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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Wolfville, N. S

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☞ Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

W. H. DUNCANSON.
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FALL AND WINTER GOODS

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THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER. 25c.

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POETRY.

Christmas Song.

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star
Seen by shepherds from afar
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay,
And its mother sang and smiled
"This is Christ, the holy child."

Therefore bells for Christmas ring;
Therefore little children sing.

—Eugene Field, in *Chicago Herald.*

SELECT STORY.

Princess Lilith.

Now, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews. For we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea.

* * * * * * *

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem and said, Go and search diligently for the young child, and, when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

* * * * * * *

Being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

* * * * * * *

Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth.—Matthew ii, 1-16.

The Princess Lilith, daughter of King Herod, mused as she reclined upon a bed of purple, and the negress Noun waved a fan of feathers over her forehead, and the cat Astaroth slept at her feet.

Princess Lilith was 15 years of age. Her eyes were as deep as the waters of a cistern, and her mouth was like a cyclamen flower.

She mused of her mother, Queen Miriam, who died when Lilith was still little more than a baby. She did not know that her father had killed her in a fit of jealousy, but she knew that he kept her body in the depths of a secret chamber, embalmed in honey and spices, and that he still wept for her.

She mused upon her father, King Herod, taciturn and always ill. Sometimes he shut himself up in his chamber, and there one could hear him scream aloud. It was because he thought he saw those whom he had caused to die—his stepbrother, Kostobar; his wife, Miriam; his sons, Aristobulus and Alexander, Lilith's brothers; his stepmother, Alexandra; her son, Antipater; the doctor of law, Ababen-Bouta; and many others. Although Lilith knew nothing of all this, her father always inspired her with great terror.

She mused upon the Messiah looked for by the Jews and of whom she had heard so much from her nurse, Elga, now dead. And, although the Messiah would be king in Herod's place, she said to herself that she would very much like to see him.

Lastly she mused upon little Hozael, the son of her foster sister, Zebonda, who lived in Bethlehem. Hozael was a year old. He laughed merrily and was beginning to talk. Lilith loved him tenderly, and almost every day she ordered her mules to be harnessed into her cedar chariot and went with the negress Noun to visit the little Hozael.

Lilith mused upon all these things, and then it seemed to her that she was very much alone in the world and that without little Hozael she would be very sad.

* * * * * * *

Presently Lilith went into the garden to walk under the great sycamores. There she met old Zabulon, who had been formerly captain of the king's guard. Herod had replaced his Jewish guard by Roman soldiers, but having confidence in old Zabulon he had given him care of that part of the palace inhabited by Lilith.

Old Zabulon, who had been feeble for many years, sat sunning himself upon a stone bench. His back was so bent with age that his long beard reached to his knees.

Lilith said to him, "Thou art sad, old Zabulon."

"Yes, Princess Lilith, because I have learned from a centurion that the king has given orders to kill to-morrow morning at dawn all the children in Bethlehem under two years of age."

"Why?"

"The wise men have announced that the Messiah is born. But it is not known how to recognize him, and the wise men have not returned to tell where they have found him. By killing all the babies in Bethlehem, the king is sure that the Messiah cannot escape him."

"That is true," said Lilith. "That is a clever device." Then after a moment's reflection, "Could I see him?"

"Who?"

"The Messiah."

"In order to see him, one must know where he is. And if we knew where to find him, the king would not be obliged to kill all the other little children of the town."

"That is true," said Lilith. Then she added in a low voice, as if she were afraid of her own words, "My father is very wicked. "Then suddenly, "But little Hozael?"

"Little Hozael," said Zabulon, "will die with the others, for the soldiers will search every house."

"But I am very sure that little Hozael is not the Messiah. How could he be the Messiah? He is the son of my foster sister."

"Ask your father to spare him," said Zabulon.

"I dare not," said Lilith. Then she resumed: "I shall go myself with Noun and get little Hozael and hide him in my room. Then he will be very safe, for the king almost never comes there."

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Lilith ordered the mules to be harnessed into her cedar chariot, sped to Betlflehem with Noun, entered the home of her foster sister Zebonda and said: "It is a long time since I have seen Hozael. I should like to carry him to my palace and keep him for a day and a night. The baby is weaned and has no longer need of thy care. I will give him a dress of hyacinth and a collar of pearls." She said nothing to Zebonda of what she had learned from Zabulon, so afraid was she of the king.

But she noticed that Zebonda's face shone with unwonted joy.

"Why art thou so joyous?"

Zebonda hesitated a moment, then replied, "I am joyous, Princess Lilith, because you love my son."

"And thy husband—where is he?"

Again Zebonda hesitated and answered, "He has gone to gather his flocks upon the mountain side."

Noun hid the little Hozael under her long veils, and Lilith and the good negress returned to the palace just as the sun was setting.

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When Lilith reached her chamber, she took Hozael upon her lap, and the baby laughed and tried to pull the little princess' long ear pendants. But suddenly Noun, who was preparing some corn gruel for the child in the next room, rushed in crying: "The king! Here comes the king!"

Lilith had only time to hide Hozael in a large basket and cover him with a pile of silks and bright wools before King Herod entered with a slow, heavy tread, the chains and plates of gold, with which he was covered, shaking with each movement. His back was bent, and his bloodshot eyes glared in his terrible face. His chin shook so with the palsy that his bristly beard seemed to shudder. He said to Lilith, "Whence comest thou?"

She replied, "From Jericho." And she raised toward the king her eyes, as calm as the waters of a cistern.

"Oh, how she resembles her!" murmured Herod.

At this moment a little cry came from the basket.

"Will you keep quiet?" said Lilith to the cat Astaroth, who slept on the rug. Then she said to the king: "My father, you seem troubled. Would you like me to sing to you?"

And taking her zither, she sang him a song about roses.

And the king murmured, "Oh, that voice!"

Then he fled, as if struck with fear, because Lilith's voice and eyes recalled to him the voice and eyes of Queen Miriam.

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Lilith went into the garden and found old Zabulon weeping.

"Why dost thou weep, old Zabulon?"

"You know the cause, Princess Lilith. I weep because the king wishes to kill the little child who is the Messiah."

"But," said Lilith, "if he is really the Messiah, men cannot have the power to kill him."

"God wishes us to help him," replied Zabulon. "Princess, you, who are so good and so compassionate, should warn the father and mother of this little child."

"But where shall I find them?"

"Question the people of Bethlehem."

"But ought I to save one who will chase my father from his palace, one by whom I may some day become a poor prisoner or beggar in the streets?"

"That day is far removed," said Zabulon, "and the Messiah is now only a tiny babe, more helpless even than little Hozael."

"But are you sure that he is the Messiah?" demanded Lilith."

"Yes," said Zabulon, "because he was born in Bethlehem at the time appointed by the prophets, and the wise men have seen his star."

"He must be very beautiful, although he is so small. Don't you think so, Zabulon?"

"It is written that he shall be the most beautiful among the children of men."

"I shall go to see him," said Lilith.

* * * * * * *

When night came, Lilith enveloped herself in long black veils, and the bracelets and circles of gold upon her arms and ankles, the collars about her neck and the precious stones with which she was covered shone through her veils as softly as the stars in the sky. And thus Lilith resembled the night, whose name she bore, for in Hebrew "Lilith" signifies "the night."

She left the palace secretly with the negress Noun, and as she walked she mused: "I should not want the Messiah to take the crown from my father because it would be very hard for me not to live in a beautiful palace any more and not to have any more soft rugs and pretty dresses and perfumes and jewels. But still I do not want them to kill this little newborn child. So I shall tell my father that I have discovered its hiding place, and as a recompense for this service I shall entreat him to spare the child and keep him in his palace. Thus he cannot harm us, and if he is really the Messiah he will let us share his power."

Lilith found Zebonda and her husband, Methouel, in prayer. Both seemed filled with great joy. Lilith bethought her of a ruse.

"Hozael is very well," said she, "and I shall bring him back to you tomorrow. But since you know where to find the Messiah lead me to him. I am come to adore him."

Methouel was a simple man, little disposed to think ill of others, so he replied, "I will show you the way, Princess Lilith."

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When they reached the spot where the infant lay, Lilith was greatly astonished, for she had expected to see something extraordinary and magnificent without knowing exactly what, and she saw only a hut built against a rock and in this hut an ass, an ox, a man who appeared to be a workman, a woman of the people, beautiful, yes, but pale and delicate and poorly clad. And in the manger, lying upon the straw, was a little child, whom at first glance she thought like any other child. But when she drew nearer she saw its eyes, and in those eyes a look not that of a babe, an infinite sweetness more than human, and she became aware that the stable was only lighted by the light which emanated from him.

She said to the young mother, "What is your name?"

"Miryem."

"And your little boy?"

"Jesus."

"He seems to be very good."

"He moans sometimes, but he never cries."

"Will you let me kiss him?"

"Yes, madam," said Miryem.

Lilith stooped and kissed the child upon the forehead, and Miryem was a little vexed that she did not kneel.

"So," said Lilith, "this little child is the Messiah?"

"You have said it, madam,"

"And he is to be King of the Jews?"

"It is for that that God has sent him."

"But then he will make war and kill many men, and he will dethrone King Herod or his successor."

"No," said Miryem, "for his kingdom is not of this world. He will have neither guards nor soldiers. He will have neither palaces or treasures. He will not inflict taxes upon the people, and he will live like the poorest fisherman on the lake of Genesareth. He will be the servant of the poor and humble. He will heal the sick and comfort the afflicted. He will teach truth and justice. It is over hearts, not bodies, that he will reign. He will suffer to teach us the price of suffering. He will be the King of Love, for he will love all men. And he will teach those who are tormented with a longing which this world cannot satisfy where their poor hearts can find peace and joy. And no doubt he will have a throne."

"Ah, now you see!" said Lilith, still resisting.

"But," resumed Miryem, "the throne will be a cross. He will die upon a cross to expiate the sins of men so that God, his father, may have pity upon them."

Lilith listened in astonishment. Slowly she turned her head toward the manger. The babe was gazing at her, and, vanquished by the caress of those deep eyes, she murmured, "No one ever told me those things before," and falling upon her knees she adored him.

"I know," said Lilith as she rose, "that King Herod will search for the child to kill him. Take the ass and fly. I will pay its master."

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Following the narrow paths which wound in and out among the round hills the little company soon reached the plain. "Here," said the princess, "I must leave you. I am the princess Lilith, daughter of King Herod. Remember me."

As they disappeared in the darkness of the night, Joseph leading the ass upon which sat Miryem holding the infant Jesus in her arms, Lilith followed with her eyes the aureole encircling his divine brow. As the pale, mysterious light disappeared behind a forest of sycamores Lilith heard the tramp of horses' hoofs and clanking of swords upon the opposite road. It was the squadron of Roman soldiers marching toward Bethlehem.

Every one knows that the Princess Lilith was one of the holy women who followed Jesus on the day of his sacrifice and that little Hozael was one of the first disciples of Christ, the Saviour.

—*Translated from the French by V. M. in Romance.*

PRIESTLEY'S CELEBRATED DRESS GOODS!

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Samples Ready for Mailing.

PRIESTLEY'S WOOL CASHMERES.
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Priestley's Goods are Sold by all Leading Dry Goods Houses in the World. For Sale in Windsor by

JOHN T. CHISHOLM,
47 & 49 Water St., Windsor, N. S.

Why Children Hang their Stockings.

The custom of hanging stockings on Christmas eve, like that of preparing the Christmas tree, is derived from the Germans, who have a fable that while the stockings of good children are filled with toys and sweetmeats by Kris Kringle—a corruption of Christ Kindlin, or Christ Child—those of bad ones receive nothing but a small switch which is placed in them by another personage known as Pelsnichol, literally Nicholas with fur, meaning St. Nicholas dressed in fur. It is a rare sight on Christmas morning in a German household to see the expression of abject misery and brokenheartedness on the face of some poor little wight, who, having been disobedient or otherwise naughty on Christmas eve, finds in his stocking only a small birch rod, while the hosiery of his brothers and sisters is filled with bonbons and playthings. The dread of getting the rod from old Pelsnichol on Christmas keeps many a German child in order throughout the entire year.

Fifty Years Ago.

Grandfather's hat! And within it you see,
Grandfather's favorite cough remedy.
Whether 'twas Asthma, Bronchitis or Croup,
Or baby at night waked the house with a whoop,
With Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Gran'ther was sure
That no cold or cough would e'er fail of a cure.
In hats the styles change, but the records will show
Coughs are cured as they were 50 years ago.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

has no equal as a remedy for coughs, colds, and lung diseases. Where other soothing elixirs palliate, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral heals. It is not a cheap cough syrup, which soothes but does not strengthen; it is a physician's cough remedy, and it cures. It is put up in large bottles, only, for household use. It was awarded the medal at the World's Fair of ninety-three. It has a record of

50 Years of Cures.

First Footpad—He half kilt me, and he only had 14 cents on his clothes.

Second Footpad—It's lucky for you he didn't have 28.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE