

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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Wolffville, N. S.

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For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the
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Palpitation OF THE Heart, Nervous Exhaustion AND Stomach Trouble.

My daughter, Mrs. Marx, has been suffering from the above diseases for years, and employed all the best Physicians in Rockland and specialists in Boston, but got no relief. They said it was caused by a bad state of the blood. She could not sleep nights; bowels constipated, and palpitation of the heart so bad she could hardly walk. She has taken 4 bottles of **Skoda's Discovery,** and now she can work every day, eat well and sleep soundly. I can never express my gratitude.
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WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

DIRECTORY.

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For Service.

The thoroughbred Jersey Bull, "Leather," No. 257, will be at the stable of Ambrose Brown, Wolffville, until further notice.

Grand Prix, Dec. 8, 1893.

RHEUMATISM

WHEN THE D.E.L. MENTHOL PLASTER IS USED

POETRY.

Close the Door.

Now close the book and lay it away—
The Old Year's Book; we've read it through;
Lest after last and by and by
We have turned the pages, both I and you.

What it has told us full well we know;
Each for himself the story has read;
A bitter tragedy, full of woe—
Alas! they have found it who meant
Their hand.

And some have read of trial and pain,
Of weary burdens, so hard to bear,
Of bright hopes crushed, again and again,
Turning its pages in blank despair.

"A pleasant story," others may say,
Telling us more of joy than pain;
Almost sadly we lay it away,
Would we might read it again!"

And some have read it with love's own eyes,
By the light that love alone can give,
While the pages glowed with love's surprises,
And life were joy, and 'twere joy to live.

But close the book, the story is old;
Lay it away with a smile or a tear;
Written in black, or written in gold,
We open the book of another year.

"He Knows."

I see not a step before me
As I tread on this year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future his mercy will clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

It may be the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think—
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink.
But if March must be March,
He will stand upon the brink.

It may be that he is keeping
For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blossoms,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips will only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh, happy, blissful ignorance!
'Tis better not to know,
It keeps me still in the gentle arm
That will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the breast that loves me so.

SELECT STORY.

CONVINCED.

Peter Carver pushed his chair back from the table, and surveyed the faded little face on the opposite side of the tea-tray.

Faded enough now, though she was barely 27. You would hardly have believed how fresh and pretty Carry Carver had been on her wedding day. Her husband saw the change, but somehow he supposed that all women faded just so.

"There is so much to do, Peter, and the children demand so much of my time," pleaded the weak wife.

"If I were manager in this household things would happen very differently." "I have no doubt of it," said Carry quietly.

"There is no earthly reason," went on Mr. Carver, ignoring the sarcastic meaning of her tone, "why the work shouldn't be done, and you dressed and enjoying yourself, cultivating your mind or something at 11 o'clock every morning that you live. Wishing up a few dishes, sweeping a room or two—what does it all amount to?—Why, my dear, don't you see the folly of asking for a servant to help you do nothing at all?"

The morning sunshine crept down the pale green wall paper, sprinkling drops of gold on the few little green plants that Peter called a waste of time, and lay in soon splendors on the carpet, and still Carry Carver stood there, thinking—thinking.

"Carry! Aren't you going to get up this morning? It is half past seven, and—"

"I cannot, Peter," groaned Carry, turning her face away from the light. "I am suffering dreadful pains in the foot. I appeared last night."

"Well, what shall I do?"

"You must just take charge of the housekeeping yourself, Peter," said Carry, hiding a smile in the folds of her pillow. "It's only for a day or two and I don't know why help you can obtain. It won't be much you know."

"That's true," said Peter, somewhat encouraged.

"Please darken the room, and keep the children away, and don't speak to me if you can help it. Where go?"

A racking headache on the head almost almost drove him wild.

Peter shut the door with distasteful caution and went down stairs on creaking tiptoes. As he passed the nursery door a duct of saliva oozed on his ears:

"Papa, papa, we're not dressed." "Dress yourself then can't you," said Mr. Carver.

"Pet is too little to dress herself," said Tommy loudly, "and mamma always dresses me."

"Where are your shoes?"

"I don't know said Tommy, with his finger in his mouth.

"I know," said Pet, spily revenging herself for the big set diminutive proportions, "Tommy dropped them out of the window."

Crash! went a fancy bottle of cologne off the table, as Tommy groped for his garters. Bang! fell Mrs. Carver's reading desk to the floor, bursting off the frail hinges and scattering pens, envelopes and postage stamps far and wide.

Mr. Peter Carver was an affectionate father in a general way, but human nature could not have endured this. And he bundled the two little creatures miscellaneous into whatever articles came uppermost, sending off strings and fracturing buttons in frantic desperation.

The fire obstinately declined to burn, although Mr. Carver opened the oven doors alternately and drew out all the dampers he could spy.

"Confound the fire!" said Mr. Carver, mopping his wet forehead with the stove cloth; "it won't go. I'll have a blaze of kindling and try the breakfast on that."

He seized the ham and carved several thick slices, which he transferred deftly to a gridiron, and then, slated with his success, broke several eggs over the ham.

"Bless me, how they run!" he ejaculated, rather puzzled. "But I know I'm right. I wonder why this coffee isn't boiling; I'll stick in a few more kindlings—that's the idea. There are the children crying—hungry, I suppose. I do believe they do nothing but eat and cry," Mr. Carver rushed to attend to the pre-emptory summons of the milkman.

And then he sat down, tired and spirited, to a repast of half-cooked meat and liquid mud, by courtesy termed coffee.

He looked despairingly around at the chaos that reigned in the kitchen. "Nine o'clock, as I live—and nothing done. Well, I see very plainly there's no office for me to-day. Now, then, what's wanting?"

"The clothes for the wash, please, sir!" said a little girl, courtiering humbly at the door.

"Upstairs and downstairs" went Peter Carver, laying hands on what ever he considered proper for the wash-tray, rummaging in bureau drawers, upheaving the contents of trunks and turning wardrobes inside out for a mortal hour before he had completed the requisite search.

The kitchen was empty when he returned.

"Where are the children?" was his first alarmed thought, expressing itself unconsciously in words.

"I saw 'em go out of the door, please, sir," said the washerwoman's little girl. The July sun was beginning to glow intensely in the heavens. The pavements reflected the ardent shine with tenfold heat, and poor Peter Carver was nearly melted ere he espied his hopeful son and heir, with Pet following.

Neither of these would walk—a feat, the little widdlers were far too weary. So Mr. Carver pointed one on each arm and carried them, happy and unconscious, through the streets.

"I'll have a nurse for you, my young friends, before the world is a day older," he said, gridding his teeth with impatient wrath, as he suppressed Pet and Tommy on his feet and went wearily to his household duties.

"How are you son, Carry?" he said about an hour afterward, throwing himself into a chair by her bedside and fanning himself with the newspaper he had laid there that morning.

"About the same, dear. How long the housekeeping got along?"

"It doesn't get along at all!"

"Is dinner ready?"

"Dinner?" echoed Peter, in a sort of dismayed tone; "why, I haven't got through with breakfast yet!"

"But it is 12 o'clock."

"I don't care if it is 26 o'clock—my own don't do very things at odd!"

"Where are the children?" asked

his wife.

"In bed. They were too much for me so I undressed 'em and put 'em to bed to get them out of the way."

"Poor things," said Carry.

"Poor me, I should think," said Carry lately. I had quite enough to do without 'em. I've broken the plates and melted off the nose of the teapot and lost my diamond ring in the wash-basin, and cut my fingers with the carving knife."

"Have you looked after the pickles and baked fresh pies?"

"No!"

"Nor blackened the range, nor cleaned the kettles, nor scrubbed the kitchen floor?"

"No."

"Nor made the beds, nor swept the chamber, nor dusted the parlour, nor polished the windows, nor heard the children's lessons, nor taken care of the canary birds, nor—"

"Stop—stop!" ejaculated Mr. Peter Carver, staring wildly at his hair. "You don't mean to say that you do all these things every day?"

"I do, not certainly—and long before 12 o'clock. And yet you wonder that I am not dressed and cultivating my mind before 11 o'clock."

"My dear Carry," said Peter, patiently, "I have been a brute. I'll have a cook and a nurse and a chambermaid here just as soon as I can possibly obtain them—you shall be a drudge no longer!"

A few minutes afterwards the unfinished work was screeching his whistles over a grillion covered with hissing mutton chops, which would alarm him by ceaselessly blowing up in his face without the least perceptible symptom, when a light step crossed the kitchen floor and a little hand held the handle of the addition from his arm.

"Carry!"

"I release you from duty," smiled the wife. "My ankle is better now."

"I say, Carry!"

"Well?"

"Tell the truth, now—can't that ankle business be exaggerated?"

An Awful Moment.

Said an old railroad passenger agent: "I know what it is to live a year in two seconds. When I was a mere boy, ready for railroading, I went out as a freight brakeman. One day our train was on a siding waiting for an express to go by. I went ahead to the switch. Now, I wasn't thinking of switches, trains or anything in the world except a certain person whom I was capoeating to meet at the other end of the run. I went to the switch whistling and thinking of the something else. I unlatched the switch, threw it open, turned my back to it and watched the express train grow larger as it swung down the long grade towards me. I saw it, but I wasn't thinking of it until it was almost upon me. I seized the emergency jump from his place in the window. The whistle for brakes helped to arrest me. I tripped to the switch, and then it dawned upon me that the switch was open and that the express train was headed for the siding."

"I jumped against the spring and the train went by on the main track."

"The engineer's face was white through the seat dust. I had no time to look the engine. I simply ran against it until the last car had passed and then I dropped in a faint."

"That engineer knew me and never reported it. He had, I wouldn't have been in the railroad business today."

"Since then I have never play and sympathy for that who could what seem to be criminal behavior. You can't tell why they do certain things as the wrong times. They can't tell themselves."

One Little Foot Case

Deep feeling is too common a name for a real suffering that it is necessary to really the right way. When any plant is tree or any weed a post, says the *Maximilian's* *Stoughton*. There are of two kinds—the young and tender roots, composed entirely of cells, the fibers of the tree always found near the surface getting air and moisture, and roots of over one year old, which serve only as supporters of the tree and a mainstay of its feet. Hence the injury that causes which the delicate rootlets are so easily severed

in earth. Planting fresh or green manure in contact with the young roots is another great error. The plan to put manure is on the surface, where the elements disintegrate, dissolve and carry it downward. Numerous forms of fungi are generated and reproduced by the applications of such manures to the roots and they directly attack the trees. It is very well to enrich the soil at transplanting the trees, but the manure, if to be in contact with or very near the roots, should be thoroughly decomposed.

Woman and Poverty.

It is hard to the woman of small means and luxurious tastes to keep within her income and abreast with the times, but a little sound sense, in the way of finding out short cuts to economy will work wonders.

The woman who has learned to make a good appearance upon next to nothing becomes an object of envy to her less fortunate sisters. It is largely a question of investigation, of watching sales, of shopping properly, of making \$1 buy \$1 worth of goods. And only that severe teacher—experience—will teach all this. A woman can be dignified even if she is poor, nor should she feel that because poverty has flung its somber cloak about her she should draw in folds still closer and hide herself from the pure sunshine of her door or the kindly friendship of her friends.

Too many women are inclined, when poor, to withdraw into a shell, small parlour, and become crabbed and peevish spoiled. Poverty is not the greatest of crimes, as many suppose. There are lots of things worse than that, and wealth is not the alpha and omega of happiness.

The woman of the nation will accept this fact cheerfully, and by her example help many a distressed woman to look on the bright side of life, to look her finances squarely in the face and avoid laying out her money in unnecessary expenditure. By a bit of forethought a small sum of money can work wonders, as the active, sane, unstarved woman who has learned it all well knows.

Winter Stockings.

Fathers should remember at this season, when the ground is full of dampness, that children should be warmly and strongly clothed about the feet. It is a great mistake to rely too much upon rubbers. Children who never wear rubbers are probably healthier for it. The heavy cowkin shoes, well blackened so that they are impervious to water, though they are clumsy, are undoubtedly more protection to the feet than the more stylish shoes which are usually made by machines and have to be worn with India rubbers.

But, whatever the case may be, warm wicker stockings should be put on children's feet before the winter begins when the damp "wind" month sets in. The heavy knit stockings, such as our grandmothers used to knit, were undoubtedly the most wholesome stockings children in the country could wear. But if those can't be had, cashmere stockings of pure wool may be found in the shops. It is true that they may be more expensive than cotton stockings, but it is better to buy them than to pay a large sum on a doctor's bill.

Never Soiled His Lips.

We could not help overhearing an elderly gentleman conversing with half a dozen young college boys the other day. He told them that never in all his life had he soiled his lips with a profane or an obscene word, or a drop of strong drink. He made the assertion with an emblematic of conceit, but with the ring of gratitude in his voice. Was God had kept these; if not other, status from marring his character. A kind of pig, or a giddy-goody, milk-and-water get-along, do you follow who are just blossoming into manhood, call him? Ah! but you should have seen his great ear-drops, his dignified, yet modicum of being, his pure face, and most of all the arcing and smiling glasses with which the boys regarded him. Perhaps some of them prayed that night more earnestly than ever, for clean lips, and a pure heart.

Proctor: "Well, it's only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." Lemons: "Ah, if it were but a step back again!"

Cold Storage.

One important point has been settled by the experience of exhibitors of apples at the Columbian exposition, that deserves attention. Cold storage has been a success in the preservation of apples in prime condition from picking season until July. All of the apples were held in cold storage. The method of packing adopted by substantially all the exhibitors was the same. When the fruit was picked from the trees in the fall each was immediately wrapped in a piece of this paper, and then packed in barrels with loose cooperage, such as flour barrels, and then shipped by rail to Chicago, where they were stored in cold rooms, and held until their removal in May and June, at a temperature of 33 F. They would, no doubt, have withstood 32 degrees without freezing; but 33 degrees has been found satisfactory in every way. There was no attempt to ventilate the fruit. All the apples so packed and stored, whether they came from New York, Illinois, Minnesota, Michigan, or Wisconsin, came out in prime condition, sweet in color, sound, and fully as rich in flavor as they were in the fall. This was accomplished by a use of Poured Suet, Pall-Pippins, and other varieties of fall apples which are claimed as pure keeps and are usually gone before Christmas. In a few instances the skin showed, in May and June, a slight scald, but the pulp below was perfectly sound under the scald, and when the breaking down came, two to three, or even four weeks later, the signs of rotting was likely to appear under the bright skin as under the scald.

In the New York exhibit of apples were one lot of Nollis, and one of Fall Pippins, which were treated, in picking and packing, the same as the other fruit, but were by accident of the weather, frozen solid in cold storage houses in Rochester, where they were temporarily stored. Yet when these were carefully thawed out, by a slow elevation of the temperature, to above freezing, they were shipped to Chicago and held, like the rest, at 33 degrees until April or May, when they were put on the exhibition place. When I saw this fruit, May 24th, it was perfectly sound and good, though an excellent could detect a slight depression in the richness of flavor, due no doubt to the freezing. All of the fruit shown by the states named kept in good condition from year to year, and some even four weeks, on the exhibition place before it began to break down, showing conclusively that the system of cold storage is simply able to carry over apples from one season to the opening of the next, and take over the fruit in condition to market as early as warm weather of the early summer.

Canadian apples, simply picked and packed, were committed to a different cold storage, their warrens saturated, and holes cut in the barrels for ventilation; temperature fluctuated from thirty-three to forty-three degrees. Most of this lot was ruined, and but few of the barrels would stand up on exhibition more than a week or two days. The lesson of this experience is to those of American Agriculture.

Formation of Blisters

The largest spotted bell model of which an exact record (two enclosed) were two and a half inches in diameter, but there some disk shaped. Blisters are as much as three and a half in their greatest diameter. The formation of such great blisters is accomplished by a strong ascending current, which supplies the moisture necessary for the abundant condensation, and at the same time supports the weight of forming halloes, carrying up the smaller ones to regions of low temperature where, presently, falling outside the limit of the strongest upward, the larger ones descend into rain clouds, possible to be sucked again into the ascending column again and again by powerful horizontal rushing currents at lower levels, and thus cooled alternately with snow and rain, the little freezing to clear ice at each ascent to the cold upper air.

Great Britain has eight weeks of blisters.

Compressed air is to prevent Fall rains.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY.

The great Great and Grove Pharmacy.