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 13, 1890. No. 43.

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. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS 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.

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

Newsy 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 over a ficticious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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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 west close at 10.35 a. m.
Express east close at 4 50 p. m.
Kentville close at 7 25 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S 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. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by COLIN W ROSCOE, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor——Service every Sabbath at 3 00 p. 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. Cransvick 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, 3 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 see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Wardens, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

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, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S 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

—OF THE—

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, &

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.

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.

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

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry REPAIRED!

—BY—

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

☞Small articles SILVERPLATED.

POETRY.

If I Were You.

If I were you, I often say
To those who seem to need advice,
I'd always look before I leaped;
I'd always think it over twice.
And then I'd heave a troubled sigh—
For, after all, I'm only I.

I'd ne'er discuss, if I were you,
The failings of my fellow-men;
I'd thing of all their virtues first,
And scan my own shortcomings then.
But though all this is good and true,
I am but I; I am not you.

If I were you and half so vain,
Amidst my folly I would pause
To see how dull and light a fool
I was myself. I don't because—
(And here I heave a pitying sigh)
I am not you; I'm only I.

If I were you, no selfish care
Should chase my cheery smile away;
I'd scatter round me love and hope;
I'd do a kindness every day.
But here again I find it true
That I am I, and you are you.

I would not be so very quick
To take offence, if I were you;
I would respect myself, at least,
Whatever others say or do.
Alas! can no one tell me why
I am not you, instead of I?

In short, if I were only you
And could forget that I was I;
I think that little cherub wings
Would sprout upon me, by and by.

STORY.

A Last Hymn.

Uncle Frank had come from his home in Illinois to make us a visit, for the first time in so many years that none but we older children could remember when he was with us last. But it took only a short time for the little ones to become acquainted. All were charmed by his interesting stories, his kindly, genial manner, and hearty participation in their amusements.

The week after his arrival had been a constant succession of pleasant surprises, for each day developed some new power of entertainment in our favourite uncle.

When Sunday came we had shown off our fine-looking relative at church with very evident delight, had listened to his interesting remarks before the Sunday school, and then, after our early supper, had gathered around the organ in the parlor to try and entertain him in return, and, possibly, to exhibit our proficiency in music with very innocent pride.

We had all inherited good voices from our father, who had taken great pride and pleasure in our musical training, until, from Emma, the eldest, to "wee bit" Mabel, our darling little 3-year-old, we could sing anything we ever heard.

To-night Louie presided at the organ with Emma beside her, and Arthur and Will at either hand, while Mable was nestling in Uncle Frank's arms—her favorite resting-place.

She was a darling little pet with all—the youngest of our large family, and peculiarly dear, for two lovely little ones had died just before her birth.

Uncle Frank was strongly attached to her, for she bore the name of the beloved wife he had lost several years before, and of whom he never spoke save with tender reverence and tear-dimmed eyes.

We sung one after another of our favourite hymns, "Rock of Ages," "Whiter Than Snow," "Ninety and Nine," etc., until at last Louie played "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

We all joined in filling the room with the sweet music of the dear old hymn.

"'Till all my sorn s'all be,
Ne'er my Dord to 'ee."

sung dear little Mabel in her clear, sweet voice, and with such earnestness in her baby face that Uncle Frank drew the dear child closer in his arms, and caressed the soft flushed cheek.

There was a pause after the last "Nearer, My God, to Thee," swelled out with our united voices; the twilight was creeping on, and a sweet, solemn hush followed, which was broken at last by Uncle Frank.

"That recalls one of the sweetest, saddest memories of my life," he said gently.

"Oh, tell a 'tory, Uncle Frank!" Mabel cried, climbing to her feet and laying her arm around his neck, her soft cheek against his.

"It was about another Mabel—a little older than you are," he said, returning her caress.

"Do please tell us about her," Lou said, and we all drew nearer in eager expectation of another of his interesting stories.

"It was one summer night, a year or two ago," he said, drawing Mabel to her old place on his knee. "I was returning from Peoria on a train well filled with excursionists for Niagara Falls; we were heavily loaded, and a little behind time, so were putting on all steam and dashing along through the darkness at a rapid rate.

"Near me was quite a large party who were very merry and social together. Two of them sat directly in front of me—a fine-looking man of about 40, and a little girl of some 12 or 13 years, evidently his daughter. She was a slender, delicate-looking child, and her face attracted me strongly; it seemed a reflection of heaven itself, it was so sweet and lovable in expression. In the mirror at the front of the car, just a little ahead of us, I could see them distinctly, and could not help watching, with growing interest, the lovely face of the child. She had removed her hat, and her head, with its masses of soft, wavy, brown hair, lay against her father's arm, while her eyes of clearest, deepest hazel were raised at frequent intervals to his face with a look of devoted love.

"The faces of both seemed familiar, yet I could not at first recall where I had seen them. At last it came to me—he was a physician from a neighboring city, who had attended your Aunt Mabel in a slight illness when we were visiting in his town a few years before and the little girl accompanied him on one of his visits. I had occasion to call your aunt by her name, and the doctor, looking up with a smile, laid his hand affectionately on the head of his child, saying: 'This is my Mabel.'

"I recalled hearing at the time that the mother of the little girl was dead, and so devoted were the doctor and his child to each other they were never separated except from absolute necessity.

"I observed them with renewed interest after recalling this, and noticed all the tender solicitude for her comfort on the part of the father and the confiding, devoted love of the child.

"As the hour grew late, and some of the party began to nod wearily, some one struck up a familiar hymn; their voices filled the car, and all brightened up under the influence of the music. Hymn after hymn was sung, until there was a pause after 'Sweet Beulah Land,' and I leaned forward and asked: 'Will you sing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee?'

"'Oh, certainly, with pleasure,' the little Mabel said, turning to me with one of her sweet, expressive smiles. 'It is papa's favorite, and mine, also.'

"One of the party started it, and clear above all the rush and roar of the train rang out the most beautiful of all our old hymns. Never had it seemed so sweet, so comforting, before:

"'Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone.'

sung the clear young voices as our train sped on through the darkness, only a slender rail between us and eternity.

"In the mirror I watched with pleasure the child before me. Her eyes were raised, and her face wore the rapt expression of a musical enthusiast and a religious devotee.

"'There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven,'

she sung, and her eyes seemed looking straight through the shining portals into the Celestial city, and her face to catch a gleam from its radiance.

"'Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, My God, to Thee,'

"In imagination I almost saw the angels beckoning the dear child, as I watched the glow of enthusiasm, the rapt expression of devotion in the sweet face.

"The doctor was watching her, also, and a shadow of pain passed suddenly across his countenance. With a quick movement he drew his child nearer, as if he, too, felt the presence of angelic visitants, and would fain hold his darling back from their welcoming arms.

"On rushed the train; clearer and sweeter sounded the music.

"'Or if or joyous wings,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly.'

"The glow deepened on the beautiful face, the eyes were filled with the light of holy rapture, of intense devotion, and on the wings of her enthusiasm I, too, was borne upward, when suddenly there was a terrible shock, a crash, the falling of heavy bodies, crushing into us and hurling us down from a great height. The lights went out, and through the darkness and terror, the indescribable confusion, echoed cries for help, shrieks and groans and prayers."

Uncle Frank paused as the memory of the terrible scene pressed upon him.

"Was it Chatsworth?" I asked as soon as I could command my voice. "And how did you escape?"

"Yes, it was Chatsworth," he said. "I was saved miraculously, I scarcely know how; but I was only stunned and bruised, and was among the first to escape from the wreck."

"And 'ee pitty 'little dirl?" Mabel asked, her eyes fixed anxiously on his face.

"Oh, Mabel! little darling!" Uncle Frank said with deep emotion, clasping the dear form closer in his arms, "how can you understand that the other Mabel—the sweet little singer—was found under all that wreck, next day, clasped closely in the arms of her dead father. Death had come so suddenly that her face still wore the look of holy rapture—of sweet peace I had seen upon it last. Surely the angels had beckoned her, and the dear Lord had answered her unconcious prayer and drawn her nearer to himself."

Will Asiatic Cholera Follow?

Mr Joe Howard's theory that, one horror of a similar nature follows another to the number of three, has a chance for confirmation this coming summer if certain predictions prove true. First it was La Grippe: "A whim" the French define it. Second came deaths by scores from its after effects, or from the many atmospheric changes of the past few months. Severe cases of pneumonia, bronchitis, intense catarrah and general loss of strength were the results, until death was almost welcomed as a relief to the sufferers. So that this epidemic and its sequence has proven to be the most terribly realistic "whim" that ever infested this country. And now for number three; the theory is said to be advanced that the cholera is very likely to find fertile soil in the generally debiliated constitutions of our people resulting from the effects of such a winter and spring as has just past. Whether the theory of three will be confirmed in this case or not, remains to be seen. At any rate it behooves every person still affected by any of the complaints due to these climatic changes and epidemics, such as catarrah or bronchial troubles, to look well to themselves and see that every trace of the trouble is removed this present month; before the heat of summer still more debiliates their system. For years we have found that simple old remedy Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, used as directed, to be the most certain remedy for all forms of lingering summer colds, catarrh or bronchial affections, as well as a preventative and cure for all kinds of summer complaints. It is absolutely certain that a remedy that has survived for eighty years as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has done, must have more than average merit. We suppose there is not a family in this county but what has this good old-fashioned remedy in the house. If there is, we advise them to get it at once or write the manufacturers, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for a pamphlet describing its various uses for the last eighty years. Now is the time. Delays are dangerous, and an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure.

They were in a private box, and she was both pretty and prettily dressed. But she was in a bad temper because she could not see the stage.

"Why," said he, trying to mollify her, "did you not bring your opera glass?"

"I did, but I can't use it."

"Is it broken?"

"No, but I forgot to put on my bracelets."—*St James Gazette.*

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

A Boiling Lake.

There is a lake of boiling water in the Island of Dominica, lying in the mountains behind Roseau, and in the valleys surrounding it are many solfataras, or volcanic sulphur vents. In fact, the boiling lake is little better than a crater filled with scalding water, constantly fed by mountain streams, and through which the pent up gases find vent and are ejected.

The temperature of the water on the margin of the lake ranges from 180 to 190 degrees Fahrenheit; in the middle exactly over the gas vents, it is believed to be about 300 degrees. Where this active action takes place, the water is said to rise two, three or even four feet above the general surface level of the lake, the cone often dividing so that the orifices through which the gas escapes are legion in number. This violent disturbance over the whole surface of the lake and through the cones appear to the special vents, the sulphurous vapors rise with equal density over its entire surface.

Contrary to what one would suppose there seems to be in no case violent action of the escaping gases, such as explosions or detonations. The water is of a dark gray color, and having been boiled over and over for thousands of years, has become thick and slimy with sulphur. As the inlets to the lake are rapidly closing, it is believed that it will soon assume the character of a geyser or sulphurous crater.

Preserve the Woodland.

Our country is notorious for wastefulness. One of the most evident and inexcusable of these wastes is so common that one cannot avoid seeing examples of it on looking out over the fields almost everywhere through a car window. The timber is cut off a piece of land with the intention, perhaps, of seeding the ground with grass for pasture until the stumps rot. But the brush remains, and is soon overgrown with briars and weeds, while cattle find nothing eatable but the sprouts from the tree stumps, which they soon effectively suppress, leaving a hideous waste—a disgust to the owner and a blot on the landscape. If a wire or two had been stretched around the "chopping," there would soon have been a thick, handsome piece of woods again, annually increasing in value and feeding the soil. A late writer, commenting on the deplorable destruction of all the undergrowth and young timber land, by giving cattle the run of it and exposing the surface to wind and sun, so that little or no water of rains is observed, puts in a plea for the boys (the best of all the crops of the farm), who find interest and enjoyment in having, now and then, some sport in hunting small game in well preserved woodland full of underbrush shelter. Preserve the woodland.

Bees and Pigeons.

An amusing experiment was recently made in Westphalia to determine the relative speed of flight of bees and pigeons. The race course through the air was three and a half miles in length. The bees were marked by covering them with flour, which doubtless in a certain measure retarded their flight, yet the first bee arrived at the winning post twenty-five seconds before the first pigeon, and three other bees came in before the second bird arrived. The speed of flight is not stated, but it is known that pigeons fly at the rate of fifty miles or more an hour, this seems to establish the fact that bees have a flight as speedy as that of our swifter birds.—*Boston Herald.*

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by George V. Rand.

This year is the 200th anniversary of the invention of the improved tobacco pipe—the bowl, the tube and the mouth piece. Up to the year 1690 the only medium of enjoying the fragrant weed was by means of a cylindrical instrument fashioned from the crude clay and smelling of the earth earthy. The inventor of the present combination pipe was a physician, Dr Villarus, of Vienna. The first tobacco pipe manufactory was established in 1690.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

The Reason Why.

The other day two colored citizens met on the steps of the Capitol at Washington. One of them angrily exclaimed: "Misser Jones, if you doan' pay dem seven dollars de screws will be put on you powerful hard!"

"Now, doan' be unreasonin'," replied Jones, in a cajoling voice.

"But you's got money in de bank!" shouted the first.

"Yes, I know I oud rib a check on de bank, but I'se got to get a blank check, borrow pen "n" ink, put on my specs, write all ober de check, go down dar to 'dentify you, "n" figger up de loss of interes'; and probably while I was in de bank some one'd be lookin' for me on de street to hire me at fo' dollars a day. Dese am de chief reason I doan' want to pay de money for de nex' two weeks."

Birds in the Window.

There is one piece of advice, says Olive Thorne Miller, writing in the Christian Union on the care of birds, that I should like to put into letters 40 feet high, and stretch from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific coast—that is: never put a bird in the window! I rarely go into the street in the summer, or even on a mild day in winter, that I do not see unfortunate canaries hung in the window. Even if the sun is not broiling the brains under the little yellow cap, a draught is blowing all the time over the delicate body. People have been told a thous and times that they must not put a bird in a draught, yet how few remember that there is always a draught in an open window.

A deacon, making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and unpopular man, put the usual question—"Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh, yes," said the sick man, "I am." "Well," said the simple-minded deacon, "I am glad you are, for all the neighbors are willing."

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

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Send 25 Surprise or Sea Foam wrappers to us and get either the beautiful picture or ½ doz. Surprise lead pencils

A barrel of economy in time, labor and money.

For the laundry and general household uses.

Ask your grocer for SURPRISE Soap and take no other.

The St. Croix Soap Mf'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

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 ½ stamps, cut values, on the entire letter, for which I give higher prices than anyone. G. HOOPER,

559 King St., Ottawa, Canada.

Dr BARSS

May be consulted professionally at his residence near the Episcopal Church.

Wolfville, December 19th, '89.

DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE

WITH AN

OLD HARNESS!

WHEN YOU CAN

GET A NEW ONE At Patriquin's FOR $15.00.