

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1897.

No. 52.

### 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 ar-  
rangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertising will be  
made known on application to the  
office, and payment in advance is  
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.

Newspapers from all parts  
of the county, or articles upon the topics  
of the day are cordially solicited. The  
same of the party writing for the ACADIAN  
must invariably accompany the contribu-  
tion, although the same may be written  
over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
DAVISON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 8:30 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 9:00 a. m.  
Express east close at 3:05 p. m.  
Kentville close at 7:05 p. m.

Geo. V. BIRD, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed  
on Saturday at 1 p. m.

C. W. MORSE, 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  
services 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. Woman's Mission Aid Society  
meets on Wednesday after the last Sun-  
day in the first Sunday in the month at  
3:30 p. m.

COLIN W. ROBERTS, Usher.  
A. B. HARRIS, Secy.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. P. M.  
MacDonald, M. A., Pastor. At Andrew's  
Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every  
Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday  
School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wed-  
nesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church,  
Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday  
at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.  
Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Joseph  
Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath  
at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School  
at 10 o'clock. A. M. Prayer Meeting  
Sunday evening at 7:30. All the  
week days from 10 a. m. to 12 p. m. All  
the services. At Upland, 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.; 2d, 4th and 5th at  
8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30  
p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.  
Robert W. Torry, Warden.  
N. J. Lutherford, Secy.

St. 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 11 o'clock p. m.

F. A. DIXON, Secretary.

Temperance.

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

CYSTAL 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  
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 Pineo,**  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
N. B. Machine Needles and Oil.  
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

**GEO. G. HANDLEY,**  
Merchant Tailor,  
9 BLOWERS ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

Wanted.

Men and Women who can work hard  
talking and writing six hours daily, for  
six days a week, and will be content  
with ten dollars weekly. Address  
NEW IDEAS CO., Bradford, Ont.



### Midsummer Sale!

The Wolfville Clothing Company.

HAVE OPENED A FINE RANGE OF  
—LIGHT—

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS  
AND TROUSERINGS,

ALSO THEIR USUAL FINE ASSORTMENT  
—OF—

OXFORD AND MONCTON LIGHT  
HOMESPUNS.

Put away that dark Suit. It is poor econ-  
omy to wear a \$20.00 Scotch Tweed that  
would last you all next winter when a \$13.00  
to \$15.00 Homespun or light Tweed will give  
you solid comfort, not show dust and save that  
dark, heavy Suit.

SEE OUR FINE STOCK

NOBLE CRANDALL,  
MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.

### WANTED

Agents for "Queen Vic-  
toria, Her Reign and Dia-  
mond Jubilee." Overflowing with latest  
and richest pictures. Contains the en-  
dorsed biography of Her Majesty, with  
authentic history of her remarkable  
reign, and full account of the Diamond  
Jubilee. Only \$1.50. Big book. Tre-  
mendous demand. Bonanza for agents.  
Commission 50 per cent. Credit given.  
Freight paid. Duties free. Duty paid.  
Write quick for outline and territory.  
THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 7  
256 Dearborn St., Chicago.

### Property for Sale in Wolfville!

Dwelling containing nine rooms, be-  
sides bath-room and kitchen, with hot  
and cold water, and all modern improve-  
ments; good outbuildings; three acres of  
land with apple, pear, plum and cherry  
trees, small fruits. Conveniently situ-  
ated near schools, churches, post office, etc.  
Part of purchase money may remain on  
mortgage if desired. For further par-  
ticulars apply to  
MRS. H. D. HARRIS.

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

First-class Work Guaranteed.

\$18,000 In Cash. \$18,000  
—GRAND—  
PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION  
—AT—  
HALIFAX,  
SEPT. 28, TO OCT. 1, 1897.

Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals.

The largest amount ever offered in  
Prizes at any Exhibition in the Maritime  
Provinces.

In addition to the Grand Agricultural  
and Industrial Exhibition, special attrac-  
tions have been arranged for every day  
and night.

The Spectacular Siege of Sebastopol  
every evening—the most gorgeous and  
realistic effects ever produced in Canada.  
An unequalled Half Mile Track for  
Speed Competition.  
Exhibits carried at exceedingly low  
rates.

Very cheap excursion-tickets on all  
railways and steamboats.  
Full particulars later.  
Apply for Prize Lists, Entry Forms  
and all information to  
JOHN E. WOOD,  
Secretary,  
Halifax, N. S.

### FOR SALE.

That desirable dwelling, and also lot  
adjoining, situated on College street,  
Wolfville, in convenient proximity to  
depot, post-office and college, containing  
10 rooms. New and fitted with furnace,  
range, and other conveniences. Terms  
very reasonable.

I. E. FORSYTH.

### A. B. S. DeWolf,

183 Upper Water St.,  
HALIFAX.

Commission merchant in Butter, Eggs,  
Cheese and Fruit. Prompt returns. Ex-  
porter of Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, etc.

### 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. H. DUNCANSON,  
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1888.

Minards Liniment the Lumbar-  
man's Friend.

### POETRY.

#### Two Little Old Ladies.

Two little old ladies—one grave, one  
gay—  
In the selfsame cottage lived day by day.  
One could not be happy, "because," she  
said,  
"So many children are hungry for bread."  
And she really had not the heart to smile,  
When the world was so wicked all the while.

The other old lady smiled all day long,  
As she knitted or sewed or crooned a  
song.  
She had not time to be sad, she said,  
"When hungry children were crying for bread."

Two little ladies—one grave, one gay—  
Now which do you think chose the wiser  
way?

#### One o' Them Still, Stub- born Kinds.

"My-oh!" said Mrs. Ewens. "Here  
it's nine o'clock an' all them clo'es are  
a-switchin' out on that clo'es-line yet,  
an' that girl still out a-drivin' calves to  
pasture! It didn't take me two mortal  
hours to drive calves to pasture when I  
was a girl. I can't see where in the  
world she can have gone to."

She went out on the back porch and  
lifted her voice shrilly—"Min-doe!  
Min-doe!"

"Yes, mother."  
A young girl came around the corner  
of the house. Both her hands were  
filled with great, golden buttercups.

Mrs. Ewens started. "Oh," she said,  
"there you are! Well, it's high time  
I'd like to know what kept you two  
hours a-drivin' calves to pasture, miss?"  
"I was gathering buttercups."

The girl went up the steps slowly.  
There was a flush on her face that  
spread gradually down to her throat.  
She was not pretty, but there was  
something in her blue eyes that at-  
tracted even strangers.

"Oh, you was a-gatherin' buttercups,  
was you?" Mrs. Ewens' look was  
withering. "Well, how often have I  
told you to not go a-troopin' around  
wastin' your time; an' all them yest-  
er-day's clo'es out on that line yet?"

Mindwell went into the little kitchen.  
Her lips were trembling. She bunched  
her fingers hastily into an old blue  
pitcher. Then she tied a gingham  
apron around her slender waist, and  
going to the sink in one corner com-  
menced washing dishes. Her mother  
followed her.

"Oh, now, look at you! Sokin'  
the soap all to pieces in the dish-water!  
Ain't I told you fifty times if I have  
once not to lay your soap in the dish-  
pan an' pour hot water on it? What  
sils you?"

"Nothing, mother."  
"Nuthin', sigh? You're as stub-  
born's your father out to be! Don't  
go to settin' your lips together that  
way when I ask you things. I had  
a-plenty o' that in my day. That's the  
Ewens a-stickin' outin you. You  
didn't git any o' that from me. I ain't  
one o' them still, stubborn kinds!"

She went to the door to shake her  
apron at a chicken that had stepped on  
her white porch, and was rtaoding on  
one foot, watching her in amazement.  
Mindwell lifted her head with an air  
of relief. The plate she was wiping

slipped through her fingers and fell on  
the floor with a crash.

"Well, if I ever! Just look at your  
carelessness! If it ain't one of my  
best blue chinny plates. One o' them  
the minister's wife give me! I never  
see your best for breakin' things."

Mindwell gathered up the pieces with  
shaking fingers. The plates were dear  
to her. Her eyes filled with tears.  
Two or three creeps ran on her lashes.

"Oh, cry!" said Mrs. Ewens con-  
temptuously. "As if cryin' would put  
that plate back in my best chinny set!  
I wish you'd do your cryin' before you  
break up things insid' o' after! Mebbe  
that would do some good."

Mrs. Ewens stopped abruptly. With  
a change of countenance she leaned  
forward to look through the open door.

"Why, where on earth can that org'n  
be goin' to?" She moved along, step  
by step, to keep it in view.

"Mindy, who do you s'pose has got  
a new org'n?"  
Her tone was pleasant and confiden-  
tial. Curiosity had put her anger to  
rest.

"I don't know," said Mindwell.  
She was laying the pieces of china away  
tenderly.

"Why, if my name's Ewens, it's a  
turn-in' into Mis' Farmer's gate?"  
She closed the door partially. "I don't  
want she should ketch me watchin'."  
It's gone up to the door an' stopped,  
an' she's come out a-givin' orders.  
There's Tildy come out, too. Lanky  
thing! As if she'd ever learn playin'!

"Yes, mother."  
"Do you hear what I'm a-sayin'?"  
Where'd they git the money fer a  
new org'n? They owe a debt at the post-  
office store, and they ain't sold their  
potatoes yet. Where'd they git their  
money at?"

"You don't know? No, you never  
do know an thing about your neigh-  
bors. All you ever know is to go  
a-gatherin' buttercups or dandelions,  
with all them clo'es a-switchin' every  
which way for Sunday! You ain't  
worth your keep lately, a-writin' stories  
fer magazines, an' nine out o' ten of  
'em the editors won't have."

The girl's face grew scarlet. A  
lump came into her throat, but she held  
it there silently. She took the clothes-  
basket from the pantry and went out.  
Her lips were set together in the way  
her mother called stubborn.

Mrs. Ewens sat down by the table.  
"Mercy!" she said, leaning her  
check on her thin knuckles. "The  
look in that girl's face scares me some-  
times. I wish I hadn't twitted her  
about the stories, but she does tile a  
body so. If she'd talk back I'd git  
over my mad sooner, but she won't. I  
wish I hadn't said that. Land knows  
I'm proud enough when the editors do  
take one o' her stories, an' go carryin'  
it around showin' it to the neighbors."

"I'd ort to be ashamed. An' I am.  
Well, I'll make a peach cobbler for  
dinner, with some nutmeg dip; she's  
awful fond o' that."

Mindwell gathered the clothes from  
the line and carried them to the porch.  
"You'd best sprinkle 'em out there  
in the cool, Mindy," said her mother  
in a conciliatory tone. "You can use  
the bench. I'm makin' a peach cobbler  
an' some nutmeg dip on the table."

The girl turned her head and looked  
away to the mountains. Her eyes  
blurred with sudden tears at the unex-  
pected kind tone. Below the hill on  
which they lived the deep blue waters  
of Puget Sound ebbed to the ocean.

In the golden distance Seattle sat upon  
her sloping hills, her towers and spires  
aflame in the morning light, and all her  
windows shined like brass. On all  
sides the heavily-timbered hills swelled  
upward, folded in purple haze, to the  
chains of noble snow mountains that  
reached around Puget Sound, glistening  
like pearls.

"There comes Mis' Cav'niss," ob-  
served Mrs. Ewens. "She comes over  
so often, rain or shine. What's she  
got on her head? A new spring sun-

Ask your grocer for  
**Windsor Salt**  
For Table and Dairy, Preset and Best

down? Well, she's a-pushin' the sea-  
son."

Mrs. Ewens moved stiffly to the edge  
of the porch.

"Why, Mis' Cav'niss!" she exclam-  
ed. "You ain't been here for an age.  
Come right in."

"No, I can't stop," Mrs. Cav'niss  
laughed; little wrinkles ran up each  
side of her thin nose. "The post-  
master asked me if I was coming up  
by here to bring a letter for Mindy,  
and, of course, I said yes."

Mindwell turned eagerly and took  
the letter. "Oh," she said, "I'm so  
much obliged, Mrs. Cav'niss."

After Mrs. Cav'niss turned away  
Mindwell sat down on a stool and tore  
the letter open with trembling fingers.  
She grew pale as she read.

It was a long letter. She read it  
through twice, her lips moving as she  
read it the second time and a blur  
thickening over her eyes. Then she  
flung her arms down on the bench and  
her head upon them, and burst into a  
very passion of sobbing.

"Why—whatever!" said Mrs. Ewens  
solemnly. "I never see you take on  
that way. Where's your story at?  
Did you go an' forgit to put in  
stamps?"

She waited a while, watching the  
girl impatiently. "Why don't you  
answer me?" she cried. "Where's  
your tongue gone to all of a sudden,  
sigh?"

"Oh, mother!" Mindwell jumped  
up and ran to her mother. She threw  
her arms around the withered throat  
and kissed the hard old cheek. "Oh,  
mother, it's from the editor of that  
Boston magazine. He's taken the story  
and sent me thirty dollars, mother!  
And he says I have great talent, but  
that I need education and experience  
that I can't get here. And if I can  
get it, he'll give me work on his  
magazine to pay my expenses—but  
there are the travelling expenses and  
the private tutor—"

"Tutor! What do you want of a  
tutor? Didn't you learn all they could  
teach you at the district school?"

Mrs. Ewens went into the kitchen  
and got down stiffly on one knee before  
the oven to look at the cobbler, and  
Mindwell followed her.

"We can afford it, can't we? I'll  
go 'tourtist' and take my lunch. I'll  
study so hard, mother."

"What do you want to study fer?  
If your education wa'n't good they  
wouldn't take your stories, I reckon."  
"It might be better, mother. I need  
experience, too—and I can't get it  
here."

"Well, I got a-plenty of it," said  
Mrs. Ewens, with unconscious pathos,  
"an' I've lived here 'most all my life."  
She got up slowly and stood looking  
at the girl. Her face was gray as  
ashes.

"Do you want I should give you  
money to go an' leave me in my old  
age an' my plorosity? You can have  
it an' go—if you're in earnest."  
"Oh! It was a cry of pain. "It's  
only for a year. Think what it means!  
Mother, if you had your life to live  
over, and got a chance to get a good  
education—"

She stopped. Her mother's face  
had quivered—that stony old face that  
never betrayed emotion! None knew  
so well as they who have no education  
what it is to go through life without it!

Mrs. Ewens went into the pantry  
and shut the door. In trivial, every-  
day affairs she was a small-minded,  
nagging woman; in large affairs she  
now proved herself great. Her hard  
life had taught her bitter self-control  
when it came to real sorrow. She had  
not had time for the luxury of grief.

When she came out of the pantry  
her face settled into its usual lines.  
She took the cobbler from the oven.

"Mindy," she said, "you can have  
the money. I'd just as soon you'd go.  
You had best git them clo'es sprinkled.  
This cobbler's all done."

It was a month later. Mindwell  
buried along the little path to the  
station. Her trunk had gone by boat  
to Seattle, where she was to get her  
ticket to Boston.

Her mother had said good-bye with-  
out any emotion. Tears had sprung  
to Mindwell's eyes, but the old woman  
had only said, "Now don't go to actin'  
the dunces!"

But how very old and gray she had  
looked! And how bent! Mindwell  
had never noticed it before. The ache  
of it was in her heart now. She saw  
the long, lonely year stretching drearily  
before her mother.

The train was an hour late. She  
walked on the little platform. The  
ache sank deeper. She could not get  
it out of her heart. A sob came into  
her throat.

"I'll run back and kiss her again,"  
she whispered.

Mrs. Ewens was sitting by the  
kitchen table. Her head was bowed  
upon her arms. The hearth was un-  
brushed. The dishes were piled, un-  
washed, in the sink.

Mindwell came softly to the door  
and stood there.

"Oh, Lord, Lord," her mother was  
saying. "I ain't never prayed any, so  
I'd orter be ashamed to now, when I'm  
in such trouble. But I must talk to  
somebody, Lord, an' there's nobody to  
bother now but you. You'll forgive  
me if it ain't right. My old heart's  
broke. My only child has gone an'  
eft me. I don't blame her. I've been  
cross an' ugly an' I've nagged at her.  
I've struggled agin my temper. A  
body never git any credit fer too tunces  
they conquer their temper, but they  
git a-plenty o' blame fer the times it  
conquers them. But you know how I  
loved her, Lord, an' how proud I was  
o' her. I had to work in other people's  
kitchens when I was a girl; an' sooner  
I got her I've slaved an' saved, so  
she'd never have to do that. A whole  
year, Lord! An' me an' my sick  
so much with the plorosity—"

Mindwell slipped away, shaken to  
the soul. She went around the house  
and sat down on the front steps. She  
leaned her face within her hands and  
sat there for a long, long time. At  
last she rose up, her face as white  
as snow. Her eyes went  
to the silent, lonely mountains. A  
moment longer the struggle lasted.  
Then something that was beautiful  
shone in the girl's face. The exaltation  
of one who has conquered came into  
her eyes.

When the train came Mrs. Ewens  
went to the door and slooked her hand  
above her dim eyes to get a last glimpse  
of her girl. Her face was quivering.  
At that moment Mindwell stepped  
upon the porch. Her mother started.  
"Fer pity's sake!" she exclaimed.  
Her face changed. "Did you go an'  
git left?"

"No, mother, I didn't get left, but  
I'm not going."  
"You ain't a-goin'?" She spoke  
harshly, ashamed of her display of  
emotion. "Why ain't you a-goin'?"

"I've changed my mind." The  
exaltation was still in her eyes. "I've  
been thinking, mother. I guess if  
there's anything in me we'll find it out  
right here just as well as in Boston.  
And if there isn't, there's no use wastin'  
my time going to Boston. Maybe  
I'll get some education here that I  
couldn't get there, anyhow."

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my time going to Boston. Maybe  
I'll get some education here that I  
couldn't get there, anyhow."

Intemperance is the cause of untold  
misery, poverty, and crime; the parent  
of manifold diseases and disorders of a  
most terrible nature, the wrecker of fam-  
ilies, the blaster of reputations, the  
despoiler of innumerable families and  
homes, and the destroyer of body, mind,  
and soul. It has done more, perchance  
than any other vice to impede the pro-  
gress of Christianity, and to people the  
dungeons of perdition.