

# 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, JUNE 27, 1890.

No. 45.

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to the delicate system of infants and children that it is superior to any prescription known to man. 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.

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.

Notices 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.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon subjects 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 in 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 up 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 unclaimed for *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Mails made up at 4:50 p. m.

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:50 a. m.

Express west close at 10:35 a. m.

Express east close at 1:50 p. m.

Kentville close at 2:25 p. m.

G. 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 meetings on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COLIN W. ROSSON, } Ushers  
A. DEW BARRIS } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. 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. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranwick Jost, 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.; other Sundays, 9 p. 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 Brock, D. D., Residence, Rev. Canon Kentville, Warden, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, F. J.—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 7 o'clock p. m.

J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

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

OF THE Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use your 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.

CHAMORE, 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 and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. E.—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.

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 Tobaccoist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILLIS, 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.

#### In Spite of the Funny Man.

Theatre hats aren't always high, In spite of the funny man;

And hayseed chaps are sometimes fly, In spite of the funny man.

Her father's dog's not always wild; Sometimes you find a well-bred child, And mother-in-law are sometimes mild, In spite of the funny man.

Prohibitionists don't always yearn to drink, In spite of the funny man;

Chicago feat aren't huge at all; The plumber's bill is sometimes small, In spite of the funny man.

The messenger boys don't always crawl, In spite of the funny man.

The poets don't have to live on air, Those front-row men sometimes have hair,

In spite of the funny man. Sometimes a brand new joke is sprung, Sometimes the ballet-girl is young, And sometimes wives are not all tongue, In spite of the funny man.

Society girls at balls wear clothes, In spite of the funny man;

Sometimes a man pays what he owes, In spite of the funny man.

Sometimes the typewriter's plain in face; Sometimes the church deacon's not at the gate;

In fact, this world's quite a decent place, In spite of the funny man.

### STORY.

#### OLD UNCLE BILL.

Any one who visited Mr Norris at his fire place on the Hudson would be sure to notice, after a while, that an old man wandered about the place dressed all summer in a white shirt and linen vest and trousers and a fisherman's hat, and all winter in a woolen dressing-gown. He was a meek, tall, bald old man, and people at first took him for a superannuated old servant; but, finally, his nice linen, his neat hands, and a certain well-bred tone of voice, if by chance they heard him speak, make them ask:

"Who is that?"

If they inquired of Miss Belle, the eldest unmarried daughter, she would answer:

"An old connection of poor mama's. I can't see why pa has him here—horrid thing!"

If they ask Mr Norris' maiden sister she would reply:

"One of the blessings my late sister-in-law brought with her into the family. A miserable ne'er-do-well of a relation."

If the question was propounded Mr Norris, as he sat in his arm-chair on his piazza, or drove about his property in one of his handsome vehicles, he would answer:

"Well, that's a sort of a relation of my wife's, a ne'er-do-well. The black sheep of the flock, you know. Always is one in every family. For her sake—she was a very benevolent woman—we let him stay about. He prefers eating by himself. He's very stupid; very; but she wanted him here, and she had her way poor soul. I grudged her nothing. Yes, that's poor Bill."

But if it was Miss Phemie of whom the question was asked, she always answered:

"Why, that is Uncle Bill. He's a little eccentric, but the dearest old soul. I'm very fond of him, and he of me. Dear old Uncle Bill."

Certainly Phemie was the old man's only friend in that pompous household. She it was who went up to his little room with his meals, and sat with him while he ate them; who saw that he had the newspapers and his pipe; who had fixed that little, out-of-the-way place with a pretty carpet, book shelves, a student's lamp, lots of pretty ornaments in worsted and painted silk; who never received her monthly allowance, without buying something for him.

His pretty, snow white shirts were her gift, and she saw that they were done up properly. The flannel dressing-gown he wore in winter was of her contrivance. In fact, up in that dormer-roofed room there were hours that were more home-like than any spent in the great parlors, or the big dining room, where Miss Belle was so only affectionate to "pa" when she wanted him to give her more money to spend; and Miss Norris, the elder sister of the master of the house, made bitter speeches in the pauses of the needle-work in which she was perpetually engaged, sometimes directed at her brother, sometimes at Belle, some-

times at Phemie, but all worded so circumspectly and clothed in such a guise of pity that no one dared resent them.

"What a comfort you are, Uncle Bill," Phemie would say, as she poured out the old man's coffee.

"And what a comfort you are, Phemie," old Uncle Bill would say.

"If I was a rich uncle just home from India, like those in the plays and novels, you wouldn't make more of me."

"I shouldn't make so much of you," Phemie would answer, "for you'd be a victim to liver complaint, and that would make you ill-natured and you'd scold me and say naughty words. They all do, you know. Now you haven't any money or stocks to worry about like poor pa; and you're not irritable, and you are like mama, too. You have her eyes."

"You are sister Susan's image," the old man would say. "Do you remember the day that you came to the hospital with her?"

"Yes," said Phemie. "I was just twelve years old, and mama was crying over the telegram." "My only brother, Phemie," she said, "so sick that he may die, and so poor that he's in a hospital! Then we came and I saw you in bed, and after a while you brought your home, and ma nursed you well again."

"And died herself, just as I got about," said Uncle Bill. "And your father and the rest did not like a shabby old man around the house. Well, I was lucky to get a home. I supposed, and luckier still to find such disinterested love as yours. You're like Susan. She was the dearest girl that ever lived. Yes, you're like Susan."

But they did not always talk thus. They were very busy often, over books over Phemie's embroidery, for which he designed patterns; teaching her little dog a thousand tricks; feeding the blind kittens Phemie saved from drowning; making a little well, from which the canary drew buckets of water. And Phemie and the old man would wander off to the river side, where he would fish, seldom catching anything, and she would read or knit.

None of the family knew of these intimacies. Belle, older than Phemie by six years, preferred that she should consider herself a child until Miss Norris was married. And Aunt Marcia detested her for her resemblance to the sister-in-law who had never been congenial.

No one in the house knew, but some one not of the household did and shared at times in them.

Sometimes when the old man's rod dangled over the water, a younger angler would take his place near him—a handsome young fellow with black hair and the brightest eyes in the world; and there the hours went by like hours in a dream, and Phemie felt happy as she had felt when a child by her mother's side. And Uncle Bill laughed and told fishermen's stories. As for the young man, silent or talkative, he was always charming. So thought Phemie. She was well-read in romantic lore. What happened in only to be expected. In a little while two lovers sat beside old Uncle Bill on the banks of the pretty stream, and walked together as far as the little gate in the hedge that nobody else used, and did not hide from the old man that they parted with a kiss.

Fred Howard was not a fashionable man, the only son of a poor widow who had made a bookkeeper of her boy. What holidays he had he spent at home. This was his mid-summer vacation. He was bright and good and handsome, but Mr Norris surely would have had other views for his younger daughter.

And so one day, as the two, having met accidentally on the road, were talking together, with an expression on either face that made an old country lady, who drove past, remark to her husband: "Hiram, take my word for it, them's beans!" Mr Norris marched up behind the pair, and appeared like a very florid ghost between the two, with an:

"I was not aware, Mr Howard, that you had ever been introduced to my daughter."

The young man blushed, but anxiously answered: "But I have sir—by my friend,

her uncle."

"Oh!" replied Mr Norris, lowering his tone a little. "Then you know my brother, Mr Whipple Norris, in the city? He is a relative I am proud of—worth half a million if he is a cent."

"I have often heard of Mr Whipple Norris," replied the young man frankly; "but have never met him. I owe my introduction to Miss Phemie Norris to her Uncle William—ah—ah."

The young man suddenly remembered that he did not know Uncle Bill's last name. "Her Uncle William!" repeated Mr Norris. "Euphemism, poor young Howard allude to your poor mother's unfortunate brother Bill?"

Phemie looked her head.

"Young Howard?" repeated Mr Norris. "That person has no authority to introduce my daughter. Consider yourself a stranger to her henceforth."

Phemie looked at Fred. Fred looked at Phemie.

"It is too late, sir," the latter said. "I love your daughter, and have won her heart. She has promised to be my wife."

Mr Norris stared at him, lifted his eyebrows; stared again through his double eye-glass, and spoke sternly:

"I have one daughter who is a credit to me. Lord Me'ab paid great attention to her last winter. He has written to ask my consent to their nuptials, which I shall give, and he will return in the fall to be married to her. An English Nobleman would hardly like a brother-in-law who makes, perhaps, twenty dollars a week. My eldest daughter, Mrs Timpkin Trotter, has married a gentleman who is esteemed the wealthiest man in Mineville. My son is with my brother in New York—a man I am proud of. Now I shall never make a fuss about Phemie. I only tell you this: If she marries you, I disown her. You can take her if she chooses. I shall never give her a penny. She may have her clothes and trinkets, and go. If she obeys me, she shall be married or single, well provided for. She is plain and unprepossessing; but I know a young clergyman who will attain eminence, who only needs my permission to propose. She might do very well with a proper portion for him. She has a thick waist, a large mouth, and ordinary features," continued Mr Norris, turning his eye-glass on his daughter: "but a clergyman should not look for beauty."

"She is the prettiest girl I know, and if I may earn her bread and butter, I can do it," said Fred Howard.

"You give her to me, sir?"

"No," replied Mr Norris. "She may give herself to you if she chooses to be a beggar."

Then he walked away.

As Phemie and Fred stood looking at each other, old Uncle Bill's head arose above the shrubbery.

"I give my permission," he said, with more than usual dignity; "I am her mother's brother. I think you will make her happy, young Fred Howard."

The maiden aunt and the sister, who was to be the bride of an English nobleman, and Phemie a sad life of it for a while; but one morning she walked out of her home in her simple church-going costume, and was married in the little chapel at St John. Old Uncle Bill, in his old-fashioned broad-cloth suit, went with them, and gave the bride away. Mrs Howard was there, and a school friend of Phemie's, and a fellow clerk of Fred's. None of the Norris family. And after the wedding they were to go upon a little trip. Phemie's trunks had been sent to Fred's mother's little house. The bride was not as happy as she might have been under other circumstances, but at home to one had ever loved her or considered her since her mother's death; and Fred loved her, and she loved him. Her only trouble was that she must leave old Uncle Bill, that she must leave old Uncle Bill, that she must leave old Uncle Bill, "very hard, Phemie." And then Fred held out his hand.

"Uncle Bill," he said, "we shall live in a very plain way, but if you will live with us, we will do our best to make you happy, and shall be happy ourselves."

"Will you be so, boy?" cried Uncle Bill. "A poor old man like me—eh! really?"

"Really!" cried Phemie, dancing with joy.

"Really and truly, heaven knows." And Fred grasped his hand and shook it. "You brought us together, Uncle Bill," he said.

"It's lucky," answered Uncle Bill, "for brother-in-law Norris has turned me out of his house for aiding and abetting you—told me that I might be town poor if I liked. I didn't, I just said, 'Very well, I'll go.'"

"I'll get your things and take them to mother's," said Fred. "You'll be company for her while we're gone; after that, one home for all of us."

"Then the old man looked at them with a smile; looked at Mrs Howard with another, and laughed his sweet, good-natured laugh.

"You're two good, honest, generous children," he said. "And you're Fred's mother, ma'am. But I've an explanation to make. Five years ago my sister Susan heard that I was sick and at a hospital, and took me to her house. She nursed me back to tolerable health and was very good to me. Then, sweet angel, she died. She thought that being in a hospital meant poverty. I was paying fifty dollars a week there. I have a fortune that even Mr Norris would respect, but seeing what he was I took a fancy to find out what his children were. I have. I have lived about the place, as Uncle Bill, a poor relation. I wasn't wanted, even at table I was dispised by all but Phemie. She, dear little soul, has been a daughter to me. I told sister Susan the truth on her death-bed, and promised to do my best by this sweet girl; and my money has been growing under good care for five years. Why, had I been the beggar they thought me, I'd have gone to an almshouse rather than eat Norris' bread all these years. As it was, I enjoyed the joke. To think how he would have respected me if he had known the truth. How he scorned me for being poor, when I was a wealthy man; but let all that pass; we are happy together and what need we care?"

There was great excitement at the Norris mansion when the news reached its inhabitants, and Mr Norris sent a formal forgiveness to his daughter.

She was a good girl and felt glad that this was so, but she only began to know what real happiness was in the home where she and those who truly loved her lived contentedly together for many long, pleasant years.

Dimock—Bishop.

The following is what the Tulare (California) Register says of the marriage of a former Wolfville young lady, Miss Annie Bishop, which took place at that city. The ACADIAN extends congratulations:

A quiet wedding occurred last evening at the residence of J. E. Bishop, on north L street, the contracting parties being Mr Arthur H. Dimock, formerly of Tulare, now of Seattle, and Miss Anna B. Bishop, of Tulare. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. W. Webb. The bride was tastefully attired, and to those who knew her it is needless to say that she looked beautiful. The rooms were decorated with flowers and ivy in profusion. The wedding presents were numerous and costly. An elegant lunch was served, and shortly after midnight a portion of the company dispersed, a number remaining to escort the young couple to the train, whence they left for Seattle, their future home. The Register acknowledges a liberal supply of wedding cake and extends best wishes to the young couple for their future happiness and prosperity. Those present were Mr and Mrs J. E. Bishop, Mr and Mrs D. H. Williams, Mr and Mrs L. M. Kellog, Mr and Mrs A. W. Webb, Mr and Mrs Otto Rumage, Mr and Mrs Alfred Fay, Mr and Mrs A. H. Dimock, Misses Frances Bishop, Carrie Littlefield, Gussie Woodward and Ida Egli, Mrs A. G. Woodward, Mrs Egli, Mrs A. J. Pillsbury, Messrs H. W. Bishop and James Owen, Master Louis Woodward.

It is stated that Henry M. Stanley is to deliver fifty lectures in the United States during next fall and winter, and that he is to receive \$5,000 for lecturing in New York, and \$2,000 in other cities.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cts. Sold by George V. Rand.

QUICK RUN.—On Tuesday last the W. & A. R. Express under Conductor Herbert was detained at Annapolis one hour and ten minutes on account of the lateness of the steamer *New Brunswick*. The run was however made to Halifax in the remarkable quick time of four hours and fifty-five minutes. Driver W. Ward, one of the oldest on the road, held the lever. This is a good sign that the W. & A. R. road is being put in better condition. This is probably the best time ever made over the road from Annapolis to Halifax.—*Annapolis Spectator*.

"Bring your feet with you and have them fitted to a pair of common-sense shoes," is the way a Pittsburg dealer advertises. It is a good phrase, and one which attracts attention. The man who succeeds in advertising in such a way that people read his advertisement is the one who draws trade to his store as sure as a magnet draws a needle to itself. Study up quaint, pithy, or witty phrases to head your advertisements, and be not too modest in the space they occupy.

For 43 years a Vermont lawyer pleaded his cases, acted as executor and trustee, and was known as a keen, careful business man. The other day when he died his heirs proved that he had been crazy all his life, and busted the will.

SHILO'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. Sold by George V. Rand.

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Read No. 10

Preserve your skin from becoming dry and cracked by using this wonderful soap.

It is the best soap for the face, and for the hands, and for the body.

It is the best soap for the face, and for the hands, and for the body.

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