

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1897.

No. 18.

Vol. XVII.

### THE ACADIAN.

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

TERMS:  
\$1.00 Per Annum.

(In Advance) \$4.00.

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.  
Local advertising at one cent per line  
for every insertion, subject to special  
arrangements for advertising notices.  
Rates for standing advertisements will  
be made known on application to the  
office, and payment in advance is  
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  
editorial staff of the Acadian is  
constantly receiving new type and material,  
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction  
on all work turned out.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.  
Orders should be sent to 830 P. M.  
Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6 15  
P. M.  
Express west close at 10 30 A. M.  
Express east close at 4 00 P. M.  
Kentville close at 6 40 P. M.  
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Open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Closed  
on Saturday at 1 P. M.  
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Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A. M.  
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Church prayer-meeting on Thursday  
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Society meets on Wednesday following the  
first Sunday in the month and the  
Women's prayer-meeting on the third  
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All saints meet at the doors to  
missionary services—Sunday  
at 7 P. M. and Wednesday at 7 30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Joseph  
High, 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  
saints are invited and strangers welcomed  
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meeting at 7 30 P. M. on Wednesdays.

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ARCHITECT,  
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Plans and specifications prepared for  
all kinds of buildings.

AT  
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AGAIN

This Season of the Year Prepare  
for Fall and Winter.

Will give us pleasure to show you  
our late Importations and

N. L. McDONALD,  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
"Acadia Corner,"  
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FARM FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale the farm  
on which he resides at Wallbrook, con-  
taining 200 acres of upland and 20  
acres of lake. Has an orchard which has borne  
900 barrels of apples, and a young one  
just coming into bearing, besides peaches,  
plums, and pears.

Apply to  
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AGENTS—Book business is better  
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A few leaders are: "Queen Victoria,"  
"Life of Mr. Gladstone," "My Mother's  
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"Gleanings of the Days," "Woman's  
Dinner and Supper," "Canada: an En-  
cyclopaedia." Books on time. Child  
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GEO. G. HANDLEY,  
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Agents Sell "Klondike Gold Fields"  
Like a whirlwind. Prospectus 25 cents,  
worth \$1.00. Big pay. Capital un-  
necessary.



### FALL STOCK AND FALL STYLES!

THE WOLFVILLE CLOTHING CO.,  
Are already in full swing with fall orders.

—FRESH NEW PATTERNS IN—  
Imported and Domestic Cloths.

And the latest ideas in **Style, Fit and  
Finish,**

Combining to make as the most popular  
Custom Tailors of Kings County.

SEE OUR STOCK AND PRICES

The Wolfville Clothing Company,

NOBLE CRANDALL,  
MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 28.  
Sole Agency of Empire Laundry.

### POETRY.

#### The Death of the Year.

A cloud came out of the golden west,  
A bell rang over the silent air;  
The sun-god hurried away to rest,  
Flushing with kisses each cloud he met,  
And, oh! but the day was fair.

"How brightly the year goes out," they  
said;  
The glow of the sunset lingers long,  
Knowing the year will be over and dead,  
Its hours over—its first hours fled—  
With service of even-song."

"How sadly the year came in," they  
said;  
I listened and wondered in dusk of  
night;  
To me no year that night came instead  
Of the old friend numbered among the  
dead  
Could ever be half so bright.

The sun-kissed clouds grew pale and gray,  
The bells hung silent in high mid-air,  
Waiting to ring the year away,  
In strains that were ever too glad and gay  
For me—as I listened there.

Oh, hearts! that beat in a million breasts,  
Oh, lips! that utter the same old phrase,  
I wonder that never a sorrow rests  
In words you utter to friends and guests  
In the new year's strange new days.

Is it just the same as it used to be?  
Have new years only a gladder sound?  
For erst and ever it seems to me  
That no new face can sweet to me  
As the old ones have found.

There is no cloud in the drunken west,  
The bell is silent in misty air,  
The year has gone to its last long rest,  
And I, who loved and knew it best,  
Shall meet it—God knows where!

### SELEGI STORY.

#### When a Man's Single.

BY JAMES M. HARRIS.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

In a few days Rob was part of London.  
His Silchester landlady had for-  
warded him his things, and Mr. Lio-  
quorish had washed his hands of him.  
The editor of the "Mirror" letter  
amounted to a lament that a man whom  
he had allowed to do two men's work  
for half a man's wages should have  
treated him thus. Mr. Lioquorish,  
however, had conceived the idea of  
"flogging" John Milton, and so saving  
a reporter, and he did not insist on  
Rob's returning. He expressed a hope  
that his ex-reporter would do well in  
London, and a fear, amounting to a  
conviction, that he would not. But  
he sent the three pounds due to him in  
wages, pointing out, justifiably enough,  
that, strictly speaking, Rob owed him  
a month's salary. Rob had set ex-  
pected such liberality, and from that  
time always admitted that there must  
have been a heroic vein in Mr. Lio-  
quorish after all.

Rob established himself in a little  
back room in Islington, so small that a  
fairly truthful journalist might have  
said of it, in an article, that you had  
to climb the table to reach the fireplace,  
and to lift out the easy-chair before you  
could get out at the door. The room  
was over a grocer's shop, whose win-  
dow bore the announcement: "Eggs,  
new laid, 1s. 3d.; eggs, fresh, 1s. 2d.;  
eggs, warranted, 1s.; eggs, 10d."

A shop across the way hinted at the re-  
putation of the neighborhood in the  
polite placard, "Trust in the Lord;  
every other person cough."

The only ornament Rob added to the  
room was the Christmas card in a  
frame. He placed this on his mantel-  
piece and looked at it frequently, but  
when he heard his landlady coming he  
slipped it back into his pocket. Yet

he would have liked at times to have  
the courage to leave it there. Though  
he wanted to be a literary man, he  
began his career in London with a little  
sense, for he wrote articles to editors  
instead of calling at the offices, and he  
had the good fortune to have no intro-  
ductions. The only press-man who  
ever made anything by insisting on  
seeing the editor was one—a Scotsman,  
no doubt—who got him alone and  
threatened to break his head if he did  
not find an opening for him. The  
editor saw that this was the sort of  
man who had made up his mind to get  
out, and yielded.

During his first month in London,  
Rob wrote thirty articles, and took  
them to the different offices in order to  
save the postage. There were many  
other men in the streets at night doing  
the same thing. He got fifteen articles  
back by return of post, and never saw  
the others again. But here was the  
staff Rob was made of: The thirty  
having been rejected, he died on bread  
and cheese, and began the thirty-first  
It was accepted by the "Minotaur," a  
weekly paper. Rob drew a sigh of  
exaltation as he got his first proof in  
London, and remembered that he had  
written the article in two hours. The  
paysheet, he understood, would be two  
pounds at least, and at the rate of two  
articles a day, working six days a week,  
this would mean over six hundred a  
year. Rob had another look at the  
Christmas card, and thought it silly.  
Every man is a fool now and then.

"Except in his landlady, who thought  
that he died out, Rob had not spoken  
to a soul since he arrived in London.  
To celebrate his first proof he resolved  
to call on Rorrison. He had not done  
so earlier because he thought that  
Rorrison would not be glad to see him.  
Though he had kept his disappoint-  
ments to himself, however, he felt that  
he must remark—usually to some one  
that he was writing for the "Minotaur."

Rorrison had chambers at the top of  
one of the Inns of Court, and as he  
had sported his wick, Rob ought not to  
have knocked. He knew no better,  
however, and Rorrison came grumbling  
to the door. He was a full-bodied man  
of middle-age, with a noticeably heavy  
chin, and wore a long dressing-gown.

"I'm Angus from Silchester," Rob  
explained.

Rorrison's countenance fell. His  
occupation largely consisted in avoiding  
literary young men, who, he knew,  
were thirsting to take him aside and  
ask him to get them subeditorships.

"I'm glad to see you," he said,  
gloomily; "come in."

What Rob first noticed in the sitting-  
room was that it was all in shadow,  
except one corner, whose many colors  
dazzled the eye. Suspended over that  
part of the room on a gas bracket was  
a great Japanese umbrella without a  
handle. This formed an awning for a  
large cane chair and a tobacco-table,  
which also held a lamp, and Rorrison  
had been lying on the chair looking  
at a Gladstone bag on the hearth-rug  
until he felt that he was busy packing.

"Mind the umbrella," he said to his  
visitor.

The next moment a little black hole  
that had been widening in the Japanese  
paper just above the lamp cracked and  
broke, and a tongue of flame swept up  
the umbrella. Rob sprang forward in  
horror, but Rorrison only sighed.

"That makes the third this week,"  
he said, "but let it blaze. I used to  
think they would set the place on fire,  
but somehow they don't do it. Don't  
give the thing the satisfaction of seem-  
ing to notice it."

The umbrella had been frizzled in a  
second, and its particles were already  
trembling through the room like flakes  
of snow.

"You have just been in time to find  
me," Rorrison said; "I start to-morrow  
afternoon for Egypt in the special  
correspondent business."

"I envy you," said Rob, and then  
told the manner of his coming to Lon-  
don.

"It was a mad thing to do," said  
Rorrison, looking at him not without  
approval, "but the best journalists  
frequently begin in that way. I sup-  
pose you have been besieging the news-  
paper offices since you arrived; any  
result?"

"I had a proof from the 'Minotaur'  
this evening," said Rob.

Rorrison blew some rings of smoke

into the air and ran his fingers through  
them. Then he turned proudly to  
Rob, and saw that Rob was looking  
proudly at him.

"Ah, what did you say?" asked  
Rorrison.

"The 'Minotaur' has accepted one of  
my things," said Rob.

"Rorrison said 'Haw,' and then  
hesitated.

"It is best that you should know the  
truth," he said at last. "No doubt you  
expect to be paid by the 'Minotaur,'  
but I am afraid there is little hope of  
that—unless you do them. A friend  
of mine sent them something lately,  
and Roper (the editor, you know)  
wrote asking him for more. He sent  
two or three other things, and then  
called at the office, expecting to be  
paid."

"Was he not?"

"On the contrary," said Rorrison,  
"Roper asked him for the loan of five  
pounds."

Rob's face grew so long that even  
the hardened Rorrison tried to feel for  
him.

"You need not let an experience that  
every one has to pass through disheart-  
en you," he said. "There are only  
about a dozen papers in London that  
are worth writing for, but I can give  
you a good account of them. Not only  
do they pay handsomely, but the  
majority are open to contributions from  
any one. Don't you believe what you  
reads about newspaper rings. Every-  
thing sent in is looked at, and if it is  
valuable any editor is glad to have it.  
Men fail to get a footing on the press  
because—well, as a rule, because they  
are stupid."

"I am glad to hear you say that,"  
said Rob, "and yet I had thirty articles  
rejected before the 'Minotaur' accepted  
that one."

"Yes, and you will have another  
thirty rejected if they are of the same  
kind. You beginners seem able to  
write nothing but your views on politics,  
and your reflections on art, and your  
theories of life, which you sometimes  
even think original. Editors won't  
have that, because their readers don't  
want it. Every paper has its regular  
staff of leader-writers, and what is  
wanted from the outside is freshness.  
An editor tosses aside your column and  
a half about evolution, but is glad to  
have a paragraph saying that you saw  
Herbert Spencer the day before yester-  
day gazing solemnly for ten minutes in  
at a milliner's window. Fleet Street  
at this moment is simply running with  
men who want to air their views about  
things in general."

"I suppose so," said Rob, dolefully.

"Yes, and each thinks himself as  
original as he is profound, though they  
have only to meet to discover that they  
repeat each other. The pity of it is  
that all of them could get on to some  
extent if they would send in what is  
wanted. There is copy in every man  
you meet, and as a journalist on this  
star says, when you do meet him you  
feel inclined to tear it out of him and  
use it yourself."

"What sort of copy?" asked Rob.

"They should write of the things  
they have seen. Newspaper readers  
have an insatiable appetite for know-  
ing how that part of the world live,  
with which they are not familiar.

They want to know how the Nor-  
wegians cook their dinners and build  
their houses and ask each other in  
marriage."

"But I have never been out of  
Britain."

"Neither was Shakespeare. There  
are thousands of articles in Scotland  
yet. You must know a good deal about  
the Scottish weavers—well, there are  
articles in them. Describe the daily  
life of a gillie: 'The Gillie at Home'  
is a promising title. Were you ever  
snowed-up in your saw-mill? Whether  
you were or not, there is a reasonable  
subject for January. 'Yule in a Scot-  
tish Village' also sounds well, and there  
is a safe article in a Highland gather-  
ing."

"Those must have been done before  
though," said Rob.

"Of course they have," answered  
Rorrison; "but do them in your own  
way; the public has no memory, and,  
besides, new public are always spring-  
ing up."

"I am glad I came to see you," said  
Rob, brightening considerably; "I  
never thought of these things."

"Of course you need not confuse  
yourself to them. Write on politics if  
you will, but don't merely say what  
you yourself think; rather tell, for  
instance, what is the political situation  
in the country parts best known to you.  
That should be more interesting and  
valuable than your individual views.  
But I may tell you that if you have  
the journalistic faculty you will always  
be on the lookout for possible articles.  
The man on this stair I have men-  
tioned to you would have had an article  
out of you before he had talked with  
you as long as I have done. You  
must have heard of Noble Simms?"

"Yes, I know his novel," said Rob;  
"I should like immensely to meet him."

"I must leave you an introduction to  
him," said Rorrison; "he wakes most  
people up, though you would scarcely  
think it to look at him. You see this  
pipe here? Simms saw me mending  
it with sealing-wax one day, and two  
days afterwards there was an article  
about it in the 'Scalping Knife'."

When I went off for my holidays last  
summer I asked him to look in here  
occasionally and turn a new cheese  
which had been sent me from the coun-  
try. Of course he forgot to do it, but  
I denounced him on my return for not  
keeping his solemn promise, so he  
revenge himself by publishing an  
article entitled 'Rorrison's Oil-painting.'  
In this it was explained that just before  
Rorrison went off for a holiday he got  
a present of an oil-painting. Remem-  
bering when he got to Paris that the  
painting, which had come to him not  
from the case, had been left lying on  
his table, he telegraphed to the writer  
to have it put away out of reach of  
dust and the cat. The writer promised  
to do so, but when Rorrison returned  
he found the picture lying just where  
he left it. He rushed off to his friend's  
room to upbraid him, and did it so  
effectually that the friend says in his  
article, 'I will never do a good turn for  
Rorrison again!'"

"But why," asked Rob, "did he  
turn the cheese into an oil-painting?"

"Ah, there you have the journalist's  
instinct again. You see a cheese is  
too plebeian a thing to form the subject  
of an article in the 'Scalping Knife,' so  
Simms made a painting of it. He has  
had my Chinese umbrella from several  
points of view in three different papers.  
When I play on his piano I put scraps  
of paper on the notes to guide me, and  
he made his three guineas out of that.  
Once I challenged him to write an  
article on a straw that was sticking to  
the sill of my window, and it was one  
of the most interesting things he ever  
did. Then there was the box of old  
clothes and other odds and ends that he  
promised to store for me when I changed  
my rooms. He sold the lot to a  
hawk for a pair of flower-pots, and  
wrote an article on the transaction.  
Subsequently he had another article on  
the flower-pots; and when I appeared  
to claim my belongings he got a third  
article out of that."

"I suppose he reads a great deal?"  
said Rob.

"He seldom opens a book," answered  
Rorrison; "indeed, when he requires to  
consult a work of reference he goes to  
the Strand and does his reading at a  
book-stall. I don't think he was ever  
in the British Museum."

Rob laughed.

"At the same time," he said, "I  
don't think Mr. Noble Simms could get  
any copy out of me."

Just then some one shuffled into the  
passage, and the door opened.

Royal makes the food pure,  
wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

remained in doors.

"I read your book lately, Mr.  
Simms," Rob said, after he had helped  
himself to tobacco from Simms's pouch.  
"Try my tobacco" being the press  
form of salutation.

"You did not buy the second  
volume, did you?" asked Simms, with  
a show of interest, and Rob had to  
admit that he got the novel from a  
library.

"Excuse my asking you," Simms  
continued, in his painfully slow voice;  
"I had a special reason. You see I  
happen to know that besides what went  
to the libraries, there were in all six  
copies of my book sold. My admirer  
bought two, and I myself bought three  
and two-thirds, so that only one volume  
remains to be accounted for. I like to  
think that the purchaser was a lady."

"But how did it come about,"  
inquired Rob, while Rorrison smoked  
on imperturbably, "that the volumes  
were on sale singly?"

"That was to tempt a public," said  
Simms, gravely, "who would not take  
kindly to the three volumes together. It  
is a long story, though."

Here he paused, as if anxious to  
escape out of the conversation.

"No blarney, Simms," expostulated  
Rorrison. "I forgot to tell you, Angus,  
that this man always means (when he  
happens to have a meaning) the reverse  
of what he says."

TO BE CONTINUED.

### A Story of Tenyson.

The biography of the late Lord Ten-  
nyson by his son Hallam recalls to mind  
an amusing story about the laureate told  
by James T. Field, and which does not  
appear in the present memoir. Tenyson  
was very bizarre in his dress, and always  
effected a cape coat and a huge wide  
awake hat. He went up to Oxford on a  
bright May morning in 1823 to receive  
his doctor's degree, which the university  
had conferred upon him. The great  
university hall was crowded with students  
and visitors to the top-most galleries.  
Suddenly a hush fell on the vast as-  
sembly, and a whisper was heard every-  
where, "Tenyson—Tenyson." There  
he stood in the doorway, his tall figure  
swaying from side to side, his cape coat  
unbuttoned, and with a pair of white  
gloves that he had only half drawn on,  
so that the unbuttoned finger ends stood out  
on his hands. The silence was profound  
and almost painful as each one of the  
assembly gazed their fill on the really  
great man. Suddenly from one of the  
top-most seats a little piping voice—  
afterwards discovered to be that of a  
freshman—called out:

"Did your mother call you early, Al-  
fred, dear?"

The effect may be imagined. Tenyson  
retired amid the uproarious laughter  
which greeted this silly and was with  
difficulty induced to return and receive  
in public the degree that had been con-  
ferred upon him.

A company of Lawrenceston men  
have bonded a stream on the south  
mountain and propose to light their  
town by electricity. The promoters  
have also offered to supply Bridgetown  
with power. This enterprise is entirely  
distinct from that which a Bridgetown  
company are endeavoring to establish  
and it looks as if it would create a  
healthy opposition within the district  
where the latter company propose to  
operate.

CHAPTER IX.

The new-comer was a young man  
with an impressive face and weary eyes,  
who, as he slouched in, described a  
parabola in the air with one of his feet,  
which was his way of keeping a burn-  
ed slipper on. Rorrison introduced him  
to Rob as Mr. Noble Simms, after  
which Simms took himself into a corner  
of the room, like a man who has paid  
for his seat in a railway compartment  
and refuses to be drawn into conversa-  
tion. He would have been a handsome  
man had he had a little more interest  
in himself.

"I thought you told me you were  
going out to-night," said Rorrison.

"I meant to go," Simms answered,  
"but when I rang for my boots the  
housekeeper thought I asked for water,  
and brought it, so, rather than explain  
matters to her, I drank the water and

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Piles, whether itching, blind or  
bleeding, are relieved by one  
application of  
Dr. Agnew's Ointment  
35 CENTS.

And cured in 3 to 5 nights.  
Dr. W. B. Garrison, Binghamton, N. Y.,  
writes: "Send me 12 boxes more of Ag-  
new's Ointment. I prescribe large quan-  
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disease and a great cure for piles."

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