

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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No. 22.

### 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 one rate 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 on transient advertising must be 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 in all work turned out.

Newspaper 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.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE  
Office Hours, 8:00 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.  
Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:15 a. m.  
Express west close at 9:50 a. m.  
Express east close at 9:50 p. m.  
Kentville close at 6:35 p. m.  
Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

ADVERTISING RATES  
Open from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.  
G. W. Munro, Agent.

CHURCHES.  
BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Trotter, 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. B. Y. P. U. Young People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock and regular Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Mission.—Aid Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 2:30 p. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. Joseph Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

St. John's Church—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion 1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

Rev. Kenneth C. Hind, Rector.  
Robert W. Stone, Warden.  
S. J. Butlerford, J.

St. Francis (R.C.)—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 o'clock p. m.  
P. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

Crystal Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Foresters.  
Court Blomfield, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Fridays of each month at 8 p. m.

THE  
"White is King of All."  
White Sewing Machine Co.  
Cleveland, Ohio.  
Thomas Organs  
—FOR SALE BY—  
Howard Pinea,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
N. B. Machines Needles and Oil  
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

### The Wolfville Clothing Co.

Are Clearing Out Their Stock.

Trouserings BELOW COST

to make room for

EARLY SPRING GOODS.

Call early as they are going fast!

Your choice for \$3, \$4, \$5.

NOBLE CRANDALL,  
MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.



"No more there isn't, but I'd rather fight the law than have a dozen of those women cranks nagging at me all the time."

"I don't know sometimes but they're right, though, if they are cranks," said the woman a little sulkily. "It don't seem to me, when I think of it, as though we had any right to sell stuff to people that's almost sure death to 'em in the long run."

She ended rather defiantly, like a person who sets from a resolve to do totally at variance with his whole previous line of conduct, and who feels at the same time a little ashamed to let his change of opinion be known. Her husband turned to look at her curiously. She went on with her work without heeding him. Presently he walked across the room and stood before her.

"Seems to me," he said slowly, "you're changin' your mind rather late; you never used to have no objections to sellin' folks what they wanted. An' I'll jest warn ye them airs won't do no good. I'm sellin' liquor, an' I'm goin' to do it in spite of any one. Other people an' their chilrun kin take care of themselves."

"Other people's children; yes; but how about your own? Maybe you'd better be lookin' after yours."

"What d'ye mean by that?" demanded the man fiercely. "I ain't got but one, an' d'ye think Mary Ann'll take to drink? Not much; she's too much like her old father for that."

His face softened as he spoke of his child. Then he turned away, went out of the door and down towards the barn where some of the stock was housed for the winter. Far away about the prairie, he saw a horseman coming. "Some one for the mail," he said to himself. "But I'm in a hurry; I'll jest tend to him till I get through."

He went on to the barn thinking of the child of whom he had spoken—Mary Ann—the one thing that he loved. He recalled the time when she had first begun to notice him; when she had first said: "Dah; and all the year when he had carried her round in his arms; when he had run after him when he was at work; all through her girlhood when she had been so much to him; up to the time of her marriage, his thoughts travelled. She had been away from home now for two years and the house had never been the same since. It is true she lived on the next ranch, but that was a distance of ten miles away.

"Poor little Mesty Ann, poor little gal!" he muttered to himself. "I must go over an' see her to-morrow. Somehow it seems 's though she didn't look so happy the last time I was there. If I thought that fellow was usin' her bad, I'd—yes, I'd kill him sure."

Meantime, the horseman John had seen away in the distance had arrived, tied his horse, and disappeared within the house. He was in the rough ranch dress, but his voice when he spoke and his words betrayed the gentleman.

"Good-day, Mrs. Simpson. Isn't it good that winter holds off so long?"

"Yes, sir, it is that," replied Hannah. "I only wish it wouldn't come at all; but that's not to be thought of."

"No, and its coming soon, too. It will be a tough night to night, unless I'm mistaken."

"Here's your mail, sir; an' what'll ye have to drink?"

"Nothing, thank you," was the grave reply.

The woman reddened as she said: "I know you don't take anything; I didn't think I'm so used to askin' that question of everybody that comes in."

"That's all right, Mrs. Simpson. I don't know you wouldn't tempt me. I don't need the stuff, you see; and as I know I'm better without it, I don't take it."

Hannah said nothing. The man started toward the door, but turned before he reached it, and spoke.

"When have you seen your daughter, Mrs. Simpson?"

"It must be goin' on two weeks now, sir, since John was over there, an' I ain't seen her for longer yet. An' somehow she don't find time to come here. A married woman's time ain't her own always, you know."

"I saw her as I came by this afternoon, and she looked—she man hesitated—"rather lonely. Why don't you go and see her oftener?"

"She ain't sick, is she?" asked the mother anxiously.

"She didn't look well," replied the man gravely.

"John an' me'll go over to-morrow, or next day," said the mother. "We was goin' then anyway."

"Be sure you do go to-morrow, if possible," said he earnestly as he left the house. "She's s'pose a good deal, you know. Her husband has to be away so much."

To himself he said: "I'll stop and see the girl on my way back, and tell her they are coming; perhaps that will keep her straight until to-morrow." But when he reached the ranch no one was to be seen. "She's gone already, and taken the baby with her, poor girl! I'd go after her if my wife wasn't looking for me at just such a time. She'd be frightened to death if I didn't get back to-night, I must go first anyway." So he took the trail back to his own ranch, while poor Mary Ann was already on the road to a post-office some fifteen miles away in a direction opposite to her father's house.

"What's that you said, Dan? A woman found dead? Where?"

John Simpson asked the question listlessly.

"Over near Miller's station, 'bout half way 'tween there an' your gal's house."

"I'm glad it wasn't no nearer here; 'twould about have frightened her to death if she knewed it. Mary Ann was an awful skeery little thing! Who found the woman, Dan?"

"That feller that came out here last spring; I've forgot his name; lives 'bout ten miles t'other side o' Mary Ann's."

"I know; Robinson, you mean; he was here yesterday. Nice kind of feller, I guess, though I couldn't never get no money out of him for liquor, an' he was a scarce w'en no man done out for sellin' liquor, but he ain't never meddled with me since, an' I don't know as I hear him any grudge."

"What did he say ter you?"

"I don't know. He preached a reg'lar sermon; took for his text 'Am I my brother's keeper?' an' at the end he asked me how I'd like to have somebody sellin' liquor to my gal, an' see her drinkin' herself to death. I told him there warn't a grain o' sense in talkin' o' that. My child was all right, an' I didn't feel no call to look arter other people's chilrun. They must shift for themselves."

"Guess if Robinson'd gone on that plan you'd never know what become o' your gal," said Dan bluntly.

He had been trying in this way to break the sad news gently to old John. But he saw through the window the rude wagon coming over the plain with its burden, the young mother with the babe in her arms, both dead—frozen to death on the plains in the fierce cold of the night before. He felt John must know the fact before the sad sight met his eyes, so he continued:

"If Robinson hadn't gone to hunt her up, the snow'd mighty soon have buried her, an' you'd never have found her."

John turned savagely upon the speaker.

"Dan Jones, are you lony? Do yer know you're talkin' about my gal?"

"That's jest the one I'm tellin' yer about," persisted Dan. And incensed by John's words and expression, he burst forth with the naked truth.

"Your gal went over to Miller's station yesterday an' got drunk, an' comin' home, she laid down on the ground an' froze to death—her an' the young one, too." He sprang aside as he spoke or John's fist would have felled him to the floor.

"If I hear o' you repeatin' sech a lie ag'in I'll send you where you'll wish you'd never said it."

"Come and see for yourself," said Dan, doggedly, as he reached the door, and opening it, slipped outside.

The wagon had stopped close to the house, and two men, aided by Dan, began removing from it what looked like a rude bier. A light blanket covered it, and John could not see what was beneath; but it looked like the form of a woman. It was the woman Dan had been talking about, he supposed; but why were they bringing her—it—into the house? If they wanted to send it off by the train, it would be better to go directly to the station—a few rods farther down the road. Through the window he saw the men approaching

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

the door; and he tried to go forward to speak to them; but he suddenly found himself unable to do it. A horrible fear had seized upon him! He could not tell what. The men came on up the steps and entered the open door—having some little trouble to get their burden through they laid it upon the floor in front of John where he stood with his back to the stove. Somebody—it was Robinson he found out afterward—came and touched his arm, and spoke some words which fell upon his ears without any meaning. Then he turned down the blanket and John saw the familiar girlish face and form with the baby in her arms. Only a glance he gave it, and then with a low groan fell on the floor beside it, as stiff, and to all appearance as lifeless as the corpse itself.

It was not a "stroke" though they thought at first it was; John recovered and transacted his business both in and out of the house as before—with a single exception. Of course, the baby was closed until after the funeral. And until after the funeral, John would not leave his "little gal" as he called her still; but sat beside her constantly, day and night, often talking to her. He seemed to draw some mental comfort and healing in this way. He said, long after, to Mr. Robinson:

"It didn't seem to me that time as though Mary Ann was really dead. I knowed she was, but I couldn't make it seem so. An' as I talked to her, I told her all how I came to be so careless like, an' selfish. I tried to blame her husband first for her gittin' that bad habit. But I see plain enough, pretty soon, that I couldn't do that in reason. 'Cause he never drank a drop, an' never had a drop in the house. No, she jest learned how to use it at home—in her old cady's house—her daddy that would a-died for her, an' never thought it rothin'. I used to give her a drop or two myself once in a while when she was very leedy—jest to see her laugh an' say: 'More, dada.' But when I put her at the bar to sell it, told her very decided: 'You mustn't never tech a drop yourself, little gal,' an' she promised not to. 'Twasn't right to serve her so; 'twas too hard on her. Just to larn her to like the stuff, an' then to put her to give it to everyone else, an' not take it herself. But I asked her pardon for it that time 'fore we put her out o' sight. An' sure as you stan' there, I heered her say—jest with her own voice: 'Forgive you, father? Why, of course, you didn't know what you was doin'. An' I didn't then,' he concluded with emphasis. 'An' what's more I would believe what was told me.'

One change in John's establishment was apparent to some of his customers. After his daughter's death, his stock of liquors suddenly gave out. From the day his child was brought home dead, and his wife suddenly closed the bar, not another drop of liquor was sold. To the first man who asked if he could have some, John said simply:

"No, sir, you can't."

To Robinson only and to Hannah did he vouchsafe any explanation of his intentions.

"Guess I'll try to look after somebody else's chilrun a little, now I can't see after my own any more," the words ended in a husky voice, and John suddenly bent his head and sobbed, as only a man can sob, and then only when his heart is broken.

Some Roadmakers.

It has been truly said that no other element, excepting ignorant roadmaking, adds so much to the heavy burden of supporting the highways as the use of narrow tires which cut up the roads, instead of ironing them smoothly down.

Look at the beautiful, glossy paths which the bicycles make for themselves at the edge of the road before the puddles are fairly dried up, and then at the bottomless abysses plowed by loaded wagons, and you will have the whole thing in a nutshell.

The horses' hoofs, of course, chop up the road somewhat, but it is mere surface irritation compared with the deep and fatal wounds made by the narrow-tired wheels when once a rut is started.

Build a reasonable good road and equip the vehicles with tires with something the same proportion to weight as the tires of a bicycle, with the tread of the rear wheels different from that of the front wheels, so as not to follow in the same path, and the surface will not be rutted at all. The wheels serve as rollers, and instead of cutting up the roads they make them better.

Fine philosophy we show, to be sure. We tax ourselves poor to keep steam rollers at work on our highways, and then carefully select wagons which will undo this work of the roller as quickly as possible.

Self-Reliance.

It seems strange to think of man as unwilling to accept the best things in life, but that he often is is a story constantly repeated. Sometimes it is the robber's alternative "Your money or your life"; and he fancies it is his duty to work for money, letting his life slip away from him, his sense of enjoyment and appreciation growing gradually atrophied, until he could not live for anything better than money if he would. It may come in a dozen different ways, this subtle temptation to renounce life's dearest gift, because it comes in another form than that which we would have wished, to forget that there is a higher law than that by which others may judge us. Life is hard for each one of us, but we make it harder than need be by refusing to recognize the virtues of self-reliance, the simple, steadfast holding to that which is approved to us by our own nature as right. That the soul may not go out of this life "a starved, defrauded thing," let it grow by all the helps offered. Let life be sound and sweet at the heart, and then let us trust more to our own wills and desires. Emerson once said, "He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness that hindera."

Minards Liniment for Rheumatism.

Mrs. Rumpus—You want a meal, a big, strong fellow like you? Does your conscience never trouble you, making such a request?

Casey Do Bidder—Naw'm; me conscience is like meself, it's quit workin'!

Fifty Years Ago.

Who could imagine that this should be the place where, in eighteen ninety-three that white world-wonder of arch and dome should shadow the nations, 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—30 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 where others fail. 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.

25 Years of Cures.