

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1895.

No. 24.

Vol. XIV.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFFVILLE, 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 advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and represent no guarantee of the
amount, although the same may be written
on a separate sheet.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new types and material,
and will guarantee to produce satisfaction
in all work entrusted to it.

New 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 communi-
cation, although the same may be written
under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors and Proprietors,
Wolffville, N. S.

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-
larly from the Post Office—whether di-
rected to his name or another's or whether
he has subscribed or not—is responsible for
the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-
tinued, he must pay up all arrears, or the
publisher may continue to send it until
payment is made, and collect the whole
amount, whether the paper is taken from
the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that re-
fusing to take newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
leaving them uncalled for in prima facie
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFFVILLE

Office Hours, 8:30 a. m. to 3:30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 9:30 a. m.
Express west close at 10:15 a. m.
Express east close at 4:30 p. m.
Kentville close at 6:45 p. m.
Geo. V. Rand, Post Master

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed
on Saturdays and Sundays.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins,
Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11
a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.
Half hour prayer meeting after evening
service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on
Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7:30.
Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers
will be cared for by
CORA W. ROSSON, { Ushers
A. DEW BASS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D.
J. Fraser, Pastor, St. Andrew's Church,
Wolffville: Public Worship every Sunday
at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School
at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday
at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower
Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 10 a. m. Prayer
Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oscar
Grant, B. A., Pastor. Services on the
Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath
School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer
Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30.
All the seats are free and strangers wel-
comed at all the services.—At Greenwood,
preaching at 8 p. m. on the Sabbath, and
prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Thursdays.

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 6th at
7 p. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30
p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector,
Robert W. Storey { Wardens
S. J. Rutherford }

St. FRANCIS (R.O.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
P. P.—Mass 11 o'clock on 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 7 o'clock p. m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFFVILLE DIVISION S. O. 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.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Saturday after-
noon at 2 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE!

For the Fall and next Spring trade,
at the
Weson Nurseries!
KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction
guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

FOR SALE.

A DESIRABLE HOUSE AND
LOT IN WOLFFVILLE, Apply to
Geo. H. Parquin.
Wolffville, Nov. 25th, 1892. Jan 22

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

S. P. SMITH, of Towanda, Pa.,
whose constitution was completely
broken down, is cured by Ayer's
Sarsaparilla. He writes:

"For eight years, I was, most of the
time, a great sufferer from constipation,
kidney trouble, and indigestion,
so that my constitution seemed
to be completely broken down. I was
induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and
took nearly seven bottles, with such
excellent results that my stomach,
bowels, and kidneys are in perfect
condition, and, in all their functions, as
regular as clock-work. At the time
I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my
weight was only 120 pounds; I now can
brag of 180 pounds, and was never in so
good health. If you could see me be-
fore and after using, you would want
me for a travelling advertisement. I
believe this preparation of Sarsaparilla
to be the best in the market to-day."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

DIRECTORY
—OF THE—
Business Firms of
WOLFFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use
your right, and we can safely recommend
them as our most enterprising business
men.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages
and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted.

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

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace,
Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.,—Printers and Pub-
lishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS—Dealers in
Meats of all kinds and Feed.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods,
Clothing and Gent's Furnishings.

HEBURN, J. E.—Watch Maker and
Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Deal-
er. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS—Boot and Shoe
Maker. All orders in his line fully
performed. Repairing neatly done.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and
Repairer.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers,
Stationers, Picture Framers, and
dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing
Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy
Goods.

SLEEP, L. W.—Importer and dealer
in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tin-
ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Snow
Shovel.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobac-
cologist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and
Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE—Importer and
dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,
Ready-made Clothing, and Gent's Fur-
nishings.

PERFECTLY WELL.

John E. Verney.
Was all run down, poor in flesh, could
not sleep, his food distressed him, and he
felt tired all the time. He took
Skoda's Discovery,
the great nerve and tissue builder, and
SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS, that
cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Headache.
He says: "I am perfectly well."
MEDICAL ADVISOR FRANK
SKODA DIRECTOR GEN. LTD., WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS
Cure Headache and Dyspepsia.

POETRY.

The Curtain Falls.

Over the sorrow and over the bliss,
Over the teardrop, over the kiss,
Over the crimes that blotted and blurred,
Over the wound of the angry word,
Over the faded in weakness done,
Over the battles lost and won,
Now at the end of the flying year,
Year that to-morrow will not be here,
Over our freedom, over our trials,
In the dark, and the midnight, the cur-
tain falls.

Over our gain and over our loss,
Over our sorrow and over our cross,
Over the fret of our discontent,
Over the ills that we never meant,
Over the scars of our self denial,
Over the strength that conquered trial,
Now in the end of the flying year,
Year that to-morrow will not be here,
Gently faint, the prompter calls;
Over it swiftly the curtain falls.

Over the crowds and the solitude,
Over our shifting, hurrying moods,
Over the hearts where bright flames
leap,
Over the crisis—where the babies sleep,
Over the clamor, over the strife,
Over the pageantry of life,
Now in the end of the flying year,
Year that to-morrow will not be here,
Swiftly and surely, from stary walls,
Silently downward the curtain falls.

SELECT STORY.

Mr. Bruner's Financiering.

Old Fritz Bruner came slowly up
the steep sidewalk leading from the
leaves to the town. Reaching the top
of the hill, he paused a moment to get
his breath. Just then a voice came
from Margaret Hilliard's cottage:
"Mr. Bruner! O Mr. Bruner!"

Old Fritz moved on to the tiny gate.
"Dot vos mine name?" said he. "Who
speaks for me?"

A brisk little old woman moved out
of the shadow of the door, and came
down the path to the gate.

"Good evening to you, Mr. Bruner,"
she began. "I looked for you on the
half-past-six ferry." Her voice lowered
mysteriously. "Could you kindly stop
in a moment? John and I would like
a word with you."

Old Fritz followed her in without
further speech, and nodded silently to
her husband, an emaciated paralytic
propped in a big chair by the open
door.

"It's about our bit of money, Mr.
Bruner," began the sick man, apologet-
ically, passing his thin hand nervously
over the worn tops of the crutches by
his side. "We've got kind of anxious
about having it here—"

"You heard that robbers broke into
the safe at the mill last night, didn't
you?" interrupted Margaret Hilliard.
"And the night before that into the
office at the terry dock—"

"And seeing as I'm no account as
to protecting it or her," the sick man
went on, his patient tones tinged with
a touch of bitterness. "as he nodded to-
ward the wife, "why, we've talked it
over, an' want to get you to take the
money over to the city and put it in
the bank for us; if it ain't asking too
much of an old neighbor, Mr. Bruner."

Fritz nodded slowly and approvingly.
"How much you got?" he inquired.

"It was to John Hilliard he spoke,
but Margaret hastened to answer:
"It's just six months more I've got
to work at the mill, Mr. Bruner, and
we'll have enough to buy a home,
John an' me, an' I'll never have to
leave him by himself any more. Not
that Miss Bruner and the girls ain't
mighty kind, having an eye to him,"
she hastened to add, "but soon I can
do that myself. Just yesterday my
brother came to say that a place not a
mile from him'll be for sale in the
spring. A nice house 'tis, two rooms
and a lean-to kitchen, an' a half-acre
of ground."

Mr. Bruner nodded patiently.
"My brother, he says the place has
got three apple-trees an' a cherry, an'
a 'sparagus-bed. Then, too, he's pro-
mised me a young heifer, an' he'll bring
my eggs and what I can raise into the
market with his, an'," Margaret's voice
dropped to a whisper, "we can have the
whole thing for—four hundred and
fifty dollars!"

"How much you got?" again asked
old Fritz.

"Six months we've put away as
much as three dollars," answered the
old woman; "again we don't get no
more put by than two, and some
months, when I can't get extra work
over hours, and John's ailing so's to
need the physio, we don't put away
anything. But about twenty to twenty
five dollars we expect to raise every

year, and we've done it now a long time,
John and I—"

"She's put by," said John Hilliard;
"three hundred and twenty-one dollars,
for it fourteen years I've set here
countin'; an' add to that the fifteen the
toots brought—"

"Our son John's tools," explained
the old woman, tremulously; "my boy
who was killed in the elevator; an'
then there's the hundred dollars the
larger said was *dead money*."

"Dot it vas," asserted old Fritz.
"The lawyer said, too," declared
Margaret, "seeing as the firm knowed
the elevator wasn't working right, he
could have got big damages for us on
shares; but the firm had buried my
boy, an' had give us that hundred
dollars if we would agree to say nothing
more about it, and as John here told
the lawyer, our word is given, and it
can't be taken back."

"Dree hundred and you hundred and
fifteen tollars and dwenty-von tollars,"
repeated old Fritz, "dot makes—Vot
do it make?" He pondered long,
counting on his stubby fingers. "Four
hundred und tirty seck tollars, gott'it!"

"And not a wink of sleep have I had
for two nights," said Margaret, in a
whisper, "for thinking about the
robbers. I divided it up and hid it
around in so many different places,
I'm that fearful of forgettin' some of
'em. I keep myself saying all the
time, 'Teapot, rag-bag, John's cushion,
clock—'"

"Dot bees too mooch for you to haf
mit you here. Some night dose rob-
bers come, I will take it in der morn-
ing and gif you mine word to trust me
if. Und in der evening I will bring
you zat day calls you bank-book," de-
clared Mr. Bruner, and forthwith bade
them good night.

Fritz called for the money on his
way down to the ferry the next morn-
ing, and evening saw him back again
in the homely little bedroom which,
with the shed kitchen behind, had been
home to the Hilliards for half their
lives.

Margaret took the little blue book
he produced with a corner of her apron,
and regarded it with awe. To her it
represented the toil and sacrifices of
years.

"Read what it says, Mr. Bruner,"
she whispered, gazing at its pasteboard
covers wistfully.

Mr. Bruner shook his head. "Noin,
it be Trouhairn I reads, not Americ-
an. But dot is all right vot it says.
You gets your money any day you
wants it. Dat is vere mine sons haf
der money in dot bank. Washington
and Main Streets is vere it bees. My
son tells me his bank be on der corner
of Washington and Main Streets, und
so I goes der mit your money."

Then, refusing to listen to his neigh-
bors' expressions of gratitude, the
sturdy old German picked up his lunch-
basket and departed.

"Only six months more!" Margaret
Hilliard would whisper to herself in
the clutter of the great mill; then, as
the weeks went by, "Now only five
months—now four!"

Evening after evening she and old
Fritz exchanged nods of mutual un-
derstanding as they met on the road home
from the days toil, and morning after
morning Margaret would remind her
husband, as she washed, dressed and
fed him, that soon she would have to
leave him no more.

Then, wending her way to the great
mills, which stood opposite the big city
in a village populated by the mills' own
employees, she would laugh and joke
among her companions in her tiny,
obscure way, until they told her she was
actually growing young again.

"And it's no wonder!" cried one of
the girls. "For didn't she tell me her-
self she'd enough money put by in the
bank to be able to stop work soon?"

Even the superintendent heard of it,
and had a pleasant word to say about
it on paying off the hands one Saturday
night:

"So Mrs. Hilliard, I hear you have
began a bank account?"

"Yes, sir, thank you. Mr. Bruner,
he put my money in the bank for me
some time ago," answered the smiling
Margaret, proudly, "in the bank where
his sons have their money."

"What bank did he put it in?" in-
quired the superintendent, casually.

"We didn't never think to ask Mr.
Bruner the name of it, sir, but John

he says the boys told him 'twas the
People's Bank, where he put it, along
with theirs."

"Any place but the People's," said
the superintendent to himself as she
passed on. "I don't like the rumors
about it. Monday I'll tell her she had
better get it out."

But Monday was too late. At the
dinner hour, the superintendent saw
Margaret coming toward his office.
There was a wild look in her eyes, and
her lips were white.

"You'll tell me the truth, sir?
You'll tell me it ain't so? They say
the bank's broke, with mine and John's
money; but you'll tell me it ain't so!"

The superintendent was silent.
Word had just come to him over the
telephone that the People's Bank had
suspended payments.

"Oh, sir, tell me the truth about it!"
Margaret gasped.

"Yes, the People's Bank has failed,"
he said, then. Margaret crept home,
how could she tell John? But she
told him, and he comforted her.

Poor old Fritz Bruner! For days
he came around by another street, and
in at his back gate, rather than face
Margaret. To be sure, his own sons
had lost their little all.

"But they bees young," he groaned,
"and she bees an old woman with a
husband like vas leddle body to care
for, und I put it in—ah, himmel!—I
put it in dot bank!"

But all the more the old woman
must work for her John now; and the
little bent figure that went creeping
back to the mills was still Margaret
Hilliard, though people who know her
well looked at her twice before they
could believe it. She was before and
helpless indeed, for with this last blow
her faith had forsaken her.

"Don't talk to me! Don't speak to
me, let me alone!" she cried, fiercely,
so say she spoke rather with sym-
pathy. "Keep your words for your-
self, you'll need 'em when year time
comes. I don't believe anything of
what you say! I've tried it all. I've
done nothing but hold out my hand to
the Lord for help all my life, an' He's
failed me!"

When her neighbors fell back aghast
at such words, the old woman drew
more and more to herself, and her
heart grew bitterer and the face be-
neath the whitening hair looked hard
and fierce.

Some weeks later the superintendent
stopped her.

"I hear the bank will pay a little
after all," he said, kindly—"about ten
cents on the dollar. You need not
come to work to-morrow; take your
bank-book and go over to the city.
You will get about forty dollars. You
understand? Go yourself—don't send
any one."

The next morning, in her scant
calico dress, her thin shawl and rusty
bonnet, the fatal blue bank-book
clutched in her hand, rough hand,
Margaret went over to the city.

"The People's Bank, corner of
Washington and Main streets." It
was not hard to find. Any one could
direct her—it had figured so promi-
nently before the public lately.

She found others there, who had
come for what little remained of their
money. Among them was one of old
Fritz's boys, and by him she stood to
wait her turn. At the window the
teller took her book from her unresist-
ing hand.

He looked at it in surprise, and then
at her.

"What made you think you had
money with us?" he asked.

She pointed to the book.

"Can't you read?" he asked, roughly.
She shook her head.

Old Fritz's son stepped up. "My
father put her money in here for her—"

The clerk banded him the bank-book,
pointing to the name on the outside.

Young Bruner's face charged. "I
don't know how it happened," he said,
"I—" He drew Margaret away from
the window and led her out of the
building.

"Wouldn't they even give me my
little bit?" she asked, dazed and con-
fused, as he hurried her across the
street.

"Hush!" answered the young man,
with almost a sob in his voice. "It
seems too good to be true!"

They entered another building. He
led her to a window in the brass screen

that divided the room, and handed her
book with a few words of explanation
to a brisk-looking man behind.

Then the old woman realized that
the teller, as well as those near by, was
regarding her curiously. She heard
the questions put to her as from a
great distance, and realized vaguely
that she was trying to answer them
somehow. She lacked from one to the
other in bewilderment.

"I don't understand," she began
mildly. "What is it?" and her rough
old hands went out feebly in beseeching
helplessness.

"Don't you see?" she heard old
Fritz's boy saying. "Father, he can't
read English; he thought he was going
to the People's Bank, but he really
came to this bank on the opposite
corner. Your money never was in the
People's—you can get it as soon as
you need it to pay for the home, all of
it. Your book says, 'The Bank of
Commerce, and we none of us ever
knew it!'"

She understood enough of his ex-
planation to realize that her money was
safe—her John, herself, the old age
still provided for!

There was a feeble cry, and in the
big, crowded bank, old Margaret fell
on her knees.

"You'll forgive me, Lord, You'll
forgive me for tartin' from You when
I thought it was gone! You know,
Lord, what years it took to get it—
an' I'm an old woman an' w'ak—
You'll forgive me—"

It was the brisk teller who lifted her
tenderly to her feet, while more than
one man turned that his neighbor might
not see her moist eyes. Then—old
Fritz's boy, picking up her bank book,
took Margaret down to the ferry and
saw her safely across.

But it was old Fritz himself who
came over that evening, his honest red
face beaming behind the tears that
rolled down his cheeks.

"Father in Himmel!" he cried, "mine
old friend, but Gott bees good, to make
me haf so leddle American brains!"—
Youth's Companion.

Wise Words.

A rogue is a rebound about fool.

A full jail is better than an empty
one.

Gossip is generally a desire to get
even.

A drop of ink may make a million
think.

It is a rare man who can do a favor
delicately.

You seldom admire a man you see a
great deal of.

Rank and riches are chains of gold,
but still chains.

It is not hard to forgive a lie told
with good intent.

One drop of seawater will spread over
a whole life time.

What we place most hopes upon
generally proves most fatal.

Everything a man likes to do
a woman can prove is wicked.

The man who knows the world and
is not a cynic is usually a fool.

An evil intention perverts the best
actions and makes them sins.