

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

No. 4.

Vol. XVII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1897.

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 ar-
rangement for extended notices.

Not for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment on immediate after-
noon, although the same may be written
over a letter-box signature.

The Acadian Job Department is con-
stantly 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 copy un-
less it be a letter-box signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 9:00 A. M. to 5:30 P. M.

Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:15
A. M.

Express west close at 9:00 A. M.

Express east close at 3:05 P. M.

Kentville close at 7:05 P. M.

GEO. Y. HARRIS, 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. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Trotter.

Factor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11
A. M. and 7 P. M.; Sunday School at 10:30 P. M.

Half hour prayer-meeting after evening
services every Sunday, 8 P. M.

Young people's meeting on Tuesday evening
at 7:30 o'clock and regular church
prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at
7:30 o'clock.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
meets on Wednesday after the first meet-
ing in the first Sunday in the month at
8:30 P. M.

GEO. W. HARRIS, { Deacons
& P. W. BARRIS }

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Joseph
Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

Prayer Meeting at 7:30 o'clock. All the
services are free and strangers welcome at
all the services.—At Wolfville, preaching
at 3 P. M. on Thursday evening, and prayer
meeting at 7:30 P. M. on Wednesday.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Holy Communion
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

St. FRANCIS (R.O.)—Sabbath day
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M.,
meets at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 7 o'clock P. M.
F. A. DIXON, Secretary.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, 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.

Foresters.

Court Blomfield, I. O. F., meets in
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Are already in full swing with fall orders.
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Imported and Domestic Cloths,
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Combining to make us the most popular
Custom Tailors of Kings County.

SEE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

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NOBLE CRANDALL,
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Dwelling containing nine rooms, besides bath-room and kitchen, with hot and cold water, and all modern improvements; good outbuildings; three acres of land with apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, small fruits. Conveniently situated near schools, churches, post office, etc. Part of purchase money may remain on mortgage if desired. For further particulars apply to

MRS. H. D. HARRIS.

Wah Hop, CHINESE LAUNDRY,

Wolfville, N. S.,
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There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat store at

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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.

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Greatly Reduced Prices.

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Steamers of this line leave Yarmouth every

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After arrival of Express and Bluenose trains from Halifax. For details, formation and State Room Reservation apply to nearest ticket agent or

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

FARM FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale the farm on which he resides at Wallbrook, containing 200 acres of upland and 20 acres of dune. Has an orchard which has borne 600 barrels of apples, and a young one just coming into bearing, besides peaches, plums, and pears.

Apply to
CHAS. PAINE,
Wallbrook, Sept. 20th, 1897.

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt

stockings on fallen tombstones, and the men to do so peacefully from grave to grave reading the inscriptions. All the men were well up in years, for though, with the Auld Liebs, the Sabbath began to come on at six o'clock Saturday evening, the young men were now washing themselves cautiously in the bushes before going into the square to talk about women.

The clatter of more than one foot could still be heard by Davy had not her care been so accustomed to the sound to notice it. In the adjoining house Bell Meakmer was peeping her newly washed floor with sand, while her lodger, Henry Robb, with a rusty razor in his hand, looked for his chin in a tiny glass that was peeling on the wall. Jimmy Toob had got her husband, Andra Lunan, who always spoke of her as She, ready, so to speak, eighteen hours too soon, and Andra sat stiffly at the fire, putting his feet on the ribs every minute, to draw them back with a seared look at her as he remembered that he had on his black. In a bad box beneath the bed was his silk hat, that had been knocked down to him at Jamie Ramsay's rump, and Jimmy had already put his red handkerchief, which was also a pictorial history of Scotland, into a pocket of his coat tails, with a corner of it hanging gracefully out. Her puckered lips signified that however much her man had desired to do so, he was not to carry his handkerchief to church in his hat, where no one could see it. On working-days Andra held his own, but at six o'clock Saturday night he passed into the hands.

Across the wind, in which a few were wandering, Pete Todd was sweeping in his shirt-sleeves. His blacked and Pete, glancing at them at intervals, sipped as slowly as he could. In one hand he held a saucer, and in the other a chunk of bread, and they ed arms could put them. His chair was a yard from the table, on which, by carefully balancing, he rested a shoeless foot, and his face was twisted to the side. Every time Esau Whamond, his wife, passed him she took the saucer from his hand, remarking that when a gentler man sat down to tea he did not turn his back to the table. Pete took this stolidly, like one who had long given up trying to understand the tantrums of women, and who felt that, as a lord of creation, he could afford to let it pass.

Davy sat on her three-legged stool keeping watch over her uncle Robb the saw miller's letter, and looking for him to come. She screwed up her eyebrows as she had seen Robb do when he read a letter, and she felt that it would be nice if everyone would come and see her taking care of it. After a time she climbed up on her stool and stretched her dimpled arms toward the mantel-piece. From a string suspended across this, socks and stockings were drying at the fire, and clutching one of them, Davy drew herself nearer. With a chuckle, quickly suppressed, lest it should bring in Kittle Wilkie, who ought to have been watching her instead of wandering down the wind to see who was to walk salt fish for supper, the child clutched the letter triumphantly, and toddling to the door, slipped out of the house.

For a moment Davy faltered at the mouth of the wind, there was no one there to whom she could show the letter. A bright thought entered her head, and immediately a dimple opened on her face and swallowed all the puckers. Robb had gone to the Whinn, my nair for wood, and she would take the letter to him. Then when Robb saw her he would look all around him, and if there was no one there to take note he would lift her to his shoulder, when they could read the letter together.

Davy ran out of the wind into the square, thinking she heard Kittle's Sabbath voice, which reminded the child of the little squeaking saw that Robb used for salt wood. On work-days Kittle's voice was the big saw, that pulled

ed and rasped and Mag Wilkie shivered at it. Except to her husband Mag spoke with her teeth closed, so politely that no one knew what she said.

Davy stumbled up the steep broad down which men are blown in winter to their work, until she reached the rim of the hollow in which Thrums lies. Here the road stops short, as if frightened to cross the common of white that bars the way to the north. On this common there are many cart-tracks over bumpy sward and slippery roots, that might be the ribs of the earth showing, and Davy with a dazed look in her eyes, ran down one of them, the whinn catching her frock to stop her, and then letting go, as if, after all, one child more or less in the world was nothing to them.

By-and-by she found herself on another road, along which Robb had trudged earlier in the day with a saw on his shoulder; but he had gone east, and the child's face was turned westward. It is a muddy road even in summer, and those who use it frequently get into the habit of lifting their legs high as they walk, like men picking their way through beds of rotting leaves. The light had faded from her baby face now, but her mouth was firmly set, and her bewildered eyes were fixed straight ahead.

The last person to see Davy was Tammam Haggart, who, with his waistcoat buttoned over his jacket, and garters of yarn round his trousers, was slowly breaking stones, though the road swallowed them quicker than he could feed it. Tammam heard the child approaching, for his hearing had become very acute, owing to his practice when at home of listening through the floor to what the folks below were saying, and of sometimes joining in. He leaned on his hammer and watched her trot past.

The strength went gradually from his hammer he removed his spectacles and wiped them on his waistcoat. He took a comprehensive glance around at the fields, as if he now had an opportunity of seeing them for the first time during his sixty years pilgrimage in these parts, and his eyes wandered stily from the sombre firs and laughing beeches to the white frows that dot the strath. In the foreground two lay coils surveyed him critically across a dike. To the north the frowning Whunny hill had a white scarf round its neck.

Something troubled Tammam. It was a vision of a child in a dragged pinafore; and stepping into the middle of the road, he looked down in the direction in which Davy had passed.

"Christy Angus's lassie," he murmured.

Tammam sat down cautiously on the dike and untied the red handkerchief that contained the remnants of his dinner. When he had smacked his lips over his fagot of cold kail, and seen the last of his crumbling oatmeal and cheese, he unassisted returned, and he again looked down the road.

"I mean turo the bairn," was his reflection.

It was now, however, half an hour since Davy had passed Tammam Haggart's cairn.

To Haggart, pondering between the strokes of his hammer, came a mole-catcher, who climbed the dike and sat down beside him.

"Ay, ay," said the new-comer, "by which Tammam replied, absently, "Jamie."

"Has ye seen Davy Dundas?" the stone-breaker asked after a pause, that followed this conversation.

The mole-catcher stared heavily at his counterpart.

"I mean ken him," he said at last, "but I have seen nobody this twa coors."

"It's no' a him, it's a her. Ye cannae have been a winter here without kennin' Rob Angus."

"Ay, the saw-miller. He was in the wud the day. I saw his cart gae hame. Ou, in coorse I ken Rob. He's an amasin' crittur."

Tammam broke another stone as if it were a nut.

"I dinnae deny," he said, "but what Rob is a curiosity. So was his father afore 'im."

"I've heard auld Rob was a queer body," said Jamie, adding, incredulously, "they say he shav'd twice! the week an' wore a clean dicky like day."

"No' what ye would say like day, but oftener than was called for. Rob was naturally ostentatious; na it was the wife 'at insist on't. Nanny was a terribly tid for cleanliness. Ay, an' it's a guid thing in moderation, but she overdid it; ye, she overdid it. Man, he had sic a hand on her 'at even at her death-bed they had to bring a basin to her to wash her hands in."

"Ay, ay? When there was sic a pride in her I wonder she didna let young Rob to the college, and him see ken on't."

"Ou, he was gae, but ye see auld Rob got gortle after Nanny's death, an' sic young Rob stuck to the sawmill. It's curious how a body misses his wife when she's gone. Ay, it's like the 'weel, Rob's no' gotten to the college hanna made him humble."

"Ye dinnae like Rob?"

"Hoo did ye find that out?" asked Jamie, a little taken aback. "Man, Tammam," he added admiringly, "ye're mighty quick if the uptak."

Tammam hauded his snuff-mull to the mole-catcher and then helped himself.

"I daur say, I daur say," he said, thoughtfully.

"I've naething to say sgin the saw-miller," continued Jamie, after thinking it out, but there's something in the face 'at's no' soicable. He looks as if he was takkin' ye off 'is inside."

"Ay, auld Rob was a sarcostic stool too. It ain't 'is blood."

"I prefer a mair common kind o' man, bein' o' the common kind myself."

"Ay, there's naething sarcostic about you, Jamie," admitted the stone-breaker.

"I'm ord'na' man, Tammam."

"Ye are, Jamie, ye are."

"Maybe no' sic common ord'na', either."

"Middlin' ord'na', middlin' ord'na'."

"I'm thinkin' ye're braw an' sarcostic yersel', Tammam?"

"I'd say that r potation, James. Am no' an every-day sarcostic, but juist noos an' nans. There was na time I was speakin' 'ae Esau Webster, an' I said a terrible sarcostic thing. Ay, dinna mind what it was, but it was mighty sarcostic."

"It's a gift," said the mole-catcher.

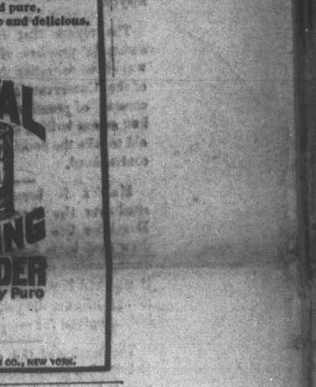
"A gift it is," said Tammam.

The stone-breaker took his fagot to a spring near at hand and rinsed it out. Several times while pulling it up and down the little pool an uneasy expression crossed his face as he remembered something about a child, but in washing his hands, using sand for soap, Davy slipped his memory, and he returned cheerfully to the cairn. Here Tammam was wagging his head from side to side like a man who had caught himself thinking.

"I'll warrant, Tammam," he said, "ye cudna tell what set on to speak about Rob Angus?"

"Na, it's a thinn' as has often puzzled me hoo we select was topic mair than another. I suppose it's like shootin'; ye juist blaze away at the first bird 'at rises."

"Ye was sayin' had I seen a lass wi' a lad's name. That began it, I'm



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

thinkin'."

"A lass wi' a lad's name? Ay, noo, that's uncommon. But maybe ye mean Davy Dundas?"

"That's the name."

Tammam paused in the act of buttoning his trousers-pocket.

"Did ye say ye'd seen Davy?" he asked.

"Na, it was you as said 'at ye had seen her."

"Ay, ay, Jamie, ye're richt. Man, I fully want to turn the bairn, but she ran by at sic a steek 'at there was nae stoppin' her. Rob'll make an awfu' ring-ding if anything comes over Davy."

"Let the liltin' 'at aye wi' Rob?"

"Ay, it's Christy Angus's bairn, her 'at was Rob's sister. A' her folk's didd but Rob."

"I've seen them! the saw-mill the gither. It didna strike me 'at Rob cared unkle for the crittur."

"Ou, Rob's a reserved stool, but he's mighty fond o' her when nobody's lookin'. It deenna do, ye ken, to lat on afore company 'at ye've a kind o' regard for yer ain faw. Na it's lowerin'. But if it wasna afore your time, ye'd seen the cradle 'at the saw-mill."

"I never saw ony cradle, Tammam."

TO BE CONTINUED.

It is hard to get the soil too rich or too full of vegetable matter for the best production of vegetables. With fruits the case is different. To secure the best results on this land orchards must be fertilized, but it must be done with care and judgment, as explained in *The Farmer's Review*. Excessive applications of stable manure or other nitrogenous fertilizer should always be avoided, especially after trees reach bearing age. Such applications induce a rank, sappy growth that makes pear trees much more liable to blight and will surely cause destructive rotting of the wood. With apples there is less danger, and they may safely be fertilized quite heavily. Excessive wood growth is, however, never desirable in a bearing orchard of any kind. The trees given such treatment as will give a crop of well developed fruit at the same time a moderate growth of well matured wood. The leaves should always be of a dark, rich green, for pinched, yellow foliage indicates starvation.



Fifty Years Ago.

Who could imagine that this should be the place where, in eighteen ninety-three that white world-wide of arch and dome should shadow the nation, polychrome... here at the Fair was the prize conferred on Ayer's Pills, by the world preferred. Chicago-like, they a record show, since they started—50 years ago.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

have, from the time of their preparation, been a continuous success with the public. And that means that Ayer's Pills accomplish what is promised for them; they cure without other rail. It was fitting, therefore, that the world-wide popularity of these pills should be recognized by the World's Fair medal of 1893—a fact which emphasizes the record!

50 Years of Cures.