

# THE ACADIAN AND KINGS CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. IX.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1889.

No. 6

## CASTORIA

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## THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office

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

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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.

New 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 under a fictitious signature.

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

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. B. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranwick J. A. M., Pastor; Rev. John W. Turner, 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'S CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a. m.; other Sundays, 9 a. m.; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in the month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Booth, D. D., Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Wardens, R. Pratt and Frank A. Dixon, Wolfville.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, F. R. Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

### Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.  
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

## POETRY.

### The Valley of the Gaspereau.

The spring's embroidered kirtle, hung gracefully round the earth,  
Starred with the rainbow blossoms of glad rejoicing birth—  
The green trees shook their tassels in fashy beauty hung,  
And music filled the forest by a thousand voices sung.  
The blades green looked upward from the rich and fallow soil,  
And Sabbath beauty mantled those green leaves of happy toil.

While the sun from heaven's blue arches cast a wondrous golden glow  
On the glad and fruitful valley of the lovely Gaspereau.

Fair slept that pleasant valley—a sweet Arcadian scene—  
While the lazy river sparkled the sloping banks between;  
The blue flags cast a shadow of azure on its breast;  
And sedge-grass twined the mill-wheel, now motionless in rest.

The wild rose shed its perfume upon the balmy air,  
And the graceful linnæe trembled in her beauty there,  
While the green and pleasant willows bent lovingly and low  
Like a hand of trusty wardens o'er the winding Gaspereau.

Far in the hazy distance some feathery elm-trees grew—  
So graceful in their grandeur—so emerald in their hue—  
One, like a broad umbrella of nature's own design,  
Caught the glistening dews of heaven, and the rays of glad sunshine—  
Each lifting to the south-wind a leafy diadem,  
Whose soft green clusters shadowed the old centennial stem.

The elm-trees and the willows brought back the long ago,  
When Acadian peasants wandered by the happy Gaspereau.

Here in this peaceful valley they tilled the grassy sod,  
And lifted up the incense of simple hearts to God;  
And here, beside the river, at purple eventide,  
They set those willow saplings—now old and sanctified—  
Aye, sanctified by sorrow, by sufferings and by time,  
By the dearer things of memory that stir the spirit's flame—  
For those willows chant a legend, by the river where they grow,  
Of the first Acadian settlers by the sunny Gaspereau.

The elm-trees and the willows are but memorials now—  
Through the rich and fertile ridges the Saxon spears his plow—  
Rough English voices echo through the woodlands green expanse;  
Where fell the silvery cadence of the sunny land of France.

The heartlands is deserted, and low the roof-tree lies,  
While Nova Scotia claims the soil beneath Acadia's skies;  
But the exiles live forever—still their storied annals grow  
In the elm-trees and the willows by the winding Gaspereau.

Strange mystery of nature! defying change and time—  
Keeping the soul immortal amid earth's frosty rime!  
The hands have long been lifeless that set each slender stem,  
But these wend a living witness—a pledge and type of them.

Like a good name after burial, each elm and willow bears  
Sign-manual for the exiles of the land that once was theirs;  
And their hallowing presence lingers through the stillness soft and low,  
That wraps the peaceful valley of the lovely Gaspereau.

—M. J. K.

## STORY.

### The Woodman's Daughter.

In a little two-roomed hut, in the midst of a vast pine forest, among the mountains of Sweden, there lived an honest woodman, with his wife and seven children.

He named his baby girl Christine. She had large blue eyes and rough yellow hair.

When she was old enough to take notice, she did not begin to talk as other children do, but sang to herself like a bird.

It was the bright and beautiful Swedish summer, so that the woodman's children were out of doors nearly all day. The birds were singing all around them, and Christine learned to imitate their sweet notes.

There is no spring or autumn in Sweden. Summer changes to winter almost in one day.

When the singing birds had taken wing, and flows across the sea to the warm south, little Christine murmured like the dying storm, and imitated the swooping of the wind among the trees.

Her infant soul was filled with nature's music, for she heard no other in the lonely hut in which she lived. You must not think Christine could not talk. She would answer when she was spoken to, but she was always

singing to herself.  
The winter before Christine was three years old, her eldest brother became the happy possessor of a fiddle. It was small and old, but to the woodman's children it was a prize and treasure.

How Christine loved to stand by her brother's knee, and sing to his fiddle.  
The door and window of the low brown hut were half blocked with snow. All without was wild and drear.

Father sat by the fire and told them tales of the towns that had never seen, for no work could be done in the depth of that iron winter.

Nothing delighted the children so much as a description of the summer fair at Wexio, the nearest town, until it became their talk by day and their dream by night.

In short, they set their little hearts on visiting this wonderful fair, which was only a few miles from their little hut.

They must not think of spending money there; oh, no! but could they not earn a very little somehow, among so many people?

For these little foresters thought, in their own simplicity, that Wexio must be a magnificent place indeed.

At last a delightful idea occurred to the eldest brother. He and Christine would go into partnership.

He would fiddle, and she would sing.  
Christine entered into his project heart and soul.

Like wise children they did their best to prepare themselves for such a glorious adventure.

Not only did the persevering child learn by heart the words of one or two of the old Swedish songs, but she coaxed her brother to teach her to fiddle.

When the joyous summer returned, baby Christine excelled her teacher. The fiddle bow in her tiny fingers drew sweeter notes than he could awaken.

It was a long walk through the forest to Wexio; but when Christine grew tired she bathed her naked feet in the mountain stream, and on they went refreshed. As the trees grew thinner, they saw the brown roofs of the village of Djangby, and here, also, there was a little fair. Could they do better than to rest awhile at this by ('by' is Swedish for village), and try their fortune with the simple folk who were more like their own father and mother.

The baby violinist took the fiddle from her brother and began to sing one of the old national Swedish airs. More than one kind-hearted villager gave a coin to the infant singer as they listened to the dear families' words.

With what unmeasured pride and satisfaction the children counted their gains—in all, equal in English money to threepence halfpenny, more than the baby hand could hold!

With such a beginning, what untold wealth might be awaiting them at Wexio fair.

Away they started, elated with success and emboldened by praise.  
But once again upon the road to Wexio, a new difficulty presented itself. What would they do with their treasure? Where would they put it to be safe whilst they were playing and singing in the fair? They knew so poor, that even little Christine knew the value of money and felt with her brother that they could not be too careful. A pocket was an unknown convenience to either of them.

Christine remembered that father and mother put their money in a stocking. They looked at their bare feet and laughed; they had no stocking in which they could hide it. And, oh, if they should meet with robbers on the road! With a coin in each hand and a weight of responsibility at their hearts, they trudged on, gathering all their courage as they entered Wexio.

Their cheeks glowed with tears and exercise, and their eyes danced with excitement as the wee violinist began to play her very best.

The baby and the fiddle became one of the "attractions," until a crowd gathered around the children.

For people were saying, "How is this? Did you ever see such a might

of a child play and sing like this before!"  
And there were some so otherwise that they began to ask.  
"Does Christine play the fiddle, or does the fiddle play Christine?"  
So the crowd grew bigger and bigger, but the brave child sang on.

It was so great a crowd at last, that the judge of the district, Mr. Thornebjelm, began to wonder what was the matter.

Like many others he joined the throng to try and find out.  
Happily for Christine, he was a very tall man, more than six feet high, so that he could see over the other people's heads; and more than that, he had a love of singing, that made him appreciate this little wild bird from the woods as no one had done.

He too, stood to listen; and as he caught the echo of Christine's singing, he thought it was the sweetest, the most enchanting voice he had ever heard.

Now the judge was a man of great insight. When he sat in court, all sorts of people were brought before him.

He was so used to reading faces that he could tell a man's character and capability by his look.

He saw the child's whole soul was poured forth in her song; and as he glanced down into the honest, innocent eyes of the little brother and sister, he grew more and more interested.

But no one could tell him who they were, or where they lived.  
When the scraping of the queer old fiddle ceased with the end of the song, he made his way through the crowd, and spoke to them—first to the boy, and then to his tiny sister.

But little could be found out from their replies, for the gift that he placed in the baby hand completely overweighed them both—Swedish coin about the value of a sixpence.

Christine was thoroughly frightened.  
The responsibility of carrying such unimagined wealth, with all the pennies which the good-natured villagers at Lingby had given to her, was too much for the little creature.

She thought there was but one safe place in the world and that was "father's hat."

She would play and sing no more, but insisted, with her resolute will, that they must run off home directly, as fast as they could, to put the money there.

It seemed to the judge they had vanished; and how was he to find them again? No one in Wexio knew anything about the little tow-headed singer; but the judge never rested until he had traced his wee wild birdie to her home in the woods.

He found out at last that a woodman, named Nilsson with a family of barefooted boys and girls, lived in a hut in a large pine forest on Count Hamilton's estate, not far from the hamlet of Snuggs.

One day when the brother and sister were planning a second expedition with the precious fiddle, a stranger came straight upon their father whilst he was at work, and asked him if he would let his honor, the provincial judge, take his youngest child; and if she really were as intelligent and gifted as she seemed to be, he would give her an education which would, perhaps, make the name of Christine Nilsson a little better known.

Can you fancy the astonishment of the hard-working forester as he poised his axe on his shoulder and listened?

But when he found this stranger was no stranger to his little pet, but the same, the very same kind gentleman who had given her the silver coin in Wexio fair, he felt that he must not stand in the way of his child's good, hard as it must have been to part with his youngest darling.

The judge was not slow in interesting his friend the Barrone de Leuhusen in the "new Swedish miracle" he found singing in the fair at the rather early age of three years. This lady was herself highly gifted.

She took Christine home with her, and taught her until she was thirteen.

What a change for the wee wild

birdie when she awoke the first morning in the well furnished house of Barrone de Leuhusen, at Halmstad, and found new shoes and stockings waiting for her little feet!

No doubt she missed the arching forest boughs, so full of nature's music.

Perhaps she felt at times as if she had been caught and caged; but the daily singing lesson with her new friend and teacher made amends for all.

The same "quiet" and persevering force of will which led Christine to learn to play her brother's fiddle, now led her to throw her whole heart and soul into these singing exercises.

Step by step she went on and on, always learning, always excelling. How proud was Judge Thornebjelm when he found that, wherever she sang, her brilliant young voice drew crowds to listen, until the name of Christine Nilsson was known not only in her native Sweden, but throughout the world.

Long years have passed since the tall Swedish judge dropped the silver coin into the baby singer's hand, and laid the foundation of her fortune.

And now, when every listener was admiring her, and every lip was praising her, do you think little Christine forgot the dear father and mother in the woodman's hut? Oh, no, no, no! Her heart was as warm and true as when she insisted upon running home to put her treasure in "father's hat."

If you saw her in her beautiful home you would find a glass case in the hall, and in that glass case a little peasant's frock, of coarse check—the very one she wore in Wexio fair; and amongst her most cherished treasures you would find the portraits of the honest woodman and his hard-working wife.

### The Loss from Smoke.

Efforts to solve the problem of consuming smoke are said to have met with considerable success in London. Tests made have shown that the value of coal wasted in smoke from the domestic fireplaces in that city amounts to \$11,282,500 annually, while the aggregate waste of unconsumed carbon is \$13,000,000 a year, and the damage to property caused by smoky atmosphere is put down at \$10,000,000.

The effect on human life and health of an enormous volume of hydro-carbon and carbonic oxide gases pouring into the atmosphere daily is fearful to contemplate. Both from this point and that of economy, the gain that would arise from preventing the waste of unconsumed carbon would be tremendous. It is not too much to hope from the experiments already made that this end will yet be attained.

A gain of over one-half has been made by the use of stoves instead of the open hearths in general use even for cooking purposes in the early part of this century, and the still further improvement in stoves and other methods of disseminating heat is going on all the time. Perhaps in time we shall get rid of coal altogether in private houses, at least, and use gas and electricity.

### The City of Canmore.

The Dominion government have had the plans of the town site of Canmore, Alberta, drawn up similarly to Washington, D. C., with squares, boulevards, avenues and drives, and surveys are hard at work laying it out and making rapid progress. The city is only 14 miles from Banff, and is expected to be the metropolis of the Northwest, knocking Calgary away out. The C. P. R. have established workshops and round houses there and have made Canmore a divisional point between Donald and Gleichen. Coal is found in large quantities within a mile of the place, and two companies, the Canadian Anthracite Coal company, and the St. Paul Coal company, are working mines and expect shortly to have a combined output of 20,000 tons per day. The working of these mines will necessitate the employment of nearly 700 men which will give over two thousand extra population to the city. The C. P. R. will employ about 100 men daily 400. Dairying is another industry which is in full swing in the neighborhood of Canmore, and which

## Liver Disorders

Soon cause the blood to become contaminated and require prompt treatment. The most marked symptoms are loss of appetite, headache, pains in the back or side, nausea, and relaxation of the bowels. Ayer's Pills assist nature to expel the superabundant bile and thus restore the purity of the blood. Being purely vegetable and sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take, mild in operation, and without ill effects.

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with the eventual establishment of iron works, manufactories and smelters, and the development of the lead, silver and copper mines which abound in the neighborhood, may bring forth an era of prosperity unequalled by any city in the West. Canmore is situated on the Bow river, five miles from where it issues from the Rocky mountains, and for scenery is unrivalled. In twelve months time it will be seen whether the predictions of the government are true, and whether Canmore will be the Western metropolis, a flourishing city of 10,000 inhabitants.

The Misery of Happiness.

What is a pessimist, my son? Well, if the spring opened unusually early, and there was an increase of about 25 per cent. in the acreage of the cereals sown, and the weather was so near perfection all summer that no one cared to go to California, and the harvest showed a yield that fairly lifted the roof of the barn and made the sides of the elevator bulge, and prices have gone down 10 and wages increased 15 per cent., the national debt paid, taxes reduced, a free soap trust organized by the anarchists, Saturday made a legal holiday and ten hours' pay for eight hours' work established by constitutional amendment, all the almshouses closed for lack of patronage and the prisons sold to the hotel trust—if in the midst of all the dawning millennium you come across a man sitting on a fire plug on a windy corner, pouring dust on his head and weeping because all his prosperity is apt to develop luxuriously and wasteful habits among the masses—he is a pessimist. "And what is your duty as a Christian man, to such a sorrowful brother?" Kill him, my son; kill him. Don't use violence; just tie him to a man who is having a good time, and he won't last two hours.

—Burdette.

Too Coarse.

Country people amuse the cockneys, and cockneys amuse the country people; and so the account is kept even. A man from the rural districts—from the famous town of Wayback, perhaps—had gone with a friend into a city restaurant.

Presently a young fellow came in, having in his hand a tennis racket. The countryman looked at the novel utensil for a few minutes; then he turned to his friend and said, in a tone of decision:

"John, I drink no milk in this town."

"Why not?"

"Why not! Why, just look at the strainers they use. You could shove a catbird through 'em."—Arkansas Traveller.

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