THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIV. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1895. No. 22.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS 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 arrangement 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 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

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.

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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 10.20 a. m.

Express east close at 4 25 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 00 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.*

C. W. MUNRO, Agent.

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

CORIN W ROSCOE, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar Gronlund, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday 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 Thursdays.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services 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. Starr, S. J. Rutherford, } Wardens.

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

Masonic.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of 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 30 o'clock.

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

APPLE TREES fo SALE!

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weson Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranted.

ISAAC SHAW, PROPRIETOR.

FOR SALE.

A DESIRABLE HOUSE AND LOT, IN WOLFVILLE, Apply to

Geo. H. Patriquin.

Wolfville, Nov. 25th, 1892. [jan22

"Only the Scars Remain,"

Says HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., who certifies as follows:

"Among the many testimonials which I see in print relative to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc., none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old

Mother Urged Me

to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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

Cures others, will cure you

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

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

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

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

DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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

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

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

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

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done

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

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

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, L. W.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows

SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

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

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

LIFE'S SUNSET ALL AGLOW.

Patrick Darling, aged 72 yrs.

Wife and I were the first settlers in Moro, Aroostook Co., Me., 41 yrs. ago. It was then a vast wilderness. With all its hardships our lives had been filled with happiness until the fall of '91, when we were attacked with dyspepsia, sleeplessness and their attendant evils.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY

Susan Darling, age 70.

CURED us, and we are again floating down life's river with all bright and smooth before us."

Skoda's Little Tablets cure sick headache, constipation and dyspepsia. 25 cts. Medical Advice Free.

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

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS Cure Headache and Dyspepsia.

POETRY.

Close the Book.

Now close the book and lay it away—
The Old Year's Book; we've read it through;
Leaf after leaf, and day after day,
We have turned the pages, both I and you.
What it has told us full well we know;
Each for himself the story has read;
A bitter tragedy, full of woe—
Alas! they found it who mourn their dead.

And some have read of trial and pain,
Of weary burdens, so hard to bear,
Of bright hopes crushed, again and again,
Turning its pages in blank despair.

"A pleasant story," others may say,
Telling us more of joy than of pain;
Almost sadly we lay it away—
Would we might open and read it again!"

And some have read it with love's own eyes,
By the light that love alone can give,
While the pages glowed with love's surprise,
And life were joy, and 'twere joy to live.

But close the book, the story is old;
Lay it away with a smile or a tear;
Written in black or written in gold,
We open the book of another year.

SELECT STORY.

MRS. MUNROE'S COOK.

Mrs Munroe was in ecstasies of delight. She had secured a new cook at the most ridiculous wages. Of course she had not told the new girl, but it was quite true that she paid her not half what she had been compelled to pay the cook who had just left her. But when Almira Pollers, a fresh, pleasant-featured, young country girl, had applied for the place and had accepted Mrs Munroe's offer of $2 a week to start with, her new mistress did not think it necessary to mention that the proffered sum was very low indeed.

"Of course, you shall have more as you improve, Almira, but you know so little about fancy cooking I scarcely feel able to pay you more at the start," Mrs Munroe had said, smiling sweetly on Almira, who did not know that very little fancy cooking was ever done in that household. And so Almira took up her burden, and for the first time in the nineteen years of her life began to earn wages.

The Pollers had always been farmers, and owned their own place, but Almira's father had somehow managed to get behind, and a mortgage had been fastened upon the farm. The man who held the mortgage was very well satisfied to receive a good interest every year and renew Peter Pollers' note, but it came to pass that it was hard to pay even the interest. This particular year the crops had mostly failed. It lacked but a few weeks until the interest was due, when Almira, the eldest of the flock—there were ten in all—made up her mind to go out "to service." Her determination created a great commotion in the family. None of the Pollers women had ever worked out, and the idea was very distasteful, but Almira eventually carried the day. Had her education been thorough enough, she would gladly have taught school, but the little Pollers had appeared at such frequent intervals that Almira was obliged to stay at home most of the time to assist her mother, and her education was limited.

So, not without some inward struggle, she had decided that the only way she could help along would be by exercising her chief gift—cooking. Mrs Munroe's advertisement in the weekly paper had caught her eye, and she was very happy when she had secured the situation. The wages were not large, but she could save all the money for her father, and there would be one less to feed at home; that counted for something.

Mrs Munroe's family consisted of herself and a brother. Mr Munroe had died several years before and his widow was quite wealthy. Her home, situated in an aristocratic suburb of the city, although small, was handsome and well appointed, and she had sufficient income to keep it up well. Mrs Munroe liked to call herself economical, and we cannot deny that she was in some things. She dressed elegantly and gave largely to her church; but there never was a closer woman in some respects than she. The shop people dreaded to see her come in, for although she always purchased the best, she invariably haggled at the price until she got the goods for less than their marked price. At the groceries it was the same way, and woe to the servant who wasted a scrap of anything or presumed to eat more than the mistress thought necessary. After the first table Mrs Munroe removed any delicacies she considered unnecessary for a servant's coarse appetite, without the slightest compunction. Her brother Tom, who paid a hand some sum for the privilege of sharing her home, once saw this performance, and remonstrated with her but to no avail.

"It would be casting pearls before swine," she remarked, to his intense disgust, as she replaced a dish of lemon jelly in the closet and substituted a saucer of molasses.

So Tom, seeing the uselessness, ceased to remonstrate, but many a stray dollar passed from his generous hand into the toil-worn hands of the different cooks who had been in Mrs Munroe's employ, to make up for his sister's stinginess.

Tom Birney was one of those big-hearted, convivial fellows who, left with more money than they needed, succeed in getting rid of it in different and unprofitable ways. He was not really bad, but he drank a good bit and never had done anything useful in his life. He had been put in his father's office, but he was extremely weak in his arithmetic, and succeeded in making up the figures so badly that it took an expert to untangle them. After that his father had not tried to make a business man of him, but had said that as Tom was cut out for a gentleman he should be one.

But that was exactly what poor Tom was not cut out to be—that is, if we agree to the accepted meaning of the word—a man of refined manners. He loved horses and enjoyed the society of horsemen; liked better to hear a robust German girl sing funny songs at the garden than to hear Patti at the Grand. If he ever yielded to his sister's importunities to accompany her to a dancing party, he was sure to step on his partner's toes or tear their dresses by his awkwardness, and drink too much champagne at supper. In fact, Tom, although kind hearted and honest, was very ill at ease and out of place in society, and at last, after making himself especially conspicuous at a New Year's dance, his sister vowed she would never ask him to go out with her again. She told him this very emphatically the morning after the ball, as she left him to eat his late breakfast alone.

Tom was feeling very badly and indulging in a severe case of "katzenjammer," the result of too frequent visits to the punch bowl, but looked up when Almira came in with his breakfast, and noticed that she was looking pale.

"What is the matter, Almira?" he asked.

"Nothing, Mr Tom," replied Almira, moving towards the door quietly.

"I say there is something wrong; out with it, Almira," continued Tom, wishing to help her if she was in trouble of any kind. Almira made no reply, and Tom sprang up and obstructed her way.

"Say, you're working too hard and sister Elinor pays you beastly small wages, I'll be bound. May be it's a new gown or a bonnet you're grieving after—oh, Almira? Here, take this and get it." And before Almira could speak the impulsive Tom had plunged his hands into his pockets, brought out a lot of coin and pushed it into her hands.

At the touch of money Almira stood as if turned to stone. Her fingers unclosed and the coin dropped noisily to the floor, where they fell unheeded.

"How dare you?" she demanded, so choked up she could hardly articulate, "Have I ever given you any reason, Mr Tom, to treat me with such disrespect.

"Disrespect?" repeated Tom, very red and astonished. "Do you think I meant any disrespect to you, Almira? I swear I respect you more than any other woman I know; I only thought you were pining for some of the pretty things most girls like, and why shouldn't I do some good with my useless money?"

Almira saw that he was honest in his speech and was appeased, but when he asked anxiously, "If it isn't a gown or a hat, what in heaven's name is it?" she burst into tears, and forgetting that she was Mrs Munroe's servant girl and that Mr Tom was her brother and a rich man, forgetting all save the trouble that was wearing on her and making her pale and thin, she poured out her woes into his sympathizing ear.

She told him about the mortgage on their farm; how it had been renewed from year to year when the interest was paid. They had grown so accustomed to that they never thought of losing the place until Mr Pollers, on taking the interest so hardly earned and increased by Almira's savings, had been informed that his creditor needed his money and must have it or the farm.

The blow had fallen like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. The thought of leaving the old homestead was insupportable, and yet where could Peter Pollers expect to raise the money to cancel the mortgage?

Almira told her story, punctuated by sobs, and Tom listened attentively. When she had finished he asked: "Is it a large sum, Almira?"

"Oh, yes, Mr Tom, $2000!" she said, sadly.

"Hum," said Tom, pulling his mustache and looking very hard out of the window, "couldn't your father get some one to pay the man and take up the mortgage?"

Almira shook her head dejectedly; no, there was no one.

"Suppose—suppose—I take it up, Almira?" ventured Tom, still looking out of the window and getting very red again. Astonishment and rapture appeared on the girl's face at his words.

"Do you mean it, Mr Tom? Oh, you are too good!" she cried.

"Bosh," said Tom, brusquely, "it's simply a good investment. Don't accuse me of being good, Almira, I'm incorrigibly bad, I am. But," hearing footsteps approaching, "run on. I'll drive out and see your father to day and get the mortgage. And without giving her a moment to express her thanks, he hurried out.

Not long after this Almira noticed that Tom was drinking steadily. He took what meals he ate at home alone, Mrs Munroe declaring she could not and would not lend him her countenance. The girl, as she waited on him, felt a great deal of pity for this man who seemed so alone and was wasting health and fortune in dissipation, and at last one morning when he was looking unusually used up and his hands were trembling so that he could hardly hold his cup, she again forgot the difference in their stations and spoke out.

"Mr Tom," she said, "I'm sorry for you."

"What! Sorry, for me? What do you mean, Almira? I'm having a jolly good time. A short life and a merry one—that's my motto."

Almira shook her head and looked at him steadily. "Do you never think how much good you might do instead of throwing yourself away and turning yourself into little better than a beast?"

"Humph! That's pretty strong language, I must say," he growled.

"But it's true, Mr Tom; if you keep on you'll sink lower and lower—oh, it's dreadful to think of it." Almira shuddered as she picked up her tray and left the table.

"Hold, there," said Tom, "you don't understand it, Almira. It's got such a hold on me. How can I shake it off? I've got no one to help me if I try," and, weakened and unnerved as he was, the tears started to his eyes. "Tell me what to do."

"You can get down and pray to God to help you," said Almira, solemnly, "and you can go to a cure. They say it's wonderful what they can do. Be a man, Mr Tom, and try it," she urged.

Tom sat irresolute for a moment, then rose and grasped her hand. "I will try," he said, "and if I come out ahead it will all be owing to you But it will be hard, Almira. I know, for I tried once, only I couldn't stick to it. But I'll try again, if only to show you"— He stopped abruptly and wrung her hand and rushed out of the room.

If Mrs Munroe had known that her brother set such value on Almirr Pollers' good opinion she would have been horrified. She reported that brother Tom had gone to a sanitarium because she had lectured him into it, and was quite satisfied as the weeks lengthened into months and Tom still remained there.

In truth, he was having a terrible fight with the demon who had so nearly claimed him as his own. But at last he "came out ahead," as he himself explained it.

When he returned home he walked straight through all the handsome rooms, down to the kitchen, where Almira was alone at work. The look on his face, even before he spoke, told her that he had conquered.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she faltered, putting her toil-worn hand into the one he held out. "I knew you could do it."

"You had faith in me, did you, Almira?" he asked, still holding her hand and looking curiously at her beaming face. Almira nodded assent.

"Well, I'm cured now—wouldn't touch a drop of it if there were gallons and gallons of the very finest flowing around me. But will it last? I can't tell, and I've got to have somebody to help me if that dreaded thirst comes on again. I've got to have a wife who will love and believe in me, and keep me from falling. You're the only one who had faith in me, Almira, and you're the one I want for a wife. Say yes, Almira."

"Oh, Mr Tom," she cried, trying to draw her hand away, "you can't mean it—why—I'm—only your sister's cook."

"That has nothing to do with the case. You're the noblest girl I know, and I want you and you alone. Can't you try to love me enough to marry me, Almira?" I'll try to be a good husband, I swear."

"How can I help loving you?" murmured Almira. "I've nearly worshiped you ever since you lifted that heavy load from my poor father's shoulders, and if you think I am good enough for you"—

"Put on your bonnet right away and we'll find a license and a parson. Mrs Munroe might say some things—unpleasant things—to Almira Pollers, that she would not dare to say to Mrs Tom Birney," and in spite of Almira's remonstrances, she was marched off, and so expeditious was Tom that inside of an hour they were married.

Mrs Munroe, when she was notified of the happy event, gave full sway to her rage in the privacy of her own room. When kind friends offered condolence she sighed and wiped a few imaginary tears with her handkerchief.

"Brother Tom was always the black sheep of the family," she said. "We never could make a gentleman of him. I suppose we should be thankful he's done no worse. The girl is really quite capable and may be able to keep him straight.

Almira did keep him straight, and he needed her help not once, but many times until, being routed at every trial, the demon left him in peace.

The usual order of things was reversed when Mrs Tom Birney on her wedding day made her father a present, and it was nothing less than the mortgage on his farm. And Almira said, as they all drew around the fireplace and watched it turn to ashes, that it was a blessed mortgage after all, for it led her indirectly to her Tom.

Sentences By Judge.

The seed is stronger than the soil.

False alarms create false securieties.

Our pre existent habits are our present tendencies.

In the whirligig of time some one must take the dust.

Life is a combination of which the secret is not given.

The mundane world is conducted on the defensive plan.

Fidelity is the conservative preserver of type, custom and race.

When a thing is hard to endure something harder may come to make it easier.

If nature were to disclose her processes man would have the audacity to patent her inventions.

Praise not a servant too greatly, lest he be puffed up and masterful; nor too little, least he be discouraged.

Homely truths are like home remedies—apt at times, but applied upon every occasion whether they suit the case or not.

For Croupy Children—MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM.

A Kiss Made His Fortune.

A kiss once played an important part in the life of the famous Belgian statesman, Frere Orban, who is now seriously ill at his country place. In his youth the future minister was a poor student, bearing the simple name of Frere. He had great difficulty in earning enough money to keep him at the university till he was ready to pass his examination in the department of law.

The young man fell in love with a Fraulein Orban, the daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic family, who opposed his suit.

"If you pass your examination well to-morrow," said Fraulein Orban, on the eve of the trial, to her, lover, "come to the theatre and to the box in which I shall be sitting with my parents."

"Will they allow me?" asked the student.

"I will see to that," was the determined young woman's answer

Frere was successful and entered the box in the evening, happy but frightened. The pretty girl, as soon as he had crossed the threshold, stood up, rushed toward him before a word was spoken and kissed him heartily on the lips. The astonished parents were soon informed of the significance of the kiss by the daughter. As many other people had seen the young girl's action, the parents decided to make the best of it and accepted young Frere as a son-in-law on condition that he add Orban to his name. This he did, as a matter of course, and made it famous.

DO THOU LIKEWISE.

A LADY SAVES FIFTY DOLLARS BY WISELY INVESTING SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

A wise, careful and thrifty wife and mother living about five miles from a large and flourishing Ontario town, tells how she was enabled to save fifty dollars by the judicious investment of seventy-five cents. Her story runs as follows:

"Last autumn I found it was necessary to provide new overcoats, suits and dresses for three boys and two girls. The materials for these garments and the making and trimmings would cost fifty dollars. This was a large sum to expend just at a time when we were making great efforts to build a new house.

"For two days I thought the matter over, and after carefully examining my children's garments, the question strongly presented itself to my mind, 'can I make use of the Diamond Dyes?'

"I had used the Diamond Dyes before with great success in a smaller way, and so I determined to see what could be done, with the view of saving so large a sum as fifty dollars. My children's garments were not torn or very badly worn; they were simply faded, dingy and old looking. I commenced with an overcoat to test my skill, and succeeded in dyeing it a lovely shade of brown. I pressed and finished it in such a way that it looked like a new garment from the hands of a tailor.

"Meeting with such great success, I tried the other garments and achieved wonderful results, and the total cost of the work accomplished was only seventy-five cents.

"My boys and girls were astonished, and were quite as well pleased with the renovated garments as they would have been with brand new ones. Very few people around me were aware of the fact that I had used Diamond Dyes to renew my children's clothing, and fit it for another winter's wear. Of course I told some of my friends how I saved fifty dollars, and they are following my example, and are freely using the Diamond Dyes.

"You will clearly see how any intelligent and handy mother can easily save quite a good sum of money every year. Diamond Dyes are certainly money savers."

Don't Forget

that when you buy Scott's Emulsion you are not getting a secret mixture containing worthless or harmful drugs.

Scott's Emulsion *cannot* be secret for an analysis reveals all there is in it. Consequently the endorsement of the medical world *means something*.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes *Wasting*, promotes the making of *Solid Flesh*, and gives *Vital Strength*. It has no equal as a cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Emaciation, and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

NIAGARA NURSERIES ESTABLISHED 1837

PEAR TREES

AND ALL OTHER NURSERY PRODUCTS

E. MOODY & SON LOCKPORT N.Y.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY,

The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.