

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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THE ACADIAN.

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

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Churches—
BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. Hugh E. Betch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.; B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:45, 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 of each month at 7:30 p. m. All seats free. Visitors at the doors to welcome strangers.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E. Douke, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 1 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenbank, 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. Sabbath school at 10 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, Warden.
Geo. A. East.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11 o'clock the fourth 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 OF THE SOCIETY 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 3:30 o'clock.

FOREIGNERS.
Court Commission, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 7:30 p. m.

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This stamp, your own name, by the *Acadian*, is a fine thing to have. It is for printing cards, making business cards, and for other purposes. It is a fine thing to have. It is for printing cards, making business cards, and for other purposes. It is a fine thing to have.

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

WOLFVILLE, March 11th, 1897.

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Steam Laundry
HALIFAX, N. S.
"THE BEST."

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TOO MUCH STOCK! TOO LITTLE CASH!

A \$1,000 Worth of Stock

TO BE SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

ONE MONTH ONLY.

Ladies' Blouse Silks 26c per yard, and Ladies' Oxford Suitings, Covert Coatings and Beavers all going at Cost. Ladies' Dress Trimmings, Linings, etc., at Cost.

We will Cut and Fit Ladies' Jackets and Dresses at Half Price.

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All Wool Tweeds for 25c, 26c, 32c per yd. and up. We have a fine Line of Pantings for 25c and up, all Wool.

A fine piece of English Worsted for \$1.43 per yard, double width, regular price \$2.00.

See Our Window. This Sale for One Month Only.

All Gentlemen's Suits or Pants cut at Half Price. Special prices for trimmings.

Come and see what we can do.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,

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(Doz'n different grades of Skates.)

Alabaster, Ream Sectors, Meat Choppers, Shovels, Forks, Cow Ties, Steel Traps, Guns, Glass, Putty, Chisels, Spence, Coal Hods, Wash Tubs, Pails, Soap by the Box, Carpenters Tools, Nails, Sole Leather, Wall Papers, Brushes.

The Passing Year.

Say, my friends, a moment stay—
Say, for the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here!
Oh, stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away!

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his wares,
And shall we turn from where he stands
Because he gives no more?
Oh, stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour, and then away!

Even while we sing, he smiles his last
And leaves our sphere behind;
The good old year is with the past—
Oh, be the new as kind!
Oh, stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away!

—William O'Brien Bryant.

A SMUGGLING YARN.

A NEW YEAR'S ADVENTURE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

The Canadian revenue cutter Dominion anchored obediently up and down the north coast of Anticosti, peering in ice covered bays into every bay and crevice along the coast as she went. It was New Year's day and bitterly cold

making up the gulf for Ste. Anne des Monts with 60 barrels of French brandy on board.

"Never felt over raw, benumbing, paralyzing cold. For three days our search for smugglers had been fruitless. In fact, no kind of craft cared to pass either up or down the gulf in such weather."

It was on the afternoon of New Year's day that a fishing smack ran up alongside and reported that a black tug with a red funnel had been seen coming up the gulf. So we slipped away from Anticosti and went churning westward for the south mainland.

Revenue cutters are not made for loafing, and the *Dominion* was making her 15 knots an hour until a fog blew up the gulf and caused us to shut down to quarter speed.

We were shivering on deck in that great white gulf fog late in the afternoon, when from the southwest we heard the sudden report of a signal gun. This was followed by three short blasts of a siren. The *Dominion* sped ahead under full steam, and we forgot the cold. Two men stood in the bow and strained their eyes through the white mist that hung over us like a blanket.

Ten minutes later the lookout cried, "Open boat ahead!" Under our bows 20 feet ahead a small boat tossed up and down on the waves.

"Port! Hard port!" cried the captain. Before the wheelman could swing her round and stop the engines we had swept past the tiny craft. The one man in the boat dropped his oars and lightly waved his hand to us as we lunged past and lost him in the fog. He certainly was not trying to escape.

We lay to, and in a couple of minutes the boat pulled up alongside.

The crew of the boat consisted of a Frenchman, with twinkling black eyes and a turned-up nose. He doffed his heavy coonskin cap with great grace as he stepped on deck and bowed.

"Ah, m'sieur, it is the first of the good year. Permit me to wish you all m'sieurs, the compliments of the season." Again the little man bowed, smiled and showed a row of good white teeth. He spoke English with astounding fluency for a habitant.

Our captain returned his salutation. "What is your name, sir, and your ship?" he asked.

"Ah, my name! Pardon me, m'sieurs. It is Pierre Baptiste Delorme. It is Ste. Anne des Monts. What do you call him—pilot, fisherman, trapper, m'sieur, and lumberman?"

Again the cheerful little man bowed. The captain started at the name and took a letter from his breast pocket. He went up to the little Frenchman.

"And smuggler, Pierre Baptiste Delorme," said the captain. The idea was absurd. The little fellow laughed uproariously, took a flask from his coonskin coat pocket, and gallantly passed it around. It was filled with fine French brandy.

"Ah, no, m'sieurs," he said, taking a deep drink, "I have my wife and the little Pierre and Baptiste at home, and fishing is better than this." He pointed toward the three pound gun.

Once more through the fog the signal gun sounded, followed by the whistle.

"What ship is that?" asked the captain.

"Oh, that is the *Rosalie L.*, m'sieur, with codfish for Three Rivers."

"Codfish!" said the captain. "And what is the gun for?"

The little man shrugged his shoulders.

"The fog is very thick, m'sieur."

The captain went to the wheel. "Do you know these waters well, M. Delorme?"

"Know them!" A smile spread over the Frenchman's bearded lips. Yes, m'sieur, from a boy."

"Andrew, give this gentleman the wheel," said the captain. "He shall take us to the *Rosalie L.* at once. I want to look over that codfish." The captain threw open his bearskin coat and showed his uniform. "On her majesty's service!" he added, significantly.

The little Frenchman again shrugged his shoulders, then laughed. "With pleasure, m'sieur!" He stepped lightly into the pilothouse and spun round the wheel with airy confidence. The captain stood beside him watching.

"Aren't you running her a few points off on the south?" he asked, studying the chart.

The Frenchman laughed uneasily. "M'sieur, I was born on these waters," he said simply.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

But M. Pierre was not to be seen. We rushed to the stern where the little dory had been tied only to hear the sound of his oars as he slipped away through the night.

"Halt!" challenged the captain. "Halt there, or we fire!"

A rifle shot or two rang out on the cold night air. Then a m-cking voice came back across the water, "Au revoir, m'sieurs, and a happy New Year to you all!" And the smoothest little smuggler on the St. Lawrence slipped away in the darkness.—Arthur J. Stringer.

Turning Over New Leaves.

A RELIC OF OLD TIME SWEETNESS IN THOUSANDS OF CHARACTERS.

Think of it! All the rush, the preparation and the almost childish excitement, and all the old lessons, the part for 365 days, and the whole thing will be gone through with again, and we will be as interested as ever, as eager as ever and as behindhand and hurried as ever. Just as the joy of the times never grows old to us, so we never learn from the past experience to be ready next year.

It is not a custom to make resolutions on New Year's, properly speaking. It is simply human nature. We make each Monday morning a sort of new week stand from which we drop of which we have no memory by Wednesday. It is our natural impulse to decide how a new hour, or gown, or rug shall escape the fate of its predecessors. This one shall go as it has been started. It shall stay fresh. It is not necessary that the leaves be dog-eared, the little rent torn, the ugly spots trodden in or the gray spattered. No, it is not necessary, but it will happen, and the new becomes the old, and so the world goes on.

Why is it? Why can we not make a change when we really want to? Why cannot you who speak so loudly lower your voice, and you who delight in slandering, know it and disapprove it? Why cannot you study when you should, get up at the right time, refrain from spending money you should not? Why?

There is a very popular idea that on New Year's day every one is busy paving the highway with determination for the new, clean start, but this is a mistake. There is a most amusing, or pitiful, if you will, array of workers all busily absorbed in paving, but there is also a large, unmade and also pitiful crowd of onlookers. They are the old, experienced hands at the work. They know that the road is a quicksand and that the best laid stones will sink out of sight in a week or, at most, a month, and be lost. They are the blue old hands who make no resolutions on the 1st of January, and who find their fun in watching those who still struggle.

There is a curious fact about these two groups. The line of demarcation is not that of age. The class to which a man belongs can be read only in his face and in his voice. The workers are absorbed and eager. They have faith that with energy they will succeed.

"Guiltily or not guiltily!" asked a Dutch justice.

"Not guiltily."

"Des' you vant here? Go about your plainness."

A man of short stature gave as a reason for his stunted growth that he was brought up as a child on condensed milk.

Perhaps it will be unwise to take a set fault and struggle against it, but most of us have such a wide election possible that the choice may fall on something that we really hate, and if we put our nineteenth century vigor to work we may kill the habit before the twentieth dawn.—Boston Herald.

Saved a Life.

Erysipelas and Impure Blood—Were Doing Their Deadly

Paine's Celery Compound Gives Mrs. Gallagher a New Lease of Life.

Exposure to cold, indigestion and dyspepsia, debility, impure blood, run-down system, living in badly ventilated rooms and poor surrounding hygienic conditions, are all causes of erysipelas. It will afford comfort to thousands to know that, with ordinary care and the use of Paine's Celery Compound, the many dangers of erysipelas can be entirely avoided. When any of the symptoms above are noted, promptness in the use of Paine's Celery Compound will quickly banish all dangers.

If, unfortunately, you are subject to the disease and have not used Dr. Paine's great prescription, we say, with a desire for your welfare, give Paine's Celery Compound an instant trial, so that you may be able to fully judge of its worth.

Mrs. John Gallagher, Marbleton, P. Q., one of the many saved from death by Paine's Celery Compound, writes as follows:

"In the winter of 1897 I had a severe attack of erysipelas. At the same time my blood was out of order, I was completely run-down and so weak that I could not stand alone. I commenced at once to use your Paine's Celery Compound, and after taking five bottles I was greatly benefited, and seemed to take a new lease of life. I know from experience that Paine's Celery Compound is a great purifier of all blood purifiers. I keep some of the Compound at all times in my home, and use it as a family medicine."

C.—That little girl over there borrowed a face to come to our party to-night.

T.—What makes you think that?

C.—I heard mamma say she had her father's eyes and her mother's nose and chin.

"Guiltily or not guiltily!" asked a Dutch justice.

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Until Dec. 31st off the largest and most complete stock of

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