

THE ACADIAN

AND KINGSTON TIMES.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new types and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction in all work turned out.
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BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. Hugh R. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. F. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.45, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES—Sunday at 7.30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 7.30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. P. M. MacDonald, M. A., Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 1 p. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 9.30 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E. Donkin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 1 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 Greensburg, 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 at 11 a. m. and at 1 p. m. Sunday School at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. R. F. DIXON, Rector.
Robert W. ETON, { Wardens.
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St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11 o'clock on the first Sunday of each month.

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. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 8.30 o'clock.

Foreigners.

Court Blomdon, J. O. P., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.00 p. m.

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My Little Woman.

Would the diamond seem such a priceless gem?
If it measured one foot around?
Would the roseleaf yield such a sweet perfume
If it covered yards of the ground?
Would the dew drops seem so clear and pure,
If dew like rain should fall?
Or the little woman be half so great
If she were six feet tall?

'Tis the hand as soft as the morning bird
'Tis the grip with the grip of steel
'Tis the voice as sweet as the summer wind
'Tis the smile without appeal,
And the warrior, scholar, the saint and sage
May fight and plan and pray,
The world will wag to the end of time
In the little woman's way.

Mr Oddie's Courtship.

Mr Markham Oddie was a model lodger, an old bachelor and a heart whole man—that is to say, he was all there until the day, considerably past his fortieth birthday, that a special fate took him in hand and brought him face to face with the younger of two ladies who had recently come to live in one of the houses opposite.

They were evidently mother and daughter. Both were comely, and the latter named of the two had one of the sweetest faces it had ever been Mr Oddie's luck to behold. She happened to drop a small parcel while walking along their mutual road, and he hurried after her with it. The smile with which she received it went straight through Mr Oddie's somewhat antiquated waistcoat.

All the evening he thought of that smile. When he went to bed he endeavored, with the aid of three candles, to get an impartial view of that region on the top of his head where the hair ought to have been, but now, alas, was not. That bald spot had not troubled him much up to that time. Now he regarded it with mistrust.

Mr Oddie had had an amiable, successful existence, going to and coming from the city every week day with regularity and dispatch—the kind of person who is never asked for his season ticket. He was comfortably off and had no one dependent on him. The few relatives he possessed lived in the shires.

Mr Oddie had remained a bachelor all these years possibly because no one had set to work to marry him. It was not that he objected to women. On the contrary, he admired the fair sex as a whole, quite unreservedly. But he had never given his heart to any one particular woman, and his landlady looked upon him as a fixture.

The returning of that apparently innocent looking parcel marked a epoch. Life was never the same again to the little old bachelor. He had not watched Miss Hexman's gentle face and well developed but graceful figure for ten days before he became convinced that it was not good for a core dealer to live alone.

"A man wanted softening influences about him"—here he hurled a piece of fried ham at the cat—"he needed a gentle hand to guide and restrain him." Mr Oddie at this point discovered that he had forgotten to wind his watch up the night before.

The truth was that he was in love, and with a young woman with whom he had never exchanged a syllable. He learned her name from his landlady, an austere person, whose mind was set upon a curious form of religion and who did not take much thought about frivolous worldly matters.

Questioned directly by her, under this worthy but depressing person could tell him little regarding the two ladies who were now the objects of such tender interest to him. They were a Mrs and Miss Hexman, so she had heard, and Mrs Hexman was either deaf or dumb, or might be both, for his daughter talked on her fingers to her and she answered back in the same way.

Mr Oddie's courtship was a very ludicrous affair. In Spain, despite his comely, he would doubtless have slipped the role of an "iron easter," as the youth who goes courting under his lady-love's balcony is styled.

But in sober, unromantic England the easter does not eat iron or screw the gears of his heart on the guitar. He has to be properly introduced, and the little core dealer, knowing this respectable custom, would have given

anything for an introduction, which would have allowed him to call and establish friendly relations.

The months passed, and still he could not get that thin but necessary end of what she was doing. It was the daughter and not the mother, who was "afflicted," as Mr Oddie would have phrased it. He was patient, and Mrs Hexman continued.

"By your get me my suitcase, and your kindness went to her heart, I can assure you."

Mr Oddie pulled himself together and rose to his feet. At this moment there was something almost noble about his rather stubby little figure.

"Madam," he said firmly, "your daughter is an angel, and I love her. Will you have the goodness to give me her address—that is, if you will sanction my asking her to do me the honor to be my wife?"

"It seems rather unconventional," she said, "but it is not exactly an ordinary case, is it? And I am sure you are a good man." Mr Sedley, the vicar, was talking about you only the other day and saying how charitable you were. Agatha has the sweetest disposition, and she is so quick you hardly realize she is not like other people. Indeed, I think you would be very happy together."

"I think we three would be very happy together," answered Mr Oddie, emphasizing the "three." He took the widow's hand and kissed it with old-fashioned gallantry.

It is unnecessary to mention at what unearthly hour Mr Oddie required his breakfast the next morning or to state that he hardly ate a mouthful of it.

In the afternoon of the same day Mrs Hexman might have been seen reading a telegram with a beaming face. It was not a long one, for it contained only five words, "Love from Agatha and Mervin."

More Richardsons Wanted.

A party hates an independent supporter worse than it does a party foe. At least it does more to crush him. Grit parlayism is doing all it can by fair means and foul to crush an outspoken Liberal who has a mind of his own, namely, Mr Richardson, of Winnipeg. Mr Richardson is a journalist, and the way by which independent journalism is crushed by tyrannical and unscrupulous parlayism is to set up rivals to independent papers, subsidize them lavishly from public and private sources. A publisher of a local party paper recently remarked that if a journalist in a Canadian town was to set according to his own conscience he would very soon find another paper in his place, and that would be the end of him. This dire result does not seem to have followed such party persecution in Mr Richardson's case, and we presume the Manitoba people sufficiently appreciate independent journalism in journalism to see that it does not. Mr Richardson is also a member of parliament. As such, he has been relieved of the patronage of his constituency, one of the most gigantic corrupting influences which a party yields. We heartily congratulate Mr Richardson on this high testimony to his probity and patriotism. He is also, as we learn from the Conservative press, being excluded from the Liberal caucus, and all because he dares to think and vote as his conscience bids. Some say that by being thus shut out he has become a nonentity. Quite the reverse; it is those who submissively vote as they are bid who are nonentities. We want more Richardsons.—Witmer.

A Telephone Tangle.

"Are you there?" "Yes." "Who are you, please?" "Wait." "What is your name, please?" "Wait's your name." "Yes, what is your name?" "I say my name is Wait." "Oh, well, I'm coming to see you this afternoon." "All right. Are you Jones?" "No, I'm Knott." "Who are you, then, please?" "I'm Knott." "Will you tell me your name, please?" "I will Knott." "Why won't you?" "I say my name is William Knott." "Oh, I beg your pardon?" "Then you'll be in this afternoon if I come round, Wait?" "Certainly, Knott." They were "rang off" by the exchange. And now what Knott wants to know is whether Wait will be in or not.

Good Enough Reason.

Archdeacon Farrar, being once asked why he took so prominent a part in the temperance reform when untouched by his evil influences himself, replied: "At the entrance of one of our chapels lies a nameless grave; that grave covers the mortal remains of one of our most promising fellows—ruined by drink. I received not very long ago a letter from an old school fellow, a strong man, who, after long and arduous labor, was in want of clothes and almost food. I inquired the cause; it was drink. A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him into ruin. What had ruined him? drink! When I was at Cambridge one of the most promising scholars was a youth, who years ago, died in a London hospital, penniless, of delirium tremens, through drink. When I was at King's College, I used to sit next to a handsome youth, who grew up to be a brilliant writer; he died in the prime of life a victim of drink. I once knew an eloquent philanthropist who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the cause which was upon him; but his friends knew it was drink. And why is it that these tragedies are daily happening? It is through the fatal fascination, the seductive sorcery of drink, against which scripture so often warns. It is because drink is one of the surest of the devil's ways to man, and of man's ways to the devil."

Fruit for Health.

Fruit taken in the morning before fast of the night is broken is very refreshing, and it serves as a stimulus to the digestive organs. A ripe apple or an orange may be taken at this time with good effect. Fruit, to be really valuable as an article of diet, should be ripe, sound and in every way of good quality, and if possible it should be eaten raw. Instead of eating a plate of ham or of eggs and bacon for breakfast, most people would do far better if they took some grapes, pears or apples—fresh fruits as long as it is to be had and after that they can fall back on stewed prunes, figs, etc. If only fruit of some sort formed an important item in their breakfasts, women would generally feel brighter and stronger and would have far better complexions than is the rule at present.

The Jolo Spear Market.

The spear market is the most fascinating diversion in Jolo. It is situated just outside the main gate, and from early morning until the gates are closed in the afternoon the market is thronged with natives who have come in to sell their knives and spears. When a ship comes in their prices go up but when the ship has gone the market goes a great deal.

Some of the curiously shaped knives are wonderful in their elegance and workmanship, for the finer ones have silver and gold and ivory blades, while the blades are beautifully damascened. There are two shapes of knives common to the Moros of Sulu. One is the serpent-shaped kris and the other the broad heavy cleaver, like a barong. Once in awhile a little serpent dagger with the handle at right angles to the blade, like the handle of a pistol, is brought in by a native. This knife is a weapon of the Celebes island and is very uncommon in Sulu. Another common knife is the great campian, which has a hand grip for two hands and is gorgeously decorated with bells and colored horse-hair and gay ribbons.

True Ideals.

It was always aspiration rather than ambition by which I felt myself stirred. I did not care to outstrip others and become what is called "distinguished"; I was that a possibility, so much as I longed to answer the voice that invited me to recede, up to the invisible heights, however unattainable they might seem. I was conscious of a desire that others should feel something coming to them out of my life like the breath of flowers; the whisper of the winds, the warmth of the sunshine and the depth of the sky. That I did not require great gifts or a fine education. We might all be like that to each other. And there was no opportunity for vanity or pride in receiving a beautiful influence and giving it out again.—Lucy Larrow.

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What to Teach a Girl

At a recent meeting of a feminine organization one proposed this question: "What shall I teach my daughter?"

Teach her that 100 cents make a dollar.

Teach her to arrange the parlor and library.

Teach her to say "no," and mean it; or "yes," and stick to it.

Teach her to wear a calico dress and wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

Teach her to dress for health and comfort as well as appearance.

Teach her to cultivate flowers and to keep the kitchen garden.

Teach her to make her room the neatest room in the house.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperance and dissolute young men.

Teach her that tight lacing is uncomely, as well as injurious to health.

Teach her to regard morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

Teach her to observe the old rule: "A place for everything and everything in its place."

Teach her that music, drawing and painting are real accomplishments in the home and not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.

Teach her the important truth: "That the more she lives within her income the more she will save, and the further she will get away from the poorhouse."

Teach her to embrace every opportunity of reading and select such books as will give her the most useful and practical information, in order to make the best progress in earlier, as well as later, home and school life.

Ruskin's Life Romance

The late John Ruskin was divorced from his wife years ago, after a short wedded life. She was younger than him and very beautiful and fell in love with a young painter, named Millais, who visited her husband's home. Ruskin observed the fact and considered it his duty to release his wife, though there was not a shadow of imputation against her character. They were

Care of the Hands.

Hands may be kept nice even if much housework has to be done. Gloves should be worn whenever possible, but it is a mistake to use a thick clumsy kind under the impression that extra thickness gives extra protection. It is only the skin that needs protection and this it receives as well from this kind as from thick. The gloves should be a size larger than it usually wears to allow plenty of freedom, but on no account purchase what are known as housemaid's gloves. You will feel so helpless and clumsy in them that you will be constantly removing them when any delicate job has to be done, so one might as well be without them altogether. Another thing is never to put off washing the hands when they are soiled with housework, for by doing this they become so "grimy" that even pumice stone will not cleanse them. A little powdered borax in the water cleanses and whitens the hands wonderfully, and a little witchhazel balm rubbed on after washing will keep them soft and nice.

Terrible Suffering from Asthma.

Mrs. J. Watson, of Mount Forest, Ont., says: "For a number of years I have been a sufferer from Asthma, and during that time I have consulted many doctors on my case, and have used many of the so-called cures for Asthma, but never got relief. At times I have been so bad that I found it necessary to have all the doors and windows open to get my breath. I had given up in despair of ever being cured till I heard of your preparation—Cataract. I have used it and am now perfectly cured—thanks to your wonderful medicine. I recommend it as a positively sure cure for Asthma." Cataract is a guaranteed cure for Cataract, Asthma and Bronchitis. Sold by all druggists. Trial outfit sent for 10c in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

Paderewski is of the opinion that the study of the piano should form a part of the education of every child whether displaying special talent or not. The piano, he says, is the only instrument covering all phases of music, and as music is one of the refining arts it should not be denied to any one.