

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, AUGUST 4, 1893.

No. 50.

THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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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 publisher 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.

News 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 name may be written in a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON 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 arrears, 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—removing and leaving them uncollected for prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office hours, 8 a. m. to 3 p. m. Mail 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 2 p. m. Closed on Monday at 1 p. m.
G. 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. All the seats are free and strangers welcome. Strangers will be cared for by
Cousin W. Roscoe, } Ushers
A. W. Evans }
St. Andrews (Presbyterian).
Service every Sabbath at 3 p. m. Sabbath School at 2 p. m. Evangelistic and Testimony Meeting at 7 p. m. Bible Reading Wednesday at 7 30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.
CHALMER'S (LOWER HORTON).
Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayers and Prayer Meeting Tuesday at 7 30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar Gustafson, 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 welcome at all the services.—At Greenwell, in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plover.
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, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plover.
SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.
WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.
WITTER, BURPEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

Masonic.
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.
J. W. Caldwell, 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 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,
Proprietor.

Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.
Ripans Tabules: best liver tonic.
Ripans Tabules cure headache.
Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.



Mrs. Geo. Farrell, of Etta, Kings Co., N. S.

RHEUMATISM AND EFFECTS OF LA GRIPPE BANISHED!

Mrs. Geo. Farrell, of Etta, Kings Co., N. S., 65 years old, had been troubled with RHEUMATISM for 30 years. In winter of '91 was taken very sick, with LA GRIPPE, and became much reduced, no Appetite, bad Cough, Pain all over the body, producing swelling of feet and legs. Neighbors thought she must die. Six Bottles,—one course,—of
Skoda's Discovery
with
Skoda's Little Tablets,
Completely Cured her, and she says it has added 30 years to her life. Is it strange she should consider it a
WONDERFUL MEDICINE?
SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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.—Carriage and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted.
CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, Etc.
DAVIDSON, J. E.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.
DAVIDSON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.
DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.
DUNCANSON BROTHERS.—Dealers in all kinds of 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 Jeweler.
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.
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POETRY.

By And By.

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether my path below was bright
Whether it wound throughout dark or light,
Under gay and golden sky,
When I look back on it by and by.

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether unhelped I toiled alone,
Dashing my feet against a stone,
Missing the charge of an angel high
Bidding me think of the by and by.

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether with laughing joy I went
Down through the years with a glad intent;
Never believing, nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter by and by!

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel's side,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh,
"All will be elsewise by and by."

What will it matter? Naught if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or glad, leads to God,
Questioning not of the bow, the why
If I but reach Him by and by.

What will I care for the unshored sigh
If in my fear of slip or fall,
Close by, I've clung to Christ through
Mindless how rough the path might lie,
Since He will smooth it by and by!

Ah, it will matter, by and by,
Nothing but this—that joy or pain
Lifted me skyward, helped me gain,
Whether through rack or smile or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all, by and by!

SELECT STORY.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The care on all sides shown by the thrifty trees and plants, the gravelled walks and close-cut turf, the rustic seats and shady arbors, gave the place an inhabited air, which only the silent mansion contradicted. The gardener must be a wonder, thought the young man, as he delightedly took in the beautiful details of the grounds, roaming cautiously through the ample domain, sampling the luscious fruits that ripened only to waste, plucking an occasional blossom, Chamberlain passed the most enjoyable hour that he had known since his arrival in Steelville. Grown bolder by his success, he promised himself many another visit to his relative's estate.

In the course of his wanderings he came quite near the mansion. An eager desire possessed him to visit it. He pictured himself swinging in a hammock over the wide veranda in the deep shade of the elms, or playing tennis on the level lawn in front of the house. It was like a lured he did not forget that, had he so chosen, instead of toiling through the heat of summer, he might have been lounging at the mountains, or vegetating at the seashore. And even now, thought he, it is not too late; I can obtain leave of absence, don a yachting suit, and join my former chums in a month's frolic. But the vision of Steep Street, sweltering through the summer heat, with the added discomforts that poverty and sin bring, caused him to resolve with extra vim and firmness that he would stick to his post.

A deep groan awoke him from his reverie. Glancing quickly in the direction from whence it came, he saw the great watch dog that was the terror of the villagers, advancing toward him, his lips drawn back, showing glistening teeth, and his eyes flaming with ferocity. It was too late to flee back through the garden. Before half the distance was accomplished the mastiff would overtake him. There was no weapon at hand with which defence could be made, and a glance at the bristled back of the advancing foe showed that pacific measures could not avail. The only means of escape was by climbing a tree. The fruit-trees were most of them too small to assure safety. Not far away, however, was a large apple-tree, against which leaned a ladder. Instantly deciding, Chamberlain ran for this, a hoarse bark from the dog showing that he was pursued. Reaching the ladder he sprang up its rounds with an agility that months in a city gymnasium had given him. A half-second later the mastiff was leaping frantically at the foot of the tree, baffled and furious. The ladder, instead of resting against a branch, as the young man had at first supposed, led to a small platform built across the limbs, forming a cosy summer house, and to his utter astonishment and confusion, on one of the rustic seats sat Miss Whitney, gazing at him with a *humeur* that was unmistakable.

"I beg your pardon," said he, coloring deeply, "for disturbing you, but the dog hurried me."

She lowered rather coldly, but said nothing.

"I suppose I shall have to wait till the gardener appears," he ruminated after a pause, seating himself on a bench opposite her.

Miriam Whitney was in reality much vexed at what she considered an unwarranted intrusion. To be sure she could not blame the young man for springing up the ladder out of reach of the dog, but she was angry at his being on the premises, and after a short attempt at reading, she let her book and advancing to the ladder, started to descend. The dog, seeming to confuse her with the stranger who had escaped up the same way, sprang towards her with so fierce an aspect that she recoiled in terror.

"He thinks us both trespassers," said Chamberlain, with a touch of enjoyment in his voice.

"You are mistaken, sir," she said, "the dog knows me well."

Then with a determined air she again attempted to go down, calling to the furious dog in a voice that should have soothed him had he any ear for music. But with strange obstinacy the creature with flashing eyes continued to leap half-way up the ladder, almost overturning it in his eagerness.

"Had you not better wait until the dog's owner comes?"

"I wish to go now," she said.

"If there is no other way I will go down and attempt to drive the dog away," replied Chamberlain, his mettle rising, "but he is only doing his duty, and I dislike to hurt him."

Miss Whitney considered this speech a mere piece of bravado, but when the youth wrenched a leg from one of the seats, and taking off his coat wrapped it around his left arm, she saw that he was thoroughly in earnest. She made a movement as if to enter him, but pride kept her lips shut.

Armed as described, he slowly descended the ladder, the young lady with white face watching his every move. At first sight it seemed as if it were to be a most unequal battle. The sinewy form of the youth did not balance the deep chest and heavy jaws of the mastiff. Chamberlain, however, knew something of dogs. He was aware that the fiercest can be subdued by proper means. More than once he had seen professional trainers completely cow some of the most savage of the canine tribe. It was therefore with a definite plan of operations in his mind that he entered the lists.

Already the animal was leaping up and snapping at his feet. With a quick spring he rose to the ground at one side, facing the brute. He heard an exclamation of alarm as the dog bounded toward him and knew it was from Miss Whitney.

In the brief second that he had to think, he noticed that the dog was worrying the coat-hold on his left arm. When the creature had his jaws fully set in the coat, with a quick motion Chamberlain slipped the bench through the brass-studded collar. Then dropping the coat, he twisted on the improvised lever till the creature in spite of frantic struggles lay on the grass with the young man's knee under his fore-shoulder, almost choked to death. It would have been easy work to finish the matter and kill the dog, but this he did not wish to do.

"Are you hurt, Mr Chamberlain?" said an anxious, almost fearful voice at his elbow, and the victor, pausing and flushed with victory, looked up and saw his late partner of the arbor standing by his side. The proud air had entirely vanished.

"Not a bit," said he heartily, "nor is the dog. We are only a little out of breath."

Still holding the potent lever at his elbow, and the victor, pausing and flushed with victory, looked up and saw his late partner of the arbor standing by his side. The proud air had entirely vanished.

"I am afraid you are ill," said the young man, really concerned.

"No, I am not, but I feel a little faint. I think I will go home. Our place adjoins this," she replied.

With a quick return of color she accepted the proffered arm. Together they crossed the grounds in a direction opposite to that by which the young man entered. After going a few hundred yards a low wall, the only one in the Flint estate, was reached. Stopping at a turn-stile, Miss Whitney held out her hand.

"Mr Chamberlain," she said, "I am ashamed and sorry that my rudeness forced you into that dreadful battle with the dog. Will you forget it?"

"Never," replied he with a smile, "for that most fortunate fracas has really introduced me to Miss Whitney."

"Won't you come in," she said, with a graceful gesture toward her home.

"No, thank you, I must go and see how the dog fares."

"Do you know the gardener?" she enquired.

"No."

"He is very severe with all intruders," she said, adding hurriedly. "Since I was a child I have had access to the grounds because we were neighbors."

"I think I can pacify him if I meet him," was the assured reply.

The fair girl standing at the turn-stile struggled with herself for an instant, and then said—

"I should be pleased to have you call, Mr Chamberlain."

"Thank you," was the vague reply, and they parted. He striding toward the silent Flint mansion, she going a few steps, and then turning to watch his vigorous figure till he passed out of sight.

"I wonder what the girls will say if he does call?" she soliloquized. "A file-grinder; a factory hand; an ungrammatical—but he has an ungrammatical he uses splendid English, and is a gentleman; a perfect gentleman, and no coward either. I wonder how many of the young men in our set would have faced that dog and conquered him? I wonder if he will turn out like the rest of them and call at the first opportunity?"

Returning to the dog-kennel, Chamberlain examined the mastiff. He found him lying at full length, breathing heavily, and still much exhausted. With a heart full of pity, he went to the garden-pump near by, drew some water, and allowed the dog to lap it, which he did greedily. After that he seemed better, and raised himself up, constantly turning his head, intelligent eyes up to his conqueror's face, as if to beg his mercy. The young man noticed that the dog had greeted him this time with no growl, and when he patted his head, there came a faint wag of the tail. Poor, old, faithful fellow, he was much puzzled by this young stranger, who had so roughly handled him; yet, he was willing, when mastered, to pay allegiance, so he wagged his tail and tried to lay his head against his knee.

Meanwhile, Chamberlain had been expecting the arrival of the gardener, of whose sternness he had often heard. How he had better meet the old man, he could not fully decide. He was a trespasser, but so was Miss Whitney. The thought came that under cover of her name he might gracefully retreat, but he at once dismissed it. Some distance away he could see the outlines of a cottage, that he surmised must belong to the gardener. Had he known what to say, it is possible that he might have made his way thither; but the fact that his identity must be kept a secret deterred him, and he at last reluctantly started to retrace his steps, and steal out as he came in. He had gone but a short distance when he heard the chains rattle, and turning, saw the dog trying to follow. There was nothing hostile in the motion; on the contrary, every motion expressed the utmost friendliness. Obeying his first impulse, he went back, unchained him, and again started to traverse the ground, the mastiff trotting sedately at his heels. When the fence was reached the dog paused, his eloquent eyes entreating permission to accompany his new master; but that could not be, so he was told to remain. When the end of the picket fence was gained, the young man turned and looked back. The dog was earnestly watching him, as if hoping that the decision might be revoked. It was with a real regret

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Missing the charge of an angel high
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