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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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on trancient 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.

Newsy 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 comunication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

Address all comunications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

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 10 00 a. m.

Express east close at 4 00 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. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7.30 p m; Sunday School at 2 30 p m. B. Y. P. U. Service of Song and prayer-meeting, 6.30 to 7.30 p m. Sacred Literature Class on Tuesday evening 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. Ushers at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2.30 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. Chalmer's 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 Hiele, 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 Greenwich, 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 1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Storis, } Wardens.
S. J. Rutherford, }

ST FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev Mr Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a m 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 7½ o'clock p. m.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. 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.

A STIRRING STORY—The beautiful Life of Frances Willard, by Anna A. Gordon, for 21 years her private secretary. Introduction by Lady Henry Somerset. The only authorized life story with Tributes by Frances E. Clark, president Christian Endeavor Society; Margaret Bottome, president King's Daughters; Dr. Parkhurst, Moody, Mrs Stevens, president W. C. T. U.; Bishop Vincent, Canon Wilberforce and a score of other celebrities. The only book authorized by the Women's Christian Temperance Union. It will be fully illustrated. No one can afford to miss the inspiration of this stirring story. The Earle Publishing Company of St. John will supply agents with prospectus copy and complete outfit to take orders for fifty cents. There will be no other authorized memorial volume and the work will be sold only by subscription. Price, cloth $2.00; half Morocco $2.75; full Morocco $3.75. Agent will please mention this paper.

WANTED: Farmers' sons and other industrious persons of fair education to whom $60 a month would be an inducement. I could also engage a few ladies at their own homes.

T. H. LINSCOTT,
TORONTO.

SOME OF

OUR SPRING GOODS!

HAVE ARRIVED,

AND MORE TO COME!

It is as STYLISH an 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 Waiste	3.75
" " Skirt	3.75
" Evening Dresses	from 7.00
" Muslin 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 White.

FOR SALE BY

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,
WOLFVILLE.

Wah Hop,

CHINESE LAUNDRY,

Wolfville, N. S.

☞ First-class Work Guaranteed.

LOOK!

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

Crystal Palace Block!

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. 11

FIT,
STYLE,
MAKE,
UP TO DATE.

FINE TAILORING.

TWEEDS,
WORSTEDS,
OVERCOATINGS.

N. L. McDONALD,

"Acadia Corner,"

98 Water St., Halifax, N. S.

Change in Business.

Having purchased the Meat Business recently carried on by Mr O. L. Eagles, the subscriber will be prepared to supply customers with the best of everything in his line. My teams will be in Wolfville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week.

T. M. DAVIDSON.

Dec. 9th, 1897.

POETRY.

Seeds.

Broadcast over the world we sow,
Seeds of evil, seeds of good,
Weak and powerful, high and low,
Linked in human brotherhood.
What we scatter we never know;
Out of small things cometh great;
Weeds spring up and daffodills blow,
Harvests ripen early and late.

Sown in gladness, or sown in pain,
Frailest seedings strike firm root,
Quick to vigor and growth attain,
Bearing sweet or bitter fruit.
Never one do we drop in vain,
Each, recorded, angels keep,
Softly counting the loss or gain
Men therefrom will some time reap.

Drones or workers in life's bee-hive—
All we do or leave undone,
Duties that for fulfilment strive,
Things imperfect, just begun,
Seed-like, after us still survive.
Woe to careless hand or heart!
Weeds and thistles the swiftest thrive.
Rarest buds are slow to start.

Nob'e action, or word, or thought,
Helps another to the light,
Guides him into the path he sought,
Teaches what is best and right.
Work in secret and silence wrought,
Foolish words unthinking said,
Each with blessings or curses fraught,
Influence eternal shed.

Broadcast over the world we sow
Seeds of evil, seeds of good,
Heedless trample, and grind them low,
Life's true aim misunderstood.
What we scatter we never know;
Out of small things cometh great;
Weeds spring up, and daffodils blow,
Nature's law inviolate.

SELECT STORY.

Elder Fowler's Drive.

Elder Fowler was one of the biggest lumbermen on the Castaway stream. Early in the fall he had put in a large crew of men, the winter had been favorable, so when spring came, his booms were the largest in three counties.

As the days lengthened and spring drew on, there was one thought that gave Elder Fowler considerable concern. It was this: his booms were a long distance up a bad stream. The Castaway had always had the name of being one of the hardest streams in the province to drive. Old lumbermen said they had seen more drives "hung up" on the Castaway than on any two other streams in Queen's County. They said, too, the man who named the stream had named it well.

One evening towards the first of April, Elder Fowler and John Thompson, one of the older men of the crew and for sixteen years head chopper, stood on the ice of the stream in front of the booms. The lumber had been skidded, and the logs rose perpendicularly tier on tier to the height of almost forty feet. Of the booms, there were five. As the two men stood that [illegible] looking up, it seemed that a evening too[illegible] the wall of wood line, so upright was [illegible] of the dropped over the outer edge [illegible] boom, would touch every log clear down to those embedded in the ice of the stream.

"It's a big bunch o' stuff," Elder Fowler said, "an' I only hope we'll have water enough to get it all out. John, what d'ye think o' that dam ye built above; is it goin' to help us much?"

"The dam'll raise a head o' six feet," John answered; "but," he went on slowly, "it's goin' to take more'n a dam to put that stuff in the main stream. It's goin' to take rain."

He put particular emphasis on his last word. The two men stood for a few moments in silence. The water gurgled and swirled under the ice at their feet; a woodpecker flew over from the other side of the stream, and drummed vigorously for a time on the topmost log of the boom in front of which they stood.

"That's true, John," Elder Fowler said, "it is; an' no sprinkling either. But let's go to the camp; it's sundown now, an' it'll be 'mo-t dark 'fore we get in."

The two men climbed up the bank of the stream through snow and bushes and were soon on the main road to the camp. The day had been warm, and the sun had told considerable on the hauling road. But two more days' work with the teams, would transfer the last logs from the yard to the stream. Then, if the teamsters were right in their counts, there would be over six thousand pieces on the five booms.

"You've known hung-up logs to be turnt in this stream, I've heard ye say, John. D'ye min' how many an' when?"

"It's sixteen year comin' August. I seen fourteen hundred pieces o' as fine spruce as ye ever looked at, burnt to a cinder not more'n eight miles below here. We'd put most o' them in the stream, but they'd jammed an' piled. 'Long in July it got dry, an' it kep' gettin' drier an' drier till 'bout the middle o' August, when a fire broke out over on the East Branch. It run across through the ol' works to the Tongue o' Land, where we'd hung up the stuff the last o' May. Well, that fire burnt them logs—the water'd got low, ye know, with the long dry spell—to the very bed o' the stream, an' then I declare if it didn't cross an' go up an' burn what we'd left on the boom."

Elder Fowler said nothing. He was a man o' the woods, and he knew well what John said was true. From sixteen to sixty—he was that now—he had lumbered; and he had often known of hung-up lumber being burned in the stream. More than once he had suffered loss himself.

As a rule the average lumberman stakes his farm away down on the lakes, on the result of the operation he runs during the winter some thirty miles or so up one of the many streams that run through the lumber sections. If he has good luck, kills no horses has the right depth of snow in the winter and good driving in the spring, [illegible] all probability he'll make a snug [illegible] money; but if things don't go [illegible] sum of m[illegible] if the drive be long right, especially [illegible] out of ten, the [illegible] and hard, in nine cases o[illegible] lumberman, instead of making m[illegible] makes a debt. For the drive to "stick," is almost sure ruin. That breaks the contract with the mill owners down in the city, spoils the sale of the logs in case they do happen to escape burning in the stream or on the boom and come out with next spring's freshet, and generally means that the lumberman must mortgage his farm to pay his wage and supply bills. He has to do this for certain, in case the lumber is entirely lost.

It was the thought of what might be, that came to Elder Fowler that night as he went towards the camp. He had found in summing up that his expenses for the winter were well up to three thousand dollars. His contract expired the last of July; before that he must have his lumber out, rafted, and in the booms down on the Bay of Fundy.

The two men got to the camp. The others were at supper. In less than an hour most of the crew had slid one after another into the berth, and were sleeping—audibly.

The spring came slowly. The warm days brought out the gray heaths and "burnt lands," but had little effect on the snow in the woods. In the afternoons the little streams flowed faster and made a louder noise each day, while here and there long rifts began to show in the ice of the Castaway itself.

In six or seven days from this the stream was clear. There had been no rain, but the ice had yielded to the sun, and run out with a rush. It was not till after this that Elder Fowler and his Castaway crew began to think seriously of driving. The day after the ice ran, the lower boom was broken. But it was only the smaller logs that floated; even these seldom went far. They ground or rolled over the rocks for a short distance, and then almost invariably swung around and hung up on some bar or boulder, where the water was shallower than at the foot of the boom. And almost every log that stopped in this way made a jam. In places there were five or six hundred pieces on a single rock. With the force of what water there was, they piled and criss-crossed and interwove so that it often took ten men and a rush from the dam to break a single jam.

Things went on in this way for some seven or eight days. It kept fine and warm, and by working hard in the afternoons when the water was best, more than a thousand pieces had been worked down six or seven miles. Every man on the Castaway had a theory of his own as to when it was going to rain. But it was not until one Friday night that all agreed. That afternoon the sky had showed a gray, ridgy appearance, and towards night the wind blew stiffly up the stream from the south west. It was "goin' to rain, sure," as more than one of the crew said that night on the way to the camp.

And rain it did. But not till noon of Saturday. By four o'clock the stream had risen three inches; by dark, it was bank high.

It was not till work had been stopped that night that Elder Fowler or his crew cast there thoughts on towards to-morrow. Without doubt, the spring had been hard. This was the first rain, and in all probability would be the last one. One day's work with good driving would put the stuff into safe water.

No man in the county stood higher in the estimation of his crew and community than the owner of the big Castaway drive. He was ruling Elder in the little Presbyterian church away down on the lake. He was nothing, if not honest. As a lumberman, there were two things against which Elder Fowler had always set his face. They were,—swearing, and driving logs on Sunday.

In regard to the latter it may be said few lumbermen took such high moral ground as Elder Fowler. To perhaps nine out of ten lumbermen, it would have seemed an awful violation of the moral law to haul logs on Sunday, but to drive them, especially when there was danger of their hanging up—well, that was different. The good Elder had been tried on several occasions, and had always come forth as gold. But it occurred to some of the crew as they went towards the [illegible] Saturday night that the [illegible] Elder's character [illegible] camp th[illegible] [illegible]larly strong; coming trial of th[illegible] weak was going to be partic[illegible] Would to-morrow's test prove a [illegible] ing one? That is to be seen.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Mental Laziness.

It is considered a disgrace to be lazy. He who is too indolent to work for his own living becomes a by-word or reproach. But there is a very common form of laziness which is not always noticed; it is that of the mind. We first become conscious of it in our young days when we "don't feel like study." We dawdle over the book with our thoughts half asleep, and as a result give a fine exhibition of stupidity in the recitation room. This sort of indulgence in youth is very dangerous, and it becomes a habit, and the mind grows rusty and dull in the very prime of life, when it should be at its best. On the heels of this form of laziness comes another bad habit—that of intellectual loafing. What loafing is in the common sense we all know; it is hanging about with no definite aim or purpose, idling away the time without profit. Well, there is mental loafing as well, and it is known in the dictionary as "reverie." It is a dreamy state of the mind when the thoughts go wool gathering. This habit, so common to young people, is fatal to mental growth; many a promising youth is ruined by over-indulgence in it. It wastes time and enfeebles the mental powers. It is really a form of laziness, and it should be sternly corrected on the outset. The action of the mind should be kept under control. When the thoughts begin to wander it is time to whip them into order. A resolute will will do it.

Growth of Character.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on, ready made, with womanhood or manhood; but, day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot—I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

To Use Old Paper.

Some clever women have discovered the best way of utilizing the old newspapers with which every woman finds her house so overcrowded in these days. The one, a mother, who has children in the nursery, utilizes them for a little extra fire in the grate for her children to dress or undress by in the morning and evening. She tears the papers in pieces, twists them into tight rolls, in which form they burn more slowly than if open, and give all the heat that is needed.

Another woman gives her papers to a poor woman, who, without them, might suffer from cold. She uses them twisted in the same way, and with them she can do much toward keeping a room warm. It is a subject worth considering. One objection by the housewife will be that papers make the most undesirable kind of ashes—thin black films which it is almost impossible to control and keep from floating around the room and settling to leave [illegible] of black soot.

[illegible] old story of a mar[illegible] announced in [illegible] circum[illegible] general whose death w[illegible] a newspaper by mistake—[illegible] stance which annoyed him very m[illegible] He called on the editor and demanded that a contradiction should be inserted in the next issue.

"That, general," was the editor's reply, "is quite out of the question. We never apologize and we never withdraw a statement, but I tell you what we'll do for you. We'll put you in the 'Births' next week."

Walked the Floor

Night After Night in Agony.

Intense Physical Sufferings From Neuralgia in Head and Face.

Disappointed So Long by Doctors and Medicines, Mrs Jackson Thought There Was No Hope for Her.

A KIND NEIGHBOR RECOMMENDS PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND THE MATCHLESS SPRING MEDICINE.

It Was Commenced With a Small Degree of Faith.

Now There is Joy, Thankfulness and Gratitude for a Marvellous Cure.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

SIRS:—I suffered intensely with neuralgia in my head and face, and was in such a condition that I could not rest day or night for two and a half years. I was treated by different doctors and used their medicines and sometimes got a little relief, but the pain would come back as bad as ever. I walked the floor night after night and thought I would go crazy. A neighbor, knowing my condition of suffering, asked me if I had tried Paine's Celery Compound. I said "No, I have no faith in anything now, as I have tried so many medicines and they have not done me any good. However, I decided to try one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and it gave such good results I continued until I had used six bottles and was cured. I can never cease to express my gratitude for the great good I received from Paine's Celery Compound.

Yours truly,
MRS THOS. JACKSON,
50 McGEE St. Toronto.