THE ACADIAN

AND KINGS CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. VIII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1889. No. 52.

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 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.

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 fictitious signature.

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

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

A. DEW. BARSS, 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

	A. M.	P. M.
	6 10	1 10
	7 05	1 47
	8 05	2 23
	9 12	2 55
	9 35	3 08
	9 50	3 15
	11 10	3 50
	11 30	4 02
	11 40	4 09
	11 55	4 18
	12 10	4 27
	12 30	4 40
	1 30	5 05
	4 00	6 25
	4 50	7 00

	Accom Daily	Exp. Daily.
	A. M.	P. M.
	7 25	3 15
	8 40	4 00
	11 00	5 40
	11 32	6 08
	11 50	6 18
	12 10	6 27
	12 25	6 38
	12 40	6 45
	1 40	7 00
	2 15	
	2 30	
	2 55	
	4 00	
	4 57	
	5 50	

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.

METHODIST CHURCH—Revs. D. W. Johnson and G. F Day, Pastors. 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 7.30 p m

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, R. Prat and Frank A. Dixon, Wolfville.

ST FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev T M Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a m the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

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

J. W. Caldwell, 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

JOB PRINTING of every description done at short notice at this office.

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.

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. L.—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.

GODFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

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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.

Written for the Acadian.

Ever Changing.

Ever changing, ever changing,
Read it as ye pass,
Not alone on plain and wild-wood,
Leaf and tender grass;
Go beyond the mountain fastness,
Scan the rocky shore,
Ocean's bed and earth's recesses,—
Search the wide world o'er.

Where, amid its labyrinthian
Treasure-garner, filled,
Hides the gem that fading never,
All thy path shall gild?
Gild with radiance far outshining
Orbs around thy track;
So, shall clouds that intervening
Fling no shadow back.

Riches? They are ever winged;
Honors? Empty sound!
When, to shield the tried, the tempted,
Were they armour found?
Thus, the leaves of nature's volume,
Turning, one by one,
Nought immutable revealing,
Close it—life is done.

Life like that of Pilgrim's story,
O'er and o'er 'tis told,
He who gazing ever earthward,
Sees no crown of gold;—
Not the gold like that embedded
In the shifting sand,
Neither wrenched by weary toiling
From Rock's grasping hand.

Precious things of earth are ever
But the shadow's tread;
While the substance, bright enduring,
Sparkles overhead.
Turn we then from earthly treasures,
And that portion claim,
"Yesterday, to-day and ever,"
Evermore "the same. —*K.*

STORY.

Cover Them Over.

It was Memorial day, and members of the Grand Army of the Republic stood with bared heads under the beautiful May sunshine to do honor to their dead comrades.

The scene was in a country churchyard, marred by no hum of busy life, no surging crowd, no effort at display. A few fitting words spoken by those only who had marched side by side, fought the same battles, endured the same privations with them who lay in deathless slumber at their feet had been uttered—simple words fraught with no vain eulogy—when on the sacred stillness of the place, rose the voices of two young ladies, sweetly plaintive, pure, and beautiful as heaven—

"Cover them over with beautiful flowers,
Deck them with garlands those heroes of ours,
Laying so silent by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away."

Long after the group had wended its way from the churchyard, the tender pathos of their voices rang in my ears, and the words, like a refrain, echoed and re-echoed through the halls of my memory.

Yes, covered they were, those graves, with flowers strewn by tender hands, blooming flowers destined to fade and turn to ashes like the forms beneath them. As I mused, loth to leave the quiet place, an aged couple slowly approached one of the decorated graves. Sternly the old man stood above it while his companion fell upon her knees.

"They were good to our boy," she sobbed; "see, they have covered him with such fragrant flowers."

Her husband bowed his head, but uttered not a word. Tenderly she kissed the mound of green earth, then arose and stood by his side.

"Have you no tender thoughts of our son to-day after twenty long years, twenty long, sorrowful years?" she said, tearfully.

"Tender thoughts for one who disobeyed me, one who left us in our declining years to take up arms against his Government? No, I shall never forgive him, never," cried the harsh old man, with uplifted hands; "he is not my son."

"William, the son of Mary and John Roberts," she said, aloud, following the inscription upon the marble headstone. "Willie," then she whispered, with her lips pressed to the stone, "be comforted; he does not mean it. He will forgive his boy."

"Never," cried the old man, with dry eyes; "never!"

"Hush!" said his wife, warningly; "hush! he will hear you. Come."

"Crown in your hearts those dead heroes of ours,
Cover them over with beautiful flowers,"

I murmured, following their tottering forms as they passed down the walk and out the gate. "Yea, cover them with roses, fragrant roses; but better than all, cover them with the mantle of charity, of loving forgiveness."

"Give such to the living," quavered a voice behind me; "the dead rest well without them."

Startled, I turned to behold an old man of wasted frame, and large, wistful blue eyes, leaning against a tall, marble shaft of much beauty.

"I beg your pardon," I murmured; "but I thought I was alone in the cemetery."

He paid no heed to my words, but anxiously gazed beyond me to the gate.

"Will he never, never come?" he sighed; "and I've got his house all ready for him; this white marble palace, so tall and beautiful. I sit in its shadow every day, waiting for him to come."

"For whom do you wait," I asked, in some surprise.

"His name is written there," he said, pointing to the shaft, and mournfully shaking his head. "I'm afraid he'll never see it, never."

Sacred to the memory
of
Private James Duncan,
Aged 21 years,

ran the inscription. A mound at its base showed great care, but no flowers lay upon it, no covering but its beautiful garment of green.

"Private James Duncan, I said" aloud, "why was not his grave decorated?"

"Grave," echoed the old man, dusting the short grass with his handkerchief, "whose grave?"

"Why, this young man's."

"He is not here," he answered, calmly, seating himself upon it. "James is my son for whom I wait. This is only a room in the palace in which we will both sleep together when he comes. I cursed him once," he added, sadly, "and I told him never to show his face here again. He must have forgiven his old father by this time, I think, and now the war is over, he'll be coming home. I heard the drums beat today, and the music, as the soldiers came marching home, but James wasn't with them; he has lagged behind. I wish he would come," resting his head wearily against the shaft, "I am so tired, so tired."

"Poor old man," I murmured, gazing upon his wasted figure and sorrow seamed face, "poor old demented father."

Not a sound disturbed the holy quiet of the place but the low hum of insects, and an occasional happy song of a wandering bird.

"He sleeps," I said as the heavy eye-lids drooped over those wistful blue eyes, and quietly I turned and entered the adjoining churchyard.

"Good morning, sir," politely said the sexton, who was about to close the gate, "a stranger, I presume."

In the course of the conversation which followed, I enquired the history of the old man whom I had left sleeping upon his son's grave.

"Ah! that was a sad case, sir," he feelingly replied, "a sad case. You see, James Duncan was a wild boy, but loving and good natured for all that; he fairly idolized his mother, but his father was of a somewhat quick temper and sometimes harsh. Once in a fit of anger he flogged the boy, who was nigh a man now, and without a word to anybody James ran off and joined the army. Months passed and no word came from him. His mother pined away, and before the year was out she lay sleeping under the sod over yonder. The old man went around moody-like, after that, saying precious little to anybody.

"Very late one night, James Duncan opens the door and quickly shuts it behind him.

"'Where's mother?' he says, the first thing to the old man, who was sitting there alone.

"'Out there in the cemetery,' says the father, coolly.

"'In the cemetery this time of night,' cries James, surprised. 'I must go and fetch her home.'

"'Take a spade with you,' said the old man, 'and a pick.'

"'For what?' says James, unthinking-like, but all of a tremble.

"'To dig her out of her grave,' says the old man; 'the grave *you* put her in.'

The young man reeled, and the white lips uttered no sound.

"'Curse you,' cries the father, all of a sudden, 'curse you. Let me never see your face again.'

"To the ears of the horror-stricken son came the sound as of the marching of troops.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp!

"'They are after me,' he said, dazed like. 'They've tracked me.'

"'Who,' said his father indifferently.

"'The soldiers! hid me, father, hide me.'

"'Hide ye,' cried the old man, looking wicked, 'for what?'

"'I've deserted!'

"'You are no son of mine,' said the old man, and he opened the door.

"They took him, sir, and shot him, the boy who deserted to see his mother. The old man smiled and rubbed his hands gleefully when he looked on his dead face. Then he had that monument built, 'a palace,' he said, 'for my son,' and every day he was beside it looking for him to come home. We knew then he had gone daft. It's been a mournful sight, sir, these many years to see him dusting off the grave and polishing the cold marble."

Deeply moved at the touching tale, after a pause, I said, "I must see him again, I fancied he looked ill," and with the sexton by my side, I returned to the sleeping figure.

The old man stirred at our approach, and his eyes slowly unclosed.

"Hark," he cried, "the drum."

We listened but no sound disturbed the stillness.

"Here they come," he cried, struggling to his feet and pointing toward the gate. "Soldiers! but oh, how they shine. At last, at last," he murmured, with outstretched arms. My James, my son!" He folded in his embrace an unseen object, reeled, fell backward, and his long wait was over.

"But why," I said to the sexton, turning to depart from the sad scene, "did they fail to decorate this grave?"

"He was a deserter, sir," was the simple reply.

"Alas," I said, "alas!" that the mantle of charity should be so narrow.

The sexton stooped and reverently folded the old man's hands.

"But they rest with Him," I added. "Let us hope, with Him whose mantle of forgiveness is as wide and deep as eternity."—*New York Observer.*

Do You Drink Ice Water?

That cool refreshing drinks in warm weather are delicious is undeniable. That drinking ice water in copious draughts when a person is overheated is injurious, not to say dangerous, is also undeniable. But that the free drinking of water in some form in hot weather must be avoided, is deniable, and is one of the greatest popular errors extant. When a person is perspiring freely from every pore, a vast amount of water is drawn from the body, which must be re-supplied, or great injury is being done the physical health, and the foundation of some of the worst forms of kidney disease is being slowly, but surely laid. Why! some one will explain, that is just what causes kidney troubles, drinking water freely which contains so much lime. Wrong again! So long as the water drank is freely carried through the system, and converted in its passage to the naturally acid reaction of the urine and perspiration, no danger can occur by deposits of urea or lime in the kidneys and bladder, because they remain perfectly in solution, and are carried out of the body instead of remaining in it. Literally, they are washed out of the body by the copious draughts of water (that most perfect of all known solulents), same as a series of pipes are "flushed" with water to clean them. A clean body is never diseased.

Do not drink ice cold water, but pure cool water; a little lemon juice will improve the effectiveness. Plain soda water with a little acid is also excellent. If from drinking too much ice water you have stomach cramps, or are "water-logged," as it is called, or are attacked with Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, or Dysentary, do not resort to alcoholic stimulating drinks, which irritate rather than soothe and allay the inflammation which has caused the trouble; but adopt the practice of taking daily just before retiring, during July and August, one teaspoonful of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in a little sweetened water, which will prevent all such attacks and ill effects from ice water. In fact, a little pamphlet sent free to anyone, by I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., contains a vast amount of information about treating those Summer troubles.

The Gravestone's Inscription.

"How romantic," quoth a sentimental lady from Boston, as a turn in one of the lovliest country roads in Kennebec county brought to her view a charming scenic vista with a sort of impromptu cemetery to the background. "There may lie together the children of some grief stricken father, cut off perhaps all at once by a furious epidemic. His warm heart could not intrust his dear ones to the cold earth of a common graveyard where the percolating waters might mingle their clay with that of those less pure than they. How touching to bury them alone by the roadside where even the most wicked passerby may profit by their pure example. Let me alight and read the pathetic inscription which records their fate." And brushing away her tears she reads through her gold bowed eyeglasses the following touching legend: "These stones are samples made by the Get There Granite Company, who are prepared to fill orders with neatness and despatch. A few misfit gravestones at a bargain."—*Agusta (Me.) Journal.*

Fatal Neglect.

The breaking of the smallest wheel in a mammoth factory, if not repaired or replaced, will ruin the entire plant, as a speck of dust will derange the delicate machinery of a watch. Were people as thoughtful to repair their broken health on the first approach of disease, as the owner is to mend his machinery, they would escape indescribable suffering, and often death. Slight causes will sometimes derange the digestive organs, on whose healthy action the health of the whole system so much depends, and feverish blood, headaches, and consumption itself set in. The wise person will at once arrest the cause of these unhealthy symptoms, resorting to that world-famed remedy, Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which purifies the blood and cures liver disease. Of all druggists.

The Worst Nasal Catarrh,

no matter of how long standing, is absolutely cured by Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It does not merely give relief, but produces permanent cures in the worst cases. 50 cents, by druggists.

To Strengthen the Back.

Walking is the best exercise for strengthening a weak back. When a man says walking makes his back ache, as a remedy, let him walk. If he says it makes him tired, again we say, "Walk." If the simple act of walking gives a backache, it is evident that the back has not been strengthened by walking as it should be; consequently walking is just what is need d. Certain gymnastic excercises are excellent, and so is deep, abdomnal breathing. The majority of people do not use their backs enough. The first exercise of cadets—leaning forward until the fingers tips touch the floor, while the knees are kept stiff—is excellent practice. Backs sometimes become muscle-bound, because they are not used enough.

The Best Time to Bathe.

The best time to bathe is just before going to bed, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided; and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into a thin bag and then into a bath tub is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a quantity of water several hours before being used. The internal aids to the complexion are most of them well known. The old-fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses is considered among the best. Charcoal powdered and taken with water is said to be excellent, but is most difficult to take. A strictly vegetable and fruit diet is followed by many for one or two weeks.—*London Lancet.*

The Lady

Who has fine Hair, and desires to preserve its color, abundance, and lustre, should use **Ayer's Hair Vigor** as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and cool, and is by far the most exquisite toilet preparation in the market.

B. M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo., says: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."

Mrs. S. A. Rock, of Anderson, Texas, writes: "At the age of 34, in Monroe, La., I had a severe attack of swamp, or malarial, fever. After I got well my hair commenced coming out, and so continued until it had well nigh all gone. I used several kinds of hair restorers, but they did no good. A friend gave me a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before finishing the first bottle my hair began to grow, and by the time I used three bottles, I had a fine head of hair."

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Twelve Golden Rules.

Hold integrity sacred; observe good manners; endure trials patiently; be prompt in all things; make good acquaintances; shun the company of the idle; dare to do right, fear to do wrong; watch carefully over your temper; never be afraid to be laughed at; fight life's battle manfully, bravely; use your leisure moments for study; sacrifice money rather than principal.

Ayer's Sarsparilla, by purifying and enriching the blood, improves the appetite, aids the assimilative process, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the system. It is, therefore, the best and most thoroughly reliable alterative that can be found for old and young

Two handsome young ladies ran away from their home in Lincoln, Nebraska, with a party of gypsies, consisting of two men and an old woman. The young ladies, no doubt, were fond of reading dime novels.

Col. Hain, manager of the elevated railroads of New York, says that 80,000 New Yorkers are out of town from June until the middle of September. He bases his opinion from the daiiy traffic on the elevated roads.

The Russian army will soon be provided with breech loading rifles which will carry a distance of 6,000 feet. Noiseless powder will also be used in future by the army.

Did you ever try turning a pan over your flatirons while they are on the stove? It is an excellent way to save fuel, as you can keep them hot with one half the fire.

A faded or grey beard may be colored a beautiful and natural *brown* or *black*, at will, by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

British people drink annually five pounds of tea per head per annum. The French average is only half an ounce.

Marriage may not be a failure, but there are lots of Mrs made in matrimony.

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 marvel of economy, in time, labor and money.

For the laundry and general household use.

Ask your grocer for SURPRISE Soap and take no other.

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

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Only Genuine System of Memory Training. Four Books Learned in one reading. Mind wandering cured. Every child and adult greatly benefitted. Great inducements to Correspondence Classes.

Prospectus, with opinions of Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the world-famed Specialist in Mind Diseases, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the great Psychologist, J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the *Christian Advocate, N. Y.*, Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judge Gibson, Judah P. Benjamin, and others, sent post free by

PROF. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.