

WEST.
Exp. daily.
A.M. P.M.
Exp. daily.
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THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1894.

No. 32.

THE ACADIAN.

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS OF five in advance \$4.00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line or 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 prominent advertising must 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.

Naval 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 under a fictitious signature.

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

Legal Decisions.

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2. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay up all arrearages, 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.

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 3.30 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.
Express east close at 4.30 p. m.
Kentville close at 7.30 p. m.
Geo. V. Ross, 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. R. 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
Colas W. Rossos, } Ushers
A. W. Bass

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor, 25 Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. and the Pastor's Bible Class (open to all) at 7 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmers' Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.
Rev. Kenneth G. Rind, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oscar Groslund, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 o'clock, noon, Prayer Meeting on Wednesday 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 Thursdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion 1st and 3rd at 11 a. m., 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Services every Friday at 7.30 p. m.
Rev. Kenneth G. Rind, Pastor.
Frank A. Dixon, } Wardens
Robert W. Stone, }

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock.
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, of M. meets every Saturday 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.

CRISTAL, Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE.

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

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

RHEUMATISM

NEURALGIA, MUSCULAR STIFFNESS, MUST GO
WHICH "D.C." METHOL PLASTER CURE



A well-known PHYSICIAN

RECOMMENDED

Skoda's Discovery

for my wife, which she has taken with the most satisfactory results. This led me to try Skoda's German Soap, as I was troubled a great deal with a sensitive face which shaving would irritate.

Skoda's German Soap

has entirely rid me of this trouble, & softening and clearing up the skin one has only to try it to appreciate its superiority over all others.

—Albert B. Paine.

Skoda's Discovery

makes you eat, it makes you sleep, it makes you well. Medical advice free. SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—
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.

D'RAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

DUNCAN BROTHERS—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Fruits.

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

HERBIN, J. P.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

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

KELLEY, THOMAS—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in 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, Stores, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Flour.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tinsmith.

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

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

COUGHS ALLEN'S GOLD'S CROUP PALSAM

Per Bottle 25c-50c or \$1.00

Patented in 1872. It will cure colds, whooping cough, croup, and all the ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ages.

Dress Making.

Mrs. Henry Palmer will cut and make Boys' Suits, and Ladies' Jackets and B. Coats by the new Thompson Garment Cutting System.
Wolfville, Jan. 11th, 1894.

SUDDEN CHILLS & COLDS.

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF AN ATTACK TAKE A TEASPOONFUL OF PERRY DAVID'S PAIN EXPELLER.

PAIN EXPELLER FOR SALE.

A DESIRABLE HOUSE AND LOT IN WOLFVILLE. Apply to
Geo. H. Patrician,
Wolfville, Nov. 25th, 1893. Jan 25

POETRY.

Two of Us.

I go from the hills at break of day
To my daily toil in the busy town;
I meet another upon my way,
And he comes up as I go down.
He comes from the city to dig in the hills;
I go from the hills to dig in the town,
He carries his matted, I my beards,
As he comes up I go down.
We two are strangers, and yet we nod
And smile to each other upon the way,
We two are lovers for daily bread,
Going forth to die at the break of day.
At evening time, when our work is done,
And silence falls on the busy town,
We meet again and we say "Good-night,"
As I come up and he goes down.
I come from the city to rest in the hills;
He goes from the hills to rest in the town,
Two weary toilers who say "Good-night,"
As one goes up and the other down.
—Albert B. Paine.

Distant Things.

O, white is the soft in the far-away,
And dirty the soil at the dock;
And far are the cliffs across the bay
And black is the near-by rock.
Though glitters the snow on the peak afar,
At our feet it is only white;
And bright is the gleam of the distant star,
Though a lamp were twice as bright.
The rose that buds beyond our reach
Is redder than rose of ours;
Of thought that turns our tongue to speech
Our fellows have greater powers.
The waters that flow from the hidden springs
Are sweeter than those by my side;
So we strive through life for the distant things
And never are satisfied!
So we strive through life for these distant things
But ever they hold their place;
Till beats life's drum and death doth come,
And we look in his mocking face,
And the distant things crowd near and close,
And smile! They are dingy and gray!
For the shorn is lost when the line is crossed,
Twixt here and far away.
For the shorn is lost when the line is crossed,
And know that all things as they are,
As the soil on the sea afar;
As bright the rays of the near by lamp
As the gleam of the distant star.

SELECT STORY.

"OUR TOM."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The sun, a sphere of amber glory, had just gone majestically down behind the cedar trees on old Mount Milton, and Bessie Vane, washing up the tea dishes in the little outer kitchen, was vehemently hating her brother, who sat dejectedly on the window seat, staring hard at the glow of yellow light which still hung about Mount Milton. "If I were you, Tom," said Bessie, indignantly, "I should be ashamed to be such an idiot."

"Oh, Bessie, don't chatter," said Tom, despairingly. "You mean well, dear, but you don't understand. It's no use."

"It is!" asserted Bessie. "I'm not good enough for her." "You are!" protested Bessie, reddening angrily. "She don't love me."

"More shame for her, then!" "She deserves a richer, handsomer, nobler husband than I could ever be to her."

"And so I've pretty much resolved to give the whole matter up." Bessie was silent. In her estimation Tom was the best, bravest, most heroic of all the young men in the country side, and if Hermione Douglas must be best of common sense—that was all.

"I did think," sadly added Tom, "that I had a shadow of a chance before that young foreign count stepped in—Di Casoli, or whatever his con-founded name is."

"Di Casoli," corrected Bessie. "Well, Di something—or other. A man can't be expected to remember those four syllabled things," growled Tom. "But she has upset things all together. I hate foreigners! I always did! And I think Italians are the worst of the lot!"

his own business and stayed in Milan or Nice or wherever the place is, I might have some show. As for his being a count, I don't believe he's a count any more than I am a covard."

"Bessie was silent as she placed the little cups, saucers and preserves plates on the cap-table in due order. "As for my being jealous without cause," modestly added Tom, "didn't George Dalley himself hear her say that she liked Italians better than any other sort? What does that sound like?"

"Well, he is handsome," reluctantly added Bessie. "Handsome! That's all you women think about!" burst out Tom as he flung himself away.

"The next day he announced his intention of going to Canada. "Oh, Tom!" shrieked his mother. "Isn't this rather a sudden resolution, my son?" mildly questioned his father.

"And leave us, Tom?" faltered Bessie, with tears in her gentle blue eyes. "Home is no place for me just now," said Tom, recklessly. "Uncle Brian's lumber mill will take the nonsense out of me if anything will. Hard work and no time to think—that is what I need."

Bessie said nothing more. She drew a long, shuddering breath, and resolved secretly to take a decisive course of action. "Tom has the best right to Hermione," she thought. "Tom loved Hermione long before this Count Di Casoli ever came to this country. And I think Hermione liked him. Tom is not like people who 'concoke themselves' easily. This thing will break Tom's heart. I shall interpose, even at the risk of appearing unfeminine and meddlesome."

Her resolution, once formed, Bessie lost no time in carrying it into effect. That very afternoon she dressed herself in the great blue India-silk dress that was so becoming and tied on the little hat, and set off for the old Douglas house, where Count Di Casoli was visiting Hermione's brothers.

She had met the Count several times before. He was, as she had said Tom, strikingly handsome, and spoke as good English as if he had been born on a Massachusetts soil. He liked America, he had told Bessie, and thought it extremely likely that he should remain in this country for several years. Mighty old Italian castle, he had laughingly observed, were not nearly so pleasant as these sunny New England homes; and as for society, he much preferred the drowsy, bright atmosphere of American intellect.

"So amiable as he is in everything," thought Bessie, "and yet not to see how unjustly he is setting toward poor dear Tom! Oh, I can't understand it all!"

Just before she reached the pretty grounds of the Douglas place, Bessie came upon the Count Di Casoli, leaning on an old fallen tree, intently watching the grunts of a group of gray squirrels. He sprang to his feet in an instant.

"Mrs. Vane," he cried with brightening eyes. "How fortunate I am to meet you this! May I have the happiness of escorting you up to the house?" "No," answered Bessie, summoning all her courage to the front. "I was not going to visit Hermione to-day. I came especially to see you, Mr. Di Casoli."

"To see me?" His eyes sparkled, his cheek deepened in its ruddy brown color as he looked down into her averted face. Bessie felt as if she could have sunk through the ground at his feet.

"No," he said; "I have not that honor."

"You promised, Mr. Di Casoli," pleaded poor Bessie in an agony. "I promised what?" "Not to be angry."

"I am not angry, signorina—I mean Miss Vane. Speak on!" "Because—" faltered Bessie—"I thought—our Tom—of, Mr. Di Casoli, he loved Hermione so dearly—he has loved her ever since they were children together, and they were all but engaged when—you came here and spoiled it all."

"The Count Di Casoli stretched his silken moustache, with a puzzled expression of countenance. "But—pardon"—he began, "I do not see what I have to do with the matter."

"Are you not in love with Hermione?" stately demanded Bessie. "Strange as it may seem, I am not," Di Casoli answered, with the utmost gravity. "Nor engaged to her?" "But—no, no engaged to her."

"The questioning, brilliant eyes seemed to glow upon her like jewels. "She said she liked Italians better than anyone else. Mr. Dalley heard her, at the reception day before yesterday!"

"The Count smiled. "Yes," he said, "she did say so. I also heard her. The remark was made in my presence. But, unluckily for myself, we were talking not of individuals, but of *dees*. Her father has just received a few colonies of fine Italian bees, and it was of them we were speaking. As to the Italian gentleman, as compared with those of this country, she has not yet expressed an opinion."

Bessie's whole face had grown red. "Oh, Mr. Di Casoli," she said, "will you promise me not to fall in love with Hermione? I'm asking a great thing, I know, for Hermione is so sweet and beautiful, and I don't see how any man can be with her and not love her. But our Tom—"

"It is asking a great deal," said Mr. Di Casoli, so solemnly that Bessie started back and shrank within herself like a sensitive flower at the touch of a profaning finger. "I can only consent on one condition."

"What is that?" murmured palpitating Bessie. "That I may confide in you, Signora Bessie, even as you have confided in me," said Di Casoli, suiting his voice to the confidential air. Have I your consent?"

"Yes, of course," said Bessie, wondering what was coming next. "I am not in love with Miss Douglas," confessed the count, because I am in love with somebody else. If you can use your influence with that fair queen of my heart, to secure my happiness, I will pledge myself secretly never to interfere with the signs, your brother."

"But what can I do?" questioned Bessie. "You can do everything!" asserted the count. "The name of my queen is Bessie Vane—she stands before me at this instant. If she will take charge of my heart, it is safe forever. *Cora Mia!* Don't look at me with those startled eyes. Just put your hand in mine and say: 'Marzo, I love you!'"

Tollet Topics.

Good or bad teeth are generally an inheritance. Those who have not been blessed with beautiful teeth, have all the more cause for attending to them properly. As a matter of cleanliness, and a means of aiding the preservation and enhancing the beauty of the teeth, unceasing daily attention should be bestowed upon them. Even the possessors of very bad teeth can then console themselves with the fact that they have sweet, clean mouths and fragrant breaths. If the teeth are properly cleaned every day they will not need polishing at any time, except in the effort to remove the stains caused by ill health or medicines. There are many powders, dentrifices, and mouth washes offered for public use, and each claim superior advantages. Those which are recommended as sure to whiten the teeth should be avoided as they contain ingredients which eventually destroy the teeth.

Charcoal stands at the head of all tooth powders, as it cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. A loion which is excellent for the mouth is made of two ounces of borax, one quart of hot water, one teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh, one teaspoonful of spirits of camphor. Dissolve the borax in the water, and when nearly cold add the other ingredients, and bottle for use. Use a wineglassful in a tumbler of water, to brush the teeth and rinse the mouth.

After cleansing decayed teeth, they may, if the breath is offensive, be brushed inside and out with a wash made of a teaspoonful of concentrated solution of chloride of soda, in a tumbler of water. Six to ten drops of this may be taken, if the breath is very offensive. In asking the druggist for this solution of soda, be sure to inform him if you wish to take it internally, that you intend doing so, so he may give you the right kind. Soap is not an agreeable dentrifice as far as taste goes, but it is cleanly, and some of the whitest, prettiest teeth seen have never been cleaned or brushed with anything but Castile soap and powdered charcoal.

Teeth are much injured by using them to crack nuts, bite off threads, or to hold pins and needles. Certain improper conditions of the stomach produce a saliva, which deposits a matter on the teeth just under the edges of the gums, called tartar. Dentists have proper instruments for removing this. If it is allowed to remain it injures the teeth by loosening them.

Two Interpretations.

A young farmer who had been converted as one of the revivals went before the next conference and asked for a license to be a preacher. "I know I am born to preach the word," said the applicant, "for I have had three visions, all the same, and it has made a lasting impression on me." "What was your vision?" asked a bishop. "Wal, I saw a big, round, blue ring in the sky, and inside, in great gold letters, were 'P. O.' It meant 'Preach Christ, and I want to join the conference.' The argument was about to carry when an old pastor stood up in the back part of the hall and said: "Young man, we don't doubt your intentions, nor do we doubt you saw the vision with the golden 'P. O.', but I am of the opinion that that 'P. O.' meant 'Plow Corn.' The convert is still a farmer. —Cincinnati Times-Star.

Packing a Trunk Well.

Do you know how to pack a trunk well? asks Ruth Ashmore in the January Ladies' Home Journal. And if you don't, how many people do you know who do? And wouldn't you gladly give a dollar for a large, and fifty cents for a small trunk that is properly packed? The speaker comes with dozens of sheets of tissue paper and several pieces of tape. You can see where your belongings are, and as skirts and bodices are taken down say which you want. Then the bodices have their sleeves stuffed with paper to keep them in shape, the trimmings carefully covered with it; the skirts are properly folded; the bonnets and hats have tapes pinned to them, and these same tapes are tacked to the sides of the hat-box, so that no matter how much the trunk may be shaken out of its father nor a rose moves out of its

Fears of Truth.

Remorse is virtue's root; its fair increase fruits of innocence and blessedness.

A panic is a sudden desertion of us, and a going over to the enemy of our imagination.

Ill-deeds are doubled with an evil word; the sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

An orator or author is never successful till he has learned to make his words smaller than his ideas.

There are few things reason can discover with so much certainty and ease as its own insufficiency.

Duty is carrying on promptly and faithfully the affairs now before you. It is to fulfill the claims of to-day.

Remember joys are never past; at once the fountain, stream and sea, they were, they are, they yet shall be.

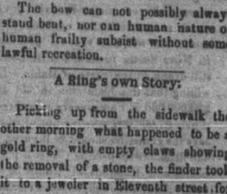
There are two kinds of repentance; one is that of Judas, the other that of Peter; the one is ice broken, the other ice melted.

The bow can not possibly always stand bent, nor can human nature or human frailty subsist without some lawful recreation.

A Ring's own Story.

Picking up from the sidewalk the other morning what happened to be a gold ring, with empty chains showing the removal of a stone, the finder took it to a jeweler in Eleventh street, for inspection. He examined it for a few minutes under a magnifying glass and said: "Yes, this is a gold ring of fourteen carats. The stone it contained was a three-carat diamond. It was worn a number of years on a slender woman's third finger. Then it changed hands and was enlarged by the insertion of a piece of gold of inferior alloy, and may have been worn on the third finger of a stout woman or the little finger of a man. The diamond was removed by a clumsy hand, probably by a thief, who either accidentally dropped the ring or threw it away where you found it. I never saw the ring before, but plainly read its history by the same process of observation, analysis and deduction that an Indian unconsciously employs in detecting the testimony of a forest trail."—Philadelphia Record.

Solbiter says that the earnings of the Prussian people increased 26 per cent. from 1872 to 1893.



A Little Daughter

Of a Church of England minister cured of a distressing rash, by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mr. RICHARD BRINK, the well-known Druggist, 287 McGill St., Montreal, P. Q., says: "I have sold Ayer's Family Medicine for 40 years, and have heard nothing but good said of them. I know of many Wonderful Cures performed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, one in particular being that of a little daughter of a Church of England minister. The child was literally covered from head to foot with a red and exceedingly troublesome rash, from which she had suffered for two or three years, in spite of the best medical treatment available. Her father was in great distress about the case, and, at my recommendation, at last bought to administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which effected a complete cure, much to her relief and her father's delight. I am sure, were he here to-day, he would testify in the strongest terms to the merits of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS
Cure Headache and Dyspepsia