

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1897.

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### THE ACADIAN.

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

**\$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 receipt of advertising matter should be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new types and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.  
Newspapers from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written in care of a fictitious signature.

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

#### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M.  
Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:15 A. M.  
Express west close at 9:00 A. M.  
Express east close at 2:05 P. M.  
Kentville close at 7:05 P. M.  
Geo. Y. HARD, 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 a. 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 first Sunday in the month at 3:30 p. m.  
COLIN W. ROSSON, Ushers  
A. DEW BARRIS

**WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH**—Rev. J. A. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor, St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 1:30 p. 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 at 7:30 o'clock and regular Church all the services.—At Greenwood, 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 at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; 2d, 4th and 6th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.  
REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.  
Robert W. Blomfield, Warden.  
R. J. Rutherford, Organist.

**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.**  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. 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 8:30 o'clock.

**Foresters.**  
Court Blomfield, 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 Pines,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
N. B. Machine Needles and Oil.  
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

**GEO. G. HANDLEY,**  
Merchant Tailor,  
BLOWERS ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

**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.

**Midsummer Sale!**  
The Wolfville Clothing Company,  
—HAVE OPENED A FINE RANGE OF—  
—LIGHT—  
ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS  
AND TROUSERS,  
ALSO THEIR USUAL FINE ASSORTMENT  
—OF—  
OXEORD AND MONCTON LIGHT  
HOMESPUNS.

Put away that dark suit. It is poor economy to wear a \$20.00 Scotch Tweed that would last you all next winter when a \$13.00 to \$15.00 Homespun or light Tweed will give you solid comfort, not show dust and save that dark, heavy suit.

**SEE OUR FINE STOCK**  
**NOBLE CRANDALL,**  
MANAGER.  
TELEPHONE NO. 35.

**\$4.99.**  
**Another Bargain in Dresses!**  
**6 yards Silk and Wool Goods**  
**and all Linings, etc., for \$4.99.**

4½ Skirt Lining.  
2 Waist Lining.  
1½ Canvas.  
Steels, Hooks and Eyes, Silk, and Cotton.

**WRITE FOR SAMPLES.**  
**W. L. Kane & Co.**  
61 BARRINGTON ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

**Wah Hop,**  
**CHINESE LAUNDRY,**  
Wolfville, N. S.,  
First-class Work Guaranteed.

**\$18,000 in Cash. \$18,000**  
—GRAND—  
**PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION**  
—AT—  
**HALIFAX,**  
SEPT. 28, TO OCT. 1, 1897.  
Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals.  
The largest amount ever offered in Prizes at any Exhibition in the Maritime Provinces.

The Spectacular Siege of Sebastopol every evening—the most gorgeous and realistic effects ever produced in Canada. An unequalled Half Mile Track for Speed Competition. Exhibits carried at exceedingly low rates. Very cheap excursion tickets on all railways and steamboats. Full particulars later. Apply for Prize Lists, Entry Forms and all information to  
**JOHN E. WOOD,**  
Secretary,  
Halifax, N. S.

**A. B. S. DeWolf,**  
183 Upper Water St., HALIFAX.  
Commission merchant in Butter, Eggs, Cheese and Fruit. Prompt returns. Importer of Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, etc.

**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  
Minards Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"La, child, the world is full of 'em!" said Mrs. Robbins, who had a sweet, plaintive voice. "The Lord, He's a deal better to us than we deserve!"  
"Well," then, quaintly remarked Mrs. Robbins, "I may as well tell you, now, as ever, that the roof's leakin' dreadful bad."  
"Leakin', is it?" said Mrs. Robbins. "Where?"  
"Up garret," said Mrs. Robbins. "Over the roof's room."  
"Well, it's leakin' in ain't leakin' over the rooms we live in," said the invertebrate old optimist. "If it was to leak at all, it couldn't have selected a better spot."  
"And the fence is down in the north lot," remarked Mrs. Robbins, "and neighbor Carter's cattle are all in!"  
"Well, there ain't much but roof and mullin-stalks in that lot, anyhow, and neighbor Carter don't half feed his cattle. I'm glad the poor creature's can have a good bite for once in their lives."  
"And I've had a letter from Walter's widow," added Mrs. Robbins, "and she wants to come here with her children."  
"Tell her to come," said Mrs. Robbins. "It ain't a fine city place, and maybe she and the little ones will find it hard to make out on mud and molasses, and baked potatoes, as we do. But she's my nephew's widow, and she's welcome here."  
"But, mother," said Mrs. Robbins, "think what you are doing. Another family in this cramped up little house—a lot of noisy children, racing and screaming about—a fine lady to be waited on, who is certainly an able to take care of herself as we are to take care of her. And you know we owe a large bill at the grocery's, and we haven't paid for the cow yet, and the tailors business is getting duller every year, now that folks have taken the notion to go to Halifax."  
"Well, child—well, seriously interposed the old lady. "God will provide. He always does. And it's a dreadful thing to be a widow and homeless. Write to her, Mrs. Robbins, and tell her to come."  
"But she has no money to travel with," blurted out Mrs. Robbins. "She wants us to send her twenty dollars. She has written to cousin Marret, up at the grange, and they won't even answer her letter."  
"Dear, dear! that's bad!" cooed Mrs. Robbins. "No money at all. Poor soul! poor soul!"  
"Well—but, mother," pleaded Mrs. Robbins, "we haven't got any money, either—to spare!"  
"There's the chicken money," said Mrs. Robbins, looking wistfully up.  
"But, that was to buy you a warm, new cloak, mother."  
"Well, I'll make the old gray shawl do for another year," said Mrs. Robbins. "And Walter's widow must have money to pay her traveling expenses—poor thing! It was very wrong of Olivia Marret not to answer her letter—very. But Olivia and her husband were always close. It's their nature, I do o'posse."  
And Mrs. Robbins broke out laughing, with tears in the corners of her hard, gray eyes.  
"You dear, old mother!" said she. "Let Walter's widow and her children come. We're poor, and in debt, and can't find bread for our own two selves; but I believe for once, I'll follow your example, mother, and trust in Providence."  
And she sat down and wrote to Walter Robbins' widow, inclosing that last twenty-dollar bill, with which she was to have bought the warm winter cloak for the old lady, who was so contentedly knitting in the coral glow of the firelight.

Mrs. Walter Robbins was sitting by the fire also, but not such a fire as illumines the farmhouse kitchen with a softer shine than any electric light. It was a mere handful of coals, in a rustic grate, over which she bent with a shudder, as the wind howled by, shaking the window-panes and rattling the paper-shades. She was mending the children's stockings, and as she worked a little girl crept out of the bed and stole across the floor to her side.  
"Mamma, I can't get warm," said she. "Isn't there any fire?"  
"There's a fire, dear!" said Mrs.

Robbins; "but we can't have much, for there's only a peck of coal left in the box."  
"Mamma," went on the child, "why don't our fires shine red and bright like the ones I see through other people's windows, sometimes?"  
"We can't afford it, dear," sighed the widow. "If you let the coal blaze and crackle it soon turns into ashes, and we must economize."  
"Mamma," spoke up a tiny voice from the bed, "I don't eat quite enough supper. Can't I have another half slice of bread?"  
"There is no more, Bessie," said Mrs. Robbins, with a pang, sharper than any serpent's tooth, at her heart. "Go to sleep, dear; you'll soon forget that you are hungry, and in the morning we are to start for the country, you know."  
Bessie's eyes sparkled.  
"We can have all the milk we want then, mamma, can't we?" said she.  
"And pick up nuts where they grow among the leaves, and eat apples without paying two cents apiece for them," chimed in Lillie. "Oh, mamma, why don't every one live in the country? Mamma, don't you love cousin Elsa and her mother? Is cousin Elsa a little girl? Will she play with us?"  
"I don't know," said Mrs. Robbins, with a quiver in her voice. "No, she is not a child; she is a woman, like me. But I think she must be an angel in her heart."  
For Elsa Robbins had been the first helping hand which had been stretched out to lift the poor little widow out of the abyss of troubles which had almost overwhelmed her since her husband died in the far-away Mexican lands whether he had gone to make the fortune which, alas! was never made. She had become sadly used to sharp words and cold glances, but kindness, sympathy, tender attentions, claims to kinship, were new and precious to her.

Just then there came a heavy, creaking footstep on the floor—a tap at the door.  
Little Lillie jumped up and scampered back to bed. Bessie drew her curly yellow hair under the sheets.  
"It's a mistake!" said Mrs. Robbins, spiritlessly. "Nobody ever comes here."  
But she rose and opened the door. There stood a stout, middle-aged man, with cheerful blue eyes, a ruddy complexion, and leg-of-mutton whiskers, slightly sprinkled with gray.  
"Does Mrs. Walter Robbins live here?" he asked.  
Miss Elsa had made waffles for supper, and had tried some fresh rollers, brown and light as butterfly wings. She had brought in the parlor lamp, and hunted up two little china mugs, handleless, and with the gilt inscription faded off, which had been her and her dead sister's, as children, long ago.  
"They'll please the little ones," she thought.  
And Mrs. Robbins, in her clean cap, sat smiling by the hearthstone, when Walter's widow came in, her black dress powdered over with the snow which had begun to fall at the gathering of dusk, and with the two little girls clinging to her hand.  
"My dear," said Mrs. Robbins, "you are welcome—kindly welcome—you and the dear little girls!"  
And Elsa came in, her face softened for the moment, and led them hospitably to the fire.

"It's a poor place," said she; "but mother is right—you are welcome!"  
The children looked timidly around at the black beams which traversed the roof overhead—the deep-set windows, with their broad ledges filled with musk plants and fish geraniums—the strings of red peppers above the mantel—and the brass candlesticks which glittered as if they were made of gold. And then the fire—the great, open chimney piece—the blazing logs—the fannily shaped andirons, with round heads, and the great Maltese cat, asleep upon the gaudy rag rug. Was it all true? Or were they dreaming?  
But when it came to the hot waffles,

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

And when the gentle widow retired to her room, Miss Elsa looked at the old lady with tears in her eyes.  
"Mother," said she, "you were right. Providence has provided. The moment I made up my mind to leave off caring and planning, and trust in God, He has laid a blessing at my feet. I think I will never doubt or despair again."—Saturday Night.

Told of Landseer the Artist.  
At an exhibition of the Royal Academy considerable notice was attracted by the picture of a magnificent dog chained to its kennel and carried away by a food. A gentleman hurried off to the painter to make an offer for it; he rang at the door of a small garden. When the wicket was opened he saw a boy playing with a hoop with some other little fellows. He inquired of the children:  
"Does Mr. Landseer live here?"  
"Yes," replied one of the boys.  
"When may I speak to him?"  
"Now, if you like, I am Mr. Landseer."  
"But," explained the visitor, "it is your father I want to see. I have called about a picture of his at the academy."  
"Well," said the child, "it is I who am exhibiting the picture." He was then a little over 14 years old.  
Though Landseer's genius was cultivated early, it was no forced plant. His technical powers were prodigious.

**A Prominent City Official**  
Thinks as Highly of Paine's Celery Compound as He Did Years Ago.  
Mr. J. T. Dillon, Chairman of the Board of Assessor of the city of Montreal, is one of the best known and most popular citizens of the great metropolis. As Mr. Dillon had some years ago given public testimony regarding the life-giving virtues of Paine's Celery Compound, he was recently asked if his opinions had in anyway changed as far as the value of the great curing medicine is concerned.  
Mr. Dillon's reply was prompt, and his statement as strong as words could make it. His letter reads as follows:  
"I am in receipt of your valued favor, and would say that I most cheerfully testify again to the worth, value and merits of Paine's Celery Compound. I am never without a bottle of it in my possession, and I partake of it daily. This I have been in the habit of doing for some years, and can affirm that, wonderful as it may seem, it is a most wonderful nerve restorer and tonic. Hardly a day passes by me that I am not asked the question, 'What do you do to preserve your youthful appearance?' My reply is, 'I take Paine's Celery Compound.'

**Preserve Your Hair**  
and you preserve your youth. "A woman is as old as she looks," says the world. No woman looks as old as she is if her hair has preserved its normal beauty. You can keep hair from falling out, restoring its normal color, or restore the normal color to gray or faded hair, by the use of  
**Ayer's Hair Vigor.**

**Windsor Salt**  
For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

Beautiful eyes grow dull and dim As the swift years steal away. Beautiful, willowy forms so slim Lose fairness with every day. But she still is queen and bath charms to spare Who wears youth's coronal—Beautiful Hair.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

He was once present at a party when the conversation turned upon feats of manual dexterity, and a lady exclaimed:  
"Well, there is one thing nobody has ever done, and that is to draw two things at once!"  
"Oh, yes; I think I can do that," returned Landseer; and with a pencil in each hand he drew rapidly and simultaneously the profile of a stag's head, with all its antlers complete, and the perfect profile of a horse's head. Both drawings were full of energy.  
Landseer painted deer and dogs as no one had ever done before, and was said to have humanized their expression. He was fond of outdoor sports, but when deer stalking in the Highlands often disgusted the gillies by leading them a long tramp with mere sketching than shooting. On one occasion the men were astonished, just as a magnificent stag came in the way, to have Sir Edwin's gun thrust into their hands, with the words, "Here, take this!" while the sketch book was pulled hastily out. The gillies could not refrain from expressing a forcible opinion at this conduct among themselves. "But," one of them added, "Sir Edwin must have understood Gaelic, for he was out of temper for the rest of the day."

**Lungs in Their Feet.**  
Next time you take a trip to the sea, just hunt along the beach for a bit of driftwood, and take a look at the little triangular shells attached to it in dozens, each by a flesh stalk. These, every child knows, are barnacles. But I fancy very few understand that the barnacle is not an ordinary shell-fish at all, but a most peculiar little crab. Pull one off its plank and set him afloat in a pool where you can watch him.  
Very soon a beautiful little bunch of feathery plumage emerge, and gracefully wave back and forth, now and then being quickly withdrawn into the shell. These plumage you would hardly guess to be the feet of the animal. They serve a threefold purpose—with them the creature moves about through the water, they serve for sweeping food-particles into the mouth and, most extraordinary of all, they are adapted for securing to their owner a supply of oxygen from the water—in other words the barnacle breathes through his feet.

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