

THE ACADIAN

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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 as all work turned out.

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Wolfville, March 23, 1900.

An Easter Lily.

An Easter lily by the altar rail,
Pale, golden-throated, bent with fragrance sweet;
Like to an untried soul its petals pale,
Parent of blossoms for the altar meet.

A little child that knelt beside my knee,
Whispering a baby prayer at Easter time
A year ago--no longer here by me--
Though like a blossom Easter church bells chime.

—Judge.

Judge Morse's Reason.

"No, thank you; I never indulge," said the judge as his companions passed the sparkling decanter and glasses toward him. The members of the city council and the jurymen on a noted case that had just closed were giving the judge a banquet at one of the leading hotels. His refusal to join them in a social glass greatly astonished them and was the cause of many rude jokes, which the judge did not seem to mind.

"Isn't it sudden, judge?" asked Alderman Buff, holding his glass up further to admire the rich ruby of the wine. "I remember that the last time we were together you treated the crowd. How is it? Wife object?" The gay party watched the judge with ill-concealed merriment, and the champagne set two dozen tongues wagging at his expense.

"Oh, come and tell us what brought you into the teetotal army," said the mayor, giving the judge a playful nudge. "You may be able to get a recruit from this lot of rippers." The mayor laughed and refilled his glass, while others of the company asked if the judge had any of Murphy's pledges or blue ribbons in his pocket.

"Yes, tell us," said the clerk. "Nothing short of the tragic could have made a prohibitor out of you."

"'Tis a secret buried in the deepest corner of his heart," said the mayor, imitating Joe Jefferson's most tragic tones.

Judge Morse paid little attention to their pranking talk. He was weary from his hard day's work and anxious to reach home. However, he had promised to stay until 12 o'clock, though he took little part in the merry-making. The glasses clinked and toast after toast was given in his honor.

Alderman Stumm, very anxious to learn the reason of the judge's "change of politics," said between the toasts: "You owe it to this assembly to tell why you refuse wine--the best champagne. Why how can you see it grow fat before your eyes? Tell us your reason." Alderman Stumm puffed out the words, and the others laughed--laughed till the rafters answered with echoes.

"Well," said Judge Morse after a pause, "I will tell it, but the story does me no credit, although the circumstances would be a better man of me--made me a teetotaler and almost a Christian."

The city council assumed a gravity almost laughable after their late hilarity and the judge began his story.

"Five years ago--it was five years ago this very day--strange!" he said, leaning on the flush of time. "You remember the Rushworth case being tried in Bayview county? It was the longest trial known in the state, and everybody was getting tired of the complications. I was on the bench and on the day in question had taken something to encourage me and had also given the jurymen enough to put them in the best of humor, and when court opened we were ready for the cross-examination of all the lawyers in Christendom."

"The accused took the stand and was probed and probed, the defence sarcastic, and I had to use the gravel. The louder I yelled the graver the louder those two lawyers laughed. The jurymen seemed to enjoy the situation and were nodding in their seats (the effect of the Scotch whisky) in spite of the temper of words all around them. After a little time order returned, several witnesses gave their testimonies, and the accused waived for the verdict."

"The jury had roused themselves sufficiently to cross the hall to an ante-room and after half an hour came back with the verdict of 'guilty' and I sentenced the young man. After passing the sentence I asked the young criminal if he had anything to say. He was only twenty years of age. I was sorry

for him, but duty is duty, and I felt at that time that I had done mine honorably and justly. The courthouse was packed, and as the boy across a bush prevailed. His mother, father and two sisters sat in the gallery near the door.

"His fine eyes lit up as he caught his mother's look of love, and then he said in a voice I have never been able to forget: 'I am guilty of the charge brought against me. I deserve the punishment. I do not wish to place the responsibility of my crime on any shoulders but my own. I am everything the judge says I am--a gambler, a forger, and a heavy drinker--and, as the last witness said, as fit to be in the presence of honest men and women. I am glad the judge has granted me the privilege of speaking. I see some of my old chums here and what I say may do them a little good--may keep them from stumbling over the rocks that ruined me.' He looked around until his eyes rested on the seats at the right of the entrance.

"Dr. Picketts took my first lesson in gambling from you! You said there was no harm if I didn't 'go in too heavily!' I went 'too heavy,' it seems. The boy laughed nervously, and the doctor flushed crimson and loosened his cravat.

"I took my first lessons in forgery from you, Mr. Wyatt. The juror at my right had jumped from his chair as if shot from a cannon, but said nothing. His adroitness with the pen was well known, and his head drooped with the sense of guilt. The young criminal was deeply agitated, but so long as I had given him 'rops' I was going to let him use all he wanted to."

"He drew his hand across his eyes, which were scanning the sea of faces. After a careful survey of the seats reserved for the ladies and while keeping his eyes fixed on a pale, beautiful face, he said with choking emotion, 'I took my first drink of brandy from a lady--a lady who has young sons--a lady who serves drinks that sting.'"

"A woman had risen. 'Forgive--oh, forgive me, Albert!' she cried, bowing her head on her shaking hands. The interruption was hardly noticed, though everyone in the house had recognized Mrs. Grieving. You remember Mrs. Grieving, who entertained us so royally?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said Mayor Hume; "but go on with the boy."

"Well," said the judge, "he had talked all round the room, and now he addressed himself to me. 'I'm all that you say I am--a gambler, a forger, a drinker--and you've given me another name, a convict!' His eyes burst into my soul. 'Twenty years--is that the sentence? Twenty years old now, forty when I am released. Then I'll be ex-convict.'"

"Father," he said, turning his eyes toward the gallery where his parents sat, "you had a great future planned for your only son. I'm sorry I've disappointed your hopes and darkened your home. Forgive me."

"Then he addressed me again, and although there were hundreds of people present I'm sure you could have heard a pin drop it was so still. The boy's voice had grown a little husky, and after taking a sip of water he said: 'I deserve the punishment. I acknowledge the power of the civil law. But judge my only wonder is that you have not 100 boys here instead of one. I've said all I have to say. I'm ready to go.'"

"The sheriff advanced with the handcuffs, and Albert held out his wrists. He went to prison very quietly," said Judge Morse, opening a paper which he had taken from his notebook, "and he had taken from my notebook, 'and four months later I received this letter from no 187.' The gay party around the table in the big dining room listened with rapt attention. Each face wore an earnest expression and many eyes were dim. Several of the fathers of boys swallowed down strange lumps that had not risen in their throats for years, and Alderman Buff's glass remained untouched. The decanter had ceased its march around the table, and all were anxiously waiting for the judge to adjust his spectacles and read the soiled letter which he unfolded so carefully.

"I always carry it," he said. "This friends, is what made a teetotaler of me. I've heard the greatest sermon of the greatest preacher, but nothing ever came so near making a Christian

of me as did this letter from that boy in prison. I hope it may yet. That boy had a martyr's spirit, and I feel sure that if I am ever permitted to 'pass through' that straight and narrow gate Albert Rushworth will have had more to do with my 'passing' than any other human being I ever knew."

Judge Morse held the soiled paper nearer the light and read the last words from the boy he had sentenced to "twenty years hard labor."

"Judge Morse--I tried to escape and am writing this from the hospital ward. I was not quite brave enough to bear the thought that I must pass 20 years in this tomb. I much prefer the one I am about to enter--the grave. I feel sure that if you had been sober the last day of my trial my sentence would not have been for twenty long years. I tried to escape and the guard shot me. The doctor says I cannot recover so you see my term will soon end."

"Be careful of Clarence. It is pretty hard for young men to resist the temptations that are sanctioned by law and patronized by those in civil power. Be careful of Clarence. Boys follow where men lead, and to be or do like some man is the highest ambition boys have. I followed the wrong examples, but cannot die without sending you this parting message. Be careful of Clarence!"

"ALBERT RUSHWORTH,"

"No. 187, Cell 18."

"Clarence is my second son's name," said the judge folding the letter away in his notebook. "He and Albert had been the closest friends for a long time. I felt every word of this letter as a message to lead me into a better life and was moved beyond expression when the boy's body came to his parents a few days later. In looking at the situation from Albert's standpoint I should most certainly want a sober judge and jury to deal with my son. Would not you?"

"Well, that's my reason. Now I think it is time to go home. The town clock is striking 12." And Judge Morse buttoned his overcoat and started off with a quick pace for home. He always felt nearer to God and to humanity after reading Albert's letter. Of course he might lose his office, but it mattered little to him now. He had stepped from the cold barren peaks of selfishness and political ambition down into a valley filled with the glory of God and the sweet blossoms of love to his fellowmen. The letter from the prison had done its work well.

Lady Smith of Ladysmith.

The odd name of Ladysmith, the South African town, which recent events have brought so much into prominence, has naturally awakened curiosity. Journalists discovered some time ago that the town had been named for the wife of a former governor of the Cape; now a writer in a London paper relates the story of Sir Harry Smith and his wife, who was a Spanish noblewoman.

Sir Harry Smith, together with his two brothers, Thomas and Charles, fought through the peculiar war. At the battle of Coa, two of the brothers were wounded, Thomas severely in the knee, Sir Harry slightly, although enough to necessitate his being sent to the hospital, many miles from the front. They were conveyed thither over a rough country in a jolting, springless country cart, their wounds unattended, and the motion causing them pain with every lurch.

The two brothers, on their arrival, were placed in neighboring beds in the hospital, and a young doctor was summoned to dress their wounds, which were in a frightful condition from neglect. Reluctantly he came to the first bed, in which Thomas lay and gingerly removed the blanket from the sufferer's knee, at the same time keeping by him a large bouquet, which he carried to his nose and sniffed at every moment.

The spectacle of his suffering brother treated as an object of disgust by a creature as this was too much for Sir Harry's temper. Muttering all his strength he leaped from the bed, fell upon the unattended doctor and fairly kicked him out of the room and down the stairs, bouquet and all. For this extraordinary breach of discipline he was brought before the Duke of Wellington and reprimanded; but the re-

primand was not severe, and it was an open secret that the duke regarded the affair as a good joke, and thought none the less of the high-spirited young major for his fraternal championship.

At the siege of Badajoz, a little later, Sir Harry was standing with the general and his staff, when a Spanish scout and her young sister came to implore protection. The girl was exceedingly beautiful. Sir Harry assisted them, paid rapid and ardent court to the young lady, and soon made her Lady Smith. She was a devoted wife and accompanied her husband through out all succeeding campaigns. For her valor at the battle of the Chilianwalla, she received a medal from the government.

After his Indian triumph Sir Harry was made governor of the Cape, and he and his faithful wife are now commemorated by the names of three African towns--Alival, named from his greatest victory, Harrismith and Ladysmith.

Reading Aloud.

Reading aloud to the children and in the family circle--how fast it is becoming one of the lost arts! What multitudes of children of former days were entertained and instructed by this practice and how few there are so entertained and instructed nowadays. Children now, after being taught to read, join that great army which takes in the printed word, swiftly and silently. Most parents doubtless are too busy to spare time to educate their sons and daughters by reading to them, and as the children grow older they find their hours too crowded to devote any of them simply to listening.

"What is the use? they would say, if asked. 'Tastes differ, and we can read what we want in a fraction of the time that would be consumed if we had to sit still and hear it.'"

That is all true enough, but is there not something lost in having the custom of reading aloud lapse so entirely? As a sign of the times, the change is another proof of the rush and hurry of life, and, in the family, it is more or less to be considered an evidence of the tendency to 'independence' on the part of the younger members. Common interest in a good book, read aloud by a father or mother, is a factor in the home that is important enough to have some attention paid to it. The opposite of 'skimming' a book, it develops certain mental faculties that it is well to have developed and as an exercise in elocution for the reader it has a distinct advantage. Books so read are remembered, and their influence on character far exceeds that of many a volume whose pages are turned in a desperate effort to reach the last. Reading aloud is a salutary check on the habit of reading too much and reading too fast.

It would certainly be worth while to take up the practice in families, where the conditions favor it, as an experiment. The winter evenings are long, and as one looks back on them he can find at least a few hours that could have been devoted to reading or to listening. Reading aloud is a quiet enjoyment, to be sure, but it is an enjoyment. --Hartford Comment.

Tissue Paper.

The tissue paper that you get parceled up in should never be crumpled and thrown away, but carefully smoothed out, rolled up and laid away in some drawer or handy place where you will know where to find it when you want a nice, soft, clean piece of paper.

A few drops of eau de cologne on a soft pad of tissue paper will give a brilliant polish to mirrors, the glass of pictures and crystal. The pad of tissue paper without the eau de cologne is also useful for burnishing steel, rubbing glass, polishing silver and innumerable other things.

For packing glass, ornaments and fine china that is not in daily use, a roll of soft tissue paper is simply invaluable.

In folding away or packing clothes for a journey, tissue paper should be generally used.

All upstanding ends of ribbons, on-press and wings on military should have a wisp of tissue paper twisted round them to prevent crushing; and

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In the same way ribbon loops should be kept in position by a small pad of paper. The sleeves of dresses and blouses are the better for a paper stuffing, and a sheet of paper should be placed between every fold to prevent the material marking.

The English Soldier.

TOMMY ATKINS' PAY.

Poor Tommy earns his pay. For all his bravery, his risk of terrible wounds and horrible death, he gets only one shilling a day. The infantry bears the brunt of the battle and loses ten times as many men, proportionately to numbers, as the cavalry or artillery. Yet the cavalry private receives 1s. 2d., the gunner 1s. 1d., and the artillery driver 1s. 4d. The officers' pay, though not sufficient for their wants, is ridiculously out of proportion to that of the privates. An infantry captain gets 11s. 7d., a cavalry captain 13s., and a Royal Horse artillery captain 15s. Majors get in the infantry 13s. 7d., a day, the cavalry 15s., and in the Royal Horse Artillery 18s. 6d., while the lieutenant-colonel gets 18s. in the infantry, 21s. 6d. in the cavalry, and 24s. 9d. in the Royal Horse Artillery. And, of course, the officers receive many perquisites.

THE REGIMENTAL SMITH.

Probably the hardest worked man at the front is the regimental smith. The forge is going night and day, for it is calculated that at least once a month every horse has to have fresh shoes. The labor is somewhat lightened by the advantage that the shoes themselves are already made. For among the many things that the transport have taken are huge consignments of horseshoes. At home the army authorities are economical, for three old shoes can be made into a new shoe; but when on service in time of war this saving is not effected. --Answers.

A Pat Ostrich.

The war in South Africa is productive of the greatest curiosities that have ever come under the notice of British soldiers.

One of the latest reports from the

sense states that the simple-minded British soldiers have mistaken troops of ostrich for bands of Boers, and bands of Boers for troops of ostriches.

In some cases the ostriches have made friends with the soldiers. One of the best-known correspondents at the front, who was with Gen. Methuen at the Modder River, reports this remarkable incident:--

"While I ranged the valley or plain with my glasses something alighted and tumbled heavily over the loose stones behind me. I turned, thinking to dodge or help a stumbling man, and found myself staring into the great brown eyes of an ostrich six feet tall and with legs almost as thick and longer than my own.

"He came up here a few days ago," said a soldier, "and he always stays here now. We feed him and foot with him, and he seems very happy."

"The ostrich stalked past me and took a position between the major and the captain, where, after appearing to observe that they were very busy scanning the landscape, he, too, stared at the plain, and remained erect and watchful, the highest type of a sentry in appearance. He marked this fine effect for just a moment by seizing and swallowing a box of safety matches. After that he continued his sentry duty with satisfaction in his eyes."

The ostrich is a great figure in public life in South Africa. He is a source of wealth, and often a friend and companion. He is a valuable substitute for a watch dog.

The following little story is told by Mr. Frederick Treves in a letter he has sent to the British Medical Journal, detailing the battle of Colenso: "An orderly was bringing some water to a wounded man lying on the ground near him. He was shot through the abdomen, and he could hardly speak, owing to the dryness of his mouth, but he said, 'Take it to my pal first; he is worse hit than me.' This gentleman had died next morning, but his pal got through and is doing well."

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