

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol VIII

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1899.

No. 34.

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for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended by the most eminent medical authorities in all parts of the world. It is a safe, reliable, and pleasant medicine, and is the best for all cases of Colic, Constipation, Worms, Diarrhoea, Indigestion, and all other ailments of the young. It is sold in all parts of the world.

THE ACADIAN

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00
Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

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

Neat 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 be given, and may be written over a fictitious signature.

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—OF THE—
**Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE**

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Short Poetry.

When the Green Gets Back.

When the green gets back in the trees,
And y'er boots p'ntle out,
And you think of your various days,
When you get to work, you want to stay.

And you and yer wife agree
It's time to spade up the garden lot—
When the green gets back in the trees—
Well, work is the least of my woes.

When the green gets back in the trees,
And y'er boots p'ntle out,
And you think of your various days,
When you get to work, you want to stay.

When the whole tail-feathers of winter
Is all pulled out and gone,
And the sap it flows and begins to climb,
And the sweat it starts on a
Feller's forehead, a gittin' down.

When the green gets back in the trees,
A feller's forehead, a gittin' down,
I kind o' like, jes' a loafin' round
When the green gets back in the trees—
A feller's forehead, a gittin' down.

When the green, you know, gets back
In the trees,
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Interesting Story.

Two Schemers.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."

The widow Smith sat up late reading the country paper; usually the Weekly Budget did not interest her, but on this occasion she read and re-read a certain part of its columns and laid it down at last with a sigh.

"Wants a wife, does he?" she mused aloud, "tired of livin' alone. It's a good chance for some one to get a good husband of his what he advertises."

Then she resumed the paper and studied it carefully.
"A good provider." That's one point. "Middle aged and well-to-do." Laws of it wasn't for the—

The widow stopped abruptly, and looked around with a startled expression.
"It must have been the cat." She said to herself, "I'm as nervous as a mouse. I'm sure there ain't any harm in it. I dare say he'll be glad of it when he finds out. If he hadn't been so particular that he wanted a widow without any—"

Then she broke off abruptly and sat thinking.
"I've heard tell," she mused, "that a man who amounted to anything wouldn't have to advertise for a wife. All alone in the world. Poor man! I feel uncommonly drawn toward him. 'Likes peace and quiet.' So do I. We're of a mind there. I'd answer if it wasn't for the—"

The clock striking started her. After a long fit of thinking she went to the clock-shelf and took down a pen and a bottle of ink; then she led in the family Bible and found some writing paper.

It took the Widow Smith a long time to compose that letter. When she finally had it to her mind, she copied it, after which she read it a great many times.

"I hope I haven't done wrong," she said to her conscience. "But I can almost see the hand of Providence pinning the way. 'A widower an' well-to-do alone in the world. It would be almost wicked not to try.'"

Then she wound up the clock, put the cat out, and was soon drawing of a new ad.

Mr. Josiah Brown, a comfortable farmer, who lived in the next township, was the man whose advertisement for a wife had enlisted the sympathy of the widow Smith. He had been in the lonely and forlorn state of a widower about a year, and was tired of single life. He cast his eye, figuratively speaking, upon all the widows in his neighborhood, but they found no favor in his sight; so he advertised in the Weekly Budget and had had half a bushel of letters in answer to his demand. All the answers had attractions, but there was only one that seemed to fill his expectations. I

was a tiny little missive and signed "Widow Smith." "She don't brum an' haw an' bat round the bush, but comes right to the point like a man," said he to himself. So he wrote to her, and in due time a second letter came. It pleased him more than the first.

"She's Mrs. Brown No. 2," he chuckled. "She says she's small—I like leetle women—has a farm an' a good house, an' of course is all alone in the world or she wouldn't have answered at all. Says her friends call her a good housekeeper. She's a maste' hand to write—begins every word with a capital an' she's appointed a metin' at Gabriel Simons'! She'd I've known Gab' since we was boys together. I wonder if he'll help me out about this—"

The good man chuckled abruptly, and seemed flurried.
"He won't mind after we're joined. I'll appoint next Thursday to meet, Friday an' a lucky an' Saturday's too near Sunday. I'll tell Simpson to keep dark till I come ther'. Wonder if the widder is good lookin'. Wonder if she'll be disappointed."

The widow was first at Simpson's and held his best card for private audience.
Then she was all smiles, talking over pickling and preserving receipts with Mrs. Simpson, who was an old acquaintance. Josiah Brown dove up with his span of grays, but Sunday coat on, best foot forward, the widow was observing him from behind the curtains of the sitting room window.

"W-o-l-f!" she said with a long breath, he a'n't to say han'some. He's a leetle bow-legged an' has a cast in one eye. I dono as I'd have him if it wasn't for the—"

Before she had finished Mr. Simpson was presenting Mr. Brown, and then all hands sat down to a "biled" dinner.

"I like good vittles," said the widower with a knowing glance at the vis-a-vis the widow, and he passed his plate for the third time.
"So do I," responded the lady with a vivid blush. Mr. Smith used to say he couldn't bear to eat away from home cause we had such good meals.

Mr. Brown beamed at her.
After dinner he took Mr. Simpson to one side. Pretty as a picture an' plump as a partridge; looks like she could keep house for me and the—ugh! ough! ough!

A severe fit of coughing interrupted Mr. Brown's recital. Simpson smiled knowingly.
"Your luck if you get the widder," he said. "But I can't say it's fair not to tell her about the—"

"Hush!" whispered Brown, nervously. "It'll be all right, I'll make her a good husband and she won't mind the fit."

Another fit of coughing, which nearly strangled the good man, nipped his discourse in the bud.
"I say, Simpson," he enquired presently, "has the widow any—"

"None in the land of the living," interupted Mr. Simpson, hurriedly.
Mr. Brown rubbed his hands with satisfaction—Then they joined the ladies, and the courtship proceeded with such alacrity that the day was set, and as a neutral ground, Simpson's house was tendered for the occasion.

But Mr. Brown visited the widow at her lonely house several times, and the widow in company with Mrs. Simpson spent a day at the Brown homestead and was much impressed with its "p'ace and quiet." She whispered to Mrs. Simpson,
"I'm so thankful I'm going to marry into a house where there ain't any—"

"Hush! he's looking at us," cautioned her friend.
Then both ladies laughed heartily, as if they knew something that pleased them immensely.

While Mr. Brown was allowing off his roomy house he hazarded a remark:
"It's kinder lonesome in a house where there are nobody but grown-ups. I believe you told me you hadn't any—"

"They are all in the graveyard!" sobbed the widow with a handkerchief to her eyes.
It took some time for Mr. Brown to undo the mischief. He was compelled to support the clinging form and dry

the tears he had drawn forth by his careless remark.
"She's a tender hearted little thing!" he said to Simpson. "She'll come around all right when she sees the—"

"Here he sneezed.
"You old fraud! thought Simpson. But he only said, p' hilly. 'Of course she will.'"

They were married quietly, only the immediate friends of the family being present at the ceremony, and they went to a town where nobody knew them, and spent their honeymoon preening around in each other's company, seeing the sights, and were as old folks in love usually are. Not that either of them was old. No indeed.

When they went back they first located at the Brown homestead. As they couldn't live in two places at once the widow had decided to sell and invest her money in more land in the neighborhood of her new home, a plan highly approved by her new partner.

The first cloud on the horizon of their new lives appeared when they reached home. It was no larger than a man's hand—r a boy's hand—in fact that was just the shape it took on the white walls.

Mr. Brown looked frightened; but he asked boldly: "My dear, don't you think it's kinder lonesome in a house where there ain't any—"

A curious interruption happened. A troop of half grown boys rushed in at that moment to welcome the bride. They did not go through the ceremony of knocking, and seemed very much at home. They could have sung "We are seven," exactly as to numbers.

"Who are they?" gasped the new Mrs. Brown.
"I-I-I don't know," faltered Mr. Brown, his legs shaking like castanets. "Ran home boys, run home!"

"Where'll we go, pa?" inquired the youngest, a cherub of five.
"Oh," gasped the bride faintly, "I thought you wanted a quiet home! I have been basely deceived! You said you hadn't any—"

"Boys don't make any noise!" asserted Brown. "An' I thought, as long as you hadn't any—"

"Oh, good heavens! Who are they. What do you want!"
"We've come, ma! We're all here!" shouted a chorus of voices as a whole school full of girls rushed in; "please introduce us to our new pa."

But "new pa" had fainted, and hung limp and speechless over the arm of his chair.
The noise brought him to. He asked if the brigantide had done much damage, and seemed in a dazed condition for some time. Indeed, the shock of finding himself the trove-point of seven daughters was too much for him. Simpson had been sent for and was present. Mr. Brown looked feebly at his distressed wife and said:
"You told me you hadn't any—"

"No, dar. I said they were all in the graveyard. So they were, boarded with the sexton. They are real, sweet girls, seven of them. You must love them for my sake."

"Seven and seven makes fourteen" figured the eldest maid chorubim.
"It's a good thing the house is large enough to hold us all!"

A peace was patched up—several peacees in fact, and after a while the new couple found that what can't be cured must be endured. Mr. Brown took the longest to come around, but when he did, he gave in fully. In a moment of confidence his wife told him that she knew beforehand all about the boys, and had taken her own cue from that bit of design. Mrs. Simpson had told her.
"Just like a woman—never can keep a secret," said Mr. Brown severely.

"Oh, no, dear!" answered his wife, "because, though she told me all about your little scheme, she never said a word to you about mine."
And Mr. Brown was obliged to admit that he was fairly beaten at his own little game.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor is a sure cure for dandruff.—John W. Brown, Editor Enquirer, McArthur, Ohio.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Death of James Baines.

[From the Liverpool Daily Chronicle.]
We have to record the death of Mr. James Baines, a gentleman whose name thirty years ago was as familiar to residents in the ports of India and of the Antipodes as it was to the community of his native town, and who must ever remain inseparably associated with the history of the British Mercantile Marine, and the gradual march and brilliant successes of shipping enterprise.

The deceased gentleman was born in Liverpool on the 26th of October, 1823, in Upper Duke street, and after passing through the usual scholastic routine entered a shipbroker's office. He very soon displayed exceptional shrewdness and perseverance, and that indomitable spirit which was destined to carry him into a position of great business prominence, and which formed his chief characteristic in later life, when age and reverses would have entirely crushed one of weaker mould.

It was in the commencement of the fifties that the firm of James Baines and Company came into conspicuous notice, in consequence of the reputation their vessels acquired in making rapid passages between the Mersey and Australia. In 1851 a dirty-looking old ship, contemptuously compared by some to a barrel of pork, with low masts and general uninviting appearance, was lying in the Queen's Dock, having a broom affixed to the masthead in token of her being on sale. She had been built at Miramichi, and on her arrival in this country, after discharging her cargo, was put into the market by the owner. The vessel was named the Marco Polo, was purchased for a very small figure by Mr. Baines, and was the pioneer of the great fleet of clipper ships which ultimately composed the old Black Ball line, and of rival lines in the same Colonial trade. On her first voyage to Melbourne she went out in 70 days, and although laying in that port for three weeks to load, returned to the Mersey, having completed the voyage out and home in the then unprecedented short period of five months and twenty-one days. Subsequent voyages were performed in less time, but the nearest this achievement created both abroad and at home was extreme and tended greatly to the rapid development of business relation with the Australian Colonies. Not only was her reputation of the firm, of which Mr. Donald Mackay was also a member, greatly increased, but the coffers were also substantially replenished. The return cargo brought by the Marco Polo consisted of wool, and it is stated that the net profits realized by the voyage were no less than £18,000.

Other vessels were built and purchased, and before long the firm possessed from twenty to thirty of the fastest sailing ships afloat. Many of the names will still be familiar to the memory of the older generation. The "Lightning," the "Champion of the Seas," the "Ocean Chief," the "James Baines," called after the senior partner, were amongst the finest of the number.

They always sailed from the Coburg Dock, and every vessel carried a double crew. Both men and boys received high wages, and no expense was spared in equipment or provisions. It must be borne in mind, however, that the freights were high, and at one time on an average a thousand passengers a week left our shores by the Black Ball line alone. These were actually passengers paying full fare, and not emigrants, who, in the present days of high competition, are carried and fed for almost nothing. The captains, too, were all carefully selected, and with vessels which could carry any amount of sail, and crews numerically equal to their manipulation, neither winds nor waves were much taken into account so long as speed could be maintained. One of the most notable of these gallant commanders was Captain Forbes, who not only made extraordinary passages, but was the first to discover and put to test the system of "circular sailing." The comfort of the passengers was invariably looked after.

But steam and the construction of the Suez Canal together were destined to effect a change. The owners of the principal clipper lines of sailing ships were amongst the last to see that their vessels, however splendid, were being

Dyspepsia

Is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Few persons have perfect digestion. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, or a dose at night before retiring, never fails to give relief in the worst cases, and wonderfully assists the process of nutrition. As a family medicine, Ayer's Pills are unequalled.

James Quinn, 50 Middle st., Hartford, Conn., testifies: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."

Elias Alexander, of Marblehead, Mass., was long a severe sufferer from Dyspepsia, complicated with enlargement of the Liver, most of the time being unable to retain any food in his stomach. Three boxes of Ayer's Pills cured him.

Frederic C. Greener, of East Dedham, Mass., for several months troubled with Indigestion, was cured before he used half a box of these Pills.

Ayer's Pills,

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daily eclipsed by the screw steamers of Great Britain. Conspicuous among the lines which bravely contended against the new motive power and long maintained itself in full force, was the Old Black Ball Line. The ships were grand for their class, and admirably fitted for the trade in which they were engaged, but at last had to succumb to the exigencies of modern invention and progress. It is a matter of regret that the prosperity which Mr. James Baines enjoyed in early life did not pursue him in later years. His genius and business capacity remained with him to the close, and his advice and experience were sought for and utilized by more prosperous members of the mercantile community, but with little personal advantage to himself. He never took any active part in political or other public matters. Keenly intelligent and urban in manner, generous to the point of lavishness when he had the means, he was popular with all who possessed his personal acquaintance. His death took place at his residence, at ten o'clock on Friday evening, after a somewhat long and painful illness. He leaves several married daughters to mourn his loss.

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