THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. IX. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1890. No. 52.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S.

TERMS:

$1.00 Per Annum.

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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 transient 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 communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

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3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST-OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8.30 P M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.50 a m.

Express west close at 10.35 a. m.

Express east close at 4 50 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 25 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.

G. W. MUSGO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, 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 Thursday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by COLIN W ROSCOE, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3 00 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranswick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. B. Turner, Assistant Pastor; Horton and Wolfville Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a m and 7 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Greenwich and Avonport services at 3 p m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7 30 p m; at Horton on Friday at 7 30 p m. Strangers welcome at all the services.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a m; other Sundays, 3 p m; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Wardens, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

ST FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev T M Daly, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m the last 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.

J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets every Monday evening in their Hall Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

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.

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Dealer in Flour, Feed of all kind, &c.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & CO.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

R PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent. Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

GODFREY, L. P—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HAMILTON, MISS S. A.—Milliner and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows

SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Garfield Tea.

A NATURAL REMEDY!

Potent and Harmless!

RESTORES THE COMPLEXION!

CURES CONSTIPATION!

THIS REMEDY is composed *wholly of harmless herbs* and accomplishes all the good derived from the use of cathartics, without their ultimate injurious effects.

Ask your druggist for a FREE SAMPLE. For sale by

Geo. V. Rand, *Druggist,*

50 WOLFVILLE, N. S.

OLD PAPERS for sale at this Office.

POETRY.

What Does it Matter?

Wealth and Glory, peace and power,
What are they worth to me or you?
For the lease of life runs out in an hour,
And death stands ready to claim his due;
Sounding honors or heaps of gold,
What are they all when all is told?

A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear—
What does it matter what part we claim?
For we step from the cradle into the bier,
And a careless world goes on the same,
Hours of gladness or hours of sorrow,
What does it matter to us tomorrow?

Truth of love or vow of friend—
Tender caresses or cruel sneers—
What do they matter to us in the end?
For the brief day dies and the long night nears.
Passionate kisses or tears of gall.

Homeless vagrant or honored guest,
Poor and humble, or rich and great—
All are racked with the world's unrest,
All must meet with the common fate.
Life from childhood till we are old,
What is it all when all is told?

A Disagreement.

Did somebody say the sunshine
Was flooding the world to-day?
Did somebody say there were roses
Abloom on the world's highway?
Did somebody sing of the gladness
Filling this earth of ours
In the time of summer and sweetness—
The time of birds and flowers?

It was all a mistake, my darling;
The sunshine has gone away,
There is thunder off in the distance,
There are clouds on the wretched day.
Not even the ghost of pleasure
Surveys the withered flowers;
The gloomiest place under Heaven
Is this weary earth of ours.

Did somebody whisper "Patience,
The clouds will be rifted soon?
Did somebody hint of music?
Why, the hearts are out of tune.
Yet there are pipers calling
That the clouds will pass away;
For love than wrath is stronger,
And love is king to day.

SELECT STORY.

A Kettle Saint.

"Set down, Mis' Norton, while I lift off this kettle."

I was glad to rest, even in the hot little kitchen of my poor neighbor. The east wind had given me neuralgia outside, and Bettie, my "girl," had just broken a valuable platter and given me some rude words about it, which gave me neuralgia of "the inner man." My usually indulgent husband had declared expenses must be reduced, and hinted his mother did her own work, besides rearing eight children. Now, the modern woman, with a thousand demands on time and strength her foremothers never dreamed of, hates above all things to hear of their doing more than the busy women of to-day. I regret to say that I made some fitting reply, and—an almost unheard of thing—John slammed the door and went off without the good by kiss. Of course, I was not in the humor to get the children off to school in the pleasantest way, and I was thankful enough when baby fell asleep (he had refused all night) and I could run out in the open air a moment. It was damp and chilly, but I wanted some fine laces done up, and, even more, I wanted to see some one who would rub the fur the right way, as some people know just how to do.

"What have you in that kettle, Phœbe?" I asked. We knew each other in the country as girls. There was no social different then. Now I live on a front street and she on a back one.

She laughed her old cherry laugh. "One of my big boys has a cough, and I'm making him some medicine. Don't this piny smell make you think of the woods back of the school house?"

"Yes, now you speak of it, though I thought it disagreeable at first."

"Well, a good breeze will soon take it away," was her cheerful answer, as she carried the kettle to the shed. Back she came with another in which was a generous soup bone. "My folks are taking more soup than usual this week, 'cause Grandma Perkins needs it. She's sick, you see, and my blessed boys, every one of 'em, agreed to go without pie and live a little lighter to keep her till she gets around."

"I declare, Phœbe, if you don't find more ways to help people on your small income," I replied. "But you really ought to give up keeping boarders; it makes you so much extra work, and don't pay half as well, at the prices you ask those, as doing up laces."

"I know it," she admitted, "but I may want some one to mother *my* boys some time, if they are alone in a big city. I don't mind giving up the front room upstairs, nor letting them have a fire evenings and Sundays, for it keeps them out of temptation. You'd feel like crying to see the bare attic room, and the vile stuff they got to eat where they board, for they can't afford, out of their beginning wages, to pay more than two dollars a week, all told. They help me with the work at night for their washing, and their mending isn't much. The letter I got from Jim's old mother last week paid for the extras. Think, Mis' Norton, he's given up cards and smoking since he came here. Joe's too delicate, every way, to live a rough life. Oh, I'm glad to have 'em," and her face shone with a satisfaction that was resting to see, yet brought a mist in my eyes not exactly caused by the steaming kettle before me. I knew very well the extra work, the close planning, and the sitting up late to iron and mend it cost her to "mother" these two stangers. I felt ashamed of myself as I compared my pretty, modern home with her plain, even bare little house, but to her I knew love made it seem a palace.

"You'll not mind now, my dinner's on, if I put the kettle on for your laces. I know the sun is going to shine, and I want them out a few minutes before I hand-dry them," she said as she brought out another large kettle.

"If any would suspect the sun of any good intentions to-day it would be you, Phœbe." I said, laughing myself. "Don't those heavy kettles tire you? You used to suffer with your back, I remember."

"I do yet," she admitted. "I hope some time Ben will get work enough so we can save enough to get a good stove with a boiler on. This does very well though, for the price we paid. It was old-fashioned when we went to housekeeping, but I'm glad I've plenty of kettles. It saves time."

"Phœbe, you make me ashamed of myself. It's hard enough for me to get along with hot and cold water at hand, and a girl to lift my kettles for me, they are so trying—not the kettles. Ben ought to fill them for you, anyway."

"He's poorly now, and he's tired when he gets home, for he's got some work now. He's an awful good husband, is Ben, and he ain't got any habits, save chewing to keep off the stomach trouble."

I never had any patience with slow, good-natured Ben, who was as great a contrast to my energetic husband as could be imagined. Yet I really believe Phœbe thinks she has the best husband in the world.

"As for kettles," Phœbe went on as she placed the last heavy one on the polished stove, "my life's among them and I'm used to it. As I say to mother when she complains about Ben's not earning more, he's what the Lord gave to me and I'm satisfied. I'm only too thankful to get work enough to help keep the children in school. Providence is awful good to me and mine, Mary, or I suppose I should say Mis' Norton," and she hummed a little tune as she stirred the fire in the cracked stove.

"Mamma," came from the little bed-room off the kitchen.

"Yes, my lamb," was the quick answer; and how that plain, freckled face became glorified with the look of love that flashed over it. Out she came with her youngest in her arms—a beautiful child, such as painters dream about; great blue eyes, with a look as if they saw more than we could understand; soft, sunny hair falling around a fair, sweet face; but alas! the tiny feet Phœbe held to the warmpth would never walk.

"Don't the darling grow prettier and sweeter every day!" she asked proudly. "He's so good. Never cries, even when he's real sick. Ben and me wish he would fret sometimes when he hurts, it's so pitiful to see the patient, lamb-like way he bears pain, nestling so close, and looking so still and white. He says "papa" and "mamma," too, so pretty. They're all precious, Mary, the girls in heaven and the boys here; but Bennie's the dearest of all. He'll always be mother's baby."

I thought of my own strong, restless baby, and how ungrateful I was over the care he made, and rose with tears in my eyes as I answered: "Yes, Phœbe, he's the most beautiful child I ever saw. I must hurry back to my baby. I was tired and discouraged over my little burdens, and you've lifted them all by the way you bear your heavier ones. God bless you, Phœbe, for the good you do me!"

"Why, Mary Pepper, how you talk," she said, in surprise. "I never could talk religion like other folks. I ain't gifted and educated, you know. If you feel better, it's baby's face. He helps me, too. Come over soon, dear," she said, her face shining as I kissed her good-bye. "There, Bennie, love, I'll put you in the high chair while I finish dinner. Harry takes the old lady her dinner before he eats, so I have to be ready. He's a good boy, if he is full of mischief. There's the sun, I told you so."

"The sun never gets quite out of sight from my kettle saint, Phœbe Jones," I said to mself, hurrying off. "She thanks God for His providence in her poverty while most of us grow weary in our abundance." I met her "Ben" going home, a general "good-for-nothingness" enveloping him like a garment. Further on two school-boys were hurrying toward the little cottage. They were not well-dressed like my boys, but Phœbe might well rejoice in them. As I turned the corner I met the two factory young men, black and grimy with work. They, too, were eager for the good plain dinner and the cheery welcome that awaited them. Yes, the sun had come out, and the last glimpse I had of my saint she was stooping in the sunny window to snatch a kiss from the little one there. Her hands were full of common looking dishes, but in the sunlight she looked like a glorified Madonna with her child, and through the half-open door I heard her singing:

"O happy day! O happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away,
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day,
Happy day! happy day!"

—*Myra Goodwin Plantz, in Northwestern.*

Soft Wavy Hair.

Soft, wavy hair is a personal beauty any woman can possess, if she only has patience in pursuing the methods prescribed. Where nature has supplied the pretty crinkles, one has only to let her have her way by not drawing the hair too tight; but in the end, as good an effect may be obtained through imitation waves wrought with comb, pins and a liberal use of elbow grease and water, says the *Illustrated American*: Take, for instance, hair that is naturally straight and inclined to be harsh. A stiff brush passed twice a day in 200 or more strokes over the scalp down to the extreme ends of the hair, will soon make the most wiry locks pliable and easy to manipulate. Every morning after the brushing make the hair on the forehead and sides of the head very wet with soft, blood warm water. Now a skilful use of the hand is required, for while the hair is thoroughly damp it is easy enough to pinch it up between the first and second fingers to simulate waves Make the curves rather exaggerated, extending in ripples as far back as possible, and if at first the lines refuse to stay in place use invisible hairpins to hold them. Be careful, in doing the back coiffure, not to pull the sides in the least, and let them dry in this condition. If this plan of procedure is strictly adhered to for six months, the handsomest waves are guaranteed, and at the end of that time the process morning and evening will amount to little more than a form.

Every boy two is or three boys, or twenty or thirty different kinds of boys in one He is all the time living many lives and forming many characters; but it it a good thing if he can keep one life and one character when he gets to be a man. He may turn out to be like an onion when he is grown up, and be nothing but hulls, that you keep peeling off, one after another, till you think you have got down to the heart at last, and then you have got down to nothing.

Ice Water.---Doctors Disagree.

A celebrated physician says "All ice-water drinking is bad," also the "a severe blow upon the body just over the solar plexus," (which in good United States language means an important portion of the nervous system located just back of the stomach,) "will cause almost instant death," and he further says "the sudden shock caused by a deluge of ice-water into the stomach has exactly the same effect upon the solar plexus as the blow, and may cause sudden death by its action upon it and through that on the heart." Another equally celebrated physician says, "Any diction which unqualifiedly say that cold drinks are bad and hot drinks are good must be absurd" and further "cold water stimulates gastric secretion; therefore do not smile at your friend because he thinks a half-glass of ice-water before eating gives him an appetite and helps his digestion." In continuation we will say, drinking ice-water in copious draughs when overheated is injurious, it not dangerous, that is undeniable. But that the free drinking of water in some form in hot weather must be avoided, is deniable, and is one of the greatest Popular errors extant. When a person is perspiring freely, a vast amount of water is drawn from the body, which must be resupplied, or great injury is being done the physical health, and the foundation of some of the worst forms of Kidney disease is being slowly but surely laid. Do not drink ice-cold water, but pure cool water; a little lemon juice will improve its effectiveness. Plain soda water with a little acid is also excellent in hot weather. If from drinking too much ice-water you have stomach cramps, or are "water-logged" as it is called, or are attacked with cholera morbus, summer complaints, diarrhœa or dysentary, do not resort to alcholic stimulating drinks, which irritate rather than allay the inflammation which has caused the trouble; but adopt the practice of taking daily just before retiring, during July and August, one teaspoonful of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in a little sweetened water, which will prevent all such attacks and ill effects from ice-water. In fact a little pamphlet sent free to any one by I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., contains a vast amount of information about treating those summer troubles with that good old household remedy.

Ruined by Rum and Opium.

Life having become unbearable to him, T. W. Sellick, a Boston travelling man, ended his existence by means of a dose of "rough on rats," and was found dead in his room at a hotel in Rochester, N. Y., on the 30th ult. For the week previous he had been drinking heavily. The following letter, found on a table in his room, tells the sad story of his downfall:—

"Rather than have opium and rum kill me I prefer to do it myself. I feel I am past redemption, and why should such a useless thing encumber the earth? I have abused and disgusted my best friends; have lost my position with my house; have overdrawn my account several hundred dollars, and, in fact, cannot see a ray of light ahead. If I thought my friends would put me in an asylum somewhere I would not do the cowardly thing I am about to; but they have always treated me so kindly, and I never ask nor expect any more mercy at their hands. You can notify my house and they will inform my friends where I am, and I think they will give me a Christian burial. To my father and darling sister, a long good-by. May God forgive me for all the trouble I have caused you. May those friends in Springfield who first induced me to smoke the pipe, and thereby wrecked my young life, suffer for it if there is an avenging God. Young men, for God's sake, never touch a drop of liquor. It has killed me and will just as surely kill you. I had as bright a prospect ahead of me as any young man ever had, had a nice position and good salary, but rum and opium have got the mastery of me.

"And now may the merciful God forgive me. Let this be a warning to all, for I would like it posted over the door of every rumshop and opium den in the world. Good-by."

A man who keeps his good manners for company sometimes finds them very handy when he wants to use them.

Contentment is the only true happiness of life; and a pleasant disposition and good work will make the whole surroundings ring with cheerfulness.

The oldest man in Great Britain is Hugh MacLeod, a Scotch crofter, who was born on the 24th November, 1783. He lives at County Ross, and is still healthy and vigorous.

The following puzzle is now making the rounds of the press: Make 21 by using any six of the following numbers: 1, 1, 1, 3, 3, 3, 5, 5, 7, 7, 7, 9, 9, 9. This proves to be a stunner, and parties that have tried it say it is imposible.

The interesting fact may be stated in a line, that New York's new aqueduct is 30 miles long. It cost $22,000,000 and 80 lives were lost in its construction. It brings 318,000,000 gallons of water to New York daily.

Women doctors say, and many women prove it in practice, that by going up stairs slowly with the foot—heal and toe alike—put firmly on each stair, one may arrive at the top of four flights of stairs really rested, instead of gasping for breath as when one runs up stairs. Going up stairs is a good form of exercise, if one goes at it in the right way to get its benefits.

No one doubts that Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy really cures Catarrh, whether the disease be recent or of long standing, because the makers of it clinch their faith in it with a $500 guarantee, which isn't a mere newspaper guarantee, but "on call" in a moment. That moment is when you prove that its makers can't cure you. The reason for their faith is this: Dr Sage's remedy has proved itself the right cure for ninety-nine out of one hundred cases of Catarrh in the the Head, and the World's Dispensary Medical Association can afford to take the risk of you being the one hundredth.

The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk? If so, the rest is easy. You pay your druggist 50 cents and the trial begins. If you're wanting the $500 you'll get something better—*a cure!*

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Send 25 Surprise or Sea Foam wrappers to us and get either the beautiful picture, size 14x20, or 1 doz. Surprise lead pencils. Mention this paper.

A marvel of economy in time, labor and money. For the laundry and general household use.

Ask your grocer for SURPRISE Soap and take no other.

The St. Croix Soap Mf'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

TWENTY DOLLARS CASH!

—GIVEN FOR—

AN OLD USED POSTAGE STAMP.

$20 will be given to any person who will send me, (for the collection I am forming for exhibition purposes), a 12 PENNY STAMP OF CANADA.

Or I will give $5 to $10 for any **Old Shilling Stamps of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.**

You ought to find lots of these stamps as well as those of 1d., 3d., 6d., values in old office papers or letters in warehouses, between the dates 1850–1866.

Now is the time to hunt them up.

I will buy for cash all OLD used or cancelled postage or bill stamps. Send on all you have, leaving them on the original envelope preferred. I also want ½ stamps, out values, on the entire letter, for which I give higher prices than anyone. G. HOOPER,

559 King St., Ottawa, Canada.

STRAY LEAVES

—FROM—

"Book of Wonders."

(LESLIE LORING DAVISON.)

With a Preface by Harl Harlee.

Edited by Ben Zeene.

For Sale at this Office.