

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1897.

No. 7.

### 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 office, and payment must be made in advance, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

Address all communications to  
**DAVIDSON BROS.,**  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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Office Hours, 8.00 a. m. to 8.30 p. m.

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First class Work Guaranteed.

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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, 1895.

### THE Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED)

From All Points BETWEEN HALIFAX AND YARMOUTH

Greatly Reduced Prices.

Tickets on sale from Sept. 15th to Oct. 15th, good to return thirty days from date of purchase.

Wolfville to Boston and Return, \$8.50.

Steamers of this line leave Yarmouth every

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, P. M.

After arrival of Express and Bloume trains from Halifax. For detailed information and State Room Reservation apply to nearest ticket agent or

W. A. CHASE, Sec.-Treas.  
Yarmouth, Sept. 15th, 1897.

### White is King of All.

White Sewing Machine Co.  
Cleveland, Ohio.  
Thomas Organs  
—FOR SALE BY—  
Howard Pineo,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
N. S. Machine Needles and Oil.  
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

GEO. G. HANDLEY,  
Merchant Tailor,  
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### Wanted.

Men and Women who can work hard talking and writing six hours daily, for six days a week, and will be content with ten dollars weekly. Address

NEW IDEAS CO., Brasford, Ont.

was so littered with papers, many of them still in their wrappers, that on his way between his seat and the door, the reporter kicked over or more into the book. It was in this way, unless an accident happened to be otherwise discernible, that the floor was swept.

In this room were a reference library and an old coat. The library was within reach of the auditor's hand, and contained some 200 books, which the library staff could consult, with the conviction that they would find the page they wanted missing. The coat had hung unbrushed on a nail for many years, and was so thick with dust that John Milton could draw pictures on it with his finger. According to legend, it was the coat of a distinguished novelist, who had once been a reporter on the "Mirror," and had left Silchester unostentatiously by his window.

It was Penny, the foreman in the composing-room, who set the literary staff talking about the new reporter: Penny was a lank, loosely jointed man of forty, who shuffled about the office in slippers, ruled the compositors with a loud voice and a blistering manner, and was believed to be in Mr. Liqueur's confidence. His politics were respect for the House of Lords, because it rose early, enabling him to have it set before supper-time.

The foreman sniggered so quickly from one room to another that he was at the subeditor's elbow before his own door had time to shut. There was some copy in his hand, and he dug it contentedly upon the desk.

"Look here, Mister," he said, flinging the copy upon the subeditor's desk, "I don't want that."

The subeditor was twisted into as little space as possible tearing telegrams open and flinging the envelopes aside with a housewife's steady hand. His name was Protheroe, and the butler he was the more he twisted himself. On Budget nights he was a knot. He did voluntarily so much extra work that Mr. Liqueur often thought he gave him too high wages; and on slack nights he smiled to himself, which showed that something pleased him.

It was rather curious that this something should have been himself.

"But—but," cried Protheroe, all in a flutter, "it's your council meeting; it—it must be set, Mr. Penny."

"Very well, Mister; then that special from Birmingham must be slaughtered."

"No, no, Mr. Penny; why, that's a speech by Bright."

Penny sneered at the subeditor, and flung up his arms to imply that he washed his hands of the whole thing, as he had done every night for the last ten years, when there was a pressure on his space. Protheroe had been there for half of that time, yet he still trembled before the autocrat of the office.

"There's enough copy on the board," said Penny, "to fill the paper. Any more specials coming in?"

He asked this merely, as if of opinion that the subeditor arranged with leading statesmen nightly to flood the composing-room of the "Mirror" with speeches, and Protheroe replied absently, as if he had been caught doing it, "Lord John Manners is speaking to-night at Nottingham."

The foreman dashed his hand upon the desk.

"Go it, Mister, go it," he cried; "anything else? Tell us Gladstone's dead next."

Sometimes about two o'clock in the morning Penny would get sociable, and the subeditor was always glad to respond. On those occasions they talked with bated breath of the amount of copy that would come in should anything happen to Mr. Gladstone, and the subeditor, if he was in a despondent mood, predicted that it would occur at midnight. Thinking of this had made him a Conservative.

"Nothing so bad as that," he said, dwelling on the subject, to show the foreman that they might be worse off; "but there's a column of local coming

### POETRY.

#### Hesperides.

Where night's cool fingers clasp with day  
Thro' misty waves in the West grow  
And the sun's hot horses plunge in the spray  
Beyond the great ocean's utmost rim;  
Far from man's track a dreamland lay—  
These happy islands old birds had sung,  
They knew no winter, no month but May;  
That golden age when the Gods were young!  
And somewhere, lost in the boundless blue,  
There must be—far from the world and wide—  
A land of longings at last come true,  
And sweet things living we thought had died.  
Dead voices call us across the vale,  
Dead lips are smiling we once loved best;  
Beyond the sunset, where no ships sail,  
And the unknown darkness that hides the West.

### SELECT STORY.

#### When a Man's Single.

BY JAMES M. BARRIE.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

During the time the boy took to light Mr. Liqueur's fire, a young man in a heavy overcoat knocked more than once at the door in the alley, and then moved off as if someone had relieved that there was no response. He walked round and round the block of buildings, gazing upward at the windows of the composing-room; and several times he ran against other pedestrians, on whom he turned fiercely, and would then have begged their pardon had he known what to say. Frequently he felt in his pocket to see if his money was still there, and once he went behind a door and counted it. There were three pounds seventeen shillings altogether, and he kept it in a linen bag that had been originally made for carrying worms in when he went fishing. When he re-entered the close he always drew a deep breath, and if any person emerged from the "Mirror" office he looked after them. They were mostly telegraph boys, who flattered out and in.

When Mr. Liqueur dictated an article, as he did frequently, the apprentice reporter went into the editor's room to take it down, and the reporter always asked him, as a favor, to shut George Frederick's door behind him. This apprentice reporter did the police reports and the magazine notices, and he sometimes wondered a good deal whether the older reporters really did like brandy and soda. The reason why John Milton, which was the unfortunate name of this boy, was told to close the editorial door behind him was that it was close to the door of the reporters' room, and generally stood open. The impression the reporters' room made on a chance visitor varied according as Mr. Liqueur's door was ajar or shut. When they heard it looked on the inside, the reporters and the subeditor breathed a sigh of relief, when it opened they took their legs off the desk.

The editor's room had a carpet, and was chiefly furnished with books sent in for review. It was more comfortable, but more gloomy-looking than the reporters' room, which had a long desk running along one side of it, and a bank for holding coals and old newspapers on the other side. The door

that's never been out of his native country.

"He's one of those compositors taken to literature, is he?" asked Umbrage, who by literature meant reporting, pausing in the middle of a sentence he was transcribing from his note-book. "Just as I expected," he added, contentedly.

"No," said the foreman, shewing in the rays of such ignorance: "Mr. George Frederick says he's never been on a newspaper before."

"An outsider!" cried Umbrage, in the voice with which outsiders themselves would speak of reptiles. "They are the ruin of the profession, they are."

"He'll make you all sit up, Mister," said Penny, with a chuckle. "Mr. George Frederick has had his eye on him for a twelvemonth."

"I don't suppose you know how Mr. George Frederick fell in with him?" said the subeditor, basking in Penny's geniality.

"Mr. George Frederick told me everything about him—very thick," said the foreman, proudly. "It was a person that recommended him."

"A person!" ejaculated Umbrage, in such a tone that if you had not caught the word you might have thought he was saying, "an outsider!" again.

"Yes, a person whose sermon this Angus took down in shorthand, I fancy."

"What was he doing taking down a sermon?"

"I suppose he was there to hear it."

"And this is the kind of a man who is taking to literature nowadays!" Umbrage cried.

"Oh, Mr. George Frederick has heard a great deal about him," continued Penny, maliciously, "and expects him to do wonders. He's a self-made man."

"Oh," said Umbrage, who could find nothing to object to in that, having risen from comparative obscurity himself.

"Mr. George Frederick," Penny went on, "offered him a berth here before Billy Tagg was engaged, but he couldn't come."

"I suppose," said Javens, with the sarcasm that made him terrible on Fridays, "the 'Times' offered him something better, or was it the 'Spectator' that wanted an editor?"

"No, it was family matters. His mother or his sister, or—let me see, it was his sister's child—was dependent on him, and could not be left. Something happened to her, though. She's dead, I think, so he's a free man now."

"Yes, it was his sister's child, and she was found dead," said the subeditor, "on a mountain-side, curiously enough, with George Frederick's letter in her hand offering Angus the appointment."

Protheroe was foolish to admit that he knew this, for it was news to the foreman, but it tries a man severely to have to listen to news that he could tell better himself. One immediate result of the subeditor's rashness was that Bob Angus sunk several stages in Penny's estimation.

"I dare say he'll turn out a muff," he said, and flung out of the room, with another intimation that the copy must be set down.

The evening went on. Protheroe had half a dozen things to do at once, and did them.

Telegraph boys were dropping the beginning of Lord John Manners' speech through a grating on to the subeditorial desk long before he had reached the end of it at Nottingham.

The subeditor had to revise this as it arrived in flimsy, and write a summary of it at the same time. His summary was set before all the speech had reached the office, which may seem strange. But when Penny cried aloud for summary, so that he might get that column off his hands, Protheroe made guesses at many things, and, risking, "the right hon. gentleman concluded his speech, which was attentively listened to with some further references to current topics," flung Lord John to the boy, who rushed with him to Penny, from whose hand he was snatched by a compositor. Fifteen minutes afterwards Lord John concluded his speech at Nottingham.

About half-past nine Protheroe seized his hat and rushed home for

### Two Agonizing Diseases.

#### Quickly Banished by Paine's Celery Compound.

Two Thankful Letters that Should Be Read by Suffering Men and Women.

For the effectual banishment of rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia, Paine's Celery Compound is without doubt the best medicine that human science has produced. This marvellous remedy, devised by Professor Edward Phelps, M. D., one of the ablest physicians that ever lived, has won the hearty praise of millions of people for the wondrous cures it has wrought in all lands. It is only a medicine with such a record of cures that can attain a world-wide reputation. It has saved men, women and children, many of whom have been given up by the doctors. It does its work quickly and well; it eradicates every trace of disease; it builds up, fortifies and makes active every mortal whose limbs have been crippled and deformed by rheumatism, and drives away the terrors of neuralgia.

To-day the ablest doctors are freely prescribing Paine's Celery Compound for tortured rheumatic and neuralgic people. The thankful letters received each year from the cured in every section of Canada would, if published in book form, make a larger and interesting volume.

The following letters will surely inspire all rheumatic and neuralgic sufferers with a new and lively hope of a better and happier life. Mrs. P. McManis, of Thorold, Ont., says:

"I think it my duty to let you know what Paine's Celery Compound has done for my husband. For two years he suffered very much with rheumatism in the back, and became so bad that he could not bend, stoop, or sit in a chair at table, and I was obliged to take his meals to him while he lay in bed. He was treated by various physicians, but received no benefit until he used Paine's Celery Compound. The first bottle gave him relief, and after he had used six bottles he was quite free from the rheumatism. He was troubled with piles for fourteen years, and found great relief from the Compound. He says he feels like a new man just now. We think there is no medicine like Paine's Celery Compound."

Mrs. A. Ashwood, of Montreal, says:

"Two years ago I suffered intensely from neuralgia in the head, face and shoulders. I was in a terrible condition, and often so tormented that I could not rest or sleep. I became very weak and feeble, had giddy and faint spells, and often could not attempt to go out on the street. My appetite became poor and digestion very weak. At night, while in bed, I often had oppressed and smothering feelings; my whole nervous system was run down and very weak."

"I had been under the care of a medical man and used various medicines, but no relief came to me from these sources. I fortunately heard of your Paine's Celery Compound; I decided to give it a trial, and I bless the day I commenced with it. I used it for several months, and my pains have been banished, I sleep and eat well, and find myself a new woman. I heartily recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who are in need of an honest and true curing medicine."

### Windsor Salt

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.

supper. In the passage he nearly knocked himself over by running against the young man in the big top-coat, Umbrage went out to see if he could gather any information about a prize-fight. John Milton came in with a notice of a concert, which he stuck conspicuously on the chief reporter's file. When the chief reporter came in he glanced through it and made a few alterations, changing "Mr. Joseph Grimes sang out of tune," for instance, to "Mr. Grimes, the favorite vocalist, was in excellent voice." The concert was not quite over yet, either; they seldom waited for the end of anything on the "Mirror."

When Umbrage returned, Billy Kirker, the chief reporter, was denouncing John Milton for not being able to tell him how to spell "deceive."

"What is the use of you," he asked, indignantly, "if you can't do a simple thing like that?"

"Say that," suggested Umbrage.

So Kirker wrote "cheat." Though he was the chief of the "Mirror's" reporting department, he had only Umbrage and John Milton at present under him.

As Kirker sat in the reporters' room looking over his diary, with a cigarette in his mouth, he was an advertisement for the "Mirror," and if he paid for his velvet coat out of his salary, the paper was in a healthy financial condition. He was tall, twenty-two years of age, and extremely slight. His manner was languid, though his language was sometimes forcible; but those who knew him did not think him mild. This evening his fingers looked bare without the diamond ring that sometimes adorned them. This ring, it was noticed, generally disappeared about the middle of the month, and his scarf-pin followed by the twenty-first. With the beginning of the month they reappeared together. The literary staff was paid monthly.

Mr. Liqueur looked in at the door of the reporters' room to ask pleasantly if they would not like a fire. Had Protheroe been there he would have said "No"; but Billy Kirker said "Yes." Mr. Liqueur had thought that Protheroe was there.

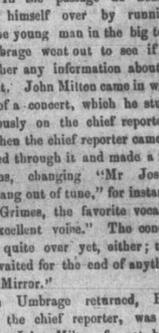
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Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.



Fifty Years Ago.

This is the way it was bound to look when grandfather had his "pictor took." These were the shadows cast before the coming of Conjuror Daguerr. And his art, like a girl in a plattersome day to bloom in a goddess fair. Men certainly were not as black, we know as they pictured them, 50 years ago.

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla

began to make new men, just as the new pictures of men began to be made. Thousands of people fronted the camera with skins made clean from blotch and blemish, because they had purified the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is as powerful now as then. Its record proves it. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record.

50 Years of Cures.