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, MAY 30, 1890. No. 41.

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 ficticious signature.

Address all comunications 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 uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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. Cranswick 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.

On the Fence.

When it comes ter votin', why, I'm allus
on the fence.
Reason? Wall, be yeou a daddy? that'e
the sarcumstence.
My Molly, she's Republican, an' Joe's a
Democrat,
An' theway I'm pulled an' hauled eraoun'
would knock a feller flat.
Joe, he comes argufyin', preachin' free-
trade talk an' sich;
He sez petticoat doctrine's baoun' ter
land us in a ditch.
He sez the "party o' progress" ull git ther
soon or late—
An' Joe's ez smart a feller ez there is in
all the State.
But Molly doesn't argufy; she o'ny
hangs aroun',
An' I notice to'rds electin time thet
things is done up braown;
The coffee's got an extra snap, the buns
is wonderful light,
An' I find my slippers extry warm a-wait-
in' me at night.
She never sez a word while Joe's a-layin'
down the law,
But sets an' sews a long white seam, so
meek ye never saw.
But when electin' mornin's my coat's ail
brushed an' shook,
An' Molly helps me on with it an' gives
me *sech* a look—
I vaow! thet child git's more an' more
her mother's look agen—
An' then she smiles ter see us go a-tramp-
in, thro' the lane.
I vaow! I'm like a weather-cock, I shift
an' alter so,
But when it's Joe's er Molly's way—
which way d'ye think I go?

—*Judge.*

STORY.

A Thorn in the Flesh.

Hartley Bancroft was, in the general acception of the term, a kind-hearted man. His feelings were easily reached and these gave usually a ready impulse to his actions. But quick feeling has in most cases a two fold range, warming now into kindly emotion, and now into sudden anger. Your so called kind hearted men are often betrayed into cruel words and even into cruel actions. But there is this merit about them; when the heat of passion subsides, they repent, and sometimes seek to heal where they have wounded.

Such a man was Hartley Bancroft. While the current of events ran smoothly along, the surface of his life reflected the unvarying sunshine, but a very little obstruction sufficed to ripple the waters, and then their aspect darkened.

One day Mr Bancroft was sitting at his desk, with a pile of checks and bills before him, the sum of which he was taking preparatory to a deposit in the bank. It was late in the day for him to be figuring up his accounts; but he had unusually heavy payments to make, and the amount necessary to lift up his notes had been obtained with difficulty. Mr Bancroft felt both hurried and worried, as his quick, nervous movements showed.

Just at this inauspicious moment a man entered the store, and walked quickly back to where Mr Bancroft was sitting.

"Good day, Mr Cartwright."

There was not a very cordial tone in the voice of Mr Bancroft, although the other was a customer who had bought of his goods freely.

"Good day!" There was an embarrassed air about Mr Cartwright.

What can I do for you?" It was only a form of speech on the part of Bancroft, or rather a new mode of saying, "Don't ask me for anything."

Now, it happened that Mr Cartwright was in a "tight place" as it is called. It was two o'clock and all his efforts to get the full amount of money he needed had failed. Several notes had matured and among them one of seven hundred dollars, given to Mr Bancroft. All but this he had succeeded in lifting; and now, frightened at the aspect of things, he had come, very reluctantly, to his creditor, whom he only knew as a kind-hearted man, to state the extremity of his case, and ask a check for the amount of his note as a temporary loan.

"I am short seven hundred dollars. Can you help me?"

"No!" was the answer made in an emphatic tone, and with a knitting of the brows.

Mr Bancroft noticed that the answer seemed to stagger the applicant; he saw also that he grew pale and had a look of singular distress. But Mr Bancroft was too much excited and annoyed to notice these things.

"Then," said Mr Cartwright, "you will have to withdraw the note from the bank. I cannot lift it."

"I shall do no such thing," angrily replied Mr Bancroft. "Take up your notes as I take up mine."

"I have failed in all my efforts to get money; and if you do not withdraw this note, it will be protested." Mr Cartwright said this very deliberately, and in a firm tone of voice, with a face like ashes.

"Very well," was the unyielding answer, "let it be protested then. If you can bear the operation, I think I can.

Coldly, almost sneeringly, these cruel words were said. Mr Cartwright turned away and pleaded his case no longer but went out from the store of his unyielding creditor. Scarcely had he passed into the street before the better nature of Bancroft rose into the ascendency, and he reflected on his unkindness.

"William!" he called to a clerk.

The young man came instantly.

"Make this deposit, William; and at the same time withdraw Mr Cartwright's note, due to-day. Money is hard to get just now, and he is burdened with heavy payments. We must give him a helping hand. The merchant spoke kindly, not fretfully. The clerk departed with the bank book, and a check of sufficient amount to lift the notes that were due. Mr Bancroft remained sitting at his desk, and from his attitude, and the aspect of his countenance it was plain that self approval was not the pleasant state of mind in which he was indulging. The vail of momentary excitement was removed, and now, plainly before the eyes of his mind, stood his humbled and distressed debtor, toward whom not a single impulse of kind feeling had stirred. He taied to find a refuge from self upbraiding in the fact that he had done all the debtor had asked—the note was withdrawn.

"Yes," said a voice within him, "you have cast a bone, with curses, into the face of the beggar!"

Mr Bancroft started up hurriedly from his desk, walked the length of the store, returned, and sat down again. A low, deep sigh parted his lips.

"What could have possessed me that I so far forgot duty and kindness? I would give twice seven hundred dollars to recall this act, were it possible to do so."

Drawing a sheet of paper before him Mr Bancroft took up a pen and wrote:

MR EDWARD CARTWRIGHT.

My Dear Sir,—I have withdrawn your note. Forgive my rough unkindness. I was worried about my money matters, and had but just made up my own bank account. We are not always proof against petty annoyances. They sometimes disturb more than larger things. Come in to-morrow and we will arrange for a renewal of this note, if you desire it, making the time to suit yourself.

Mr Bancroft signed this apologetic letter, and dispatched it forthwith. He felt more comfortable after that. Still he suffered some pain from having given pain, and no humiliation for the unamiable weakness he had manifested.

"Did you see Mr Cartwright?" he inquired of the lad who had taken the note.

"No sir; he wasn't there."

"Did you leave the note?"

"Yes sir." The boy looked agitated. He stood a moment, as if waiting for further question, and then said:—

"They were just driving him away in a carriage."

"What!" Mr Bancroft turned pale.

"They said he had broken a blood vessel."

Mr Bancroft started to his feet with mingled surprise and pain.

"There was blood on the floor."

Mr Bancroft groaned aloud. After reflecting for a moment he took up his hat and went out hurridly. A walk of five minutes brought him to Mr Cartwright's store.

"What was the cause of this?" he asked one of the clerks. Did he fall or was he lifting anything?"

"No," was answered. "He was sitting at his desk, resting his head upon his hands, when I heard him call in a quick voice, and turning round I saw the blood flowing from his mouth."

"Has anything disturbed him," asked Bancroft.

"Money has been hard to get during the past week," the clerk answered, and Mr Cartwright's payments were unusually large. There is one not lifted yet and it is a few minutes of three o'clock. The clerk pointed to a note lying on Mr Cartwrigh'ts desk.

Mr Bancroft leaned over, and saw that it was a notice of the note due to him.

"That is withdrawn from bank," said he.

"I am glad to hear it,' replied the clerk.

"I think that it was your note that did the harm. He had taken up the others and went out two hours ago, after having been all the morning on the street, to try and get the sum required to lift this one; but he failed; and the consequences were more than he had strength to look at calmly. He is a just man, and a kind-hearted man, Mr Bancroft. We who live with him can bear that testimony."

Mr Bancroft stood nearly motionless for a long time.

"Where does Mr Cartwright live he inquired at length.

"At number——Fifteenth St.

To the dwelling of Mr Cartwright he went in all haste.

He found everything there to confirm his worst apprehensions. The hemmorage had been very profuse. Already so large a quantity of blood was lost that the sick man was reduced to a state of insensibility, and still the bleeding continued.

The family were, of course, in the deepest distress He saw Mrs Cartwright for a moment, and in that moment the impression of her white, grief-stricken face was transformed to a page in memory's book that no after event could dim or obliviate.

A beautiful daughter just on the verge of womanhood, glided past him once and her face of terror remained to haunt him for life. He saw the physician, and to his inquiries received no hopeful answer.

When Mr Bancroft left that house of sorrow he went forth almost steathily, and with a guilty feeling in his heart.

"My work! My work!" a voice within him kept repeating, and do what he would he could not silence the accusing spirit.

"I can never forgive myself if he should die?" said Mr Bancroft to himself. "O, what evil is sometimes wrought by passion in an unguarded moment. Why did I not think before speaking."

Alas, the dreaded evil came. Mr Bancroft was at his store an hour earlier than usual next morning.

"Have you heard from Mr Cartwright?" he inquired anxiously of a clerk.

"Yes, sir."

"How is he."

"Dead."

"Dead!"

Mr Bancroft stepped back a pace or two, as though a strong hand were bearing against him.

"Yes, sir, he died last evening at 7 o'clock. So the paper says.

Mr Bancroft sighed heavily, and then walked back to his desk, sat down and remained in troubled thought for a long time.

There was only a single aspect of the case that gave him any relief, and this was the probable ignorance of everyone but himself of the immediate cause of Mr Cartwright's death.

He had not, it was presumed, mentioned the unfeeling repulse he had received when at the eleventh hour, and a last resort, he had gone from whom he had confidently expected, not only kind consideration, but prompt relief, so that the secret had died within him.

Mr Bandcroft did not visit the house of mourning.

He could not look upon the distress which his own conscience charged him with originating, but his heart was veiled with gloomy shadows.

There was no one to represent Mr Cartwright in his business, which had to be closed.

An active, hard-working merchant, he had succeeded through many disadvantages, in establishing a trade, that prosecuted with industry for a few years, would have given his family a small fortune. But he was stricken down in an inauspicious moment.—Serious losses occurred in the settlement of affairs, and when all his debts were finally paid there was nothin over for his family.

"Poor Mary Cartwright!" said Mrs Bancroft to her husband one day about six months after the death of Mr Cartwright, I saw her at Mrs Marvin's to-day, she gives lessons to her daughter Helen. How changed she was."

Mr Bancroft made no reply, and his wife was in some doubts as to whether he heard her remark.

"She says that her mother has never been out of the house since her father's death.'

Still Mr Bancroft made no response. But how the words did smite him! Ah! there was a thorn in his memory that time could never ever extract.

"There was not a dollar left for the family from poor Cartwright'sestate!" said a fellow merchant.

"So I have heard."

Mr Bancroft answered with seeming indifference, but his heart quivered as if a blow had been given.

Time moved steadily onward. The seething spot on the surface of trade where Mr Cartwright went down was obliterated by the onward moving currents; and he was scarcely remembered in the business circles where once his busy face was a familiar object

But there was one man who could never trust aside his image; one man in whose memory his presence was a ranking thorn. Many times had he tried to pluck out this thorn by secret acts of kindness to the family of Mr Cartwright. But the case was hopeless. That single act of unkindnsss, so fatal in its consequences, was done forever. It had gone beyond his utmost reach and there was no surgeon skilled enough to extract the thorn it had left to rankle in his memory.

Persian Civilization.

I have been much surprised to hear even well-educated Englishmen, in recent discussions on Persia, speak of the Persian nation as if it were completely wanting in civilization and were ages behind Europe in manners, customs and ideas. Such a false impression of the characteristics and social condition of our good friends, the neighbors of our Indian empire, is, I think, due to ignorance, and I fear, also to insular prejudice. Persia has not progressed as Europe has done, but Persian civilization and Persian art had reached a high degree of development when England was covered with tangled forests and its inhabitants were half clothed savages, whose highest skill was shown in the slaughter of wild animals with the rudest of weapons. Persian civilization has not retrograded, though Persian art is certainly stifled by the introduction of cheap but inartistic articles from the commercial west.

In Persia a polite etiquette is as strictly observed as in any country in the world, and though, in some trifles, the manners of a Persian gentleman may appear strange and even amusing when observed in the West, it is safe to say that nothing which a Persian gentleman would be likely to do when mixing in Western society would in any way shock the delicate feelings of that society. In this respect it is fortunate that the recent journeyings of the Shah and his suite were sufficiently extended to give a practical and wide-spread contradiction to the numerous absurd stories which have been current concerning the disagreeable peculiarities of Persian manners and customs.

As regards habits of personal cleanliness, on which Englishmen so greatly pride themselves, it may astonish many of my readers to learn that the Persians, with considerable reason, consider themselves far superior to any Westerns in this respect. I will only mention as an instance, that the Persian considers that to remain sitting in a small bath and to commence and complete ablutions in the same water is far from a cleanly habit, and it is one which is never practiced in the heated baths which the native frequents with such pleasure in Persia, and which he greatly misses when travelling in the West.

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

The Betel Nut,

The betel nut, of which the Maylays are said to be so very fond, is a white nut which looks almost like ivory. Every Malay family without an exception has a box, divided into little compartments, and with a drawer at the bottom containing a pair of shears. In one of the compartments of the box is some betel nut, cut fine with the shears; in another several sirile leaves; in the next some slacked lime made from coral shells, and in the last some fine tobacco. At mid-day, which is the dinner hour, the family assembles and squats in a circle on mats, which do duty for chairs. In the centre is a bowl of rice and another of curry. Each one takes a handful of rice in turn, dips it into the curry, and conveys it to his mouth without spilling a crumb. To do this gracefully is the height of Malay etiquette. After all have finished, the betel box makes its appearance and is handed around. Each person takes one of the sirile leaves, which are five inches long and arrow shaped, and lays it out flat on the palm of the left hand. Then he takes a little betel nut, puts some of the lime upon it, adds a small quantity of tobacco, and then rolls the whole up together. Then he places it in his mouth, holding it by his front teeth, never chewing it by his side teeth as Americans do tobacco.

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.

The Eastern Maine State Fair will be held this year in Bangor on September 2d to 5th. A special will be a race between the famous stallions, Alcryon and Nelson.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker-Mouth. Sold by George V. Rand.

John H. Wallace, proprietor of *Wallace's Monthly*, New York, has been robbed of $50,000 by a young relative employed in the office.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold by George V. Rand.

Prairie fires in Calgary, N. W. T., last week destroyed a thousand sheep belonging to the Canadian Agricultural Society.

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

The women of New York have formed a health protective society with the avowed intention of cleaning the streets.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

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 pictures or 1 doz. Surprise lead pencils. For the laundry and general household use. A barrel of economy in time, labor and money. ☞ Ask your grocer for SURPRISE Soap and take no other.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'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.