THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1893. No. 37.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS 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 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 fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

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REV. ISAAC BROCK, D. D., Rector of Horton.
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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.

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

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

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For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranted.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.
Ripans Tabules cure the blues.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Makes the hair soft and glossy.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, *alias* "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.

"A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory. Occasional applications since have kept my hair thick and of a natural color."—H. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

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Restores hair after fevers.

"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass.

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Prevents hair from turning gray.

"My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and fullness."—B. Onkrupa, Cleveland, O.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

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DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

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HENRY B. CUNNINGHAM, Belfast, Me.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Skoda's German Soap and Skoda's Ointment,

Should Always Find a Place in the Nursery!

SKODA DISCOVERY CO.:

GENTS:—We cannot be too grateful for the benefit our little baba derived from the use of SKODA'S REMEDIES. When less than 9 months old, his face broke out with a **Terrible Eczema.** The itching and burning caused him to scratch much that his cheeks became raw and bled considerably. He suffered extremely. We gave him 3 drop doses of SKODA DISCOVERY internally, used the SOAP and OINTMENT externally, and in a few weeks he was **perfectly cured.** And is to-day a **rugged, healthy boy.**

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No REMEDIES in the world equal SKODA'S, for Blood and Skin diseases. Endorsed and used by physicians, are they not worthy your trial?

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, the Great Blood, and Nerve Remedy.

POETRY.

The Pitcher of Tears.

The woman had closed her eyes,
A-weary with weeping.
She leaned on the empty cradle,
And sobbed in her sleeping,
Her breast like the wave of the sea
Was rising and falling;
Her heart through the mist of sleep
On her baby was calling.

Then her soul was lifted away
To the garden of heaven,
Where flowers shine like stars in the grass,
So smooth and so even;
And she saw where 'mid roses and May
An angel did wander,
With bright children who looked in his face
To dream and to wonder.

Alone, and apart from the rest,
A little child tarried,
And in his small arms, soft and round,
A pitcher he carried,
His sweet eyes looked wistfully towards
His mates in the meadow.
Heaven's glory was bright, but his face
Bore the touch of earth's shadow.

The woman knelt down where she stood,
"My own my dearie,
Now why do you wander alone,
With little feet weary?
If you cannot come back, come back,
To the arm of your mother,
'Tis your sweet hand the angel should hold
And never another."

"Oh! mother, the pitcher of tears,
Your tears, I must carry.
So heavy it weighs, that behind
I linger and tarry.
Oh! mother, if you would smile,
And cease from your weeping,
My place by the angel's side
I'd gladly be keeping."

The woman waked by the cradle,
And smiled in the waking.
"My baby, the pitcher of tears,
To my heart I am taking.
Go, frolic and sing with your mates;
My smiles shall be given
To make a new light round your head,
In the garden of Heaven."

—*Youth's Companion.*

SELECT STORY.

AN APRIL FOOL.

"I feel like doing something outrageous, Jack."

"Worse than usual, Jill?"

"Very far above and beyond anything I've ever done."

"May the saints preserve me!" and then silence fell upon them.

Jill drew the vase of jonquils over to her side of the table, and began tearing the pretty yellow blossoms to pieces.

Jack caught the fair, destructive fingers in his own.

"You are bent on mischief, Jill; I fear we shall both come to grief, as did our namesakes before us, unless you leave off your bad habits."

"When we are sober, married people, Jack, living out at Elmwood, I shall be a model of sedate propriety, but now I'm hungering and thirsting for fun."

"Which, being interpreted, means that you are going to get into another scrape."

"No, I shall lay deep plans this time."

"Then somebody will suffer. I fear me, that you are a bloodthirsty little vixen."

"I am afraid so, Jack. Do you know what I am thinking of now?"

"No, Jill, they say there is honor among thieves. Perhaps if I join you in carrying out your deep and dark plans I may escape the misery that I fear you are hoping to bring upon me."

"And you will really help me? Jack, you are the joy of my life!" Jill pushed the jonquils away, and turned a bright face up to her sweetheart's. "Uncle Bert is away now," she went on, "and it's just the time for our fun. Only two days before April first. Come, Jack, let us settle on something."

It was nearly sundown when Jack went home. He met little Miss Basset on her way from school. She was a dainty little body, well into the thirties but fair and pretty still.

"I am so surprised," she said. "I've just had a note asking me to play the wedding march at your uncle's wedding!"

"Then it's true?"

"Why, yes. The note is signed "Committee of arrangements." That is queer, but then, your uncle is queer."

"Very. You will play?"

"To be sure. There! The note is gone."

A whiff of wind snatched it from her hand, and away it went across streets and gardens, to flutter down at the door of the village gossip, and to help very materially in carrying out the plans of Jack and Jill.

Little Miss Basset trudged on. She lived with her sister in the country, and taught music in the academy at the village. She was smiling as she passed Elmwood. Its master was no longer a young man and his aversion to marriage was well known.

"I would as soon have thought of being asked to play at a wedding of the man in the moon!" Miss Basset said aloud.

"Did you speak to me, m'am!"

"Mr Grimes! Why, sir, I thought you were in the city! Oh, I beg your pardon! Can you forgive that thoughtless remark?"

"I don't see how it concerns me, m'am, if some man is fool enough to marry."

"But you are the man, sir!" honest little Miss Basset exclaimed.

"I!" Uncle Bert's face grew redder.

"Certainly, sir Have I not just been asked to play the wedding march at your wedding?"

"And when, pray, am I to be married?"

"On Wednesday night, sir."

"I think you are a fool, m'am."

"I am, indeed, else why do I stop here?"

She lifted her little head and started on.

"Pray, don't take offence, where none is intended. Wait and tell me what you know about the matter."

Miss Basset turned back.

"Will you come in and help me to find out who has done this?"

Miss Basset went in. They talked untill Mrs Betsy, the very respectable housekeeper, came in to say that tea was ready. After some pressing Miss Basset went out to tea with them, and upon it being explained to her that Mrs Betsy had cut her finger while slicing the tongue, Miss Basset consented to pour out the tea.

Uncle Bert felt unusually happy. It had been long since any woman had taken part in his plans, and Miss Basset had been so interested in trying to help him. It was cosy and pleasant to have her sit there in Mrs Betsy's place and chat and drink tea. He felt very lonely when she was gone. On the table he found a queer little object. It was made of morocco, and "musique" was stamped on it. He touched it with one finger; then he took it up. A faint sweet odor arose from it, and a cluster of withered violets fell out on the floor. Uncle Bert picked them all up, stooping stiffly, and then puffing like an engine when he straightened again.

It had been long since he had held a flower in his hand. The violets carried him back over a road that he was not used to travelling. He went back to his boyhood, and he thought of the mother who had died before he had learned to know her worth. He remembered that she held violets in her hand the last time he saw her.

Tears came to eyes that were strangers to them, and Uncle Bert put the flowers down to blow his nose. Mrs Betsy heard the blast, and said to the stable boy that she believed "that pore lone man was sittin' out for a right cole."

Uncle Bert had strange dreams that night; very strange dreams for an old man who had never loved a woman even in his youth, and who hated what he called the "whole capoodle" of them now; very strange dreams for a man who meant to die and leave his wealth and his home to his nephew and neice.

When he awoke the sun was shining in his face. After breakfast he saw a trim little figure coming up the walk, and his very strange old heart stirred about in a peculiar way.

"I left my music, or I lost it. Thank you; I'm so glad to get it."

Little Miss Basset almost hugged the roll in her joy.

"I'll find out all I can to-day, and tell you. I think someone has been planning a very big April fool for the whole town. Just think of the girls decorating the church, and the congregation and preacher waiting!" and in spite of her duty to Uncle Bert, little Miss Basset's brown eyes twinkled and her cheeks dimpled.

Uncle Bert cleared his throat. "It's a joke," he said.

"Yes, and a cruel one."

"Spose it wasn't a joke," he said, nervously.

"But it is."

"It needn't be. I'd be ready enough to fall into their plans if you—could get someone else to play the march!"

"What for?" she asked stupidly.

"I should want you to keep me in countenance. Let me tell you, Polly Bassett, I'm in earnest. If you think you could be happy with a rough old fellow like me, let's turn the joke on 'em."

Miss Basset was a little late, and her lessons were all failures that day. She saw the young people working away in the church and she noticed Jack and Jill among the others. Somehow they seemed to enjoy it more than the others. After school she met Jack.

"I find I cannot play at the wedding," she said, but one of my pupils will do so."

Jack thanked her and went on.

"I'm afraid I shall die, Jack."

"Wait till it's over, Jill. I want you to see them waiting, and then I want you to hear what Uncle Bert has to say when he comes home. We must sympathize with him, of course. We must keep on the good side of Uncle Bert, you know."

Wednesday came and the church was ready. At twilight the old sexton lighted the lamps, and the village began to cram itself within the festooned walls.

Jill came in leaning on Jack's arm."

She was lovely in her light dress, and looked modest and demure as is becoming to the young wedding guest. Jack chewed his moustache and refrained from looking at her. Curiosity was the prevailing sentiment.

"Who is the bride?" whispered one fat old lady to another.

"The land knows; I hain't heard."

"Is she coming with him from the city?" asked a third. No one knew. The whispers were all questions.

The tall stately minister walked sedately up the aisle and seated himself with slow dignity inside the altar railing. He looked out over his assembled people with what he evidently hoped to be a joyous smile, well suited to the happy occasion. Over his head swung the enormous lily that was supposed to represent the "marriage bell."

Jill covered her face with both hands, Jack coughed. Even the organist was waiting with her eyes on the church door.

The "relations" sat in a gloomy row, disapproval on every face.

And now the organist turned her eyes quickly from the door to her notes, and her fingers fell upon the keys with a nervous crash which almost brought Jack to his feet. Then he and Jill looked at each other. But the music struggled on, and a very fine ear and a very good memory might have recognized the great master's wedding march.

Uncle Bert was coming slowly but surely up the aisle, and little Miss Basset was beside him, her small, gloved hand on his arm, and the plumes of her pretty gray hat touching his shoulder! The minister met them and the ceremony began. And Jack and Jill gazed with big, horror-stricken eyes.

Smiles grew on the faces of the people as they realized that little Miss Basset was the bride. But dispair claimed Jack and Jill for its own. Neither spoke until they were safe in Jill's parlor.

"What have we done?" wailed poor Jill.

"We've got a tumble, Jill, just as I predicted."

"It's your fault, Jack. I do wish you had never thought of such a foolish thing. I daresay your clumsy bungling did it all. I never will trust you again as long as I live!"

"I'm awfully sorry, but don't you remember—"

"No, I don't remember a single thing. We've lost Elmwood, just by your folly."

"And have I lost you also Jill?" very gravely.

Jill turned to him, smiling through her tears.

"No, Jack, 'Dame Jill had the job to plaster his knob.' I'll try to make up for it somehow. It was my fault after all and, Jack, it has cured me. I shall never get you into mischief again. But we won't let anybody know."—*Mary Wilson, in the Housekeeper*

The man who called sarsaparilla a fraud, had good reason; for he got hold of a worthless mixture at "reduced rater." He changed his opinion, however, when he began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It pays to be careful when buying medicine.

An English Story.

Thirty years or more ago the frequenters of bric a-brac shops and second hand stores in London, and of sales of household articles almost anywhere in England, knew Benjamin, a Hebrew, and a man of giant proportions. As are many of his race, he was rich, and it was not an unusual thing for him to advance as much as $50,000 on the household effects and rare and rich collections of wealthy noblemen who found themselves in financial straits.

So much for Benjamin.

In Lincolnshire lived Sir Charles Mainwaring (pronounced Mannering), a rich bachelor, whose seat was Colby Hall, near Hackthorn, eight miles from Lincoln, the shire town, and in this hall Sir Charles had gathered together costly and beautiful things from every part of the world. He had also built in Hackthorn a chapel of exquisite beauty, and for it had given an order to Wallace, of Louth, the celebrated carver in wood, for a communion table and two chairs. More beautiful specimens of his handiwork Wallace had never made, and when they were finished, Sir Charles took them to Colby Hall, preparatory to presenting them formally to the chapel.

Suddenly Sir Charles died, and a these articles had never been set aside legally as belonging to the chapel, it was necessary that they should be put up at public sale, as were the other articles in the house not devised by will. Naturally to such a sale all the collectors of England and many from the continent came, and the Hackthorn tables and chairs were held to be the prize of the collection. The members of the congregation of the little chapel were in despair, for they were not rich and they knew their communion set would command high figures. They collected together, however, as much money as they could, and, trusting to the charity of the competitors, who knew the story of the table and chairs, they hoped their small purse might be sufficient to secure what was morally already their own.

On the day of the sale, the rector, a vestryman and one small boy were at the hall in fear and trembling. They had their little purse, but nothing more, for when they came they found that Benjamin Benjamin was there, and they as Christians could not hope against this Hebrew. Yet they did not desert the field, but waited and watched.

At last the auctioneer, from a famous London firm, called out the table and chairs, and gave them such a glowing description that the price went up as far as the hearts of Hackthorn's people went down.

"How much am I bid for this table and chairs?" he said when he had finished his eulogy. "How much?"

The rector with his little purse, waited for someone to start the bidding.

Towering over everybody, Benjamin Benjamin came to the front and the rector dwindled into insignificance.

"That table and chairs," said the big man, "belong rightly to the Hackthorn Chapel. Sir Charles had them made for it, and it was his intention that they should remain there. It is a shame that they are off red here for sale. I propose to buy them and give them to this Christian chapel. My bid is £10 for the lot, and" turning with a sweep of his great arm over the crowd—"I dare any Christian here to bid against me."

It came like a thunder clap; not another bid was made; Benjamin Benjamin, the Hebrew, paid his £10, and the Christian chapel of Hackthorn has to-day the table and chairs, and the memory of Benjamin Benjamin is dear to its people.

Those Trailing Dresses.

The progress of modern science and the fear of epidemic and contagious diseases forces upon men's minds the duty and necessity of sanitary precautions.

It is estimated by some physicians that in 30 per cent. of the cases of contagious diseases the disease is carried and communicated by cats and domestic pets. Ringworm and certain forms of scalp disease are thus communicated; which must be interesting information to those who fondle cats, puppies and other unclean animals.

Since consumption has been found to be a disease which is communicated by tubercle bacilli which are thrown out in the breath and in the spittle of consumptives, and then being taken up in the air are inhaled by others, physicians insist on the greatest care in avoiding such causes of disease. A statement has been recently published "from an eminent physician," that he had found seven tubercle bacilli on an inch microscopic slide on which a little dirt from the trail of a lady's dress was dusted.

"There are worse things than typhoid fever patients stalking the street, in the long dresses which fashion has ordered women to wear. A long dress on the street picks up the refuse of the walks and carries enough germ life to her home to sicken the whole family. The people who are always on the alert in fear of epidemics should take care of themselves and use a little common sense."

A *Ledger* correspondent says: "In view now of the cholera threatening us, it seems timely that the Director of Public Safety or Board of Health should issue a warning notice against this disease-breeding fashion of women gathering up the street dirt on the trails of their garments. If a woman's own sense of cleanliness is not sufficient warning of the danger, then let the police be instructed to politely remind every one found trailing the skirts of her dress that she is in danger of carrying home some cholera bacilli along with the dirt. A few lessons of this kind would soon kill off the disgusting fashion of wearing trailing dresses on the streets."

One would naturally suppose that a moderate allowment of common sense would teach people not to wear in the dirt of the open streets a style of dress which was only designed for gorgeous saloons and drawing rooms and which is an unmitigated nuisance even there; but if common sense fails then perhaps a cholera scare will be more effective. And those who are well aware that after all precautions and quarantines the pestilence may yet reach our shores and destroy multitudes who are fitted for destruction by their vices and sins, will do well to take all precautions against this and every other disease, and then, lodging under the shadow of the Almighty, believe that there shall no evil befall them, neither shall any plague come nigh their dwelling.—*The Safeguard.*

May offers specially favorable circumstances for driving catarrh out of the system, and every sufferer from this loathsome disease should use Nasal Balm for that purpose. It cures when all other remedies fail, if the directions are faithfully adhered to. A single bottle will convince you of its merit. Sold by dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of price—50c small or $1 large size bottle. G. T. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

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That you may appreciate its value, we make the following VALUABLE OFFER:

BUY GRODER'S SYRUP,

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Take it faithfully until Cured, and then write us a statement of your case.

We offer a FREE TEN DAY'S TRIP to the WORLD'S FAIR to the individual who shall, before the First day of August, 1893, show the greatest improvement, or most remarkable cure from the use of this remedy. These cures must be bona-fide, sworn to before a Justice of the Peace, and each testimonial accompanied by the photograph of the individual sending it, and the signature of the dealer of whom the remedy was purchased.

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