

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1897.

No. 23.

Vol. XVI.

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. Advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on terms of cash 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 name may be written in a fictitious signature.

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

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2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

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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 6:15 A. M.

Express west close at 9:10 A. M.

Express east close at 2:45 P. M.

Kentville close at 8:35 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. T. Trotter, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Sunday School at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Young People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock and regular Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Women's Mission Aid Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 3:30 P. M.

COLLIE W. ROSSON, }
A NEW BASS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. F. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. 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.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Holy Communion at 10 and 3:45 P. M.; 2d, 4th and 6th at 8 P. M. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storey, }
S. J. Butlerford, }

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P.—Mass at 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 Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock P. M.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, 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 8:30 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.

THE

"White is King of All."

White Sewing Machine Co

Cleveland, Ohio.

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—FOR SALE BY—

Howard Pineo,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

N. B. Machine Needles and Oil.

Machines and Organs repaired. 25

The Wolfville Clothing Co.

Are Clearing Out Their Stock.

Trousersings

to make room for

EARLY SPRING GOODS.

Call early as they are going fast!

Your choice for \$3, \$4, \$5.

NOBLE CRANDALL,

MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.

Livery Stables!

Until further notice at "Bay View."

First-class teams with all the seasonable equipments. Come one, come all and you shall be used right. Beautiful Double Teams, for special occasions. Telephone No. 41. Office Central Telephone.

W. J. BALCOM,
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Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1894.

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Work in this line done at the shortest notice, in the latest style, and most approved manner.

Perfect fit guaranteed.

Rooms in ACADIAN building.

F. E. DAVISON. M. A. ZINK.

LAST CHANCE

FOR

The Orphan's Prayer.

Without any doubt, the premium picture offered by the Family Herald and Weekly Star is the greatest picture ever offered newspaper readers. There is a perfect scramble from all parts of the world to secure a copy. Some subscribers who have received it would not part with it for a \$10 bill. The publishers will withdraw the premium shortly. We have made arrangements, however, with the Family Herald publishers, whereby they guarantee to supply the "ORPHAN'S PRAYER" to all names sent in by the ACADIAN, on or before the 15th of February. The Family Herald and Weekly Star is the recognized leader of all Weeklies in America.

We offer

"The Orphan's Prayer"

THE

The Family Herald and Weekly Star,

(One Year) and

The ACADIAN (one year).

All for \$1.75.

Don't Fail to Secure a Copy.

Send subscriptions to:

ACADIAN, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Sample Picture can be seen here.

DAVID THOMPSON.

PAINTER & PAPER HANGER,

WOLFVILLE, - N. S.

Orders may be left at Rockwell & Co's or at L. W. Sleep's.

DR. BARSS,

Residence at Mr Everett

W. Sawyer's; Office adjoining Acadian office.

OFFICE HOURS: 10—11, A. M.; 2—3, P. M.

Telephone at residence, No. 35.

LOOK!

There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat-store in

Crystal Palace Block I

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.



ined to his idols might apply to some of us. Most everybody has idols of some sort or other.

Mrs Busby stirred her golden brown coffee reflectively. "Perhaps so. I hope these people who reads it look Mr. Benton's fine application. As for me, I once had an idol, but God took it."

There was a pause. The thoughts of both husband and wife travelled to the parlor where hung the picture of a child, a two-year-old baby, who had been left the old farm home desolate.

Mr Busby's heart was too deeply stirred by memories of his child to speak. But when a dash of rain came against the window pane his wife exclaimed crossly:

"There, it's raining. And if I don't wash on Monday nothing goes right all the week."

"Tain't an idol, is it, Mirandy?" The good man of the house pushed back from the table. "Now, it doesn't seem just right to be set on your own work exactly as you want to. It 'pears to me it might be an idol."

"What an idea! Just look there, Joseph. See that dirty spot on the tablecloth where you've rubbed your old coat sleeve. This tablecloth was clean yesterday morning, and now it must go in the wash, making three this week. I do wish you would be more careful."

"Why, now, Mirandy, I do try to be careful. I wish you would use coloured tablecloths. I thought you bought some turkey red ones."

"Yes, I did buy them," and a look of disgust crossed the face opposite Mr. Busby. "But I want it understood I am not going to use 'em. I will work my fingers to the bone before I'll set my table with anything but a white cloth," and she stroked the glossy linen approvingly.

"I know, Mirandy, but maybe that's another idol. You see, you think a sight of such things."

"Now, Joseph Busby, if you are going to talk such nonsense as that you had better get to work. Just see there. The table's shining. So you see it was right for me to wash after all."

"Maybe so," and the eyes of the simple-hearted man softened as he looked through the cast window at the sun-kissed young foliage from which the raindrops were yet falling. "Maybe so, Mirandy. You air an uncommon woman and have been a good wife to me for twenty-seven years. You hain't got many idols, Mirandy, not half as many as I have. But this always thicken your way best—"

"See here, Joseph Busby," there was an undertone of almost fierceness in her voice. "I think such twisting of the Scriptures is sinful. If I have idols, I can tend to 'em, that's all," and Mrs. Busby strode into her bedroom and shut the door violently.

When she returned to the kitchen she was in possession of the field. Joseph had gone to his work.

"High time," she sniffed; "idols indeed!"

She put her dishes to soak, and carrying her dishes into the pantry began washing them. Her thoughts were not pleasant ones; the frown on her face told that. The window before which she stood was covered with a thick growth of morning glory vines. A few of the dainty twisted buds, unheeding the threatenings of the storm, had opened their pink, blue and white cups and peered in at the flushed face of the worker. But Mrs. Busby was too busy, too disturbed by her husband's words, to notice their beauty.

"I don't see what possessed Joseph to say that," she said as she began rubbing her clothes. "I gave up the only idol I ever had twenty years ago."

She stopped abruptly. "Of course it's that letter," she went on after a brief pause. "But he is wrong. It isn't idols that keeps me from doing my—"

Again she stopped. She had almost said duty. A week before a letter had come from a little town in Kansas to Mr. Busby. The letter contained news of the death of Mrs. Emma Hale, a distant cousin of Joseph's. Mrs. Hale was a widow, and left one child, a boy, two years old.

As a writer, a neighbor

of the dead woman, went on to say she could care for the child no longer, and if his relatives did not come for him he would be sent to the poorhouse. Joseph pondered the matter a day and a night. He then coolly proposed sending for the child, and adopting it. His wife flatly refused. What—a child, a two-year-old baby, to make litter on her clean floors and upset her orderly plan of life?

"You must be crazy, Joseph," she said severely. "If it was a girl, now, and big enough to be out from under foot, I might think of it. But there hain't any use talkin' about it."

Joseph Busby rarely opposed his wife, even in so small a matter as talking when she bade him be silent. However, this time he said:

"We are grown old, Mirandy. The baby would be something to love us."

These words came back to Mrs. Busby as she bent over the wash tub. Did she and Joseph need something to love them? She thought of the rambling old house with its many rooms, of the fertile acres surrounding it, and of the comfortable bank account. Then her mind wandered to the distant cemetery where a white marble cross marked her baby's grave.

"I couldn't give Leah's place to another," she whispered. "And yet he might make a place for himself. Oh, my baby, I miss her still."

Withdrawing her hands from the suds, Mrs. Busby crossed the sitting-room and entered the parlor. No one knew, not even her husband, how many fruitless questions the mother settled before her child's picture.

She opened the blinds and looked long and earnestly at the laughing baby face.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

"Joey Hale Busby," was Mirandy's prompt reply, and picking up the child she put it in her husband's arms.

"There, Joey, dear, make friends with Uncle Joseph. He is the dearest little fellow," she went on, "so cunning and not a bit afraid."

"But I don't understand," and Joseph Busby's arms closed tenderly around the little orphan.

The story was soon told.

"Of course, we'll keep him, and do our best for him," Mrs. Busby said by way of conclusion. "Dinner is ready and the green peas and custard pie will taste good to little Joey. I guess you were right 'bout my idols, Joseph," stopping to fasten a towel around the child's neck in lieu of a bib, "but they are overthrown. Now I'll try and not make an idol of Joey."

"You are a remarkable woman, Mirandy," Mr. Busby said wiping his eyes. "I have always said you was a remarkable woman, and I'm almost afraid I'm maked an idol of you."

Hope Daring.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Just the Kind You Need.

PAINE'S CELYERY COMPOUND THE HOPE OF EVERY SUFFERER.

IT CURES AND MAKES PEOPLE WELL.

Are You Ailing, Anxious or Dependent?

Try One Bottle of the Great Health Restorer.

Truly Paine's Celery Compound is the world's best and most efficacious medicine. At this season you need its life-giving virtues and its bracing-up powers.

If you are suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, dyspepsia, blood diseases, liver or kidney troubles, Paine's Celery Compound will give you a new existence; it will enable you to thoroughly enjoy life.

Are you ailing, anxious or dependent? You must be if disease has bound you in its chains. Let us urge you to use at least one bottle of nature's great health restorer—Paine's Celery Compound—and you will quickly find that you are on the highway to physical health, vigor and strength.

"A Pome"

"Just a little dollar on his mission sent, makes a lot of people glad each time the coin is spent. You pay it to the butcher, for meat to give you strength; he takes it to the grocer-man, from whom it goes at length, some pretty bit of cloth or lace his better half to buy, or helps to get her winter hat to make her rivals sigh. The dry goods man sends on the coin to pay his market bill, and though the coin is often spent it stays a dollar still; and every time 'tis spent at home some act of good is done, in 'booming' local industries ere setting of the sun.

"But if you take the shining coin and break the local chain, the chances are that from afar 'twill not return again. If once it passes out of town, the butcher and the baker, the grocer and the dry goods man, the cook, the undertaker, the carpenter, the carriage-wright, the blacksmith, everyone, will lose the chance to touch that coin, ere setting of the sun.

"Just keep that little coin at home, just keep it moving well, and every time it changes hands somebody's good 'twill sell. That single dollar has thus a wondrous power, to make somebody better a dozen times an hour. It pays the bills and wards off ill and ne'er its power relaxes to soothe the doctor and buy coal and pay for clothes and taxes."

He Heard Jenny Lind.

The Philadelphia Record says that a veteran musician who recently died in that city used to tell a good story of how he heard Jenny Lind.

I was then a clerk in a large music publishing house on Chestnut Street. One day a well-dressed, quiet little woman entered the store and asked me to show her some music of a classical nature.

We struck up quite a conversation, in the course of which I asked her if she had heard the great Jenny Lind, who

was then the talk of the town. She laughed and said:

"Oh, yes, I have heard her. Have you?"

I told her that I hadn't had that pleasure, and that I had very little prospect of hearing her, the price of admission was so high.

She laughed again, and then handed me a song she had picked-out and asked me to play the accompaniment for her while she tried it. She sang so beautifully that I played like one in a dream. When she had finished she thanked me, and with a rare smile said:

"You cannot say now that you have never heard Jenny Lind."

She thanked me again, and left me quite dumb-founded.

Eat apples if you would be well and strong. They were never cheaper than at the present time. The raw fruit is wholesome in itself, but it can be prepared in a hundred different appetizing ways. The maldic acid in fruit neutralizes any excess of chalky matter generated by eating too much meat. Fresh fruits, such as the apple, the pear and the plum, when fully ripe, and eaten without sugar, diminish acidity of the stomach rather than provoke it. In the Scandinavian mythology the apple is represented as the food of the gods. It was the fruit which the old men of the nation resorted to for renewing their powers of mind and body when they felt themselves growing feeble and infirm.

Care of the Highways.

The greatest enemy to a good road is neglect. Drains become clogged, washes begin in the wagon track, freezing and thawing loosen the surface, overpacked wagons tear up the ballast and start channels for water, and every succeeding flood sweeps down the roadway, instead of through the aluena, often requiring the labor and taxes of an entire year to repair the loss, whereas a little attention at the proper time would have preserved the whole intact and have kept it in good condition for public use. Lack of attention at the proper time is the great defect in our present system of public roads, entailing loss to the tax payers aggregating millions of dollars, and which, if continued, will eventually prevent the possibility of good roads for all time to come. Any road law that does not provide for the constant and intelligent care of our highways after they have been constructed is defective in its most vital part.

Jan de Reszke earns more money than was ever paid to a tabor. His fixed salary is, indeed, less than that received by Tamagno, who had \$1,500 a night; while Mr. Jan has only \$1,500. But in addition to his salary, the Polish tenor draws twenty-five per cent. of all the box office receipts over \$5,000.

Manda—Miriam is trying to keep her engagement a secret. Macha—How do you know? She told me.

Fifty Years Ago.

No theory of germs to chills.

A doctor's budding illness.

When ardent lovers took their fill.

No microbes on their kisses.

How happy they were not to know

The germ-fad—35 years ago.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

is the standard family remedy of the world for colds, coughs and lung diseases. It is not a palliative, and is not therefore put up in small cheap bottles. It is put up in large bottles for the household. They cost more but care more.

Peds come and go but no theory or fad can overthrow the fact, that the greatest cure for all colds, coughs and throat and lung diseases, is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

50 Years of Cures.

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

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