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, SEPTEMBER 7, 1894. No. 2.

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.

All communications to

MESSRS 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.

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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.
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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.

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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 9 30 a m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COLIN W 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. Oakley 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 at 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. Storrs, 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 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 8 00 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.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranted.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

Dress Making.

Mrs Henry Palmeter will cut and make Boys' Suits, and Ladies' Jackets and Dresses by the new Thompson Garment Cutter System.

Wolfville, Jan. 11th, 1894.

Attention

In time to any irregularity of the Stomach, Liver, or Bowels may prevent serious consequences. Indigestion, costiveness, headache, nausea, biliousness, and vertigo indicate certain functional derangements, the best remedy for which is Ayer's Pills. Purely vegetable, sugar-coated, easy to take and quick to assimilate, this is the ideal family medicine—the most popular, safe, and useful aperient in pharmacy. MRS. M. A. BROCKWELL, Harris, Tenn., says:

"Ayer's Cathartic Pills cured me of sick headache and my husband of neuralgia. We think there is

No Better Medicine,

and have induced many to use it.

"Thirty-five years ago this Spring, I was run down by hard work and a succession of colds, which made me so feeble that it was an effort for me to walk. I consulted the doctors, but kept sinking lower until I had given up all hope of ever being better. Happening to be in a store, one day, where medicines were sold, the proprietor noticed my weak and sickly appearance, and, after a few questions as to my health, recommended me to try Ayer's Pills. I had little faith in these or any other medicine, but concluded, at last, to take his advice and try a box. Before I had used them all, I was very much better, and two boxes cured me. I am now 80 years old; but I believe that if it had not been for Ayer's Pills, I should have been in my grave long ago. I buy 6 boxes every year, which make 210 boxes up to this time, and I would no more be without them than without bread."—H. H. Ingraham, Rockland, Me.

AYER'S PILLS

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

Every Dose Effective

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

Mrs. Elmer E. Millett, P. O. Box 311, Livermore Falls, Maine.

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

SALT RHEUM

and all diseases of the BLOOD & SKIN.

Skoda's Discovery, Skoda's German Ointment and Skoda's German Soap, are specially adapted to cure inherited and chronic diseases. Mrs. Millett writes: "I have had Salt Rheum ever since I could remember; tried many remedies, but received no benefit until I took Skoda's Discovery.

Skoda's Cures.

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

Skoda's Little Tablets cure sick headache, constipation and dyspepsia. 50 in a box, 25c

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

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

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy

POETRY.

Old-time Days.

I can see the river gliding, as it used to long ago,
Round the shoulder of the meadow, where the thick-set willows grow,
I can hear it purl and ripple, in a gentle lullaby,
To a little barefoot dreamer gazing up into the sky.

Yonder lies the brown old farmhouse, crowned with chimney huge and square,
And the barn, beloved by swallows, with its weather-cock in air.
I can hear the river ripple blend with cow bells from the hill,
And the far off clang and rumble of the log frame in the mill.

How I loved to lie a-dreaming in the deep and quiet grass
While I watched the ghost of noon-day through the field of heaven pass!
I was happy—oh, so happy—while the purling of the stream
Seemed to weave a little poem to the music of my dream.

Oh, to taste once more the pleasures that I knew in years gone by,
When my heart was full of sunshine as the summer morning sky!
Oh, to feel that outdoor gladness when the days were fresh and long,
And the bluebird climbed to heaven on the ladder of his song!

SELECT STORY.

The Heart of a Boy.

IT WAS A BRAVE ONE BUT COULD NOT STAND THE STRAIN.

"It does not really seem possible," sighed Mr Simplex, as he folded his napkin, adjusted it accurately under the rim of his plate, and pushed back his chair from the breakfast table. "However earnestly one may try, it does not seem possible really to reach the heart of a boy."

His maiden sister, Miss Simplex, sniffed, half scornfully, from behind the coffee urn.

"I am not certain," she said severely, "that I am prepared to believe in the existence of such a thing as a boy's heart. I dare say the little animals have some sort of a muscular organ that pumps blood through their bodies. I know that they have stomachs, and Jared certainly has brains, such as they are, but I am pretty sure boys do not possess hearts in any spiritual sense of that word."

Miss Simplex was collecting the glass and china, which always received her personal attention, meditating meantime in no hopeful frame of mind on the probable future of her young nephew, who had been her particular charge and trial ever since the time, eight years before, when his pretty, delicate young mother had gathered the three year old toddler to her heart, kissed him for the last time on earth, and charged him with her dying breath to be a good boy and do as Aunt Sarah bade him.

Just now Jared was home from school in hopeless disgrace. "It seems impossible to make any impression upon him," the principal wrote, "and perhaps it will be as well to leave him to his own desires for awhile."

His particular offence this time had been cutting up the leather covers of his grammer and making therefrom an elaborate penwiper holder, soaking and embossing leather very cleverly with the aid of his penknife and a key. When punished he had taken the chastisement sullenly, and wholly refused to admit that he was sorry for the wanton destruction of the book. "The inside's just as good," he said, "an' I don't want the old thing, anyway." This was but one of Jared's many offences. "He had no sense of order or niceness of arrangements," Miss Simplex said. He would destroy anything for the sake of making some preposterous, ugly thing thereof.

But the most repulsive feature of Jared's character, as Miss Simplex declared, as his anxious father noted, and the principal regretted, was that he seemed incapable of loving anyone. Silent, almost morose, he seemed entirely to lack the usual impulse of childhood to please. "He seems to care more for a common dog than for his own kind," was one of his aunt's worried indictments against him, and, fearful least so unnatural a tendency should be fostered, his father had required Jared to part with the broken-tailed mongrel cur that for nearly a year had been his most constant companion, wandering with him in his long, solitary wood tramps, and lying beside him for hours on the hillside in the sun, where he loved to spend his time, dreaming the long, long thoughts of youth.

Poor little Jared! He had an unhappy time at the morning meal, until at last, overcome with the sense of disapproval with which the two "grown ups" regarded him, he had flown from the room, seizing his hat as he ran, and rushed for refuge to a favorite haunt of his beside a little stream up in the hills.

There is no more pitiful sight in this whole pititul universe than a boy in trouble. Your little girl, thanks to mamma's careful training, auntie's devotion, and grandma's loving oversight, rarely has a chance to get into trouble. Her little life is carefully mapped out, her little footsteps sedulously guided into easy, correct and conventional ways, and she grows up into a nice little parrot, or a clever, correctly arranged, finished article, while her brother is being knocked about in a complexity of circumstances, getting licked into shape by the efficient and ready tongue of "Life as He Finds It."

But the licking process is hard, and the boy suffers under it. Who can tell the tormenting thoughts teeming under the shocky hair—the doubts and wonderments of the bewildered boy soul, and the wild rebellion of the tough little heart under the shabby jacket? He fights his mental and spiritual battles alone for the most part, for few understand the little animal—they're only boys, you know, and do not need the fostering care the little girls must have. Only the mother usually gets down to the little, warm, loving, yearning, wondering heart, and she often, all too soon, lets it go out alone to seek and slay its giants or be slain by them.

Down in the damp grass, under a tangle of swamp willow, Jared lay and thought. Was it really true that he was a hardened sinner, as Aunt Sarah said? He was sure he loved God who had made the blue sky and green earth; at all events he loved the earth and sky. What had he done that he should repent of and call himself lost. He had knocked Tommy Gray down last term for calling him a liar, when he had only told him the truth about his having seen a rattlesnake change his skin, but he had told Tommy he was sorry, and had even given him, as a peace-offering, the skin that he had picked up and treasured. Surely God wasn't laying that up against him.

A little red squirrel hopped across the open and sat on his hind legs a moment, studying Jared, then suddenly whisked around and disappeared in a hole. The little chap wondered vaguely if his sins troubled him. Then he put his head down on his arms and groaned. "I suppose I'm bound to be lost," he groaned. "I must be awful wicked. I can't even repent." And then the poor little sinner fell fast asleep.

Lying there in the shade of the trees he had not seen the ominous gray clouds that crept over the sky, nor noted the occasional vivid lightning flash that tore its ragged way from out the gray.

He was awakened by a piercing scream, the voice of a man in bitter agony, close beside him. Springing to his feet he looked hastily about him. The rain was coming down in great sheets; it seemed to him he had never before seen it fall so heavily. He was saturated, soaked and dripping, and chilled to the very bone. Again he heard that awful cry, but could see no one. Rushing hastily forward in the direction from which it came he suddenly found his way barred by a huge tree that, struck by the lightning, had fallen in the path. Beneath it, its terrible weight lying squarely across his body, lay a man. After an instant Jared recognized him as Sam Baker, a tramping farmhand, who had been about the village for a few weeks, and had finally gone to work for some one of the neighboring farmers. He had been ploughing in the field below when the storm came up, and had stupidly taken refuge in the clump of trees on the hillside, leaving his plow in the furrow and his horse still inspanned to brave the storm alone.

The tree under which he stood had been struck with lightning, and had fallen upon him. It was smoking a little where the branches forked—only the dampness keeping it from burning. "Get it off! get it off!" the poor fellow shrieked as he saw Jared. The boy was old for his years and uncommonly quick of wit, but his strength was wholly inadequate to move the tree He pondered an instant amid the roars of the storm and the screams of the tortured man, and then rushed down the hill and across the half plowed field, with its muddy furrows, to where the patient, lumbering, old white plow horse stood, head down and his low set, mongrel tail turned to the storm. To unspan him from the plough and lead him up the hill was but the work of a minute. The reins had been lengthened with rope, and taking this Jared twisted it and looped it firmly about the tree hooking the single tree into it. Sam saw the idea and its dangers. "If you drag that tree across me," he groaned, "you'll kill me. It must be lifted."

Jared saw that his words were only too true. Something, however, must be done. Sam's shrieks had ceased, but he was still groaning in agony, only failing strength hushing his cries. Down on his hands and knees Jared got, putting his puny shoulder against the trunk of the tree. Had his boy's body been half as stout as his heart he would have lifted it. When all was ready he gave the old white horse the word to go forward The chain tightened and with strength born of extremity the boy raised his back, fairly forcing himself beneath the tree, giving it an upward impetus as the horse dragged it forward. He was not able to lift save for a single instant, but that served to carry it free of Sam's chest and head, and when it fell from the man's body, Jared, too, fell forward with a strange, suffocating sense of oppression in his chest. After a minute he rallied and staggered to his feet. Sam was unconscious and lay upon his back, the rain beating down upon his face, and mingling with the blood that flowed from a dreadful wound in his breast It was plain even to Jared, that he would die if help was not quickly brought. It was a mile to the village and he felt sick to death himself, but gathering his little strength he pulled the harness and rugs from the horse's shoulders—the collar was beyond his ability to move—tied up the reins and clambered upon his back.

The awkward creature was unused to be ridden, and he started, swirling and jumping. Jared tucked one arm under the big collar, seized the reins in the other hand and dug his heels furiously into the horses sides. A sharp flash came just then, and the quickly following, thunder clap added to the animal's terror. The big, lumbering brute sprang forward with a lunging attempt at a run, which finally settled into a blundering three cornered gallop as he tore down the hill, sending the damp earth up behind him in great clods from his enormous hoofs. At every rise Jared had all he could do to keep from going over the animal's great chuckle head; at every impact of the shovel-like feet upon the ground the breath seemed about to leave the boy's body, but he clung grimly, urging his ungainly steed on as though death followed behind. One by one the familiar land-marks were passed on the road to the village. Straight down the single street he rode, and pulled rein in front of the one store that was trading place, post office, club room and general lounging stand for the whole neighborhood.

"There's that young imp, the Simplex boy, on my old Bill," shouted Farmer Briggs as Jared fairly threw himself to the ground, while the still frightened brute rushed on again relieved of its rider. "Drat that boy! Look at that. He'd orter have every bone in his blamed body broke for letting that hoss run off," and he wrathfully started for the door just as Jared entered.

"Something's wrong here," cried Dr Barton, who was one of the rain bound loiterers within the store, as he saw the boy's pale, strained face. "What's up, Bub?"

The effort to speak was almost beyond Jared's remaining strength. He made two or three inarticulate gasps and finally managed to ejaculate: "Sam Baker—dying—Mill Creek Falls—I ain't hurt, Bill, Mr Briggs—I—"

The doctor bent over him anxiously, tenderly—the words of blame died from the lips of Briggs—the men crowded round, breathless, watching the physician as he made his examination. At last, with a pitying sigh, he straightened up. "Nothing can be done. Some one carry him home while we go and find Baker," and the tall, burly doctor bent over and kissed the boy's blue, blood stained lips.

"It was a stout heart," he said, "and a brave one, but only the heart of a boy after all; it could not stand the strain."—*Boston Budget.*

Railroads and Madness.

In this country the first construction of railways was opposed by some sagacious minds which were perturbed by the thought of the consequences that might ensue if a cow should happen to stray upon the line. It appears, however, that in Germany the projectors of the first lines had to face a much more terrible possibility than even the extinction of the bovine race. They were warned, and that in all seriousness, that their undertaking would indubitably have the effect of spreading insanity among the travelling public. Among the papers of the Nuremberg Railway Company, the first to construct a line in Germany, has been found a curious protest from the members of the Bavarian Royal College of Medicine. This document declares that all travelling in vehicles drawn by locomotives should be prohibited in the interests of public health. Such a rapid motion, it is pointed out, cannot but produce in the passenger the mental affection known as delerium furiosum. Even should the passengers themselves be willing to run this terrible risk, it is, nevertheless, the Government's duty to protect the public. To the mere onlooker, moreover, the thing is positively dangerous. A mere glance cast at a locomotive travelling at a very high speed is enough to produce the mental derangement to the beholder. Even if passengers are to be allowed to ruin their mental powers, it is at least, absolutely necessary, says the Havarian faculty, that a 10-foot wall should be built on each side of the line throughout its entire length, so that the flight of the iron horse may in no way unsettle the public eye and mind.—*Westminister Gazette.*

Tragedy of Two Lives.

The lifework of Farmer Millsap's wife was over. Like a head of wheat fully ripe she was about to be gathered in by the grim harvester.

"Obadiah," she said in a feeble voice, as the end drew near peacefully and painlessly, "you have been a good husband to me."

"I have tried to be, Lucindy," replied Farmer Millsap.

"You have laid yourself out to make things easy and comfortable like for me."

"I have always tried to do my sheer, Lucindy."

"Obadiah," she went on, "we've lived together fifty-five years, hain't we?"

"We have."

"And ever since we were married you've eat all the bread crusts, hain't you?"

"I won't deny it, Lucindy, I have."

"You've eat all the crusts for fifty five years, so's I wouldn't have to eat them, hain't you, Obadiah?"

"I don't deny it, Lucindy."

"Obadiah," said Farmer Millsap's wife, after a pause, "it was very kind of you. And now you won't mind my telling you one thing, will you?"

"No. What is it, Lucindy?"

"Obadiah," and there was a world of self abnegation in her voice, "I always was fond of crusts."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Time is Short.

Oh, my dear friends, you who are letting miserable misunderstanding run on from year to year, you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly on the street, not speaking to them out of silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard one of those men were dead to-morrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve till you hear that he is dying of starvation; or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy, which you mean to give some day; if you could only know and see and feel, all of a sudden, that "the time is short," how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do.—*Philips Brooks.*

Birds and Insects.

There is a senseless destruction of many of our common birds in various parts of the country, and the farmers either help in the work or lend their moral assistance by not openly denouncing the outrage. Very few birds have been found to do positive injury of any importance to the crops, and these few can be kept under control without offering bounties and employing men and boys to tramp over the fields to hunt them up. In the south the rice birds may be of great harm to planters and in the north the English sparrows may flock a little too numerously in some orchards. A few chicken hawks may steal some choice poultry or a stray owl may crush the heads of some young squabs. But otherwise the amount of damage done by birds is so small in comparison with the good they do in keeping down insects and grubs that it is a sin to destroy them.

Why is it that insects and grubs are appearing in such large quantities every year, and new ones apparently coming into existence? In years gone by the farmers were never visited by such plagues of insects, and they never knew what spraying and the use of poisons meant. The few insects that bothered their crops were fought by hand and kept down pretty effectually. But to-day, despite all our efforts to fight these pests, whole crops of vegetables are literally eaten to pieces and destroyed. Every now and then we hear of farmers abandoning the culture of certain crops because the bugs and insects become too numerous to make the chance of securing good harvests too small to pay. Is not all this caused by the general destruction of the birds in this country by sportsmen, boys and bounty hunters? Did not nature intend that the birds should live upon the grubs and insects, as well as upon wild seeds, and do they not to-day perfer a good fat worm to the choicest seeds? We find them in the corn field, potato field and vegetable garden occasionally, and after they have been there a short time the number of insects will be reduced by one-half. In Pennsylvania, after paying bounties for killing many birds, the farmers and scientists have concluded that the birds so hunted are almost harmless, and that they do really more good to the farmers than harm.—*American Cultivator.*

Children who are thin, hollow-chested, or growing too fast, are made Strong, Robust and Healthy by

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. It contains material for making healthy Flesh and Bones. Cures Coughs, Colds and Weak Lungs. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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

NEGLECTED Colds & Deep Seated Coughs

SAFELY AND SURELY CURED BY

Allen's Lung Balsam.

WORMS FOR the removal of worms of all kinds from children or adults, use DR. SMITH'S GERMAN WORM LOZENGES. Always prompt, reliable, safe and pleasant, requiring no after medicine. Never failing. Leave no bad after effects. Price, 25 cents per Box