife said, presently, "just such a
rough-looking man asked my name,
and when I told him he said: 'Tell the
parson you saw Jack Harris, an' tell
him I hope he'll be happy.' Then he
disappeared."

"Heroic Jack!" the young wife ex-
claimed, when the minister had told
her the story.—*Petaluma Courier.*

Passion of Labor.

Vasari says of the manner in which
the great master of sculpture worked:

"I have seen Michael Angelo make
more chips of marble fly about in a
quarter of an hour than three of the
strongest young sculptors would in as
many hours, a thing almost incredible
to any one who has not witnessed it.
He went to work with such impetuosity
and fury of manner that I feared al-
most every minute to see the block
split in pieces. It seemed as if, in-
flamed by the great idea that inspired
him, this great man attacked with a
species of fury the marble in which his
statue lay concealed."

One instance of such frenzy of labor,
came when Michael Angelo was a boy
but fourteen years old. He had carved
a faun, one of those strange woodland
creatures, half goat, half man, of which
the Romans were so fond, with fresh
faces, tossing hair, sprouting horns and
goat's legs. Lorenzo de Medici saw the
work, and was amused at its delicacy
and the richness of fancy displayed;
but he began bantering the young
sculptor in the easy, gracious fashion
of a great prince.

"Look you," said he, "these wonder-
ful masters are not always young, as
you would have it; they get wrinkled
brows, they are unsteady on their legs,
they lose their teeth."

He indicated, as he spoke, the
beautiful row of teeth which adorned
the smiling lips of the creature, and
passed on. Then occurred a scene full
of passion and pathos, and eminently
characteristic of Michael Angelo. As
the curtains closed upon the prince,
the young sculptor flew upon his faun,
mallet in hand. Round about the jaw
and brow he made telltale lines. He
puckered the eyes with crow's feet, and
last of all, he placed his chisel against
the creature's upper jaw, and smote a
tooth away, by that one act giving the
face an indescribable look of age.

Lorenzo was amazed at the marvel-
ous transformation. It was an effec-
tive introduction to the power of the
young artist, and he took him into his
household and brought him up with
his own children.—*Youth's Companion.*



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening
strength and healthfulness. Assures the
food against alum and all forms of adul-
teration common to the cheap brands.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

If you will think of the matter very
carefully you will discover that the
purging fire of affliction and the high-
est nobility of character have very close
relation to each other. One may go
even so far as to say that the man who
has never known profound sorrow has
never known profound happiness. I
confess that it is a mystery to me, but
still the best men and women I have
ever known are not those who have
sailed on peaceful seas, but those who
have breasted many a storm. There is
something in a prolonged calm which
demoralizes the strongest nature, and
something in a tempest which draws
the greatest elements of the soul to
the surface. You must weep if you
would make the acquaintance of your
best self. You can never definitely
locate heaven until you have closed
some dear one's eyes and stood by an
open grave. Angels' voices are better
heard in the dark than in the garish
day. So long as you feel strong God
appears to be at an immeasurable
distance, but when you know that you
are helpless, and so cry for succor, the
rustle of unseen garments fill the air
and mellow influences straight from the
throne steal into your heart.

While no physician or pharmacist can
conscientiously warrant a cure, the J. C.
Ayer Co. guarantee the purity, strength
and medicinal virtues of Ayer's Sarsa-
parilla. It was the only blood-purifier
admitted at the great World's Fair in
Chicago, 1893.

"Heroic Jack!" the young wife ex-
claimed, when the minister had told
her the story.—*Petaluma Courier.*

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