

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1899.

No. 48.

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 for standing notices will
be made known on application to the
editor, and payment on transient advertising
must be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
as all work turned out.

News communications from all parts
of the county, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
editor of the party writing for the ACADIAN
must invariably accompany the com-
munications, although the same may be written
under a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Office Hours, 8:00 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:10
a. m.
Express west close at 9:40 a. m.
Express east close at 3:50 p. m.
Kentville close at 6:40 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. MEXCO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh B.
Hick, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday,
preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sun-
day School at 2:30 p. m. B. Y. F. U.
prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at
7:45, and Church prayer-meeting on
Thursday evening at 7:30. Women's Mis-
sionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday
morning at 10 a. m. in the month
and the Women's prayer-meeting on the
first Wednesday of each month at 2:30
p. m. All seats free. Ushers 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 2:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. P.
Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. St. Andrew's
Church, Wolfville; Public Worship every
Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday
School 9:45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wed-
nesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church,
Lower Horton; Public Worship on Sunday
at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E.
Dennis, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School
at 10 o'clock. B. Y. F. U. Prayer Meeting
on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the
seats are free and strangers welcomed at
all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching
at 11 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 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; 2d, 4th and 6th at
11 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30
p. m.

Rev. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storer, Warden.
Geo. A. Pratt, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
Rector.—Mass 9:00 a. m. on the first Sunday
of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, 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.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. F. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 3:30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Count Blomfield, I. O. F. meets in
Temperance Hall on the first and third
Tuesdays of each month at 7:20 p. m.

HEADQUARTERS
For Rubber Stamps,
Stencils, National
and other Seals, Sign
Markers!

Wholesale and Retail.
London Rubber Stamp Co.,
Halifax, N. S.

FOR SALE.

Drilling House of 8 rooms, on up-
per Campbell Avenue, Outbuildings,
a store at end and mostly covered with
young orchard.

For particulars apply to
MRS. J. B. DAVISON.

GLOBE
Steam Laundry
HALIFAX, N. S.

"THE BEST."
Wolfeville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

SEE OUR



SPRING SUITS!

GOING FAST!

FROM \$12.00 UP

FOR TWEED.

WORSTED

\$18.00 AND UP.

Made to fit perfectly.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,

NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

WICKLESS!

Blue Flame Oil Stoves,

FOR SUMMER COOKING.

NO

WICK, ODOUR, SOOT, SMOKE, GREASE, DANGER, HOT KITCHENS.

Burn kerosene.
Are easy to operate.
Are economical.
Will cook quickly or slowly.
Are well made.
Have good ovens.
Will bake perfectly.
Are guaranteed.

THEY

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN'S,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

A Golden Text.

Everybody in our whole village oc-
curred that Jehiel Dobson was a relig-
ious man, including Jehiel himself.
He went to church regularly, paid his
dues without grumbling, so far as the
outer world knew—owed no man a
dollar, and permitted as one to owe
him one. He was well to do the neigh-
bors also conceded, had one of the finest
farms in that region and a snug villa
in the bank to boot.

His wife, Mary Ann Dobson, was a
small, thin little creature with a pair
of faded blue eyes in which lurked
a touching expression of weariness
of both body and spirit. She had not
always been pale and weary-looking, as
friends of her girlhood could vouch,
but years of hard toil, which had help-
ed to swell that sum in the bank very
materially, and to add more there-
to the farm—had taken the roses from
her cheeks and brought that look in
her eyes which spoke of a weary body
and a starved soul.

"Um'bout tuckered out," was her
usual answer to the occasional visitors

"Yes, he had to sell at last," chuck-
led her husband. "I knowed it would
come last year when he broke his leg
and was laid up for so long. He was
in debt then, you know, and had to get
in deeper, of course, durin' them long
months of sickness."

"Yes," said Mary Ann, sadly,
"Timothy has been unfortunate, poor
fellow."

"He did kick agin' a' the field,"
continued Mr. Dobson, "but I under-
stand from Deacon Blake that debts
are a pressin' of him, and he had to
sell that bit of the house, you see."

"Ya'as," assented Mrs. Dobson,
"and it was lucky for him you wanted
that bit of sold, war'n't it, Jehiel?"

"Well, I reckon it was just as lucky
for me, Mary Ann, fer a' the while
he was so anxious to sell, I hem'd and
haw'd for quite a spell afore I let him
see as how I wanted the field just
now, at all."

"You kin' heve it, Mr. Dobson,"
said Timothy, "fer the price you offered
last summer." But I war'n't to be
caught that way, Mary Ann, so I
shook my head and said:

"Ya'as, Timothy, but times ain't
what they was, and I have given over
all notion of buyin' it now, anyway!"

Mrs. Dobson sighed, and looked at
her husband with mild reproach, but
made no reply.

"Timothy's countenance fell," con-
tinued Mr. Dobson, "and I calc'lated
on gettin' the field fer about half its
worth on the instant. And I did, Mary
Ann, so the field is mine at last."

"Poor unfortunate Timothy," re-
peated his wife, "I suppose it's all
right, Jehiel, fer some reason or other,
since the scriptures says: 'For he
that hath, to him shall be given; and
he that hath not, from him shall be
taken even that which he hath,' and I
reckin you were to take the little he
had for some purpose or other what we
can't see just exactly now."

Mr. Dobson cleared his throat, then
coughed, and ate the remainder of his
breakfast in silence, apparently absorb-
ed in reflection.

He was his old cheerful self, how-
ever, at dinner, when he imparted to
his wife the news that the new hand
had been engaged.

"What would you say if I'd tell you
it was Timothy himself," continued
Jehiel, with a laugh, "but it is, all the
same. He came to me this mornin'
with tears in his eyes and asked me
for the place. He war'n't strong
enough, I said, and I was afeard
his leg war'n't just right yet, and sev-
eral other objections I made, but he de-
clared he was all right and able to do
as much as the next man, and would
work for a dollar a day. Secin' as
how I was cal'latin' on payin' a
dollar and a half a day, why, I just
closed the bargain, and he'll begin
to-morrow."

So Timothy Smith worked week
after week from sunrise to sunset, and
Mr. Dobson congratulated himself time
and again that he had secured a man
who could accomplish so much for so
little.

"One dollar a day ain't nothin' in
comparison to what work he does," he
was fond of saying to his wife. "Why,
he works like a horse!"

usual cheerful self at supper that
night, and something in his wife's eyes
made him think she was internally
repeating:

"To him that hath shall be given,
etc."

The next Sabbath morning found
him in his usual place at church.

Meeting had, begun, however, before
his wife entered and took her place
beside him, for the choir had been
heavy, and the vegetables had to be
prepared for dinner, and it was with a
weary sigh that she hurriedly made
her toilet that morning, casting a long-
ing eye, as she did so, upon the com-
fortable lounge, on which she was half
inclined to seek the needed rest and
 repose; foregoing the church altogether.

"But Jehiel wouldn't like it," she
thought, and after all she might have
a grain of comfort in the sermon, so in
her old fashioned bonnet and shawl
the little pale woman took her place
beside her husband on that memorable
September morning.

The minister arose, and Mr. Dobson
fixed himself as comfortable as the un-
cushioned pew would allow, with an
eye to a possible nap, should the ser-
mon prove dull and uninteresting.

"That both he that soweth and he
that reapeth may rejoice together."

Mr. Dobson settled his spectacles up-
on his nose and surveyed the speaker
with much satisfaction.

"A good text," he resolved in his
mind, "and very appropriate to the
season," remembering with some pride
his well-filled barn and other fruits of
his reaping.

But as the sermon proceeded, Mr.
Dobson grew restless and his eyes fur-
tively sought his wife's face.

There were signs of rejoicing there
and as she turned her patient eyes
upon him he noted their expression of
weariness and resignation for the first
time.

He fell into a study from which he
was awakened by the earnest voice of
the speaker.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire."
Then followed burning words in which
he denounced the so-called followers of
Christ, men base enough to take ad-
vantage of another's necessities, reap-
ing where another had sown, accept-
ing the heat brain or muscle, giving but a
pittance, sometimes nothing in return.

Timothy's face, as it looked when
he received his last week's wages,
stood before Mr. Dobson and made him
uneasy.

"He that is unjust in the least is
unjust also in much," quoted the
speaker, and Mr. Dobson fancied his
gaze was fixed upon him as he pictured
the laborer's home, so often devoid of
cheer, barren of comfort, but little for
the present, no hope for the future.

"That he that soweth and he that
reapeth may rejoice together."

he interrupted.
"Why, who ever—"
"He that is unjust in the least, is
unjust also in much," quoted Mr.
Dobson, rising, for I hev took that
what did not belong to me."

"Jehiel! Jehiel! are you mad?"
cried his wife aghast.

"No, Mary Ann," he answered,
"I'm just beginnin' to be sane. I
hev my eyes open, at least, to find I
have been robbin' my wif—as well as
my neighbor. You have helped me
sow, wif, without any reason to re-
joice over the reapin'!"

"Oh, Jehiel!" she sobbed, "you've
been thinkin' of that text, ain't you?
I'm rejoicin' now," she added, wiping
her streaming eyes, "and feel as if I
had received a blessing."

"So do I," replied Mr. Dobson,
solemnly, as he left the room.

Early the next morning found him
at Timothy Smith's door.

"I've come to pay what I owe you,"
said he, bringing forth a well-filled
wallet.

"Why—I didn't know you owed
me nothin', Mr. Dobson," stammered
Timothy.

"No more did I," said that gentle-
man with a queer smile, "yill yester-
day. The text shewed me how much
I owed you, Timothy. 'There,' he
added, placing in the astonished man's
hand a roll of bills, "you'll find the
real value of the field, and the exten-
sity a day what I fished from you all
summer," and reprovingly by the poor
fellow's burst of happy tears, Mr. Dob-
son, to hide his own humid eyes, hur-
ried from the spot.

"Why," exclaimed one of the neigh-
bors to another, "whatever has come
over Mrs. Dobson, I wonder? I drop-
ped in there yesterday, and if she
war'n't a settin' onto the porch all
dressed up in a fresh muslin, and she
never said she was tuckered out wunst,
not wunst, and there was a gal in the
kitchen, and a new boy hired to help
around, and goodness knows what else—
" "You must hev dropped into a
fortin', Mrs. Dobson," says J., as soon
as ever I could get my breath from
astonishment.

"Ya', she says, smilin' real sweet,
"we found it in the bible last Sun-
day."

Don't be a Knocker.

If your neighbor is prosperous, let
him prosper. Don't grum, growl or
grumble. Say a good word for him
and let it go at that. Don't be a
knocker. Your turn will come. No
one man is the whole show. If you
see the town is movin' along nicely,
feel good about it. Help things along
—shove a little; push. Try to get
some of the benefit yourself. Don't
stand around like a chilly old cadaver.
Don't waste your time feelin' sore
because some fellow has a little more
and sense than you have. Do a
little hustlin' yourself. Don't be a
knocker.

If you can say a good word, say it
like a prince. If you are full of bile,
and disposed to say something mean,
keep your mouth shut. Don't be a
knocker. No man ever made a dollar
by knockin'. Nobody ever got rich
or happy, mindin' everybod's busi-
ness but his own. No man ever help-
ed himself up permanently by knock-
in' his neighbors down. Give us a
kind word; give it liberally. It won't
cost you a cent, and you may want one
yourself some day. You may have
thousands to-day, and next year be
without the price of a shave. So
don't be a knocker. You can't afford
it. It won't pay. There's nothin' in
it. If you want to throw something at
somebody, throw oleags or roses—
don't throw bricks or mud! Don't
be a knocker. If you must kick, go
around behind the bars, and take a
good kick at yourself. Fer, if you
feel that way, you're the man that
needs kickin'. But, whatever you do,
don't be a knocker!—The Pythian
Voice.

Gems from Jean Paul Richter.
Life is a beautiful night in which as
one star goes down another rises.
Every virtuous and wise being is in
himself a proof of immortality.
We carry and look up a heaven of
starry light within our breasts.
That tenderest, kindest angel of the

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure
cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food
against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest
menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

last hour, whom we harshly call death.

The stars burn as altar lights in the
great temple of the night.

Fate manages poets as men do sing-
ing birds. We shroud the cage of the
singer and make it dark, until at
length he has caught the fuses, and
can sing them rightly.

The grandest of heroic deeds are
those performed within the four walls
and in domestic privacy.

No joy in nature is so sublimely af-
fected as that of a mother over the
good fortune of a child.

Curious Facts About the Toad.

The toad lives 10 to 40 years, does
not begin to produce young until the
fourth year, but then lays over 1000
eggs a year. It has lived two years
without food, but cannot live long
without water. It never takes dead or
motionless food. It takes its food by
means of its tongue alone, and it oper-
ates this so rapidly that the eye cannot
follow its motion. It captures and
devours bees, wasps, yellowjackets,
ants, beetles, worms, spiders, snails,
bugs, grasshoppers, crickets, weevils,
caterpillars, moths, etc. The stomach
that doesn't flush at yellowjackets,
wasps, blister beetles or pinch bugs
would seem to be prepared for any-
thing in the insect line, and it doubt-
less is. In 24 hours the toad can
summers enough food to fill its stomach
four times. A single toad will in
three months devour 10,000 insects.
If every 10 of these would have done
one cent damage, the toad has saved
ten dollars. Evidently the toad is a
valuable friend to the farmer, gardener
and fruit grower. And can be made
especially useful in the greenhouse,
garden and berry patch.—Galveston
News.

A Juvenile on "Politics."

A Georgia boy's composition on
"The Lull in Politics" is interesting
reading:

"Pa says politics is quiet 'ces he
quit runnin'. But ma says he quit
'ces he got tired an' the office didn't
offer him any chair to rest in. Pa
has been runnin' fer office ever since he
was born. He was once in congress
for a whole night—the janitor forgot
him and locked him up. When he
gits beat fer one thing he runs fer
another, and when he gits beat fer that
he comes home an' finds fault with the
family. Ma says pa talks through his
hat, an' I reckon it's so—'ces it's
got a good many holes in it."—At-
lanta Constitution.

"A point upon which I am stren-
uous," remarked the man who is the
father of two little lads, both under ten,
"is that my boys shall invariably when
in conversation repeat the name of the
person whom they may be addressing.
'Yes, Mrs. Jones.' 'No, Mr. Smith.'
'Good morning, Miss Helen.'—his for-
mula goes on indefinitely with them. I
train them to do this not so much be-
cause of the courtesy and good form of
the practice as because of my keen sense
of the commercial value of the habit to
them in later life. A handiwork of my
business life has been my inability to re-
call names, and it is one that I think
might have been prevented if I had been
carefully trained in my childhood. A
quick and subtle compliment is conveyed
in addressing a person promptly by
name. The ability to do this can un-
doubtedly be cultivated. I shall try
very hard to put my sons in a way to
secure it."

A CARD.

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree
to refund the money on a twenty-five
cent bottle of Dr. Will's English Pills, if
after using three-fourths of contents of
bottle, they do not relieve Constipation
and Headache. I also warrant that
four bottles will permanently cure the
most obstinate case of Constipation.
Satisfaction or no pay when Will's Eng-
lish Pills are used.
GEORGE V. RAND, Druggist, Wolf-
ville, N. S.