

THE ACADIAN

AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1888.

No. 48

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Acheson, 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, with special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment of 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.

Newspapers 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 name 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 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 uncollected for prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:00 a. m.

Express west close at 10:35 a. m.

Express east close at 5:10 p. m.

Kentville close at 7:15 p. m.

Geo. V. Ross, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

A. de W. Barnes, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.; Pastor's Bible Class & Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:15; Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7:30.

Mission Hall Services—Sunday School at 2:30, followed by Service at 3:30; Prayer Meeting, Friday evening at 7:30.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3:30 p. m.; Sabbath School at 11 a. m.; Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Fred's Higgins, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m.; Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:00 p. m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Services on Sunday next at 2 p. m.; Sunday School at 2 p. m.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—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 8 o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of 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.

ISLAND HOME STOCK

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use your right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors, Broom Paper, Hardware, Cracker, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

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.

GOODFREY, 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.

HEBURN, 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 Tobacconist.

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.

Stillic Poetry.

AT VESPER.

Dread hath been the day, O Father,

And mine heart, by doubts oppress'd,

Buried with its weight of sorrow

Sigheth for eternal rest;

Blindly groping mid the shadows,

This, my staff, a broken plea,

Lo, I come as thou hast bidden,

Worn and weary, unto thee.

Hear my prayer, O Father, guide me

Through this life by sin defiled,

From the paths that would mislead me

Guide, and save thine erring child;

And help me, O my Father,

While in the body pent,

In whatsoever state I am

Thereto be content.

Not one burden less, O Father,

Would I ask that I should bear;

Ask no respite, if thou wiltest

Other's burdens I must share;

Ask no lifting of the sorrows,

Holy Father, thou shalt send,

But for strength, I plead, to bear them

Bravely onward to life's end.

In the field of earth's endeavor

This the prize, I fain would win,

Pity for another's failure,

Charity for other's sin;

And, when life's long race is ended

And the goal of Heaven I see,

May I hear the call, O Master,

"Come, thou faithful, unto me."

—Florence Hale.

Interesting Story.

Aunt Hepsy.

Miss Hepsy hung the tea-kettle over

the fire and sat down to think.

"Those hens! Can Celinda be

trusted to let them out in the morning

and shut them up at night? Will she

remember what I said about the setting

hen, and the eggs in the yellow bowl?

No!" said Miss Hepsy mournfully to

her own thoughts. "If I conclude to

go to Portland, I must just bid good-

bye to my chickens before I go!"

"Hepsy," said Aunt Maguire, put-

ting her head in at the door, "don't

forget that gray flannel; but you

mustn't pay too much for it; I'd rather

go without." Aunt Maguire disap-

peared, with her widow's cap tilted on

the side of her pepper-and-salt curls

and her niece mused on.

But, fortunately, added eggs were

not the least of her troubles. She

knew just as well as if Madame Dem-

orest had told her, that a faded, brown

alpaca is no dress to make any im-

pression in—only a dowdy impres-

sion—and that upon this visit to Portland

depended a great deal more than a few

yards of flannel or a brood or two of

chickens.

There was Hiram Stackpole, living

not three squares from the family she

was about to visit. She should meet

him; how could it be avoided unless

she always kept herself veiled to the

chairs? She trembled at the thought,

but at the same time chid herself for

trembling. Why did she care for

meeting Hiram Stackpole any more

than Deacon Nutting? He surely

would not speak to her unless she

should first give some sign of recog-

nition.

"Hepsy!" called out Celinda

through the open window. "I'll watch

your chickens very particular, and if

anything happens to 'em I'll telegraph.

So try to be easy."

"That's right, dear, that's right,"

replied Hepsy, springing up with an

instinctive feeling that her thoughts

would be seen if she did not hasten to

change the position in which she

thought them.

At seven next morning the Pooleville

stage drew up before Aunt Maguire's

door with the tipsy flourish that

wrought destruction to the bunch of

ferns Celinda had brought from the

river bank, planted under the hack-

hack tree in her mother's yard, and

cherished like a daughter. But what

is a bunch of ferns to the march of a

yellow coach and four gray horses?

Everybody except the foolish Celinda

saw that the loss was only a trifle,

though she bewailed it all the morning,

actually shedding a few tears off by

herself in the summer-house.

Meanwhile the gray horses and yellow

coach pranced and bounded along on

their way to the depot with Miss

Hepsy's hand-trunk and somebody's

baby-wagon on top, and Miss Hepsy,

in her faded brown alpaca, inside. At

the post-office they stopped to take the

mail-bag and a young man wearing a

wide-brimmed Panama hat and a suit

of lute, smooth and fresh, which made

the brown alpaca look still more faded

and unseasonable. The young man

carried in one hand a valise and in the

other an odd-looking box carefully tied

up.

"Why, Fred Tracy, how do you do?"

exclaimed Miss Hepsy, her eyes

brimming over with welcome, and the

youthful look flashing back to her face,

giving a momentary glimpse of her de-

parted freshness and bloom.

"She must have been a beauty,"

thought Mr. Fred, setting himself on

the back seat beside her, still carefully

holding the odd-looking box on his

knee. "I used to wonder at Stack-

pole's choice, but I can see how she

must have changed."

"Are you going back to Portland,

Fred?" asked Miss Hepsy, the care-

worn look returning to her face.

"Yes; I've rusticated three days, and

that is all I can spare. I'm in Stack-

pole's store," added he carelessly.

"Ahem! I believe he is an old ac-

quaintance of yours? I happened to

mention once that I had cousins at

Pooleville and then he asked me if I

knew a lady there by the name of

Hepsibah Dillon."

"Ah!"

A queer little sparkle shot out of

Miss Hepsy's eyes. It might have

been pleasure, it might have been

pain. "Yes. He was very particular to

inquire just how you were situated.

And the other day I heard, through

Martha Jane, that you were coming to

the city, so I just mentioned it to him.

Shall I bring him around to call?

Let's see, I believe you will be at Doc-

tor Pond's?"

"I—I—it is quite uncertain where

I shall be. Some of the time over at

the Cape, perhaps. But you—yes, you

might call."

As Miss Hepsy delivered herself of

this rather incoherent sentence she

twisted her fingers nervously, but her

habitual staidness and self-possession

did not desert her. In spite of her

years of hardship and loneliness, she

was a lady still, let the brown alpaca

fade as it might.

At last, with the usual flourish and

energetic crying out at the horses, the

stage drew up at the depot, and in five

minutes Miss Hepsy was on her way

to Portland and to her fate. The car

was crowded that morning, so Fred

Tracy with his box, was obliged to take

a seat beside Miss Hepsy. She was

a person given to thinking rather than

talking, and his rattle of flippant com-

placances, with its flavor of youthful

egotism, was becoming decidedly tire-

some, when he incidentally remark-

ed: "Stackpole is going to be married,

so they say, to a Miss Cumberland,

daughter of one of the richest men in

the city. I don't know, for my own

part, as there is a word of truth in it,

but that is the talk among the boys."

"Indeed!" replied Miss Hepsy,

feeling called upon to speak, and feel-

ing also, an unwelcome warmth