

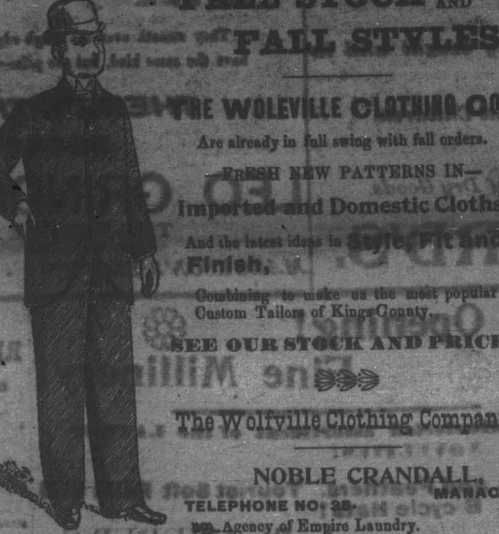
# THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1897. No. 9.

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

**THE ACADIAN.**  
Published on FRIDAY at 10 o'clock.  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S 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 manuscript for advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.  
The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new types and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.  
Newly 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 under a fictitious signature.  
Address all communications to  
**DAVIDSON BROS.,**  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N.S.


**FALL STOCK AND FALL STYLES!**  
Imported and Domestic Cloths,  
And the latest ideas in Suits, Frock and Finish.  
Combining to make us the most popular Custom Tailors of King's County.  
**SEE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.**  
The Wolfville Clothing Company.  
**NOBLE CRANDALL,** MANAGER.  
TELEPHONE NO. 35.  
Agency of Empire Laundry.



**WANTED** Agents for "Queen Victoria," Her Reign and Diamond Jubilee. Over 1000 copies of this splendid biography of Her Majesty, with authentic history of her remarkable reign, and full account of the Diamond Jubilee. Only \$1.50. Big book. Tremendous demand. Bonanza for agents. Commission 50 per cent. Credit given. Freight paid. Outfit free. Duty paid. Write quickly for outfit and territory. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 7, 256 Dearborn St., Chicago.

**POETRY.**  
The Day Beyond  
When the youth is with us all things seem  
But lightly to be wished and won.  
We seem to-morrow in the dawn  
And take our toll for work undone;  
"But life is long, and time a stream  
That sleeps and sparkles in the sun—  
What need of any haste!" we say;  
"To-morrow's longer than to-day."  
And when to-morrow shall destroy  
The heaven of our dreams, in vain  
Our hurried hands we employ  
The best we can to mend the day;  
We have no leisure to enjoy,  
So few the years that yet remain;  
So much to do, and ah! we say,  
"To-morrow's shorter than to-day."  
But when our hands are worn and weak,  
And still our labor see unblest,  
And time goes past us like a hawk  
Last twilight waiting to the west,  
"It is not long—the blue we seek;  
The brief life for happy rest,  
And yet what need of grief?" we say;  
"To-morrow's longer than to-day."  
—A. St. John Adcock, *Chatham Journal*.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.  
**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.



**POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.**  
Office Hours, 8:00 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.  
Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 8:15 a.m.  
Express west close at 10:00 a.m.  
Express east close at 4:00 p.m.  
Kentville close at 8:40 p.m.  
Geo. V. Lang, Post Master.

**PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.**  
Open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Closed on Saturday at 11 p.m.  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 8:15 a.m.  
Express west close at 10:00 a.m.  
Express east close at 4:00 p.m.  
Kentville close at 8:40 p.m.  
Geo. V. Lang, Post Master.

**PROPERTY FOR SALE IN WOLFVILLE!**  
Dwelling containing nine rooms, side bath-room and kitchen, with hot and cold water, and all modern improvements; good outbuildings; three acres of land with apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, small fruits. Conveniently situated near schools, churches, and public buildings. Part of purchase money may remain on mortgage if desired. For further particulars apply to  
**MRS. H. D. HARRIS.**

**SELECT STORY.**  
When a Man's Single  
By James M. Harris.  
CHAPTER IV.  
"Don't the master whip him for that?"  
"What?"  
"Whip Greybrooke!"  
Will laughed hysterically.  
"You should just see him at breakfast with old Jerry. Why, I've seen him myself, when half a dozen of us were asked to tea by Mrs. Jerry, and though we were frightened to open our mouths, what do you think Greybrooke did?"  
"Something silly, I should say."  
"He asked old Jerry, as cool as you like, to pass the butter! That's the sort of fellow Greybrooke is!"  
"How is Mary?"  
"Oh, she's all right. No, she has a headache. I say, Greybrooke says Mary's rather slow."  
"He must be a horror," said Nell, "and I don't see why you brought him here."  
"I thought you would like to see him," explained Will. "He made a hundred and three against Bagby, and was only bowled out by his pads."  
"Well," said Nell, yawning, "I suppose I must go down and meet your brother."  
Will, misunderstanding, got between her and the door.  
"You're not going down like that," he said, indignantly, with a wave of his hand that included the dressing jacket and the nightgown. "Greybrooke's so particular, and I told him you were a jolly girl."  
"What else did you tell him?" asked Nell, suspiciously.  
"Not much," said Will, with a guilty look.  
"I know you told him something about kissing people."  
"Oh, you nasty boy, Will—as if kissing a child like you counted!"  
"Never mind," said Will, soothingly. "Greybrooke's not the fellow to sell tales. Besides, I know you girls can't help it. Mary's just the same."  
"You're a goose, Will, and the day will come when you'll give anything for a kiss."  
"You've no right to bring such

charges against a fellow," said Will, indignantly, strutting to the door.  
Half-way down stairs he turned and said back to her, "I say, Nell," he said, "you—when you come down, you won't kiss Greybrooke?"  
Nell drew herself up in a way that would have scared any young man but Will.  
"He's so awfully particular," Will continued reproachfully.  
"Was it to tell me this you came up-stairs?"  
"No, honor bright, it wasn't. I only came up in case you should want to kiss me, and to—have it over."  
Nell was standing near Will, and before he could jump back she slapped his face.  
The snow was dancing outside in a light wind when Nell called into the drawing-room. She could probably still inform you how she was dressed, but that evening Will and the captain could not tell Mary. The captain thought it was a reddish dress or else blue, but it was all in squares, like a draught-board, according to Will. Forty minutes had elapsed since Will visited her up-stairs, and now he smiled at the conceit which made her think that the captain would succumb to a such thought. She always dressed carefully because—well, because there is never any saying.  
Though Miss Meredith frowned Greybrooke with a glance, he was relieved to see her. Her mother had discovered that she knew the lady who married his brother, and had asked questions about the baby. He did not like it. These he thought, were things you should pretend not to know about. He had continued to keep his niece and nephew's secret from the fellows at school, though most of them would have been too just to utter any blarney to him. Of this baby he was specially ashamed, because they had called it after him.

**BAPTIST CHURCH**—Rev. T. Trotter, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School at 10 a.m. Half hour prayer-meeting, 7:30 p.m. People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock and regular church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All services free. Next meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock after opening of the first Sunday in the month at 5:30 p.m.  
C. W. Munro, Agent.

**Wah Hop, CHINESE LAUNDRY,** Wolfville, N.S.  
First-class Work Guaranteed.  
**LOOK!**  
There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat-store in **Crystal Palace Block!**  
Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon, Bologna, Sausages, and all kinds of Poultry in stock.  
Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.  
**W. H. DUNCANSON,**  
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1896.

**THE ACADIAN**  
White Sewing Machine Co.  
Cleveland, Ohio  
Thomas Organs  
FOR SALE BY  
**Howard Pines,** WOLFVILLE, N.S.  
N. B. Machine Needles and Oil, Machines and Organs Repaired. 25  
**GEO. G. HANDLEY,** Merchant Tailor,  
9 BLOWERST, HALIFAX, N.S.  
**W. J. BALCOM**  
has secured an Auctioneer's license and is prepared to sell all kinds of Real and Personal Property at a moderate rate.

her writing to copy-book." In a woman, so much excitement over nothing seemed quite a natural thing to Mr Meredith. The sex had ceased to surprise him. Having retired from business, Mr Meredith now did things slowly as a good way of passing the time. He had risen to wealth from penury, and counted time by his dining-room chairs, having passed through a dance, a horse race, and a leather period before arriving at morocco. Mrs Meredith counted time by the death of her only son.  
It may be presumed that Nell would not have looked herself into her bedroom and cried and stamped her feet on an imaginary critic had "The Scorn of Scorns" not interested her more than her father thought. She sat down to write a note to Mary. Then she tore it up, and wrote a letter to Mary's elder brother, beginning with the envelope. She tore this up also as another idea came into her head. She nodded several times to herself over this idea, as a sign that the more she thought of it the more she liked it. Then, after very nearly forgetting to touch her eyes with something that made them look less red, she returned to the drawing-room.  
"Will," she said, "have you seen the new posties papa gave me on my birthday?"  
"Will leaped to his feet."  
"Come on, Greybrooke," he cried, making for the door.  
The captain hesitated.  
"Perhaps," said Nell, with a glance at him, "Mr Greybrooke does not have much interest in horses?"  
"Doesn't he, just?" said Will.  
"Why?"  
"No," said Greybrooke; "but I'll wait here for you, Abinger."  
Will was staggered. For a moment the horrible thought passed through his mind that these girls had got hold of the captain. Then he remembered, "Come on," he said; "Nell won't mind."  
But Greybrooke had a delicious notion that the young lady wanted to see him by himself, and Will had to go to the stables alone.  
"I won't be long," he said to Greybrooke, apologizing for leaving him alone with a girl. "Don't bother him too much," he whispered to Nell at the door.  
As soon as Will had disappeared Nell turned to Greybrooke.  
"Mr Greybrooke," she said, speaking rapidly, in a voice so low that it was a compliment to him in itself, "there is something I should like you to do for me."  
The captain flushed with pleasure.  
"There is nothing I wouldn't do for you," he stammered.  
"I want you," continued Miss Meredith, with a most vindictive look on her face, "to find out for me who wrote a book review in to-day's 'Mirror,' and to—oh, to thrash him."  
"All right," said the captain, rising and looking for his hat.  
"Wait a minute," said Nell, glancing at him, admiringly. "The book is called 'The Scorn of Scorns,' and it is written by—a friend of mine. In to-day's 'Mirror' it is called the most horrid names—silly sentimental, not even grammatical, and all that."  
"The cad!" cried Greybrooke.  
"But the horribly mean, wicked thing about it," continued Nell, becoming more and more indignant as she told her story, "is that not two months ago there was a review of the book in the same paper, which said it was the most pathetic and thoughtful and clever tale that had ever been published by an anonymous author!"  
"It's the lowest thing I ever heard of," said Greybrooke; "but these newspaper men are all the same."  
"No, they're not," said Nell, sharply (Richard Abinger, Esq., only visible means of sustenance was the press), "but they are dreadfully mean, contemptible creatures on the 'Mirror'—just reporters, you know."  
Greybrooke nodded, though he knew nothing about it.  
"The first review," Nell continued, "appeared on the 3rd of Oct, and I want you to show them both to the editor, and insist upon knowing the name of the writer. 'After that find the wretch out, and—'  
"And like him," said the captain. His face frightened Nell.

**OUR DEAR ONES.**  
Mothers, Wives and Daughters.  
THOUSANDS OF THEM SUFFER.  
Paine's Celery Compound Gives Them Health and the Freshness of Youth.  
When the nervous energies are exhausted, woman suffers from constipation, dyspepsia, kidney disease, liver trouble, and prostration. They are weak, tired, have headaches, backache, dizziness, and cannot sleep. It is then that the wrecking of woman's delicate organism begins. When sickness, disease, and disaster threaten, Paine's Celery Compound should be used without delay. This marvelous medicine will quickly impart strength to every weak organ and restore the greatest blessing of life—health. A few weeks' use of Paine's Celery Compound will give vigor to the nervous system; nutrition, digestion and every specially womanly function will be natural and regular. Ruddy cheeks, sparkling eyes and the freshness of youth and beauty always follow the health-giving influences of Paine's Celery Compound.

**TEMPERANCE.**  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S.O.C. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.  
**CRYSTAL HALL** Every Friday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.  
**FORGERS.**  
Cent. Hamilton, L. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Fridays of each month at 8 p.m.

**AT**  
This Season of the Year Prepare for Fall and Winter.  
Will give us pleasure to show you our late Importations and  
**AGAIN**  
Do favored with your esteemed order, either for a suit or Overcoat, or any garment you wish in our line.  
**N. L. McDONALD,** MERCHANT TAILOR,  
Acadia Corner,  
Opp. Bold Canal and Water St.

**FARM FOR SALE!**  
The subject of this notice is a farm of 200 acres, containing 200 acres of upland and 20 acres of lake. Has an orchard which has borne 600 barrels of apples, and a young one just coming into bearing, besides peaches, plums, and pears.  
**CLARENCE PALMER,**  
Wolfville, Sept. 20th, 1896.

**Windsor Salt**  
Purest and Best for Tables and Dairy. No adulteration. Never salter.

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Absolutely Pure  
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