

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVII.

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1897.

No. 8.

### 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 standing notices. Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient 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 in a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
DAVISON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolffville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFFVILLE  
Orders Here, 8:00 A. M. to 8:30 P. M.  
Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:15 A. M.  
Express west close at 10:00 A. M.  
Express east close at 4:00 P. M.  
Kentville close at 4:00 P. M.  
Geo. V. RANK, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.  
Open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Closed on Saturday 11 A. M. to 1 P. M.  
G. W. MERRIS, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Trotter, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Sunday School at 3:30 P. M. Half hour prayer-meeting after evening services every Sunday. B. Y. L. 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.

W. H. ROBERTS, 100 Uppers  
A NEW BAZAR

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. P. M. MacDonald, M. A., Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolffville: Public Worship every Sunday at 10 A. M. and at 7 P. M. Sunday School at 9:45 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. Children'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. Joseph Hale, 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 P. M. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwood, 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 6th at 8 A. M. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

REV. KEENE'S CH. HIND, Rector,  
No. 1, Rutherford, 4 wardens.

FRANCIS (R. G.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, F. L.—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 7 o'clock P. M.  
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.  
WOLFFVILLE 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 3:30 o'clock.

Foresters.  
Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Fridays of each month at 8 P. M.

White is King of All.

White Sewing Machine Co.  
Cleveland, Ohio.  
Thomas Organs

FOR SALE BY—  
Howard Pineo,  
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.

Wanted.  
Men and Women who can work hand talking and writing six hours daily, for six days a week, and will be content with ten dollars weekly. Address  
NEW IDEAS CO., Brantford, Ont.



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THE WOLFFVILLE CLOTHING CO.

Are already in full swing with fall orders.

FRESH NEW PATTERNS IN—  
Imported and Domestic Cloth.

And the latest ideas in Style, Fit and Finish.

Combining to make us the most popular Custom Tailors of King's County.

SEE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

The Wolffville Clothing Company.

NOBLE CRANDALL,  
MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.  
Sole Agency of Empire Laundry.

### WANTED—Agents for "Queen Victoria, Her Reign and Diamond Jubilee."

Over 100 copies of this remarkable work, 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.

### Property for Sale in Wolffville!

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 schools, churches, 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 1  
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, 1895.

### AT IT AGAIN

This Season of the Year Prepare for Fall and Winter.

Will give us pleasure to show you our late Importations and

Be favored with your esteemed order, either for a suit or Overcoat, or any Garment you wish in our line.

N. L. McDONALD,  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
"Acadia Corner,"  
Cor. Bell's Lane and Water St.

### W. J. BALCOM

has secured an Auctioneer's license and is prepared to sell all kinds of Real and Personal Property at a moderate rate.

### FARM FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale the farm on which he resides at Wallbrook, containing 200 acres of upland and 50 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. PAINE,  
Wallbrook, Sept. 20th, 1897.

### POETRY.

#### As You Go Through Life.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life,  
And even when you find them  
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind  
And look for the virtues behind them.  
For the cloudless night has a hint of light  
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;  
It is better by far to hunt for a star  
Than the spots on the sun abiding.  
The current of life runs ever away  
To the bosom of God's great ocean.  
Don't set your forces 'gainst the river's course  
And think to alter its motion.  
Don't waste a curse on the universe—  
Remember it lived before you.  
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—  
But bend and let it go o'er you.  
The world will never adjust itself  
To suit your whims in the latter.  
Some things must go wrong your whole life long.  
And the sooner you know it the better.  
As a duty to sign what you do,  
And go under at last in the wrestle.  
The wisest man shapes into God's plan  
As the water shapes into a vessel.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilton, in Ladies Home Journal.

### SELECT STORY.

#### When a Man's Single.

BY JAMES W. BARRIE.

#### CHAPTER III.—Continued.

This was the first fire in the reporter's room that season, and it smoked. Kirker, left alone, hung up the window, and gradually became aware that some one with a heavy tread was walking up and down the alley. He whistled gently in case it was a friend of his own, but getting no response, resumed his work. Mr. Liqueurish also heard the footsteps, but though he was waiting for the new reporter, he did not connect him with the man outside.

Rob had stopped at the door a score of times, and then turned away. He had arrived at Silchester in the afternoon, and come straight to the "Mirror" office to look at it. Then he had set out in quest of lodgings, and having got them, had returned to the passage. He was not naturally a man crushed by a sense of his own unworthiness, but looking up at these windows and at the shadows that passed them every moment, he felt far away from his saw-mill. What a romance to him, too, was the glare of the gas and in the "Mirror" bill that was being reduced to pulp on the wall at the mouth of the close! He had begun to rain heavily, but he did not feel the want of an umbrella, never having possessed one in Thrums.

Fighting down the emotions that had mastered him so often, he turned once more to the door, and as he knocked more loudly than formerly, a compositor came out, who told him what to do if he was there on business. "Go upstairs," he said, "till you come to a door, and then kick." Rob did not have to kick, however, for he met Mr. Liqueurish coming down stairs, and both half stopped.

"Not Mr. Angus, is it?" asked Mr. Liqueurish.

"Yes," said the new reporter, the moneyable also-telling that he was a Scotchman, and that he did not feel comfortable.

Mr. Liqueurish shook him warmly by the hand, and took him into the editor's room. Rob sat in a chair

there with his feet on his hand, while his new employer spoke kindly to him about the work that would begin on the morrow.

"You will find it a little strange at first," he said; "but Mr. Kirker, the head of our reporting staff, has been instructed to explain the routine of the office to you, and I have no doubt we shall work well together."

Rob said he meant to do his best. "It is our hope," Mr. Angus, "to furnish the best news, the place very facility before our staff, and if you have suggestions to make at any time on a matter connected with your work we shall be most happy to consider them and to meet you in a cordial spirit."

While Rob was thanking Mr. Liqueurish for his consideration, Kirker in the next room was wondering whether the new reporter was to have half a crown a week less than his predecessor, who had begun with six pounds a month.

"It is pleasant to us," Mr. Liqueurish concluded, referring to the novelist, "to know that we have sent out from this office a number of men who subsequently took a high place in literature. Perhaps our system of encouraging talent by fostering it has had something to do with this, for we like to give everyone his opportunity to rise. I hope the day will come, Mr. Angus, when we shall be able to recall with pride the fact that you began your literary career on the "Mirror."

Rob said he hoped so too. He had, indeed, very little doubt of it. At this period of his career it made him turn white to think that he might not yet be famous.

"But I must not keep you here any longer," said the editor, rising, "for you have had a weary journey, and must be feeling tired. We shall see you at ten o'clock to-morrow."

Rob said he would be there, and he shook hands heartily.

"But I might introduce you," said Mr. Liqueurish, "to the reporting-room. Mr. Kirker, our chief, is, I think, here."

Rob had begun to descend the stairs, but he turned back. He was not certain what to do when you were introduced to any one, such formalities being unknown in Thrums; but he held himself in reserve to do as the other did.

"Ah, Mr. Kirker," said the editor, pushing open the door of the reporting-room with his foot. "This is Mr. Angus, who has just joined our literary staff."

Nodding gently to both, Mr. Liqueurish darted out of the room; but before the door had finished its swing Mr. Kirker was aware that the new reporter's name had a ring of black.

"What do you think of George Frederick?" asked the chief, after he had pointed out to Rob the only chair that such a stalwart reporter might safely sit on.

"He was very pleasant," said Rob. "Yes," said Billy Kirker, thoughtfully, "there's nothing George Frederick wouldn't do for anyone if it could be done gratis."

"And he struck me as an enterprising sort of man."

"Enterprise without delay, is the motto of this office," said the chief. "But the paper seems to be well conducted," said Rob, a little crestfallen. "The worst conducted in England," said Kirker, cheerfully.

Rob asked how the "Mirror" compared with the "Argus."

"They have six reporters to our three," said Kirker, "but we do double work and beat them."

"I suppose there is a great deal of rivalry between the staffs of the two papers?" Rob asked, for he had read of such things.

"Oh, no," said Kirker, "we help each other. For instance, if Daddy Walsh, the 'Argus' chief, is drunk, I help him; and if I'm drunk, he helps me. I'm going down to the Frying Pan to see him now."

"The Frying Pan?" asked Rob.

"It's a literary club," Kirker explained, "and very exclusive. If you

are admitted, it's a good thing. I'd better be getting home now."

Kirker lit another cigarette, and saying he would expect Rob at the office the next morning, strolled off. The new reporter was undecided whether to follow him at once, or to wait for Mr. Liqueurish's reappearance. He was looking round the office curiously, when the door opened and Kirker put his head in.

"By-the-by, old chap," he said, "could you lend me five bob?"

"Yes, yes," said the new reporter. He had to undo the string of his money-bag, but the shift was too fine a gentleman to smile.

"Thanks, old man," Kirker said, carelessly, and again withdrew.

The door of the editor's room was open as Rob passed.

"Ah, Mr. Angus," said Mr. Liqueurish, "here are a number of books for review; you might do a short notice of some of them."

He handed Rob the two works that happened to lie uppermost, and the new reporter slipped them into his pockets with a certain elation. The night was dark and wet, but he lit his pipe and hurried up the muddy streets to the single room that was now his home. Probably his were the only lodgings in his street that had not the portrait of a young lady on the mantel-piece. On his way he passed three noisy young men. They were Kirker and two reporters on the "Argus" trying which could fling his hat highest in the rain.

Sitting in his lonely room, Rob examined his books with interest. One of them was Tennyson's new volume of poems, and a month afterwards the "Mirror" would be full of his latest march up the streets of Silchester with his chest full forward by advertising.

"The 'Silchester Mirror' says, 'This admirable volume.'" After all, the great delight of being on the press is that you can patronize the Tennysons.

Doubtless the poet laureate got a marked copy of Rob's first review forwarded him, and had an anxious moment till he saw that it was favorable. There had been a time when even John Milton felt a thrill pass through him as he saw Messrs. Bessy and Biss boasting that he thought their "Chaplain of the Fleet" a novel of sustained interest, "which we have read without fatigue."

Rob sat over his empty grate far on into the night, his mind in a jumble. As he grew more composed the "Mirror" and its staff sank out of sight, and he was carrying a dead child in his arms.

### LIVES IN DANGER.

The Time for Action and Great Care.

Paine's Celery Compound Should Be Used This Month.

Our changeable autumn weather brings fear to the hearts of thousands of rheumatic sufferers who are unable to go to warmer climes. The present month with its wet, cold weather and chilling north east wind will, without doubt, intensify the agonies of those who are afflicted with acute, chronic, inflammatory and sciatic rheumatism. The use of Paine's Celery Compound, which has not removed, is poisoning the blood, causing stiff and swollen joints, twisted legs, arched fingers, and contracted toes. What it reaches the heart it generally proves fatal.

Rheumatic sufferers, why remain in agony and peril? There is a sure cure and a new life for all! If the proper agency is made use of. The true agency, Paine's Celery Compound, has triumphantly met hundreds of cases far more subtle and dangerous than yours; it will surely meet your troubles. It is for you to determine this day whether you shall be free from suffering and take on a new life, or remain in a condition of helplessness and torture that may drag you to the grave at any time.

Best in mind that Paine's Celery Compound cures all forms of rheumatism, and does the work so well that the disease never returns. Mr. M. J. Vinco, of Barrie, Ont., says:

"I am happy to say that I have taken Paine's Celery Compound with great results. I had sciatica so badly that I could not turn in bed or walk without help; and for a period of three weeks was helplessly laid up and suffered pains that at times was unbearable.

"I tried many medicines, but all in vain. I was afterwards recommended to try Paine's Celery Compound. I used six bottles, and am entirely cured and enjoy good health. I take great pleasure in recommending the valuable medicine that cured me."

The door-bell rang, and two callers

came along the hazy Whimsey road. His mouth twitched, and his head dropped. He was preparing to go to bed when he got down again to look at the other book. It was a novel by "M." in one thin volume, and Rob thought the title, "The Scorn of Scorns," foolish. He meant to write an honest criticism of it, but never having reviewed a book before, he rather hoped that this would be a poor one, which he could condemn brilliantly.

How Rob! he came to think more of that book by-and-by.

At last Rob wound up the big watch that neighbors had come to gaze at when his father bought it of a peddler forty years before, and took off the old silver chain that he wore round his neck. He went down on his knees to say his prayers, and then, remembering that he had said them already, he rose up and went to bed.

### CHAPTER IV.

St. Leonard's Lodge is the residence of Mr. William Meredith, an ex-mayor of Silchester, and stands in the fashionable suburb of the town. There was at one time considerable intercourse between this house and Dome Castle, the seat of Colonel Abinger, though they are five miles apart and in different counties; and one day, after Rob had been on the press for a few months, two boys set out from the castle to show themselves to Nell Meredith. They could have reached the high-road by a private walk between a beech and an ivy hedge, but they preferred to climb down a steep path to the wild-running Dome. The advantage of this route was that they risked their necks by taking it.

Nell, who did not expect visitors, was sitting by the fire in her boudoir dreaming. It was the room in which she and Mary Abinger had often discussed such great questions as "Woman's Influence," "Man's Instability," "his Character," "his Generation"; the Poor, How we are to Help Them; why Lady Lucy Gilding wears Pink when Blue is obviously her Color.

Nell was tucked away into a soft arm-chair, in which her father never saw her without wondering that such a jiltle thing should require eighteen yards for a dress.

"I'm not so little," she would say on these occasions, and then Mr. Meredith chuckled, for he knew that there were young men who considered his Nell tall and terrible. He liked to watch her sweeping through a room. To him the boudoir was a sea of reefs. Nell's dignity when she was introduced to a young gentleman was another thing her father could never look upon without awe, but he also noticed that it soon wore off.

On the mantel-piece lay a comb and several hair-pins. There are few more mysterious things than hair-pins. So far back as we can go into the past we see women putting up their hair. It is said that married men lose their awe of hair-pins and clean their pipes with them.

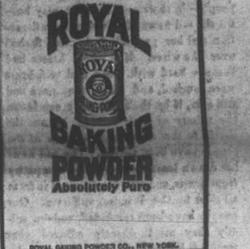
A pair of curling-tongs had a chair to themselves near Nell, and she wore a short blue dressing-jacket. Probably when she woke from her reverie she meant to do something to her brown hair. When old gentlemen called at the lodge they frequently told their host that he had a very pretty daughter; when younger gentlemen called they generally called again, and if Nell thought they admired her the first time, she spared no pains to make them admire her still more the next time. This was to make them respect their own judgment.

It was little Will Abinger who had set Nell dreaming, for from wondering if he was home yet for the Christmas holidays her thoughts wandered to his sister Mary, and then to his brother Dick. She thought longer of Dick in his "lonely London chambers than of the others, and by-and-by she was saying to herself petulantly, "I wish people wouldn't go dying and leaving me money."

Mr. Meredith, and still more Mrs. Meredith, thought that their only daughter, an heiress, would be thrown away on Richard Abinger, barrister-at-law, whose blood was much bluer than theirs, but who was, nevertheless, understood to be as hard up as his father.

The door-bell rang, and two callers

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

was ushered into the drawing-room without Nell's knowing it. One of them left his companion to talk to Mr. Meredith, and clattered up-stairs in search of the daughter of the house. He was a bright-faced boy of thirteen with a passion for flinging stones, and of late, he had worn his head in the air, not because he was conceited, but that he might look with admiration upon the face of the young gentlemen down-stairs.

Bouncing into the parlor, he caught sight of the object of his search before she could turn her head.

"I say, Nell, I'm back."

Miss Meredith jumped from her chair.

"Will!" she cried.

When the visitor saw this young lady coming towards him quickly, he knew what she was after, and tried to get out of her way. But Nell kissed him.

"Now, then," he said, indignantly, pushing her from him.

Will looked round him fearfully, and then closed the door.

"You might have waited till the door was shut, at any rate," he grumbled. "It would have been nice thing if any one had seen you!"

"Why, what would it have mattered, you horrid little boy?" said Nell.

"Little boy! I'm bigger than you at any rate. As for its not mattering—but you don't know who is down-stairs. The captain—"

"Captain!" cried Nell.

She seized her curling-tongs.

"Yes," said Will, watching the effect of his words, "Greybrooke, the captain of the school. He is giving me a week just now."

Will said this as proudly as if his guest was Napoleon Bonaparte, but Nell laid down her curling-tongs. The intruder interpreted her action and resented it.

"You're not his style," he said; "he likes bigger women."

"Oh, does he?" said Nell, screwing up her little Greek nose contemptuously.

"He's eighteen," said Will.

"A mere school-boy."

"Why, he shaves."

TO BE CONTINUED.

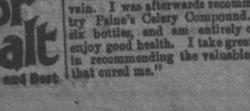
### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

costs more than other medicines. But then it cures more than other medicines. Most of the cheap cough medicines merely palliate; they afford local and temporary relief. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral does not patch up or "litate. It cures.

Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, and every other cough, will, when other remedies fail, yield to

### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

It has a record of 50 years of cures. Send for the "Curebook"—free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



For Table and Dairy, Pan and Best