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.

Newsy 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 communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

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APPLE TREES for SALE!

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Wes on 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. Patriquin.

Wolfville, Nov. 25th, 1892. [jan22

A Racking Cough

Cured by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Mrs. P. D. HALL, 217 Genessee St., Lockport, N. Y., says:

"Over thirty years ago, I remember hearing my father describe the wonderful curative effects of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. During a recent attack of La Grippe, which assumed the form of a catarrh, soreness of the lungs, accompanied by an aggravating cough, I used various remedies and prescriptions. While some of these medicines partially alleviated the coughing during the day, none of them afforded me any relief from that spasmodic action of the lungs which would seize me the moment I attempted to lie down at night. After ten or twelve such nights, I was

Nearly in Despair,

and had about decided to sit up all night in my easy chair, and procure what sleep I could in that way. It then occurred to me that I had a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took a spoonful of this preparation in a little water, and was able to lie down without coughing. In a few moments, I fell asleep, and awoke in the morning greatly refreshed and feeling much better. I took a teaspoonful of the Pectoral every night for a week, then gradually decreased the dose, and in two weeks my cough was cured."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

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

Prompt to act, sure to cure

DIRECTORY

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

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Nervous, Tired, Weak.

That most dreaded disease, typhoid pneumonia left me with a cough, sore throat, tired and nervous. I could not sleep nights. To add to my many troubles, last winter I had La Grippe. It seemed I would not live until spring. I tried

FATHER AND SON TOOK

Skoda's Discovery.

many remedies, but got no relief until I took Skoda's Discovery. My little boy has been sickly for several years. He too has taken Skoda's and now he is as fat, rosy cheeked little chap as you would like to see.

Elmer E. Albee, 28 Pleasant St., Lewiston, Me.

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

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS Cure Headache and Dyspepsia.

POETRY.

The Star of Bethlehem.

It was so long ago,
But God can make it now,
And as with that sweet overflow,
Our empty hearts endow.

Take, Lord, those words outworn,
Oh, make them new for aye,
Speak—"Unto you a child is born,"
To day—to-day—to-day.

—Jean Ingelow.

At Christmas tide, glad festal time.
May Heaven's peace with all abide;
Oh, let not discord mar the chime
At Christmas tide.

May hearts estranged united be,
Forget the wrong, abase thy pride;
So shall Heaven's peace abide with thee
At Christmas tide.

—J. Torrey Connor.

SELECT STORY.

BERTHA'S CHRISTMAS.

"I declare," said Mrs Holland, "I don't know when I ever was in such a heap. Here it is only two days before Christmas, and the great pile of bakin' I've got to do! And the children's tree to git ready and all! John's folks hev put me out awful, first sayin' they couldn't come, and jest the last minute changin' their minds. I wouldn't care if there was only more time to prepare for 'em, though of course I'm awful glad they're comin' s' fur's that goes."

She was rolling out pies in a little cleared space on the kitchen table. The rest of the table was piled up with unwashed dishes, as was also the sink. She was talking to her husband, who, in his "chore" overalls, was filing a tool in the warm corner back of the stove.

The filing ceased. "Wall, mother, 'tain't no use, frettin'," he said, in his easy way. "Why don't Fanny help ye, stid o' screachin' away in the parlor?"

"Why, she's practicin' her carol that she's goin' to sing to the church, Christmas," answered Mrs Holland, with asperity. "You ain't no call to say its screachin', when Fanny's as pretty a little singer as you'll find hereabouts. And she's helpin' me lots, too, by takin' care of Elsie."

The filing and the baking went on a while longer; then, "Say, mother, why don't ye git Berthy to help ye out?"

The woman stopped, and the fretful expression disappeared. "Why," she said, gently, "I dunno but 'twould be a good idea. Go right over, father, an' see if she'll come."

Very carefully he put away his tools in the shed, and donning his great coat that hung behind the kitchen door, he started out across the snowy yard.

In a few minutes he returned. "She'll be right over," he said, cheerfully. "She seemed to be real pleased at the chance. I guess they must be pritty poor off, her father bein' out of work so long. Mebbe they're poorer off'n we think."

"Well, I guess that ain't very bad, then," scornfully said Mrs Holland. "I guess there wouldn't anybody be sufferin' much in Easton on account of hunger, with the church societies an' mission, an' everybody willin' to do."

"Pooh!" retorted her husband. "Some folks 'ud be too proud to let you know on't."

"Poor folks ain't gen'rally back'ard about tellin' of their trials. That's what I've found out," was Mrs Holland's reply.

Nevertheless, her sharp eyes watched Bertha when she entered the room. The girl appeared just the same as ever. Her cheap print dress looked neat and clean, her pretty hair was braided down her back and tied with a blue ribbon that was certainly old and faded, but clean and smooth, and her face wore the same calm, peaceful expression.

She hung up her hood and shawl behind the door, then rolled up her sleeves a little. "My," she said, "what a lot of dishes. I guess you want them done first, don't you Miss Holland?"

Soon Elsie toddled into the kitchen, and, in a very business-like manner, marched straight up to her mother. "Mamma," she said, "tan me stay here wi' Berta?"

"You'd be a bother. Go back with Fanny."

"Don't want to."

Then Mr Holland came in. "Say, mother," he said, "can't I beat up cake, or stun raisins, or somethin'?"

"Good land!" retorted Mrs Holland, irritatedly, "you'd better all of you poke right into this kitchen! I should think this house was big enough not to be crowded. Say, father, take Elsie away, so that Bertha and I can get things done up. It's nice and warm in the dining-room."

"Me don't want to!" said Elsie, emphatically.

"Come think on't," said Mr Holland, quickly. "I've got some chores to do in the barn." And out he trotted."

Elsie sat down in her little chair, and Bertha went on washing dishes. Suddenly Mrs Holland turned around on the child to see what she was doing so quietly. "Good land, Elsie," she said, "what in the world are you watching Bertha for?"

"'Cause me like to."

"Well, that must be great fun. How is Teddy, Bertha?"

"Well, thank you. I left him with father."

"Your father hasn't any work now, has he?"

"No ma'am."

"And ain't had for some time, has he?"

"No, ma'am,"

"It must be rather hard for you to get along?"

"Yes, ma'am; but we have done very well, so far."

"Be you goin' to have any Christmas?"

"O, yes! Teddy's going to have a tree."

"Hum," thought Mrs Holland, "guess there ain't much poverty there. Father's a big goose to think there is. She really acts as if she'd got a fortune to put on that tree."

Bertha worked for Mrs Holland all that day and all the next day until late in the afternoon, when she started for home, with the pleasant chink of money in her pocket It was only a dollar, but to Bertha it was of untold value, for it meant that she need not quite yet ask for charity to buy her little brother food. She and her father could get along some way. There were a few potatoes yet left in the cellar, the only remainder of the product of their little garden. That was all there was to eat in the house—or in their part of it. She and her father could live on them while they lasted, but frail little Teddy couldn't. That night for supper Teddy had nice new milk to drink, and bread, and the greatest luxury of all, butter to put on it.

There was probably not a single person in Easton but who, if he had known of Bertha's circumstances, would have jumped to offer her and her father assistance. But the very idea of charity was repugnant to both. They knew, however, that the hateful truth must be known to others than themselves before long, for in a few days their month's rent was due, and there was no money to pay it.

Bertha had not been home long before Mr Holland hitched up his family team and went to the depot for "John's folks." They made the big sleigh pretty full. There were John and his wife, Tommy, aged ten, Rosy and Bella, six and four respectively, and Grandpa Holland. There wasn't even room enough left for that proverbial "one more."

After a merry supper, the elder ones left the children cracking nuts on the kitchen hearth, while they talked over a very secret little plan to give the little ones pleasure.

"O, yes," cried Fanny enthusiastically, "some one must be Santa Claus, and come and pay the children a visit. There's enough good stuff left over from our last year's theatrical club to just fit up a fine-looking Santa. And Uncle John's figure is just right for the part. Uncle John must be Santa Claus."

"Yes, yes!" cried her mother. "You must be Santy Claus, John."

Then big, burly John roared, and everybody laughed with him, except Grandpa Holland.

Grandpa Holland had been one of the merriest of the party since his arrival. Now he sat in his chair looking quite dejected and unhappy, just as though he had lost every friend he ever had on earth, and never expected to have another.

"Why, father," suddenly cried John's wife, "what's come over you so sudden? Don't you feel well?"

Fanny, her father and mother, and Uncle John turned their startled, anxious faces on the old man.

"No," he stammered, "I ain't—well. I—I guess—I'd better go to bed."

Anxiety gave place to alarm.

"Why, father," said John's wife, "you don't mean it, do you? Sick on Christmas eve, when we were going to be so jolly?"

"I know what 'tis," said Fanny's mother, confidently, "it's a sudden weakness. My current wine will fix him all right in no time."

Grandpa obediently took the current wine, but grew worse.

Bertha had now come over to help clear up the dinner dishes and wash them, and was stepping occasionally between the dining-room and kitchen. No one paid any attention to her and her mind seemed to be intent on her work.

Suddenly, however, she stepped up to Mrs Holland and whispered a few words in her ear, then moved quickly away. The woman stood transfixed with surprise and incredulity. She kept looking in a perplexed way from John to the old man. Then, on some pretext, she got the former out of the room, and held a short, whispered conversation with him.

He suddenly pretended to have had an errand outdoors, and then came stamping through the hall into the kitchen. "Say," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands over the kitchen stove, "you folks did a very thoughtless thing in choosing me for Santy, jest because I'm a big chap. Bless you, I ain't no hand with young ones. I'd scare 'em to death if they come near me. Now a real Santy, you know, understands children, and knows how to talk with them to gain their confidence. I couldn't do that no more'n nothin' in the world. There ain't airy of us could nuther, 'cept father. Father's the one that ought to be Santy. The fun'll be all spoilt if he's goin' to be sick."

Grandpa Holland half way raised his head. An expression of interest settled over his features.

There seemed to be all at once a sort of telegraphic communication between the members of the little company. "Why, yes!" cried one after the other. "What in the world were we thinking of! Grandpa Holland is the one who ought to be Santy. He understands children!"

"But he's sick!" regretfully cried John's wife.

"I'm better!" cried Grandpa, quickly. "I reckon the current wine's beginnin' to take effect. An' 'twouldn't make, no diff'rence if I was sick. I ain't agoin' to have children dis'pointed along o' me. I guess I kin stan' it."

"Each glanced at the other understandingly, and yet with bewildered surprise. But the old man was quite chipper. Fanny, amid much laughter, helped him to don the queer rig and padded him to the proper bigness. Then after a little Santa visited the children and the fun commenced.

"Why," cried Mrs Holland, suddenly, "we ought to have invited Teddy over. I wish I'd thought to speak to Bertha about it when she went home."

"The pretty little girl that was helpin' of you?" asked Grandpa.

"Yes, that was Bertha. Teddy's her brother.

"I could go an' make a special visit to him," cried Grandpa.

"Why, so you could!" said Mrs Holland. "And I'll go with you, and wait outside till you come."

So "Santy" made his adieux to the children and slipped out. Mrs Holland met him, and they went directly to Bertha's house. It was a very small, double house. On the side in which Bertha lived, a very dim light shone forth from the kitchen window. Mrs Holland suddenly moved up to this window and looked in. Then she stepped back and said, "Well, well, well, I do declare!" Then she looked in again, and the old man looked in with her. The night was mild and the window glass quite clear.

The lamp in the room was turned very low, ostensibly to save the oil. Bertha's father sat on the opposite side of the room, his head leaning dejectedly on his hands. Bertha sat in a little rocker, with Teddy in her lap. An expression of extreme content and satisfaction was on the child's face, and as his head leaned back on Bertha's breast, his eyes were fastened on what to him appeared a glorious vision.

A tiny Christmas tree stood in a little box on the table. Strings of white popcorn were tastefully arranged about it. As for its other contents, there were three sticks of colored candy and one orange—nothing else

So this was Teddy's tree! When Mrs Holland observed it, and other evidences of poverty and want, her vision became so blurred that she could no longer see. She called Grandpa away, and they went up the road together, without making the intended visit.

Early the next afternoon, when Bertha went over to Mrs Holland's to help with the dinner dishes, her face was radiant with happiness. "O, Mrs Holland," she cried, there isn't a girl in this world so happy as I am this day! Father's got work at last. The Raybone Manufacturing Company sent their man down to offer him a job as night watchman. And you ought to have seen poor father cry over it. And somebody sent us a big box full of chicken and everything else, and we all had such a glorious dinner. And Teddy is so happy he doesn't know anything what to do. He thinks it was all Santa Claus' doings."

"And it was," said Mrs Holland.

But Bertha didn't understand, and she was so happy that she didn't even try to.

The Christmas Gift.

It may be that in every gift with which at this blessed Christmas-tide we gladden our children's hearts we are Magi again offering treasure to the Holy Child. We may make it rich. But richer gifts than these will be required. The Christ is not now in the cradle. He has left the carpenter's bench; he has descended from the cross; he has ascended from the grave; he has left behind him a church and has given it a commission. The best gift and sacrifice that he can receive is obedience to that commission. Then shall he also receive the sceptre and the crown.

The angel's song foretold good will, peace and glory. Yet after all these driving and driven centuries where is the good-will, where the peace, where the glory? We see them still far, far before us; and, like Mary, we foreboode many a cross between. But let the cross come. Our endurance shall be our gift to him who gave himself. Is there toil for us, that we may honor him: is there self-denial; is there holy consecration and humble service, that shall make the world at last a spotless sacrifice to him who purchased it? Let these be the Christmas gift by which we shall confirm our discipleship to him. Thus beyond the cross shadowed on the wall shall we ever see the gleaming rainbow which encircles the King on his throne. Thus, through the discords of earth we shall ever hear the divinely warbled melody of the seraph bands.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring.
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh! rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

Christmas for the Children.

Let us spare childhood all artificial giving, by which I mean all mere exchange of gifts, and make this Christmas season one of blessed education to them in the lessons taught by Him whose coming was the world's great gift. Practically the task is not a hard one, for youth is tender of heart and generous of impulse. Its desire to make others happy needs not to be created, but directed. Nothing is easier than for the mother to induce the child to feel that the Christmas joy depends less upon what he gets than upon what he gives; less upon the number of people who remember him than upon the number he can remember. If your own heart glows with gratitude that the dear Christ Child came to earth, don't be afraid to show your joy before your boys or girls. If you are eager to give back something to God, they will be eager too.

And now is the time to be very patient with their troublesome little schemes, for know, oh mother, that to have the Christ spirit of human helpfulness born in the Holy Child born anew under your own roof-tree. Make room for Him in the home.

And when the son and daughter have learned to give, let them choose, as far as possible, the recipient and the gift. And just here, encourage personal effort and even personal sacrifice; the saving of money, the working to earn it, the doing without in order that someone else may be made happy. If for days or weeks before the happy morning dawns your boys and girls are busying themselves with such efforts to make others happy, they are taking the surest road to their own abundant delight.

If kindness to his little ones and bounty to His poor is a Christmas gift of itself, parents can endow their children with this gift. It is the Babe of Bethlehem, cradled in the heart of a child.

The Holly and the Christmas-Tree.

In Germany and Scandinavia the holly, or holly-tree, is called "Christ's thorn," from its use in church-decorations, and because it bears its berries at Christmas-tide. The loving sentiment imprisoned in the holly bough and translatable into every language, can hardly be more happily expressed than in Charles Mackay's verses, "Under the Holly Bough":

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who by word or deed
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come, gather here!
Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the holly-bough.

To Germany, the civilized world is indebted for one of the most enjoyable of all Christmas delights, the Christmas tree. We call it a gift from Germany, and yet, behind the quaint figure of Kris Kringle, coming from the snowy woods, with the tree rising high above his genial shoulders, laden with gifts and glittering with lanterns, as he suddenly invades the lowly German cottage on kindly errand bent, we see the yet more ancient toy pine tree, hung with *oscilla*, which boys and girls in ancient Rome looked for on the sixth and seventh days of the Saturnalia.

An enemy is a person who applauds you when you fail.

Two persons will not be friends long if they cannot forgive each other's little failings.

Too many of us expect others to be better than we are willing to be ourselves.

Let him who neglects to raise the fallen fear lest, when he fall, no one will stretch out his hands to lift him up.

Small kindnesses, courtesies and consideration for others give a far greater charm to a woman's character than display of arts, talents and accomplishments.

You can never keep up the work on the farm, if you ever put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day.

The scrub animal is just as much the result of the work of man as is the old-fashioned plow.

Babies

and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion, than all the rest of the food they eat. Its nourishing powers are felt almost immediately. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of food is assimilated.

Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, enriches the blood, overcomes wasting and gives strength to all who take it. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Emaciation, Consumption, Blood Diseases and all Forms of Wasting. *Send for pamphlet. Free.* Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

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