

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XV.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1895.

No. 9.

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
or every insertion, unless by special ar-
rangement for standing notices.

Not for standing notices.
Rates for standing notices will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment on business notices
must be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
on 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 communi-
cation, although the same may be written
over a fictitious signature.

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

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-
larly from the Post Office—whether di-
rected to his name or another's or whether
he has subscribed or not—is responsible
for the payment of the paper.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-
tinued, he must pay all arrearages, 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 refer-
ring to take newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
leaving them uncollected for *prima facie*
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8:00 a. m. to 2:30 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 9:00 p. m.
Kentville close at 6:45 p. m.

Geo. V. Hand, 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,
Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11
a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.
and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting after evening
service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on
Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7:30.
Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers
will be cared for by
Cousin W. Ross, 1, Fishers
a New Barrs.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. D.
J. Fraser, Pastor, St. Andrew's Church,
Wolfville—Public Worship every Sunday
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School
at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer Meeting on
Wednesday evening at 7:30. All the
services are free and strangers welcomed
at all the services.—At Greenwick, preaching
at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer
meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Thursdays.

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

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.

Mrs. Kenneth G. Hind, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, Warden.
S. J. Rutherford, Organist.

St. Francis (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. on the fourth Sunday
of each month.

Hasenic.

St. George's Lodge, A. F. & 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 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIAN LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets
every Saturday evening in Temperance
Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 8 o'clock.

THRESHER FOR SALE.

1 No. 1 Little Giant Thresher and
Clearer in use part of two seasons, in
thorough repair, sold cheap for cash or
on easy terms. Apply to
F. J. FAULKNER, AGENT,
Grand Pre.
or to R. L. FULLER,
Wolfville.

30—2mos

Money to Loan

On Good Land Security!

Apply to
E. S. CRAWLEY,
Solicitor.

Wolfville, N. S.

W. R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.

THRELAND, Superintendent.

DENTISTRY.

H. LAWRENCE will be at his
office in Shaw's building opposite
Homes every Thursday and
Saturday. Office open every

U don't hav 2 go

2 Halifax 2 get
clothes. But if U
want them made 2

fit, wear,

and give you a gentlemanly appear-
ance, go to

N. L. McDONALD,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

78 Upper Water St. 78
Halifax, N. S. 32

Every Hack

Makes a
Breach

In the system, strains the lungs and
prepares a way for pneumonia, often-
times consumption.

PYNY-PECTORAL

positively cures coughs and colds in a
surprisingly short time. It's a scien-
tific certainty, tried and true, sooth-
ing and healing in its effects.

LARGE BOTTLE, ONLY 25 CENTS.

Kline Granite Works.

THE PROPRIETOR of these works is
now prepared to supply

Rough & Dressed Granite

—AND—
Light Blue Granite.

SUITABLE FOR
MONUMENTAL WORK!

The Blue Granite comes from his
Quarry at Niagara, and its quality is
highly endorsed by the Geological De-
partment at Ottawa.

Estimates given and orders filled for
all classes of

DRESSED GRANITE.

JOHN KLINE,
NORTH AND OXFORD STREETS,
HALIFAX.

John's got the Rheumatism
and Muscular
Pains again, why not
try the
Menthol Plaster,
you'll get me
one, like magic!

For a long time I suffered with rheumatism in
the back so severely that I could not stand
straight. My wife advised a D. & L. Menthol
Plaster. I tried it and was soon getting about all
right. I am, C. H. Hester, 800 St. Corners.
Price 50c.

THE

'White is King of All.'

White Sewing Machine Co.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Thomas Organs

—FOR SALE BY—
Howard Pineo,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

N. B. Machine Needles and Oil
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

CURE

THE BEST
COUGH
WITH
SHILOH'S
CURE

Shilo's Catarrh Remedy

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. HARRISON, JAR. HARRISON
TELEPHONE NO. 640.

Harrison Bros.

Agents for
Canada Stained Glass Works.

Dealers in Sand-cut, Embossed, Bent
and Beveled Glass, Mirror
Plates, Etc.

Plain and Artistic Painters, Importers
of Wall Paper and Decora-
tions.

31
Showrooms: 54 Barrington Street,
Halifax, N. S.

POETRY.

Chrysler's Farm.

Appropos of the Monument Dedicated Sept.
25, to commemorate the Victory in 1812.

Across the river, whittling as he came,
Strode the tall figure of old Uncle Sam;

To greet him with a neighbor's friendly
hand

Stood John Bull Canuck on sacred land,
And soon the twain were in a pleasant
chat

Discursively discussing this and that.

From great affairs that boded ill or good
To smaller gossip of the neighborhood.

At length by chance Sam's roving eagle
eye

Described a new erected shaft near by.

"Oho," said he, "John this is something
new—

"When did you plant it? What do you
suppose
It's going to be good for when it grows?"

John blandly smiled, "That special breed
of tree

Is good for jogging memories," quoth he.

"You've only got to give it half a look
And it will talk just like a history book.

"To our Canadian youth that is, I mean
It has a lot to say about 'Thirteen.'

"You didn't 'speak that sort of tree we
grow?
If I may use your phrase, you bet we
do!"

"This land round here grows up any-
thing
It sprouts up soldiers, Sam, as well as
trees.

"For don't you know"—John proudly
waved his arm—
"This place you're standing on is Chry-
sler's Farm!"

Old Uncle Sam he raised his hat and
bowed
Toward the shaft, and said, "It does you
pride!"

J. W. BEMBOUGH.

SELECT STORY.

First Fruits.

(BY LILLIAN A. TOURELLOTTE.)

"Alice," called the Rev. Clarence

loudly, rapping on the door with
the handle of his riding-whip, as he
received no response. He was at the
door of his rough cabin in the out-
skirts of a western settlement, and had
just returned from his morning trip to
the post-office. He was accompanied
by four men who bore between them
the form of another, apparently sick or
wounded.

There was a hasty sliding of bolts
and the door swung open, disclosing a
dainty and home-like interior, which
formed a background for the girlish
figure and sweet face of the minister's
wife.

"There has been some trouble at
Redman's," explained her husband,
"and this man is hurt. There was no
one to care for him, so I brought him
home."

The young wife looked startled but
an instant, then "Bring him in," she
said to the men.

He was a young man, and when the
blood and earth stains had been wiped
from his face he looked rather prepos-
sessing. One of his companions had
explained to Alice that there had been
considerable drinking and gambling
going on at Redman's saloon the pre-
vious night, and the patient, John Kin-
ney by name, was young and "rather
green," and being disposed to fight had
gotten the worst of it.

"He don't need no doctor," the man
said in response to her question. "By
the time he sleeps off his drunk he'll be
all right."

It was rather a shame-faced young
man who reclined among the pillows
the next day and partook of the ap-
petizing chicken broth prepared by Alice.
He had never drunk to intoxication
before this, he told her. He was from
Maine, and was going to the mountains
to work with his older brother, who
had been very successful in gold-
mining. His mishap had given him
ambition a severe blow, and he lay
listlessly gazing from the window, no
doubt thinking of the sunny farmhouse
so many miles distant—his home.

Day flattered her fancy robes toward
the western hills. It was sunset. The
clouds were glorified into great masses
of light and color, changing, flashing
and blazing, and then, as the departing
sun gathered his garments about his
face and hid his face, the wonder vanished
and holy twilight reigned. Mr. and
Mrs. Wilbur sat watching the varying
scene in silence, till suddenly a clatter
of hoofs broke the stillness, and a
solitary rider drew rein at the door.

Was this the Rev. Clarence Wilbur?

Yes. He was very glad. He was the
Rev. Henry Whitehall.

The well-known evangelist was made
welcome, the horse stabled, and a
tempting supper prepared for the
traveler. Then he proceeded to make
known the ground that had brought
him thither. There had been terrible
washouts and floods in a neighboring
state. Whole families were destitute
and homeless, starving in fact. Very
little substantial was being given,
and he, the Rev. Mr. Whitehall, had
determined to visit the churches of his
denomination and solicit help for the
sufferers. He had heard Brother Wil-
bur was a generous man, and had come
to him among the first. Would he
appeal to his church for money?

What was to be done? Long after
the Rev. Mr. Whitehall had retired
Clarence and Alice sat talking the
matter over.

"The church can give nothing," said
Alice. "It would be wrong to ask them;
but if you and I could give some-
thing—"

"There is that money we were going
home with," said Clarence, suddenly.

"Alice Harding! Alice Wilbur!
Is it you? Am I myself? Somebody
tell me I am awake. Clarence, dear
old boy, Clarence! Speak, some of
you! Alice, Alice, little sister!"

"Then such kissing and crying and
hand-shaking. Such tears as these
strong men and women had never shed
in hours of affliction, loss, and disap-
pointment flowed freely now. When
at last there came a lull in the tumult
Grace asked:

"How did you happen to change
your minds and come after all?"

"And why," asked Fred, "did you
change your minds in the first place
and decide not to come?"

Then Clarence told them the whole
story.

"I can't deny," he said, "that we
nobody who'd been down-hearted after
the manner but one day more with us,
and appeared to be in a very ill temper,
bearing without a word of thanks to
Alice, but 'all these unpleasant things
passed from our minds after a little
time, and we continued to walk in the
old path. Well, to conclude, a few
days ago a man came from the moun-
tains and brought us a package, quite
on opening we found to contain quite
a large sum of shining gold coin and a
letter from John Kinney, telling us
that he was 'down east trap money.'"

"Therefore we are here."

Clarence did not mention the glow-
ing terms in which the young man had
spoken of the kindness he had received
when at his home, nor how he had
said that the gift of that hard-earned
money had been the means of convert-
ing his soul and saving him from the
degradation of a drunkard, but Alice
said at the close of her husband's
narrative:

"He wished to offer the first fruits to
God."

"May he be blessed with this in-
crease," said Mr. Howard.

The few days to which Clarence and
Alice had limited their visit passed all
too soon, and they said good-bye. All
felt that it was the last time, but
somehow the sorrow of parting seemed
softened, for each knew that Clarence
and Alice Wilbur were in their right
place, and that was best.

Al patient, faithful Alice. You
have no need to feel one regretful pang
when you think of the quiet home life
of Grace, Lane and the baby lips that
call her mother. No need to repine
when you call to mind the multitudes
who read with breathless interest,
after your week, the soul-stirring lines
of the gifted Besse Lane Harding, for
the angels of God smile when they
hear when one of their number has done
some great deed and won the approval
of the everlasting King.

He was leaning dejectedly against a
lamp-post, contemplating immunities,
when he accidentally brushed against him.

Look out! he exclaimed. Don't you
dare disturb me.

Why not I asked, turning, as I re-
cognized his equities.

Go away, foolish man, before you pre-
sophisticate chaos, he expostulated.

First tell me now you know you're
the centre of the universe, I insisted.

Ah! everything revolving around
me? he demanded, indignantly.

She—I don't see why you will keep
on paying 15 cents for cigars when you
can get one just as pretty for 5.

He—I know they are just as pretty,
but those 5-cent ones are cigars that have
soured. You wouldn't they have
soured. You know it was cheaper, would you?
and the dear, innocent thing believed

No flattery certificates, but solid facts,
testify the marvelous cures by Ayer's
Sarsaparilla.

of Clarence Wilbur adorning the pulpit
of a fashionable city church, and swing-
ing thousands by the wonderful mag-
netism of his intellect, but, like many
others, had been disappointed in his
expectations.

"There's the carriage now," cried
Grace, and a moment later Besse
Harding was in the arms of her friend.
The Rev. Fredrick Harding, grave
and dignified, or apparently so, fol-
lowed his wife into the cosy room, and was
welcomed by his old pastor.

"We should have arrived this fore-
noon, as we wrote," he exclaimed, "but
there was an accident, and we came on
a special."

"I must go back to the regular
train to meet Leland and Minnie,"
said the doctor from the doorway, "but
I think you will find enough to talk
about while I'm gone."

The minutes fled quickly to the re-
united friends, and they had not
realized the time passed when the
carriage was heard again.

Grace was hushing the waking child,
so she merely said:

"Lee can find his way in all right.
He's no stranger."

Has the Rev. Fredrick Harding
suddenly taken leave of his senses? No
sooner had the door opened than he
gave one bound, past the outstretched
hand of Leland Lane, and, seizing upon
a figure in the doorway, bore it trium-
phantly into the room, shouting:

"Alice Harding! Alice Wilbur!
Is it you? Am I myself? Somebody
tell me I am awake. Clarence, dear
old boy, Clarence! Speak, some of
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and the dear, innocent thing believed

No flattery certificates, but solid facts,
testify the marvelous cures by Ayer's
Sarsaparilla.

A Lesson from the Hard Times.

A motorman! A slave, that is
what I am," and Andrew twirled the
brake, sending the car spinning down
grade at a rate that worried nervous
passengers. "Why should I bounce
up and down this rocky road, year in,
year out? Dust, heat, glaring sun,
windstorms, rainstorms, anything! No
matter, I'm a machine, I suppose,
attached to the motor in the morning
and taken off again at night."

Bang! The car stops. Dingdong!
Bang! It starts again. Its load of
dusty passengers is increased by a
portly, haughty-looking man, who took
his seat with a condescending reiga-
tion that told more plainly than any
words the sacrifice imposed by rickety
car seats on a being fitted only for soft
cushioned carriages.

"Howling capitalist!" mutters the
motorman.

"There's another of those plotting
anarchists," thought the aristocrat.

"I'll shake him up, though, that's
one good thing," growled Andrew.

"Wait till we get to the tracks."

Then as the conductor, springing off,
signaled the crossing clear, Andrew
put on more force, and rattle, whack,
bang, the car flew across. Down
grade, over switches, around curves,
stopping here and there with a jerk,
and starting up with a bounce, till the
passengers, with groans and excla-
mations, one by one got off for transfers
and home stops, until only the portly
old gentleman remained.

"Wonder how he likes it?" chuckled
the motorman. "What," as the car
suddenly stopped, "power off? Good
enough, now I hope he'll have a good
time waiting here. He's bound for
the Highlands two miles ahead, I'll
bet."

"What's the matter?"

"How long will we have to wait?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Hang the rascal, I believe it is his
fault," and the haughty individual rises
and paces up and down the car. The
sun is behind a cloud and the cool
wind is rising. They are out in the
country now and the car stands op-
posite a little church. Suddenly a
clear soprano voice floats out of the
open window of the church. The
merchant pauses in his fretful walk.