

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1893.

No. 37.

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.

Not a cent is paid for advertising until the copy is received and payment is made. Payment 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 under a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Office Hours, 8:00 A.M. to 5:30 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.
Knoxville close at 6:40 P.M.
Geo. V. Rans, 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 B. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Sunday School at 10:30 P.M. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30, 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. Usual 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 10:30 P.M.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—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 9:45 A.M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P.M. Chalmers' 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. 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.

JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Holy Communion at 10 o'clock, A.M. at 11 A.M. and at 3 P.M. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 P.M.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, (Windsor).
Francis J. Rutherford, (Windsor).

St. FRANCIS (R.O.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11:00 A.M. on the fourth Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second and Friday of each month at 8 o'clock P.M.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. F. 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 first and third Thursdays of each month at 7:30 P.M.

LONDON PEN & PENCIL STAMP.

This stamp, your own name, by and brush mailed free, 25c. 1/2 doz. of 75c. 5/10. For Printing Cards, Making Clothes, etc.

LONDON PENCIL STAMP CO.,
100, Water St., Halifax, N. S.
Manufacturers of Notary Stamps, Blomidon, Boston, Canada, etc.

UNDERTAKING!

CHAS. H. BORDEN
Has on hand a full line of COFFINS, CASKETS, etc., and a FIRST-CLASS HEARSE. All orders in this line will be carefully attended to. Charges moderate.

Wolfville, March 11th, '97. 27

WANTED: Farmers' sons and other industrious persons of fair education to whom \$500 a month would be an inducement. I could also engage a few ladies at their own homes.

T. H. LINSKOTT,
Toronto.

SOME OF OUR SPRING GOODS!

HAVE ARRIVED, AND MORE TO COME!

It is a STYLISH assortment of Goods as can be shown in the PROVINCE.

After one of the best Winter's trade in our experience we are able to offer these goods at prices that are bound to sell them.

NOW IS THE TIME!

to get your Spring Suit or Overcoat. You could shut your eyes and select from our Stock and run no chance of getting a poor suit. They are all good.

Laundry Agency in connection.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,
Noble Crandall,
MANAGER.
TELEPHONE NO. 35.



GRAND OFFER OF THE Wolfville Clothing Co'y.

To introduce our ladies' tailoring we will for the next 30 Days make our prices in reach of all. We do nothing but first-class work, and use only first-class trimmings.

The following is a list of our prices:

Making Tailor-made Dresses.....	from \$8.50
Spring Sacques and Blazers.....	from 5.00
Silk Dress.....	8.00
Shirt Waist.....	3.75
Ordinary Dress plain.....	7.50
Plain Waists.....	3.75
Shirt.....	3.75
Evening Dress.....	from 7.00
Modest Summer Dress.....	6.00

TRIMMINGS EXTRA.

Braided suits in every case are charged extra, according to amount of work. We supply all trimmings except in evening wear. We have a lady always at hand to assist in the fitting room.

Mr Burrell, who has charge of this department is working under the patronage of the Countess of Aberdeen.

ALABASTINE WALL COATING.

Alabastine makes a coating as firm as the wall itself. It hardens with age, and is healthful and beautiful. It is also a disinfectant and sweetens rooms.

Alabastine should be used on every part of a building, to be whitened, tinted, painted, varnished, filled, grained or papered, from floor to roof, outside and in; it is used under paint, varnish and paper, but makes a better finish alone for walls.

Sixteen Fashionable Tints and Whites.

FOR SALE BY

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,
WOLFVILLE.

POETRY.

Life's Mirror.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true!
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet!

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn;
You will gather, in flowers again,
The scattered seeds from your thought
—out-home,
Though the sowing seemed but vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do—
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

Modeline S. Bridges.

SELECT STORY.

A FAIR AMAZON.

Half way up the summit of Mount Serrat

There was the usual crowd around the little, one-storied hostelry. There were the canes cut from the glossy mountain woods, the glittering rows of minerals, the birch-basket of freshly gathered berries, the new milk, the stone bottles of home-brewed root-beer.

The landlord, a bald-headed old man, stood beaming behind his counter—the landlady bentled to make a cup of tea for the ladies in the stage, who were wearied with travel—the passengers strolled hither and yon with the idle, aimless curiosity of those who have nothing to do. All except Gordon Wray.

"But, driver," he exclaimed, "all this seems perfectly idiotic to me. Can't you understand that people are in a hurry to go ahead? What's the meaning of this unnecessary delay?"

The driver sat calm and undismayed on the edge of a cliff, where had he varied in the slightest degree from his equilibrium, he would have fallen a

hundred feet into a chasm below.

"Opinions differ as to that, squire," said he, carelessly swinging his legs.

"Just look at them horses! They've got to have a hour's rest."

"But why can't you change horses?" imperiously demanded Wray, chafing with annoyance.

"Teams ain't to be had like blackberries along the mountain ledge," was the curt reply.

"But there are horses in the barn back of this. I saw them there," persisted Wray.

"Don't belong to this line," said the driver.

"But I tell you, man, I'm in a hurry."

"Can't help that," said the driver. And Gordon Wray, quite well aware that no amount of argument or remonstrance would avail with this rugged son of the soil or induce him to start his team one second before the regular time, strode indignantly away, muttering to himself, and hardly conscious where he went.

Under a low archway of passion vines, past a hedge of blossoming fuchsias and the scarlet pendants of a monster pomegranate tree, he came in to a green little nook at the back of the house, where a tall, dark-browed girl was putting a pair of spirited little mustang ponies into a light box wagon.

"We don't receive company at the back of the house," she said, looking at him with dark, long-lashed eyes, which sparkled with displeasure at his abrupt appearance.

"But I am an exception," said Mr Wray with his most insinuating voice and smile.

"My good girl, can I hire this team to take me to Climax Valley?" and at the same time he slipped a gold coin into her hand.

She frowned at him, but she half laughed at the same moment.

"But it's my team," said she. "I'm going to use it."

Wray looked at her. Was he in the country of Amazons? Did the bright-eyed rustic lassie supplant the Helen of the stage-coach line?

"Why can't I use it, too?" he asked, coaxingly.

"Because," said the Amazon, leaning up against the neck of the high horse, who turned his velvet nostrils toward her and made a soft whinnying noise, as if he liked it. "I do not know whether I want to take a passenger or not."

"Isn't it enough?" he asked, glancing at the gold pieces which still lay in her hand.

"It's enough to purchase a teamster I dare say," said the Amazonian. But whether I shall choose to overburden my horse with your extra weight or not is another question."

Gordon Wray was a man who prided himself on his skill with the fair sex. He fully made up his mind not to be rebuffed by this slender girl, with the raven down on her upper lip, the coils of blue-black braids beneath her hat brim. She was pretty, after her wild, semi-Indian way, and perhaps this helped to spur him on.

"Well, if that is not enough," he

said, pleadingly, "I'll tell you your fortune while you are taking me to Climax Valley."

And, with laughing audacity, he sprang lightly into the wagon.

The girl looked at him for a second. "You must be a man who is pretty well accustomed to have his own way," said she, curtly.

"Exactly," smiled our hero. "Can I help you in?"

"No, I will get in myself." She smiled as she did so. "And now for the fortune," she added, as they sat side by side.

"Drive on, then," said he.

Without touching the little whip in its socket she chirruped softly to the horses, who cantered obediently down a winding slope to the east. Involuntarily Wray clung to the side of the light vehicle.

"Is this the way you shoot along the edge of precipices in this country?" he asked.

"I am driving," she answered recklessly.

"Well, if I am going to tell you my own fortune," she said, with something of a forced laugh, "I should say that it was extremely likely to land me at the bottom of yonder gorge."

"That shows how little you know of my ponies," she said. "But it was not your fortune that we were talking about; it was mine."

"Well, then, to begin at the beginning, your name is Alma," he said.

Her dusky eyes flashed.

"More jugglery!" she exclaimed.

"You saw it on the hem of my handkerchief just now."

"You have come out here to meet a lover," he pursued.

"You think so?"

"And you are returning home disappointed."

"She only laughed derisively.

"And," he added, catching once more at the side of the wagon, "you certainly will break my neck if you drive at this rate, my good girl. No, a truce to all nonsense," he resumed, more gravely. "You are the daughter of the landlord at the Half Way House, and I am very much obliged to you for forwarding me on my way. I am anxious to arrive at Climax Valley as soon as possible. Mr Arden is my father's old friend, and I have long been under promise to visit him in his Western home. And when I found myself in San Francisco the temptation was too strong not to come hither. But if I had known in what sort of mountains Climax Valley was settled I might have thought twice about it. Look at the dying splendors of the sunset; surely it is getting late."

"Ah," said the girl with a scarcely perceptible shrug of her shoulders. "I see that you distrust me. Here we are now. Do you see the chimney of Climax Valley rising out from among the eucalyptus trees? And there is the porch itself. Jump out quickly. The horses are in a hurry to reach their stable."

"But you? Oh, I see," he said, slightly chagrined to think of the con-

ditions he had made. "You are a seamstress, or perhaps one of the maids?"

"At your service," she returned, with a slight mocking inclination of the head as he sprang lightly out; and driving her horses around towards the stable, she called merrily: "Many thanks for your fortune! The gold piece you will find in your coat pocket!"

"The little gypsy!" he exclaimed, half vexed, half laughing, "he has got the better of me, after all."

Mr Arden was delighted to receive his young friend with the wide, generous Western hospitality concerning which those who live on the other side of the Continental Divide know nothing. He insisted on showing all the fine views, the bits of tropic scenery, to Mr Wray; he asked numberless questions, and finally exclaimed before they could be answered:

"But dinner is served already, and here is my daughter Alma to do the honors. Alma, this is Mr Wray, the son of my old college chum, Gilbert Wray. Wray, let me introduce you to my daughter."

"We have met before," said Alma, calmly.

"I—I drove down from the Half Way House with Miss Arden," stammered our discomfited hero.

"And he told my fortune," merrily added the young beauty, who, in her satin dress, with a priceless lace scarf around her neck and white roses in her hair, was still the fair Amazon of his afternoon's adventure. "Papa come in to dinner. The soup will be spoiling, and you know how despairingly Fernando will be?"

Wray cast an appealing glance towards her, as if to say: "Do not betray my idiotic folly." A little nod of her queenly head made answer: "You are safe."

"But how came you to be harnessing your horses?" he asked. "You must allow that my blunder had some foundation of reason."

"Do you suppose I would allow those inn-burglers to touch my darlings?" she cried, with spirit. "I had driven down to get the mails, and often do so. We California maidens are free as our own air."

"Well," Wray said, after a brief interval of silence, "I was wrong about the items of your fortune."

"Explain yourself, please."

"You did not come out to meet a lover?"

She nodded gayly.

"No," said she, "I did not."

"And you did not return home disappointed?"

"That is as time may show," she said, scarcely knowing whether to smile or frown.

"I shall wait expectantly," he said. And this time Alma Arden smiled. When Wray went East he took her with him. Their wedding was long remembered in Climax Valley.

Too Personal.

A singular dilemma in which a young Washington lady recently found herself is described by the Post of that city. The young lady, it should be premised, is a member of a certain patriotic society, which lately held an "open meeting."

The woman who had the affair in charge notified each member of the toast she would be expected to respond to ten days or so before the meeting. To one young woman, whom, as it happened, she did not know personally, she sent the toast, "Our Flag."

The young woman received it, and at once went to call on the head of the society, in a state of great distress. She simply could not respond to the toast, she said. She didn't know whether a joke was intended, but she had been chafed so mercifully about it already, and wouldn't go near the meeting if she were to be called on to speak on that subject.

"Why, what on earth is wrong with that sentiment?" asked the head of the society.

The pretty young woman hesitated. She blushed.

"Well," she said, "you see I'm going to marry a man named Flagg."

The Comfort of Labor.

"I suppose," said Mr Staybolt, "that most of us, as between wealth with idleness and poverty with occupation, would choose wealth, but I am not so sure that I would myself. In



Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

fact, the older I grow the more I am convinced that next to the love of those we hold dearest, of parents, wives and children, the greatest boon to man is labor. Poverty with occupation would imply the power to labor, and that would mean freedom from want. And occupation means also freedom from care. The man who becomes interested in his work forgets his troubles, and he finds besides a pleasure in seeing the results of his labor take form and grow, the pleasure of attainment.

"The man who does not find enjoyment in labor misses the most satisfactory of life's pleasures."—New York Sun.

Christian Manhood.

It is eminently manly to be a Christian. If the contrary should be believed, alas for our young men! Jesus Christ was above all in Christian manhood. He has followers to-day in all walks of life. What nobler example than Thomas Hughes and Bishop Brooks? These two, perhaps more than others, showed that to be Christians meant that one was a man in every sense of the word. There is a loud call in everyday life for men of conviction. We need men of high ideals, and it is Christianity that gives perfection. You may be the greatest scholar in the world, but without Christ you will find the world is hardly worth living in.

Hot Cross Buns.

One quart of milk, twelve ounces of butter, one pound of sugar, one fourth of an ounce of mixed spice, two eggs, two ounces German yeast, four pounds of flour. Make the milk slightly warm, put in a pan with half the sugar, six ounces of flour, the yeast and the eggs mixed together, and cover down in a warm place to rise. When risen with a frothy head and again fallen and become almost flat it is ready for the remainder of the ingredients to be mixed with it. The butter should be rubbed in the rest of the flour and mixed together into a mellow dough. Bake in a quick oven.

A LACHUTE LADY

Gives Her Experience with Paine's Celery Compound.

She is Rescued from a Terrible Condition of Suffering That Was Leading to Death.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Reached the Muscles of the Heart.

Paine's Celery Compound Never Disappoints the Rheumatic Sufferer.

The Marvellous Spring Medicine Should Be Used This Month.

It Drives All Poisons From the System.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,
GENTLEMEN:—It is with extreme pleasure I give you a testimonial in favor of your wonderful remedy, Paine's Celery Compound. Last January I had grippa, and it left me suffering with that dread disease, inflammatory rheumatism. My hands and feet were swollen badly; I also had the rheumatism in my sides and shoulders, and in the muscles of my heart.

I suffered very much until a friend advised my husband to procure Paine's Celery Compound for me. I commenced taking the compound in April; I have used ten bottles, and am perfectly cured. The compound has given me a good appetite and made a new person of me. I hear Paine's Celery Compound praised every day by people who have used it, and I heartily recommend it to all who suffer from rheumatism.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs H. D. HARRISON,
Lachute, P. Q.