

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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No. 10.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFFVILLE, 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 extended notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment must be made in advance, unless 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.

Newspapers from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names 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
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolffville, N. S.

FALL STOCK AND FALL STYLES!

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

—FRESH NEW PATTERNS IN—
Imported and Domestic Cloths,
And the latest ideas in **Style, Fit and Finish,**

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

SEE OUR STOCK AND PRICES

The Wolffville Clothing Company,
NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.
TELEPHONE NO. 35.
Agency of Empire Laundry.

WANTED

Agents for "Queen Victoria, Her Reign and Diamond Jubilee." Overflowing with latest and richest pictures. Contains the endorsed biography of Her Majesty, with authentic history of her remarkable reign, and full account of the Diamond Jubilee. Only \$1.50. Big book. Tremendous demand. Bonanza for agents. Commission 50 per cent. Credit given. Freight paid. Outfit free. Duty paid. Write quick for outfit and territory. **THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 7**
356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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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 school, church, 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,
Wolffville, N. S.
First class work Guaranteed.

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,
Wolffville, Nov. 14th, 1897. 11

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.

THE "White is King of All."

White Sewing Machine Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Thomas Organs

—FOR SALE BY—
Howard Pin o,
WOLFFVILLE, N. S.
N. B. Machine Needles and Oil.
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

GEO. G. HANDLEY,
Merchant Tailor.

9 BLOWERS ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

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 lake. 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. FAINE,
Wallbrook, Sept. 20th, 1897. 11

Land For Sale.

About three acres of cultivated land on west side of Highland avenue, south of Foster property. Apply to
ACADIAN OFFICE.

strode in, but refused a chair. "Are you the author of the book?" the editor asked. "No," said Greybrook, "but I am her friend, and I am here to thrash—"

Mr. Liequorish held up his hand to stop the flow of the captain's indignation. He could never understand why the public got so excited over these little matters.

"She is a Silchester lady?" he asked. Greybrook did not know how to reply to this. He was not sure whether Nell wanted the authorship revealed. "That has nothing to do with the matter," he said. "I want the name of the writer who has libelled her."

"On the press," said Mr. Liequorish, repeating some phrases which he kept for such an occasion as the present, "we have a duty to the public to perform. When books are sent us for review we never allow prejudices or private considerations to warp our judgment. The 'Mirror' has in consequence a reputation for honesty that some papers do not possess. Now, I distinctly remember that this book 'The Vale of Tears'—"

"The Scorn of Scorns,"

"I mean 'The Scorn of Scorns'—was carefully considered by the expert to whom it was given for review. Being honestly of opinion that the treatise—"

"It is a novel."

"That the novel is worthless, we had to say so. Had it been clever, we should—"

Mr. Liequorish paused, reading in the other's face that there was something wrong. Greybrook had concluded that the editor had forgotten about the first review.

"Can you show me a copy of the 'Mirror' for October 3rd?"

Mr. Liequorish turned to the file, and Greybrook looked over his shoulder.

"There it is!" cried the captain, indignantly.

They read the original notice together. It said that if "The Scorn of Scorns" was written by a new writer, his next story would be looked for with great interest. It could not refrain from quoting the following exquisitely tender passage: "It found the earlier pages 'as refreshing as a spring morning,' and the closing chapters were a triumph of 'the art that conceals art.'"

"Well, what have you to say to that?" asked Greybrook, fiercely.

"A mistake," said the editor, blandly. "Such things do happen occasionally."

"You shall make reparation for it!"

"How?" said Mr. Liequorish.

"The insult," cried Greybrook, "must have been intentional."

"No, I fancy the authoress must be to blame for this. Did she send a copy of the work to us?"

"I should think it very likely," said Greybrook, fuming.

"Not at all," said the editor, "especially if she is a Silchester lady."

"What would make her do that?"

"It generally comes about in this way. The publishers send a copy of the book to a newspaper, and owing to pressure on the paper's space no notice appears for some time. The author, who looks for it daily, thinks that the publishers have neglected their duty, and sends a copy to the office himself. The editor, forgetting that he has had a notice of the book lying ready for printing for months, gives the second book to another reviewer. By-and-by the first review appears, but owing to an oversight the editor does not take note of it, and after a time, unless his attention is called to the matter, the second review appears also. Probably that is the explanation in this case."

"But such carelessness on a respectable paper is incomprehensible," said the captain.

The editor was looking up his books to see if they shed any light on the affair, but he answered.

"On the contrary, it is an experience known to most newspapers. Ah, I have it!"

Mr. Liequorish read out, "The Scorn of Scorns," received September 1st, reviewed October 3d." Several pages further on he discovered, "The

Ask your grocer for
Windsor Salt
For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

POETRY.

The Best that They Can.

They toll at the forges,
They weave at the loom,
Their pick axe is ringing
Deep down in the gloom.
Earth yields up her treasures—
For life's little span,
To the fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

Upon the broad prairie
The furrow they turn;
In the wilderness forest
The clearing they burn;
Of industry's army
Still leading the van—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

Where o'er the white surges
The reeling mast swings,
And thro' the forest rigging
The storm funnels out
With courage undaunted
The yard arm they man—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can.

The dream of the poet,
The thought of the sage,
The strife and achievement
That heroes engage;
'Tis they who preserve us—
The record we scan—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

When the just are forgotten,
The innocent bleed,
And Fatherland's honour
Is tarnished by greed;
Not that the faint hearted
Who quail before man—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

Oh, their's are the bosoms
That thrill in reply,
When Liberty's ensign
Is floated on high!
They march at her bidding,
Unheeding the ban—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

A pledge to our comrades!
'Tis 'bout their name
When history summons
The roll call of Fame,
In our hearts we enshrine them
With brotherhood's claim—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

SELECT STORY.

When a Man's Single.

BY JAMES M. BARRIE.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"I am the editor," said the voice, "but I can see no one at present except on business."

"I am here on business," said Greybrook. "I want to thrash one of your staff."

"All the members of my literary staff are engaged at present," said Mr. Liequorish, in a pleasant voice; which one do you want?"

"I want the low cad who wrote a review of a book called 'The Scorn of Scorns, in to-day's paper.'"

"Oh!" said Mr. Liequorish, "I demand his name," said Greybrook.

The editor made no answer. He had other things to do than to quarrel with school-boys. As he could not get out, he began a lecture. The visitor, however, had discovered the editorial door now, and was shaking it violently.

"Why don't you answer me?" he cried.

Mr. Liequorish thought for a moment of calling down the speaking tube which communicated with the advertisement office for a clerk to come and take this youth away, but after all he was good-natured. He finished a sentence, and then opened the door. The captain

"Don't say anything about going to the 'Mirror' office, Mr. Greybrook, to Miss Abinger."

The captain turned round to lift his hat, and at the same time expressed involuntarily a wish that Nell could see him punishing loose bowling.

Mrs. Meredith beamed on him. "There is something very nice," she said to Nell, "about a polite young man."

"Yes," murmured her daughter, "and even if he isn't polite."

CHAPTER V.

On the morning before Christmas a murder was committed in Silchester, and in murders there is "lineage." As a consequence, the head reporter attends to them himself. In the "Mirror" office the diary for the day was quickly altered. Kirker set off cheerfully for the scene of the crime, leaving the banquet in the Henry Institute to Tomlinson, who passed on his dinner at Dome Castle to Rob, whose church decorations were taken up by John Milton.

Christmas Eve was coming on in snow when Rob and Walsh, of the "Argus," set out for Dome Castle. Rob disliked doing dinners at any time, partly because he had not a dress suit, but because it was an annual one given by Will's father to his tenants, and reporters were asked because the colonel made a speech. His neighbors, when they did likewise, sent reports of their own speeches (which they seemed to like) to the papers; and some of them, having called themselves eloquent and justly popular, scored the compliments out, yet in such a way that the editor would still be able to read them, and print them if he thought fit. Rob did not look forward to Colonel Abinger's reception of him, for they had met some months before and called each other names.

It was one day soon after Rob reached Silchester. He had gone fishing in the Dome and climbed unconsciously into the preserved waters. As his creel grew heavier his back straightened; not until he returned home did the scenery impress him. He had just struck a fine fish, when a soldierly-looking man at the top of the steep bank caught sight of him.

"Ho, you sir!" shouted the on-looker. Whir went the line—there is no music like it. Rob was knee-deep in water. "You follow!" cried the editor, brandishing his cane, "are you aware that this water is preserved?" Rob had no time to talk. The colonel sought to attract his attention by flinging a pebble. "Don't do that," cried Rob, fiercely.

Away darted the fish. Away darted Rob after it. Colonel Abinger's face was red as he clambered down the bank. "I shall present you," he shouted. "He's gone to the bottom; fling in a stone!" cried Rob. Just then the fish showed its yellow belly and darted off again. Rob let out more line. "No, no," shouted the colonel, who fished himself, "you lose him if he gets to the other side; strike, man, strike!" The line tightened, the rod bent—a glorious sight. "Force him up-stream," cried the colonel, rolling over some bowlders to assist. "Now you have him. Bring him in. Where is your landing net?" "I haven't one," cried Rob; "take him in your hands." The colonel stooped to grasp the fish and missed it. "Daughter!" screamed Rob. This was too much. "Give me your name and address," said Colonel Abinger, rising to his feet; "you are a poacher." Rob paid no attention. There was a struggle. Rob did not realize that he had pushed his assailant over a rock until the fish landed. Then he wpoligised, offered all his fish in lieu of his name and address, retired coolly so long as the furious soldier was in sight, and as soon as he turned a corner disappeared rapidly. He could not feel that this was the best introduction to the man with whom he was now on his way to dine.

The reporter whose long strides made Walsh trot as they hurried to Dome Castle was not quite the Rob of three months before. Now he knew how a third-rate newspaper is conducted, and the capacity for wonder had gone from him. He was in danger of thinking that the journalist's art is to write readably, authoritatively, and

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

always in three paragraphs on a subject he knows nothing about. Rob had written many leaders, and followed readers through the streets wondering if they liked them. Once he had gone with three others to report a bishop's sermon. A curate appeared instead, and when the reporters saw him they shut their note-books and marched blandly out of the cathedral. A public speaker had tried to bribe Rob with two half-crowns, and it is still told in Silchester how the wrathful Scotsman tore his benefactor out of the carriage he had just stepped into, and lifting him on high, looked round to consider against which stone wall he should hurl him. He had discovered that on the first of the month Mr. Liequorish could not help respecting his staff, because on that day he paid them. Socially, Rob had acquired little. Protheroe had introduced him to a pleasant family, but he had sat silent in a corner, and they told the sub-editor not to bring him back. Most of the literary staff were youths trying to be bohemians, who liked to feel themselves sinking, and they never sealed the reserve which Rob had round. He had taken a sitting, however, in the Scotch church, to the bewilderment of the minister, who said, "But I thought you were a reporter?" as if there must be a mistake somewhere.

Walsh could tell Rob little of Colonel Abinger. He was a brave soldier, and for many years had been a widower. His elder son was a barrister in London, whom Silchester had almost forgotten, and Walsh fancied there was some story about the daughter's being engaged to a baronet. There was also a boy, who had the other day brought the captain of his school to a Silchester football ground to show the club how to take a drop-kick.

"Does the colonel fish?" asked Rob, who would, however, have preferred to know if the colonel had a good memory for faces.

"He is a famous angler," said Walsh; "indeed, I have been told that his bursts of passion are over in five minutes, except when he catches a poacher."

Rob winced, for Walsh did not know of the fishing episode.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HAPPY PEOPLE

Who Are Made Well and Strong by Paine's Celery Compound.

No Return of Disease.

Cures Are Permanent and Lasting.

A Letter From a Montreal Gentleman Cured Four Years Ago.

Medical colleges conferred upon Professor Edward Phelps, M. D., their highest honors for his invaluable investigations in medicine, but all this seems small in comparison with the grand chorus of gratitude that has gone up all over the world from men, women and children who have outgrown weakness, lack of health and disease by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, the noble professor's greatest medical discovery.

Paine's Celery Compound justly boasts of one great advantage over all the advertised remedies of the day, whether they be pills, nervines, bitters or soporifics. The cures effected by Paine's Celery Compound in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney and liver troubles, nervousness and dyspepsia are permanent and lasting.

Thousands of glad letters like the following from Mr. Charles Bowles, of Montreal, are received every year:

"Over four years ago I gave you a testimonial for Paine's Celery Compound after it had completely freed me of rheumatism of many years' standing. I am happy to state I have had no trouble from the disease since your Paine's Celery Compound cured me, proving that your medicine works permanent cures. I am always recommending Paine's Celery Compound to the sick, and particularly to those troubled with rheumatism."



After... Taking

a course of Ayer's Pills the system is set in good working order and a man begins to feel that life is worth living. He who has become the gradual prey of constipation, does not realize the friction under which he labors, until the burden is lifted from him. Then his mountains sink into mole-hills, his moroseness gives place to jollity, he is a happy man again. If life does not seem worth living to you, you may take a very different view of it after taking

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.