

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1894. No. 35.

### THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:  
**\$1.00 Per Annum.**  
(In Advance.)



Old age and Childhood were  
SERRAL CARE, AND THEY Depend upon  
Others for Support.

**CLUBS OF FIVE IN ADVANCE \$4 00.**  
Local advertising at ten cents per line or every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.  
The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

### Skoda's Discovery.

Mr. Chas. Tibby, of Auburn, Me., says: "My little girl Josephine, had congestion of the lungs, which left her very nervous and weak. She also had a humor break over her body; after giving her a bottle of Skoda's Discovery and using a tube of Skoda's Ointment, the humor entirely left her. She is now well and strong."

### Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed 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 discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or 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 refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

### Skoda's Discovery.

It is to see an aged person with an elastic step, a bright smile and a kind word, and hear the child with its merry laughter ringing in our ears; these denote good health, which can be found in  
**Skoda's Discovery.**

### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 8.30 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7.10 a. m.  
Express west close at 10.30 a. m.  
Express east close at 4.25 p. m.  
Kentville close at 7.00 p. m.  
Geo. V. Mann, Post Master.

### DIRECTORY.

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE.

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

### Money Saving.

It should aim at, and the Housewife

TIME TO SAVE TROUBLE AND MONEY.

—BY USING—  
**WALLACE'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER.**

### SELECT STORY.

At the World's Mercy.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

### 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. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7.30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by  
COLIN W. ROBERTS, } Ushers  
A. DEW BARRS, }

### CHAPTER I.—Continued.

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### Methodist Church.

Rev. Oskar Gronlund, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10.15 a. m. Book Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All the seats are free and strangers welcome at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Thursdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion at 8 a. m. Service every Friday at 7.30 p. m.

Rev. KENNETH O. HIND, Rector.  
Frank A. Dixon, } Wardens  
Robert W. Clark, }

### For Sciatic & Neuralgic Pains.

TRY ONE APPLICATION OF THE  
**"D. L." MENTHOL PLASTER**  
IT WILL DISPEL THE PAIN LIKE MAGIC.

### Dress Making.

Mrs. Henry Palmer will cut and make Boys' Suits, and Ladies' Jackets and Dresses by the new Thompson Garment Cutting System.  
Wolfville, Jan. 11th, 1894.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of C. 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 afternoon at 2 o'clock.

### NEGLECTED Colds & Deep Seated Coughs.

SAFELY AND SURELY CURED BY  
**Allen's Lung Balsam.**

### 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.

### FOR SALE.

A DESIRABLE HOUSE AND LOT, IN WOLFVILLE. Apply to  
Geo. H. Fairquhar,  
Wolfville, Nov. 26th, 1892. Jan 23

### IF YOU Have a Very Bad Cough.

Are Suffering from Lung Troubles. Have Lost Flesh through Illness. Are Threatened with Consumption.

Remember that the **Best Emulsion** IS WHAT YOU REQUIRE.

### Attention.

In time to any irregularity of the Stomach, Liver, or Bowels may prevent serious consequences. Indigestion, constipation, headache, nausea, biliousness, and vertigo indicate certain functional derangements, the best remedy for which is Ayer's Pills. Purely vegetable, sugar-coated, easy to take and gentle to assimilate, this is the ideal family medicine—the most popular, safe, and useful agent in pharmacy. Mrs. M. A. BROCKWELL, Harris, Tenn., says: "Ayer's Cathartic Pills cured me of sick headache and my husband's neuralgia. We think there is  
**No Better Medicine,** and have induced many to use it.  
"Thirty-five years ago this Spring, I was run down by hard work and a succession of colds, which made me so feeble that it was an effort for me to walk. I consulted the doctors, but kept staking lower until I had given up all hope of ever being better. Happening to see in a store, one day, your medicines were sold, the proprietor noticed my weak and sickly appearance, and, after a few questions as to my health, recommended me to try Ayer's Pills. I had little faith in these or any other medicine, but concluded, at last, to take his advice and try a box. Before I had used them all, I was very much better, and two boxes cured me. I am now 28 years old; but I believe that if it had not been for Ayer's Pills, I should have been in my grave long ago. I buy a box every year, which makes me hold up to this time, and I would no more be without them than without bread."—E. H. Ingraham, Rockland, Me.

**AYER'S PILLS**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Every Dose Effective.

### POETRY.

#### Grandmother's Bible.

"So you've brought me this costly Bible,  
With its covers so grand and gay;  
You thought I must need a new one  
On my eighty-first birthday, you say;  
Yes, mine is a worn-out volume,  
Grown ragged and yellow with age,  
With finger-prints on the margin;  
But there's never a missing page,  
And the finger-prints call back my own  
Junk-laden days of my childhood,  
And echo, in the twilight, their face  
Look up at me, eagerly sweet,  
It has pencil-marks pointing in silence,  
To words I have hid in my heart;  
And the lessons so hard in the learning,  
Once learned, can never depart."  
"There's the verse your grandfather  
spoke of—  
The very thing that he died;  
When I shall wake in his likeness  
I too, shall be satisfied.  
And here inside the old cover,  
In a date, it is faded and dim,  
For I wrote it the day the good pastor  
Baptized me—I've an old woman's  
whim."

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I had finished.  
"Of course in that case there is only one thing to be done; we must get him off to the hospital, and he must take his chance. You will have to send there for a cab, and I am afraid you must make up your minds to harbor him till it comes. In the mean time, I will take the responsibility of searching in his pockets to find out his name and address."  
I had been trembling on the borders of a great resolution while the doctor spoke.  
"Then he can not be moved without danger?"  
"Well, no, not quite without some risk; he's got the fever on him, you see. But don't be alarmed; you will have nothing for which to blame yourselves. You have done more than most young ladies would have done for a stranger."

"Not quite enough, though, for a fellow-creature. We won't risk the danger of 'killing him outright.' Let him stay."  
Elsie put her arm through mine.  
"And we will nurse him as well as we can," she added, warmly.  
"Gently, gently, young ladies," the doctor rejoined, smiling. "You think I considered you hard-hearted, and now you rush into the other extreme of romantic self-devotion. But you are mistaken. I think you have acted with great kindness—a little rashly, perhaps, if I may say so, in bringing a sick stranger into your house, but generously. And I think the hospital plan is not only sensible, but kind, as an amateur nursing is praiseworthy, but sometimes defective."  
"We are not going to try our 'prentice hands' on him; we shall get a professional nurse," said I, coldly and decidedly.  
"You are surely not to earnest, my dear young lady?"  
"I am indeed."  
"And supposing it turns to typhus, or something of that sort? And supposing the gentleman were to die in your house?"  
"If you think him in danger of dying as it is, it would be downright murder to send him away," said I, looking up at him bravely; for I believed that he was only trying to frighten me.  
He looked at the patient again, and then again at me.  
"You really mean it, then?"  
"Most solemnly I do."  
"Yes, we do," echoed Elsie.  
"You are good, brave girls, and you shall not be any the worse for it. Is there a bedroom on this floor?"  
"We prepared my mother's room; and then Elsie and I went away while Maynard and the doctor put the stranger, who was scarcely half-conscious, to bed. We saw the doctor before he left.  
"I have been looking in his pockets but can only find that his clothes are marked 'B. Barash.' He has no pocket book; he was probably half off his head when he went out. He is not in a condition to give any information about himself, and the only thing I can suggest is one which I can hardly advise—an advertisement."  
"Oh, no, that would not do at all! We must just wait till he can speak."  
"I think that would be best. And now about the nursing. I will send you a professional nurse, and, if it proves, as I hope, to be nothing infectious, you can help her if you like."  
"Thank you. We are very much obliged to you for your kindness and advice."  
"There is no kindness—it is all business. Now good night, good night. I have left instructions with your most discreet of housekeepers. I expect she will scold you when I am gone for having had the sense to tell me the truth, instead of puzzling me with some humbugging story about his being your brother or your cousin. Now I must stand here talking, or I shall turn your heads with my pretty speeches; but I wish all the young ladies I have to deal with had half your sense and your humanity. Good night, good night, my dears. Have you a Mother living?"  
"Yes, in Australia."  
"Ah, well, if I were br, I wouldn't be so far off!" Good night!"  
And at last he went away, leaving us laughing at his compliments. But

in the midst of our laughter we heard a sound from the next room which silenced us.  
"I tell you I will carry it through, and nothing in heaven or earth shall stop me!"  
We had never heard the voice of a man in delirium before, and the fierce words and tone struck us with a sudden sense of the responsibility we had taken upon ourselves.  
CHAPTER II.  
Elsie and I did try our 'prentice hands at nursing the patient, after all; we took our turns of watching in the sick room when he was quiet; at other times, when we were in the next room, we could hear him talking loudly and excitedly. Then, when the crisis of the fever was past, and he lay all day with his eyes closed, we used to open the folding-doors, and keep alternate watch while we went on our drawing and writing.  
At first we exchanged only whispers now and then, afraid of disturbing the sick man; but, as we got accustomed to the presence of the slumbering invalid, our voices rose gradually to natural pitch, and our talk went on in the old way. We even found ourselves laughing; but then we would turn with a frightened "Hush!" to see the patient lying as motionless and torpid as ever.  
"I believe he means to lie like that for ever, under the delusion that he is part of the furniture of the house; and we shall never be able to get rid of him," said Elsie, with comic despair.  
The doctor himself could not understand his long torpor; the patient looked better, but Maynard had great difficulty in rousing him to take food, and when he had swallowed it he fell back into the same drowsy state.  
"Suppose mamma were to come back suddenly, walk into her room before we could tell her, and find this young man," said I.  
"It is very strange that she does not write to us; she has been away a fortnight, and yet we have not heard a word from her."  
Our mother's silence made us both anxious as the days went by; but we knew she was not fond of letter-writing, and we were too busy to get our anxiety prey upon our minds. My pupils were old enough to do without me, and I was staying with them only until I could find some more. This was not easy, as I was young, and many women value the instruction of their children at the number and depth of her wrinkles. Elsie, who hated teaching, worked hard with her pencil during these holidays, going some hours each day to the British Museum. I took up my practicing again; the doctor said, "If it rouses the invalid, so much the better." But it did not. Of all our trials he was the greatest; but he was certainly, as Elsie said, a "new interest in life" as well. Who was he? How did he get here? What would he say when he opened his eyes again upon the world, to find himself in the care of two unknown young women?  
"Say?" said Elsie cynically. "Why, he will say he is very much obliged to us, and offer us five pounds for our trouble!"  
"Oh, Elsie, I do think he is a gentleman!"  
"Has the very insensible stranger won that fifty heart which has never softened to any man in his senses, oh my sister?" asked Elsie mockingly.  
"Mr. Burns may be shabbily dressed; but at least he has brains."  
This Mr. Burns was another of my trouble's admirers, a clever little student at the British Museum, who carried her easel about for her, brought her luncheon, helped her with his advice—and it was good advice—about her drawing, and thought himself overpaid when she let him help her to put on her old water-proof—a mark of favor which drew down a torrent of wrath from me when she confessed it.  
Elsie's admirers were a constant pain and grief to me. I do not think I was jealous; but it seemed to me to be beneath my sister's dignity to let herself be so universally worshipped. For she was a bright particular star at the "British." There male and female students worked in the same rooms, and a spirit of camaraderie sprang up among them. I did not like it; but I had been there, noticed that Elsie was

occupied with the splendid sacrifices they make in order to procure us a 'future' that they don't notice how very uncomfortable they make our 'present.'"  
"Guinny, I wish you would not be so bitter. You let these things eat into you so."  
"I can't help it. I hate this high talking and this mean acting. For it is mean and selfish of them to cast us off like this 'for our good'; and we can't be blind to it just because we are their children, and therefore the chief sufferers. You know, Elsie, I don't think that parents ought to sacrifice everything for their children any more than children for their parents; but, if they would only tell us plainly that they mean to go their own way regardless of us, we should be better prepared for what we have to expect."  
Elsie did not answer at once—she went on crying; but presently she dried her eyes.  
"It is of no use railing, though one can't help it just at first. I suppose, after all, she does not think it unkind and the idea of the excitement pleased her, and she likes admiration and applause. So it is all only natural."  
"So much the worse for nature," said I harshly.  
But Elsie was not going to give any more. Presently she said, laughing—  
"What a pity it is our invalid is young, and not old and gray-headed! He might have waked up to pity us, and be a father to us!"  
"Thank you—I don't think I want to try any more fathers," said I.  
So now Elsie also had to look out for a new engagement as resident governess in London.  
It is dreary work this situation-hunting. My sister came in one day, after two unsuccessful interviews procured by an agent, sat down on a footstool at my feet and buried her head in my lap.  
"I suppose, if I were in better spirits, I should laugh at the interviews I have had to-day," she said, looking up at me sadly; "but I can not. 'My first' was a lady of so much finer class than I that she looked at somebody else all the time she was speaking to me. 'My second' was the wife of a shop keeper in Jermya Street. For some ignoble reason or other I made up as I saw it was a meek little lady, who dropped her head because his master had kicked him, I re-yonged myself on 'my first' by my haughty treatment of 'my second,' whom I left convinced that I taught for pleasure. Pleasure!" She paused, and presently went on very sadly: "Do you know, Guinny, I can not help feeling something very like despair? I feel that I shall never get out of the slough of teaching."

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At first we exchanged only whispers now and then, afraid of disturbing the sick man; but, as we got accustomed to the presence of the slumbering invalid, our voices rose gradually to natural pitch, and our talk went on in the old way. We even found ourselves laughing; but then we would turn with a frightened "Hush!" to see the patient lying as motionless and torpid as ever.  
"I believe he means to lie like that for ever, under the delusion that he is part of the furniture of the house; and we shall never be able to get rid of him," said Elsie, with comic despair.  
The doctor himself could not understand his long torpor; the patient looked better, but Maynard had great difficulty in rousing him to take food, and when he had swallowed it he fell back into the same drowsy state.  
"Suppose mamma were to come back suddenly, walk into her room before we could tell her, and find this young man," said I.  
"It is very strange that she does not write to us; she has been away a fortnight, and yet we have not heard a word from her."  
Our mother's silence made us both anxious as the days went by; but we knew she was not fond of letter-writing, and we were too busy to get our anxiety prey upon our minds. My pupils were old enough to do without me, and I was staying with them only until I could find some more. This was not easy, as I was young, and many women value the instruction of their children at the number and depth of her wrinkles. Elsie, who hated teaching, worked hard with her pencil during these holidays, going some hours each day to the British Museum. I took up my practicing again; the doctor said, "If it rouses the invalid, so much the better." But it did not. Of all our trials he was the greatest; but he was certainly, as Elsie said, a "new interest in life" as well. Who was he? How did he get here? What would he say when he opened his eyes again upon the world, to find himself in the care of two unknown young women?  
"Say?" said Elsie cynically. "Why, he will say he is very much obliged to us, and offer us five pounds for our trouble!"  
"Oh, Elsie, I do think he is a gentleman!"  
"Has the very insensible stranger won that fifty heart which has never softened to any man in his senses, oh my sister?" asked Elsie mockingly.  
"Mr. Burns may be shabbily dressed; but at least he has brains."  
This Mr. Burns was another of my trouble's admirers, a clever little student at the British Museum, who carried her easel about for her, brought her luncheon, helped her with his advice—and it was good advice—about her drawing, and thought himself overpaid when she let him help her to put on her old water-proof—a mark of favor which drew down a torrent of wrath from me when she confessed it.  
Elsie's admirers were a constant pain and grief to me. I do not think I was jealous; but it seemed to me to be beneath my sister's dignity to let herself be so universally worshipped. For she was a bright particular star at the "British." There male and female students worked in the same rooms, and a spirit of camaraderie sprang up among them. I did not like it; but I had been there, noticed that Elsie was

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