

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1895.

No. 8.

Vol. XV.

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
at every insertion, unless by special ar-
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be made known on application to the
office, and payment for 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 long as it is in business.

Newspapers from all parts
of the country, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
names of the party writing for the Acadian
must invariably accompany the contribu-
tion, although the same may be written
under a fictitious signature.

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

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3. The courts have decided that refus-
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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Orders Home, \$9.00 a year, \$5.00 a 6 m.

Half a year, \$4.50 a 6 m.

Express west close at 9.50 a. m.

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Keenlyville close at 6.45 p. m.

Geo. V. HARD, 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 9.30 a. m.

Half hour prayer meeting after evening
service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on
Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7.30.
Sons free; all are welcome. Strangers
will be cared for by
Cousin W. BASSON, {Tabernacle
A. 227 Bazaar.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. J. Fraser,
Pastor. Public Worship every Sunday
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School
at 10 a. 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. Sabbath School at 10
a. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer
meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Thursdays.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Joseph
Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School
at 10 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on
Wednesday evening at 7.30. All the
ways are free and strangers welcomed at
all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching
at 11 a. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer
meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Thursdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion
at 11 a. m. on the 2d, 4th and 5th at
7 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30
p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, {Wardens
S. J. Rutherford, }

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
F. S.—Mass 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 o'clock p. m.
F. A. DIXON, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, of F. M. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets
every Saturday evening in Temperance
Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 2 o'clock.

THRESHER FOR SALE.

1 No. 1 Little Giant Thresher and
Cleaner in use part of two seasons, in
thorough repair, sold cheap for cash or
on easy terms. Apply to
F. J. FAULKNER, AGENT,
Grand Pre,
or to R. L. FULLER,
30—2mos. Wolfville.

Money to Loan

On Good Land Security!

Apply to
E. S. CRAWLEY,
Solicitor,
Wolfville, N. S., 224, 1894.

U don't hav 2 go
2 Halifax 2 get
clothes. But if U
want them made 2
fit, wear,
and give you a gentlemanly appear-
ance, go to
N. L. McDONALD,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Upper Water St.,
Halifax, N. S. 32

YOU CAN'T GO TO SLEEP
IN CHURCH
IF YOU'VE GOT
A BAD COUGH.

A quick
Pleasant
Cure
for An
obstinate
Cough, Cold
Hoarseness
or
Bronchitis

PYNY PECTORAL
Big Bottle 25¢

Kline Granite Works.

THE PROPRIETOR of these works is
now prepared to supply
Rough & Dressed Granite
—AND—
Light Blue Granite,
SUITABLE FOR
MONUMENTAL WORK!

The Blue Granite comes from his
Quarry at Nictaux, and its quality is
highly endorsed by the Geological De-
partment at Ottawa.
Estimates given and orders filled for
all classes of

DRESSED GRANITE.

JOHN KLINE,
NORTH AND OXFORD STREETS,
HALIFAX.

THE ART OF CURING
SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
PAINS IN BACK OR SIDE
ON ANY MUSCULAR PART
LIES IN USING
MENTHOL PLASTER

White Sewing Machine Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Thomas Organs
—FOR SALE BY—
Howard Pinoe,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
N. B. Machine Needles and Oil
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

KARL'S
ROOT
CURES CONSTIPATION
INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS,
RHEUMATISM, COLIC, BRUISES,
BURNS, SCALDS, WINDING COLIC.

SHILOH'S CURE.
From Great Coxon, Great Coxon, Great Coxon,
wherever you find it. For Constipation it has
no rival; has cured thousands, and will cure
any good. Price 10 cts. Sold by Druggists.

H. H. HARRISON, JAR. HARRISON
TELEPHONE NO. 643

Harrison Bros.
Agents for
Canada Stained Glass Works.
Dealers in Sand-out, Embossed, Beut
and Bevelled Glass, Mirror
Plates, Etc.

Plain and Artistic Painters, Importers
of Wall Paper and Decora-
tions. 31
Showrooms: 54 Barrington Street,
Halifax, N. S.

POETRY.

When to be Happy.

Why do we cling to the skirts of sorrow,
Why do we cloud with care the brow?
Why do we wait for a glad to-morrow,
Why not be glad the precious now?

Eden is yours! Would you dwell within
it?
Change men's grief to a gracious smile,
And thus have heaven here this minute
And not far off in the afterwhile.

Life, at most, is a fleeting bubble,
Gone with the puff of an angry
breath.

Why should the dim hereafter trouble
Sons this side of the gates of death?
The crown is yours! Would you care to
win it?

Plant a song in the hearts that sigh,
And thus have heaven here this minute
And not far off in the by-and-by.

Find the soul's high place of beauty,
Not in a man-made book of creed,
But where desire enables duty,
And life is full of your kindly deeds.

The bliss is yours! Would you fain be-
gin it?
Pave with love each golden mile,
And thus have heaven here this minute
And not far off in the afterwhile.

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MRADE.

CHAPTER LII.
TWO YEARS AFTER.

Augusta Wyndham was pacing up
and down the broad gravel walk which
ran down the centre of the rectory
garden in a state of great excitement.

She was walking quickly, her hands
clapped loosely before her, her tall
rather angular figure drawn up to its
full height, her bright black-eyes alert
and watchful in their expression.

"Now, if only they are not interrupt-
ed," she said, "if only I can keep
people from going near the rose-walk,
he'll do it—I know he'll do it—I saw
it in his eyes when he came up and
asked me where Lillias was. He hasn't
been here for six months, and I had
given up all hope; but hope has revived
to-day—hope springs eternal in the
human breast. Tra la, la—la, la. Now,
Gerry, boy, what do you want?"

A sturdy little fellow in a sailor suit
stood for a moment in the porch of the
old rectory, then ran with a gleeful
shout down the gravel walk towards
Augusta. She held out her arms to
determine him.

"Well caught, Gerry," she said.
"It isn't well caught," he replied
with an angry flush. "I don't want
to stay with you, Auntie Gussie; I
want to go to my—my own auntie.
Let me pass, please."

"You saucy boy, auntie's busy; you
shall stay with me."

"I won't. I'll best you—I won't
stay."

"If I whisper something to you,
Gerry—something about Auntie Lill,
Now be quiet, mannikin, and let me
say my say. You love Auntie Lill,
don't you?"

"You know that; you do talk more
sense sometimes. I love father in
heaven; and mother, and Auntie Lill."
"And me, you little wretch."

"Sometimes. Let me go to Auntie
Lill now."

"I want to whisper something to
you, Gerry. Auntie Lill is talking to
someone else loves much better than
you or me or anyone else in the world,
and it would be very unkind to inter-
rupt her."

Gerry was sitting on Augusta's
shoulder. From this elevated position
he could catch a glimpse of a certain
gay dress, and a quick flash of chest-
nut hair, as the sun shone on it—that
dress and that hair belonged to Auntie
Lill. It was no matter at all to Gerry
that someone else walked by her side,
that someone was bending his dark
head somewhat close to hers, and that
as he listened her steps faltered and
grew slow.

Gerry's whole soul was wounded by
Augusta's words. His Aunt Lillias
did not love anyone better than him
it was his bounden duty, his first duty
in life, to have such an erroneous state-
ment put right at once.

He put forth all his strength, strug-
gled down from Augusta's shoulders,
and before she was aware of it was
speeding like an arrow from a bow to
his target, Lillias.

"There, now, I give it up," said
Augusta. "Awful child, what mischief
he may be making! Don't I hear his
shrill voice even here! Oh, I give it
up now; I shall go into the house."

The full heat of the sun in July does
not suit me, and if in addition to all
other troubles Lillias is to have a broken
heart, I may as well keep in sufficient
health to nurse her."

Meanwhile Gerry was having a very
comfortable time on Carr's shoulder;
his dark eyes were looking at his Aunt
Lillias, and his little fat hot hand was
clapped in hers.

"Well, he said suddenly, "which is
it?"

"Which is what, Gerry? I don't
understand."

"I think you are stooped, Auntie
Lill. Is it him or me?"

Then he laid his other fat hand on
Carr's forehead.

"Is it him or me?" said Gerry,
"that you love the most of all the
people in the world?"

"It's me, Gerry, it's me," suddenly
said Adrian Carr; "but you come next,
dear little man. Kiss him, Lillias, and
tell him that he comes next."

"Gerald's dear little boy," said
Lillias. She took him in her arms and
pressed her head against his chubby
neck.

"Dear, dear little boy," she said,
"I think you'll always come second."

She looked so solemn when she spoke,
and so beautiful was the light in her
eyes when she raised her face to look
at Gerry, that even her most despoiled
of little mortals, could not but feel
satisfied.

He ran away presently to announce to
all and everyone within reach that
Mr Carr had kissed Auntie Lill like
anything, and the newly-bathed pair
were left alone.

"At last, Lillias," said Carr.
She looked shyly into his face.
"I thought I should never win you,"
he continued. "I have loved you for
years, and I never had courage to tell
you so until to-day."

"And I have loved you for years,"
replied Lillias Wyndham.

"But not best, Lily. Oh, I have
read you like a book. I never came
before Gerald in your heart."

"No," she said, letting go his hand,
and moving a step or two away, so
that she should face him. "I love you
well, beyond all living men, but Gerald
stands alone. His place can never be
filled."

The tears sprang into her eyes and
rolled down her cheeks.

"And I love you better for loving
him so, my darling," answered her
lover. He put his arms round her,
and she laid her head on his breast.

For a long time they paced up and
down the Rose-walk. They had much
to say, much to feel, much to be silent
over. The air was balmy overhead,
and the rose-leaves were tossed by the
light summer breeze against Lillias'
grey dress.

Presently she began to talk of the
past. Carr asked tenderly for Valen-
tine.

"Valentine is so noble," replied her
sister-in-law. "You don't know what
she has been to me since that day when
she and I looked together at Gerald's
dead face. Oh, that day, that dread-
ful day!"

"It is past, Lillias. Think of the
future, the bright future, and he is in
that brightness now."

"I know."

She wiped the tears again from her
eyes. Then she continued in a chang-
ed voice:—

"I will try and forget that day,
which, as you say, is behind Gerald
and me. At the time I could scarcely
think of myself. I was so overcome
with the wonderful brave way in which
Valentine acted. You know her father
died a month afterwards, and she was
so sweet to him. She nursed him day
and night, and did all that woman
could do to comfort and forgive him.
His brain was dreadfully clouded, how-
ever, and he died at last in a state of
unconsciousness. Then Valentine came
out in a new light. She went to the
insurance office and told the whole
story of the fraud that had been
practised on them, and of her husband's
part in it. She told the story in such
a way that hard business men, as most
of these men were, wept. Then she
sold her father's great shipping business,
which had all been left absolutely to
her, and paid back every penny of the
money."

Since then, as you know, she and
Gerry live here. She is really the life

of my old father's life; he and she are
scarcely ever parted. Yes, she is a
noble woman. When I look at her I
say to myself, Gerald, at least, did not
love unworthily."

"Then she is poor now?"

"As the world speaks of poverty she
is poor. Do you think Valentine minds
that? Oh, how little her father under-
stood her when he thought that riches
were essential to her happiness. No
one has simpler tastes than Valentine.

Do you know that she housekeeps now
at the rectory, and we are really much
better off than we used to be. Alack
and alas! Adrian, you ought to know
in time, I am such a bad housekeeper."

Lillias laughed quite merrily as she
spoke, and Carr's dark face glowed.

"It is a bargain," he said, "that I
take you with your faults and don't
reproach you with them. And what
has become of that fine creature,
Esther Helps?" he asked presently.

"She works in East London, and
comes here for her holidays. Some-
times I think Valentine loves Esther
Helps better than anyone in the world
after Gerry."

"That is scarcely to be wondered at,
is it?"

Just then their conversation was in-
terrupted by some gleeful shouts, and
the four little girls, no longer so very
small, came flying round the corner in
hot pursuit of Gerry.

"Here they are!" exclaimed the small
tyrant, gazing round at his devoted
subjects, and pointing with a lofty and
condescending air to Adrian and Lillias.

"Here they are!" he said, "and I expect
they'll do it again if we ask them."

"Do what again?" asked Lillias in-
quisitively.

"Why, kiss one another," replied
Gerry. "I saw you do it, so don't tell
stories. Joan and Betty they wouldn't
believe me. Please do it again, please
do. Mr Carr, please kiss Auntie Lill
again."

"Oh, no, Gerry," replied Lillias.
She tried to turn away, but Carr went
up to her gravely, and he kissed her
brow.

"There's nothing in it," he contin-
ued, looking round at the astounded
little girls. "We are going to be hus-
band and wife in a week or two, and
husbands and wives always kiss one
another."

"Then I was right," said Betty.
Joan and Rosie wouldn't believe me,
but I was right after all. I am glad
of that."

"I believed you, Betty. I always
believed you," said Violet.

"Well, perhaps you did. The
others didn't. I'm glad I was right."

"How were you right, Betty?" asked
Carr.

"Oh, don't ask her, Adrian. Let us
come into the house," interrupted
Lillias.

"Yes, we'll come into the house, of
course. But I should like to know
how Betty was right."

"Why you wanted to kiss her years
ago. I know it, and I said it. Didn't
you, now?"

"Speak the truth," suddenly com-
manded Gerry.

"Yes, I did," replied Carr.

When Adrian Carr left the rectory
that evening he had to walk down the
dusty road which led straight past the
church and the little village school-
house to the railway station. This
road was full of associations to him,
and he walked slowly, thinking of past
scenes, thanking God for his present
blessings.

"It was here, by the trustful, I first
saw Lillias," he said to himself. "She
and Marjory were standing together,
and she came forward and looked at
me, and asked me if Mr Carr. She
of hers if I were not her brother, whom
I just barely knew. It was a fleeting
likeness, seen more at first than after-
wards."

"Here, by this little old school-house,
the villagers stood and rejoiced the last
day Gerald came home. Poor Wynd-
ham—most blessed and most miserable
of men. Well, he is at rest now, and
even here I see the cross which throws
a shadow over his grave."

Carr looked at his watch. There
was time. He entered the little
churchyard. A green mound, a white
cross, several wreaths of flowers, mark-
ed the spot where one who had been
much loved in life lay until the resur-
rection. The cross was so placed as to
bead slightly over the grave as though
to protect it. It bore a very brief in-
scription:—

IN PRÆCE.
GERALD WYNDHAM.
AGED 27.

THE END.

Ayer's Hair Vigor invigorates the
scalp; cures dandruff and itching;
elegant dressing.

Little Things of Life.

Why is it that we so easily forget
that the little things of life are what
makes it easy or hard? A few pleasant
words, a warm hand clasp, a cordial
letter, are simple things, but they are
mighty in their influence on the lives
of those about us, adding a ray of hope
to many disconsolate hearts, giving a
bit of courage to disappointed, weary
ones and helping to make our own lives
sweeter at the same time. Few people
realize how much the little attentions
of everyday life mean to their associa-
tions in the home, the church, the busi-
ness place. It is generally a lack of
consideration which makes one forget
the tiny pleasures, but lack of con-
sideration is really one form of selfish-
ness, and selfishness is not considered
a desirable quality. Remember that
the little things in life, either good or
bad, count for more with those we love
than we ever knew, and we should be
watchful in our actions and our words.

Putting up Pumpkins.

Pumpkins can be canned or dried.

To can, fill the cans with the stewed
and sifted pumpkin, cook 20 minutes
in a kettle of water and seal. To dry,
slice the pumpkin down as dry as pos-
sible, so dry that when stirred away
from the bottom of the kettle water
will not gather. When cool, sift and
spread on plates, one-fourth of an inch
thick. Place around the stove. When
the top has dried a little, take a knife
and turn the pumpkin over, breaking
in small pieces. Care must be taken
that it does not get too dry or it will
stick to the plates. Then finish drying
and pack in stout bags. So use, take
one-third of a teaspoonful of the dried
pumpkin and soak over night in a cup
of milk. In the morning put on the
beak of the stove to warm and mash
the lumps out. Add more milk and
heat hot; one egg beaten with three
tablespoons of sugar, one-fourth tea-
spoon of cinnamon and a little ginger;
add to the milk and pumpkin just
before putting into the crust. Bake
until thick and light. This is for one
pie.

NO TIME TO LOSE.

VARIABLE AUTUMN WEATHER
OFTEN SEALS THE
FATE OF RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

Victims of Rheumatism
find a cure in Paine's
Celery Compound.

NOTHING LIKE IT FOR BANISH-
ING THE AWFUL DISEASE.

Old and Chronic Sufferers are
Made Hale and Strong.

Mr William McWilliams, of Brad-
ford, Ont., writes as follows about his
case:—

"Unsolicted, I forward this testi-
monial as to the value of Paine's Celery
Compound. I am well up in years
and was sorely afflicted with rheuma-
tism. I purchased and used six bottles
of your medicine, and am now perfectly
well. I have no rheumatism left."

The above is just an ordinary sample
of the proof that careful people furnish
every week.

Let us utter a few words of warning
to all who feel the pangs of a disease
that makes life a misery and burden.
The most dangerous season of the
year is now with us; there is no neces-
sity to enlarge upon this fact. Chilling
winds, damp weather and heavy
impure atmosphere, aggravate every
condition of rheumatism, and brings
many a sufferer to the grave.

Take courage all victims of rheuma-
tism. If you have failed with doctors
and the ordinary medicines of the day,
remember, you have not yet given
Paine's Celery Compound a trial.
This marvellous medicine has made
new men and women of thousands who
were pronounced incurable by physi-
cians. It can and will do the same
good work for you, if you fairly and
honestly use it for a time. Mr Mc-
Williams' case was one that baffled all
other medicines but Paine's Celery
Compound, which proved victorious at
every point, giving him a new and
better life. Go forth and follow his
example.

Word from Kootenay.

Good Mining Prospects for the Year and
Increased Facilities to Miners.

Nelson (Special) Oct. 21.—The mining
prospects for next year in this locality
are excellent, and a large influx of pros-
pectors is expected. Miners and others
interested in have been in the habit of
bringing with them large quantities of
Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy which
they have extolled to such an extent,
that the druggists throughout the section
have become alive to the necessity of
laying in large supplies to meet the greatly
increasing demand. The remedy is
generally regarded as an indispensable
part of a miner's outfit both for its port-
ability and a value in preserving health
which cannot be overestimated.



Thomas A. Johns.

A Common Affliction

Permanently Cured by Taking
AYER'S Sarsa-
parilla

A OLD-DRIVER'S STORY.

"I was afflicted for eight years with that
horrid disease, itching, and I tried great
many medicines which were highly recom-
mended, but none gave me relief. I
was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsa-
parilla, by a friend who told me that it
would cure me. I purchased six bottles, and
used them according to directions. I yielded
the contents of three of these bot-
tles without feeling any direct benefit,
but I had finished the fourth bottle,
my humors were all
gone."