

# THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1891.

No. 4.

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is almost as superior to any prescription known to medicine. It is safe, reliable, and without injurious medication. The Castoria Company, 77 Murray Street, 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.

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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 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 DAVIDSON 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. G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

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HAY W. ROBERTSON, }  
A NEW BASS, }  
Deacons.

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**ST. JOHN'S CHURCH**—From Sunday, June 23, through the months of July, August and September, and up to October 1st in the current year. The regular Sunday service will be held at 11 a. m. Notice will be given of any extra services which may be held from time to time. The sittings in this church are free. Strangers and visitors are always cordially welcomed. Rev. J. H. Conroy, Pastor. 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 at 7 o'clock p. m.

#### Temperance.

**WOLFVILLE DIVISION** 8 or 7 meets every Monday evening in their Hall. Writter's block, at 8 00 o'clock.

**ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F.** meets every Saturday evening in their 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.

**BORDEN, C. H.**—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.  
**BORDEN, CHARLES H.**—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.  
**BLACKBADER, W. C.**—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.  
**BROWN, J. I.**—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.  
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**JAVISON BROS.**—Printers and Publishers.  
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**MILMORE, G. H.**—Insurance Agent. Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.  
**GOFFREY, L. P.**—Manufacturer of Hats and Shoes.  
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**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.

Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up by the use of

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES  
OF Lime and Soda.  
Palatable as Milk. AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF CONSUMPTION, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmon Wharves at all Druggists. See and

**TRY OUR CELEBRATED NEW BRAND OF INCA FLOUR**

A first-class grade of family flour, winter patent, ground from choice Northern wheat. Pure white wheat of the very best quality. Superior to all others wherever put upon the market. Honest and reliable. It contains the most healthful and nourishing properties. Guaranteed and warranted to give satisfaction.  
Dealers supplied by J. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Halifax, N. S., or direct from the mills of HILLMAN & PELOW, Peterborough, Ont.

### POETRY.

#### Liston.

Whoever you are as you read this,  
Whatever your troubles or grief,  
I want you to know and to heed this:  
The day draweth near with relief.  
No sorrow, no woe is unending,  
Though heaven seems voiceless and dumb,  
So sure as your cry is ascending,  
So surely an answer will come.  
Whatever temptation is near you,  
Whose eyes on this simple verse fall;  
Remember good angels will hear you,  
And help you to stand if you fall.

Though stung with despair I beseech you,  
Whate'er your losses, your need,  
Relieve when these printed words reach you,  
Believe you were born to succeed.

You are stronger, I tell you this minute,  
Than any unfortunate fate;  
And the coveted prize—you can win it;  
While life lasts 'tis never too late!  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

#### His Coming.

They tell me a solemn story,  
But it is not sad to me,  
For in its sweet unfolding  
My Saviour's love I see.  
They say that at any moment  
The Lord of life may come,  
To lift me from the cloudland  
Into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning,  
I may not even hear  
The rattle of His garments,  
As He softly draweth near.  
Suddenly, in a moment,  
Upon my ear may fall  
The summons loved of our Master,  
"Answer the Master's call."

Perhaps He will come in the noontide  
Of some bright, sunny day,  
When, with dear ones all around me,  
My life seems bright and gay.  
Perhaps He will come in the twilight,  
Easy the shining road,  
Up from the dinner sunlight  
Into the light of God.

Perhaps He will come in the stillness  
Of the night, and the quiet night,  
When the earth is calmly sleeping,  
"Neath the moonbeams' silvery light,  
When the stars are softly shining  
O'er the slumbering land and sea,  
Perhaps in holy stillness  
The Master will come for me.

#### SELECT STORY.

### The Hero of Beaver Head.

BY ALVA MILTON KERR.

#### CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Suddenly the boy started up. "I'm goin' now, mother," he said. "I'm goin' after father!" and before the woman could comprehend he snatched the rope and ran up in the spray and swallowed from her sight. The act appalled her, and she sprang screaming after him, but she slipped on the wet rocks and the plunging surges beat her back. To her mother's grief he was much as if he had passed into a billowing fire. The moments seemed interminable; would he never come back from that battering, pounding gulf of foam and noise?

A half hour of terror went by; then suddenly he burst out of the writhing spray above her, with a cry much as if he had opened eyes in Heaven. Behind him came his father, drooping and staggering forward, and husband and wife fell into each other's arms, and stood swaying and sobbing on the sand, while Paul crept away, sick and broken and crying to himself.

Ah! he had been through great peril; he had done a noble deed; he had brought back his self respect; but had not the old hovering darkness come along with it?

When Trave Armor following his wife, bent his tall, shambling form and went weakly in through the low doorway of his humble home, a bright fire of blue knots was flaming and popping in the fireplace, and a pot of coffee, sitting in the hot ashes at one corner of the fire, was breathing sweet fragrance from its mouth. A wave of inexpressible thankfulness swept through him at the sight. The children clustered about him with exclamations of wonder, and the mother, placing the little stranger in a chair before the pleasant flames, went into the other room. The giant-like father, rubbing his hands before the grateful blaze, looked at the children with a beaming face.

"Wal, my hearties," he said, "ye see I've brought ye a little vister."

The child, as if somewhat frightened by the circle of roguish faces, put out her hands appealingly, and the big man drew her into his lap and crooned over her like a woman.

"Don't ye be afraid," he said. "If y'r pap or mammy never come ye'll be always safe with us. We had a little gal once, most y'iss an' heft, an'—ye, she looked most like ye. We called her Brees, an' I guess we'll call ye Gale, for y'r about like her."

The child looked trustfully up into his sympathetic face, but it was plain she did not understand him.

"I reckon ye can't make me out, little bird, from the way ye look," he said; "but ye can't be afraid, ye needn't be afraid."

The children were pressing about them, and the father drew Lannie up on his other knee. The pudgy little fellow looked at the pale-faced child a moment, then touching her thin hand, he looked up into the man's face and hisped: "She Lannie's sister! Lannie's new sister!" and the other children jumped up and down with glee.

The mother heard it as she entered, and when she came forward with the tiny dress and shoes that once had clad their little Brees, her heart was full. Taking the willing child to her breast she passed into the other room again to clothe her in dry garments, and the big ragged, steaming man leaned forward and poked the fire, and the children wondered, for his eyes were wet. Presently the woman came back, and with a quick step, set about getting breakfast. Armor remained leaning forward, steaming, and gazing dully into the bed of burning knots. Presently his head sank down as if it were dead; he had fallen asleep from utter exhaustion. The woman touched his shoulder.

"Drink this cup of coffee, Trave," she said soothingly. "I'll strengthen you till I get some breakfast on the table."

But he could hardly drink it, his hands shook so, and he looked up pitiously in her face. "Laney, I'm almost pegged!" he said.

"Yes, oh, Trave, can't ye stop now? Can't ye just thinkin' of the child, and her thin frame, look from head to foot."

The man swayed forward over his knees and groaned: "Lucy, I will if I kin!" But suddenly he threw himself back with a look of torture in his face. "I need it now! I'm a-burnin'!"

"Ain't there any in the house? Just a spoonful!" A look of despair spread over the woman's face. "Trave, there ain't any," she said. "You must go to bed now, and sleep until y'r better, and she led him into the other room as if he was a trembling child.

When she came out again she asked for Paul, but none of the children had seen him, and she went anxiously to the door and looked out. The boy was limping slowly up the path with his father's rusted rifle on his shoulder. He had found it at the bottom of the water-logged boat.

"Breakfast is most ready, Paul," said the mother, and her voice was an infinitely tender caress. She did not praise him, but she saw an approval in her eyes too great for words.

"I'm not much hungry, mother," he said. "I'll get the tubs filled, so we can go to work when y'r ready."

The two did not talk; some question touching the little stranger, who she could be, and through what mysterious peril she had come to them, may have ebbed through their thoughts, but they had no heart to speak of it. The children might gambol on the grass, with the deep indigo sky above and the fragrant rain-washed air coming through the pines and filling them with zest, but to these elder two the very atmosphere seemed thick and stagnant with the curse that lay upon the family.

After a time the woman finished washing the poor, cracked dishes and went out, and the boy roused himself and stirred wearily about. He felt stiff and heavy, much as if he were partly numb in body while his mind was painfully wide-awake. He found his mother putting the tubs in position under the shed, getting them ready at once for work.

"Mother, ye ain't fit to," pleaded the boy. "Ye ain't fit to work; ye didn't sleep none last night, I know ye didn't. See, y'r all of a tremble now, mother; can't we wait till to-morrow?"

"We have nothing to eat in the house, Paul," she said. "We must get these mill-clothes done an' get something to feed the children. Your father may have to have some medicine, too, and her lips trembled.

The boy could have cried out against the whole world in his bitterness, but he shut his teeth hard, and putting the water-yoke across his shoulders, went down to the spring.

He felt bruised and sore from his hard work on the face of the cliff, and came back slowly. His mother was not at the tubs, but he heard her soothing the poor man in the hut, the sounds being mingled with pitiful cries. He sprang to the door and waited. But she did not come out, and at last, at last she came out. She was breathing hard and went unsteadily and sat down on the bench by the tubs.

"I guess he won't be had like he is sometimes," she parted, "because he goes off to sleep so quick. It's not much worse than bad dreams, I think."

"Why can't ye let me go in an' help ye, mother?"

"He might hurt you, Paul. You know what he did to you once. I never could bear to see you near him since when he's had. He won't hurt me, no matter how wild he may be. He's kind you know, Paul, only when the drink takes away his mind. You mustn't feel ill towards him, dear, for he's doing himself more harm than anyone else."

"Yes, mother," said the boy; "I'll try not to feel hard towards him," and his lips trembled with feeling.

As the day advanced the fathes ceased to leap up from the awful shapes that peopled his sleep, and sinking deeper and deeper in slumber lay as if he might never wake. The child slept a long time on a blanket near the fire, and when she awoke she began to play a little with the children. But she seemed frail, and ever and anon her blue eyes would fill with tears. She was lost from those who loved her, but no golden-haired fairy could ever have been more worshiped by four little ragged lads than was she. Paul and his mother saw it all as they worked on at the washing, and doubtless many little thrills of tenderness touched their hearts as they watched the pretty sight.

But what of the child? This dainty stranger blown in upon their shame and poverty from Heaven only knew what quarter of the world. What had she to do with their destiny? Perhaps when he who was sleeping in the hut should wake, he could tell them something of this new but welcome burden he had added to their cares.

They must stop. Words which are easy to speak and which can be made emphatic should be chosen, such as "ho," "whoa," etc., and every time the word is used the horse to which it is spoken should be made to obey it fully. Carelessness in regard to this matter will do more to undo what has been taught than anything else. When a horse fully understands the meaning of the word which you use when you wish him to stop and stand still, the greater part of the work is accomplished. He then can be trusted with safety while you leave him a short time. To take no risk, and to make the work more effective, it is a good plan for two to get into the vehicle to which a horse is hitched, and having stopped after a short drive, one should get out and leave him at a short distance. Should the horse then start, the one in the vehicle can then draw the lines suddenly, and thus prevent his getting away. There will be no trouble in teaching any horse with any ordinary amount of good common sense to stand as long as you desire without being hitched, if a little judgment is used in attempting it.

#### A Restful Sabbath.

The Washington Post in a recent article alluded to sneer at the "old-fashioned" observance of the Sabbath in Canada to which the Ottawa Journal thus replies:

The vast majority of Canadians believe six days toll in seven enough for human nature and think that one day's complete rest in seven from labor a good thing. The Sunday trading, Sunday whisky saloon attractions, Sunday concert halls, Sunday park amusements, Sunday games, Sunday newspapers, Sunday merry-go-rounds, Sunday streets at places of public resort, Sunday street business of various kinds from fruit peddling to car running, with all their turmoil, money making, and employment of men, women and children who should be resting, may suit our friends across the line of the Peace, but they do not suit the climate of Canada or the aspirations and genius of her people. Canadians find a restful Sabbath good for them. A lazy float on the murmuring waters, a healthful walk or drive into the surrounding country and for the great majority a refreshing change from the sordid cares and trials of life to the duties of religion, make up a Sunday that whilst it differs materially from the go-ahead, dollar earning howling Sabbath of our progressive neighbors, is good for the head, the heart, the mind, body and estate of all who practice it. Thank's awfully; none of your progressive backward Sabbaths for us.

#### The Supply of Whalebone.

About 200,000 pounds of whalebone were secured from the Atlantic catch of whales during 1890 and less than that amount was secured from the Pacific waters. Fine whalebone is worth its weight in silver, and only the wealthy woman can afford to use it. The ordinary principles of production and trade are overturned as regards whalebone. Modern appliances and improvements appear to have decreased rather than have enlarged the amount of the product. The price of whalebone fluctuates worse than the stock market, owing to the fact that it is impossible to calculate upon the amount of a season's catch until the bone has actually been extracted.

There are only seven manufacturers in this country, according to the latest report—five in New York and two in Boston. They pay \$10,000 for a ton of raw material, and split it up and prepare it for market. Quantities are used in the silk mills where ribbon is manufactured. It is used there for the edge of the ribbon in weaving. Some of the best hat manufacturers use it in the sweat bands of their silk hats. All though the corsets and dress stays of women still take up practically about the whole supply of whalebone, yet fully 90 per cent of the corsets manufactured here are braided up with something else.

#### Drinking a Tear.

"Boys, I won't drink unless you take what I do," said old Josh Spillit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and they looked at him with astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions makes us laugh. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures down us. You are the chief of mixed drinkers, and I won't agree to your conditions."

"He wants us to run in castor oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square. Take my drink and I'm with you."

The boys agreed and all stood along the bar. They turned to Spillit, and all looked at him with interest.

"Mr Bartender," said he, "give me a glass of water."

"Water! Water?"

"Yes, water. It's a new drink to me, I admit, and it's a scarce article I expect."

"Some days ago a party of us went fishing. We took a fine lot of whiskey along, and had a heap of fun. Long toward evening I got powerful drunk, and crawled off under a tree and went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whiskey and went back to town. They thought it was a good joke because they had left me out there drunk, and told it around town with nighty bluster. My son got hold of the report and told it at home. Well, I lay under the tree all night, and when I woke in the morning my wife sat right beside me. She said nothing when I woke up but turned her head away, and I could see she was choking."

"I wish I had something to drink, said I. Then she took up a cup that she had brought with her, and went to where a spring came up, and dipped up a cupful and handed it to me. Just as she did so she leaned over to hide her eyes. I saw a tear drop into the water. I took the cup and raising my hands I vowed that I would never drink my wife's tears again as I had been doing for the last twenty years and I was going to stop. You boys know who it was that left me. You were all in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr Bartender."

### When The Hair

Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

#### A Rich Rind

or even black. It will not soil the pillowcase nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like the fretful porcupine should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor.

### Ayer's Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY  
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

### BE A MAN

All men can't be Apollos of strength and form, but all may have robust health and strong nerves and clear minds. Our treatment makes such men. The methods are our own exclusively, and where anything is left to build upon, the VIGOR OF MEN is easily, quickly restored. Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early error, or later excesses, the result of over-work, sickness, worry, etc., forever cured. Full strength development, and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanations and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address, **ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.**