

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIX.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1900.

No. 25.

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 arrangement for extended notices.

Notes for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the editor, and payment on transmission of notices 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 intrusted.

Newspapers from all parts of the country, 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.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 8:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.
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For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:10 a. m.

Express west close at 9:40 a. m.

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Geo. V. Mann, 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. Hugh B. Hatch, M. A., pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Bible School at 1:30 p. m.; B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:45, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday 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 3:30 p. m. All sorts free. Meetings 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 1:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. F. 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 9:45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Christian's Church, Lower Station: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 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 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock. A. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All sorts are free and strangers welcomed at all our services—at Greenwich, preaching at 4 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesday.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Holy Communion at 11 a. m. and 11:15 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 6th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. F. P. DIXON, Doctor.

Robert W. Storey, Pharmacist.

Geo. A. Fink, Veterinary.

OF FRANCIS (N. S.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. M.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

Seasonic.

Mr. GEORGE LOUGE, A. F. S. A. M., Mass at his Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, O. F. M., 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 3:30 o'clock.

Feet.

Court Session, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m.

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London Rubber Stamp Co., HALIFAX, N. S.

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GLOBE

Steam Laundry

HALIFAX, N. S.

"THE BEST."

Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

Written for the Acadian.

Sunday on Bonny Brae, Wolfville.

All the bill was babbled in sunshine, all the air was full of music,

All the birds were singing, singing and then sweet and clear.

And a choir of happy insects joined the birds in singing praise,

In the orchards, fields and gardens on the hillside near.

And behind me the tall spruce heard a message from afar off.

Which they whispered so each other and then held their breaths to hear.

Then I heard them send the message by the breeze down to the pine trees.

And they ought it, and made answer, then stood reverently still.

Then they softly gave the message to the hemlocks, fir and spruce,

And to all the pleasant willows, and the brook beneath the hill.

It was nature's Sunday service, and my heart was calmed and strengthened by the glad "Te Deum" swelling through the earth, and air, and sea.

I seemed standing in a Temple fashioned all by hands Almightly,

And I felt God's glory fill it, and His love o'ershadow me.

Silently the mountains worshipped Him who formed them by His power,

He who made the earth and keeps it from destruction hour by hour,

He who stretched abroad the heavens and through pathless deeps of space

Guides His myriad worlds and guards them each in its appointed place.

He who made the sea and claims it—Who controls all winds that blow—

He who set bounds for the waters that they cannot overflow,

Lo, how softly chimed all that blue and sunny tide!

Rippling River, Creek and Basin joining in from either side.

(Lo, how grand the music of the Atlantic surging wide.)

All the grasses whispered praise, every leaf and every flower,

Both His love and care proclaiming, and "the biddings of His power."

For 'e'en commonest bud and blossom if man's eye were opened more

Would reveal the Lord Almighty who the hosts of Heaven adores.

Louder, sweeter, more exultant sing the birds from bush and tree,

And the listening trees responded, bending low and reverently,

"All Thy works shall praise Thy name!"

Then far, far off that same thrilling, whispered message, and in chorus the answer came—

"All Thy works shall praise Thy name!"

rich was the harmony,

The pleasure in knowing all the choir, sought to share by the sea.

Yes, "All Thy works shall praise Thy name," the brook sang joyously.

While beside the sped hemlocks down where willows love to grow

An accompaniment is kept playing that had charmed me long ago.

Though life brings us many Mondays, taking mind and body still,

Sabbath peace and inspiration dwell upon that tranquil hill,

And the memory of that service fill my heart with gladness still.

Wolfville, Nov. 1899.

Ashby Grantham's Bank Robbers.

It was an eventful day in the life of Ashby Grantham when he entered the Macon County Farmers' and Traders' Bank as an assistant to the cashier, Mr. Graves.

At first he had rather more to do with the copulent store than with the books, but before the winter passed he gained some insight into the beautiful system of business begun to unfold to him.

His prudent moment, perhaps, was when the cashier gave him the continuation to the fire-proof vault and then to the burglar-proof safe that stood far back on its mezzanine floor.

And when the black and gold door of the safe swung wide, what an outburst of responsibility to reach far in and turn the dial that released the door of the strong box, with its sacks of gold and silver coin and its packages of bills neatly tied, five hundred dollars in a bunch!

Behind this steel door was the wonderful life with its two watch-eyes peering incessantly, and suspect which even the cashier was helpless until after eight o'clock in the morning.

Such precautions had been found necessary in that Western country in which the Farmers' and Traders' Bank did business.

For fifty miles around lay a rich cattle country, and stock-shipping days were red-letter days for the Farmers' and Traders' Bank. Twenty-five thousand dollars had been paid out through the one window of the bank in one day on the checks of cattle-buyers; and the knowledge that such sums lay in banks of that section had made the bank more than one occasion.

The safe in the Jamestown Savings Bank, twenty-seven miles away, had been blown open and robbed of fifteen thousand dollars. Twelve miles south of Macon, the cashier of the Gallatin

National Bank had been shot dead for resisting a bold daylight raid, but he had saved the bank. To the east, and at the next station down the railroad, the Breckenridge Exchange Bank had been held up by two masked men, late one afternoon, and fifteen hundred dollars in bills were surrendered by the terror-stricken cashier.

Not one of these robbers had been brought to justice. To the north of this stretch of fertile prairie country was a wild, broken, prairie section, to which they escaped, and where pursuit was almost useless.

Behind the ground-glass partition that walled in the secrets of the Farmers' and Traders' Bank from the open space by the big stove were two impressive objects. One was just under the counter opposite the teller's window the other was farther along to the left in a similar position—two long, black, self-cooking revolvers, thrust into holders nailed fast to the woodwork.

They were grim, vicious things, but of their necessity as items in the general "edge account of furniture and fixtures" was proof.

"Two Colt's revolvers, \$28."

"They've never been fired since we got them," said Mr. Graves, when Ashby had remarked them; "but we keep them in readiness. It's the unexpected that happens you know."

To an imaginative boy, who felt his responsibilities keenly, these weapons of defense looked importantly. Ashby could hardly imagine bank robbers venturing into the wide, quiet main street of Macon at any hour, day or night. But they had come to Breckenridge, Gallatin and Jamestown. Ashby meant to be ready for them at all times. Mr. Graves, the cashier, had laughed at the boy's earnest pleadings for assistance in case the Farmers' and Traders' Bank should be attacked.

"Suppose I were at the window, looking into the muzzle of a revolver? You couldn't see to shoot through the ground glass, and you couldn't shoot through the window without being seen by the robber. What does the cashier smile indulgently at the boy's troubled face.

Ashby thought so often about robbers and how to save the bank's funds from them that at last he devised a scheme. One morning in midwinter when the snow lay frozen deep in country lanes, and when business in Macon, because of interrupted communication with the country, was almost at a standstill, Mr. Graves came down late, to find the boy at work with pencil and ruler on some sort of mechanical drawing. His eyes were dancing with interest, and his breath came with uncertain little catches, as he began to explain his work.

Mr. Graves was indulgently interested in the beginning; then he was curious and questioning. Half an hour later he was bending over the drawing as much absorbed as the boy. All day long, in the slack of business, they planned. At night the paring injunction of the cashier was:

"Remember, Ashby, if we do this, it must be our secret. It will be no good if it gets out."

That was a famous cold snap in the history of Macon County. There were days when not a farmer's wagon came to town, and days in which pages of the bank's journal had not twenty entries all told. But every night for a week the bank shades were closely drawn, and the cashier and his assistant worked behind them, carpentering.

On Saturday afternoon, after early closing, deaf and Mr. Magin were being out the bank, and on Monday morning new hemlock mats were laid at the entrance doors and just in front of the teller's window. On Thursday the Macon Weekly Telegraph had a new paragraph commenting upon the neat repairs of the Macon County Farmers' and Traders' Bank. On the general ledger were some rather odd entries under the account of "expenses," but the business of the Farmers' and Traders' Bank went on as the satisfaction of its stockholders.

In January a semi-annual dividend of seven per cent. was paid, and in the April following Ashby Grantham's services were recognized as worth some thing more than his schooling, for he was put on a salary of twenty-five dollars a month as book-keeper.

For weeks Ashby had been taking

turns at the teller's window, paying checks and receiving deposits. He had learned the cashier's sliding movement of the left thumb which would slip only one bill at a time over the sensitive points of his fingers, and when he had counted out the sum called for by a check he had no nervousness as to whether he had paid too much. He had reached that state of proficiency when his money had no value; it presented unmerciful notes and was to be shown on the long columns of figures in the journal, deposit ledger or general ledger.

One Thursday in June notice was given that Wallace, Hunt & Co. and Joseph Sanderson, the big cattle buyers at Macon, would draw heavily on the Farmers' and Traders' Bank on the Saturday following. So, at about 11 o'clock Thursday, Ashby Grantham fled a telegram with the depot operator, ordering fifteen thousand dollars in currency shipped from the bank's balance in Chicago, to come by the three o'clock express the next day.

Friday morning gave promise of rain. The air was close, and a fine haze overpread the early sun. Gradually the atmosphere thickened and thickened, its oppressiveness scarcely relieved by the gentle breeze that fanned from the southeast. At noon a storm was plainly impending.

The few scattered wagons from the country began to rattle and bump homeward along the macadamized streets. Awnings were pulled in; windows were made in readiness to close; wagons here and there rattled briskly along that packages might be delivered before the rain; and on all sides were the preparations that always precede a storm in the country, where each man must be his own weather-server.

The southeast wind had softened to a mere zephyr. To the westward, from north to south, a sullen bank of clouds stretched ominously. A ragged border of rolling brown, fringed it, setting off the smooth, blue-black rain-cloud behind. The dusk and the silence deepened together.

Business had been slack in the Farmers' and Traders' Bank. As the clock ticked on toward three, when the express train from the East should thunder in only two blocks from the bank, both the cashier and his assistant sat idly at the counter, waiting.

"I hope it will be on time," the cashier said. "When that currency gets in I'll leave you to balance the books and look up. I want to get home early this afternoon."

"The train ought to be in in five minutes. What's that now?"

"Thunder, wasn't it?" queried the cashier; and they sat listening till the muttering of the storm and the rumble of the train sounded in the deep diapason.

Five minutes later Yates, the expressman, came in with his express pouch tightly strapped, and as he stood at the window, opening it to take out the precious package, the first lightning flash told that the storm would break in a moment. Grabbing his receipt book from under the very pen of the cashier, Yates rushed out with the cry, "It's coming!"

The wind had whipped fiercely into the northwest, and a simoon of dust was sweeping up Main street. At the teller's window inside, Cashier Graves and his assistant were, cutting the sealed and sewed package which held a small fortune in paper currency, when suddenly the front door opened, with a rush of wind and swirling dust. It closed again, and before either the cashier or his assistant had time to recover a breath, two heavy, muffled figures stood in the dusk, close to the brass bars of the window.

"Good!" exclaimed a guttural voice. "We'll take that!" and a heavy revolver was pointed directly at the head of Mr. Graves.

At the very instant that the little guarded window darkened with the two figures, Ashby Grantham had dropped to the floor under the counter. Instantly he guided him. His heart was leaping against his side choking him, almost. The supreme moment had come!

"Here," with an awful oath from outside, "get a move on you!" to the cashier. "We're onto you and the stuff! Hand it over, or by—"

A grating creak broke into the throat; two despairing yells went up from the throats of the robbers; a revolver shot crashed and echoed, and down tumbled two dark forms where the floor had given way beneath their feet.

"Quick, Ashby!" and the boy felt the butt of a revolver thrust into his hand; "run to the basement door and fire this into the air as you run!"

With a sweep Mr. Graves threw the express package and the money already on the counter into the rails, and shut the doors. The next instant the cashier was outside the railing, standing back from a yawning black hole just under the teller's window, and calling down to the basement.

"Don't stir, you scoundrel! I'll shoot the first man who sticks his head up!"

At that moment the spiteful crack of Ashby's revolver was arousing Main street, and a dozen citizens, including the town marshal, came running through the pouring rain.

The marshal whipped round the corner without a word of questioning. Five seconds later the Farmers' and Traders' Bank was full of men, most of whom had some idea of the situation.

Standing back from the dark yawning hole in the floor, Mr. Graves shouted to the two silent men in the basement.

"Hold your revolvers up, butts foremost!" he called. "The basement door is guarded and padlocked on the outside. Give it, or we will smoke you out!"

Ten minutes later two sullen prisoners were being led away to jail in the rain. Both were strangers, and both had come in on the passenger-train that brought the currency shipment. Incidentally, the telegraph operator at the depot was gone—he was a new man who had been "picked up." It was observed that he had stood for five minutes at the corner of Main street, in the rain, and that when Ashby Grantham's revolver shots were heard, he had run diagonally across the street to where three horses were hitched. Mounting one of them, he had ridden away into the storm in the north.

But he was promptly followed, captured and his complexity duly proved. Eventually the three criminals received intermediate sentences to the penitentiary, where they are at this hour.

Ashby Grantham's famous trap-door under the teller's window has never been patented. But it is there still, with triggers set. And Ashby is now assistant cashier, owning ten shares of stock as a present from the bank directors.

Signs From Dreams.

"When men and women find themselves dreaming of their work, it's a pretty safe sign that they are run down," explained a well-known physician to a reporter. "And they should begin to build up; otherwise serious consequences are likely to follow. The ordinary worker cannot stand it long if he or she has to work during her sleeping hours as well as her waking hours, for it is a clear case of burning the candle at both ends."

"The treatment I usually advise is a change of work and of food and a general building up by the use of tonics being particularly to avoid the use of stimulants or excitants in any form. A few days' recreation is also absolutely necessary, and a change of air is very beneficial in restoring things to a normal condition. People, as a rule, seldom dream of their work unless they are out of shape physically, and the moment they find that they are going through the forms of their work in their dreams it is the plainest kind of a sign that they are more tired out than they should be to have perfect health."

Aphorisms.

"Doubt whom you will, but never doubt yourself."—Bovee.

Sincerity and truth are the basis of every virtue.—Confucius.

Sell respect is the cornerstone of all virtues.—Sir John Herschel.

When secrecy or mystery begins, vice or roguery is not far off.—John Jay.

WATCH THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK

FOR

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT

OF

The Wolfville Clothing Co.

TRY

HERBAGEUM

FOR

Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Figs and Poultry.

IT PAYS TO USE IT.

FOR SALE BY

Starr, Son & Franklin.

Blunders of Famous Generals.

The General is most fortunate who makes the fewest mistakes, and there are not many Generals in the world's history who have not at some early stage of their career made one or two serious errors.

Wellington fell into such discredit at Seringapatam, that, in the opinion of the army on the spot, he was only saved from disgrace by the fact that he was the brother of the Governor General. Yet he had already displaced most of the qualities which subsequently made possible his splendid life. He admitted himself that Talavera was a mistake which could only be excused by his ignorance of the existing conditions in Spain at that time.

Napoleon went through a regular discipline of failures during his younger days at Corsica, apart from the fact that he was repeatedly turned out of the French army for acts of military insubordination.

Wolfe's campaign against Quebec consisted of a series of failures up to the moment of his great triumph.

Grant had to be saved from the capture of an indignant country by Lincoln's phrase about "not swopping horses when crossing a stream."

Stone-wall Jackson's great campaign in the valley of the Shenandoah began with a distinct military defeat, which for some time alienated the confidence of his countrymen, though it afterward proved to have been more valuable than most victories in dislocating the plans of the enemy.

Fredrick the Great ran away in despair from his first battle, though it ultimately became a great victory.

Children of the Slaves.

"Perhaps what I have seen of child life in the slums has made upon my heart the deepest scars," writes Mrs. Ballington Booth, in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "Poor little scraps of humanity, sick, puny and deformed, or what was even worse still, vile and evil in word and disposition before the baby accounts had left their words! The streets swarmed with them, playing, quarreling, fighting amid the jostling crowd and traffic until

late into the night, and the houses were full of little figures that slept on the floor or crouched in the corners to get away from the drunken and brutal who delight in abusing the weak. In summer, Death's angel mows them down through the hot season as the scythe cuts the flowers amid the hay, and it has often seemed to me that on such a mission his black robes vanish and he is a veritable angel of light."

Minards Liniment is Used by Physicians.

Erought Her a Fortune.

A short time ago a man died in Brussels leaving nearly his entire fortune to a young woman who was entirely unacquainted with him. This is how it came to pass. He was a very eccentric man, and set out, like Diogenes, in search of an honest man. His tab was an omnibus and his lantern a small coin.

In the omnibus he took his seat every day near the conductor and always showed himself very obliging in passing up the money of passengers and returning the change; but to the latter he always managed to add a franc or a half franc. Then he would watch those to whom it came. They would count it carefully, notice the extra coin, and invariably slip it into their pockets. No one thought of the poor conductor, whose meagre salary of only three francs a day could ill support such a loss.

But at last a young woman passed hers back, with: "Conductor, you have given me half a franc too much." Diogenes, delighted, followed her home made inquiries, made his will in her favor; though he never gave her warning that the half franc was going to bring her a million sterling.

A CARD.

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Will's English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. I also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Will's English Pills are used.

GEORGE V. RAND, Druggist, Wolfville, N. S.