

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1891. No. 49.

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is known as the "Baby's Friend." It is a safe, reliable, and pleasant medicine for all ailments of infants and children.

### 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.

### DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

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

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

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

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

CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & CO.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

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.

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.

DATKIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

POCKWELL & 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 Tobarber.

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.

### POETRY.

#### The Old Hymn.

The windows and the floors were open,  
The splendid church was full of light;  
And all along the moonlit street  
A stream of music thrilled last night.  
A homeless tramp beneath the trees  
Stood still to hear the river roll,  
And falling on his helpless knees,  
Heard Jesus, lover of my soul.

It's thirty years since last he heard  
The cadence of that anthem sweet,  
And all his startled soul was stirred  
Alone upon that lonely street.  
They sang the splendid hymn with grace,  
E'en children's voices swelled the song,  
And down his dragged and stricken face  
The scalding tear-drops coursed along.

Jeans, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
Heard the final sentence roll,  
Then wandered onward with a sigh,  
The music waked the better man,  
For, from the past so sad and dim,  
A girl, with face all wet and wan,  
Came slowly forth and haunted him.

—By the Khan.

### SELECT STORY.

#### GILEAD.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

"Go 'way Mather, an' no be kneelin' here by me. Your love an' trust an' goodness is killin' me, 'cause I ain't with it. I'm goin' to marry Gilead this fall, an' go with him to New York. Mather, I love him, love him as nobody ever was loved afore,—an' it help it. I fought the feelin' hard for your sake an' mine, but Gilead loves me, an' I not mind if nobody else should love me to all eternity. I've tried an' tried, Mather, you don't know how I've tried, but I can't care for you as I once did. I'm heart-sick of this life,—drudgery, an' dreariness an' loneliness. I want to go where folks be. You've got to know'sometime, an' I'd rather tell you now than wait till fall, as Gilead said. Oh, Mather, I'm heart-sorry, an' the teacher's o'ry's been killin' me. But you'd never want a wife with never a bit of love in her heart."

"The Lord knows how I felt,—I'd loved her so long an' so true, it seemed to me then that if I were God as made everything, so still an' sweet smellin' all round us, that they never would have sent such forsakenness an' agony into any soul, an' such hopelessness, that I seemed as if all he could do now was just to take life away an' not leave anythin' human sufferin' no. Once in a while, years an' years after, the same chill sort of feelin' would creep over me when I'd git a whiff of the pine trees, smellin' as they did that night.

"Jest at fust I didn't seem to sense nothin', till Naomi bent over an' touched me kind o' frightened-like, her face white as death, an' teary round the eyes.

"Mather," says she, "why don't you tell me how bitter you despise me? You can say if you want to jest what you think o' me."

"I was sore and stiff when I rose, an' it didn't sound like my voice as I said: 'There ain't nothin' to say, Naomi; let's go home.'

"She walked along by me a good mile or so, an' never a word was spoken; then I left her standin' by the gate, with a short good-bye, but never a handshake,—for I couldn't bring myself to look in her pale face or touch the hand she held out to me in such an appealin' sort o' fashion. 'Twas after I'd left her, an' wandered away out through the country all white with moonshine, an' as sweet as 't can be in June,—'twas then that all the strong passions which evil can rouse in a man's heart broke loose in me. I prayed wild, distracted sort o' prayers. I cursed Gilead—an' her an' myself an' the wide world; for't seemed to me as if God were dead. My heart was full o' heavy, dumb anguish, as I tramped on for miles an' miles, hardly knowin' I was afoot, never sensin' that I was tired; only feelin' the awful horror an' misery an' own o' havin' Naomi taken away by my own brother; for it most seemed as if she were truly my wife; I'd waited, an' longed, an' worked for her so many years.

"At last, about midnight, I wandered home. When I reached the yard, I saw Gilead on the back stoop, his head leaped up agin the clusterin' grapevine, an' his thoughts so far off that he never seen me till I was most up to him. As I came through the woodshed I half stumbled over the ax-

layin' there among my feet; I picked it up to put it where't I belonged, an' then an awful feelin' came over me to strike Gilead with't, for I was almost mad with rage, an' hatred, an' jealousy, an' could have killed him as he set there, without ever feelin' sorry for't,—only somethin' seemed to hold me back.

"Gilead," I called, 'come out here to the barn, will you?'

"Why, Mather, what is it,—the horse broke loose?'

"There in the dusk o' the old barn, where we boys had played many an' many a day with the moonlight streakin' in an' lightin' Gilead's white face, I poured out the pent up flood o' misery, an' contempt, an' hatred which was burnin' me up. Many a thing I said that night which I've never been sorry for till this mornin', when the dawn stole in at the east window an' brought back a look to the dead face that I used to know when he an' I slept together in the attic trundle-bed.

Gilead hadn't the attic trundle-bed; he stood there leanin' agin a post in perfect silence; his face paler'n ashes. Once more there came to me the awful impulse to strike him down out o' my sight with the old fall hangin' right by. At last words gave out, an' he crept away; but the bitter tears in his heart, an' that I had stayed there all those years. To-day it feels kind o' dead an' gone, but that night changed all my life.

"Till the gray dawn come peepin' in through the chinks of the barn door, I lay there in the sweet, new-mown hay fightin' revenge, an' murder, an' every horror that had gotten hold o' me. As't grew daylight, the cattle began to stir in their stalls, an' I went in among 'em for a sort o' farwell; see true dumb friends they seemed to me then. When old Whitney, who I'd tended an' milked since I was a boy,—when she laid her head agin my shoulder, with a low, tender moan, I just leaned over on her warm neck, an' the tears come as they had't done for many a year; then I felt a sigh, better. I fed each o' 'em for a sight, till at last the sun was risin' behind the mountain started off in my work at Fokitt's. I never went home agin an' three days passed afore I see'd any o' the folks.

"One noon as I was eatin' my lunch out in the field I spied little Zoe in her pink sunbonnet, come wanderin' up the road o' the Holler, shadin' her eyes with one hand as she looked along the hay-field for me. I called her, an' up she come, runnin' to where I sat.

"O Mather, dear Mather! she sobbed, laying her soft, pinky face agin my rough, burned one,—O Mather, my heart's achin' for you; an' between her sobs, she told me why she'd come after me; how mother couldn't make out what the trouble was, till the night night, when Naomi came over an' told everything; Gilead set by plum an' silent, till at last he said she'd better make it up with me agin, an' let's have no more words. Zoe said then they thought Naomi would faint away; but when she came to, she stood up bravely for me, shudderin' all of the blame. Dear little Zoe, her sympathy, in ways an' a horror b' all the tractableness, seemed to help me more'n anythin', but when I couldn't git the poor child to go back I was at my wit's end. She was fourteen then, as true-hearted an' lovin' a little soul as ever breathed. I never knowed all her worth till them dark days; for she would stop with me,—an' many's the time I've thought 'twere jest her comin' when she did that saved me from bein' one o' the wast o' men.

"That fall Gilead an' Naomi were married, an' went to New York. Long after, I come to know that he didn't really wait for her, for he never loved her; but I s'pose with bein' 'shamed, an' mother's pleadin', he made her his wife.

"Fokitt gave me a little house in the Holler; an' there Zoe stopped with me, keepin' things clean an' straight, an' brightenin' the dreariest day with her cherry face. Once in a spell, she'd go to stop a few days with mother, but I wasn't much comfort to neither of us to be with her, her heart was so set on Gilead an' Naomi.

"The years slip't by, an' Zoe grow'd up tall an' handsome. Life grow'd a trifle easier, though the old hatred

lived on in my heart as bitter's ever. Four years after they'd been married, Naomi come home to mother, with three little ones, sick an' alin' all the time, an' hankerin' after country air. She hadn't been here but a month when Gilead tumbled, broken down, coughin' agin, work lost, an' everythin' belongin' to him gone. Ever since they've lived on there at the old place, an' seen lots o' trouble. One by one the children were taken, an' then on a cold winter mornin' mother slip't away, as quiet's if she were goin' to sleep; Zoe an' me went over the next day, but Gilead an' Naomi never appeared.

"An' so the years went by, filled with hard work, the best thing in the world to keep a man from thinkin' when Zoe come to twenty-six, she went to a good home an' a husband who knowed she was with the tenderest love an' care; they both wanted me to go an' live with 'em, but I felt I'd be best cent by myself.

"Last night, jest as the sun was goin' down I was busy settin' out cabbages in my yard, when Seth Chapin's boy come drivin' up to say that Gilead Pinney was dyin' an' wanted to see me. I was so kind o' struck, I just climbed into the wagon, an' rode on as if I was sort o' dreamin', never askin' a question nor wonderin' about nothin'; for I was 'way back livin' old days over agin,—days when Gilead an' me truded four miles to school together, or went chasin' wood-chucks an' squirrels 'mong the pine trees; happy days we spent fishin' in the slow-goin' Agawam, or drove the cows night an' mornin' to the far pasture, little Zoe on my back laughin' an' screamin' an' Gilead runnin' ahead to let down the bars; long blithe days in hayin' time, when work was fun to us, years, an' years, an' years ago.

"When I reached the door o' the old place, Naomi was there to meet me; only at fust I couldn't sense it that that totterin', wrinkled, white-haired body, with the tears in her dim eyes, an' her hands shakin' like palsied old, was the Naomi I'd never see'd sense the night I left her by the gate among the laylock bushes.

"She led me into the old east room, which looked bare an' poorer'n ever." Mather choked down a great sob and his lips trembled. "An' there," he added after a moment, "there lay Gilead—worn to skin an' bone, with a look o' death in his face. Everythin' had an' hateful seemed to die out o' my heart in one moment. I could only remember the little lad I'd wandered with through the woods many a long summer day; the Gilead that mother an' me had set each store by. As I come in, his big hollow eyes turned eagerly to me, the pinched was face lit up with a glad smile, an' two wasted hands, cold as death already, were stretched out feebly to grasp mine. 'Gilead, brother,' says I, 'it's all right agin, ain't it?'

"Then he nodded faintly, an' closed his eyes, but the happy look still stayed round his lips; once in a spell he'd squeeze my fingers an' smile,—he was past talkin'—only there wasn't no need o' words.

"Naomi hovered round, now an' then touchin' his thin white hair fondly, but he never once noticed her; an' yet the old love was strong in her heart, tender, faithful, an' steadfast, after fifty years, till an' hardship, an' poverty an' mebbe neglect, for I don't think Gilead ever loved her.

"All the long still night we two stay'd by him, an' he never once let go his faint hold o' my hand till the dawn come, when he went away. Jest once he tried to speak, an' then he asked me in a hoarse whisper if I'd see to Naomi as long's she needed it, 'cause he had nothin' to leave. Of course he knew I would."

#### Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon was born in Kelvedon, Essex, England, June 19, 1834. In the whole history of the non-conformist movement in that country there is no man who has occupied a more prominent position. He came from a family of clergyman, his father and grandfather both being preachers of the Independent denomination. When 16 years old he became teacher in a school at Newmarket, which town, by the way, is in two counties, the north side in Suffolk and the south

#### Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

side in Cambridgeshire. Afterwards he was attracted to a school in Cambridge. While there he joined an association of lay preachers, and at the early age of 18 he was pastor of a Baptist congregation at Waterbeach. His preaching attracted attention, and a year later he received a call to the New York Street Baptist Chapel at Southwark, London.

So great were the crowds who flocked to hear him that the congregation were obliged to find larger accommodation, first in Exeter Hall and afterwards in the Surrey Music Hall. In the Newton Butts a chapel was erected for his congregation capable of seating 6,000. Mr Spurgeon has a personal magnetism in preaching that is marvellous. Each hearer is impressed with the idea that he alone is addressed, which accounts for his extraordinary popularity. He has received upwards of 20,000 persons into his church and about 40 chapels have been erected in London by his followers, the ministers of which have graduated from a college founded by himself. His energy and activity are boundless, and some 20 volumes of his sermons have been published. Among his works are Gems, a volume containing brilliant passages from his discourses. The Saint and his Saviour, John Ploughman's Talk, or Plain Advice for Plain People, Feathers for Arrows, Lectures to my Students. He is also the editor of a journal, *The Sword and Trowel*. Mr Spurgeon has a fine expressive countenance which is full of earnestness. His sermons are listened to attentively by members of all religious denominations.—EY.

### About Advertising.

SOME EXCEEDINGLY SENSIBLE ADVICE FOR MERCHANTS.

If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world.

A thing worth doing is worth doing well. A thing worth advertising is worth advertising well. A newspaper worth advertising in once is worth making a contract with.

It is a mistaken notion that a fine store in an eligible location, surrounded by attractive signs, is a superior advertisement; for the experience of the most enterprising merchants is that it pays better to spend less in rent and more in advertising.

Advertising is the pole that knocks the persimmons.

Don't be afraid to invest in printers' ink lest your sands of life be nearly run out.

Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl through a pair of green goggles.

You may know what you are doing but nobody else does.

The enterprising advertiser proves that he understands how to buy, because in advertising he knows how to sell.

Bread is the staff of human life, and advertising is the staff of business.

A simple card may probably stand years without change, but a sensational advertisement should be changed as often as you can get the printer to do it.

Now is the time to think about advertising, and reflection should be followed by judicious action.

You can't eat enough in a week to last you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.

To make a man realize an idea as you can realize it, is what is necessary to make him understand his needs. Advertisements should aim to place a matter so clearly before the public that they see it as clearly as the advertiser does.

### The Judge Kept His Word.

"The quality of mercy is not strained," nor does mercy always restrain the quantity of the sentence. The *Youth's Companion* has a touching anecdote of a man whose tears were all in vain:

Judge Q., who once presided over a criminal court down east, was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat upon the bench. His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge.

A man who had been convicted of

stealing a small amount was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked.

"Never—never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry—don't cry," said Judge Q., consolingly. "You're going to be now!"

#### It is Unlucky

To be struck by lightning on Monday.

To sit on a buzz-saw in motion Friday.

To break the mirror your wife's mother gave her.

To fall down stairs with the parlor stove on Tuesday.

To dream of snakes after drinking cider in a prohibition town.

To see a bill collector over your right shoulder on Saturday.

To see a bull-dog over your left shoulder in your neighbor's orchard.

To see your overcoat over either shoulder as you pass out of the shop of your uncle.

To bet all your money on a horse whose driver has bet his money on another.

To marry on Wednesday a girl who practices with ten pound dumb-bells.

To spill salt in the coffee of the man who has the carving-knife.

To be one of thirteen at table when there is only food enough for six.

#### Tattlers.

Every community is cursed by the presence of a class of people who make it their business to attend to everybody's business but their own. Such people are the meanest specimens of depraved humanity which an All-Wise Providence permits to exist on this earth. There is a distinct class of tattlers, who make tale-bearing the constant business of their lives. They pry into private affairs of every family in the neighborhood; they know the exact state of one neighbor's feelings towards another; they understand everybody's faults, and no little blunder or misdeedman ever escapes their vigilant watchfulness. They glide quietly and smoothly from mother to daughter, from father to son, from one to another; and into the ears of all they pour their dark, bitter whisps of slander and abuse; and at the same time pretend to be the most sincere friends of those they talk to. Their black and nauseous pills of malicious slander are sugar-coated with smiles and honeyed words of friendship.

Tattlers are people who have no higher ambition than to be well informed in regard to other people's private business, and retail scandal to their neighbor, and exult in their scandalous triumph over the wounded feelings and bruised hearts of their innocent victims. They seem to take to tattling from the prompting of a natural instinct, and they prosecute it with an energy that would do infernal honor to their great leader—the prince of darkness himself. My contempt for such graceless creatures knows no bounds, and I can find no words in which to express their infamy.

"Surely the serpent will bite without enchantment; and a babler is no better."

"The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious; but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself."

### Good News!

Now one, who is willing to accept the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, eruptions, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's effort to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is clothing itself through the skin of the face, thus which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To remove these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. It is the other blood-purifier you compare with thousands testify who have gained freedom from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andrew G. Gatica, C. Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico.

"I have been afflicted with skin eruptions and humors, for which I could find no remedy until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.

### Freedom

From the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

#### Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists, \$1.00 per bottle. Worth \$4.00 bottle.

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Advertisements for sale or whether 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.

New 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.

#### Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

#### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office hours, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.50 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. Rasm, Post Master.

#### PEOPLES 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. ROBERTSON, Ushers.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 11.30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7.30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranwick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Furrer, Assistant Pastor; Horton and Wolfville Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Greenup and Avonport services at 3 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 services.

St JOHN'S CHURCH—From Sunday, June 23rd, through the months of July, August and September, and up to October 4th 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 stings in this church are free. Strangers and Visitors are always cordially welcomed. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Wardens, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

St FRANCIS (R. O.)—Rev T. M. Daly, P.—Mass 11.30 a. m. last Sunday of each month.

#### Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m. J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

#### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall Winter's block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

### Garfield Tea.

A NATURAL REMEDY!

Potent and Harmless!  
RESTORES THE COMPLEXION!  
CURES CONSTIPATION!

THIS REMEDY is composed wholly of harmless herbs and accomplishes all the good derived from the use of cathartics, without their ultimate injurious effects.

Ask your druggist for a FREE SAMPLE. For sale by

**Geo. V. Rand,**  
Druggist,  
50 WOLFVILLE, N. S.

THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE  
CONSUMPTION