

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1893.

No. 18.

### THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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**\$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.

Notices for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the printer, and payment in advance is necessary.

The Acadian has been constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newly communicated items 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 is not necessarily accompanied by the name of the author, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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Office hours, 8 a. m. to 3 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7:10 a. m.

Express west close at 10:30 a. m.

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Kentville close at 7:00 p. m.

Geo. V. Ross, Post Master

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturdays at 1 p. m.

G. W. Hagan, Agent

Churches

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9 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

Conor W. Henson,  
A. Dew Bass

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor. Services: Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9 a. m. and 1 p. m.; Bible Class at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oscar Grenlund, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, noon. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcome at all the services. At Greenwood, preaching at 2 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Thursday.

By JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion at 10 a. m. and 4th at 8 a. m. and 4th at 11 a. m. Service every Friday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Pastor.  
Frank A. Dixon, Warden.  
Robert W. Starr, J.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, F. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

Episcopal

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.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance

WOLFVILLE DIVISION N. 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 afternoon at 5 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE

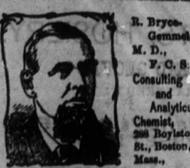
For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Order solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,  
Proprietors.



R. Bryce Gemmel, M. D., Consulting and Analytical Chemist, 288 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

After a careful examination of

Skoda's German Soap

is highly recommended, both for medicinal and toilet use. It is sold

perfectly pure and possessing high medicinal qualities. It can be used with perfect safety on the most delicate skin, and is an excellent cleanser for general every-day use.

Mr. Raymond, whose picture appears here, and who for many years was surgeon in the manufacture of toilet soap, writes, under date of Feb. 4, 1891: "I am convinced as to its soft and purifying qualities. It is pure, unadulterated, and free from alkali, which most soaps contain."

Miss M. L. Weston, a graduate of the Victoria General Hospital Training School for Nurses, Halifax, N. S., writes: "Truly Skoda's Soap is soft as velvet and pure as milk. It makes the skin soft, white and beautiful."

DEODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

### DIRECTORY.

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you 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, Furniture, &c.

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

J. R. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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

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

HERRIN, J. P.—Shoe Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer or Coal always on hand.

KELELY, THOMAS—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders to his line faithfully 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 Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Pumps.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Toilet Artist.

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

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

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

ARE YOU WEAK AND NERVOUS?

HAWKERS NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC

WILL MAKE YOU STRONG

Prepared by Dr. J. W. Weston, held by his Drug Store, Wolfville, N. S.

HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited, St. John's, N. S.

TO LET.

The front room over my store. Suitable office for Dentist, Lawyer, Doctor or for any person whose work is not too noisy.

F. J. PORTER.

### POETRY.

The Angels' Song.

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,  
To touch their harps of gold:

"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King!"  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

Yet with the woe of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of grief,

And man, at war with man, bears not  
The love-song which they bring;  
Oh! hush the music, ye men of strife,  
And hush the angels' song!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low;  
Who toil along the climbing way,  
With painful steps and slow—

Look now! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing;  
Oh! rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

For to the days are hastening on,  
By prophet bands foretold,  
When with the ever-during years  
Comes round the age of gold;

When Peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

SELECT STORY.

A Ten Dollar Christmas.

ADELE Chester had never spent a Christmas in the country before; neither had she ever felt quite so desolate. Mother and father were in Europe, in search of health for the father, and Adele, who had been left in charge of Aunt Martha, had herself decreed that she would go nowhere for Christmas.

"I can't be happy and frolic when papa is sick," she said; "and as for the country, if Aunt Martha can live there all her life, I think I can endure one Christmas." So she had staid; but it must be confessed that the world looked dreary to her that wintry morning, with nothing but snow to be seen from her window. She almost thought she would have been wise to have left the Hamilton cotswill. "At least there would have been a chance to spend my Christmas money," she murmured gloomily, as she tapped on the frosty pane with restless fingers. "I'm sure I don't know what I can buy in this little tucked-up place."

The "tucked-up place" was really a nice town with about three thousand people living in it, but to Adele, whose home was in Toronto it seemed almost to call it a town. Aunt Martha's farmhouse was only half a mile from some very good stores, where Adele had found a few things to suit her during the three months she had spent there, and on the whole she had managed to be quite happy. But she did not feel like being suited with anything this morning. Such a queer Christmas for her! She had her presents, as usual—a new fur cap from Aunt Martha, a writing-desk well furnished from Uncle Peter, a lovely ring with a real diamond in it from mamma, and a new chain for her pretty watch from papa. What more could a reasonable girl want? Truth to tell, she wanted nothing but the dear home, and mamma's kisses, and papa's arms around her. The ring and chain were beautiful, but they did not seem like presents from them, when she knew they crossed the ocean weeks ago, and had been lying in Aunt Martha's bureau drawer waiting for this morning. She valued the letter more which had arrived only the night before, and she drew it from her pocket and kissed it, letting a tear or two fall on the words, "My Darling Child," as she read them once more. "Papa and I are so sorry to be away from you to-day," the letter read; "we have tried to find something suitable to send on so long a journey, and planned to reach you on the very day, but have failed; papa has not been well enough to look about much for a few weeks, and I could not go alone. At last we decided to send you a fifty-dollar bank note and bid you go and spend it in the way which would make you happiest."

"The idea!" said Adele, smiling through her tears, as she refolded the letter, "just as though I could find anything here to buy to make me happy! Mamma must have forgotten for the moment where I was. Yet I want a few things, some Christmas bonuses, at least, if they know the meaning of the word in this little place

and above all I want a brisk walk in the snow. I shall take ten dollars of my fifty, and go out and spend it; I won't waste another cent on this old town. I wonder what I can do with ten dollars to make me happy?" She laughed half scornfully. Ten dollars seemed so very little to this girl, who had always spent money as freely as water, and done a little thinking about it as she bled over the spring

she said; "I want your help about something." The child followed wonderingly, with eyes that grew every moment larger as the thick brown coat which hung on a wire frame was taken down and deliberately tried by the smiling shop girl on her quaint little self.

"It fits to a T," said the girl; "Janey has a pretty figure and that just suits her."

"It is warm, at least," said Adele. "Did you say it was two and a half?"

"You know, and Santa Claus sent it to you. Now that shoulder shawl!"

A moment more, and it was in Janey's astonished arms. Her eyes sparkled, but she made an earnest protest: "Oh! if you please, I don't think I can; I am afraid mother would not."

"Your mother cannot help herself," interrupted Adele. "Don't you know I told you it was Santa Claus? He does what he likes always. Come along, I'm going to market with you; I want to see you pick out a soup bone. Is it to go in that basket?"

She picked it out with grave care and with skill, Adele and the clerk, market man watching her the while. "Isn't it a nice one, Bobby?" she said, to a stout boy who had also stopped. Adele turned as the freckled boy nodded.

"Who is that? Is he a friend of yours?"

Well, Bobby, Santa Claus wants you to go on an errand for him, will you? He will give you four of those red-checked aprons if you will."

The boy laughed good-naturedly, and said he didn't know much about Santa Claus, but he would do whatever she wanted.

"Very well," said Adele, turning; "I want that market basket which hangs up there. Can you lend it to this boy for a little while?" The market man declared his entire willingness to do so, and kept Bobby hovering waiting for her home while she filled that basket with everything which Adele's eye could discover, which might add to a Christmas dinner. There was a plump chicken, a roast of beef, a serving of sausage, some potatoes, apples, onions, turnips, a great bunch of celery, and, in short, whatever the market man suggested, after the girl's skill was exhausted.

"Is that too heavy for you?" said Adele.

"Oh, no, ma'am!" Bobby assured her.

"Very well; I want you to take it to this little girl's mother's house, and tell her Santa Claus sent it to go with the soup, and that he has given him a happy Christmas to do so. Will you remember to pay the bill?"

"I've spent every cent of my ten dollars," she told Aunt Martha an hour later. "I haven't even enough to buy you any Christmas bon-bons; but I have obeyed mamma's directions; I was to buy something to make me happy, and haven't felt so happy in weeks as I do this minute. When I got my things put away I'll come down and tell you all about it."

Aunt Martha watched her bound up the stores, a glow on her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes which she had lacked when she went out; and whatever the purchases had been, she was grateful.

As for Janey Hooper and her mother, they were so busy with their dinner that they had no time to think of anything else.

"That was for your mother," she said; "what would you choose for yourself?"

"Me?" said the child surprised.

"Oh! I don't know. I might take that brown coat, maybe, or some mittens, or—I don't know which I would take. What's the use?"

She was turning away, but Adele's gloved hand detained her. The little sack she wore was much too thin for so cold a morning.

"Wait a minute," she said gently. "Tell me, what your name is, won't you, and where you live, and what you came out for this cold morning with so thin a sack?"

"I'm Janey Hooper; we live down there on Factory Lane. It wasn't far to go, and my sack is worn out, that is why it is so thin; but it will do very well for this winter. I came out to buy the Christmas dinner."

"Did you, indeed? Aren't you very young to go to market?"

"Oh, so, ma'am! I'm turned nine, and the oldest of four and father's dead. Of course I have to do all I can. I know how to choose a lumpy soup bone."

"Do you? Are you going to have soup to-day?"

"Yes, ma, a big kettle full; I've got ten cents to buy a bone with. I generally get a five cent one; but we thought for Christmas we would have it fine. My brother is to be home to dinner; he is most twelve, and likes soup."

There was a mist before Adele's eyes that the frosty air did not make. She brushed it away and settled her plans. "Come in here with me a minute," she said; "I want your help about something." The child followed wonderingly, with eyes that grew every moment larger as the thick brown coat which hung on a wire frame was taken down and deliberately tried by the smiling shop girl on her quaint little self.

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"Oh, so, ma'am! I'm turned nine, and the oldest of four and father's dead. Of course I have to do all I can. I know how to choose a lumpy soup bone."

"Yes, sir; that's just what it is."

"I never should have known it," said the stranger. "I was tolerably familiar with the place ten years ago."

"Perhaps you know me; most of the people in the village did. My name is Sam Putnam. Did you ever hear it?"

He said the other.

The other shook his head slowly, saying—

"I have a poor memory for names."

"But I have an excellent one," returned Putnam. "Might I inquire yours?"

The stranger drew from his pocket a soiled card, and handed it over the fence. Upon it was printed "Mr. J. Winslow Smith, Phrenologist."

With a look of contempt, Sam handed it back.

"What was your name ten years ago," he asked.

The stranger started, but recovering himself, said, with gentle suavity—

"I was then J. Winslow Smith, book-agent. Ten years of study in foreign lands have fitted me to practise my vocation. Having some acquaintance in Steelville, and being on my way to the great metropolis, I concluded to make a call upon this, my old home."

"What were the names of your friends?" inquired Sam.

Mr. Smith made no reply. Instead, he signed deeply and glanced toward the spire of the church showing faintly through the trees.

"There have been remarkable changes here," he said.

"Well, I should rather think so. This doesn't look much more like old, dilapidated Steel Street than the New Jerusalem looks like the City of Destruction."

"It must have cost something. How was it done? Who paid the bills?"

Inquired Smith, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"The Erie Company in part, and the people in part," said Sam, answering the last question. "As you no doubt remember, the old settlement was on a steep hillside, so steep that people had to wear spikes in their shoes to keep from sliding down into the river. There was no chance for gardens, nor room for anything out doors but children and goats. Mr. Chamberlain, who had just taken charge of the flour-works yonder, saw for the more useful, level village that was ever laid out. It was, to be sure, covered with trees. He had away from the main road. He had away from the river. He had away from the old mill-pond, and had the land surveyed into house-lots. He had the roads built a new bridge, and had the roads cut off, and began to put up cottages. These he rented to the help. Might glad they were to get them. As fast as the old tenement houses were emptied they were pulled down. 'Bug Palace,' the worst of the lot, burned one cold winter night."

"I suppose he built the church," said Mr. Smith, with a sneer.

"He helped, but the people did most of it."

"Step-street people build a church?"

"Certainly; why not?"

"I should as soon think of Satan preaching the Gospel. Why, they were the most drunken, degraded, unchristian set that were ever drummed together."

"I know they were, but it was rum that did it all. When that was removed, the people were all right."

"Wasn't it a difficult thing to stop the drinking?"

"It was that. It took two years to get it fairly under, not to speak of the two years that Mr. Chamberlain put in before that, under old Lanson," said Sam.

"Who was this Lanson?" inquired J. Winslow Smith, with interest.

"He was the agent, who took charge of the mills after the death of Robert Flint."

"Was he smart?"

"Not very; he was too much of a hypocrite. He had an idea that he could cheat the Lord as easily as he could his fellow-men; but a judgment fell on him. He got found out, and had to leave the country."

"Good enough for him!" was the pious rejoinder.

For some minutes after this, neither of the men said a word. Putnam resumed his work, and the clipping of the huge shears was the only noise that broke the stillness.

"Would it be possible for a person to get a little liquor for medicine, here?"

Finally asked Smith.

"No, sir! Not a drop of liquor can be obtained in the village. Why, the people here it now worse than the young boys down. I believe they would mob a man for bringing a quart into town!" was the emphatic reply.

"I don't understand how this came about," said Smith, with a ring of sincerity in his tones.

"It is a problem that a good many gave up," replied Putnam. "Lots of people think liquor-drinking cannot be successfully banished, either by law or by moral suasion. Mr. Chamberlain's experiment with this village has proved them wrong. He made use of both. Where persuasion would not avail, he substituted the strong arm of the law. This is now a gospel temperance, prohibition town. It has its schools, its library, its debating club, its literary circle, its church, and not a single liquor-saloon. This village has risen in answer to prayer; not that we prayed, and did nothing else, but prayer and work went hand in hand, and God blessed them, as he always does."