

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1894.

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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 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 receipt of 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.

New communications 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 over a fictitious signature.

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

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

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

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Office Hours 8 a. m. to 3.30 p. m. Mail boxes 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 4.35 p. m.
Kentville close at 7.00 p. m.
Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturdays.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. and 7 p. m.; prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayers meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7.30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by
GEO. W. ROSCOE, Chgo. Ushers
A. DAW BASS

FREEDOM CHURCH—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor, 45 Andrew's Church, Wolfville; Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. Chalmers' Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayers meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oakes Gronlund, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All the seats are free; all strangers welcome at all the services. At Greenwich preaching at 2 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 at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 9th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, J. Wardens.
S. J. Rutherford, St. Warden.

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

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

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 8 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.

Dress Making.
Mrs. Henry Palmer will cut and make Boys' Suits, and Ladies' Jackets and Dresses by the new Thompson Garment Cutter System.
Wolfville, Jan. 11th, 1894.



AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

Cures others will cure you

S. P. SMITH, of Towanda, Pa., whose constitution was completely broken down, is cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He writes:

"For eight years, I was, most of the time, a great sufferer from constipation, kidney trouble, and indigestion, so that my constitution seemed to be completely broken down. I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and took nearly seven bottles, with such excellent results that my stomach, bowels, and kidneys are in perfect condition, and, in all their functions, as regular as clock-work. At the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my weight was only 120 pounds; I now weigh 150 pounds, and was never in so good health. If you could see me here and after using, you would want me for a travelling advertisement. I believe this preparation of Sarsaparilla to be the best in the market to-day."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

DIRECTORY.

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, Furnitures, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Fresh Fish.

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

HERRIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

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

W. E. LEVY, 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 Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.

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

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

Physicians endorse them, and Physicians make them.

M. D. Wain, M. D. I am pleased to recommend

Skoda's Discovery

and Skoda's other remedies, as I know them to be articles of true merit, and the physicians who compound them, to be men of integrity and ability. Skoda's Discovery is unlike any other proprietary medicine—it cures disease by removing the poison, and at the same time SUPPLIES GOOD BLOOD to wasted parts. No other remedy has performed so many wonderful cures or relieved so much suffering.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia. 25 cts.

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

2323 DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY. The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy

POETRY.

Worth the While.

BY BELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When everything goes dead wrong,
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But it is only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who hath no strength of the strife,
The world's highway is crumbled to-day.
They make up the items of life,
But the virtue that conquers passions,
And the sorrow that hides a smile
It is these that are worth the homage of earth.
For we find them but once in a while.

SELECT STORY.

A Hundred Dollar Bill.

"She's short-tempered, Nellie, and quick to speak; but you'll bear with her for my sake!"

"Not for that alone, Oscar—I have learned to love her for her own, long ago. She seems almost like a mother to me!"

Oscar Eldon stood in the middle of the floor, holding Helen Dermatt's hand in his—a slight hand, hardened with industry and browned with autumn suns. Just a year ago Helen, fresh from the dock of an emigrant vessel, and avoiding the noisy streets and crowded lanes of the great city as if they had been plague smitten, had tapped on Mrs. Eldon's door, with her bundle in her hand and the softest smile in her whole face, asking for employment.

"I don't believe in these travelling tramps, mostly," said Mrs. Eldon to her son; "but this girl has a good face, and I really need some one to help me. What would you do?"

Oscar looked at the sweet, patient face and answered promptly:
"I would take her!"

So, in the thrifty, healthful atmosphere of the Great New England farm house, Helen worked and sang, and warmed her way into Mrs. Eldon's good graces with marvelous rapidity.

A year afterward when the summons came to Oscar Eldon to go West and wind up the affairs of his deceased uncle, he met Helen in the kitchen and told her that when he came back he should claim her for his wife!

And, when Oscar Eldon was gone, Helen still sang on at her work, but there was a sweeter cadence than ever in her tones.

The clock was striking five in the kitchen. Helen was paring apples by the fire, and Mrs. Eldon sat by the window counting a pretty roll of bank notes.

"Ninety-five—100—200—that's the \$100 bill Ford paid for the coils—205—10—20—60. I don't feel safe to have so much money in the house. Helen—I shall drive over to the bank and deposit it to-morrow."

"Yes," said Helen simply, "I never saw so much money at one time before; it must be very nice to be rich."

"Rich, child! we're not rich, only comfortable; but the money must be put in the bank right off. Who's that knocking at the door? Oh! it's Deacon Elderly. Well, Deacon, this is a great idea—we, with our orchard, buying apples!"

"Well!" quoth the deacon, "tress is just as queer as people sometimes. Now there's my Baldwin's ain't done nothing for two years, and—yes, it's all right, Miss Eldon—\$5 you owed us afore, and fire now—makes 10. Thank'e."

The deacon disappeared, and Mrs. Eldon came in from the door-step.

"Can I go out this morning, Mrs. Eldon?"

The old lady's eyes were rounder than the rim of her silver spectacles as Helen presented herself at the henery door.

"Go out? Why, Helen, what's come to you? You never asked me such a thing before!"

Helen's cheeks grew rosy, but she said nothing of the letter directed,

Oscar Eldon, Esq., that was lying snugly at the bottom of her pocket.

"I would like to see one or two little errands at the village if you can spare me."

"Of course I can spare you—but be sure you're back by 11, Helen."

"I'll not fail, ma'am."

"It was still and cloudy when she set forth, but by the time she had turned her face homeward, the snow was driving in blind drifts and the wind shrieked down the valleys like a disembodied spirit.

"It will be a long storm," thought Helen, with a shiver, as she hurried on.

Mrs. Eldon was standing in the middle of the floor when she entered—standing there with an unusual expression on her face, and a set look round her lips, which made Helen pause with unreasoning dread.

"Mrs. Eldon! what is the matter?"

"Helen, don't play the hypocrite," said the old lady, sternly. "Give me back the money and I will overlook this first offence as you are so young and inexperienced!"

"Money! what money?"

"The hundred-dollar bill you took from my table when I went out last night to pay for the apples."

"Mrs. Eldon! I never touched the money!"

"Helen! think before you resort to deeper deceit. That money lay on the table when I went out; when next I examined my pocketbook it was gone. You, and you alone, have been in the house since. The whole matter is too transparent for concealment. Why did you go to the village to-day? You never before have asked to be absent?"

Helen stood silent; it seemed as if the power of speech was taken from her for an instant.

"Mrs. Eldon, I never dreamed of touching your money! As sure as I breathe, I have it in my pocket."

Mrs. Eldon's cheek fired with sudden anger.

"Helen," she said in a strange, high-pitched voice, "if it were not that you seemed almost a daughter to me for the past few months, I would send you to the constable and have you lodged in prison. As it is you go in freedom—but you go!"

She opened the door and pointed out into the road.

"Mrs. Eldon—in this storm?"

"If it were the deluge I would not harbor a thief in the house another instant. Go!"

The cruel words stung Helen Dermatt's heart as an asp might have done. She turned without a word and went out into the howling tempest.

All day long Mrs. Eldon sat by her lonely fire, musing with sorrowful intention. Never before had she realized how very dear Helen Dermatt had become to her, nor how desolate the old home seemed with no light step on the stairs, no soft voice warbling old country ballads from the far off rooms.

"I would have burned the bill sooner than she should have taken it," thought the old lady. "The loss of the money is nothing to being forced to believe Nellie's a thief! And what will Oscar say?"

The brief winter twilight was fast darkening into night, when there came a resonant thumping at the outer door. Mrs. Eldon rose hurriedly, lighted her lamp, and answered the somewhat imperative summons.

Through the flying clouds of snow she could just discern the round, red face of Deacon Elderly, beaming from a frame work of fur cap.

"Dear me, Deacon, is it you? Won't you come in?"

"Well, I guess I will, acin! I've got something pretty important to tell ye. Look here."

Standing close by the lamp, Deacon Elderly drew a bank-note from his pocket and held it out to Mrs. Eldon, with a chuckle.

"My red apples bring a fair price in this market, ma'am, but they ain't worth a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars!"

"Mrs. Eldon grew pale and cold.

"Then I must have paid you that by mistake instead of a ten."

"Well, I calculate that was the way it happened," said the deacon, dryly—"I'm a very business like, but then your eyes ain't what they used to be no more'n mine is. I think me a hundred dollars is my due, and I don't want

no more!"

So the deacon went on his way rejoicing; and Mrs. Eldon stood staring vaguely up and down the road.

"Helen! Helen!" she called aloud; and then remembered that Helen's ears were far, far beyond hearing.

She rushed uncovered out into the storm up the road as if she would have sought the girl to the world's end, with clasped hands and strained eyes. And then waking to the consciousness of how utterly impotent was a search, she turned back with a wailing sob.

"I'll get out, driver, and walk up this hill; the stage is over-loaded, and I don't mind a little exercise."

Oscar Eldon literally could not sit still. Before his mind's eye rose up the bright home fire, the mother's face of pleased surprise, and Helen's crimson cheeks.

Involutionarily a clear, bird-like whistle broke from his lips as he strode on. In the same moment the heavy rack of leaden-black clouds overhead parted, and the moon burst out in a flood of silvery glory.

"So the storm is over," mused Oscar.

We should have all been snowed up had it lasted much longer; and—hallo! what's that?"

What was it, indeed? Something a deadlier white than the snow, with dark long tresses fluttering in the wind—something that lay among the piled up drifts close against the old rail fence, with the fall brightness of the moon upon its pale rigidity.

In an instant Oscar Eldon had plunged through the snow-banks and was heading over the prostrate figure.

"Helen! Merciful heaven! how came she here?"

He chafed the slender hands, he listened eagerly at the half-open lips to hear, if perchance the slightest respiration floated through!

"It is no allusion of my senses? She is not dead! Hello! driver! coach!"

The slow rumbling of snow-crusted wheels was already audible, and when the stage came up Oscar Eldon was standing beside the road, with a pallid, helpless burden in his arms!

The old kitchen clock was chiming 11; yet Mrs. Eldon, habitually a slave to early hours, had made no movement to retire. She still sat by the fire, with haggard face, and eyes fixed on one glowing spot on the embers, when there were footsteps on the threshold, and a loud rap at the door. She sprang up, nervously, and opened it.

Oscar stood there, with Helen clinging to his arm—Helen herself, very pale yet with a bright confidence in her face.

"Oscar!" gasped the bewildered mother, and then, catching sight of the other face she burst into a hysterical cry.

"Helen! God has sent you back to me! Can you ever forgive me, Helen?"

"That's right, mother!" said Oscar, "she will be your daughter soon; and meantime, we'll pile on the wood and bring a little color into those pale cheeks."

But Helen Dermatt's face, as she returned his smile, was pale no longer.

The Power of Children.

One man was making an interesting remark about his mother-in-law, and the other man was taking it all in. After awhile he put in his car.

"You haven't any children, have you?" he inquired.

"No," was the reply; "what's that got to do with it?"

"More than you'll ever know until you have some."

"I fail to see it."

"Yes, and so did I, at first, and I talked just as you do. Then when the youngsters came and began to grow up and to learn who grandpa was, and to look to her as their best friend; the one to shield them when they needed the parental spanking; the one to give them pennies when their parents thought they should not have them; the one who came and washed by them when they were sick; the one grandpa of all prevailing kids, blamed if I didn't forget utterly that she was my mother-in-law, and I got to calling her 'grandma' just as the little ones did, and thinking about her just as they did, and finally, when the gray-haired old angel went to her rest, I grieved with the children and as sincerely as any of them."—Ed.

Ignorant Tree Planting.

As I was passing the country residence of a wealthy gentleman my attention was attracted by two "hired hands" who were engaged in transplanting some choice fruit trees, and having had some experience in that line of business, I stopped and observed their work in every detail, with the anticipation that I might gain some points which would prove of value to me. The knowledge gained will prove valuable only in stimulating me in using all my influence in discouraging others from imitating their methods. Their work was not in conformity with the laws of nature or of good judgment. The trees were of the Baldwin variety; five or six years old; two or three inches in diameter, and large and thrifty. They had been conveyed in a wagon over a rough road from where taken up, and the friction between the wagon box and the unprotected trunks had badly chafed the bodies, half girdling some of the larger ones. They were then left with the unprotected roots exposed to the hot sun, some a whole day, others a whole week. None of the main roots were over a foot in length, while the limbs were five or six feet. Only a few fibrous roots remained, and these must have been greatly injured by the sun. The holes dug for the trees were about a foot and a half in diameter and three fourths of a foot deep, being just to the hardpan. This required the longest roots to be jockeyed or broken before the tree could be "planted"—much the same as a post would be set. An open space was left under the trees, thus allowing the air to dry the earth about the roots. As the tops were not cut back the large branches could not be nourished, and the trees not being tied, a strong breeze would prostrate them, as the roots had little length or depth in the loose, dry earth. No fertilizer was used. I urinated stones, and dirt were shovelled in profusely, after which a "war dance" was held around the trees, and the job was done. The same could be safely said of the life of nine out of every ten of the trees.

It seems almost a crime to entrust so important a work as tree planting to lazy, indolent persons, who are so ignorant of the laws of nature and so out of touch with the world at large, that their only love is for their daily compensation, and whose services, unless personally superintended, prove a waste and disappointment.

Intelligent tree planting would require trees to be heeled in until planned and handled so carefully that the bark would remain uninjured. The roots should have a spread of two feet or over and be placed in their natural position. The holes should be at least three feet in diameter, or a foot larger than the spread of the roots, and deep enough so the trees will be planted about three inches deeper than they were in the nursery. Well rotted manure should be thoroughly mixed with the mellow earth only, and this worked firmly between and around all the roots with the hands. Plenty of water should be used, which will cause the earth to settle more quickly, and adhere more closely to the roots. The broken ends of roots should be trimmed smoothly just before planting, and the earth pressed firmly with the foot after planting. The greater part of the tops should be cut away, leaving only three or four branches. This may appear unnecessary, but must be done or the best results will not be obtained. Trees must be planted early in the fall, and it is better to plant early in spring, but late spring planting, when intelligently done, seldom proves disappointing.—B. F. Simons.

The Centre of the Earth.

Did you ever stop to consider the fact that in all probability the centre of the earth is a globe of gold, iridium and platinum? Says The Chicago Times. These metals are, of course, in a liquid state, the iridium at the exact centre (that is, providing there is not some heavier metal at present unknown to man occupying that place), the platinum next and the globe of gold surrounding the other two.

"But," you say, "what proof have we that your proposition is a tenable hypothesis?" In answer I would say two proofs at least, and perhaps more. First, the three metals mentioned are

the heaviest known substances, com-

pared bulk for bulk, this being the case they would be naturally attracted to the centre of our planet. "In the beginning," as Moses would say, the earth was liquid, if not gaseous. In either case the heavy metals mentioned were held in solution. By gradual condensation the metals settled to the centre; iridium first (with the proviso above mentioned), platinum next, gold last. Ages ago, when the crust of the earth was thin, very thin, all the gold now known was vomited out in volcanic eruptions. This last mentioned fact is the second reason for believing that our globe has a golden centre core woven around a nucleus of iridium and platinum. A third reason for believing that there is gold at the centre is this: The earth as a whole weighs five times as much as a globe of water of the same bulk, while the rocks forming the same outer crust are less than three times as heavy as water.

How to Sweep a Room.

A very careful housekeeper I know says: "For sweeping a room neatly there is nothing like newspaper aid. It saves so much labor." This is her method: Take a page of newspaper at a time, wet it in hot water and squeeze it until it ceases to drip. Tear into small pieces of the size of your hand, and cast them all over the carpet. Then sweep and most of the dust in the room will be gathered into the paper, pushing them ahead of the broom to take up any stuff there may be, before beginning the regular sweeping. After a pile or heavy carpet is thoroughly swept, a sponging with ammonia and water will preserve its brightness wonderfully. About once a month, after sweeping, take a pailful of warm water and add to it a tablespoonful of ammonia or turpentine, good, as it is an excellent preservative of moths. Go over the whole carpet with a large soft cloth, or sponge wrung so as not to drip. It is surprising how rapidly the water gets discolored. If the carpet is large and much soiled or dusty the water should be changed once or twice.

Mothers

suffering with weakness and emaciation, who give little nourishment to babies, should take

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites. It will give them strength and make their babies fat. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
Scott's Emulsion, Baltimore. All Druggists. See Ad.

TO LET.

A comfortable dwelling just outside the limits of the town of Wolfville. Fifteen minutes walk from post office. Possession immediate.

Apply to
A. J. WOODMAN.

DELICATE

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

PURE SWEET LASTING

RICH RARE PURGENT

FLORIDA WATER

STILL HOLDS THE FIRST PLACE IN POPULAR FAVOR. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FRAGRANT

FOR THE REMOVAL OF WORMS OF ALL KINDS FROM CHILDREN, TAKE SCOTT'S GERMAN WORM LOZENGES. Always prompt, reliable, safe and pleasant, requiring no other medicine. Never Failing. Lozenges not bad after death. Price, 25 cents per box.

TRAVEL.

July 4, 1894.

Exp. daily