THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy 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 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 8.30 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 50 p. m.
Kentville close at 6 40 p. m.

GEO. V. RAND, 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. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh E. 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. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 7 30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. E. M. Dill, B. D., Pastor. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's 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. J. E. Dowkin, 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 Greenwich, preaching at 3 p m on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7 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 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. E. F. DIXON, Rector.
Robert W. Starr, } Wardens.
Frank A. Dixon, }

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

Masonic.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of 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 3.30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Blomidon, 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 Sock!

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.

Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895. 11

RALSTONITES,

Or those who value health, will find MATHESON'S "HOMEMADE" FLOUR their ideal. Samples to any address.

E. J. Matheson,
Meal and Flour Mills,
Dartmouth, N. S.

A Station Master's Story.

Across two fields I could see the little station peeping through the crimson and gold of the maples half a mile away. I had no idea as to whether I should come near to train time; I had not been living by the clock for a month past. But of one thing I was certain; I was not going to spoil this last day of my vacation by hurrying after a train that might have as my instance.

So I loitered along, drinking in the glorious October air, lounging beside fences, and now and then stopping to add another view to those which were later to provide me with an illustrated record of my outing, and finally came out upon the platform, to find, to my satisfaction, that there had been no train for three hours, and would be none, going my way, for two more.

I was not in the least discomposed by this latter information. On the contrary, nothing could have been more to my mind. I should thus waste none of the splendid day, and should be able to "take" a coral of the beautiful bits by which the station was surrounded.

"I think I never saw a finer piece of road," I remarked to the station master as I set up my camera, nodding down the line that stretched away in magnificent perspective, straight as a die for five miles, with a perfect arch, which carried over it an intersecting road to frame it in.

"You're right, sir," he replied with evident pleasure at my appreciation; "there isn't such another bit for thirty miles."

"That straight run together with one of the bravest men God ever made saved a lot of lives a while back," he added a moment later.

Why, this was something like! I seated myself on a truck, clasped my hands about my knee, gave one comprehensive glance over the lovely landscape upon which the westering sun was casting long shadows then turned to my companion.

"Go on," I said.

"Well, sir," he said, tilting back the box on which he was sitting, and folding his hands behind his head against the side of the baggage room, "well, sir, it was this way. It was just about such a day as this, and just about this time of the day, strange to say. I was in the baggage room, here, looking over some little matters, when Jim Pollock, a great chum of mine, and one of the finest engineers on the road came strolling along up the platform.

"I laughed to myself when I saw him coming, for I knew in a minute it wasn't me he wanted a sight of, but that line there. Jim was a funny fellow in some ways. As clean and straight a chap as you ever met, and the best driver of an engine in the company. He was going to marry the prettiest little girl—but one—in the country; and was head over heels in love with her, if ever a man was; but bless you if I don't think he was almost as much in love with the sight of a track or the smell of an engine smoke! I used to plague Nanny about it, but she didn't object, not she; she held she loved them as well as he, and I believe she did. Anyway she knew every engine and the time of every train as well as he did; was regularly cut out for a road man's wife.

"She lived here, up the hill yonder; and as he had a day off, Jim had come up to spend it with her. And yet he couldn't be content that long without coming down to cast his eye up and down the road.

"'Hello Jim!' I called out 'come down to see if I was all right? Well I am.'

"'That's it Harley,' he answered; but then he laughed. He couldn't help it, for he knew that I knew what he was up to.

"'How's Nanny? I haven't seen her since last night,' said I.

"'She's all right.' But at that his face sort of clouded over and he sat down on the edge of the platform yonder, and looked away down the line.

"It wasn't like Jim to look glum. He was the cheerfulest most good natured fellow I ever came across. So I couldn't but wonder what was up, and presently I asked him.

"Well, it seemed that he and Nanny had been counting on getting married soon; but, through helping out his sister's husband, he'd lost a lot of the money he had saved to go to housekeeping, and as he'd always held that no man ought to marry a girl till he could make her comfortable, with a little something laid by for a rainy day, he'd just been telling her they would have to wait a bit longer.

"I was just going to tell him that I was dreadful sorry to hear that, but that I guessed Nanny wasn't the girl to find any fault, when I saw Jim suddenly give a great start and fix his eyes like a cat away down the road; and the next instant he was saying in a hoarse whisper 'God help us, Dan, what's that?'

"I had been standing with my back to the track, but at that I wheeled around like a flash.

"'A train!' I cried; 'but what train, Jim?'

"He didn't answer, only made a bound for the ticket office, snatched a glass from the shelf and was back in a twinkling. One glance was all he needed.

"'Dan,' says he, still in that strange voice, 'Dan, it's a runaway engine, coming up backward at sixty miles an hour! Good God! think what will happen if it isn't stopped!'

"I knew well enough what he meant, and my blood grew cold. I knew he was thinking that the four o'clock accommodation would be hauling in at the Junction—the Junction is two miles up, round that curve, sir—just then, and that the runaway would catch it up and smash it sure as fate. And besides that, the track all the way along after leaving here would be covered with school children, for they knew as well as we, just the time for every train, and couldn't see the engine coming, for that curve till it was upon them.

"Well, it's taken a lot longer telling this than it allows in happening. The moment he had flung down that glass, Jim made a jump and caught up a light ladder which was lying somewhere about, and dashed away with it down towards the arch, to that post there, with the whips hanging to warn freight hands to look out for the bridge.

"For an instant I couldn't make out what he was about, but then it all flashed upon me, and racing after him I cried out:—'For God's sake, Jim don't do that! Think of Nanny!'

"Now wasn't I worst fool to say a thing like that? As if I'd be apt to think of Nanny before he did!

"He had the ladder against the post and was up it before I got there but as he hoisted himself along the arm he just glanced down at me and never to my dying day will I forget the look in his face. There wasn't a bit of himself in it—not a mite of fear at the thought that he might not have two minutes to live in this world or dread of what was coming to him after, and he needn't have, for if ever a man lived ready to face his Maker, that man was Jim Pollock. No, his one and only thought was for Nanny.

"'Be good to my little girl if—if I shouldn't calculate right, Dan,' says he, 'and give her all the love of my heart. She will know there was nothing else for me to do,' and after that he looked up again and—waited.

"You understand the plan, sir? Yes that was it, to take the one chance out of a hundred of dropping on the cab roof as she passed under him! If he made no mistake—dropped at the right instant and was able to hold on, the rest would be easy enough, the climbing in at the window and stopping her.

"Of course, under ordinary circumstances, if she had been coming head on, I mean, the risk would not have been great, for if he missed, most likely he would have fallen behind, getting little more than a good shaking up and a few bruises. But as it was—! I can tell you, sir, that though four minutes could not have passed from the time Jim first sighted her till she came dashing up, it seemed an eternity; and as I watched her come thundering on I was as though turned to stone, till I tottered back, as she went whizzing by, with my hands before my face to shut out—what?

"But hardly for a second could I have stood that way; I must know what had happened to him. Bringing all my strength to bear, I glanced after the flying thing!

"Thank God! there he was but not yet out of danger, for he was clinging to the roof of the cab by the ends of his fingers! Could he hold on? Was it possible for him to draw himself up and get his legs inside the window before he was shaken off?

"But I ought to have known those iron muscles better than to have feared for him; he could always make his arms rigid as steel, and he did it then.

"Yes, that is all. He stopped her before the curve was reached, and saved, no man knows how many lives.

"And the company? Well Jim did not have to wait to marry Nanny after all."

The Weak Spot.

The sun was shining hot, said my guest of a night. We were crossing Montana, on our way to Oregon, two years ago, and we were only too glad to see as we crossed the divide, the white gleam of a sheep herder's tent away off in the distance; but it was further off than it seemed to be, and I began to think that we would never get there. We did, however. We found the tent beside a large corral, but both were untenanted.

We unhooked our team, gave them water from a hole nearby and securing them with picket ropes left them to graze, while we threw ourselves on the soft cushion of buffalo grass in the shade of the tent, for we were very tired.

It was very hot with no breeze stirring and the shade was only a degree better than the sunshine, but toward sunset it became a trifle cooler, when we rose and proceeded to replenish the camp fire, so that we might boil our coffee and fry our bacon. We had not finished when the herder arrived with his sheep, which he drove into the corral.

As he came towards us and saluted us with a curt nod, we saw a tall, well-formed man of perhaps thirty or thirty five. He carried himself well as if he had been used to city streets and parlors. But the wonder was not so much to see a distinguished-looking person as sheep herder (for the occupation need degrade no one), as that he was so dirty and unkept. I never saw herder or cow boy look so badly.

His clothing was not only soiled but ragged. He looked neglected as well as discouraged, and yet under the tan and dirt there were regular features and a look of keen intelligence, although greatly marred by the unmistakable signs of dissipation.

What, however, most attracted me was his great command of language, with felicity of expression, as well as the extent of his information. He had evidently been well educated and had read much, and he had also digested his reading. Here was a fine nature in ruins! A good citizen lost to his country and the race through some one's fault!

After supper we sat around the camp fire enjoying the cool evening breeze, while the quiet stars shone in the clear sky above us, he became more communicative and after some reference to the various mishaps and motives which sent men out on the range, he said:

I suppose you may think it strange that I should be here all alone for weeks in a sheep camp, when I should be out in the world taking my place among men. The simple truth is that I am safer here.

I might as well make a clean breast of it. I cannot let liquor alone when I am in a town. I was born that way. He paused a moment, swallowed hard, then resumed. I am comparatively happy here. I am saving my wages, for I shall never go home again. I am trying to accumulate a fund sufficient to support me in my old age, if I should live to be old, but it is hard to save, even here, for I go to town once a year and blow a whole lot in! Life is monotonous here but I have books and—I am safe!

My people sent me to college and I read law for awhile; but I had inherited this accursed appetite for liquor, and my parents being wealthy, and having a large connection and acquaintance among society people, I was constantly thrown in the midst of temptations I strove to resist them. I made—God knows—how many resolutions—but I had no help, no sympathy from my friends. At last even my own people were ashamed of my weakness and folly. I was born strong, both physically and mentally—save for this one weak spot! He gave a short and bitter laugh.

I am like a strong bridge with only one flaw and like that I may end in a sudden smash! Oh, if parents could only see and know what they are doing when they foster such inborn, inherited weakness.

If mine had only trained me rightly. I am no fanatic. Alcohol has its uses like other poisons, like them it should be placed under restrictions strong enough to protect the weak and young. True civilization demands it. It will be done—but I shall not live to see it.

In my case and that of thousands of others it is a poison! If my parents had given me the safeguard of right principels and kept from ever tasting the damnable stuff I might perhaps have outgrown the fatal tendency, but they always laughed at such an idea. They always had wine on the table. It seems to me now that all the food was redolent of alcohol in some form! I think that all of my associates were more or less tipsy nearly all the time. If I could have been trained rightly! Oh, if I could have had help before it was too late!

He hid his face in his hands and remained silent a long time. At last he got up, kicked the brands of the fire a little, then asked if we had plenty of bedding, adding, better bring it in the tent.

We thanked him, preferring to sleep in the open air.

As my guest rose, I said, There are thousands of such mothers and sons!

Yes, indeed! he answered.

She Got Damages.

I was standing at the end of the depot platform of a little crossroads station down in Virginia several weeks ago, said the colonel, when a little old woman drove up with an ox harnessed to a cart, and, handing the lines to a little colored boy who was loafing around, she came up the steps and asked:

Stranger will you back a lone widder to git justice?

How back you?

This yere railroad has run over one of my hogs and won't pay fur him. I've cum down yere to git 6 bits fur that hog or turn loose on sumbody! I'll walk up to that critter inside and demand my money. He won't pay and I'll tackle him. Will you back me to see a fa'r fout?

Why, you are a woman and should not think of having a fight with a man, I replied.

Never yo' mind about my being a woman, stranger! I'ts 6 bits or I tackle him, and it'll help me along to know yo' are behind me. Will yo' do it or see me git licked and lose my cash to boot?

I said I'd see fair play and went in with her. She walked up to the station master and spat on her hands and said:

Yo' know about that hog! It's 6 bits or I'll light on to yo'!

Why, Mrs Ramsay, I don't own the railroad.

Six bits or a tackle! she replied.

I'll send your claim up to headquarters to be acted on.

Stranger, hold my sunbonnet, and don't let him gouge my eyes out or pull my hair! she said as she untied the strings. Now then—

Here's your 6 bits, he said as he handed her out three quarters.

Thankee. Good money, is it? That squar's the hog, and there won't be no fout. I jest reckoned ther was a way to git at a railroad, but I didn' know exactly how it was done.

I went out to see her into the cart and when she got seated she extended her hand and said:

Stranger, I was a lone widder and wanted backin', and yo' backed me. I hain't no woman as can shed tears or git off big words, but my airnest wish is that the Lawd may dun hev mercy on you'r soul, amen. G'lang, Sal!

Sarcasm from the Pulpit.

"Breddren and si-tabs," sternly said good old parson Woolimon, after the collection had been taken up upon a recent Sabbath morning, "before the hat was done passed I expounded the request dat de congregation contribute accawdin' to deir means, and I sho expectorated dat yo' all would chip in magnanimously. But now, upon examinin' de collection, I finds that de concocted amount contributed by de whole entire posse ob yo' am only the significant and pusillanimous sum of sixty-free cents. And at dis junction dar ain't no 'casion for yo' all to look at Brudder Slewfoot, what done circumambulated de hat around, in no suspicious manner; for, in de fust place, Brudder Slewfoot ain't that kind of a man, and, in de second place, I done watched him like a hawk all de time myself. No, sixty-free cents was all dat yus flung in; and I does wants to say dat, in my humble opinion, instead ob contributin' accawdin' to yo' means, yo' all contributed accawdin' to yo' meanness. De choir will now favor us wid dere reglar melodiousness."

A Woman's Perfect Gift.

"One crown of glory the elderly woman may proudly wear, and it is a distinction she could never have in girlhood or early maturhood: she may be a grandmother," writes Margaret E. Sangster in the May *Ladies Home Journal*. "I can think of nothing so perfectly satisfying and so thrilling with a subtile ecstasy as the holding in one's arms and looking into the face of the child of one's son or daughter. It is the second generation, and you have lived to see it; that fact is in itself delightful. You compare the baby face with those of your own children, and trace the quaintest points of resemblance, and oddly enough you see, what nobody else can see, flitting likenesses now and then to grandfather or grandmother long vanished from the earth. Your granddaughter and you will be chums; your grandson and you will be comrades, and good and only good, will be the outcome of the beautiful association for all concerned. One of the most perfect gifts which comes into the life of a woman is the joy which comes to her over the cradle of the grandchild. It is without a single flaw.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

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 shown in Kings County. Goods to suit every taste and condition.

Tweed Suitings from $14.00 up.
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Don't fail to see the very latest things in Golf Trouserings and Fancy Vestings.

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N. Crandall, - Manager.

Telephone 35.

Now is the Time

To Book Orders for

Seeds and Fertilizers

With

Starr, Son & Franklin.

Newspaper Advertising.

Frank Daniels made an experiment recently at Wallack's theatre, New York city. Speaking of it, the comedian said:

"Between the acts the ushers distributed among the audience slips with a brief printed statement politely asking the recipient to indicate by a check mark in the list of various advertising forms employed which one had attracted him to the performance, newspapers, billboards, window lithographs, or something else. The people seemed to take kindly to the idea, and the response was most liberal. Eleven hundred slips were handed to the ushers, and of that number 991 had been attracted by the newspaper solely."

Inestimable Value of the British Birthright.

By Henry Watterson, the father and patriarch among American journalists:

"Whether in the frigid zone or in the tropics, the English Government has adapted itself to the wants and even the foibles of the people, and made them feel the inestimable value of the British birthright. What it once was to be a Roman citizen, it is to be a British subject in the nineteenth century. The feeling that the majesty and power of England are extended over every one of her hundreds of millions of subjects, and the assurance thus given them of all the rights and privilegeges of life, are things the Americans, who have been in the habit of looking upon themselves as a little better than Britons, have not thoroughly realized."

A CARD.

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' 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 Wills' English Pills are used.

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

You can learn more about a man in ten minutes after it is too late than you could in ten years before.