

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIX.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1900.

No. 33.

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 one cent per line
for every insertion, unless by special
arrangement for standing notices.

Notions for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
editor, and pay must be received in advance
and guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
in all work turned out.

Newspapers 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 contribu-
tion, although the name 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 3.30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.10
a. m.
Express west close at 9.40 a. m.
Express east close at 3.40 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.40 p. m.
Geo. V. Hays, 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. Hays, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. High R. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.45, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. All seats free. Users at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 7.30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Saturday School at 2.30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. E. M. Dill, B. D., Pastor, 55 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 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E. Donkin, 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 Urronwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Wednesday.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion 1st and 4th at 11 a. m., 2d, 4th and 6th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. H. F. DIXON, B. D., Pastor, 55 Andrew's Church, Wolfville. Wardens: Frank A. Dixon, J. W. Hays.

St. FRANCIS (M.O.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, F. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

Harmonic.

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

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION, N. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Count Blomfield, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m.

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. DUNGANSON,
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895. 11

RALSTONITES,

Or those who value health, will find RALSTON'S "HOMOEOPATHIC" Fluor their ideal. Samples to any address.

R. J. Matheson,
Meal and Flour Mills,
Dunsmuir, N. S.

Expectancy.

Some day, some day, 'twill all come right,
The tangled skein will all unwind,
And we will grasp the colors bright
And be the authors of the air behind.
The sun is low and rest is sweet,
Yet tears draw round us when it sets,
And a row comes with winged feet
And joy but heralds new regrets.

Even while we taste, sweet draughts will
turn
To bitterness that hurts us sore;
We learn to love and loving learn
To feel the love and love do mean,
And yet when "Season's" light grows
pale,
There shines through darkness still a
ray.

Of faith untaught which cannot fail,
And leads us onward to some day.

Couldn't Land the Parson.

"Trouble with me is," said the successful Klondiker, regretfully, "that I can't get on to the style of the game here in New York. 'I've got the cards all right, but when it comes to the play I'm weak on the etiquette of it. Any man that's been knocking around from mining camp to mining camp pretty much all his life, like me, is certain to get a little shiny around the seams; so when I finally did make my strike 'long-side of a nice little rippling brook up Dawson way, I said to myself, 'Now, you got the stuff, Hiram; it's up to you to lode down to New York and get used to civilization. You're a rough diamond, Hi,' I says; 'and it'll just take the buzzer of New York civilization to put the peaceful polish onto you; so shoulder your pack and git.'"

"By the time I struck here I'd accumulated quite a bunch of wardrobe and picked up some tips on the way, but I found out very quick that when it came to playing the real New Yorker I was so far outside that I couldn't scarcely see the edge. No; there didn't anybody sell me any gold bricks or buy me any drinks with knock-out drops in 'em or get me into a green-woods investment. A man don't knock around a country that's full of salted gold mines without learning to freeze to his wad. But I was out of it on the little things of life, and I never knew when I was going to stack up against the general 'he-ha.' When I went to eat, it didn't make any matter whether I stacked the waiter with a worn nickel or a dollar bill, he was watching me just the same every minute, and taking stock of how I used the wrong side of my knife to eat with, or fixing my napkin in under my collar instead of into my vest, and one night at a swell theater I furnished a kind of side show to the play by ordering a drink from the usher. All that kind of thing makes a man feel sort of ticklish, and I got to the place where I didn't dare scratch my head for fear I'd do it with the wrong hand. When a man's fixed that way in his mind he just naturally feels that he wants to do things up to the limit, and that's the way I was feeling when I went up against this game that I'm going to tell you about.

"It had got around to Sunday and I'd been seeing so much of the town that I thought the country'd do me good for a change, so I jumped on a sis and bought a ticket to one of those fancy little villages up north of the city—not that I had ever heard of the place before, but just hit it by shutting my eyes and pushing the timetable with my knife. You hear a heap down here about the rugged grandeur of A'aska. It's there, too, but after you've been up against it for a few months the rugged part of it hits you heavier than the grandeur, and a peaceful bit of country like that village I landed in gets right into a man's heart. It was warm and sunshiny and the birds were singing, and every thing smelled sweet, and if I'd run across a keep off-the-grass sign I'd have pulled a gun and shot it full of holes. As there wasn't any, I struck off across lots on a trail of my own, and the first I knew I was up against the open door of a church, and as I stood there, wondering which way I'd better run before a deacon came out and declared me, they began to ring inside. B-fire they got through the first verse I had a awful hunch to go in, but I wasn't certain but that it would be a false move. I looked around to see what variety of game it was, and I saw on the side of the door 'Reformed Church.'"

"That's you, Hi," I said to myself. "That's the writing on the wall, sure thing. Reform is your game and you can't begin it too quick."

end of a straw.

The joggle-eyed plate shover was moving on to look for better-paying dirt, when I held him up or a scamp, got out a pencil and the back of an envelope, and scratched off an I O U for twenty-five which I figured would be about right. As I dropped it into the plate, I told him I'd be around to settle up as soon as the game was called, and he moved on looking like he was scratching with a stum in mental arithmetic. Having got that off my mind, I was feeling pretty good; think you, and I'd have taken a drink with almost any kind of a man on it if it had come handy. In the Doxology I did some pretty considerable singing, to let my feelings loose, and when that was over I sat down to wait for the crowd to sift out so that I could go up and make good.

"It was a wait fair. A whole lot of people went up to speak with the parson, and as I noticed the ushers had all cashed in to him, I figured that he was the man I had to do business with, and as soon as I got an opening I went up and broached him. It seemed to me like he blinked a little when I showed up—though, maybe, the spark in my shirt had caught him between the eyes—but he shaped up all right and gave me the glad hand as if he was happy to see me. I felt like telling him that his talk was the kind of talk I liked; but business before social gayeties; so I braced right up and told him I'd come to settle. It didn't seem to just strike him, and he kind of blinked again.

"It's simple enough," I said. "I didn't have the right chips, so I showed in an I O U. It's in the plate there."

"It was sticking up over the plate in plain sight, and he went over and pulled it out and read it. Then he smiled and said he'd seen 'em when he was a boy in college. From the way he said that I knew he was all right, and I felt better.

"You see, I had the stuff," I said; "but the usher rang in a 'no change given' sign on me and I had to pass that up. I had nothing in my clothes but two bits and a double-header."

"If I understand you rightly," said the parson, "you want change for a bill so that you can put in twenty-five cents."

"You don't understand right," I said, rather hurt. "If you take me for a cheap skater, you're off the line. I told you I had two bits, but I wanted to put in a white man's stake, so I made out that I O U for twenty-five dollars. I suppose that's about right, eh?"

"It seems you don't quite understand, either," he says. "This church can make good use of twenty-five dollars; but it's only fair to tell you that you'll be well up to the average if you withdraw that I O U and put in twenty-five cents."

"You mean I can pull back my ante?" I asked him.

"I guess that's about it," he said smiling.

"Parson, I says, 'ain't any better than I should be, and sometimes I don't quite foot up to that mark, I'm afraid, but I know a square man when I see one," I says, "and I'd like to shake hands with you."

"He gave me a good, honest grip, and I tried to tell him that his sermon kind of hit home, and asked him if he usually didn't preach religious sermons and while we talked he was making a stage show-storm out of my little I O U, I asked him if his church was rich, and he said it didn't make the two ends meet so hard that there was any danger of their breaking off. As for the twenty-five dollars, he said that would be taking money under false pretenses as I'd mistaken the ante. Then I told him I'd blown in close on fifty dollars the night before, around town, and broached myself for a parson's lecture; but it didn't land. He just said that there was nothing in that style of thing, and that it was a cocker's game, anyway, or words to that effect, and simply footed up to a man's making a red-headed chimpanzee of himself and landing in a coop or a fancy grave-yard at the finish. That wasn't exactly the way he put it, you understand, but he gave it just as straight. No sermonizing, either.

"What I was getting at, I told him, is this: 'If I can blow in fifty on that kind of a game, I guess I ought to be good for as much here. Now, here's a hundred, and we ought to be able to

get the change from the plate.

There is plenty more where it came from,' I says, and I told him about my digging.

"Everybody had left the church, and we got into the plate and counted out forty-seven dollars and some odd cents—an extra big collection, the parson said. While we were at it a man wandered in, let out a yell, and broke for us. I reached for a gun that wasn't there; but when the parson lifted his head and the man saw him he looked like he was the victim of heart disease, and began to snort and gurgie and try to say things. It turned out that he was the sexton, and thought we were looting the plate; and I'd thought he was after the pile, and I'd had him in the old place it would have taken a coroner's inquest to convince me I was wrong. That was all settled, and the parson, who had noticed my quick move, advised me to get a permit to carry a gun while I was in New York and then carry the permit and leave the gun at home; and said it'd be safer for the population, and would keep me out of trouble and Sing Sing, and things like that. When I got ready to go, he walked down to the train with me, and told me I'd anteed for a year of Sundays and to come back again, and I told him about the Klondike and about the wads of money a good square minister could make up there.

"When I got back to the city I felt like I'd put in a good day. I had a talk with my pard, who's here with me also seeing New York, and the convention of us two sent a letter up to the parson, putting in him straight. It was the best language we could pan out between us, and it struck me as a really dead elegant thing when we'd got it copied out by the hotel typewriter. She said it was the most elegant specimen of composition she had seen with in a long time; but that might have been a jolly to make my pard feel good, because he'd grab-stak-ed her to wine and spiced quails the evening before. Anyway we made the parson a square offer. We told him that if he'd shake his little joint in the village and go back to the Klondike with us and locate a gospel claim up there we'd locate his way up and guarantee him a big church shake and double the salary he got where he was, with a raise at the end of the year, and stake him to a claim of his own, and to show that we meant business we checked in two hundred and fifty as a clincher.

"Would you believe it, that parson didn't bite? He wrote a peach of a letter back, and said he'd like nothing better than to go and dig gold while he was thinking out his sermons, and that we were all right and our church notice was the proper one, but he couldn't take his family up there, and it was his business to stick by them. Well, that was a knock-down. My pard had set his heart on the scheme so that when it went wrong he sifed out and got boiled and was jugged for throwing rocks at the windows of the first church he ran across.

"I can't help thinking, though," concluded the successful Klondiker, sadly, "that if we'd got a parson to make out that invite in the proper form, instead of an ignorant one like me taking chances with the etiquette of the religious game, we might have landed our man and reformed the Klondike."

N. Y. Sun.

Moccasins the Ideal Footwear.

The moccasin is the most rational and comfortable of all footwear. In moccasins the feet have full play; they can bend and grasp; there is nothing to chafe them or impede circulation. In moccasins one can move like an acrobat, crossing slender and slippery logs, climbing trees or passing with ease and security along dizzy trails on the mountain side, where a slip might mean sure destruction. The feet do not stick fast in the mud. In the north when the mercury is far below zero and no civilized boot will protect the feet from freezing, the savage suffers no inconvenience. His moccasins, stuffed with dried grass, let the blood course freely. The perspiration may freeze on the hay in a solid lump of ice, but the feet remain warm and dry. The buckskin moccasin, Indian tanned, with deer's brains and wood smoke, always dries soft after a wetting. In autumn when all the leaves and twigs are dry as

Congratulations!

Follow the Purchase of One of Our Stylish Spring Suits and Overcoats.

We offer for your selection one of the Largest and Choicest Stocks of English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds,

And West of England and Canadian Worsteds, and Light Overcoatings ever worn in King's County. Goods to suit every taste and condition.

Tweed Suits from \$14.00 up.
Worsted Suits from \$16.00 up.
Stylish Light Overcoats from \$13.00 up.

Don't fail to see the very latest things in Golf Trousers and Fancy Vestings.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.

N. Crandall, - Manager.
Telephone 35.

Now is the Time

To Book Orders for
Seeds and Fertilizers

With
Starr, Son & Franklin.

Under a man wearing shoes makes a noise in the forest like a troop of cavalry. But in moccasins he can move swiftly through the woods with the stealth of a panther. The feet are not bruised, for after enjoying for a time the freedom of natural covering, these bittern blundering members become like hands, and feel their way through the dark like those of a cat, avoiding obstacles as though gifted with a special sense. Best of all, the moccasin is light. Inexperienced sportsmen and soldiers affect high topped leath boots with heavy soles and hobnails, imagining that these are most serviceable for rough weather. But those boots weigh between four and five pounds, while a pair of thick moose hide moccasins weigh only 1½ ounces. In marching ten miles a man wearing clumsy boots lifts 20 ten more shoe leather than if he wore moccasins.

Violin Music.

The violin was used recently with interesting results in experiments with all sorts of living creatures. First it was played before a tarantula. She paid no attention whatever to it. But a nest of scorpions became intensely excited and wiggled frantically. A cobra showed remarkable susceptibility. She was sleeping soundly when the experimenters approached her but the first tone awakened her and she raised her head. As the music swelled she continued to rise till she was standing straight as a pillar, supported only by her tail. Every change in tempo and pitch had effect. The pistons made her puff her entire body, and with wails music caused her to erect her ugly hood to its fullest size, and a sudden dissonance made her wind and twist her body as if she were in real agony.

The polar bear tried to dance to sounds of the instrument. At least he swayed his body rhythmically and made a rumbling sound which portrayed deep measure. The grizzlies and the lions moved their paws and the lions their tails also in time with the music. It happened that a string snapped, with its peculiar, sharp smack, just as the player had begun to perform before the cage of an hyena. That

Does Advertising Pay?

"Once when I was publishing a paper in Seattle I convinced a man in a most emphatic way that it paid to advertise," said an old journalist. "He was a fairly prosperous merchant, and I had tried for a long time to get him to insert an advertisement in my paper. 'O, it's no use!' he would say. 'I never read the advertisements in a paper, and no one does. I believe in advertising, but in a way that will force itself upon the public. Then it pays. But in a newspaper—pshaw! Everyone who reads a newspaper dodges the advertising pages as if they were poison.'"

"Well," said I, "if I can convince you that people do read the advertising pages of my paper will you advertise?"

"Of course I will. I advertise wherever I think it will do any good."

"The next day I had the following line stuck in the most obscure corner of the paper, between a couple of patent medicine advertisements:

"What is Cohen going to do about it?"

"The next day so many people annoyed him by asking what that line meant that he begged me to explain the matter in my next issue. I promised to do so if he would let me write the explanation and stand to it. He agreed, and I wrote: 'He is going to advertise, of course.' And he did."

A CARD.

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Will's English Pills, if after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. I also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Will's English Pills are used.

GEORGE V. RAND, Druggist, Wolfville, N. S.

"That was an arrow caught," remarked the confirmed bachelor, as he eyed Cupid's shaft.