

# 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 4, 1890.

No. 46.

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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

### The Acadian.

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

TERMS:  
**\$1.00 Per Annum.**  
(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.

DATES 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 names 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.

### 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.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for *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 close at 10:35 a. m.  
Express close at 4:50 p. m.  
Kentville close at 7:25 p. m.  
(Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.)

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.  
Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.  
G. W. MUNRO, 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 p. m. (State fees) all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by  
COLIN W. ROSSON, Ushers  
A. DEW BARAS

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranick-John, 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 the services.

St JOHN'S CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a. m.; on other Sundays, 11 a. 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, Rev. Kentville, Warden, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

St FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, F. 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 8 o'clock p. m.  
J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall Witter'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.

### 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.

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

CAVISON, 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.

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.

DAND, 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 Tobaccoist.

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.

### J. B. DAVISON, J. P.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE,  
CONVEYANCER,  
INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

JOHN W. WALLACE,  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,  
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC  
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.  
WOLFVILLE N. S.

Watches, Clocks,  
and Jewelry  
REPAIRED!  
—BY—  
J. F. HERBIN,  
Next door to Post Office.  
Small articles SILVERPLATED.

### POETRY.

#### The Half-Way House.

I have entered the door of the half-way house,  
That stands betwixt life and death,  
And its walls are black with the terrible blight,  
Of pain's corroding breath.  
Its halls are narrow, and low, and long,  
And ghostly phantoms fly,  
At the sound of many a shuddering sob,  
And many a quivering sigh.  
There is never a window to let in light,  
And never a gleam of sun,  
For when we enter its low, sad door,  
The days and nights are one.

The days go by in a frenzied stream,  
The nights in a wild despair,  
And the only angel that enters here,  
Is the pitiful one of prayer.  
On the wings of prayer my feeble hands,  
Will batter the thick walls down,  
'Till often above the weight of the cross  
I catch the gleam of a crown.

But again with a rush the friends of pain  
Will drag me back to earth,  
While a helpless prisoner I am bound,  
In the thralls of their heartless mirth.  
As they torture, and scourge, and burn  
me o'er,  
'Till I cry in a sad unrest  
For the blessed calm of the welcome day,  
When they fold my hands on my breast.

I know not how I shall leave this house,  
By the door that I entered in,  
Or the lower door that swings without,  
From a world of sorrow and sin.  
But how'er it be, oh, lift me up;  
Thou angel of peace and prayer,  
And teach me anew the way to endure  
The sorrows I have to bear!

—Birch Arnold.

### SELECT STORY.

#### Mag's Children.

"Is it?" said Mag slowly. "Read it, Bob."

Bob repeated it reverently.

"Isn't it nice here, Mag? So quiet."

"Yes," said Mag, absently, then suddenly remembering. "Oh Bob, Miss Lucy has given us three tickets for you and Sammy and Jude to go for a sail on the lake."

"No I shouldn't, I have been often and often and I always get sick. Now you go and tell the others and I'll stay here and get cool."

Mag was left alone to gaze through the bars at the graves. It was so quiet and the grass was so green. An elm tree cast a soft shade over the grass. Mag with his face pressed against the bars, repeated "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Her eyes filled with tears. It would be a good place to sleep on the grass in the shade of the elm tree. The cathedral chiming began to play. 1, 2, 3. The quick bells seemed to be chasing each other. 1, 2, 3, 4; 1, 2, 3, 4 and again 1, 2, 3, 4. Then the great bell struck low and deep. Mag counted the strokes as they fell. Five, she counted five, and springing up, ran away to sell papers.

The next morning great preparations were going on in a house in the suburbs. Miss Lucy lived here and a private picnic was coming off that day. On a verandah at the back of the house was Miss Lucy on her knees before a hamper packing away provisions. A maid was handing her the different parcels, and endeavoring at the same time to keep an eye on Master Jack and Miss Mabel, Miss Lucy's nephew and niece. A few minutes before they had coaxed Aunt Lucy to give them some cake. Now they were chasing the cat, who took refuge in the top of an apple tree. A moment's quiet then from a distant part of the garden came in a shrill treble:

"Aunt Lucy, is Mr Carr coming this afternoon?"

"Yes, Mabel."

"Aren't you glad, Aunt Lucy?"

"Mabel, when you wish to speak to me you should come near me and speak gently, and not shout like that."

"In a wonderfully short space of time the question was repeated breathlessly by her side.

"Are you glad, Aunt Lucy?"

"I am pleased Mabel that Mr Carr will see our beautiful lake."

"Hasn't he ever seen the lake Aunt Lucy?"

"Yes, but he has never been on it yet. Now run away. I must get this packing done."

Mr Carr met them later on board the steamer. Mabel looked at him wisely from her aunt's side. Their

seat was far up in the bow. The boat starts, the blue waves dance and the paddle wheels dash them into foam. A cool breeze is blowing from the lake and brings the color into Bobby's pale cheeks. The children are sitting in the stern. Peter and Mag waved good bye from the wharf, and now every turn of the paddle wheels brought a new delight—a white cloud floating far above them and casting a shadow on the steamer's deck, a gull swooping down to the water, or a tug ploughing its way through the waves. They reached the park. Then there was a rush over the gangway and over the wharf to the green meadows. How delightful it was racing down the hollows or playing hide-and-go-seek among the trees.

In the city Peter and Mag have separated long ago after coming from the wharf, and have met again a dozen times in the streets. Peter fancies that Mag is quiet and wonders what she is thinking about.

The afternoon seems long to Mag, who is tired. When she buys the evening papers she smiles to herself, thinking that the children will be at tea. She is crossing the street when suddenly she hears a shout and then a dreadful crash. She wonders at it. Sees a face, recognizes one of her customers, and holds out a paper with a smile, then falls in a little huddled heap at his feet. Some one takes her into a drug store to wait for the ambulance. When they reach the hospital she is carried in gently. Over the door she notices the words "I was sick and ye visited me." In some dim way Mag connects them with another verse, and the house doctor bending over her hears her murmur "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

Mag opening her eyes finds herself in bed in a quiet ward. Opposite are great windows looking up to the sky. The afternoon sun sends long rays of light into the room. A cool breeze comes in at the open windows and blows softly on her face. The stillness is broken only by the footfall of the nurse as she passes from bed to bed. Mag watches her until the nurse, looking up, comes quickly to her.

"Do you know where you are, my dear?"

"In the hospital."

"You are not frightened are you?"

"Oh no, not when you are here, what time is it?"

"Almost six. What is it dear?" she added, noticing the tears in Mag's eyes.

"My children. What will become of my children?"

"Tell me about them." And kneeling beside the bed the nurse, half lifted Mag in her arms.

"At five o'clock the children went to Miss Lucy, who was talking to a gentleman. Bob thought that he looked like his father."

"This is a brother and sister of one of my Sunday School scholars, Mr Carr—and this little boy is—"

But before she could say Bob's name he sprang forward. "Uncle, uncle, don't you know me?"

Mr Carr looked at Bob's eager face, then caught him in his arms. "My dear boy, where have you been?"

Bob poured out his story, while Miss Lucy listened in silent astonishment. When Bob had finished Mr Carr turned to Miss Lucy.

"This is my nephew, who was lost last winter. He will be your nephew, too, he added in a whisper. Miss Lucy blushed and bent down to kiss Bob. What a feast they had! What a friendship Jack and Mabel struck up with the children! Then came the sail home when the sun was going down, Peter was waiting at the wharf. He took hold of the children as soon as they crossed the gangway. Mr Carr said:

"I will help you wish the children, Peter."

Bob had told him who it was.

"No, Mag's hurt. I am going to take care of the children for Mag. Don't cry, Jule, I'll take care of you."

"Did you say Mag was hurt?" cried Miss Lucy. Peter nodded. After he told them what had happened it was decided that Mr Carr would take the children to see Mag, while Miss Lucy went home with Jack and Mabel.

"It will be better Lucy, then you can come and see Mag afterwards."

Mag was lying quiet, when looking up she saw Mr Carr and the children standing at the door. The nurse met them.

"I am glad that you have come, sir, with the children. I have seen you with Miss Passmer," she added.

"Yes, I am Bob's uncle."

"Are you, indeed, sir? Mag will be so pleased."

Mag held out her arms with a smile as they came up the ward. The children stood beside the bed in the red glow of the sunset and heard her voice, as in a dream, telling them that was going away.

"I was sorry at first, but God will take care of you, and children be good, be good always, and keep together. Take care of Sammy and Jule, Peter, and be kind to Jule, Sammy."

She kissed them good-bye, then the nurse led them away. Mr Carr took Mag's hand in both of his. "I want to thank you Mag for being so kind to Bob. Miss Lucy is going to be my wife and we promise to take care of the children for your sake, Mag."

"Thank you sir," she said, simply. "Give my love to Miss Lucy. Good-bye."

When the nurse came back, Mag was looking steadily at the beautiful sky. A fitful breeze stirred the tree tops. The evening star was shining alone. The nurse sat down beside her bed. Before long another star came out. Mag drew a long breath. When they reach the hospital she is carried in gently. Over the door she notices the words "I was sick and ye visited me." In some dim way Mag connects them with another verse, and the house doctor bending over her hears her murmur "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

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decay of the grass thickens the turf from year to year, and thus makes a soil at last upon which beasts may graze or which may be cultivated.

Or if, as is more likely, the surroundings tend to make a forest on the spot rather than a grassy slope the tiny shrubs yield to larger bushes, and the bushes make way for the trees, which, sending their roots among the rocks, often rend them asunder.

Perhaps the newest, and in many ways the strongest use of moss is that to which the quinine planters have found it may be put. In taking the bark from the chincona tree, from which quinine is obtained, strips of untouched bark are left, in order that the tree may not be killed.

It has been found that if moss be applied to the spaces on the trees which have been stripped of their bark, a new bark forms, and this new bark is actually richer in quinine than the original portions.

### Two Girls.

There is a girl, and I love to think of her and talk of her, who comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seem to depend upon and look to for many comforts. She is the girl who helps mother.

In her own home, she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, stiff fingers that falter at their work; her strong young fingers are a staff upon which the gray-haired, white-faced mother leans and is rested. She helps her mother with the spring sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on only mother. And when there comes a day when she must bend over the old worn-out body of mother lying unheeded in her coffin, the rough hands folded, her long disquiet merged in rest, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss, and the girl who helped her mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

The girl who works, God bless her, is another girl whom I know. She is brave and active. She is not too proud to earn her own living or ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She is studious and painstaking and patient. She smiles on you from behind counter or desk. There is a memory of her seen into each gown. She is a beautiful mountaineer already far up the hill, and the sight of her should be a fine inspiration for us all. It is an honor to know this girl—to be worthy of her regard. Her hand may be stained by factory grease or printer's ink, but it is an honest hand and a helping hand. It stays misfortune from many homes; it is the one shield that protects many a forlorn little family from the alms house and asylum.

### A Laugh-producing Plant.

Palgrave in his work on Central and Eastern Arabia, mentions a plant in the work of the world, which is more important than that of decoration. In their nature often makes a beautiful beginning toward clothing utterly waste places with a soil upon which plants and trees may live, and which become capable of supporting human life.

Upon the rock surface of a ledge in spots where the force of the sun is least strong, and where most moisture is found, we see thin mosses forming. Gradually they grow thicker and stronger. The patches that they have made extend and meet each other until a considerable surface is covered over.

As they develop their growths they decay and a rich dark mold is formed beneath. The seeds of other plants lodge in the mosses which hold them fast, and makes them sprout and grow, sending their roots a long the layer of mold. A beginning has been made for a vegetation upon the rocks.

Gradually the mosses are driven out by stronger plants, which run their roots into the crevices of the rock; but the moss by its death makes the life of the herbage that follows it possible. It actually dies for other plants.

The grass grows where the moss made its soft, feeble beginning. The

### The Czar's Family.

The Empress of Russia has daughters much with her, and has not even a so-called governess for them. Her own personal attendant and her lady of honor serve also for them. In part this springs from the emperor's love for simplicity of life, but in part also, that they try to surround themselves with as few people as possible, so that as little as may be concerning their private life should transpire to the outer world, of whom they are, and not without good reason, much afraid. The empress superintends in person the education of the two little grand-daughters, Xenia and Olga, aged respectively 11 and 6. The emperor in his leisure moments tries to do the same for his boys. Especially he loves to give them music and dancing lessons for he thinks himself a great musician, and has a predilection for the cornet-piston.

DREIFT OF THE TIMES.—Mrs Mary Lanthrop recently addressed an immense audience at Portland, Maine, in her usual stirring sensible manner. She said very truly that: "The drinking classes were never so far from the churches as to-day. We must bring politics into our religion and religion into politics before we can solve the liquor problem. It is a National question and we must look to government for its settlement, because moral suasion unaided has proved inadequate. Men are bought and sold in the shambles of the liquor traffic, which has its hand in murderous assault on the throat of the Republic."

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

### BEST ON EARTH

### SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Use this soap for washing your face, hands, and body. It is the best soap for all purposes. It is the only soap that will wash away all dirt and grease. It is the only soap that will leave the skin soft and smooth. It is the only soap that will not irritate the skin. It is the only soap that will not fade the colors of your clothes. It is the only soap that will not stain your hands. It is the only soap that will not make your hair fall out. It is the only soap that will not make your eyes water. It is the only soap that will not make your nose run. It is the only soap that will not make your throat sore. It is the only soap that will not make your chest ache. It is the only soap that will not make your stomach hurt. It is the only soap that will not make your head ache. It is the only soap that will not make your feet sore. It is the only soap that will not make your hands red. It is the only soap that will not make your skin dry. It is the only soap that will not make your hair fall out. It is the only soap that will not make your eyes water. It is the only soap that will not make your nose run. It is the only soap that will not make your throat sore. It is the only soap that will not make your chest ache. It is the only soap that will not make your stomach hurt. It is the only soap that will not make your head ache. It is the only soap that will not make your feet sore. It is the only soap that will not make your hands red. It is the only soap that will not make your skin dry.

The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. S.

### 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 1 stamp, cut value, on the entire letter, for which I give higher prices than anyone. G. HOOPER,

559 King St., Ottawa, Canada.

### DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE

WITH AN OLD HARNES!

WHEN YOU CAN GET A NEW ONE

At Patriquin's

FOR \$15.00.

STRAY LEAVES

—FROM—

### "Book of Wonders."

(LESLIE LORING DAVISON.)

With a Preface by Harri Harlow.