

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

No. 36.

Vol. XVII.

### 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.

It is an STYLISH assortment of  
Goods as can be shown in the  
PROVINCE.

After one of the best  
Winter's trade in our  
experience we are able  
to offer these goods at  
prices that are bound to  
sell them.

NOW IS THE TIME!  
to get your Spring Suit or Overcoat.  
You could shut your eyes and select from  
our Stock and run no chance of getting a  
poor suit. They are all good.

Laundry Agency in  
connection.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,  
Noble Crandall,  
MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 36.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Express Home, 8.00 a. m. to 8.30 p. m.

Express made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.15

a. m.

Express west close at 10.00 a. m.

Express east close at 4.00 p. m.

Keystone close at 6.40 p. m.

Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed

on Saturdays at 1 p. m.

G. W. Munro, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh B.

Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday,

preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.; Sun-

day School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. Service

of song and prayer-meeting, 5.30 to 7.30

p. m. Sacred Literature Class on Tuesday

evening and Church prayer-meeting on

Thursday evening at 7.30. Women's Mis-

sionary 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. Visitors at the

doors to welcome strangers.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Sunday

School at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion

at 11 a. m. and 1 p. m.; 2d, 4th and 6th at

8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30

p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Stora, Wardens.

S. J. Rutherford, Secretary.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services

at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion

at 11 a. m. and 1 p. m.; 2d, 4th and 6th at

8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30

p. m.

REV. FRANCIS (R.O.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,

P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the fourth 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 7.30 o'clock p. m.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8. of T. meets

every Monday evening in their Hall

at 8.00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the

Temperance Hall every Friday after-

noon at 3.30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in

Temperance Hall on the first and third

Thursdays of each month at 7.30 p. m.

LONDON PEN & PENCIL STAMP.

This stamp, your own name, 10¢

### SOME OF OUR SPRING GOODS! HAVE ARRIVED, AND MORE TO COME!

It is an STYLISH assortment of  
Goods as can be shown in the  
PROVINCE.

After one of the best  
Winter's trade in our  
experience we are able  
to offer these goods at  
prices that are bound to  
sell them.

NOW IS THE TIME!  
to get your Spring Suit or Overcoat.  
You could shut your eyes and select from  
our Stock and run no chance of getting a  
poor suit. They are all good.

Laundry Agency in  
connection.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,  
Noble Crandall,  
MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 36.



### GRAND OFFER OF THE Wolfville Clothing Co'y.

To introduce our ladies' tailoring we will for the  
next 30 Days make our prices in reach of all. We  
do nothing but first-class work, and use only first-  
class trimmings.

The following is a list of our prices:

- Making Tailor-made Dresses.....from \$8.50
- Spring Scaques and Blazers.....from 5.00
- Silk Dress.....3.75
- Shirt Waist.....3.75
- Ordinary Dress plaid.....3.75
- Plain Waists.....3.75
- Skirt.....3.75
- Evening Dress.....from 7.00
- Muslin Summer Dress.....6.00

\*TRIMMINGS EXTRA.\*

Braided suits in every case are charged extra, according to amount of  
work. We supply all trimmings except in evening wear. We have a  
lady always at hand to assist in the fitting room.

Mr Burrell, who has charge of this depart-  
ment, is working under the patronage of  
the Countess of Aberdeen.

### ALABASTINE

WALL COATING.

Alabastine makes a coat-

ing as firm as the wall  
itself. It hardens with  
age, and is healthful and  
beautiful. It is also a  
disinfectant and sweeten-  
er of rooms.

Alabastine should be  
used on every part of a  
building, to be whitened,  
tinted, painted, varnish-  
ed, filled, grained or papered, from floor  
to roof, outside and in; it is used under  
paint, varnish and paper, but makes a  
beautiful finish alone for walls.

Sixteen Fashionable Tints and Whites.

FOR SALE BY

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,  
WOLFVILLE.

### Wah Hop, CHINESE LAUNDRY, Wolfville, N. S.

First-class Work Guaranteed.

LOOK!

There will always be found a large  
stock of best quality at my meat-store in  
Crystal Palace Block!

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. B. DUNCANSON,  
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895.

FIT,  
STYLE,  
MAKE,  
UP TO DATE.

FINE  
TAILORING.

TWEEDS,  
WORSTEDS,  
OVERCOATINGS.

N. L. McDONALD,  
"Acadia Corner,"  
68 Water St., Halifax, N. S.

Change in Business.

Having purchased the Meat Busi-  
ness recently carried on by Mr O. L.  
Eagles, the subscriber will be doing  
everything in his line. My teams will  
be in Wolfville Tuesday, Thursday  
and Saturday of each week.

T. M. DAVIDSON,  
Dec. 9th, 1897.

in the other end of the berth were whis-  
pering.

"I reckon he'll roll us out soon as  
he wakes," said one. "Pete said last  
night he was sure he was weaker."

"Mebby so, Tom; but I don't think  
it," whispered the other. "He'd let  
'em hang till doomsday 'fore he'd strike  
a tap Sunday. I've been with him  
now for—what! he's gettin' up."

The two men stopped. They watched  
Elder Fowler as he drew himself up and  
went to the low door. A chill, moist  
air swept in as he opened it.

There were more eyes on the good  
Elder that morning as he stood half  
steeped at the camp door than he may  
have thought. Most men usually  
up at the break of day are apt to wake  
at that time. Anyway, more than a  
dozen of the twenty-two men in the  
tent told afterwards how they had seen  
him shut the door and grope quietly to  
the part of the berth where John  
Thompson lay. Some of them said  
they heard him when he whispered,  
"John, get up."

Where the mind is greatly exercised,  
and especially where questions of a  
moral nature are involved, how natural  
it is for even the strong to turn to the  
weaker! Even though one be fully  
persuaded as to one's course, how often  
one is led to go and ask someone else  
what he would do! And again, how  
many men seek all the advice they can  
get, and then do just as they had pur-  
posed before they got any of it!

Elder Fowler was convinced as to the  
rightness of his purpose, still he  
wished to submit that purpose to John  
Thompson. That was why he had  
gone and whispered to John to get up,  
John got up. Both men stooped  
through the door into the heavy morn-  
ing air outside. It blew warm from  
the south. The rain had stopped.  
But not until it had almost swept the  
snow from the entire woods, and swell  
ed each small brook to a racing, roar-  
ing torrent. It was only where the  
chips and dirt of the camp yard had  
been, that any ice was to be seen.  
The great hemlocks looked doubly  
black against the lighting-up sky.

"Let's take a walk out, John, an-  
sec," Elder Fowler said as he put his  
hat he had held in his hand, on his  
head.

The two men made their way to-  
wards the stream. In places where the  
trees met over the road it was yet  
dark. The warm wind brought the  
smell of spruce and hemlock through  
the woods.

"The dam has done well so far,"  
Elder Fowler said; "it give us some  
fine rushes Saturday. It seems to me,  
John," he went on, "that with that  
dam we're all right,—without workin'  
to-day." He put special emphasis on  
his last words.

"The dam's done well," John said  
after thinking a moment, "but," he  
added, "it's only small, an' ye know  
them big booms."

John Thompson was a hired man.  
He knew a hung-up drive was very  
apt to mean hung-up pay. Elder  
Fowler took it that John was willing  
to go to work.

In twenty minutes from the time the  
men left the camp, they were at the  
stream. The roar of the water was  
deafening. One of the booms had  
"spilled," with the mad rush of water  
at its base. Not a log that had gone  
off was to be seen. The whole face of  
the biggest boom was gone. The men  
looked towards the turn below where  
they had left a jam late Saturday  
night. The jam was gone; the rock  
that had caused it was two feet under  
water.

Elder Fowler stood for a long time  
looking first up and then down the  
stream. Finally he said: "John, let's  
g' up an' have a look at the dam."

They went up; but not to where the  
dam was. Had they wanted to find  
that, they should have gone down;  
they found where the dam had been;  
that was all. In the mad rush of the  
night the dam had yielded and was  
gone.

Both men looked for some time at  
the stream, then at each other. To  
John Thompson the sweep of the night  
meant the loss of his reputation as a  
dam-builder. To Elder Fowler it  
meant,—well, perhaps more than that.  
He had looked to the dam as his al-  
most certain means of "getting out."  
Now, that was gone. To build an-  
other was out of the question. Dams  
must be built in the fall, before the  
frost goes deep into the ground.

The good Elder couldn't understand.  
He thought, and thought. The strain  
was getting stronger, heavier. The  
rain, he was almost sure, was over.  
A half dozen logs came around the  
turn above, and swept down the  
stream. Above the noise of the water  
he heard a sound of breaking booms  
above. At the sound John looked up  
and said, "Fulton's goin' to drive to-  
day, anyway. These are his runnin'  
logs." He pointed to the logs that  
were going by.

"He told me he'd never driven Sun-  
day but once, an' he'd never do it  
again," Elder Fowler said, as he turned  
and looked up the stream. As he  
looked a great thundering noise, follow-  
ed by a chorus of hurrahs, came down.

"Well, he's broke his word then, for  
them's his booms an' men, sure," John  
said with something of a grin on his  
broad brown face.

"Mebby so," Elder Fowler said as  
he started towards his booms again,  
John followed. "I thought the dam  
was safe," Elder Fowler said to him-  
self as he went, "an' now it's gone."  
An' there's Fulton—he must think  
to-day's the only chance."

Elder Fowler got down again to  
where his booms were. He went out  
to the edge of the uppermost one, and  
looked up, and down, and across, the  
rushing, surging stream. There was a  
torrent of conflicting thoughts rushing  
through his mind. Like the waters of  
the stream, the current of thought had  
its whirls, and eddies, and backward  
flows. Like the waters of the stream  
the main set of Elder Fowler's  
thoughts was in one direction—towards  
keeping the Sabbath; but like the  
stream again, the objects in the way  
of the flow made it far from smooth.

John had gone out on one of the  
booms below, and stood watching the  
logs from above sweep past. He was  
watching Elder Fowler's every move,  
too. How closely the good man is  
watched when it is thought he is going  
to break down, when there are but the  
slightest signs of his weakening!

The two men walked back towards  
the camp. On their way, blue rifts  
began to show in the sky. The rain  
was over, Fulton was driving, and the  
dam was gone.

It was the thought of these things  
that, for the last hour, had put Elder  
Fowler to such a test as he had not  
met before. He came to his decision  
just before he came to the camp. But  
in making his decision he made the  
mistake of thinking too much of the  
wrongness of his purpose. He opened  
the camp door and stepped in.

"Boys," he said quickly, "turn out!  
The dam's gone, an' the rain's over."  
A crew of lumbermen always does as  
the boss directs. Like Napoleon's  
soldiers, they may grumble, but they  
follow—always. They have to.

In half an hour the entire crew,  
with peevish on their shoulders, were  
on their way to the stream. At the  
first boom they halted for directions as  
to where to begin.

Elder Fowler had followed his crew  
from the camp to the stream. He had  
done that often, but it came to him  
forcibly that this was the first time—  
on Sunday. His men eyed him closely  
as he stepped past them to the front  
of one of the booms and looked down.  
He was striding, they thought, which  
one to begin on. But he was not  
Elder Fowler had changed his mind.  
When alone, he had come to one  
decision; when there were twenty men  
before him with peevish on their  
shoulders ready to go to work, and on  
a Sunday morning, he came to another.

He turned around and faced his  
crew.

"Boys," he said slowly, "ye can go  
back. There'll be no work done to-  
day."

For a few minutes not a man spoke.  
Elder Fowler turned and looked again  
at the stream. Some of the men took  
their peevish from their shoulders, and  
drove the picks into the logs in front  
of where they stood; then they rested on  
them. A few sat down and com-  
menced to talk. Some went back to  
the camp, and to bed.

The break of the next day saw Elder  
Fowler's crew at work. But the water  
had fallen as fast as it had risen. A  
week's work, and half of the lumber  
was still on the booms, and the other  
half not more than two miles down the  
stream. In five days more Elder  
Fowler's drive was left—hung up.

But it was not long before the ill  
prospect of the spring turned good.  
That summer brought a sudden and  
unexpected rise in lumber in the Eng-  
lish market. It brought, too, just  
such a rain as had come in the spring.  
Elder Fowler's drive came out and was  
rafted with little more than half the  
expense it would have been had it  
come in—the spring—among the other  
drives. The contract with the mill  
owner had lapsed with July. But this  
was best. Elder Fowler sold his lum-  
ber for just two dollars per thousand  
more than those who came out in the  
spring. So he did not lose anything,  
after all, by not driving on Sunday.

THE END.

Prompt People.

Don't live a single hour of your life  
without doing exactly what is to be  
done in it, and going straight through  
it from beginning to end. Work, play,  
study—whatever it is, take hold at  
once, and finish it up squarely; then  
to the next thing, without letting any  
moments drop between. It is wonder-  
ful to see how many hours these  
prompt people contrive to make of a  
day; it is as though they picked up  
the moments which the dawdlers lost.  
And if ever you find yourself where  
you have so many things pressing up-  
on you that you hardly know how to  
begin, let me tell you a secret: Take  
hold of the very first one that comes to  
hand, and you will find the rest all fall  
into line, and follow after, like a com-  
pany of well-drilled soldiers, and  
though work may be hard to meet  
when it charges in a squad, it is easily  
vanquished if you can bring it into



Royal makes the food pure,  
wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL  
BAKING  
POWDER  
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Boy is Father to the Man.

When John Coleridge Patterson,  
who became the devoted bishop, was  
a lad at school, he was one of the  
cricket eleven. At the supper, after  
the matches, the boys became unhap-  
pily accustomed to indulge in rather  
coarse mirth; silly, harmless jokes  
were circulated, and talk sometimes be-  
came bad. Patterson at last could  
stand it no longer. He rose up from  
his place one night, and said clearly  
and decidedly, with boyish frankness  
and determination:

"I must leave the 'dinner' if this  
conversation is to go on; I will not  
share in it, and I cannot listen to it.  
If you persist in it, nothing is left me  
but to go."

His companions did not want to lose  
one of their best players, and the hur-  
ful talk was stopped.

He died heroically on one of the is-  
lands of the Pacific.

Greens in Demand.

The Rush for Diamond Dye Greens  
is Marvellous.

Greens in all shades have come to stay  
for a considerable time. This fact is  
fully established by statements in the  
most reliable fashion journals, and the  
Dye East Co. confirms the belief that  
greens will be in favor for months to  
come.

Economical women and girls may now  
dye over their soiled, dingy and faded  
dresses that they have laid aside, at a  
cost of from ten to twenty cents.

The Diamond Dye East Greens for  
wool, silk or cotton give magnificent  
results in lovely, rich and full colors,  
equalling the colors produced by the  
best professional dyers in Europe.

Owing to the fact that there are poor  
and deceptive package dyes on the  
market, sold by some dealers who prize  
large profits above the grand purpose of  
giving their customers satisfaction and  
value, ladies are warned to beware of all  
imitation and soap grease dyes that only  
cause dissatisfaction and destruction of  
goods. Ask for the Diamond Dyes and  
take no others; every package is war-  
ranted.

Send to Wells & Richardson Co.,  
Montreal, P. Q., for book of directions  
and sample card of 48 colors; sent free  
to any address.

Rose Beds.

If you intend making a bed for roses,  
make it in the fall, dig it deep, manure  
it well, thoroughly incorporating the  
manure with the soil; you can scarcely  
have it too rich for roses. Let it so re-  
main until spring, then just as early as  
the ground will work, dig it over and  
mix more rotten manure with the soil  
level the surface, and your bed is ready  
for your plants, which you can purchase  
from any reliable florist. In selecting  
plants of roses, look more to plants hav-  
ing an abundance of roots than to the  
size of the tops, always bearing in mind  
that a rose plant, without a good supply  
of roots, be the tops ever so large, is not  
of much account and will not give much  
satisfaction, while a plant with good roots  
and even but a small top shall soon start  
into growth and form a top in size ac-  
cording to the supply of roots. Set your  
plants about fifteen inches each way, firm  
the roots well in the ground, give a  
good soaking of water, and they will soon  
start into growth and give pleasure.

Florence Nightingale received her  
Christian name from the town in which  
she was born, Florence, Italy. Her  
name is not Nightingale, but Shore,  
her father being a Nottingham banker,  
who inherited the estates of Peter  
Nightingale on condition that he as-  
sumed the name.