

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVI.

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No. 28.

THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.
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(IN ADVANCE).
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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for reading notices.

Rates for printing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transaction 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 under a fictitious signature.

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

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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. T. Trotter, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Half hour prayer-meeting after evening service every Sunday, R. 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.
COLL W. BOSCO, Treas.; J. BAKER, Sec.

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—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 10 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 3:30 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. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 3:30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

St JOHN'S CHURCH.

—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion 1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 10 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Stone, Treasurer.
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—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Pastor. Mass at 10 a. m. on 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 7:30 o'clock p. m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. 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.

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THE 'White' is King of All.

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N. B. Machine Needles and Oil. Machines and Organs repaired. 25

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have been put on our bargain table at prices that will surprise those who want ends of

GOOD CLOTH

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"LAND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE

On and after Monday, 1st March, 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted).

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE.

Express from Kentville.....5:25, a.m.
Express "Halifax.....9:10, a.m.
Express "Yarmouth.....3:09, p.m.
Express "Amnapolis.....5:55, p.m.
Express "Richmond.....11:30, a.m.
Express "Annapolis.....11:25, a.m.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE.

Express for Halifax.....5:25, a.m.
Express "Yarmouth.....9:10, a.m.
Express "Halifax.....3:09, p.m.
Express "Kentville.....5:55, p.m.
Express "Amnapolis.....11:30, a.m.
Express "Richmond.....11:35, a.m.
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 I

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. DUNNAN,
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1896.

"Be sure and get back before dark, Miry!" admonished her husband, leaning meditatively against the woodpile as he watched her kiss the children for good-bye.

"Shoo! Steve, I reckon you can put the babies to bed at eight for once, can't you? It ain't often I get off, and when I do, I like to make a good day of it!"

"It ain't looking after the children that I'm thinking of, Miry, as you know right well!" replied Steve Buckler, earnestly. "But you know how thick the bears are on the mountain this year; and there is no manner of doubt that was a wolf brushed by me in the pasture night before last. It ain't safe for you to be coming up through the woods after dark all alone that way. Stay all night, if you find it getting late!"

"Oh, I ain't afraid!" averred Mrs. Buckler, stoutly. "I may get back afore dark; but if I don't I'll be careful to carry a light with me."

These confident words she flung back over her shoulder, as she started gaily down the rough woodland way.

Arriving in due time at the settlement in the valley, she did her errands, picked up the news, and richly enjoyed the rare luxury of a gossip. Time went all too quickly; and it was on the edge of dark ere she thought of starting for home. Then, of course, there were vehement protests. Her friends urged her to stay all night, picturing the perils of the journey, and representing that her husband would never dream of expecting her. But Mrs. Buckler, as her friends always said, was very "set." Putting aside all arguments, she started out on her long and lonely tramp.

She had little to carry, but that little was somewhat troublesome to a woman of her age.

apples for the children, a treat which she knew they would enjoy. Sweet apples were then a rarity in South mountain.

When at last Mrs. Buckler reached the last house on the edge of the valley, and found herself face to face with the long climb up the mountain she felt compelled to acknowledge in her heart that the night was very dark. And she had yet nearly four miles to go through almost unbroken woods. In these four miles there were two cabins to break the monotony of the way, and the further of these was a mile and a half from her home. She hesitated a moment, then went into the house and asked for a pine knot to light her on her journey.

Here again she was urged to stay, but lighting her torch she set her face resolutely to the mountain side. As she penetrated among the ancient trees the unsteady light of the pine knot cast strangely moving shadows, and monstrous shapes seemed to spring up and disappear on all sides. For the first time she grew nervous, and felt an inclination to glance over her shoulder.

Rich though my brethren's poverty!
Such wealth they share with me,
Only in what they share with me,
In what I share with all the rest.

SELECT STORY.

Her Sweet Apples.

BY G. D. G. ROBERTS.

Autumn was just beginning to reveal herself in the heart of South mountain, the gorgeous autumn of western Nova Scotia. It was about eight o'clock in the morning, and the air that streamed lightly over the hills had a most bracing savor. Mrs. Buckler, a freckled but comely and tall young woman, was just setting out for a twelve-mile tramp to the little settlement in the valley, where she had to return a flat-iron and a pair of woodlarks which she had borrowed of an obliging neighbor.

Neighbors in those days were few and far between in the country districts of Nova Scotia. The great emptiness created by the expulsion of the Acadians had not yet been filled up. For the neighbors, it behooved them to be neighborly.

Mrs. Buckler was an untiring worker, and her rare visits to the valley con- sidered her only holiday. She had to walk, of course, as her husband had no horse, and she had no ambition to ride one of the faithful but extremely deliber- ate oxen. And, indeed, a matter of twelve miles seemed nothing of consequence to her.

her journey. The sleepy neighbors were astounded at her appearance. They threatened to detain her by force when she refused their invitation to stay all night with them. But Mrs. Buckler was by this time a good deal "worked up" as the afterward expressed herself; and she treated their kind persuasions with scant courtesy. She almost ran from the house; but in her apron among the sweet apples she carried the extra pine torch, all the same.

To ward off unpleasant thoughts, she kept picturing in her mind the way the children would enjoy the apples in the morning. She also thought of the remonstrances, tempered with ill-concealed admiration, with which her husband would greet her return. Her blood quite glowed again as she thought of the lofty fashion in which she would make light of it all. Just at this moment she saw, in the middle of the path before her a large black bear, watching her curiously.

Her heart stood still, and she herself instantly followed this example. Then she reflected that she must appear calmly indifferent, if she would hope to escape. Slowly she moved forward again, waving her torch; and the bear, stepping out of the path, watched her steadily from among the underbrush as she went by. Then he stepped back into the path and followed her.

Her first and most natural impulse was to run like the wind for home, but this after one started leap forward, she checked with a mighty effort of her will. She walked on with swift but steady steps, watching the bear out of the corner of her eyes, but all the time clutched obstinately at her apronful of apples. The bear, very slowly, kept drawing closer and closer, bent upon attacking, but evidently deterred by dread of the torch.

But the torch, meanwhile, was burning low; and Mrs. Buckler, in her excitement, failed at first to notice this. She was holding the pine knot over her shoulder, as a sort of shield against her pursuer. When, with a shaking at the knee, she realized that it was on the point of flickering out, she tried hastily to light the other; and in the effort some of her treasured apples fell out of her apron and rolled behind her on the path.

As soon as the bear came to these apples he stopped and began devouring them with the keenest relish.

"Why!" thought Mrs. Buckler, with a great lightening of her load of terror; "it's not me he's after, but the sweet apples!" and straightway all her courage returned.

She paused and took time to light her new pine knot deliberately and well, then she hurried on, and it was some minutes before her pursuer was again at her heels.

And now, so sudden are the re- valuations of a woman's feelings, she was concerned only for the sweet apples. They were the children's apples; and it went sorely against her grain to let a bear have any of them. Not until he had some most uncomfortably close could she bring herself to again per- sult him; and then she doled out but three of the precious green globes, dropping them on the path behind her with slow reluctance.

"No!" declared Mrs. Buckler, firmly, "you ain't goin' to have another one!" and she fairly broke into a run. But when that heavy shambling gallop sounded close at her back, her resolution weakened, and she dropped a couple more out of her apron. While the moon gratified bear delayed to eat these, she rounded a turn of the road, and was gladdened by the sight of her own window glimmering some 200 yards in front.

Calling her husband's name two or three times at the top of her voice, till she saw him fling open the door and rush out to meet her, she hugged the remnant of the apples to her breast, flung her torch at the bear, and sped like a deer toward the house. Whether the bear followed her further or not she never knew. It certainly did not come near enough to the house for her husband to catch sight of it, for, as she flung herself into his arms, panting triumphantly, half-way between laughter and tears, he asked her what was the matter.

"Matter!" she cried indignantly. "That's just like a man, after all I've

gone through to get home!" And she pulled him violently into the house and slammed the door.

Steve Buckler was quite too judicious to remind her of the fact that he had urged her either to come home before dark, or else stay all night. He did not even let it appear in his face for an instant that he thought of such a thing. He listened to the story with all the breathless excitement she had anticipated, praised her bravery and resource, vowed to shoot the bear the next day, ate one of the sweet apples, and then being very sleepy, went to bed. But Mrs. Buckler, before she followed his example, proudly tucked several of the apples under the children's pillows.

Nervous Children.

Intelligent people are beginning to understand the importance of protect- ing the nervous system in infancy and the danger of a shock to childish nerves. As a rule, the more quiet a baby is kept during the first year of its life the better chance it has for a life of health and happiness. The fact that so large a proportion of the human family die in infancy is due largely to the folly of nurses and the ignorance of mothers. Overbright babies do not commend themselves to physicians, who know that the first year of a child's life should be spent largely in sleep. All efforts to arouse the dormant mind of the child at this period is attended with danger. The foolish practice of tossing a helpless baby in the air, while it screams both with affright and delight, is a most dangerous one. A physician with a large practice tells the story of a precociously bright child which showed evi- dent delight when tossed in this way by a doting grandfather, who was accustomed to play with it in this way every evening. The child combined with delight when the night's frolic was over, but one evening from this trembling it passed into a spasm, the first indication of one of those fatal brain diseases against which medical science is helpless. Nothing could be done but to wait until the little life had flown to a happier land.

Dwarf Trees.

The art of dwarfing trees, as practised in Japan, is in reality simple and very easily understood, as it is based on one of the commonest principles of vegetable physiology. Anything which has a tendency to check or retard the flow of sap in trees naturally prevents the formation of new wood. This process of retarding wood growth is done in many ways. By pruning, to pre- vent leaves from forming and giving the tree health and vigor; by confining the roots in a small space, by withhold- ing water, and by twisting the branches and by a half hundred other processes, all of which proceed from the same principle. When a tree has been chosen which is usually one that is naturally stunted, its main stem and roots are twisted in zigzag form, which process is intended to check the flow of sap. The pots in which they are planted are narrow and shallow, so that they hold a comparatively small quantity of soil compared with the wants of the plant, and so more water is given them than is necessary to sus- tain life. Nature generally struggles against this treatment, but eventually adapts itself to the new condition, and ere long the beautiful and curious dwarf tree of the Orient is produced.

Rheumatism Cured.

Eighteen Months Trying to Get Cured— Had the Best Doctors—He Found What He Wanted in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Goderich, Mar. 15 (Special).—A case of great interest here just now is that of Alexander J. Shackley who for some time has been an extreme sufferer from Rheumatism. His statement to the correspond- ent is as follows: "For eighteen months I was a victim of Rheumatism and during the whole of that time was trying every means to cure it. I had the best doctors in Canada and took their prescriptions with faith and patience."

"I got tired at last for I found the dis- appointment nearly as killing as the dis- ease." "But one friend wiser than the others convinced me that my disease must be cured by way of the kidneys and recom- mended Dodd's Kidney Pills. "I have used two boxes of these pills to effect a perfect cure and I don't care who knows it."

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

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

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Like Pots in the Poultry Yard.

Bacteriology is a science that gives the greatest pleasure to students, and they are invariably keenly enthusiastic, says an English journal. To have a fine colony of diphtheria or cholera germs in a flourishing condition is a source of great pride to experts, and they inspect the various germ families in their possession with more than the pride of a poultry fancier making a round of his yard. Just now it is a very distinguished thing among bacteriologists to have specimens of the bubonic plague bacillus. Of course, they are expensive, and difficult—at present to obtain in England at all, while in the United States there is said to be only one man who has the bacilli. They may, of course, become as easily procurable as cholera or typhoid microbes, but that will not be yet; and many people will pray—never. It is not pleasant to think that a slight accident may result in the implanting of the bacteriologist's germs in the most fruitful soil, instead of their remaining in his laboratory to work out their destiny in the case of experimental disease.

Household Hints.

Potted ferns will soon die if dirt is allowed to accumulate on them. An occasional syringing will keep them clean.

The oval table is generally better suited for decoration than the square. Three handled loving cups in cut glass afford a very effective receptacle for flowers.

China in white and gold always looks well. A variety of colors destroy the harmonious effect and render the scheme undesirable.

Many removes from the primitive biscuit jars are luxurious modern affairs in cut glass, with silver gilt tops, set with a miniature framed in jewel.

Old potatoes are greatly improved by being soaked in cold water over night, or at least several hours after peeling. The water should be changed once or twice.

With the growing demand for Marie Antoinette fashions those cloaks side pieces, said to be exact reproductions.

It is an unfortunate phase of human nature that a derogatory observation makes more impression than a word of praise, but a kind remark aptly spoken sometimes does a world of good at a critical juncture. And it is a pity it is not often freely given.

What He Wanted in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Eighteen Months Trying to Get