

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

No. 17.

Vol. XVII.

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 in advance is a condition, unless 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.
News communications from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics at the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the Acadian must invariably accompany the communication, although the name may be written in a fictitious signature.
Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.



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THE WOLFVILLE CLOTHING CO.,

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Imported and Domestic Cloths.
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Combining to make us the most popular Custom Tailors of King's County.
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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Pastor, S. E. H. Brown. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. F. Y. P. U. Service of song and prayer-meeting, 8:00 to 9:30 p. m. Sacred literature class on Tuesday evening and Thursday prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. Women's Missionary Aid society meets on Wednesday following the society meets on Wednesday and Thursday in the month and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3:30 p. m. All guests few. 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 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 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Joseph H. P. Bell, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock. P. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. All the well-wishers 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. JOHNS CHURCH.—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion at 10 a. m. and 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 6th at 4 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, Warden.
St. John's, Wolfville.

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

Masonic.
St. George's Lodge, F. & A. M., meets at their hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock p. m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 97, meets every Monday evening in their hall at 7:30 o'clock.

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Like a whistled. Prospectus 25 cents, worth \$1.00. Big pay. Capital unnecessary.

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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
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First-class Work Guaranteed.

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Fresh and Salt Meats,
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Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.
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ARCHITECT,
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Plans and specifications prepared for all kinds of buildings.

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This Season of the Year Prepare for Fall and Winter.
Will give us pleasure to show you our late Importations and

N. L. McDONALD,
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"Acadia Corner,"
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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
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AGENTS—Book business is better than for years past; also have better and faster selling books. Agents, clearing from \$10.00 to \$40.00 weekly. A few leaders are: "Queen Victoria," "Life of Mr. Gladstone," "My Mother's Bible Stories," "Progressive Speaker," "Klondike Gold Fields," "Woman," "Glimpses of the Universe," "Breakfast, Dinner and Supper," "Canada: an Encyclopedia." Books on time. Gentles free to canvassers. **THE BRADLEY-GARRINGTON CO., Limited,** Toronto.

POETRY.

Christmas.
Hear on my rood,
The wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our merry Christmas still.
—Walter Scott.

Lo! now is come our joyfull feast!
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves is dressed
And every post with holly.
—W. B. Ewald.

For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make,
We bring our precious gifts to them,
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.
—Phoebe Cary.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace!
East, west, north and south let the long quarrel cease.
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began.
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man.
—Whittier.

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth,
The silent snow possessed the earth.
—Tennyson.

SELECT STORY.

When a Man's Single.

BY JAMES M. HARRIS.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.
"Do you remember," he said at last, "a man called Angus, who was here reporting on Christmas Eve?"
Mary laid down her knife and fork. "A painfully powerful-looking man," said Dowton, "in bonnailed boots. I remember him."
"Well, we have been calling on him," said Will.
"Calling on him, called on that impudent newspaper man?" exclaimed the colonel; "what do you mean?"
"Greybrooke had a row with him some time ago," said Will; "I don't know what about, because it was private; but the captain had been looking for the fellow for a fortnight to lick him—I mean punish him. We came upon him two days ago near the castle gates."
Here Will paused, as if he would prefer to jump what followed.
"And did your friend 'lick' him then?" asked the colonel, at which Will shook his head.
"Why not?" asked Sir Clement.
"Well, said Will, reluctantly, "the fellow wouldn't let him. He—he lifted Greybrooke up in his arms, and—dropped him over the hedge." Mary could not help laughing.
"The beggar—I mean the fellow—must have muscles like ivy roots," Will muttered out admiringly.
"I fancy," said Dowton, "that I have seen him peer the gates several times during the last week."
"Very likely," said the colonel, shortly. "I caught him poaching in the Dome some months ago. There is something bad about that man."
"Papa!" said Mary.
"At this moment Greybrooke entered."
"So, Mr Greybrooke," said the colonel, "I hear you have been in Silchester averaging an hour."
The captain looked at Will, who nodded.
"I went there," admitted Greybrooke, blushing, "to borrow a reporter's fello, but he had run away."

"Run away?"
"Yes, did not Will tell you? We called at the 'Mirror' office, and were told that Angus had bolted to London two days ago."
"And the worst of it," interposed Will, "is that he ran off without paying his landlady's bill."
"I knew that man was a rascal," explained the colonel.
Mary flushed.
"I don't believe it," she said.
"You don't believe it," repeated her father, angrily; "and why not, pray?"
"Because—because I don't," said Mary.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mary was wrong. It was quite true that Rob had run away to London without paying his landlady's bill. The immediate result of his meeting with Miss Abinger had been to make him undertake double work, and not do it. Looking in at shop-windows, where he saw hats that he thought would just suit Mary (he had a good deal to learn yet), it came upon him that he was wasting his time. Then he hurried home, contemptuous of all the rest of Silchester, to write an article for a London paper, and when he next came to himself, half an hour afterwards, he was sitting before a blank sheet of copy-paper. He began to review a book, and found himself gasping at a Christmas card. He tried to think out the action of a government, and thought out a ring on Miss Abinger's finger instead. Three nights running he dreamed that he was married, and woke up quaking. Without much musing Rob heard it said in Silchester that there was someone staying at Dome Castle who was to be its mistress's husband. On discovering that they referred to Dowton, and not being versed in the wonderful ways of women, he told himself that this was impossible. A cynic would have pointed out that Mary had now had several days in which to change her mind. Cynics are persons who make themselves the measure of other people.

The philosopher who remarked that the obvious truths are those which are most often missed, was probably referring to the time it takes a man to discover that he is in love. Women are quicker because they are on the outlook. It took Rob two days, and when it came upon him checked his breathing. After that he bore it like a man. Another discovery he had to make was that, after all, he was nobody in particular. This took him longer.

Although the manner of his going to London was unexpected, Rob had thought out solidly the inducements to go. Ten minutes or so after he knew that he wanted to marry Mary Abinger he made up his mind to try to do it. The only obstacle he saw in his way was that she was not in love with him, and lack of income. Feeling that he was an uncommon type of man (if people would only see it) he resolved to remove this second difficulty first. The saw-mill and the castle side by side did not rise up and frighten him, and for the time he succeeded in not thinking about Colonel Abinger. Nothing is hopeless if we want it very much.

Rob calculated that if he remained on the "Mirror" for another dozen years or so, and Mr. Licquorish continued to think that it would not be cheaper to do without him, he might reach a salary of two hundred pounds per annum. As that was not sufficient, he made up his mind to leave Silchester.

There was only one place to go to. Rob thought of London until he felt that it was the guardian from whom he would have to ask Mary Abinger; he pictured her there during the season, until London, which he had never seen, began to assume a homely aspect. It was the place in which he was to win or lose his battle. To whom in London could he turn? It is the clergyman's name for his church, the lawyer's for his office, the politician's for St. Stephen's, the cabinet's for his stand. There was not a man on the press in Silchester who did not hunger for Fleet Street, but they were all afraid to beard it. They knew it as a rabbit-warren; as the closest street in a city where the boot-black has his syzyphants,

and you have to battle for exclusive right to sweep a crossing. The fight forward had been grimmer to Rob, however, than to his fellows, and he had never been quite beaten. He was alone in the world, and poverty was like an old friend. There was only one journalist in London whom he knew even by name, and he wrote to him for advice. This was Mr. John Liqueorish, a son of the minister whose assistance had brought Rob to Silchester. Liqueorish was understood to be practically editing a great London newspaper, which in what is understood of a great many journalists until you make inquiries, but he wrote back to Rob asking him why he wanted to die before his time. You collectors who want an editor's autograph may rely upon having it by return of post if you write threatening to come to London with the hope that he will do something for you. Liqueorish's answer discomfited Rob for five minutes, and then, going out, he caught a glimpse of Mary Abinger in the Mercat's carriage. He tore up the letter and saw that London was worth risking.

One forenoon Rob set out for the office to tell Mr. Licquorish of his determination. He knew that the entire staff would think him demented, but he could not see that he was acting rashly. He had worked it all out in his mind, and even tranquilly faced possible starvation. Rob was congratulating himself on not having given way to impulses when he reached the railway-station.

His way from his lodgings to the office led past the station, and as he had done scores of times before, he went inside. To Rob all the romance of Silchester was concentrated there; nothing stirred him so much as a passing engine; the shutting of carriages, the bustle of passengers, the porters rattling to and fro with luggage, the trains twisted serpent-like into the station and stealing out in a glory to be gone, sent the blood in his head. On Saturday nights, when he was free, any one calling at the station would have been sure to find him on the platform from which the train starts for London. His heart had spunk every time it went off without him.

Rob work up from a dream of Fleet Street to see the porters slamming the doors of the London train. He saw the guard's hand upraised, and heard the carriage rattles as the restive engine took them unaware. Then came the warning whistle, and the train moved off. For a second time Rob felt that he had lost London, and he started forward. Some one near him shouted, and then he came upon the train all at once, a door opened, and he shot in. When he came to himself, Silchester was a cloud climbing to the sky behind him, and he was on his way to London.

Rob's first feeling was that the other people in the carriage must know what he had done. He was relieved to find that his companions were only an old gentleman who spoke merely to his newspaper because it was reluctant to turn inside out, a little girl who had got in at Silchester and consumed thirteen half-penny buses before she was five miles distant from it, and a young woman, evidently a nurse, with a baby in her arms. The baby was noisy for a time, but Rob gave it a look

that kept it silent for the rest of the journey. He told himself that he would get out at the first station, but when the train stopped at it he sat on. He twisted himself into a corner to count his money covertly, and found that it came to four pounds odd. He also took the Christmas card from his pocket, but replaced it hastily, feeling that the old gentleman and the little girl were looking at him. A feeling of elation grew upon him as he saw that whatever might happen afterwards he must be in London shortly, and his mind ran on the letters he would write to Mr. Licquorish and his landlady. In lieu of his ticket he handed over twelve shillings to the guard, under whose eyes he did not feel comfortable, and he calculated that he owed his landlady over two pounds. He would send it to her and ask her to forward his things to London. Mr. Licquorish, however, might threaten him with the law if he did not return. But then the "Mirror" owed Rob several pounds at that moment, and if he did not claim it in person it would remain in Mr. Licquorish's pockets. There was no saying how far that consideration would affect the editor. Rob saw a charge of dishonesty rise up and confront him, and he drew back from it. A moment afterwards he looked it in the face, and he recoiled. He took his pipe from his pocket.

"This is not a smoking-carriage," gasped the little girl, so promptly that it almost seemed as if she had been waiting her opportunity over since the train started. Rob looked at her. She seemed about eight, but her eyes were mercenary. He thrust his pipe back into its case, feeling coward at last.

The nurse, who had been looking at Rob and blushing when she caught his eye, got out with her charge at a side station, and he helped her rather awkwardly to alight. "Don't mention it," he said, in answer to her thanks.

"Not a word! I'm not that kind," she replied, so eagerly that he started back in alarm, to find the little girl looking suspiciously at him.

As Rob stepped out of the train at King's Cross he resided sharply that he was alone in the world. He did not know where to go now, and his next task for a time as he paced the platform irresolutely, feeling that it was his last link to Silchester. He turned into the looking-office to consult a time-table, and noticed against the wall a railway map of London. For a long time he stood looking at it, and as he traced the river, the streets familiar to him by name, the districts and buildings which were household words to him, he felt that he must live in London somehow. He discovered Fleet Street in the map, and studied the best way of getting to it from King's Cross. Then grasping his stick firmly, he took possession of London as calmly as he could.

Rob never found any difficulty afterwards in picking out the shabby eating-house in which he had his first meal in London. Gray's Inn Road remained to him always its most romantic street because he went down it first. He walked into the rear of London in Holborn, and never forgot the alley into which he retreated to discover if he had suddenly become deaf. He wondered when the crowd would pass. Years afterwards he turned into Fetter Lane, and suddenly there came back to his mind the thoughts that had held him as he went down it the day he arrived in London.

A certain awe came upon Rob as he went down Fleet Street on the one side, and up it on the other. He could not resist looking into the faces of the persons who passed him, and wondered if they edited the "Times." The lean man who was in such a hurry that wherever he had to go he would soon be there, might be a man of letters whom Rob knew by heart, but perhaps he was only a broken journalist with his eye on half a crown. The middle-looking man whom Rob smiled at because when he was half-way across the street, he lost his head and was chased out of sight by half a dozen hansom cabs, was a war correspondent who had been so long in Africa that the perils of a London crossing unmanned him. The youth who was on his way home with a pork chop in his pocket edited a society journal. Rob did not recognize a distinguished poet in a little stout

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PAINE'S CERYLY COMPOUND WAS THE GREAT LIFE GIVER.

New life, health, vim, energy and activity are some of the blessings Paine's Ceryly Compound bestows on those who are now helpless, weary and half dead.

If you are a martyr to rheumatism, tortured with neuralgia, distressed with dyspepsia, or laid low with kidney trouble, that infallible life-giver, Paine's Ceryly Compound, will restore you to perfect health and give you a long lease of life.

Mrs. Page, of Amport, Ont., after years of suffering, experienced the happy and mighty change that Paine's Ceryly Compound alone can give to the afflicted. She says:

"I have been for many years a great sufferer from rheumatism and a complication of other troubles. About a year ago Paine's Ceryly Compound, with a result so marvellous that my most intimate friends and neighbors could scarcely believe me to be the same woman. Formerly I could only move about with the greatest caution; now I am well and healthy and my general health is good. I believe Paine's Ceryly Compound will do all that is claimed for it."

man who was looking pensively at a barrowful of walnuts, and he was mistaken in thinking that the bearded gentleman who held his head so high must be somebody in particular. Rob observed a pale young man gazing wistfully at him, and wondered if he was a thief or a saboteur. He was merely an aspirant who had come to London that morning to make his fortune, and he took Rob for a leader writer at the least. The offices, however, and even the public buildings, the shops, the narrowness of the streets all disappointed Rob. The houses seemed squeezed together for economy of space, like a closed concertina. Nothing quite fulfilled his expectations but the big letter-boxes in the district postal offices. He had not been sufficiently long in London to feel its greatest charm, which has been expressed in many ways by poet, wit, business man, philosopher, but comes to this, that it is the only city in the world in whose streets you can eat penny buns without people's turning round to look at you.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Reminders of an Old Custom.

Hundreds of Old Country people, especially of Irish birth, will remember the Christmas cards which is lighted and placed in the window at midnight of Christmas eve and allowed to burn there on the successive nights until it is all consumed. It is one of the most interesting of all the customs associated with the religious celebration of the Christian Festival. It is symbolic, of course, of the "Light of the World," but some hold that with the mistletoe, the holly and the festive practices of the season it goes back to Druid or pagan origin and is derived from some older symbolism of the returning warmth of the sun. However this may be, it is not generally known that the custom has been preserved in Canada to this day by a few old country people, comparatively speaking, to whom Christmas would not bear its holy message without the tall wax candle shining in their window.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

man who was looking pensively at a barrowful of walnuts, and he was mistaken in thinking that the bearded gentleman who held his head so high must be somebody in particular. Rob observed a pale young man gazing wistfully at him, and wondered if he was a thief or a saboteur. He was merely an aspirant who had come to London that morning to make his fortune, and he took Rob for a leader writer at the least. The offices, however, and even the public buildings, the shops, the narrowness of the streets all disappointed Rob. The houses seemed squeezed together for economy of space, like a closed concertina. Nothing quite fulfilled his expectations but the big letter-boxes in the district postal offices. He had not been sufficiently long in London to feel its greatest charm, which has been expressed in many ways by poet, wit, business man, philosopher, but comes to this, that it is the only city in the world in whose streets you can eat penny buns without people's turning round to look at you.

A Strong Appeal.

An Iowa editor in his zeal to collect his dues from his delinquent subscribers has written a very strong appeal, as follows: "Persons knowing themselves indebted to this office are requested to call and settle. All those indebted to this office and not knowing it are requested to call and find it out. All those requested to stay in one place long enough for us to catch them. All those that are not indebted are requested to call and become indebted."

Heart Spasms.

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART
A WONDERFUL LIFE-SAVER.

No organ in the human anatomy to-day whose diseases can be more readily detected than those of the heart—and medical discovery has made them amenable to proper treatment. If you have palpitation or fluttering, shortness of breath, weak or irregular pulse, swelling of feet or ankles, regular or irregular fainting spells, dizziness, tendency, any of these indicate heart disease. No matter of how long standing Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will cure—It's a heart specific—acts quickly—acts surely—acts safely.

It was given up to die by physicians and friends. One dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave me ease, and six bottles cured my case of Aneurysm of the Aorta. J. L. HELLER, Whitehead, N. Y.

Guarantees relief in 30 minutes.

For sale by Geo. V. Rand.