

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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Newly commencing from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The same of the party writing for the ACADIAN will be immediately accompanied by the editor, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.
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Churches.
BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R. Bick, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:00 p.m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p.m. R. F. E. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:45, and Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. Women's Missionary 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 7:30 p.m. All must first. Officers at the church to welcome strangers.
MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Tuesday school at 8:30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E. Doolan, 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 men are free and managers welcomed at all services.—At Greenup, preaching at 7 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 at 11 a.m.; 3d, 4th and 5th at 8 a.m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.
REV. KENNETH C. BIRD, Rector.
Robert W. Clark, Warden.
Geo. A. Park, Organist.

Masonic.
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meet at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p.m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:15 o'clock.
CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 8:30 o'clock.
Forerunners.
Court Monahan, L. G. 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, by hand and brush makes the most useful of all stationery. It is used by the highest officials of the Government and by the most distinguished of the world.
WOLFVILLE STAMP CO.,
Manufacturers of Stationery, Pens, Pencils, and Stamps.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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CHAS. H. BORDEN
Has on hand a full line of COFFINS, CASKETS, etc., and a FIRST-CLASS HEARSE. All orders in this line will be promptly attended to. Charges moderate.
Wolfville, Marsh Hill, W. 27

GLOBE Steam Laundry
HALIFAX, N. S. 28
"THE BEST."
Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

CHRISTMAS BARGAINS!

TOO MUCH STOCK! TOO LITTLE CASH!
A \$1,000 Worth of Stock TO BE SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

Ladies' Blouse Silks 26c per yard, and Ladies' Oxford Suitings, Covert Coatings and Beavers all going at Cost. Ladies' Dress Trimmings, Linings, etc., at Cost.

We will Cut and Fit Ladies' Jackets and Dresses at Half Price.

Men's Tweed Suitings and Pantings at Cost.

All Wool Tweeds for 25c, 28c, 32c per yd. and up. We have a fine Line of Panting for 25c and up, all Wool.

A fine piece of English Worsted for \$1.48 per yard, double width, regular price \$2.00.

See Our Window. This Sale for One Month Only.

All Gentlemen's Suits or Pants cut at Half Price. Special prices for trimmings.

Come and see what we can do.

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailors,
Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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Wah Hop, CHINESE LAUNDRY,
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First-class Work Guaranteed.

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Until further notice at Central Hotel.

First-class teams with all the seasonable equipments. Come one, come all and you shall be well right. Beautiful Double Teams, for special occasions. Telephone No. 41. Office Central Telephone.

W. J. BALCOM,
Proprietor.
Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1898.

Fred H. Christie
Painter and Paper Hanger.

Best attention given to Work Entrusted to us.

Orders left at the store of L. W. Sleep will be promptly attended to.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Heads I Win.
I resolved a hundred times not to call at Merival's to say "good-by," but I went. On the road I decided that on no account would I be left alone with Violet, but I was. The folly of the most foolish man is no match for Providence.

"Why have you not congratulated me upon my legacy, Mr. Durbam?" she asked abruptly when I had finished admiring the improvements in the conservatory. I plucked a couple of withered leaves abstractedly.

"Upon my word, Miss Violet," I confessed, I am afraid that I didn't feel so pleased as I should have done at your good fortune.

"She looked swiftly at me, and I tried to look interested in the palms. I cannot imagine your being jealous of another's good luck. I—I am sorry," she said sadly.

"I didn't mean that quite, Miss Violet," I explained hastily, "though I expressed myself clumsily as usual."

Come, I will give you a full minute to put it in your best English." "No reflection is necessary," I answered gravely. "It meant that your wealth had taken you into another sphere, out of that in which we were friendly. I was selfish to be sorry to see you go. I ground my heel on the tiled floor and pulled off a leaf."

"I suppose," she murmured, as if she were speaking to herself, "that it meant for a compliment? It may at so be taken as an insult."

"Insult?" "If it is not an insult to suppose that because I have become rich I should look down upon—upon my old friends?" Her voice trembled.

"My dear Miss Violet," I cried, "I never supposed such a thing; never dreamed it for one moment. It was only that—that—I stopped abruptly. There was nothing to say, but the one thing not to be said."

"Cannot you say what you do mean?" she demanded, with a flash of her old impetuous manner. I gripped the old flower stand, on which my hand was resting, as I said:

"No," I answered, "I cannot!" I looked hungrily at her as she stood leaning against the rustic work, with a lanky red rose just touching her lips.

"I wish to God," I added bitterly, "that I could!" She met my eyes fearlessly, though the pink color flushed over her cheeks.

"So," she said meaningly, "do I!" But I was doggedly silent, and she sighed.

"There are some things," I remarked feebly, after a painful interval, "which are better left unsaid." She shook her head.

"There are some things," she protested, "which demanded an explanation; some acts which seem so unkind—such a breach of friendship."

"Her voice faltered, and she turned her head away.

"I can only ask your charity," I said hoarsely.

"Such things," she continued, "rankle in one's mind, make one morbid and miserable, if they are not quite explained."

"Such things as my stopping away from here since you came into your unexpected fortune?" She nodded again.

"Even when I tell you that explanation is best avoided?" "Yes," she answered, "I do."

"Then," said I sadly, "I can only say one thing, Violet. It is because I love you."

"She hung her head, silent, and trembled. "I love you," I repeated, "so much that I can only go away."

"She lifted up her face with the tears streaming down her cheeks and held out her hands.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, "can't you see?"

"I groaned. "My poor little girl!" I cried. I was afraid. "It cannot be," she dried her eyes.

"You are talking nonsense," she began brightly. "If you love me—"

"I do."

"Of course you do, you silly fellow. Do you think I could let you go? And if I—if I can put up with you—why, that settles the question."

She laughed uncomfortably, watching me out of the corners of her eyes.

"By everything which I hold sacred, Violet, I am. Any man who was worth his salt would do the same."

"She knew by the sound of my voice that I meant it, and the color left her cheeks.

"Harry," she said pitiously, "did you really mean what you said—about liking me?"

"Every word."

"—I meant it too!" I lifted her hand and kissed it.

"It cannot be, dear." There was a long silence.

"Do you remember a conversation which we had coming home from Eastlake's tennis party?" she asked suddenly, "about modern civility?"

"Yes, but I scarcely see—"

"You said it was giving every one a chance—even your worst and most despicable enemy. Do you remember?"

"I remember," I admitted.

"If such a one were at your mercy, you said, you must not slay him without giving him an opportunity to fight for his life. If fighting were impossible, you must give him a chance in some way; you would let it rest upon the fall of a coin. You remember?"

"Yes," I answered, wondering, "I remember."

"Then," she said, with a keen ring in her voice, "I ask—say, I demand—the same privilege."

"The case is quite different, Violet."

"I protested. But I could not avoid a fierce desire of one wild hazard for happiness."

"It is in no way different. On one side my happiness; on the other your foolish idea of honor, which you place above my happiness."

"I cannot!" I groaned.

"You must refuse me what you would grant to the meanest of your foes."

She produced a penny from her little purse. "You will not be so cruel and unjust as to refuse me this?"

"It is not right."

"I say it is."

"Then we disagree."

"Therefore a judge is needed—the impartial coin!" She laughed feverishly. I could not bear to hear her.

"Very well," I said wildly. "But let me be honest with you, Violet. At the bottom of my heart I despise myself for giving way, and know it is because I want you and not because it is right. You will abide by the result?"

"Yes! And you will? Promise!" "I promise."

pleaded, holding tightly to my arm as we walked in behind him.
Cross with her!—St. Paul's.

True Heroism.

There were doubtless many instances of heroism and self-sacrifice in the course of the late war, but none greater or nobler than has been brought to the light of publicity by the death of Reubena Walworth, the first female nurse who entered the devoted detention hospital at Montauk Point. She stated in the hospital until it was a thing of the past, and had then come home to die of a fever contracted in the exercise of her noble and self-imposed task. There is said to be a torrent of letters pouring in to her parents, all with the burden, "She saved my life." In saving the lives of others she has given her own. There is no pomp or splendor about her end, but it is an incident which shows that great deeds can be wrought without either. "The Florence Nightingale of America" is the fitting title conferred on Miss Walworth.—Ottawa Free Press.

Two's Only George.

Sybil—"It's no use denying it, Maud. It was too dark for me to see who it was, but I distinctly saw some young man kiss you in the garden. I'm ashamed of you."

Maud—"I don't see why you should be. I've often seen George kiss you."

Sybil (engaged to George)—"Yes, but I allow nobody but George to kiss me."

Maud—"Well, it was nobody but George who kissed me."

After he had kissed her, and pressed her rosy cheek against his and patted her soft round chin, she drew back and asked:

"George, do you shave yourself?" "Yes," he replied.

"I thought so," she said. "Your face is the roughest I ever—"

"Then she stopped, but it was too late, and he went away with a cold, heavy lump in his breast."

Do We Suffocate.

We make our windows fit, we pad our doors, we shiver at a draft, we surround ourselves with woolen curtains, dusty carpets and fluffy, luxurious upholstery; we breathe the same air over and over again, and then we wonder that we are not strong and vigorous, says London Hospital. The fact is, we are daily using up the exuberant vitality which nature has provided us in struggling against artificial conditions.

How powerful for evil, how deteriorating these conditions are is shown by the fact that their mere removal gives back to the consumptive that vitality which enables him to overcome the seeds of disease within him. Fresh air is not a thing to be taken in little doses once a day, but a thing to live on.

Teach Children Courage.

Children should be taught from infancy to shut their lips together as closely as if they had lockjaw whenever they are tempted to whine and complain of small ailments. Not long ago I visited a lady who had four youngsters, all in a nursery. One of these babies would sometimes start a complaint, when the mother would cunningly turn the child's mind from her fancied trouble, and soon the juvenile would be romping away as gaily as you please. Children are allowed to grow puny, undeveloped, useless, because every little ache or pain is fostered, cherished, looked after. They

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

reach manhood and womanhood with the idea grounded that the world owes them reparation for their devitalized state.

An Eloquent Tribute.

The following letter has been handed us for publication and it explains itself: L. E. Baker, Esq., President and Manager of the Y. S. S. Co.

MY DEAR SIR:—As a passenger on the Boston on her last trip from Yarmouth to Boston I feel it my duty to all parties concerned to express my admiration for the way and manner the good steamer was handled during that eventful storm, and to Captain Stanwood and Mr. Rowe and their respective crews too much praise cannot be given.

"Those who know nothing, fear nothing," but after knocking about on salt water more or less for thirty years I claim that I know whereof I speak.

Leaving Yarmouth with everything pointing to a speedy run across, we were overtaken by a N. E. gale and snow storm, which for severity, this generation will never see its equal. After running our time for Thatchers the steamer was headed off shore, and for twenty-four hours she behaved like a thing of life and rode out of the gale in a splendid manner.

No tongue can begin to describe the terrible scene passed through. After the wind hauled around N. W., it began to clear and the captain put her on her beam ends, and after a short run we made Pigeon Hill bearing W. by N., which speaks volumes for the master hand in command.

After this the run was uneventful; but what a sight greeted our eyes when we entered Light House channel—vessels of all description, from the smallest "hooker" to the ocean steamer, were piled up along the shores, and we had good reason for thanking God that we had a good ship and a master hand to guide her through the greatest storm we ever saw.

With great respect, I am,
Yours very truly,
Signed, ROBERT L. REYNOLDS.
Boston, Mass., Nov. 23, 1898.

Facts About Flags.

To "strike the flag," says an authority, is to lower the national colours in token of submission.

Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called "flag officers." Such flags are square to distinguish them from other banners.

A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for parley.

The white flag is the sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of the white flag.

The red flag is a sign of defiance, and is often used by revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.

The black flag is the sign of piracy. The yellow flag shows a vessel to be in quarantine or is a sign of a contagious disease.

A flag at half-mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with a flag at half-mast to announce the loss or death of some of the crew.

The Aunt—The way to win a man is to talk about what he is most interested in. The Niece—Oh! About himself.

Business.
The Most Respectful and Reliable of Mr. O. L. will be prepared to do any work with the best of my services on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
A. DAVIDSON.

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