THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8.00 A. M. TO 8.30 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6 15 a. m.

Express west close at 10 00 a. m.

Express east close at 4 00 p. m.

Kentville close at 6 40 p. m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

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

G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.——Pastor, Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7.30 p m; Sunday School at 2 30 p m. B. Y. P. U. Service of Song and prayer-meeting, 6.30 to 7.30 p m. Sacred Literature Class on Tuesday evening and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. 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 on Thursday evening at 7 30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, 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 1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Starr, } Wardens.
S. J. Rutherford, }

ST FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev Mr Kennedy, P. P.,—Mass 11 00 a m 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 7½ o'clock p. m.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of 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 3.30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Blomidon, 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 Pineo, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

N. B. Machine Needles and Oil. Machines and Organs repaired. 25

GEO. G. HANDLEY, Merchant Tailor, 9 BLOWERS ST., HALIFAX, N. S. 24

WANTED. Industrious Men of Character. THE LINSCOTT COMPANY, TORONTO.

FALL STOCK AND FALL STYLES!

THE WOLEVILLE CLOTHING CO., Are already in full swing with fall orders.

—FRESH NEW PATTERNS IN—

Imported and Domestic Cloths,

And the latest ideas in Stye, Fit and Finish,

Combining to make us the most popular Custom Tailors of Kings County.

SEE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

The Wolfville Clothing Company,

NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.

Agency of Empire Laundry.

Property for Sale in Wolfville!

Dwelling containing nine rooms, besides bath-room and kitchen, with hot and cold water, and all modern improvements; good outbuildings; three acres of land with apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, small fruits. Conveniently situated near schools, churches, post office, etc. Part of purchase money may remain on mortgage if desired. For further particulars apply to

MRS. H. D. HARRIS.

Wah Hop, CHINESE LAUNDRY, Wo fvie, N. S.

First-class Work Guaranteed.

LOOK!

There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat store in

Crystl P lce 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

J. C. Dumaresq ARCHITECT, Halifax, N. S.

Plans and specifications prepared for all kinds of buildings. 22

AT

This Season of the Year Prepare for Fall and Winter.

IT

Will give us pleasure to show you our late Importations and

AGAIN

Be favored with your esteemed order, either for a suit or Overcoat, or any Garment you wish in our line.

N. L. McDONALD, MERCHANT TAILOR. "Acadia Corner," Cor. Bells Lane and Water St.

FARM FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale the farm on which he resides at Wallbrook, containing 200 acres of upland and 20 acres of dike. Has an orchard which has borne 600 barrels of apples, and a young one just coming into bearing, besides peaches, plums, and pears.

Apply to CHAS. PAINE. Wallbrook, Sept. 20th, 1897. tf

WANTED—CANVASSERS.

"Queen Victoria; Her Life and Reign," has captured the British Empire. Extraordinary testimonials from the great men; send for copy free. Marquis of Lorne says, "The best popular Life of the Queen I have seen." Her Majesty sends a kind letter of appreciation. Selling by thousands; gives enthusiastic satisfaction. Canvassers make $15 to $40 weekly.

THE BRADLEY-GARRETSON, CO., (Limited) TORONTO.

POETRY.

A New Year's Resolve.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie,
A new life is yours, and a new hope! Remember
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.

Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting
Whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong;
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting,
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is shining;
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next;
Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder the lining;
Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a text.

As each year hurries by, let it join the procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past,
While you take your place in the line of progression
With your eyes on the heavens your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will but stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve!

It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled,
For look! how the light of the New year is gilding
The worn, wan face of the bruised old world!

SELECT STORY.

When a Man's Single.

BY JAMES M. BARRIE.

CHAPTER IX.—*Continued.*

"Don't mind Rorrison," said Simms to Rob. "It was in this way: My great work of fiction did fairly well at the libraries, owing to a mistake Mudie made about the name. He ordered a number of copies under the impression that the book was by the popular novelist, Simmons, and when the mistake was found out he was too honorable to draw back. The surplus copies, however, would not sell at all. My publisher offered them as Saturday evening presents to his young men, but they always left them on their desks; so next he tried the second hand bookshops, in the hope that people from the country would buy the three volumes because they looked so cheap at two shillings. However, even the label 'Published at 31s. 6d.: offered for 2s.,' was barren of results. I used to stand in an alley near one of these bookshops, and watch the people handling my novel."

"But no one made an offer for it?"

"Not at two shillings, but when it came down to one-and-sixpence an elderly man with spectacles very nearly bought it. He was undecided between it and a trigonometry, but in the end he went off with the trigonometry. Then a young lady in gray and pink seemed interested in it. I watched her reading the bit about Lord John entering the drawing-room suddenly and finding Henry on his knees, and once I distinctly saw her smile."

"She might have bought the novel if only to see how it ended."

"Ah, I have always been of the opinion that she would have done so, had she not most unfortunately, in her eagerness to learn what Henry said when he and Eleanor went into the conservatory, knocked a row of books over with her elbow. That frightened her, and she took to flight."

"Most unfortunate," said Rob, solemnly, though he was already beginning to understand Simms—as Simms was on the surface.

"I had still one disappointment," continued the author, "a few days afterwards. By this time the book was marked 'Very amusing, 1s., worth 1s. 6d.'; and when I saw a pale-looking young man, who had been examining it, enter the shop, I thought the novel was as good as sold. My excitement was intense when a shopman came out for the three volumes and carried them inside, but I was puzzled on seeing the young gentleman depart, apparently without having made a purchase. Consider my feelings when the shopman replaced the three volumes on his shelf with the new label '924 pp., 8d.; worth 1s.'"

"Surely it found a purchaser now?"

"Alas, no. The only man that seemed to be attracted by it at eightpence turned out to be the author of 'John Mordaunt's Christmas-box (Thrilling! published at 6s; offered at 1s. 3d.'), who was hanging about in the interests of his own work."

"Did it come down to 'Sixpence, worth ninepence?'"

"No; when I returned to the spot next day I found volumes One and Three in the '2d. any vol.' box, and I carried them away myself. What became of Volume Two I have never been able to discover. I rummaged the box for it in vain."

"As a matter of fact, Angus," remarked Rorrison, "the novel is now in its third edition."

"I always understood that it had done well," said Rob.

"The fourth time I asked for it at Mudie's," said Simms, the latter half of whose sentences were sometimes scarcely audible, "I inquired how it was going, and was told that it had been already asked for three times. Curiously enough, there is a general impression that it has been a great success, and for that I have thanked one man."

"The admirer of whom you spoke?"

"Yes, my admirer, as I love to call him. I first heard of him as a business gentleman living at Shepherd's Bush, who spoke with rapture of my novel to any chance acquaintances he made on the top of 'busses. Then my aunt told me that a young lady knew a stout man living at Shepherd's Bush who could talk of nothing but my book; and on inquiry at my publisher's I learned that a gentleman answering to this description had bought two copies. I heard of my admirer from different quarters for the next month, until a great longing rose in me to see him, to clasp his hand, to ask what part of the book he liked best—at the least to walk up and down past his windows, feeling that two men who appreciated each other were only separated by a pane of glass."

"Did you ever discover who he was?"

"I did. He lives at 42 Lavender Crescent, Shepherd's Bush, and his name is Henry Gilding."

"Well?" said Rob, seeing Simms pause, as if this was all.

"I am afraid, Mr Angus," the author murmured in reply, "that you did not read the powerful and harrowing tale very carefully, or you would remember that my hero's name was also Henry Gilding."

"Well, but what of that?"

"There is everything in that. That is what made the Shepherd's Bush gentleman my admirer for life. He considers it the strangest and most diverting thing in his experience, and every night, I believe, after dinner, his eldest daughter has to read out to him the passages in which the Henry Gildings are thickest. He chuckles over the extraordinary coincidence still. He could take that joke with him to the sea-side for a month, and it would keep him in humor all the time."

"Have done, Simms, have done," said Rorrison; "Angus is one of us, or wants to be, at all events. The 'Minotaur' is printing one of his things, and I have been giving him some sage advice."

"Any man," said Simms, "will do well on the press if he is stupid enough; even Rorrison has done well."

"I have just been telling him," responded Rorrison, "that the stupid men fail."

"I don't consider you a failure, Rorrison," said Simms, in mild surprise. "What stock-in-trade a literary hand requires, Mr Angus, is a fire to dry his writing at, jam or honey with which to gum old stamps on to envelopes, and an antimacassar."

"An antimacassar?" Rob repeated.

"Yes; you pluck the thread with which to sew your copy together out of the antimacassar. When my antimacassars are at the wash I have to take a holiday."

"Well, well, Simms," said Rorrison, "I like you best when you are taciturn."

"So do I," said Simms.

"You might give Angus some advice about the likeliest papers for which to write. London is new to him."

"The fact is, Mr Angus," said Simms, more seriously, "that advice in such a matter is merely talk thrown away. If you have the journalistic instinct, which includes a determination not to be beaten as well as an aptitude for selecting the proper subjects, you will by-and-by find an editor who believes in you. Many men of genuine literary ability have failed on the press because they did not have that instinct, and they have attacked Journalism in their books in consequence."

"I am not sure that I know what the journalistic instinct precisely is," Rob said, "and still less whether I possess it."

"Ah, just let me put you through your paces," replied Simms. "Suppose yourself up for an exam. in journalism, and that I am your examiner. Question One: 'The house was soon on fire; much sympathy is expressed with the sufferers.' Can you translate that into newspaper English?"

"Let me see," answered Rob, entering into the spirit of the examination. "How would this do: 'In a moment the edifice was enveloped in shooting tongues of flame; the appalling catastrophe has plunged the whole street into the gloom of night?'"

"Good. Question Two: A man hangs himself; what is the technical heading for this?"

"Either 'Shocking Occurrence' or 'Rash Act.'"

"Question Three: '*Pabulum*,' '*Cela va sans dire*,' '*Par excellence*,' '*Ne plus ultra*.' What are these? Are there any more of them?"

"They are scholarships," replied Rob, "and there are two more, namely, '*tour de force*' and '*terra firma*.'"

"Question Four: A. (a soldier) dies at 6 p. m. with his back to the foe. B. (a philanthropist) dies at 1 a. m.; which of these, speaking technically, would you call a creditable death?"

"The soldier's, because time was given to set it."

"Quite right. Question Five: Have you ever known a newspaper which did not have the largest circulation in its district, and was not the most influential advertising medium?"

"Never."

"Question Six: Mr Gladstone rises to speak in the House of Commons at 2 p. m. What would be the subeditor's probable remark on receiving the opening words of the speech, and how would he break the news to the editor? How would the editor be likely to take it?"

"I prefer," said Rob, "not to answer that question."

"Well, Mr Angus," said Simms, tiring of the examination, "you have passed with honors."

The conversation turned to Rorrison's coming work in Egypt, and by-and-by Simms rose to go.

"Your stick, I suppose, Mr Angus?" he said, taking Rob's thick staff from a corner.

"Yes," answered Rob, "it has only a heavy knob, you see, for a handle, and a doctor once told me that if I continued to press so heavily on it I might suffer from some disease in the palm of my hand."

"I never heard of that," said Simms, looking up for the first time since he entered the room. Then he added, "You should get a stick like Rorrison's. It has a screw handle which he keeps loose, so that the slightest touch knocks it off. It is called the compliment-stick, because if Rorrison is in the company of ladies, he contrives to get them to hold it. This is in the hope that they will knock the handle off, when Rorrison bows and remarks exultingly that the stick is like its owner—when it came near them it lost its head. He has said that to fifteen ladies now, and has a great reputation for gallantry in consequence. Good-night."

"Well, he did not get any copy out of me," said Rob.

"Simms is a curious fellow," Rorrison answered. "Though you might not expect it, he has written some of the most pathetic things I ever read, but he wears his heart out of sight. Despite what he says, too, he is very jealous for the press's good name. He seems to take to you, so I should not wonder though he were to look you up here some night."

"Here? What do you mean?"

"Why, this. I shall probably be away from London for some months and as I must keep on my rooms, I don't see why you should not occupy them. The furniture is mine, and you would be rent free, except that the housekeeper expects a few shillings a week for looking after things. What do you think?"

Rob could have only one thought as he compared these comfortable chambers to his own bare room, and as Rorrison, who seemed to have taken a warm liking to him, pressed the point, arguing that as the rent must be paid at any rate the chambers were better occupied, he at last consented on the understanding that they could come to some arrangement on Rorrison's return.

"It will please my father, too," Rorrison added, "to know that you are here. I always remember that had it not been for him you might never have gone on to the press."

They sat so late talking this matter over that Rob eventually stayed all night, Rorrison having in his bedroom a couch which many journalists had slept on.

Next morning the paper whose nickname is the "Scalping Knife," was served up with breakfast, and the first thing Rob saw in it was a leaderette about disease generated in the palm of the hand by walking-sticks with heavy knobs for handles.

"I told you," said Rorrison, "that Simms would make his half-guinea out of you."

When Rorrison went down to Simms's chambers later in the day, however, to say that he was leaving Rob tenant of his rooms, he was laughing at something else.

"All during breakfast," he said to Simms, "I noticed that Angus was preoccupied, and anxious to say something that he did not like to say. At last he blurted it out with a white face, and what do you think it was?"

Simms shook his head.

"Well," said Rorrison, "it was this: He has been accustomed to go down on his knees every night to say his prayers, as we used to do at school, but when he saw that I did not do it he did not like to do it either. I believe it troubled him all night, for he looked haggard when he rose."

"He told you this?"

"Yes; he said he felt ashamed of himself," said Rorrison, smiling. "You must remember he is country-bred."

"You were a good fellow, Rorrison," said Simms, gravely, "to put him into your rooms, but I don't see what you are laughing at."

"Why," said Rorrison, taken aback, "I thought you would see it in the same light."

"Not I," said Simms; "but let me tell you this, I shall do what I can for him. I like your Angus."

CHAPTER X.

Rob had a tussle of it, but he managed to live down his first winter in London, and May-day saw him sufficiently prosperous and brazen to be able to go into restaurants and shout out "Waiter." After that nothing frightened him but bar-maids.

For a time his chief struggle had been with his appetite which tortured him when he went out in the afternoons. He wanted to dine out of a paper bag, but his legs were reluctant to carry him past a grill-room. At last a compromise was agreed upon. If he got a proof overnight, he dined in state next day; if it was only his manuscript that was returned to him, he thought of dining later in the week. For a long time his appetite had the worst of it. It was then that he became so great an authority on penny buns. His striking appearance always brought the saleswomen to him promptly, and sometimes he blushed, and often he glared, as he gave his order. When they smiled he changed his shop.

There was one terrible month when he wrote from morning to night and did not make sixpence. He lived by selling his books, half a dozen at a time. Even on the last day of that black month he did not despair. When he wound up his watch at nights before going hungry to bed, he never remembered that it could be pawned. The very idea of entering a pawnshop never struck him. Many a time when his rejected articles came back he shook his fist in imagination at all the editors in London, and saw himself twisting their necks one by one. To think of a different death for each of them exercised his imagination and calmed his passion, and he wondered whether the murder of an editor was an indictable offence. When he did not have ten shillings, "I will get on," cried Rob, to himself. "I'm not going to be starved out of a big town like this. I'll make my mark yet. Yes," he roared, while the house-keeper at the other side of the door, quaked to hear him, "I will get on; I'm not going to be beaten." He was waving his arms fiercely, when the house-keeper knocked. "Come in," said Rob, subsiding meekly into his chair. Before company he seemed to be without passion, but they should have seen him when he was alone. One night he dreamed that he saw all the editors in London being conveyed (in a row) to the hospital on stretchers. A gratified smile lit up his face as he slept, and his arm, going out suddenly to tip one of the stretchers over, hit against a chair. Rob jumped out of bed and kicked the chair around the room. By-and-by, when his articles were occasionally used, he told his proofs that the editors were capital fellows.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Life has three stages, more or less clearly distinguished. Life begins in subjection. The first the child knows of the exterior world is its resistance to himself. This resistence he tries to resist, and the result is that he comes to himself. The second stage is the stage of what I shall call personality. It is the stage of the enlarging, quickening, fructifying life of the intellect. The third stage grows out of the two that have gone before. Now dawns the age of self-mastery. The man comes to himself.

We wish our boys and girls to know that they are not at school merely to learn how to earn a living, or to be able to read many books, but to become men and women who shall help the state by their lives and work.—*Charles F. Dole.*

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE

Saves Thousands of Lives.

Four years ago Jacob Dewitts, of Hay Island, was dragged to the verge of death by dreadful heart disease. He was given up to die. From vigorous manhood he had gone to a broken despondent wreck. He procured Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, used it faithfully, and to-day weighs 218 pounds, and lives to bless the day the great remedy was recommended to him. It relieves in 30 minutes.—24.

For sale by Geo. V. Rand.