

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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### 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 advertising agencies. Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names 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  
DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE  
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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. Hugh R. Hatch, M.A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a.m. and 7.00 p.m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p.m. B. Y. F. U. day School at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Prayer meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p.m. All seats free. Others at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL, HALIFAX.—Sunday School at 10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. Prayers at 7.30 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M.A., Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Chalmers Church, Wolfville: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E. Donkin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. Prayer Meeting at 7.30 p.m. on Thursday 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 Wednesdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Holy Communion at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. on the 2nd and 4th of each month. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

Rev. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.  
Robert W. Stairs, Warden.  
Geo. A. Pratt, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. F.—Mass 11 o'clock on the first 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 7 o'clock p.m.  
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 7.30 o'clock.

Foresters.  
Court Blomfield, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 7.30 p.m.

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At the Turn of the Road.  
A moment's pause for longing and for dreaming,  
A moment's looking backward on the way;  
To kiss my hand to long past turrets gleaming,  
To stand and think of life of yesterday!

A little time to dream of sunlit hours  
Spent where white towers rise against the sky,  
To tread again that path of too sweet flowers,  
To hear again her greeting and goodbye!

What is there, say you, in that far-off city,  
Of my past living and past loving left,  
Wrapped in its golden haze, to stir my pity  
And call the bitter sigh of the bereft?

The memory of a touch warm, trusting, clinging,  
The memory of that touch grown cold as ice!  
A voice hushed that was pure as wild birds singing,  
A love whose bright flame burned in sacrifice!

Only a grave! Life of to-day will touch no,  
Its stream flows fast for sorrow and regret.  
Beyond this turn its sweeping wave will reach me,  
I must go with it, as we all go! Yet—  
A moment's pause for longing and for

dreaming,  
A moment's looking backward on the way;  
To kiss my hand to long past turrets gleaming,  
To stand and think of life of yesterday!

Fisherman Jess.  
That was what old Titus Talty called her; and Titus was Jess' father, so he had a right to name her.  
"You're the fisherman now, lass," he had said when his own worn-out mantle fell on her stout young shoulders. "You've the traps to set, and the 'Dolphin' to row out into the bay—poor lass!" And then the long sigh he breathed had told Jess what a grief it was to him to give up his beloved work that had descended to him from his fisherman father and grandfather. The pain of his rheumatism was as nothing compared to the pain of staying ashore, with the sea-waves pounding on the beach and calling him to come.

And Jess loved the sea, too. The love of it ran in the Talty blood, and Jess was a Talty from her mop of

bright hair to her feet. She loved to hear the monotonous song of the sea, and oh, how she loved to feel the dash of the cool salt spray on her face!  
But father's mantle weighed a little heavily, notwithstanding on her shoulders. With all her young vitality and strength, the long years had put into the traps work on her, and, at a little pasted, her brow showed signs of a little thin—then a little more.

Jess set the little cottage to rights with swift, neat touches and got down father's oilskin jacket. She had given father and Grandmother Dunn their breakfasts and made them as comfortable as possible, and Grandmother Dunn was softly singing one of the songs of her childhood. But it was harder for the poor father to feel contented. The sea, he had left ever calling to him. He heard Jess making her preparations out in the little kitchen.

"Lass," he called wistfully, "you'll be givin' my love to the 'Dolphin'? An' tell 'em the sea I'm not forgettin' it?"

"Yes, father—oh, my, yes! An' they'll send back oceans of love to you!" cried Jess cheerily.

She was away singing, and sang as long as the little weather-beaten house was in sight. Father's ears were good, and he must hear the song to make sure she was happy.

But when the song ended abruptly, down under the bank, Jess was crying. Her heart was too heavy to hold its grief, for Jess knew, if father and grandmother did not, that the lobster traps had been disappointing lately, and there were many—oh, many—wanted to be supplied up at the weather-beaten little brown house. Jess knew father's medicine was nearly gone and grandmother needed new shoes, and both of them needed a new hat.

"If I could only go out to sea for the fish, as father did!" cried the girl. But that was out of the question. If she had the strength to go, she could not leave Grandmother Dunn and father. So all her hopes must centre on the traps, and if the traps failed—Jess began to sing again, defiantly.

Jan Brimmer was launching his trim dory down on the shore, and turning at the sound of the song. Something unusual in it made him wonder a little.

"Mornin', Jess!" he called over his shoulder.

But she did not answer. Just then she hated Jan. He never had had luck—his traps were always full! There was always enough to eat and to wear up at Jan's, and nobody needed medicine there.

Jess hauled the "Dolphin" down to the water and got in. Then with one of the big, unwieldy oars, she pushed away into the sunny waves. She stood up facing the prow and wielded the oars in their high rowlocks with slow, practiced motions. Her lithe young body swayed back and forth easily. "But this morning her clear, sweet voice did not keep time to the steady oars."

The lobster-traps were a disappointment again. One after another Jess pulled them up, and saw traps empty that marked the place of the traps. And one after another she hauled up the empty traps and threw them over again. Four lobster, all told—what's that for a morning's haul? Thirty—thirty-five cents (for they were all small)—what's that to buy medicine and shoes and things to eat? Jess laughed scornfully. She wanted to

throw over the four squirming black things, too.

Jan Brimmer was out to sea. She saw his dory like a speck away off near the sky. He had not visited his traps, then?

"I've a good mind to visit them for him—to save him the trouble when he comes in," Jess said with a wicked little laugh. She had never done such a thing before. Jan's traps were down to the bottom.

Jess pulled away toward Jan Brimmer's traps with long, steady pulls. Her face was determined and set.

Yes, there were lobsters in Jan's traps, of course. Jess gathered them into the "Dolphin" till the bottom was alive with them. Four, five, eleven, seventeen. Jess counted them twice triumphantly. And they were large ones, a good many of them. They would bring ten cents apiece, on the average. Ten times seventeen—Jess laughed, but her laugh held little joy.

When she got well inshore her mood changed. A dull wave of shame and remorse reddened her brown cheeks. What had she been doing?—she, Jess Talty! No Talty ever stole before. The Taltys were honest—honest—honest!

And then Jess rowed back to Jan's traps and put back all the ugly black creatures. In her zeal she put in her own four, too, unheeding. It was hard work—such hard work! The unusual strain on her arms made them ache sharply. They almost refused to work for her.

And the row inshore again—how far it seemed! How heavily the big oars dragged through the beautiful, shining waves! Jess set her lips bravely and toiled on. The weight of guilt was heavy on her. Her heart was light, if her oars were not. No Talty had ever stolen.

Jan's boat was coming in. It grew larger and larger on the water. It was getting quite near now.

Just then Jess practiced eye made a great discovery. While she looked out toward Jan, resting wearily on her oars, she caught a glimpse of something that made her start eagerly. A rippling of the smooth waters—a special glimmer or commotion—what was it? Anyway, Jess saw it with her fisherman's eyes—the Talty eyes and knew it meant a big school of mackerel. A fisherman knows the signs, and what fisherman ever saw them without starting eagerly? It means a boat load of beautiful silver fish, and that means a pocket load of silver money.

But Jess bent to her oars again wearily after the moment's exulting. The discovery meant nothing to her. She could not have the beautiful shining fish to weigh the "Dolphin" down to the water's edge. There was no strength left in her to toil out there—way out there, where they were. If she only had not visited Jan Brimmer's traps and had the extra trip back to them again! Well, she might have tried it then, anyway. Now it was no use—no use—no use. The ripple of the water against the oar-blades said it over and over again to her, mockingly.

So she toiled slowly in to the land.

### THE absolute purity of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER makes it pre-eminently the most useful and wholesome

contains no lime, alum, phosphate or ammonia, leaves no acid or alkaline residuum in the food, and its use always insures pure, light and sweet bread, biscuit and cake which are perfectly digestible and wholesome, whether hot or cold, fresh or stale.

Royal Baking Powder has been analyzed by the Chief Health Officers of Great Britain, Canada and the United States who recommend it for its wholesome and economic qualities.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

beach with a terrible effort, and crawled wearily up the bank. But she was down again in a minute or two and calling between her hands, curved like a trumpet at her lip, across the water.

"Jan! Jan!" she shouted in her clear, high voice. "Jan! Jan!"

"Ahoy!" shouted back Jan's gruff voice faintly.

"School o' mackerel—mackerel—mackerel!"

Then Jess went home. Grandmother Dunn was still crooning her songs, and father was moaning with pain.

That evening, Jan Brimmer tramped across to the little weather-beaten house to make a call. He slipped a handful of silver into Jess' hand when he went away.

"Yes, yes, take it,—it's yours," he remonstrated with her. "It belongs to you, Jess Talty. Didn't you spy out the school—didn't you, hey? A blind bat like me has no business in a dory, anyways,—humpf! You saw the school—that's half the mackerel yours. There's two barrels or more, as I reckon, an' that's half o' what I reckon they'll bring up to Boston. You take it and go indoor an' go to bed. You look tuckered to death."

And Jan went off in the darkness, whistling loudly.

Jess went to bed in a gentle tumult of happiness. Whose she drifted off to sleep at last, the waves down on the shore were saying briskly, over and over:

"No Talty ever stole—stole, ever stole. The Taltys are honest—honest—honest."

Bicycles as Baggage.

There has been a test case in the English courts on a question which is agitating cyclists all around the world, more or less. It was brought in the Queen's Bench division against the Great Northern Railway Company "on behalf of one Britten," seeking "to recover sixpence paid for the conveyance of a bicycle from King's Cross to East Finchley." And after hearing and argument the court decided that the plaintiff could not recover for the reason that "a bicycle cannot be ordin-

ary luggage within the definition."

The special interest attaching to this case is found in the fact that the attorney for the plaintiff made his argument on the very lines on which similar claims are based in this country. He claimed that a bicycle came within the definition of "personal luggage" for the reason that it was carried by the traveler for his own personal convenience and use in connection with his journey, and was an article which he carried for his own use for that purpose. But his lordship, in rendering his decision, brushed away all such considerations by declaring that "the idea of luggage" must be something that is "packed," not taken "loose, like a bicycle," the wheelman out his case.—Boston Post.

### Why Suffer

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Neuralgia Surely Cured by the Great Medicine.

Able Physicians Recommend it.

Able physicians, after a satisfactory experience with Paine's Celery Compound, have come to the conclusion that it is a true specific for that merciless tormentor—neuralgia.

Neuralgia indicates a low or depressed state of vitality, and nothing so rapidly weakens and exhausts the system as pain that prevents sleep and keeps the body and mind in agony and torture.

Neuralgia being a nerve disease, is most common in the face, and frequently the entire head suffers excruciating pain. Attacks of neuralgia are very uncertain; sometimes they come and pass quickly away; often the pain and agony will continue for weeks and months.

When there is a lowering of vitality, when sleeplessness, anxiety, malaria and debility are at work, and when there is exposure to wet and cold with rheumatic tendencies, neuralgia is sure to appear.

Paine's Celery Compound is a true nerve medicine and nerve food, it reaches the root of the trouble in a way that other medicine can do. The most terrible and long standing cases have often been completely cured by the use of a few bottles. Paine's Celery Compound has in thousands of cases saved lives after the best medical exertions failed. If your life is a continued misery from neuralgia torture, be wise and use at once nature's true nerve medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. Beware of substitutes: Paine's is the kind that cures.

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