THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1897. No. 6.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S.

TERMS:

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising 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 on all work turned out.

Newsy 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 communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8.00 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 10 00 a. m.
Express east close at 4 00 p. m.
Kentville close at 6 40 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, 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 m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 2 30 p m. Half hour prayer-meeting after evening service 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 first Sunday in the month at 3.30 p m.

COLIN W ROSCOE, A DEW BARNS } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. St 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. Gaspereau 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 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 seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, 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 1st and 3d 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. Starr, S. J. Rutherford, } Wardens.

ST FRANCIS (R.C.)—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 7½ o'clock p. m.

F. A. DIXON, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon 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. 21

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., Brantford, Ont.

FALL STOCK AND FALL STYLES!

THE WOLEVILLE CLOTHING CO.,

Are already in full swing with fall orders.

—FRESH NEW PATTERNS IN—

Imported and Domestic Cloths,

And the latest ideas in Style, Fit and Finish,

Combining to make us the most popular Custom Tailors of Kings County.

SEE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

The Wolfville Clothing Company,

NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.

Agency of Empire Laundry.

WANTED—Agents for "Queen Victoria, Her Reign and Diamond Jubilee." Overflowing with latest and richest pictures. Contains the endorsed biography of Her Majesty, with authentic History of her remarkable reign, and full account of the Diamond Jubilee. Only $1.50. Big book. Tremendous demand. Bonanza for agents. Commission 50 per cent. Credit given. Freight paid. Outfit free. Duty paid. Write quick for outfit and territory. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 7 356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Property for Sale in Wolfville!

Dwelling containing nine rooms, besides bath-room and kitchen, with hot and cold water, and all modern improvements; good outbuildings; three acres of land with apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, small fruits. Conveniently situated near schools, churches, post office, etc. Part of purchase money may remain on mortgage if desired. For further particulars apply to

MRS. H. D. HARRIS.

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

First-class Work Guaranteed.

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, 1895. 11

THE Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED)

From All Points BETWEEN HALIFAX AND YARMOUTH!

—AT—

Greatly Reduced Prices.

Tickets on sale from Sept. 15th to Oct. 15th, good to return thirty days from date of purchase.

Wolfville to Boston and Return, $8.50.

Steamers of this line leave Yarmouth every

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, P. M.,

After arrival of Express and Bluenose trains from Halifax. For detailed information and State Room Reservation apply to nearest ticket agent or

W. A. CHASE, Sec.-Treas.

Yarmouth, Sept. 15th, 1897.

FARM FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale the farm on which he resides at Wallbrook, containing 200 acres of upland and 20 acres of dike. Has an orchard which has borne 600 barrels of apples, and a young one just coming into bearing, besides peaches, plums, and pears.

Apply to CHAS. PAINE.

Wallbrook, Sept. 20th, 1897. tf

POETRY.

"I'll Do What I Can."

Who takes for his motto, "I'll do what I can,"
Shall better the world as he goes down life's hill,
The willing young heart makes the capable man,
And who does what he can oft can do what he will.
There's strength in the impulse to help things along,
And forces undreamed of will come to the aid
Of one who, though weak, yet believes he is strong,
And offers himself to the task, undismayed.
"I'll do what I can," keeps the progress machine
In good working order as centuries roll,
And civilization would perish, I ween,
Were not those words written on many a soul.
They fell the great forests, they furrow the soil,
They seek new inventions to benefit man,
They fear no exertion, make pastime of toil—
O, great is earth's debt to "I'll do what I can."
"I'll do what I can" is a challenge to fate,
And the fate must succumb when it's put to the test;
A heart that is willing to labor and wait
In it's tussel for life ever comes out the best.
It puts the blue imps of depression to rout,
And makes many difficult problems seem plain;
It enables the soul temptations to flout,
And unravels kinks in life's curious chain.

SELECT STORY.

When a Man's Single.

BY JAMES M. BARRIE.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

Looking as if he could strike Pete Todd, Rob stood in the centre of his kitchen, a saw miller for the last time. Though they did not know it, his neighbors there were photographing him in there minds, and their children were destined to gape in the days to come over descriptions of Rob Angus in corduroys.

These pictures showed a broad-shouldered man of twenty-six, whose face was already rugged. A short brown beard hid the heavy chin, and the lips were locked as if Rob feared to show that he was anxious about the child. His clear gray eyes were younger looking than his forehead, and the swollen balls beneath them suggested a student rather than a workingman. His hands were too tanned and hard ever to be white, and he delved a little in his walk, as if he felt uncomfortable without a weight on his back. He was the best saw-miller in his country, but his ambition would have scared his customers had he not kept it to himself. Many a time strangers had stared at him as he strode along the Whunny road, and wondered what made this stalwart man whirl the axe that he had been using as a staff. Then Rob wrs thinking of the man he was going to be when he could safely leave little Davy behind him; and it was not the firs of the Whunny wood that were in his eye, but a roaring city and a saw-miller taking it by the throat. There had been a time when he bore no love for the bairn who came between him and his career.

Rob was so tall that he could stand erect in but few rooms in Thrums, and long afterwards, when very different doors opened to him, he still involuntarily ducked, as he crossed the threshold, to save his head. Up to the day on which Davy wandered from home he had never lifted his hat to a lady; when he did that the influence of Thrums would be broken forever.

"It's uncommon foolish o' Rob," said Pete Todd, retreating to the side of the mole-catcher, "no' to be mair resigned like."

"It's his independence," answered Jamie; "ay, the wricht was sayin' the noo, says he, 'If Davy's deid, Rob'll mak' the coffin 'imsel', he's sae michty ind'pendent.'"

Tammas Haggart stumbled into the saw-miller's kitchen. It would have been a womanish kind of thing to fling to the door behind him.

"Fine growin' day, Rob, he said, deliberately.

"It is so, Tammas," answered the saw-miller, hospitably, for Haggart had been his father's bosom friend.

"No' much drowth, I'm thinkin'," said Hobart, relieved by the turn the conversation had taken.

Tammas pulled from beneath the table an unsteady three-legged stool—Davy's stool—and sat down on it slowly. Rob took a step nearer as if to ask him to sit somewhere else, and then turned away his head.

"Ay, ay," said Haggart

Then, as he saw the others gathering round the minister at the door, he moved uneasily on his stool.

"Whaur's Davy?" he said.

"Did yo no' ken she was lost?" the saw-miller asked, in a voice that was hardly his own.

"Ah, I kent," said Tammas; "she's on the Whunny road."

Rob had been talking to the minister in what both thought English, which in Thrums is considered an ostentatious language, but he turned on Tammas in broad Scotch. In the years to come, when he could wear gloves without concealing his hands in his pockets, excitement brought on Scotch as a poultice raises blisters.

"Tammas Haggart!" he cried, pulling the stone-breaker off his stool.

The minister interposed.

"Tell us what you know at once, Tammas," said Mr Dishart, who, out of the pulpit, had still a heart.

It was a sad tale that Haggart had to tell, if a short one, and several of the listeners shook their heads as they heard it.

"I meant to turn the lassieky," the stone-breaker explained, "but, oo, she was past in a twinklin'."

On the saw mill brig the minister quickly organized a search party, the brig that Rob had floored anew but the week before, rising daily with the sun to do it because the child's little boot had caught in a worn board. From it she had often crooned to watch the dank mill-wheel climbing the bouncing burn. Ah, Rob, the rotten old planks would have served your turn.

"The Whunny road," were the words passed from mouth to mouth, and the driblet of men fell into line.

Impetuous is youth, and the minister was not perhaps greatly to blame for starting at once. But Lang Tammas, his chief elder, paused on the threshold.

"The Lord giveth," he said, solemnly, taking off his hat and letting the night air cut through his white hair, "and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The saw-miller opened his mouth, but no words came.

The little search party took the cold Whunny road. The day had been bright and fine, and still there was a smell of flowers in the air. The fickle flowers! They had clustered round Davy and nestled on her neck when she drew the half-ashamed saw-miller through the bleating meadows, and now they could smile on him when he came alone—all except the daisies. The daisies, that cannot play a child false, had craned their necks to call Davy back as she tripped over them, and bowed their heavy little heads as she toddled on. It was from them that the bairn's track was learned after she wandered from the Whunny road.

By-and-by the hills ceased to echo their wailing response to Hobart's bell.

Far in the rear of the more eager searchers the bellman and the joiner had found a seat on a mossy bank, and others, footsore and weary, had fallen elsewhere from the ranks. The minister and half a dozen others scattered over the fields and on the hill sides, despondent, but not daring to leg. Tinkers cowered round their kettles under threatening banks, and the squirrels were shadows gliding from tree to tree.

At a distant smithy a fitful light still winked to the wind, but the farm lamps were out and all the land was hushed. It was now long past midnight in country parts.

Rob Angus was young and strong, but the heaven-sent gift of tears was not for him. Blessed the moaning mother by the cradle of her eldest-born, and the maid in tears for the lover who went out so brave in the morning and was not at even-fall, and the weeping sister who can pray for her soldier brother, and the wife on her husband's bosom.

Some of his neighbors had thought it unmanly when Rob, at the rumble of a cart, hurried from the saw-mill to snatch the child in his arms, and bear her to a bed of shavings. At such a time Davy would lift a saw to within an inch of her baby face, and then, letting it fall with a wicked chuckle, run to the saw-miller's arms, as sure of her lover as ever maiden was of man.

A bashful lover he had been, shy, not of Davy, but of what men would say, and now the time had come when he looked wistfully back to a fevered child tossing in a dark bed, the time when a light burned all night in Rob's kitchen, and a trembling, heavy eyed man sat motionless on a high-backed chair. How noiselessly he approached the bonny mite and replaced the arm that had wandered from beneath the coverlet! Ah, for the old time when a sick imperious child told her uncle to lie down beside her, and Rob sat on the bed, lookingly shamefacedly at the minister! Mr Dishart had turned away his head. Such things are not to be told. They are between a man and his God.

Far up the Whunny hill they found Davy's little shoe. Rob took it in his hand, a muddy, draggled shoe that had been a pretty thing when he put it on her foot that morning. The others gathered austerely around him, and strong Rob stood still among the brakens.

"I'm destin' she's deid," said Tammas Haggart.

Haggart looked into the face of old Rob's son, and then [illegible] To the wizened globe [illegible] it was no longer the sombre Whunny hill that lay before him. Two barefoot and hard-laddies were on the green flanks of adjoining farms. The moon looking over the hills found them on their ragged backs, with the cows munching by their side. They had grown different boys, nor known why, among the wild roses of red and white, and trampling neck-high among the ferns. Haggart saw once again the raspberry bushes they had stripped together into flagons gleaming in the grass. Rob had provided the bent pin with which Tammas lured his first trout to land, and Tammas in return had invited him to throw the neck of a doomed hen. They had wandered hand in hand through thirsty grass, when scythes whistled in the cornfield, and larks trilled overhead and brae sides were golden with broom.

They are two broad-shouldered men now, and Haggart's back is rounding at the loom. From his broken window he can see Rob at the saw-mill, whistling as the wheel goes round. It is Saturday night, and they are in the square, clean and dapper, talking with other gallants about lasses. They are courting the same maid, and she sits on a stool by the door, knitting a sock, with a lover on each side. They drop in on her mother straining the blaeberry juice through a bag suspended between two chairs. They sheepishly admire while Eastie plays a hen; for love of her they help her father to pit his potatoes; and then, for love of each other, each gives her up. It is a Friday night, and from a hut and bothy around which the rabble hears and toss, a dozen couples emerge in strangely gay and bright apparel. Rob leads the way with one lass, and Tammas follows with another. It must be Rob's wedding day.

Dim grow Tammas's eyes on the Whunny hill. The years whirl by and already he sees a grumpy grave-digger go out to dig Rob's grave. Alas! for the flash into the past that sorrow gives. As he clutches young Rob's hand the little dies from Tammas's eyes, his back grows round and bent, and the hair is silvered that lay in tousled locks on a lad's head.

A nipping wind cut the search party and fled down the hill that was changing in color from black to gray. The searchers might have been smugglers laden with whisky-bladders, such as haunted the mountains in by-gone days. Far away at Thrums mothers still wrung their hands for Davy, but the men slept.

Heads were bared, and the minister raised his voice in prayer. One of the psalms of David trembled in the gray of the morning straight to heaven; and then two young men, glancing at Mr Dishart, raised aloft a fallen rowan-tree, to let it fall as it listed. It fell pointing straight down the hill, and the search party took that direction—all but Rob, who stood motionless, with the shoe in his hand. He did not seem to comprehend the minister's beckoning.

Haggart took him by the arm.

"Rob, man, Rob Angus," he said, "she was but fower year auld."

The stone-breaker unbottoned his trousers pocket, and with an unsteady hand drew out his snuff-mull. Rob tried to take it, but his arm trembled, and the mull fell among the heather.

"Keep yourselves from idols," said Lang Tammas, sternly.

But the minister was young, and children lisped his name at the white manse among the trees at home. He took the shoe from the saw-miller, who had once been independent, and they went down the hill together.

Davy lay dead at the edge of the burn that gurgles on to the saw-mill, one little foot washed by the stream. The Whunny had rocked her to sleep for the last time. Half covered with grass, her baby fist still clutched the letter. When Rob saw her, he took his darling dead bairn in his arms and faced the others with cracking jaws.

"I dinna ken," said Tammas Haggart, after a pause, "but what it's kind o' nat'rall"

CHAPTER III.

One evening, nearly a month after Rob Angus became "single," Mr George Frederick Licquorish, editor and proprietor of the "Silchester Mirror," was sitting in his office cutting advertisements out of the "Silchester Argus," and pasting each on a sheet of paper. These advertisements had not been sent to the "Mirror," and, as he thought this a pity, he meant, through his canvasser, to call the attention of the advertisers to the omission.

Mr Licquorish was a stout little man, with a benevolent countenance, who wrote most of his leaders on the backs of old envelopes. Every few minutes he darted into the composing room, with an alertness that was a libel on his genial face; and when he returned it was pleasant to observe the kindly, good-natured manner in which he chaffed the printer's devil who was trying to light the fire. It was, however, also noticeable that what the devil said subsequently to another devil was, "But, you know, he wouldn't give me any sticks."

"The "Mirror" and the "Argus" are two daily newspapers published in Silchester, each of which has the largest circulation in the district and is therefore much the better advertising medium. Silchester is the chief town of an English midland county, and the "Mirror's" business notepapor refers to it as the centre of a population of half a million souls.

The "Mirror's" offices are nearly crushed out of sight in a block of buildings left in the middle of a street for town councils to pull down gradually. This island of houses, against which a sea of humanity beats daily, is cut in two by a narrow passage, off which several doors open. One of these leads up a dirty stair to the editorial and composing-rooms of the "Daily Mirror," and down a dirty stair to its printing-rooms. It is the door at which you may hammer for an hour without any one's paying the least attention.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Great Life Line.

That Has Rescued Thousands of Wrecked Mortals.

TAKE HOLD OF IT AND BE SAVED.

It Is Known as Paine's Celery Compound The Disease-banisher and Life-giver.

Tens of thousands of people in every walk of life have reason to thank Professor Phelps, M. D., of Dartmouth College, for the life line he has thrown out on the surging and billowy sea of disease and suffering. This glorious, never-failing life line has blessed humanity to an extent that can never be equalled by any other agency on earth.

Life saving is a glorious undertaking, the most blessed and most noble work that human skill can engage in.

Professor Phelps, when he divised his wonderful and now famous Paine's Celery Compound, gave mankind an agency of life that men and women had for long years been praying for. The doctor's study of the nervous system and such diseases as nervous prostration, paralysis, neuralgia, rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles, dyspepsia and debility, led him to that marvellous discovery of the age, Paine's Celery Compound.

This wonderful medicine has been called by many the "Eleventh Hour Medicine," and justly so, because it saves life, builds up the system, and establishes health after the ordinary physician fails to cure.

This medicine will certainly meet your case, reader, if you are still struggling with disease and pain. The experience of thousands in this wide Dominion has proven that Paine's Celery Compound "makes people well."

Mr G. J. Smye, of Sheffield, Ont., a cured man, writes as follows:

"It is with great pleasure that I testify to the value of your great medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. For nearly two years I suffered from indigestion, kidney and liver troubles. After trying several medicines that did not effect a cure, I decided to try your compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to pain in my back; it was only by resting on elbows and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and am now working every day. Anyone may refer to me in regard to these statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound."

Do You Use It?

It's the best thing for the hair under all circumstances. Just as no man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature, so no preparation can make hair. The utmost that can be done is to promote conditions favorable to growth. This is done by Ayer's Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp, nourishes the soil in which the hair grows, and, just as a desert will blossom under rain, so bald heads grow hair, when the roots are nourished. But the roots must be there. If you wish your hair to retain its normal color, or if you wish to restore the lost tint of gray or faded hair use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.