

Odd Moments.

workman's fingers
ould he have expected
ing at full speed.

ment is the best.

teeth without pain?
y caller.
me a bit. In fact I
answered the smiling

op is done abominably
d. What d'yer mean?
ered a chop not too

ment the best Hair

My good man, why
children go barefoot?
an—For de reason,
are in my family more

tell me the difference
rozen to death and
cold day?

kill with the cold, and
the kill.

iment for Rheum-

nder why the words in
any way?
e they was made, in the
school teachers, and
not way so? they would
d to teach how so spell

ment Cures LaGrippe,
that do you suppose I
my garden thus far this

if you've had the same
that we have, I imagine
raised your umbrella
thing else.

's Hair Renewer, gray,
forded hair assumes the
youth, and grows luxur-
planning everybody.

th lives on when the flood
is provisions in the ark
I. I asked the Sunday-

asked a little girl after
d a tip. The teacher,

not occur in the blood of
of a healthy living body,
or the lower animals.

ibrated Dr. Koch. Other
at the best medicine to
not perfectly pure and
Sarsaparilla.

wag entered a haberdash-
other day for the purpose
a necktie.

up all kinds of ties here?
Hoppans.

me a pig's-ty.
it," answered the ready
nd hand down your head
your secretary.

Own Free Will.

I cannot speak to
the excellence of MIN-
MENT. It is THE REM-
edy for burns, sprains,
could not be written.

A. MACDONALD,
Publisher Amprion Chronicle.

I had a hat before I had
all right to say that's the hat
"Johnny."

at had once had a hole in it
I needed, I could say it had
it, couldn't I?

would be nothing incorrect

be good English to say that
ed had had a hole in it,
nd make my head ache."

FOR EVERY HOME.

Woman Should See
She Gets the Best.

ection colors the Diamond
feel all other dyes. These
dyes are recent discoveries
dy chemicals in the world,
arvable for fastness against
strong light and for standing
of washing with soap.

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVI. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1897. No. 25.

THE ACADIAN.
Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, 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 editor, and payment on insertion advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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

Newly communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topic of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the name may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

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On and after Monday, 4th Jan., 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted).

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE:

| | |
|-----------------------------|--------------|
| Express from Kentville..... | 5 55, a. m. |
| Express "Halifax"..... | 9 10, a. m. |
| Express "Yarmouth"..... | 9 30, p. m. |
| Express "Halifax"..... | 5 55, p. m. |
| Express "Richmond"..... | 11 30, a. m. |
| Express "Annapolis"..... | 11 55, a. m. |

TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE:

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------|
| Express for Halifax..... | 5 55, a. m. |
| Express "Yarmouth"..... | 9 10, a. m. |
| Express "Halifax"..... | 9 30, p. m. |
| Express "Kentville"..... | 5 55, p. m. |
| Express "Annapolis"..... | 11 40, a. m. |
| Express "Halifax"..... | 11 55, a. m. |

Royal Hall steamship Prince Rupert Monday, Wednesday, Saturday.

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Leave St. John, 5.00 a. m.; arrive in Digby, 11.00 a. m.; leave Digby, 1.00 p. m.; arrive St. John, 4.00 p. m.

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There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat-store in
Crystal Palace Block
Fresh and Salt Meats,
Hams, Bacon, Bologna,
Sausages, and all kinds
of Poultry in stock.

Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

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White in King of All!

White Sewing Machine Co
Cleveland, Ohio,
Thomas Organs

FOR SALE BY—
Howard Pinea,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
N. S. Machine Needle and Oil,
Machines and Organs repaired.

diminutive Phineas Peel was always a mystery to her acquaintances. The wedding was an accomplished fact before her relatives had recovered from the shock caused by the announcement of her engagement.

Mary appeared to be happy enough, too. Phineas, taken as a whole, was not a bad sort of fellow. He was jealous, that was true, but his wife came to regard that as an extra proof of his devotion.

Had the proposed tenant of Rhyd cottage been an aged, decrepit, broken-down old man, Phineas would have stretched out the right hand of fellowship. But alas! Herr Schmidt was young and handsome—far too handsome, some Phineas thought.

"Very well, Mary," said Phineas, taking his hat from the peg and making for the door; "you have overruled me as usual, and must be prepared for the consequences. In less than a week we shall have the house and garden overrun with every variety of reptile—from the beastly lizard to the box constrictor."

And Phineas stalked indignantly forth with the merry laugh of his wife ringing in his ears.

POETRY.
Life's Stream.

Stream of my life, plead river, flow!
I have no fear of the engulfing sea;
Neither I look before me nor behind,
But, lying mute, with wave-dipped hand,
float on.

It was not always so. My brethren, see
This car-stained, trembling palm. It
keeps the sign
Of youth's mad wrestling with the waves
that drift
Immutably, eternally along.

I would have had them flow through
fields and flowers,
Giving and taking freshness, perfume,
joy!

It winds through—here. Be silent, Oh
my soul!
The finger of God's wisdom drew its line.
So I lean back and look up to the stars,
And count the ripples circling to the
shore,
And watch the solemn river rolling on
Until it widens to the open sea.

—Dinah Mulock Craig.

SELECT STORY.
Our New Tenant.

I.

"Now, Mary, I have spoken!" Mr Peel threw himself back in his chair as if that settled the matter once for all.

"I heard you, dear," sweetly responded Mrs Peel; "and now, listen to me. I have accepted Herr Schmidt's offer, and he will enter the adjoining house as tenant to-morrow."

"Not if I know it, madam!" shouted Phineas, jumping from his chair and bringing his fist down on the table.

"Do you think I am to have Rhyd cottage turned into a menagerie, and my garden into a howling wilderness? The house may go tenanted forever, but Herr Schmidt and his menagerie shall not enter there."

"Herr Schmidt, my dear, is merely a naturalist."

"I know it!" stormed Phineas. I've heard of these plaguey naturalists before. I've no desire to come down stairs some fine morning to find a ring-tailed monkey sitting on the window-sill, acting as referee while the kangaroos and crocodiles play leapfrog over the flower beds. No, madam! No naturalists for Phineas Peel!

"You villain!" hissed Phineas, savagely jumping from his seat and shaking his fist after the retreating figure in the next garden. "I'll pay you out for this."

The rage of Mr Peel was something to be remembered. Nothing but blood he vowed, would obliterate his wrongs. But he would be cautious. He would smile and smile and murder while he smiled. Seizing a peacock he tragically buried it in the heart of an unoffending cabbage, and played havoc with a stately row of sunflowers.

Half an hour later Mary saw him take down a huge old-fashioned duck gun from the hook in the hall.

"There's a German vulture in the neighborhood," he volunteered, impatiently, "and I'm going to bag him at the first opportunity."

However, as nothing sort of an earthquake would have induced the old gun to go off in any circumstances—and as Phineas had made assurance doubly sure by dropping in the shot first and the powder afterward—the "vulture" in question was not likely to be seriously damaged, and Mary contented herself with expressing a hope that her husband would not hurt himself.

Phineas was—though it times he doubted it—a lucky fellow. He had carried off a young and handsome woman from a box of snipers.

Why Mary Marston had chosen to bestow her hand and fortune on such a plain, every-day sort of fellow as the

reared his duck gun up in the hall in a conspicuous position.

He had almost decided to run up to town and consult his brother John, the detective, with a view to having the movements of Herr Schmidt watched, when he was started by the click of the letter box.

A scrap of paper lay on the mat. Picking it up Phineas glanced at it, turned deadly pale, and hurried into the garden. Scribbled in lead pencil on dirty paper was the following:

"Peel has discovered everything. We have not a moment to lose and must clear out to-night. The front door is unsafe. Will meet you at the back—10.30 sharp."

There was no signature.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Phineas after reading the note for the third time. "I'd no idea matters had gone so far. Oh, yes, Mr Schmidt," he added, grimly, "I'll meet you at 10.30 sharp."

It was about 10.45 and raining heavily. Phineas Peel, seated on a wall overlooking the Rhyd cottage, with his duck gun laid across his knees, was beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"The note said 10.30," he muttered. "It must be after that time now. What's that?"

Phineas had caught the squeak of heavy feet moving cautiously over the gravel. He grasped his gun and peered into the gloom, but could distinguish nothing.

Suddenly he heard voices, evidently at the front of the house. He was about to quit his position under the impression that Herr Schmidt was leaving by the front door after all, when one of the back windows was cautiously raised, and the little form of the naturalist dropped lightly to the ground.

Creeeping along the side of the wall on which Phineas lay, he presented an excellent mark. Mr Peel, however, could not bring himself to shoot a man down in cold blood. He would give him a chance.

"Stop, you scoundrel!" he shouted. The effect of the challenge was scarcely what Phineas had anticipated. Herr Schmidt darted forward and seized the barrel of the gun. He was much the stronger of the two, and Phineas was pulled from the wall in a twinkling. Lying on the broad of his back on the gravel, in a half lapsed condition, he saw the tall form of Schmidt standing over him with the gun raised.

"Keep your tongue still, you fool," he hissed, "or I'll brain you. Now, quick, help me over the wall."

Phineas, hesitated, but the threatening attitude of the other induced him to rise. However, he had no intention of giving in.

Bracing himself for the effort, he exerted all his strength, and pulled Schmidt bodily from the wall. He fell flat on his face, and before he could recover himself, Phineas jumped on his back and seized him round the throat, emitting a yell that would have done infinite credit to a Sioux Indian.

The next moment Phineas was dragged off from behind, and found himself in the clutches of a burly member of the local police force.

Four or five others seized Schmidt, who struggled in vain to free himself.

"What am I arrested for?" gasped Phineas. "There's your man!"

Phineas would no doubt have been led off with the other prisoner but for the timely arrival on the scene of the last person in the world he had expected to see—his brother John!

"Here, what on earth is the meaning of all this?" he demanded, when, as the result of John Peel's interference, he found himself free.

John stayed behind a minute or two to explain that Herr Schmidt, the "naturalist," and Edward Harper the notorious forger, who had defied New Scotland Yard for the past six weeks—were one and the same.

"It was a smart dodge of Harper's," said John Peel, "and he might have got clear away but for that clever wife of yours, Phineas. Mary suspected the man from the first, and supplied me from time to time with valuable information. It is to her entirely that the credit is due. Tell her I'll call round and thank her myself to-morrow."

By the way, the gang of which he was the head got wind of our intentions,

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

and a man was despatched with a warning. Harper doesn't appear to have received it."

Then Phineas began to understand things a little more.

"I suppose this will be it," he remarked, producing the note and handing it to his brother. "You see the messenger left it at the wrong door, and I—er—I thought I might as well see the fun."

For some time after Phineas was of the opinion that he had made a fool of himself. Lately, however, he has taken a different view of the matter, and is never tired of relating how he literally dropped on Harper, the forger, alias Schmidt, the naturalist's next door.

Keeping a Carpet Clean.

The carpet sweeper was hailed as a boon to woman and something destined to drive brooms out of the market. It certainly proves useful in many cases and saves work for tired arms. It picks up the lint and some of the dust, but the particular housekeeper declares there is nothing like a broom for business. The use of the broom, however, necessitates an elaborate dusting that is as much work as the sweeping. There is a way of avoiding the double duty and making the carpet clean without either broom or duster. It must be promised, though, that the room is not allowed to get into that condition where the dust lies thick under chairs and tables.

To keep a carpet clean and bright bring a large cloth—one made of old knitted underwear is best—out of a pail of clean warm water, in which you have put a tablespoonful of ammonia. Wring it dry, then wipe the carpet with it, rinsing it out frequently. This will remove all dust and prevent the dust from settling through an ingrain or setting into a Brussels. This wiping up, too, is much less wearing on a carpet than the use of a broom, which inevitably sweeps off some of the wool. A handful of coarse salt used instead of some of the ammonia at the season when moths prevail, discourages them. And it is not necessary to take up the carpets so often where this cleaning is constantly practised. If the wiping-up process is too laborious make a regular mop and keep it for this purpose. This is easier on the one who does the work. The mop or cloth is always to be wrung very dry, and rinsed after. This need it does not at all injure the carpet, while the ammonia keeps the colors bright.

An excellent mixture to clean a very dirty carpet is made by this formula: Dissolve four ounces of any good white soap in four quarts of boiling water. Let it cool, and then add five ounces of ammonia, two and a half ounces of alcohol, the same quantity of glycerine and two ounces of ether. Put in jars or bottles and keep tightly corked. Use a capital to a pail of hot water for a carpet; two tablespoonfuls in a pint of strong coffee to clean a black coat or cloak, and to take out grease spots, use without diluting.

word like that? Well, spell the word and let some one else in the class pronounce it for you."

The girl spelled the word aloud, but no one in the class offered to "pronounce" it, and the disgusted teacher said:—

"Is it possible that I've got to pronounce that word myself? I'm ashamed of you. Well, now listen while I pronounce it, and don't you ever forget it. The word is *assess!*"

This same teacher, who was really regarded as an excellent teacher, always rebuked his pupils for leaving the door ajar by saying:—

"You go right straight back 'n' shove that there door shut."

It was but a year or two ago that the writer heard a rural school teacher say to a boy who did not know his lesson:—

"Well, I'm plain ashamed of you. A body would think I hadn't taught you a thing this whole term. It's awful to be so ignorant!"

Moving the Well.

A family who have recently taken into their employ a rosy-cheeked Irish maid of all work, say that her blunders cause them amusement enough to compensate for any amount of trouble they may entail.

One day the man of the house stated in Bridget's hearing that he intended to have a woodhouse built on a piece of ground which at that time enclosed a well.

"And sure, sorr," said the inquiring Bridget, "will you be movin' the well to a more convenient spot when the woodhouse is built?"

A smile crossed her employer's face, and instantly Bridget saw that she had made a mistake of some sort.

"It's meself that's a fool, I'm thinkin'," she said hastily, bound to retrieve herself, as a course which the well was moved every drop of water would run out of it!

Fifty Years Ago.

Grandfather's hat! And within it you see Grandfather's favorite cough remedy. Whether Was Asthma, Bronchitis or Croup.

Or baby at night waked the house with a whoop.

With Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Grandfather was sure.

That no cold or cough would ever fall of a cure.

In his styles change, but the records of Coughs are cured as they were 50 years ago.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

has no equal as a remedy for coughs, colds, and lung diseases. Where other soothing elixirs palliate, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral heals. It is not a cheap cough syrup, which soothes but does not strengthen; it is a physician's cough remedy, and it cures. It is put up in large bottles, only for household use. It was awarded the medal at the World's Fair of ninety-three. It has a record of
50 Years of Cures.

The Way to Learning.

The well-known ignorance of some of the rural school teachers of long ago makes it a matter of surprise that so many boys who received no instruction but that these schools afforded went out into the world to become the great men many of them did become. The governor of an eastern state says that he well remembers one of his teachers, who used to say to the pupils:—

"Come, come children; can't you get up a little more erector?"

But this is not equal to the awful slaughter of the king's English of which a certain western teacher was guilty. Some one asked him if he had been to a lecture given a few nights before:—

"No," he replied; "I didn't know of it in time. If I had 'o' knowed I would of went!"

The writer once heard a somewhat irritable teacher say to his pupils: "It does seem as if I can't learn you nothin'."

The country superintendent of schools in a western state says that he was once visiting a school when a reading class was called up to recite. A girl stood up to read and after reading a line or two she came to the word "assuer," whereupon she hesitated to use she could not pronounce the word.

"What?" said the teacher, a big, burly fellow with an important and air-wise air, "you can't pronounce a little

PURE FRAGRANT DELICIOUS.

THE PERFECT TEA

MONSOON

TEA

PUT UP IN SEALED CADDIES UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE TEA PLANTERS.

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is packed under the supervision of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by them as a sample of the best qualities of Indian and Ceylon Teas. For this reason they see that none but the very fresh leaves go into Monsoon packages.

That is why "Monsoon," the perfect Tea, can be sold at the same price as inferior Teas.

It is put up in sealed caddies of 1 lb., 2 lb., and 5 lb., and sold in three flavours at 60c, 50c and 40c.

STEELE, HAYTER & CO., Food St., Toronto