

Line	Exp. daily	Acad. daily	Exp. daily
Halifax	6:45	7:30	8:00
Kentville	7:15	8:00	8:30
St. John's	8:00	8:45	9:15
St. John's	9:15	10:00	10:30
St. John's	10:30	11:15	11:45
St. John's	11:45	12:30	1:00
St. John's	12:30	1:15	1:45
St. John's	1:45	2:30	3:00
St. John's	3:00	3:45	4:15
St. John's	4:15	5:00	5:30
St. John's	5:30	6:15	6:45

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, MARCH 24, 1893.

No. 31.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
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 publisher, and payment in advance is 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.

New 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
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.

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Office hours, 8 a. m. to 3 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 1/2 a. m.
Express west close at 10 a. m.
Express east close at 4 30 p. m.
Kentville close at 7 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.
G. W. Moxon, Agent.

CHURCHES
BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Higgins, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 2 30 p. 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
Cora W. Boscoe, { Ushers
A. New Bass }

St. ANDREW'S (PRESBYTERIAN).
(Rev. Alex. King).
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.

CHALMERS (LOWER HORTON).
Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Praying and Prayer Meeting Tuesday at 7 30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oscar Goudon, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 30. All the seats are free and strangers welcome at all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7 30 p. m. on Thursdays.

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. Lawrence Cathedral, Halifax.
Frank A. Dixon, { Wardens
Robert W. Stairs }

St. FRANCIS (R. O.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock p. m.
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. F. 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 4 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 Tablets cure bad breath.
Ripans Tablets cure the lungs.

AT HAND

In a dangerous emergency, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is prompt to act and sure to cure. A dose taken on the first symptoms of Croup or Bronchitis, checks further progress of these complaints. It softens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed membrane, and induces sleep. As a remedy for colds, coughs, loss of voice, hoarseness, pneumonia, and even consumption, in its early stages.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

exceeds all similar preparations. It is endorsed by leading physicians, is agreeable to the taste, does not interfere with digestion, and needs to be taken usually in small doses.

Cherry Pectoral has proved itself a very efficient remedy for colds, coughs, and the various disorders of the throat and lungs.—A. W. Bartlett, Pittsfield, N. H.

"For the last 25 years I have been taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for lung troubles, and it has cured me."—R. Amers, Hympton, N. S.

Saved My Life

I have recommended it to hundreds. I find the most effective way of taking this medicine is in small and frequent doses.—T. M. Matheson, P. M., Sherman, Ohio.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prompt to act, sure to cure

DIRECTORY

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 and Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

J. R. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS.—Dealers in all kinds of Groceries.

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

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods and Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand. Slop Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

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

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

LEECH, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Groceries, and Tinware. Agents for Frost's Wood's Patent.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

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

Mrs. LIZZIE A. KNOWLTON, LIBERTY, ME.
She is the wife of a well-known Spring Hill manufacturer, W. J. Knowlton, and by him induced to try Groder's remedy that cured him of a bad attack of dyspepsia.

She says: GENTLEMEN—For several years have been afflicted with dyspepsia and a complicated stomach and liver trouble. The least food I ate would distress me terribly and fill my stomach with gas. I was greatly troubled with distention, my appetite was poor, and I had a very bad cough, was very nervous, could not sleep, and in fact my whole system seemed to be affected; was unable to attend to my household duties. Finally I was induced to try Groder's remedy, and I feel that I have lost all faith in them, but to gratify the request of my husband I decided to try Groder's BOTANIC DYSPEPSIA SYRUP.

Before I had taken one bottle I was greatly improved. I followed its directions and continued its use, and to-day I feel as if I had never been afflicted with this trouble. My health is now as good as health, can sleep, eat, and enjoy my household duties. I feel that I have lost all faith in them, but to gratify the request of my husband I decided to try Groder's BOTANIC DYSPEPSIA SYRUP.

Identically,
Mrs. LIZZIE A. KNOWLTON,
Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Lib.
No. 22, N. S.

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

POETRY.

God's Clock Has Struck the Hour.

A tone pealed through the solemn night,
The city clock tolled One;
It said to every listening ear,
Another day's begun.

So, in our nation's gloom, a peal
Rings out our triumph hour;
It tells how honest, earnest work
Breaks down the tyrant's power.

The whole world heard the welcome stroke
And tremble for their rise
To join the few who long have fought,
With faith that never dies.

Our foes fall back in wavering lines,
And tremble for their power;
They know defeat is drawing near—
God's clock has struck the hour.

With God there is no compromise;
We'll work united, brave and strong,
Until each evil power,
Throughout the world, shall surely know
God's clock has struck the hour.

SELECT STORY.

A Treasure Found and Won.

Stanbury church was always beautiful; but it was more so than ever to-day, with its wreaths and festoons of fragrant flowers.

It was the eve of the annual festival of the Sabbath school, and within its venerable walls were gathered a busy throng of workers.

In a knot by themselves were a cluster of maidens, their nimble fingers engaged in fashioning into various shapes the flowers which lay in brightly colored heaps around them.

They were chatting in girlish fashion together, and more than once a young man, who was occupied in ornamenting with a fern border the balustrade of the gallery above them, smiled as he listened. From his position he could see unobscured, and his eyes rested often and with evident pleasure upon one girl in the group.

Edith Colby was the acknowledged belle of Stanbury. It would have been difficult to conceive anything more radiant than she was her face; and as Guy Moreland watched the play of her expressive features, it was not without a slight thrill in the region of a member which through twenty years had never before experienced the like.

"Such a face can only go with as faultless a nature," he thought to himself. "I have always admired Miss Colby, but to-day I almost believe my admiration is deepening into something different."

Just then the great door at the end of the church opened to admit a small, ill-clad figure. It was a child, barefooted, and with her dark elf locks hanging in disheveled waves down her back. Straight to the group of which Edith Colby was the centre she came, holding carefully in her hands a wreath of wild flowers tied with a faded ribbon.

"Please," she said, as pausing before Edith she held out the little wreath, "will you put this somewhere about the window that tells of Mrs. Moreland's death?"

A ringing laugh which jarred discordantly in that sacred place, came from the beauty's lips, as with a heavy movement she drew aside her delicate silken robe from contact with the child's poor garment.

"What a scrawler!" she exclaimed with another laugh.

The child's great, dark eyes flashed with anger, then they softened with a rush of sudden, passionate tears. She turned to go when, with light steps, Guy (who, though the girls were entirely unconscious of his near vicinity, had been a spectator of the above scene) saw a young girl who had been working quietly alone some distance from the other, came forward. Taking the despised wreath in one hand, she laid the other gently upon the weeping child's shoulder. "My little girl, do not cry. I will see myself that your wish is granted. Your pretty wreath shall join the festive ones Mrs. Moreland's memorial window."

A glow of joy chased away the trouble from the little waif's face.

"Oh, thank you, ma'am," she exclaimed, unmindful in the presence of her comforter of the bay of scornful fashionables who were still laughing among themselves. "Mrs. Moreland was so good to the poor! She once gave me a warm dress, so that I could come to Sunday school; and she spoke to all us children so kind and sweet. I

thought that perhaps up in heaven she would know and be pleased."

Tears rose in Guy Moreland's dark eyes—tears of which his manhood was not ashamed—for she of whom the child spoke was his own dear mother, gathered to her rest a year before.

When the oak door closed upon the little intruder, sweet May Andrews turned to resume her seat, but, coming out from among the group of girls, Edith Colby softly said:

"I think, Miss Andrews," she said, "that you take a good deal upon your self. I was appointed the manager of the decorations, and I don't see how you have the right to interfere."

The young girl addressed quietly surveyed the haughty speaker; then, without any answer save that look of calm rebuke, she turned and walked away. An angry flush crimsoned Edith Colby's face from cheek to chin, and with that flash vanished in Guy Moreland's eyes all trace of the beauty which he had hitherto considered so "flawless."

Thus, all unwittingly (for it had been long in Miss Colby's mind that the position of mistress of Guy Moreland's stately home was no unenviable one) she ruined forever all her chances in that direction.

"To think!" she exclaimed, in the midst of her sympathetic "so," "of being defied, as it were, by that child of a scrawler! She shall pay for it."

But though she was a scrawler, obliged to earn with her needle the wherewithal for the support of her invalid mother and herself, May Andrews possessed riches of heart and mind which would far outbalance Edith Colby's charms of person and pocket-book.

Miss Colby was as good as her word. Hard as it had always been to make both ends meet, poor May now found it harder still, for with all the means within her power, Edith Colby tried to poison the minds of those acquaintances whom she knew were Miss Andrews' patrons.

But, though worn with work and anxiety, May found time to hunt up and befriended the little waif whose neglected appearance and intelligent face had so strongly interested her. She found little Midge (that was her name) living in a squallid apartment with an old, feeble woman whom she called her aunt.

Every object evinced the direst poverty; and it was no difficult task out of her own few belongings to find something which seemed like an inestimable treasure to the child's grateful eyes.

Whenever she could spare time, May went to the dismal room on her errands of mercy.

"I think you be one of the angels," the old woman said one day, as her visitor was going, "but I've been such a sinner that they would scarce be sent to such as me."

"Jesus has forgiveness for all sinners who repent," she said, in her sweet, grave voice.

Then she went, closing the door softly, but leaving behind her, though she knew it not, the seeds of that which was to make the happiness of more than one life.

A few months went by, and one day May came in to her invalid mother with a face from which the brave mask had completely fallen. Kneeling by her side, she hid her tear wet eyes in her lap.

"Mother, to-day Mrs. Weston said she would require my services no longer. This is the last of my patron, Oh, mother, what have I ever done to anybody that they should be so cruel to me?"

The old lady stroked her darling's soft, brown hair tenderly.

"Cheer up, May, it is not like my brave child to be cast down. You remember what the Bible says about 'one sparrow.'"

May rose resolutely.

"You are right, mother, and I will not be cast down. If I can no longer sew for my living, I can work some other way with my hands. I will go into the factory."

And so it was that, while endeavoring to work mischief, Edith Colby was the direct means of sending the girl she hated where her joyful destiny awaited.

In the new applicant before him for employment in his factory, Mr. Moreland recognized at once the noble young woman whose kind, brave action in the church had excited, at the time, his warmest admiration. May had gone prepared to accept any occupation gladly, however far down on the ladder it was judged expedient to place her.

"What I know of you is very favorable, Miss Andrews," said the young proprietor, with a keen glance at the sweet, downcast face, with its brown eyes and sensitive, rose-lip mouth, "and as my assistant book-keeper has just left me, I should be glad if you would accept the position her absence has made vacant."

Guy Moreland was not one to do or think things by halves; and as time went on he grew to believe that he had at last found a character as faultless as the face which was his signet.

And to May, though her innocent heart knew not why—did not whisper to her that it was because she was beloved and loved—the world seemed like some fairy realm.

One evening, as May sat reading aloud to her mother, the door was suddenly opened, and little Midge flew in. It was quite a different Midge from the one we first met, for now the new clothes, though simple, were whole and neat, while the long, dark hair—elf locks no longer—hung in orderly ringlets over her slight shoulders.

"Look at my hand in h'r's," she cried eagerly.

"Oh, Miss May, come—come quickly! Aunt is very ill, and she wants you. She says to hasten, for she has a secret to tell you which, if she dies, will die with her."

"Go, May," Mrs. Andrews said; and though the night was dark, and the neighborhood in which Midge's home was located was not one of the nicest, May obeyed. The old woman was expecting her anxiously, and as May listened to what she had to tell, she was truly thankful that she had come.

"That night the old woman died. The next day did not find May in her accustomed place, and as Guy noted her absence, he learned for the first time how desolately vacant life would be should he never see again the face which within those last few short months had grown so strangely dear to him.

At noon the office boy brought him a note. It ran thus:

"Will Mr. Moreland call at Mrs. Andrews' home this afternoon?"

Though he could not help wondering at the strange, brief summons, Guy lost no time in obeying it.

Once there, that mystery was solved, and also another which was of far graver import.

In Midge, the little, neglected waif (though, thanks to May's fostering care and love, there was no neglect in her appearance now), he found his sister—the long lost, long sorrowed for child—whose disappearance had caused the passionate grief which had eventually worn his dear mother into her grave. Twelve years before, she had been abducted by her nurse (the old woman who had just died) in the hopes of a large reward. But such strict inquiry had been instituted that, fearful lest her crime should be found out and her own punishment follow, the woman had fled to a distant city. In wandering about from place to place, always poor, and sometimes with scarcely enough to support life, Midge's first ten years had been spent, until two years before, knowing that, from the lapse of time it would be impossible for detection to ensue, the woman had ventured back.

Guy listened, with his new-found sister's hand clasped close in his.

As May's sweet voice, telling its sad yet joyfully terminating story, paused, still holding Midge's hand, he went to her side.

"Miss Andrews, May," he said, and in his rich tremulous tones, even had she not read aright the expression of his dark eyes, May would have been prepared for what was coming, "you have been the good angel of this child's life. Will you not come and hallow my home with your sweet presence? I have found a sister, May; have I also found a wife?"

They were married and Edith Colby nearly died with chagrin and envy.

Minard's Linctum cures Diphtheria.

Trouble in the Choir.

One of the colored women employed about the hotel was sweeping off the verandah when an old man with a crooked leg and carrying a broomstick for a cane halted at the steps and saluted:

"Good mornin, Brudder Dawson—how yo' was dis mornin'?"

"What yo' mean talking dat way to me?" demanded the woman as she leaned on the broom to look him over.

"Good mornin, Brudder Dawson! he repeated.

"Yo' is Brudder Dawson yo' self. What yo' gittin at actin dat way?"

"Look yere, gal; I has cum along yere to spoke about fo' worls to yo' and I want you to open dem big ears of yo' monstrous wide. Yo' name is Lucinda Jackson, I reckon?"

"Of co'se."

"An yo' attends de pray'r meetin' every Thursday evenin'?"

"I's gittin at dis: On de last three occasions when de preacher has got up and said, 'We will now close wid deology; Brudder Dawson, pitch de tune,' what has you dun?"

"Nuffin."

"Look out, gal, or I'll have yo' churchored for lyn. What yo' has dun was to sot right in and pitch dat tune befo' I could git my mouf open an' make everybody believe yo' was listening de singing. I so cum yere to tell yo' not to do it agin."

"Shoo! Dyes dat tune blong to yo'?" she defiantly replied.

"Look out dar, gal. I hain't sayin dat de tune blongs to me, but I ar sayin dat when stirred in slowly by sifting it through de fingers. De process must not be hurried if lumps would be avoided. When it begins to boil up well, stop stirring and close de top tightly. Set at de back of de stove while you cook de rest of de breakfast. Lift de porridge without any more stirring, as it is dis that breaks de grain an' makes it waxy. De Scotch do not stir with a spoon, but with a smooth, flattened stick called a 'spatule,' that any one can make according to their own idea. This gives more evenness to de mixing and if cooked in dis way de porridge will be sweet, wholesome and whole-some."

Cleaning Windows.

Cleaning windows is an important part of the work in the routine of house-keeping, and while it does not seem a difficult task to keep the glass clear and bright, it nevertheless requires a knowledge of what not to do.

Never wash windows when the sun is shining upon them, otherwise they will be cloudy and streaky from drying before they are well polished off; and never wash the outside of the window inside, using a little ammonia in the water; wipe with a cloth free from lint and polish off with soft paper. For the corners, a small brush or pointed stick covered with one end of the cloth is useful. When you come to the glass outside, the defects remaining will be more closely seen. Wipe the pane as soon as possible after washing and rinsing, and finish with either chamois or soft paper. In rinsing, one may dash the water on the outside, or use a large sponge. It is preferable to a cloth.

Miss Louise Aldrich Blake, elder daughter of a Haverfordshire clergyman, has just achieved the highest distinction as a student in medicine over by a woman. She has taken a double first, in the examination at the London University. It is said that she attained excellence not by special cramming, but by steady, persevering hard work.

A Chat About Oatmeal.

No one can live long in a Scottish community without noticing the healthful look of the children whose food consists largely of oatmeal, compared with those fed on fine grains, or even groats, which are the same, only without the husks. This chaff or husk, however, which is left in the meal, contains some points that act as a stimulant on the coats of the bowels to keep them active without medicine, and render this food of great benefit to the dyspeptic. There is no method of cooking oatmeal equal to the making of porridge, and when properly prepared it is generally a favorite dish for breakfast. "What makes your oatmeal porridge so good?"



JOHN KILLOCH,
Montville, Me.

THEY SAID I MUST DIE : : :
— BUT —
: : : I AM WELL AND HAPPY.

Mr. KILLOCH says—
"I am 53 years old, and for the last 15 years, have had the worst Blood Disease known to man. To add to my misery, my Bowels became constipated, appetite ceased, and I was so reduced in flesh and strength, I could only walk by the aid of crutches. An Eating Sore started on my side, and in spite of physicians and medicines, increased, until I measured 2 by 3 1/2 inches, lying sections of my ribs bare. Dr. Killoch, advised SKODA'S REMEDY. One course, 6 bottles of the DISCOVERY, OINTMENT and SOAP externally, perfectly healed the sore. I have gained 25 lbs. in flesh, and am a WELL MAN."

I certify to truth of above statement. I knew Killoch's condition before treatment, saw him during treatment, and have seen him since cured.
VOLNEY B. THOMPSON,
Montville, Me. Chm. Selectman.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.