

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1897.

No. 37.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, 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 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.

Newspaper 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 9.50 a. m.
Express east close at 2.50 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.35 p. m.
Geo. V. RAIN, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturdays at 1.30 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 10 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. Women'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. ROSCOE, {Chorus.
A. DEW BARR, }

METHODIST 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 at 3 p. 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 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 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 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stors, {Wardens.
S. J. KATHERFORD, }

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. E.—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 7.15 o'clock p. m.
F. A. DIXON, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, 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 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.

WANTED. Teachers, Barristers, Physicians, and others of similar training, for high class schooling. Will pay forty dollars weekly and railway fare on demonstration of necessary ability.
THE BRADLEY-GARRETTSON CO., LTD.,
Toronto.



NEW GOODS!

We are all ready for
Our Friends and Customers,

—WITH THE FINEST ARRAY OF—

Spring Suitings,

that has ever been shown in

KINGS COUNTY.

Our duty alone on Scotch and English
Cloths was nearly \$1000.00.

That means the largest import order given
in Nova Scotia this year.

Will you benefit by it?

Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

Wolfville Clothing Company,

NOBLE CRANDALL,

TELEPHONE NO. 35. MANAGER.

SEND US

79c.

And we will send you a pair

of very stylish, undressed

KID GLOVES.

They are worth more money and were made for
the London market, but owing to trouble in
delivery they were cancelled. We
bought a portion of the lot.

W. E. Kane & Co.

61 BARRINGTON ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

Wah Hop,

CHINESE LAUNDRY,

Wolfville, N. S.,

First-class Work Guaranteed.

DOMINION ATLANTIC

RAILWAY.

"LAND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE

On and after Monday, 1st March, 1897, the Steamship and train service of this Railway will be as follows:

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE (Sunday excepted).

Express from Kentville.....5.35, a m
Express "Halifax".....9.10, a m
Express "Yarmouth".....3.09, p m
Express "Halifax".....5.55, p m
Accom. "Richmond".....11.30, a m
Accom. "Annapolis".....11.25, a m

TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE (Sunday excepted).

Express for Halifax.....5.35, a m
Express "Yarmouth".....9.10, a m
Express "Halifax".....3.09, p m
Express "Kentville".....5.55, p m
Accom. "Annapolis".....11.30, a m
Accom. "Halifax".....11.25, a m

Pullman palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

Royal Mail Steamship Prince Rupert Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

St. John and Digby. Leaves St. John, 8.00 a. m.; arrive in Digby, 11.00 a. m.; leave Digby 1.00 p. m.; arrive St. John 4.00 p. m. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time.

W. R. CAMPBELL, General Manager.
K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

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.

Minarix Liniment for sore everywhere.

slightly perplexed.

"No'm, he ain't to say big, nor yit small; he's just a common sized boy, betwixt and between."

Mrs. Wilmot in despair went after the clothes, and saw by the delight in his mother's eyes as soon as she saw them, that they might at least be worn by David.

"I'm mo' than thankful, ma'am."

Her voice trembled, and Mrs. Wilmot hastened to ask:

"Haven't you a little girl, too?"

"Thar's two gals—Lucy, she's goin' on seven, and baby; the folks call her 'David's baby,' he's so good-natured with her. I never saw a boy so tak up with a baby befo'."

She ain't a mite of trouble when he's 'round," and her hard-worked, thin, worn face looked quite illumined by her smile of pride and delight.

Robin let his book fall. "Are there any bears on Priest's Mountain?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, nonsense!" said his mother; but Mrs. Brown answered seriously:

"Ef it's a mild winter, mebbe you won't see one; but in a long freeze they'll come right low down the mountain. They don't generally attack humans, the damage they does mostly is to young creatures—pigs and such things. I seed one myself; 'twas in the summer too, three or fo' years ago; and I don't want ter see another."

"Tell me about it," said Robin, coming over to the chair next hers.

"Well, 'twas a long, hot spell, and I'd gone out to git blackberries. Mos' of 'em was litle and dry with the drouth; but jest about my head on a long ledge of rocks I see a clump of briars, an' hangin' with berries, big juicy berries, ez shiny ez silk. I kin see 'em now ez pretty ez er pieter. I put my hand out to pull the nearest branch down, and then I heard a growl—there ain't much more unpleasant noises than a growl or a hiss, in the woods, I kin tell ye! Thar stood a big bear just on 'tother side o' the black berries, showin' his teeth in an ugly sort o' grin. I didn't stop to have no words 'bout the berries—in fact, there was mighty few berries in my basket, when I got home, I come so fast. Thar was the finest berries on the mountain," she added, regretfully;

"big and shiny and sweet lookin', and jest burstin' with juice; and I hadn't fairly tasted 'em when I heard that growl."

"Would he have showed fight if you had stayed?" inquired Robin, eagerly.

Mrs. Brown's eyes twinkled.

"I didn't keer to argy a pint with him," she answered.

"What other wild beasts live near you?" pursued Robin, in a tone of positive envy.

"Why, squirrels and 'possums and foxes, and wildcats—it do sound mighty lonesome to hear 'em cry! I reckon the woods is right full of 'em—in varmints arnt nightfall."

"But you have David to take care of you," said Mrs. Wilmot.

"Yes'm; and he's tolerable strong far a boy. He kin shoot, too, mos' ez well ez his uncle. He's been takin' David out huntin' with him this spring and summer."

A few weeks after this talk David bustled into the mountain cabin at 'sundown' in great excitement.

"Hello, sissy!"—to Lucy—"there, honey!"—to the baby, who was laughing and gurgling with delight to see him—"Brother will take you in a minute, jest ez soon ez he kin wash his hands."

David Brown was a plain, freckle-faced boy so tanned that his skin was several shades darker than his flaxen hair and pale eyes; but the sweetness and good humor of his homely face made it a pleasant sight to more than "David's baby." Everybody on the mountain liked David, from the gruff mountaineers themselves down to their curs that snarped and snarled at almost everyone else. As he whistled to the baby, who was now changing her rapturous noises to a more imperative demand, Spot, his own "yaller dog" watched his every movement with his keen, blinking eyes, and the black kitten, a recent stray, rubbed itself between his legs with a satisfied purr, and gazed up into his face with its yellowish-green opals.

"You've got some news, David," said his mother, bringing out the meal

and a sifter.

"You are the beatin' one to guess, mother!" exclaimed David, admiringly. I've got a job. Mr. Jones wants me to help him drive his cattle down to the station to-morrow, and he'll give me a man's pay if we have 'em there on time and in good condition. Me and Spot'll do the job fine, won't we, young 'un?" and he held out his hands to take the baby.

"You set a lot o' sto' by that chile, David," observed his mother, laughing.

"Yes'm. I set a lot o' sto' by the baby and Lucy, too," and he patted the older child's head, while she flushed with delight. It was not David's way to forget any one.

"Mother, 'bout you take the children and go with me ez far ez Uncle Martins?" I don't like leavin' you all—a passel o' wimmen-folks," he said, laughing at the very small one on his lap—"by yo'selves all day; and mebbe I'll be back late."

"I'd be powerful lonesome here," answered his mother, "that's a fact. But how would I know when you was back?" she added, anxiously.

"Why, I'd 'lowed on meetin' you at the dividin' fence 'bout dusk, and totin' the baby for you. An' the moon'd be up early; ef I git back sooner, I'll come up ter the cabin, but I'll be shouter 'at the fence by night-fall, anyhow."

Mrs. Brown enjoyed her long, neighborly day, getting a new receipt from sister Martha, and hearing old Mr. Martin say how "pearly" the baby was, and Lucy as rosy as a peach blossom. As for David, she never wearied in talking of him, and it was real dusk before she was fairly started. The "dividing fence," a boundary line between two large tracts of mountain land, was often used as a trysting place by others than lovers and would save David a good many steps.

She had wrapped up the baby well from the night air, and Uncle Martin had many jokes over the huge knot in which she had tied a bandana handkerchief at the back, "jest ez if you wanted to tote it by a handle." Poor mother! If she had only known the use that would be made of this; but she did not, and went on her way down the steep path in good spirits, Lucy following close behind.

As they reached the fence in the woods a cloud was over the moon, and it was quite dark; but she could see a dim figure on the other side.

"David; have you been waitin' long?" she called out, and handed the baby over in a hurry, turning as she did so to see what was the matter with Lucy; for the child clung to her skirts in fright, and cried out that it wasn't David.

When with some difficulty she had lifted her over the fence, struggling and crying still, and had herself climbed over—Mrs. Brown was not as active as she had been—there was no one in sight.

"David!" she cried. She heard a rustling in the bushes; but the moon shining out at the instant, showed the place empty. "David!" she cried again, in terror.

Then he appeared just at the head of the mountain path, whistling cheerily and with Spot leaping and barking at his heels. But where was the baby?

For he had called out to her to give him the child as soon as he had caught sight of her, and David was not given to fooling. She could not answer for her sobbing and crying.

Lucy tried to tell him the strange story. When she said, "a big, black shaggy man," he threw himself on the ground, examining every mark. Spot smelled, too, and his yellow hair began to bristle with rage, and he growled fiercely, for there were surely the recent footprints of some large animal.

"Mother, run back and rouse the neighbors. Tell 'em to bring their rifles," and breaking off a stout stick David dashed into the bushes, Spot springing in front and leading the chase.

Once David thought he heard a half-stifled cry, and hurried faster. For a "common-sized" boy he was making good speed; but Madam Brain was on

the home-stretch, and she knew it.

At last he caught a glimpse of a big, clumsy, dark form, trotting briskly along with what seemed like a bundle dangling from its mouth. He was none too soon. The cave in which the little black cub rolled about, impatient for their supper, was but a hundred yards or so distant. He thought she must be near home by her quickened gait, and he knew, if she ever got the baby inside its black, yawning mouth, there would be no hope of bringing it out alive.

With the energy of despair he darted forward and gave the bear a sharp blow over the nose with his long stick. Spot closed in at the same moment, yelping and snapping at her legs.

The huge beast, enraged but not hurt by the simultaneous attack, dropped the baby, and reared up on her hind legs, looking in the mingled moonlight and shadow so like a human figure that David did not wonder afterwards at his mother's mistake. She showed her sharp, white teeth with a fierce snarl, and stretched out her fore-paws for a grapple. She was near her own babies now and she meant fight.

David looked at the precious bundle. It lay just under the creature's terrible claws, and to attempt to pick it up would have placed him utterly at the bear's mercy, unless her attention could be diverted.

"At her, Spot! at her, good dog!" he shouted; and again he rained a shower of blows on her eyes and nose so quick and fierce that, blinded and confused for the instant, she backed a step or two growling horribly.

Spot inflicted a sharp bite on her hind quarter, and she turned her head. It was his only chance. Quick as a flash he seized the baby and fled, leaving poor Spot to receive a terrible blow from the brute's paws, at which he, too, broke and ran, the blood streaming from his wound, and howling at every jump.

Half way down the mountain they met the Martins with dogs and torches. The bear, after a fierce fight, was brought to bay and killed, and the poor little cubs taken captive.

Old Martin untied with rough but trembling fingers the knot he had laughed at—the knot which had saved the baby's soft limbs from the bear's teeth. David hardly dared be certain that he heard a cry in his headlong flight; but when they had unwrapped fold after fold and unfastened the veil, there lay the baby—"David's baby," now, without doubt or question—as rosy and fresh as a flower bud, its big blue eyes full of wonder and fright, but ready to smile at the first sight of David.

David was more his mother's hero than ever. She never told the story without adding:

"And he was just a common-sized boy when he done it!"

When voters meet voters the side always wins that has most votes. And thus it comes about that the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount are voted up or down upon election day. Envoyed by treacherous Customs and cowardly laws, boyhood must run the gamut of saloon and gambling den and haunt of shame in the bewildered years of the second decade. For my part I would give his mother power to offset the votes dropped in by hands that have just grasped the whisky bottle, the beer mug, the greasy pack of cards, by means of better votes from hands that have smoothed the clustering curls upon the foreheads of her sons; have busied themselves with a thousand sacred household ministries, or turned the pages of the Book of God. Women have given the costliest hostages to fortune; out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved into snares that have been legalized and set along the streets. Beyond the arms that held them long, their boys have gone forever. Now, by the pain and danger they have dared, by the hours of painful watching over beds where little children lay in pain and fever, by the incense of a thousand prayers wafted from woman's lips to heaven, I who have no such home to guard or pray for, will, as a Christian and a patriot, evermore urge with pen and voice that when her son goes forth into life's battles still shall his mother walk beside him, sweet and serious, and clad in the garments of power.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration. Baking power to the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The New Telephone Girl.

She was a new girl at the central telephone exchange.

Her previous experience in this big world had been behind the counter of Chintz & Chally.

Nevertheless, she was a pleasant-spoken young lady, and amiability was written all over her nature.

She had adopted as her motto the touching sentence, "We strive to please, and she honestly tried to live up to it. There was a ring at the bell. She applied her ear to the instrument, and asked sweetly:

"What number, please?"

"Let me have No. 474."

"I am sorry that No. 474 is busy now," she replied. You can have No. 473 or No. 475 if you wish."

The individual at the other end of the wire hung up his receiver, and used language which plainly showed that all efforts to please do not necessarily succeed.

A SPECIAL WARNING TO LADIES.

The proprietors of Diamond Dyes are the only people in the world that make special dyes for coloring cotton and all mixed goods.

It is now admitted by all the best color chemists that a dye prepared especially for all wool goods will not color cotton or mixed goods successfully.

When Diamond Dye Pink, Purple, Orange, Garnet, Navy, Yellow, Blue, Scarlet, Turkey Red, Green, Cardinal, Brown and Black for Cotton and Mixed Goods are used, satisfaction is always guaranteed.

Beware of the dyes that pretend to color all wool goods and cotton with the same package of dye.

The verdict of millions on this continent is, "Diamond Dyes are first and best."

I heard quite a compliment paid to my business abilities to-day, said Mr. Grabb, rubbing his hands cheerfully. What was it, dear? I asked his wife. Wilson told Brown that I was the biggest hog he ever had any dealings with in a business way.

Teacher—Where were you yesterday? Pupil (whimpering)—It was all Billy Smith's fault, he hippered me an' made me go fishin' with him.

Never be hurt when you are hit. Your fellow creatures never hit those whom they cannot hurt.

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.

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
Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.