

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KINGS CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1899.

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Vol. IX.

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any other medicine known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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### THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

NEWSPAPERS 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 same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to DAVISON BROS.

Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N.S.

### DIRECTORY

OF THE Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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### POETRY.

#### In the Night Season.

You are face to face with trouble,  
And the skies are dark and grey;  
You hardly know which way to turn,  
You are almost dazed, you say.  
And at night you wake to wonder  
What the next day's news will bring;  
Your pillow is brushed by phantom care,  
With a grim and ghastly wing.

You are face to face with trouble—  
A child has gone astray;  
A ship is wrecked on the bitter sea;  
There's a note you cannot pay.  
Your brave right hand is feeble,  
Your right eye is growing blind;  
Perhaps a friend is cold and stern,  
Who was ever warm and kind.

You are face to face with trouble!  
No wonder you cannot sleep;  
But stay—and think of the promise.  
The Lord will safely keep,  
And lead you out of the thickets,  
And into the pasture land;  
You have only to walk straight onward,  
Holding the dear Lord's hand.

Face to face with trouble,  
And did you forget to look,  
At the good old father taught you,  
For help to the dear Old Book!  
You have heard the tempter whisper;  
And you've had no heart to pray;  
And God was dropped from your shame  
Of life.

Oh! for many a weary day!  
Then face to face with trouble;  
It is thus He calls you back,  
From the land of death and famine,  
To the land that has no lack.  
You would not see in the sunshine,  
You hear in the midnight gloom;  
Behold, His tapers kindly,  
Like stars in the quiet room.

Oh! face to face with trouble,  
Friend, I have often stood;  
To learn that pain hath sweetens,  
To know that God is good,  
Arise and meet the daylight;  
Be strong and do your best;  
With an honest heart and a childlike faith,  
That God will do the rest.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

### STORY.

#### My Mother's Hymn.

What an unconsciously long time seems to have elapsed since the old days on the far-away homestead in the Berkshire Hills! How the years have dragged themselves along, so that, although I have several birthdays to come to me (if I live) in the "twenties," I seem to be already an old man when I think upon the farm and mother and the old meeting-house and all the sweet memories of the time when I was a boy and knew nothing—absolutely nothing—of sorrow and trouble and hard knocks.

Even to-day, when, young as I am, I have to content myself worn and wearied, battered, bruised and broken, scarred and seared by contact with all the roughness, the rudeness, the dirt, the grime, the sin and the heartless, the grim of the world—even yet I bless God for the hale of goodness which has followed me, in all my wanderings, from my Massachusetts home.

I was the youngest of the merry youngsters who had grown up, under our family roof-tree, to youth and manhood, and was the last to break away from the comparative quiet of New England for the bustle and hurly-burly of the great West.

My two brothers were full-grown men while I was still a small boy, attending our village school, and nothing could keep them at home, when the gold excitement broke out in the Black Hills. After they went away my mother and father never saw them more. The next events of importance in our family was the weddings of my two sisters, following in rapid succession.

Then, more than ever, I became my mother's companion and might have remained so, perchance, to this day had not death claimed her and father for his prey within a few short weeks of each other.

Father was a good man and I always loved, honored and respected him; but to me I think, nay, I am certain, he was never as dear as mother—and I felt this the more during the few short weeks that mother lingered after father's death.

How she liked to have me sit by her bedside and read to her—sometimes from one of Dickens' masterpieces and sometimes from her well-used Bible! How it pleased her when I would sing (as a boy, I believe I had a pleasant, musical voice) one of her favorite songs or a hymn from the little brown-covered hymnbook! How contented she was, on the day that she passed gently away, to have me place my head in hers while she whispered her

farewell words. "Give me the hymn-book, Rod," she said, towards the last. There is a hymn, which I have a fancy to hear sung before you begin business, Jerry Davis, there, can play and knows all the church tunes. I'd like him to play and sing this one. And, judges, ask the boys that don't want to hear it to step outside, because I shouldn't like to see them poking fun at it."

"Boys, you hear?" said the judge, and strangely enough there was absolute silence, while not a man left the room.

There was an old piano in that western saloon, used for free-and-easies, noisy concerts and occasional dances, though it is doubtful if sacred songs had ever been played upon it during its sojourn at that settlement.

Jerry Davis took the little torn page, struck a chord or two, and then commenced to sing in his rich tenor voice:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunge beneath that flood  
To lose all their guilty stains.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day,  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away."

Somehow, Jerry Davis' voice weakened and he could not finish the hymn, which must have been familiar to many a hardened man in that strange company. As for me I was sobbing violently—not so much moved by the words of the hymn as by the sadly sweet memories which it brought to me. There was absolute silence for several minutes, when the stranger who had spoken a word in my behalf walked over to the piano where Davis sat with his fingers listlessly resting on the keyboard. He took the torn leaf, examined it critically and then walked over to me. Taking my hand in his strong grip he spoke in a loud but rather husky voice.

"Judge," he said, "I feel certain there is some mistake here, and I ask for a postponement of these proceedings for further investigation. This lad is my brother; my name is Phil Kimberly. I own the Kimberly claim over the hill, and am pretty well known along the Turtle Valley."

It was indeed my oldest brother, whom I had not seen for 16 years.

That hymn of my mother's had somehow softened the feelings of the boys, for they willingly acceded to Phil's request. Two days later I was cleared of all suspicion and became for a time the most popular man in the camp.

It is almost needless to add that I now treasure with more care than ever the little scrap of paper upon which is printed, in old-style type, my mother's favorite hymn.—Free Press.

Electrical Freaks.

By this term we do not mean the experts who testified recently that they could receive a shock of 25,000 volts and feel sort of brace up by it. We make this explanation in order to prevent any misconception of the tenor of this article by the intelligent reader. By "electrical freaks" we do not mean people who play fantastic tricks with their imagination when they talk on this subject, but rather the pranks which the forked lightning plays when it strikes a henhouse and lights up the emotional fancy of the reporter who is working on space.

A few years ago a young man named Caspar Wiedpant, residing at Asbury Park, was sitting at the window of his boarding-house, counting his week's salary and wondering whether he should divide it equally among himself, or give some of it to his tailor and a little to his landlady, or take it all to hire a horse and a narrow buggy and take a proud but wealthy hearse out to drive.

At that instant a bolt of lightning struck the corner of a large house in Long Branch, not more than seven or eight miles away, and the young man never thought of his tailor or his landlady again. They often thought of him, but nobody ever found out where he went.

In the summer of 1879, John J. Fowler was a practical paper hanger in Albany. During the first week of June he was hanging paper in the residence of Mr. Clarence L. Montgomery, when a heavy black cloud came slowly over the city from the west, and a single flash of lightning fell from the clouds, entered the room

where Fowler was at work, ran up the trimming machine like a buzz saw for a few minutes, stirred up the paste, hung all the paper in the room and trimmed sixteen yards of arabesque border. Some of the family went in the room about 7 o'clock that evening and found Fowler lying on the table, still sleeping from the effects of the shock. The stroke had also affected his mind and seriously biased his moral faculties, for he afterward brought in a bill for the work, and had to sue for it (Mr. Montgomery being a very rich man), and he testified that he had done all this work himself before going to sleep. But that was impossible, and the court so decided, as it was established by the evidence of more than twenty householders that no paper-hanger ever did that much work in a day.

Last July, Mrs. Weatherbe Showers, wife of the well-known financier of that name, was putting her three children to bed one very warm and sultry evening when a flash of sheet lightning—Hey? Sir? I "wonder" to remember that this is a Sunday paper?" Ha; I'd like to see me get a chance to forget it. Well, that's so; guess I'll leave that Showers story out. It is pretty tough, a little. But the others may stand; if they are not as true as some lightning stories I've heard told by some awful truthful people, I don't want a cent that I can't get.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Self Made.

A wealthy business man, not long ago, made a short visit to his native town, a thriving little place, and while there was asked to address the Sunday school on the general subject of success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say, except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

"Your very example would be inspiring, if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent. "Are you not a self-made man?"

"I don't know about that."

"Why, I've heard all about your early struggles! You went into Mr. Wheelwright's office when you were only ten?"

"So I did! So I did! But my mother got me the place; and while I was there saw that I had something to eat, and when I got discouraged, told me to cheer up and remember that tears were for babies."

"While you were there you studied by yourself?"

"Oh no, bless you, no! Not by myself. Mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she beat up cakes for breakfast. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing-book, ugly with pot-hooks and tangles, into the fire, and she burned her hands pulling it out."

"Well, it was certainly true, wasn't it, that as soon as you had saved a little money, you invested in fruit, and began to peddle it out on the evening train?"

"The rich man's eyes twinkled, and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that may do the Sunday school good. The second lot of apples I bought for peddling were speckled and wormy. I had been cheated by the man of whom I bought them, and I could not afford the loss. The night I discovered that they were unfit to eat, I crept down cellar, and filled my basket as usual."

"They looked very well on the outside," I thought, "and perhaps none of the people who buy them will ever come this way again. I'll sell them, and just as soon as they are gone, I'll get some sound ones. Mother was singing about the kitchen as I came up the cellar stairs. I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of sound fruit, but in the twinkling of an eye she had seen and was upon me."

"Ned," she said, in a clear voice "what are you going to do with those speckled apples?"

"So—sell them," stammered I, ashamed in advance.

### "A Dry Cough"

Is dangerous as well as troublesome. It renders the patient liable to the rupture of a blood vessel or to other serious injury of throat and lungs. To allay bronchial irritation and give immediate relief, the best medicine is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"I was recently troubled with a dry cough which seemed to be caused by an irritation in the throat. My physician prescribed for me, but no relief was obtained. A little over a week ago, my attention being called to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I commenced to try it, and after I had chased a bottle, I could see a change in the condition of my throat. I used it only one day, I could see a change for the better, and, by the time I had used it a week, my cough had entirely disappeared."—H. W. Denny, Franklin Square, Worcester, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral leads all other medicines as a safe, sure, and speedy cure of throat and lung troubles.—W. H. Craft & Co., Druggists, Carson, Iowa.

### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢; six bottles, \$1.

said, promptly. "Oh, to think you could dream of such a sneaking thing as that!" Then she cried, and I cried, and I've never been tempted to cheat since. No, sir, I haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles; but I wish you'd remind your boys and girls every Sunday that their mothers are doing far more for them than they do for themselves. Tell them, too, to pray that those dear women may live long enough to enjoy some of the prosperity they have won for their children—for mine didn't."

### This Marriage a Success.

I saw one of those rare old couples, who seem to have grown nearer and dearer to each other as the snows of the swiftly passing winters have made their locks whiter and scautier, in one of Saratoga's bazars. She was a dear old lady with a tender voice and confiding manner, and her pretty little aristocratic hands trembled as she held to the light the handkerchief she was examining. He was broad-shouldered and white bearded, and he wore a broadcloth coat buttoned closely. He caught sight of some pretty, frivolous-looking scarfs that the girls wear on their heads going in and over the shops. Bringing a gay pink one forward, he showed it to his wife.

"Here is something you must have, dear."

"Oh, no. What use could I make of it?"

"You need it when you sit on the piazzas in the evening, and," in an undertone, "you will look so nice in it."

She blushed and said:—"That is a little too gay. I will see what they have."

Between them they selected a pretty one, all covered with crystal beads, and as she protested weakly that ever that was too gay for her he pressed her hand tenderly and said:—"What nonsense!"

I wondered if that match had been made at Saratoga in years gone by.—Saratoga Letter.

A person's success in life depends upon whether he will learn something himself or depend wholly upon what is taught to him.

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Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia. Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.