

Table with columns for destinations (e.g., P. M., P. M., P. M.) and times.

Table with columns for destinations (e.g., P. M., P. M., P. M.) and times.

Table with columns for destinations (e.g., P. M., P. M., P. M.) and times.

Table with columns for destinations (e.g., P. M., P. M., P. M.) and times.

One hour added will give time. Trains run daily, Sunday and holidays.

Leave Middleton at 2.55 p. m. for Digby and Lunenburg.

Leave Yarmouth every Wednesday at 10 p. m. for Boston.

Leave every Monday and Thursday for Portland and Boston.

Leave at 7.30 a. m. daily, Sunday excepted, and 8.30 p. m. daily, for Portland and Boston.

General Manager and Secretary. HERLAND, Resident Manager.

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIII. WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1894. No. 33.

THE ACADIAN.

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

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS OF FIVE IN ADVANCE \$4 00.

Local advertising at two cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

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.

POST OFFICE, WOLFFVILLE.

Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oscar Greenwood, B. A., Pastor.

Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M.

meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. 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 o'clock.

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

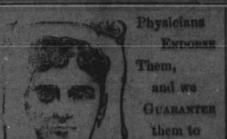
APPLE TREES FOR SALE.

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Severe Pain in Shoulder 2 Years Cured by The D. & L. Menthol Plaster.



Physicians.

Them, and we GUARANTEE them to CURE (or money refunded)

Skoda's Cures.

My husband says it will cost too much to board me if I take any more of Skoda's Discovery.

DIRECTORY.

OF THE Business Firms of WOLFFVILLE.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriage and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted.

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furnitures, &c.

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

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

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

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

KELLY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line fully performed.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book, Stationery, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

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

POETRY.

The Other Shore.

In the grand old woods, where the shadows sleep,
Or in the churchyard on the hill,
Or along by the river calm and deep,
Where summer hours are sweet and still.

I love to wander; for my dreaming ear
Can hear strange voices everywhere—
Voices of dear ones gone before—
Yes, and I almost see them, as I hear,
Waiting on the other shore.

SELECT STORY.

RUTHERFORD'S BEAR.

Old Steve Rutherford was one of the most peculiar characters that ever lived in Hot Springs, Ark.

"I'm trying to make an honest living, and I hope to join the church some day, but if you don't get away from here, I'll have to give up."

"Oh, yes, I hear, and rather than have any difficulty I'll harken, but I do hope before the day is over, for that matter, you may change your mind about this 'bar.' Get up, boy!"

"Business was dull, and Steve nodded and dreamed as he sat on the veranda. He was aroused by a noise, and looking down he saw that the mountain man had again stopped at the gate.

"Look here," Steve yelled, "now under very little restraint, 'though I told you to go on away from here.'"

"You did tell me, and I did go away, but that didn't keep me from coming back again. I have been to nearly every place in the town, and nobody don't seem to want a 'bar,' and the fact has begun to crawl into my mind that the 'bar' market down here is pretty dull."

"I have been kind to you, and now I want to tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to haul you."

"I have been kind to you, and now I want to tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to haul you."

"I have been kind to you, and now I want to tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to haul you."

"I have been kind to you, and now I want to tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to haul you."

"I have been kind to you, and now I want to tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to haul you."

"I have been kind to you, and now I want to tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to haul you."

Steve got up, and through the force of custom acquired in earlier life dusted the seat of his trousers. The mountain man again had gathered his hickory for a decisive blow at his main, but a hoarse command from old Steve—a command unobscured by words, but full of meaning nevertheless—checked his intention.

"I don't know nothing about your family and wouldn't the 'bar' insult a member of it," the mountain man replied. "You said that this here 'bar' is a hickory of a thing, and then I said that the 'bar' over yander in the lot is bug eat, and I am willing to leave it to any jury that can be raked up in this town that I am right. I know what it is to be 'bug eat' and I don't blame the 'bar,' for I don't reckon he could help it. I had a dog once that was bug eat—so kind hearted and gentlemanly a dog as you ever seen—and I didn't hold him responsible. Say, now without any 'no' foolishness, don't you want to buy a 'bar'?"

Steve placed his hand on a post to steady himself. He looked at the mountain man with all the contempt he could throw into his watery eyes, and then, still under so strong a restraint that the baggy knees of his trousers quivered, thus delivered himself:

"I'm trying to make an honest living, and I hope to join the church some day, but if you don't get away from here, I'll have to give up."

"Oh, yes, I hear, and rather than have any difficulty I'll harken, but I do hope before the day is over, for that matter, you may change your mind about this 'bar.' Get up, boy!"

"Business was dull, and Steve nodded and dreamed as he sat on the veranda. He was aroused by a noise, and looking down he saw that the mountain man had again stopped at the gate.

"Look here," Steve yelled, "now under very little restraint, 'though I told you to go on away from here.'"

"You did tell me, and I did go away, but that didn't keep me from coming back again. I have been to nearly every place in the town, and nobody don't seem to want a 'bar,' and the fact has begun to crawl into my mind that the 'bar' market down here is pretty dull."

"I have been kind to you, and now I want to tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to haul you."

"I have been kind to you, and now I want to tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to haul you."

"I have been kind to you, and now I want to tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to haul you."

"I have been kind to you, and now I want to tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to haul you."

"I have been kind to you, and now I want to tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to haul you."

"I have been kind to you, and now I want to tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to haul you."

Steve conducted the spectators to the tree where the bear was chained. The crowd of evening, making a mystery of the huge black mass of animal life and hiding the patches on his coat, proclaimed him a savage monster.

"Gentlemen," said Steve, "before I go into this here fight I want to tell you that I don't deserve no sympathy, for I've brought it on myself. Here goes!"

He made a lunge at the bear. The monster threw himself in an upright position against the tree and caught Steve in his arms. For a moment there was silence, and then a loud yell split the stillness of the deepening twilight.

"Take him away! He's killing me!" the gladiator cried. Two men seized Steve's legs and drew him beyond the bear's reach, and the monster—and indeed he was one now—stretched his chain in the effort to renew the engagement. Steve was taken into the house. He was covered with blood, and it was evident that a number of ribs were broken.

"Have you anything to say?" some one asked. "It may be probable that you can't talk after awhile."

"All I've got to say is this," Steve groaned. "I wish I hadn't got so intimate with that blamed 'bar.'"

Several men went out with a lantern to look at the victor. They found nothing but a chain under the tree, but found farther, in a fence corner, they found a worn and flea bitten bear asleep. However, they continued their search, and they might have found down the road a mountain man helping his bear into a wagon, and they might possibly have learned that the mountain man, for purposes peculiarly his own, had liberated the lazy bear and had temporarily chained his own bear to the tree.—Exchange.

Scraps of Knowledge.

Paste may be kept several months without getting mouldy if a little pulverized blue stone is added while hot.

When dampening clothes for ironing use water as hot as the hand can bear; sprinkle the linen, fold smoothly, roll up tight, and they will iron much easier. The hot water penetrates more rapidly and it is not necessary to dampen so much as when using cold water.

A clean white broom, kept for this purpose only forms a handy implement for scrubbing.

The most delicate way to boil an egg is to pour boiling water over it and allow it to remain, without boiling, for ten minutes. It will be found to be perfectly cooked.

A cooling, wholesome drink is made by mixing two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley with a quarter of a pound of lump sugar. Pour on it rather more than two quarts of boiling water. Add the peel of a fresh lemon. Let it stand all night, then strain, and it is ready for use.

If the extension table does not slip easily, when adding or taking out leaves, rub a little paraffine on the joints and see how it will be improved.

A piece of chamois skin cut to fit the inside of the shoe will not only prove very comfortable in cold weather and tender feet, but it will save the stockings from wear.

The Worth of British Connection.

The growth of the British Empire is one of the marvels of the world. The Empire has been built up by great Imperial and Colonial statesmen, great explorers, great generals, great admirals, great merchants, great captains of manufacturing industry, a great commercial marine, backed up by a daring, adventurous and gallant people and patriotic Parliament and press.

British troops have fought on every soil in every quarter of the globe. British mariners have explored every coast and ocean and fly their flag on every water. British capital and enterprise are developing the resources and trade of every nation. British pluck and wealth have made habitable the waste places of the earth, whether in India, in Africa, in Australia, in America, in Oceania. The Mediterranean is practically a British sea, the Suez Canal a British waterway. All the great harbors of refuge for ocean shipping—the central ocean stations for commerce in the Southern Seas—all the great cooling ports in the Pacific and Australian waters—fly the British colors. The British traveller can make the tour of the world by the great steamship and railway routes without being out of sight of his country's flag or treading any other than a British deck or riding on other than a British railway.

Looking at the greatness of this vast Empire, with its 320,000,000 of people, its incalculable resources, natural and monetary, its unsurpassed natural credit, its splendid past and present, leading up to a still more splendid future, the magnificent field of action which it offers to every British subject, who has a spark of love of country? In his breast would desire to see Canada's connection with the glorious old Empire severed?

What Canadian, fully informed of his nation's history, would exchange his Imperial status for any other allegiance on earth? What Canadian school boy can read the military or naval battles, the consummate diplomacy, the improvements in government, the elevation of the masses, the wide extension of civil and religious liberty, by which this Empire has been reared and cemented, without feeling his pulse bound and his patriotic quicken? To inculcate these patriotic lessons in the youth of Canada, to reveal to them all the advantages of British connection, to point them to the grand field, within the Empire, for the exercise of all their moral and intellectual acquirements is a proper, an imperative duty on the part of our public teachers.

It is a duty too long neglected and which cannot be taken in hand too quickly. When we consider what Canada owes to British connection, its political constitution, much of its best legislation, the protecting arm which surrounds us in Britain's fleets and armies, whose maintenance costs us nothing, the normal influence which the Empire wields among the nations, and which to us is a greater protection than even armies and fleets, the British capital that has been employed in developing our resources, the large amount of liberty which is permitted to us within the Empire, and which represents as perfect self government as is enjoyed by any people on earth—it is not surprising that ninety-nine out of every hundred of thoughtful Canadians desire to maintain the connection with the Empire, although many of them may not have fully estimated all the benefits that result.

Shakespeare not so Smart.

When we come to think of it, Shakespeare could not have known much, not even how it feels to wear a set of artificial teeth. He never even saw a toupee match or a steel pen, and his ignorance of the art of photography was only equalled by the lack of knowledge he possessed about the type writer. If he went to a fire, it was probably only to stand in a line and pass buckets of water, the fire engine being something he was entirely unacquainted with.

He never held his ear to a telephone and listened to his wife while she read out a list of little articles she wished him to bring home; he never received a telegram; he never rode in a train car or in a railway train, and as for an

electric railway, why, he never heard of such a thing. He never knew the feelings which a boy experiences when wearing long trousers for the first time, because he never wore such things in his life.

He never tried to ride a bicycle, never used roller skates, never saw a stove, knew nothing about such well known things as steam ploughs and reaping machines. He never knew what it was to swallow a postage stamp by mistake while moistening it (not because he could not swallow, but because he had never seen a postage stamp), and we have yet to learn that he could roll the difference between an eighty-one-ton gun and a repeating rifle. The question is, what did he know?

Coronets.

English noblemen are the only ones in Europe who ever wear coronets on their heads, and the sole occasion when they do is at the coronation of the sovereign. They hold them in their hands through the ceremony, and at the moment when the Archbishop of Canterbury places the crown upon the monarch's head every peer and peeress present dons his or her coronet.

Inasmuch as nearly half of the House of Lords is composed of peers created by Queen Victoria, it is probable that none of them has taken the trouble to provide himself with the silver coronet, lined with crimson velvet, of his rank, and were the Queen to die and the Prince of Wales to ascend the throne, there would doubtless be a run on the court silversmiths for baubles of this character.

The baron's coronet, worn by the poet Lord Byron, at the coronation of George IV., and which was manufactured for the occasion, and is now in this country and was in the possession of the late proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger, who converted it into a chafing dish for the humble vegetable known as the potato, having removed the velvet cap from the inside and turned it upside down, so that the four silver balls constitute the support of the chafing dish.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS.

Cure Headache and Dyspepsia.



"When I was a Boy,"

Writes Postmaster J. C. WOODS, Forest Hill, N. S.: "I had a bronchial trouble of such a persistent and stubborn character, that the doctor pronounced it incurable with ordinary medicines, and advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and one bottle cured me. For the last fifteen years, I have used this preparation with good effect whenever I take

A Bad Cold,

and I know of numbers of people who keep it in the house all the time, not considering it safe to be without it."

"I have been using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for 30 years, with the most satisfactory results, and can cheerfully recommend it as being especially adapted to all pulmonary complaints. I have, for many years, made pulmonary and other medicines especially for the poor, and I have come to the conclusion that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral occupies a position pre-eminently over other medicines of the class."—Chas. Davenport, Dover, N. J.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prompt to act, sure to cure

FERRY'S SEEDS

Are just what every farmer needs. The only one which has been built the largest and best in the world. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1894, contains the most complete list of seeds for the season. For the catalogue, send for the book to FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

