# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1893. 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 fictitious 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.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

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Express east close at 4 25 p. m.
Kentville close at 7 00 p. m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

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

G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

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COLIN W ROSCOE, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3 00 p. m. Sabbath School at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

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ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday at 3 p. m. except on the first Sunday in the month, when the service will be at 11 a. m., with a celebration of the Holy Communion.

REV. ISAAC BROCK, D. D.,
Rector of Horton.
Canon of St Luke's Cathredal, Halifax.

Frank A. Dixon, Robert W. Storrs, } Wardens.

ST FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev T M Daly, P.—Mass 11 00 a m the last 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.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 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 3 o'clock.


**APPLE TREES for SALE.**

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

**Weston Nurseries!**

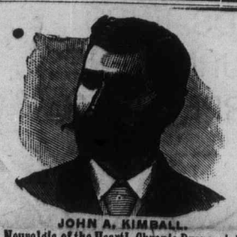
KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETON.

**JOHN W. WALLACE,**
**BARRISTER-AT-LAW,**
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC
General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFVILLE N. S





JOHN A. KIMBALL.

**Neuralgia of the Heart! Chronic Dyspepsia! Awful Constipation! Rheumatism!**

**CURED BY GRODER'S SYRUP**

SAINT JOHN, N. B., October 11, 1892.

TO THE GRODER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., LTD.

Gentlemen: I, John A. Kimball, of the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, shoemaker, do solemnly declare that:

I cannot speak in too high praise of the wonders that Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup has worked in my case. It **THE** is an act of justice as well as duty for me to tell the public through you just what your remedy has done for me. I am 45 years of age. My life during the past 23 years has **NEVER BEEN FREE FROM SUFFERING UNTIL NOW.** Since I began to take **GRODER'S** Syrup; **KIND** **CHRONIC NEURALGIA** of the heart of **20 YEARS STANDING** has entirely disappeared. My distress from **SEVERE CONSTIPATION** has been an unending torture for the past ten years, but your remedy is fast restoring healthy action of the stomach **THAT** and bowels. Rheumatism of long-standing has ceased to trouble me. I am no longer a gloomy, melancholy dyspeptic. There is **NO ACHE** or pain in any part of my body. My food digests readily and causes me no distress whatever. Your medicine is the first of the hundreds I have tried that has given me any relief. I am ready to answer any inquiry concerning this **CURES** statement, for I firmly believe in Groder's Syrup and desire other sufferers to obtain help as I have. *It will cure them as it has cured me.*

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the "Act respecting extra-judicial oaths."

Done and declared at the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, this 11th day of October, A. D. 1892.

JOHN A. KIMBALL.

Before me, J. E. BARNES,
A Justice of the Peace in and for the City and County of Saint John.

At all Druggists. $1.00 per Bottle.

**The Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., L'td.**
SAINT JOHN, N. B.


## 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.

GODFREY, L. P—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

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 faith fully performed. Repairing neatly done

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

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness.

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

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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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.


**NOTICE TO HORSEMEN.**

We have leased the Blacksmith Shop formerly occupied by I. J. Brown, and will do General Work in our line. Our intention is to make a specialty of Horse Shoeing. All we ask is a trial, and if we don't suit you, don't call again.

GEORGE WOOD.

Wolfville, Nov. 25th, 1892. 3m

**WANTED** AGEFTS, local and travelling, at once, to sell Ornamental Shrubs, Roses, Trees and Fruits. Experience unnecessary. Salary and Expenses paid weekly. Permanent positions. No security required. Must furnish references as to good character.

CHARLES H. CHASE, Rochester, N. Y.
Mention this Paper.


## POETRY.

### The Problem of Life.

Life is a problem, and God holds the key;
When it to Him seems good,
He will unlock the wondrous mystery,
And make it understood.

We then shall know why Pain became one's share,
And Poverty drew nigh,
Why some had burdens they could scarcely bear,
And some should early die.

And Death, that greatest mystery of all,
Shall then become quite clear,
Why its dark shadow held us once in thrall,
Hearts beating fast with fear.

Then we shall know where those we called our dead
Have spent the interval,
Whether in heaven, or in their earthly bed
Waiting the angel's call.

And we shall know, O mount of mysteries,
Of things both great and small,
How vast, divine an intellect is His
That shall reveal them all.

Life is a problem, but the mystery
Shall soon be understood,
Meanwhile we wistful wait, God holds the key
While it to Him seems good.

## SELECT STORY.

### HOW IT HAPPENED.

"Were you nervous, grandpapa, when you preached your first sermon?"

The old clergyman looked at his wife with a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"Yes, my young masters; extremely nervous. So much so, that I never preached that sermon yet."

The youngsters looked at their grandfather with delighted curiosity; it was so funny to think of grandpapa; dear, serene faced, calm-eyed grandpapa, being so nervous as not to be able to preach. Grandmamma smiled.

"And what did you do, grandpapa? Run away?" "Exactly so, that is exactly what I did do. Ran away—at midnight—some six miles under the moon-light—back to where I came from. Ha! ha! ha!" Here the gentle old man lay back in his chair and chuckled as he looked back at that remote episode of his youth.

"Tell us about it—how did it happen?"

"Shall I tell them, mamma?" he asked, with an inquiring look at his wife, and a smile, the significance of which she seemed to understand.

"I don't mind—it will amuse them," she said.

"Well, this is how it happened, my young masters, and I trust you will not withhold your sympathy when I have told you.

I was a very young and downy licentiate when a minister in the neighboring parish sent his man on horseback with a note to me one Saturday evening, requesting me to come and stay over night, and as a very great favor preach for him on the morrow. He was troubled with a painful throat affection which made it impossible for him to preach when he had a bad cold such as he had now.

When I was a youngster I was more a student than anything else. I did not, somehow, lay such stress on the study of the conventionalities as young people seem to do now-a-days; the manners and customs of the ancient Greeks and Romans were more familiar to me than the manners and customs of the present day; consequently when I received this note I was not a little flurried. Not on account of my speaking capabilities, nor of my ability to hold my own with this clergyman on any learned point whatever, for as I said before, I was first of all a student and had studied to some purpose. I had one or two splendid sermons, too; which I was not ashamed to preach anywhere and I had also that great desideratum, 'a delivery.'

No; none of these things gave me a thought. But I knew that the wife of this clergyman was a lady who was a stickler for conventionalities; that there were two pretty daughters in the house, and that these daughters were reputed clever and highly accomplished.

Straightway I bethought me of my attire and my deportment before ladies, which I now for the first time felt I had shamefully neglected. However, I answered the note saying that I would walk over later on and would be pleased to preach for him on the morrow. An Established Church minister could not afford to have his pulpit empty even for a just cause of sickness then, for the Free was but a new broom yet, and the Auld Kirk men had to mind their p's and q's. So I packed what necessaries I required in a small grip-sack, and starting out, arrived at Ferngrove Manse about nine o'clock or so. The minister himself shook hands with me kindly—I had met him before and this put me more at ease—but the ladies! The mother I found to be a most charming lady, perfect in manners and dress, and quite motherly in her kindness. I was introduced to her daughters and felt my face burning at my own awkwardness, and their suave and smiling efforts to put me at my ease. However, I got into an interesting conversation with the father which helped me considerably, and by and by, as Longfellow says—I became calm. Only when addressed by the young ladies, especially the elder one, a beautiful girl, I always became conscious of an awkward disposition of my hands: place them in whatever way I liked, they still seemed in the way.

Oh! I forgot to mention that I had been shown up, myself and the grip sack, to my bedroom—shortly after coming in, in order to brush the dust off myself after my long walk, and to wash my hands before coming down to supper. Well, after prayers I took my candle and retired to my room, but in opening the door the candle blew out with the draught from the window which was open, and I was left in semi-darkness. I felt terribly annoyed, for I had proposed looking over my sermon before going to bed, and now I was without light, and without courage to go down stairs or ring for a match. I fumbled around the room for my gripsack in the direction where I had left it, but in so doing upset first one thing and then another, making such a racket that the perspiration fairly broke out all over me. I concluded that I had better get to bed and rise in the morning and look over my sermon. The moon was rising and by her faint light I could see the nice white bed laid ready for me, and into it I got and drew the curtain. They were all curtains in those days; hygiene was not so much the rage then as now, you must know. Well, I lay unable to sleep, thinking of what I had to say on the morrow, and with my head full of many things, but chiefly of my host's eldest daughter who had completely captivated me by her beauty and good sense. While I lay, the moon rose higher and higher, filling the room with soft white light: then I heard my door thrown open and a very sweet voice exclaiming:—

'Oh, what a lovely moon! Don't bring that candle in here, Lily—it would be a sin.' And to my astonishment and, I may say, terror, I saw Miss Marion, the eldest, of whom I was so enamoured, reach up two white arms and close the window. Then I heard a candle blown out and Miss Lilly came and stood by her—both admiring the moon.

'A perfect moon!' she exclaimed. 'Just such a moon,' observed her sister looking up with her beautiful profile between me and the light, 'just such a moon as Moore must have addressed; you remember, where he says:—'

Sweet moon! if like Crotona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disc it's ample page,
And write my thoughts, my feelings there,
How many a friend whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Would smile, upon thy face to meet
The recollection fond and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise never to forget,
And all that I could say or send
To some far distant dear loved friend.

'Beautiful! I love Moore,' said Lily, 'but I say Marion, isn't that young man who came to-night an awful muff.'

Marion laughed.

'He *does* look funny when he sits *so*,' and she sat herself down on a chair and laid her hands awkwardly before her. 'I thought I should have laughed outright at the nervous way he started and blushed when you spoke to him. He certainly is the most delightfully green specimen I ever met. However, papa evidently thinks no end of him. You heard what he said; he hasn't met such a scholarly young man for many a day. I'm sure he will preach a good sermon, and that he will manipulate his hands in the pulpit with a little more grace than he did in the drawing room to-night. Oh! Oh! good gracious!' and suddenly with loud shrieks both flew out of the room. For, breaking the spell which their presence had thrown upon me—in which my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth and I lay speechless with the perspiration oozing at every pore—I at length managed to cough aloud to make them aware of my presence.

In another moment my host entered, candle in hand, and a most perplexed look upon his face.

'Ah—a-hem!—hem!' he said, holding the candle over me. 'I am sorry to trouble you, Mr Allen, but I am afraid you have mistaken my daughters' room for your own.'

Which was exactly what I had done, you see. Being a stranger to the house, I had gone into the wrong room and my candle having been put out prevented me from noticing the mistake."

"Oh, I say! how funny! how very funny! And what did you do grandpapa?'

"Do? Got out of that room and into my own as quickly as possible, you may be sure; and there I found my grip-sack all right. I tendered the most profuse apologies for my stupidity, but the clergyman begged me to think no more of it but to compose myself to sleep."

To sleep? Alas! like Macbeth, I had murdered the innocent sleep. My host had kindly left his candle with me, and with my hands clutching my head I sat staring at it for hours, while I scorched and burned at the thought of my awkward stupidity and what I had heard the ladies say of me.

'A muff! yea, verily, a muff indeed!' I muttered; and as I thought of standing up and preaching, with those bright eyes watching what I should do with my hands, my agony grew unbearable. I felt I should break down if the thought of this miserable mistake should occur to me in the pulpit.

Oh! if, instead of dwelling among ancient Greeks so much, I had only studied the art of conducting myself to advantage in society, all this horrible misadventure might have been avoided.

When I looked at my watch it was half past two in the morning, and the moon had worn away around to the west. I had come to a resolution. Preach there to-morrow I could not—that was certain: it was no use attempting it: I could not overcome my nervousness any more than I could overcome the certainty that as soon as I stood up I should hear that sweet voice saying, 'An awful muff!'

I took out my pencil, and on a card wrote a few words, saying that after what had happened it would be impossible for me to preach with acceptance, and begged they would pardon my early departure. Then I took up my valise, buttoned my coat, but where was my hat? It seemed to me that I remembered something of having it in my hand as I sat on the lounge in the parlor when I entered at first and probably I should find it there. I half thought of going off without it; but I was a young and sensitive man, and the possibility of being seen entering the town, say about four in the morning, with a grip-sack in my hand and my head uncovered, was too much; so as I stealthily slipped out of the house I turned aside into the parlor to find my hat. To my surprise the room was quite dark, the shutters having been shut to keep out the moonlight. I cautiously groped toward the lounge, which stood against the end wall. I could remember that, when suddenly my hand came in contact with a smooth warm face. A ringing shriek filled the house, and I fled like a murderer. Afterward I learned that the young lady, Miss Marion, seeing that I had monopolized her room, had made up a bed for herself upon the parlor lounge and was lying awake thinking of 'that awful muff' when in search of my hat I passed my cold hand over her face. You see now how it happened and how I could not possibly preach that first sermon."

"And did you ever meet the young lady again, grandpapa?"

"Oh yes!—frequently. You see she was as good as she was beautiful, and being greatly distressed at having hurt the feelings of such an estimable young man as I was reported to be, she actually came over the next day, Sunday as it was—and—begged me to forget the silly words she and her sister had spoken, and——"

"Now, now, grandpapa! that will do," interposed grandmamma with one of her benign protesting smiles.

"I am forbidden to tell you further you see," observed grandpapa, but there was a droll twinkle in his eye that set the youngsters a thinking.

They looked at him and they looked at grandmamma, and then they looked at each other with sudden intuition.

"Grandmamma! *your* name is Marion! Was it *you*?—really and truly now?"

"Well my dears, I suppose I must tell you the truth—it was."

### Ruskin's Noble Generosity.

Professor Ruskin has done many generous actions in the course of his life, but none of them surpasses in kindness one that he has performed to a poor young artist in the dingy borough of Southwark, London. In the course of a search among the very poorest of his parishioners, the Rev. Mr Pitchford, vicar of St Jude's, discovered in a dilapitated dwelling a young girl, almost destitute and partly paralyzed, but who had in some way developed a remarkable genius for drawing and modeling, especially from animal life. A few generously disposed people provided her with colors, etc., and showed specimens of her sketches to Prof. Ruskin, who expressed his greatest surprise that under such conditions work of so much vigor and skill could have been produced. He declared that the girl showed genius of a very high order, and jocularly wrote that the only man in England capable of teaching her was himself. Moreover, he sent her a handsome check, the equivalent for which she was to give by supplying him with some of her drawings. The result is that there is every likelihood that the girl will be rescued from her miserable surroundings and made able to earn her livelihood.

### Engaged Couples in France.

After a girl has passed her eighteenth birthday she is thought to be *une demoiselle a marier*, but it is considered bad taste for the parents themselves to make any effort to achieve a daughter's marriage. Young men, excepting in the country, where far greater liberty is allowed, are seldom asked to visit a family where there are grown up daughters, and unless under rare circumstances, are never asked to come to lunch or dinner. On no account would a French mother allow her daughter to speak to a man of known bad character or obviously unfit to become her husband. Marriage is an ever present possibility in France where young people are concerned, and as may be easily imagined, this has both its advantages and its disadvantages. None of these rules apply to near relations. Abroad families see a great deal of one another, and cousins hardly ever develop into husbands probably because they are allowed to see so much of their young cousins.


**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**

Y-our best remedy for
E-rysipelas, Catarrh
R-heumatism, and
S-crofula
Salt-Rheum, Sore Eyes
A-bscesses, Tumors
R-unning Sores
S-curvy, Humors, Itch
A-nemia, Indigestion
P-imples, Blotches
A-nd Carbuncles
R-ingworm, Rashes
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L-anguidness, Dropsy
L-iver Complaint
A-ll cured by

**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Cures others, will cure you

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, the Great Blood, and Nerve Remedy.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.



**ALMOST A MIRACLE!**

(The truth of which is certified to by MARK CURRIE, of Windsor, one of the best known men in Nova Scotia.)

**Pernicious Anemia, Hæmorrhage of Bowels, with Complete Nervous Prostration, and Heart Trouble, Cured by Skoda's Remedies.**

"For 15 or 20 years I have suffered from **Hæmorrhage of the Bowels.** Some days would have 15 Hæmorrhages, and have passed 1-2 pint of fresh blood in 4 Hæmorrhages, and a portion of my Bowels would protrude while at stool. For the last two years have been worse. Several physicians advised an operation.

GEORGE H. DEWOLF,
Of Windsor, N. S., a prominent man, having been a member of the County Council, J. P., &c.

I was also emaciated, extremely nervous, feet and legs swelled badly, and the least exertion set my heart beating so rapidly, I would have to rest. Wished myself dead rather than alive. Four months' use of **Skoda's Remedies** has made a new man of me. Have gained 25 lbs. in flesh, Hæmorrhage all stopped, Heart beats regularly, I can sleep like a child, and am better than I have been for 20 years."

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.


### Facts Worth Knowing.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The value of a ton of silver is $37,704.84.

A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

Modern needles first came into use in 1545.

Coaches were first built in England in 1569.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826 27.

One million dollars of gold coin weigh 8,685 pounds avoirdudois.

Until 1786 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel.

One million dollars of silver coin weigh 58,920.9 pounds avoirdupois.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe in 1846.

Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527.

There are supposed to be about 420,000,000 Christians in the world.

One-fourth of the land surface of the globe is occupied by English speaking people.

In olden times deformed people were frequently thrown into prison to be kept out of sight.

The world's production of the golden metal in 1891 was 6,010,000 ounces; of silver, 140,865,000 ounces.

In Portugal the wine treading is done by a gang of men dancing to the music of a bagpipe. The work is hard, the weather warm, the results indescribable.


If you do not know how good a remedy Dunn's Tea really is for sour stomach and sick headache, send a postal card to D. Denamore & Co. 317 Church Street, Toronto, for a free trial package.

**DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE**

ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and NERVES when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

**EVERY MAN** who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers failing, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

**EVERY WOMAN** should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

**YOUNG MEN** should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

**YOUNG WOMEN** should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing

THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO.
Brockville, Ont.