

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, JULY 18, 1890.

No. 48.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is superior to any prescription known to me." J. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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.

Newspaper 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.

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Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

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

G. W. Moxon, 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 Monday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COLEMAN W. ROBERTS, } Ushers
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FRESHYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 10 p. m. Sabbath School at 7 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayers on Wednesday and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. (transient) Jos. 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 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 local news. Pastor, Rev. Canon Howk, B. D., Residence, Rev. J. K. Kettle, Wolfville, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

By FRANCIS (R. O.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

By GEORGE LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock p. m.

J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION B 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

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.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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

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

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

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods 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.

PATRICK, G. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriages, 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 Toilet Artist.

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.

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CONVEYANCER,

INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

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Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

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Watches, Clocks,

and Jewelry

REPAIRED

BY—

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.

POETRY.

Hereafter.

Will the soul that is within us live beyond the fleeting breath? Will the story life is telling still continue after death? Go and ask the flowing river what becomes of all the mist. Ask the stars that shine above us if at dawn they still exist?

Have the dear ones gone before us, left us never to return? Have their farewells all been spoken like fires that cease to burn? Ask the fallen leaves of autumn if the winter will remain, Ask the ebbing tide of ocean, whether that will come again?

Were not eyes made for the daylight, and the ear to catch a sound? Were the hands not made for labor, and the feet to touch the ground? See the creeping things beneath us; reptiles sleep till sunny spring; Ask the shrouded chrysalis if he shall mount on his want wing

Shall the soul then at our dying ever cease to be? Shall this be remuneration for sweet immortality? Read in Nature's open pages, read in earth and sea and air, Mansion in the great hereafter ready to receive us there.

Faith and Duty.

God made me; I will not apologize—The workmanship is His; if firm and fair, The credit of its strength I do not share; If it be rudely reared, and men despise, Its quaint design, and deign to criticize, I make no murmur for I have no care— I question not the Builder, here nor there, Believing still that all His ways are wise.

This is the one sweet duty that I claim: To keep the palace chambers cool and pure, And lily chaste within, while they endure, And all the many turret lights aflame: To pour love's wine and bid the world take part, Around the purple altar of my heart.

—Chicago Tribune.

SELECT STORY.

Pathetic Bit of Real Life.

"Come in at once!" said the surly-looking young man in a tone of authority, as he put his head outside the screen door. "I should think you'd know better than to be sitting out here in the evening."

His wife—she was speaking to his wife—rose immediately with a smile, half-arch, half-deprecating, and followed him. "You see," she said, glancing back through the screen door, with her hand on his arm, "what a dreadful tyrant I have for a husband."

She smiled radiantly, but his features did not relax. He was a boy of 22, with remarkably square jaws, and straight black brows, now bent in decided displeasure upon the ethereal-looking girl of 19 who had married him a year before. She was evidently approaching the last stage of consumption, and they had fled to Florida on the slender chances of saving her life.

No doubt it was unwise for her to be sitting out on the moon-lit porch with the dangerously delicious evening air about her, but then, as the group of ladies remarked to each other after she had withdrawn, "why couldn't her husband have called her in in a gentlemanly manner?"

"I suppose," suggested my cousin Anna, "it was because he realized her danger more acutely than she did. You would scarcely blame a man if he saved a man from drowning in an ungentlemanly manner?"

"But that's the way he always treats her," exclaimed one of the ladies eagerly. "He seems never happy unless he's contradicting her, or putting her in the wrong, or sending her to bed, or ordering her around. He keeps his eye on her, you can see, the whole time, and she is so lovely and forbearing with him. How do you suppose she came to marry him?"

"Perhaps she loved him," said Anna. "That motive has been found sufficient in some cases."

"But how did she come to love him?" queried another lady. "Ugh! who could love a connected crack like that?"

We all laughed, and afterwards we all agreed that there was something angelic about the girl-wife. Going up stairs the first day of our arrival, I had overtaken her half way up, leaning and panting against the banister. She was dressed in a very pretty tea gown, trimmed with swan's down, the soft, fluffy white substance lending fullness

to her emaciated frame. Her fair hair was cut short to her head and her eyes, very blue, very wide, looked into mine with the confident air of a child who is accustomed to receive the tenderest treatment from every one. "Let me help you up stairs," I said, and as I slipped my arm around her waist a sensation, half shudder, half thrill, went over me at the discovery of how frail and light she was. In the hall above we met the gruff young man who thanked me curtly, and, seeing how faint she was, took her in his arms and carried her to their room, kicking the door open before I had time to reach it. The room occupied by Anna and myself was just across the hall, and the afternoon being extremely warm, I left the door open. Presently the door on the other side was opened, and the objectionable young man remarked:

"There! We'll have a bit of a breeze to freshen us. Where is the pain now, dear?"

"No pain, Dick, only I'm so tired—so deathly tired. It seems to me I can see all through me—see all the little muscles and nerves, and there and things, and every one of them aches with weariness."

"Poor child. I'm going to give you a massage treatment, and see if that won't rest you a little. I ought to have gone down stairs for you before. Was old what-do-you-call-him talking to you?"

"Yes."

"No wonder you're used up."

"There was a sound of faint laughter. "Dick, what a shame! And he's so good. Everyone is so good to me."

"Oh, I dare say. There's lots of good people that haven't the common sense of a cow. I wish I'd stepped in and carried you off in the middle of one of the sentences. Wouldn't he have stared at me, though? And wouldn't the women have glared at me? Lord, how they hate me!"

"That's because you pretend to be so rough and berish with me."

"Well, I can't stand an everlasting drizzle of pity and compassion. I'd rather people would hate me than pity me."

"Would you rather they'd hate me?"

"Oh, they can't help hating you," returned the young gentleman with more than a tinge of irony in his tone. "Feel any easier?"

"Yes, ever so much easier. Isn't it nice not to suffer, Dick? How happy people must be who are nearly always out of pain."

"No, they're not, Lily. You can always trust a human being to invent some form of misery for himself. It's the nature of the animal. Precious few people ever dream of thanking God for their hearts for being out of physical pain."

"Well, I'd be perfectly comfortable and melting with gratitude if only my feet—"

"No, your feet are not melting; that's clear. They're freezing. I'll soon rub them warm. And then I'll pin them up in flannel. Lillian, he added, after these offices were concluded, "Don't you think you could rest better if I ricked you for a while?"

"Yes, I'm sure I could."

He drew a big rocking chair to the bedside, and taking her in his arms, began to rock softly, and to sing in a low voice—

Her brow is like the snowdrop,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on,
And she's all the world to me—
His voice broke a little. "Oh, darling!" said Lillian, "don't sing that! It's always makes me so sad." But the young fellow struggled bravely on—

Oh, Lord,
Rocker my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Oh, Lord,
Rocker my soul.

Presently she was laid back upon the couch, and as Anna and the boys came up stairs the door across the hall was softly closed. "Why, Bel," exclaimed my cousin, "browsing over a nook, and looking as though you were going to cry over it?"

"No, Anna, not over the book. Only over a very pathetic bit of real life."

BEL THISTLETHWAIT.

Cause of Summer Complaints.

The direct cause of pain and looseness of the bowels, is an irritation of the mucous membrane of the same, sufficient to produce excessive peristaltic or worm-like motion in the interior of the bowels, by which means the matter in the bowels is naturally carried through them. This excessive irritative action, more than a natural peristaltic action, and the partially digested food matter is kept constantly passing along and evacuated freely. This is called a diarrhoea; where the irritation is enough to cause bleeding, we have dysentery. Indirect causes of diarrhoea, by which an irritation is started are intestinal dyspepsia, overeating, unripe or overripe fruit, tainted meats or oysters, etc.; torpor of liver, by which not enough bile is secreted; excessive flow of bile, etc. TREATMENT. Thoroughly evacuate the

bowels with say, Parson's Pills, they are among the best to get rid of all irritating matter. Then take Johnson's Anodyne Linctum in teaspoonful doses diluted with water every four hours, and often if the case is severe. In cases of Asiatic cholera, one teaspoonful should be given every half hour. Thousands of people remember the year 1849, when that worst known epidemic disease spread over this country. Johnson's Anodyne Linctum at that time was but little known outside of the state of Maine in Bangor, Maine, the home of old Dr. Johnson, the cholera got a firm hold—people dying in that small town at the rate of "thirty-six in one day."

Many old citizens of that place look back upon that wholesale death scene even at this late day, and shudder at the pang it cost. Johnson's Anodyne Linctum is now in its full vigor, and they feel that with it at hand cholera cannot again devastate their fair city as in 1849. But for its use at that time by its friends, many would not now live to spread the joyful news that any case of cholera, dysentery, cholera morbus, cholera, or kindred diseases, if taken in season, can be cured by Johnson's Anodyne Linctum. It never yet failed. No matter how well you know this medicine it will pay you to send to L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for a pamphlet free just to learn how to use the linctum economically. A teaspoonful properly used will often do more good than a half bottle as some people use it.

The School Garden at Hillsboro, Mabou.

From the North Sydney Herald.

In his speech at the opening of the Island Exhibition at Mabou last October, Dr McKay made the following remarks: "He said, if they would pardon him for the digression he would like just here to refer to an exhibition which he had the good fortune of viewing on entering their village yesterday. An exhibition which to his mind had perhaps as much significance as this one. He referred to the magnificent display of flowers, plants and vegetable to be seen in the garden in connection with Hillsboro school. Words failed to express his admiration for the work done by teacher and pupils. The seeds of knowledge sown there will bring forth abundant fruit. And as far as the children themselves are concerned the memory of the time spent there amid plants and flowers will be among the most pleasing recollections of maturer years."

For this garden we are mainly indebted to Mr W. F. Cogswell, the very efficient teacher who had charge of the Hillsboro school for the year ending October 31st, 1889. Mr Forbes, who has charge of the school for the current year is very successfully following up the good work begun by his predecessors, both within the school room, in the garden and in the various societies which exist for the benefit of the young people.

The garden has received a valuable present from Mr T. E. Smith, of the Nova Scotia Nursery, Cornwallis Kings Co. Having learned that a garden was started in connection with the Hillsboro school, Mr Smith, who is always ready to aid a good cause, at once sent a valuable contribution in the form of a fine lot of flowering shrubs and climbing vines. This is not the first time that Mr Smith has given similar contributions to worthy objects, and we hope it may not be the last, and that other nurserymen may follow his example in this. The N. S. Nursery is one of the largest in the Maritime Provinces, containing over 200,000 trees, beside a large number of shrubs and ornamental plants and small fruits. There is one point of difference between Mr Smith's trees and those of some other nurseries, they are true to label. If you buy a King it won't turn out a Crab. Two little has been done in the past in the way of ornamenting our school houses and grounds. If parents would only realize that their children live about one quarter of their early life in and about the school-house; and that their early surroundings have a great influence on their after life, they would certainly take care that the house and grounds were kept in proper condition.

The Gasperou Valley.

Montreal Witness Prize Story.

When taking a walk in the month of June, 1889, I climbed a hill which was very steep, and there I paused to gaze on the picturesque valley below. It was a beautiful scene. The Gasperou river winding through the little village, giving greater beauty to its green grass and trees, looked very familiar to me. As I passed along down the hill my eye was arrested by the men and boys busily performing various duties, among which was the village blacksmith, working at his anvil, shoeing horses; with his vigorous arm swinging the hammer, making the sparks fly to and fro. It reminded me of Gabriel and Evangeline, about whom I had been reading from Longfellow's poems, which I held in my hand; and I fancied them wandering together through the little village of Grand Pre; little dreaming of days to come when they should be parted from each other forever and sent away from their beautiful home to wander among strangers; never again to see and enjoy the beauties of their home. Oh, how sad it must have been to be separated from each other forever! Gasperou valley being only one hour's walk from my own home, I often wander there to feast my eyes on the beauties of nature. This valley is often visited by foreign people who come to spend the summer in Wolfville. They think it an optical treat to visit the valley; and oftentimes this quiet village is chosen for picnics, fishing and other resorts. Delicious fruits grow in the orchards on the banks of the river, which winds its way down to Grand Pre and flows into the Minas Basin. Here and there are pretty little knolls, nooks and shady little rills, the boughs of the tall elms and willows providing shelter for the lambs from the heat of summer. In the river, the fish, of various families, dart to and fro. The valley is dotted here and there with little villages; their church spires pointing heavenward, surrounded with pretty white cottages, around the doors and windows of which the graceful vines are twining. There the banners, in their sleeping beauty, lay like infants on their mothers' breast.

ETHEL M. SHAW.

From the walk of a murderer, robber, and burglar, recently captured in New York, was taken a slip of paper on which was written: "Keep good company or none." "Honesty is the best policy." "Drink leads to ruin." "Honor thy father and thy mother." "Civility costs nothing." "Do not mock at sacred things."

A Noble Dream of Life.

More men are trying to be prosperous than are trying to be good; but find the field of the profound struggle of the most passionate longing, of the most obstinate determination that the earth contains, and it will not be even where men are haggard with the thirst for gold; it will be in some hour of spiritual agony or trust where a soul is defying its temptation and laying hold on its divine heritage and wrestling for its spiritual life. To superficial observers and listeners it has sometimes seemed as if not scholarship but athletics offered the most widely coveted prizes of our college life—but I suppose no reasonable man ever doubted that if you could find the one man here who was the hardest worker in the whole world of eager work, it would be a book and not a ball that you would find in his devoted hands. If it is the sordid prizes of life, the now found fields of gold, the great carnivals of pleasure or of fame that have scattered enthusiasm like broadest fire, over whole continents of human life, it has been learning, character, service, the passion of the scholar and the saint, which had thrown up the solitary peaks of supreme consecration farther into the sky, which have lighted the purest, whitest flames of absolute devotion of single souls, which have made men "severe delights and live laborous days," which have built the cells and brought men singing to the stakes and scaffolds. If selfishness has had its frenzied mobs, unselfishness alone has had its Christ. If you and I mourn bitterly that the great mass of our thought and feeling has been given to little things, the one moment still in our life which stands out above all others as the moment when we really thought and felt so intensely that it seems as if then and then alone thought and feeling were indeed realities to us, was a moment not of the little but of the great, the truth when we love devotedly, when truth declared herself our mistress, when we saw that to serve our brethren—that and that alone was to live.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster Price 25 cents. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Twenty Dollars Cash!

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 Billings Stamp 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 1860-1866.

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, cut values, on the entire letter, for which I give higher prices than anyone.

G. HOOPER, 559 King St., Ottawa, Canada.

STRAY LEAVES

"Book of Wonders."

(LESLIE LORING DAVISON.)

With a Preface by Harri Harrieo.

Edited by Ben Zeena.

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