

# 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 1, 1900.

No. 50.

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as superior to any prescription known to man.

### The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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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.

News 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 name may be written in over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVIDSON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

### Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

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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 uncollected is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M. TO 8:30 P. M. Mail is 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. HARRIS, Post Master.

### PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

G. W. Messer, Agent.

### CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath 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, Ushers

A. DEW BASS

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. B. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Class Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 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 services.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranston, A. M., Pastor; Rev. John W. Finer, Assistant Pastor; Horton and Wolfville. Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Class Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 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 services.

St. JOHN CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a. m.; other Sundays, 7 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, Box 90, 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. GEORGES LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at the Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.

J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T meets very Monday evening in their Hall

Waller's block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall

at 7:30 o'clock.

### POETRY.

#### Wings.

"Oh, I am dying, dying!" said the worm;  
"I feel thick darkness closing o'er my eyes;  
All things fall from me with my breaking  
sheath,  
Good bye, sweet leaf! Oh, dear, dear  
world, good-bye."

Then the dull mask that had enclosed him  
fell,  
Still further, Oh, what lofty space,  
what light!  
And about, what happy hovering  
things!

Like blossom petals that had taken  
flight  
And fluttering, stretching on the air he  
spread  
Great gauzy wings that let the sun-  
shine through!

Forgot that he had ever been a worm,  
And far off in the strange new depths  
he flew.

#### The Brooklet's Song to May.

BY CHARLIE WALTER.

At last, at last, you've come sweet May,  
As bleak old Winter rolls away;  
When gone is every chilling storm  
Which made all Nature look forlorn.  
It froze my tinkling waters o'er,  
And caused my voice to sing no more.

Then, all things 'round looked dark and  
sad,  
But now, all things look bright and glad;  
For thou, sweet messenger of Spring,  
Rejoicings with thy coming bring.  
The songsters of the grove are here  
Chanting their music everywhere.

They come up to my little brink,  
And of my sparkling waters drink;  
Then oft they sing a lovely strain,  
All Nature loves to hear again.  
Or else they wash within my tide,  
And trim their plumes with happy pride.

And then, the sweetest flowers of earth,  
They coming in hath brought to birth.  
Those little gems which bear thy name,  
Have come with thee to us again;  
And oft, beside my flowing stream,  
They bow their little heads and dream.

But what that dream may chance to be,  
Is not for ones like me to see,  
Perhaps they dream they'll soon be laid  
Upon the locks of some fair maid,  
Or else upon her bosom rest,  
Paced there by one who loves her best.

Ah, yes, I'm glad to know, sweet May,  
That you've brought back your happy day,  
For more like these are now in store,  
While Spring and Summer bathe our  
shore.  
And may thy praise be ever sung  
By all the streams that onward run.

### SELECT STORY.

#### The First Harvest.

Continued From Last Week.

One warm, hazy afternoon, as he  
rods down the hill half buried in green  
boughs, planning and dreaming as he  
liked to do whenever he was not study-  
ing or hard at work, he saw, toiling  
along the road, some distance ahead,  
his friend, Philip Evans, the pale, lame  
boy, the only scholar in his class for  
whom he felt unqualified admiration.

The sight of Philip always made his  
heart leap, and latterly, in the some-  
what close association of the class, a  
strong affection had been growing in  
John's heart for the crippled boy, a  
year younger than himself. He was  
the son of a hard-working house carpenter  
in the village, who had never "got  
ahead in the world," but who kept his  
four motherless boys, of whom Philip  
was the eldest, well fed and clothed  
and schooled, hiring such shifting help  
as he could get to keep their house for  
them.

As John came up with Philip he  
stopped the horse and reached down  
his hand to him.  
"Come up and ride with me, Phil,"  
he said.

The boy turned a troubled face  
upward, which instantly brightened at  
sight of John.  
"Oh, is it you, John?" he answered  
quickly, and reaching up a slender,  
white hand, he grasped John's and  
climbed with the aid of his crutch upon  
the load.

"How good this smells, John?" he  
exclaimed, burying his face in the  
boughs. "You are at work for Mr  
Brewster yet?"

"Yes."  
"Don't I wish I could work!" and  
the troubled look came on again as  
he lay back among the boughs and  
looked up at the sky. "Wouldn't I  
have the books I need go on with you  
strong fellows, John? and help  
my father and my little brothers, and  
—oh—do everything, if I could only  
work! I don't worry father about  
things he can't help. It's too hard for  
him to pay for my tuition and books  
and clothes, and sometimes I feel as if  
I couldn't bear it; but I know 'twould  
hurt him to let him know that I feel

it, and so I keep still at home; but  
you know I could always talk with  
you, John."

"Talk away, Phil," said John, smile-  
ing down upon the eager boy, "and  
tell me all you want to tell."

"It's queer how I let myself out to  
you, John, but I love you better than  
any one else in the world, excepting  
father and the boys. And then, you  
are poor, too; as poor as I am; poorer  
for you have no father, or brothers, or  
home. You see, like my older  
brother, John, and I can seem to tell  
you things I wouldn't tell anybody  
else. I am always building air-castles  
for you. I share my princely fortune  
with you and we go to college together  
and I make you rich and happy, as I  
would if I could, John." And he  
looked at his friend wistfully. "Of  
course, college is out of the question  
for me, and if I had that fifty dollars'  
worth of books, I would never sigh for  
it again. Yes," he affirmed, as he  
saw the wonder in John's face, "if I  
could choose now, between those books  
and going to college, I would choose the  
books. And I know of course that I  
can have neither."

Those books! John knew all about  
them. Phil's list had been carefully  
prepared by a college professor, and  
published as a help to students in the  
special line of study which the lame  
boy was pursuing with the hope that  
it would fit him for future usefulness  
in the world.

"Phil," said John at last, as they  
jogged along "if some wealthy man in  
Harcroft knew how much you need  
those books, and should say to-day,  
'Here, Philip, is fifty dollars; buy  
those books!' would you take it?"

"No!" glared Phil, sitting upright  
and glaring at John; "no quicker  
than I would be helped by the town."  
"But you were just telling me, Phil,  
how you would befriend me in that  
way, if you could."

"Oh, John! can't you see now  
different that would be?" Wouldn't  
you take it from me, John?" and he  
studied his friend's face earnestly, as  
the thought struck him that perhaps  
his dream of munificence had offend-  
ed his pride.

But John smiled reassuringly.  
"Yes, Phil, if it would comfort you,  
I think I would."  
"All right, then," said Phil, draw-  
ing a breath of relief; "it does comfort  
me even to dream of it."

That evening John said playfully  
to Mr Brewster, with the certainty  
that his kind friend would honor him  
with his confidence:  
"My guardian, what are you going  
to do with this first income from my  
estate?"

"Put it into your own hands, John,  
to be 'used accordin' to your best  
judgement. 'That is what Mrs Brew-  
ster says, too."

John's face sobered, and the words  
of the "Lapland song" went through his  
mind again, as he thanked his  
friend suitably and turned away.  
"For a boy's will is the wind's will!"  
How sorry he should be to disappoint  
Mr Brewster.

It was an evening long to be remem-  
bered, when Mr Brewster, carefully  
settling his spectacles, counted out  
with an air of great satisfaction, John's  
share of the money which had been  
accumulating in his hands.

"Seventy five dollars in one lump!  
A snug little 'nest-egg.' John! Con-  
sider that yours just the same as if  
you were twenty-one, I always let my  
own boys begin young to use their own  
judgement in money matters, and I  
ain't afraid to trust yours, John."

John's heart, so full of gladness in  
the possession of his first considerable  
sum of money, sank again. Would it  
be possible for him to shock and dis-  
appoint his two best friends, who had  
given him the only home comforts he  
had known since babyhood. But he  
only said quietly:

"I thank you very much, Mr Brew-  
ster, and I would like, if you are  
willing, that nobody should know of  
my share in this money, but you and  
Mrs Brewster."

"It shall be as you wish, John,  
Mrs Brewster is a very close-mouthed  
woman."

The next day, as John was at work  
in the wood-shed, he overheard a con-  
versation between his friends which  
gave him a touching sense of their

interest in his future.

"Now, husband, I know what your  
ambition is for John, and I'm sorry I  
have you disappointed; but that  
boy's heart is set on a classical edu-  
cation and his money will be saved  
and he will work and economize with  
the determination to go to college,"  
said Mrs Brewster.

"Well, mother," said her husband,  
"now let me prophesy. John'll get  
an education, you never fear, and it'll  
be got by grubbin' himself, spare  
minutes and nights. He's good for  
it. But John Lane's strongest bent is  
business. He's just solid pluck and  
steady pull for work, and he's hard to  
shake. John's agoin' to work muscle  
and brain both and make a man of  
affairs."

John walked away humbled and  
saddened, wondering how these two  
could have guessed his most secretly  
cherished plans. They were both  
right. He meant to work his way  
through college, and to carve out his  
fortune with his own strong hands.  
One plan which he had meant to lay  
before Mr Brewster was this: to re-  
main in the quiet home, where he was  
needed and liked, studying in his spare  
hours and availing himself of Mr  
Brewster's practical knowledge of  
farming, to make a market garden of  
his land. He would invest his precious  
money in seeds and fertilizers, under  
his guardian's direction, work for him  
to pay for teams and board, perhaps  
share his profits with him if he would  
consent to this; and in the thrifty  
village lying so near below, he would  
find a ready market for all he could  
crowd his acres with, and in three or  
four years he would save enough to  
enter college. He could imagine the  
hearty approval Mr Brewster would  
give to this plan.

Many other plans he studied care-  
fully, his precious money the nucleus  
of each. And now, since that talk  
with Phil, this most thrilling dream of  
all, Phil's library, of which the lame  
scholar had so long and so hopelessly  
dreamed, it was in his power—John  
Lane's—to buy it! And Phil, with  
all his dreams, had never dreamed of  
this. It demanded the sacrifice of the  
first fruits of his land, and he felt that  
this would be a joyful offering if only  
his own feelings were considered.  
But whenever he thought of its effect  
upon his kind guardian and his wife his  
heart sank. Here the real struggle lay.  
After their trust and pride in him,  
could he disappoint them bitterly,  
without the full explanation which he  
felt that he never must give them!

Long and silently he pondered the  
matter before he came to his decision.  
Then there came a dim, starry  
evening in December when he walked  
down to the railroad station and found  
in the freight house a large box bear-  
ing his address. He shouldered it  
with some difficulty and walked with it  
to Phil's door, where he left it with  
this note:

DEAR PHIL:—I have been earning  
a good sum of money this fall, and  
have got your books for you, for I am  
your brother,  
JOHN.

He had laid his plan well. Phil  
was at his debating club at that hour;  
his father had taken a job of work to  
do a few miles from home, which  
would keep him a week or two, the  
little brothers were spending the vaca-  
tion of the holidays with relatives in  
a distant town, the hired woman was  
visiting, and Phil was taking his meals  
at a neighbor's and sleeping alone in  
the house. Late that evening John  
walked into the Brewster sitting-room,  
shut the door and stood with his back  
against it, looking at his friends.

"Mr Brewster," he said simply, "I  
have given away fifty-five dollars!"  
There was silence in the room for an  
awkward period, an interchange of  
glances between husband and wife;  
and embarrassed astonishment on their  
faces.

"John," said Mr Brewster, at last,  
faintly, "I don't know what to say."  
"I would like to tell you two where  
I gave it, but I can't even do that,"  
said the boy, still standing erect.

Mr Brewster rubbed the stubble on  
his chin and studied the floor.  
"Well, John," he said at last, slowly  
raising his head and looking at him,  
"everybody's got to make some mistakes.  
If you make any, you're a boy that'll  
profit by 'em, and I guess we'll drop  
it there."

"That is right, Jerry," said his wife  
turning gratefully toward him. "John  
has done some benevolent deed. I  
am assured of that, and we never'll say  
any more about it."

There were respect and confidence  
still, and utmost kindness. It almost  
broke John down. He thanked them  
as well as he could and went to bed.

A few hours later the bells of the  
village rang a fire alarm, and waking,  
John saw from the window the "Harcroft  
Hotel" in flames. Dressing  
hastily and speaking to Mr Brewster  
as he passed his door, he ran down the  
long hill in the starlight and soon found  
himself in the shouting crowd watch-  
ing the fire company play on the glow-  
ing pile which was fast falling in.  
Standing there, he saw, in the very  
centre edge of the great illumination,  
Phil's slender figure apart from the  
crowd. What was there in the curve  
of the boy's cheek, the drop of the  
dark lashes, that sent such a pang of  
tenderness to John's heart? He went  
softly up behind him and laid a hand  
on either shoulder. As he did so,  
Phil turned, and dropped his crutch,  
clung both arms about him com-  
pulsively and buried his face in his  
breast without a word. For a full  
minute he stood so, and when he looked  
up into the smiling face of his friend,  
his eyes were wet and there was a  
sob in his voice.

"John," he said, "I haven't slept.  
I couldn't sleep! I came out to think  
about you! I didn't expect to find you  
to-night. John, how could you do  
it?"

"Why, Phil," said John, still smiling  
but very tenderly, "it's something for a  
lone chap like me to find a friend that  
would share his last cent with him, and  
when I had such a good chance, I  
tried to show him a little gratitude."

Alone, at midnight, John walked  
up the hill again, past his white acres,  
clinging and sobbing to his heart's  
spring. His heart was full of a brave  
purpose. The strange words of the  
Lapland song ran through his mind  
again, but he squared his shoulders and  
shut his mouth firmly as he strode on.

"If a boy's will is the wind's will it  
will be a mighty wind that made me  
disappoint Mr Brewster, and it shall  
be a strong and a steady one that  
shall repay him for his confidence in  
me," he said.—Elizabeth Lee.

### New Way of Doing It.

The two men who had been sitting  
together in the seat near the door  
of the car became engaged in an im-  
matured controversy, and their loud  
voices attracted the attention of all  
the other passengers. Suddenly one  
of them rose and said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to  
you to decide a disputed point. My  
friend here insists that not more than  
three persons out of five believe they  
have souls. I take a more cheerful  
view of humanity than that. Will  
all of you who believe you have souls  
raise your right hands?"

Every right hand in the car went  
up.

"Thank you," he said with a smile.  
"Keep them up just a moment. Now  
will all of you who believe in a here-  
after please raise your left hand also?"

Every left hand in the car went up.

"Thank you, again," he said. "Now  
while all of you have your hands  
raised," he continued, drawing a pair  
of revolvers and leveling them, "my  
friend here will go down the aisle and  
relieve you of whatever valuables you  
may happen to have."—Chicago Trib-  
une.

Queer world! Queer people! Here are  
men and women by thousands suffering  
from all sorts of diseases, bearing all  
manners of pain, spending their all on  
physicians and "getting no better, but  
rather worse," when right at hand there's  
a remedy which says it can help them  
because it's helped thousands like them.  
"Another patent-medicine advertise-  
ment," you say. Yes—but the ordinary  
sort. The medicine is Dr Pierce's Golden  
Medical Discovery, and it's different  
from the ordinary nostrums in this:—

It does what it claims to do, or it costs  
you nothing! The way is this: You  
pay your druggist \$1.00 for a bottle.  
You read the directions, and you follow  
them. You get better or you don't.  
If you do, you buy another bottle, and  
perhaps another. If you don't get bet-  
ter, you get your money back. And the  
queer thing is that so many people are  
willing to be sick when the remedy's so  
near at hand.

### Rich Without Money.

Many a man is rich without money.  
Thousands of men with nothing in  
their pocket are rich. A man born  
with a good heart, and good limbs and  
a pretty good headpiece, is rich. Good  
bones are better than gold; tough  
muscles than silver; and nerves that  
flash fire and carry energy to every  
function are better than houses and  
land. It is better than a landed estate  
to have the right kind of a father and  
mother. Good broods and bad broods  
exist among men as reality as among  
herds and horses. Education may do  
much to check evil tendencies or to  
develop good ones; but it is a great  
thing to inherit the right proportion of  
faculties to start with. The man is  
rich who has a flavor of wit and fun in  
his composition.

The hardest thing to get on with  
in this life is a man's own self. A  
cross, selfish fellow, a desponding and  
complaining fellow, a timid and care-  
burdened man—those are all born de-  
formed on the outside. They do not  
limp, but their thoughts sometimes do.

### Let It Dry.

Father Graham, as everybody in the  
village called him, was one of these old  
fashioned gentlemen of whom there  
are so few left now. He was loved by  
every one, and his influence in the  
little town was great, so good and so  
active was he. One bit of wisdom  
which he gave to a young friend is well  
worth noting.

A young man of the village had been  
badly insulted and came to Father  
Graham full of angry indignation, de-  
claring that he was going at once to  
demand an apology.

"My dear boy," Father Graham  
said, "take a word of advice from an  
old man who loves peace: An insult  
is like mud; it will wash off much  
better when it is dry. Wait a little,  
and you'll find it easier mended."

It is pleasant to add that the young  
man took his advice.

A prohibition meeting will be held in  
St. John during the coming exhibition  
there when it is expected the provincial  
organization will be perfected.

**BEST ON EARTH**  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

### 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 ware-  
houses, 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 1/2 stamps, but 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 LOBBING DAVIDSON.)

With a Preface by Hari Harloo.

Edited by Ben Zeene.

For Sale at this

Office.