

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. VIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1889.

No. 7.

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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### THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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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 published 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 names of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communications, 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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1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's—whenever he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

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

### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Gen. Office, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Mail made up as follows: For Halifax and Western closed at 6:50 a. m. Express west closed at 10:35 a. m. Express east closed at 5:15 p. m. Wolfville closed at 4:15 p. m. Gen. V. B. B. Post Master.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor. Services: Sabbath at 10 a. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. D. W. Johnson and G. T. Day, Pastors. Services every Sabbath at 7:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:00 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a. m. and 3 p. m.; other Sundays, 8 p. m.; the Holy Communion administered on the first Sunday in the month. The services in this church are free. For any additional services or after attendance in the above-named news, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Residence, Rev. Mrs. Kentville, Warden, E. Post and Francis 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. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:45 o'clock p. m. J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 7 meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., 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 your rights, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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

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

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DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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### Select Poetry.

#### Faith.

I sat and mused, I wept: I felt so weary with the strife: I asked myself the question, "Is the prize I strive so hard to win, Worth all the toil, rebuff and pain, The jostle and the din?" I listened: And a voice, from where I knew not, came: "And to my heart it whispered, 'I prize the prize that I am seeking; I wish to see it.'" I thought the prize to be the stimulant to urge me on; To elbow through the crowd; to lead; To trample under foot all that appressed; And thus make greater speed. The voice replied: "If thou wouldst learn my name, heed my behest: What'er thou findest to do, do that, thy best; Think not of self, nor what will be thy gain; Renounce not one whit of toil, whatever be the pain."

### Interesting Story.

**The Watchman's Story**

"How long have I been a bank watchman?" repeated David McStane as he took the pipe from his mouth and slowly blew the smoke away. "Well, sir, I've put in over thirty years' time."

"But you are not more than forty now."

"Forty-one, sir, and I began the business when I was ten years old."

"That is a tender age and there must be a story connected with your debut."

"Right you are, sir, and if you have a half an hour to spare I'll tell you the yarn. When I was a kid of eight my father was made night watchman of the old Traders' Bank of Philadelphia. Everything was very primitive then as you may remember. There were bad men about, but there was no need of burglar proof safes and thick locks to circumvent them. Banks were then run about the same as stores. The Traders' opened at six in the morning and closed at five in the afternoon, and the last official did not leave till seven, at which time my father went on duty. He was on from that hour until seven in the morning, but was not supposed to be awake all the time. He had a cot bed in the office, and once a night he slept without any one opening his eyes, although he was supposed to sleep lightly that every noise would arouse him. He was provided with a club and shotgun, and there was no fear of his honesty or courage."

"Things went on very quietly for a couple of years, and I was then employed as a sort of messenger boy by a restaurant man who kept his place open all night. If a drunken man came in, which was a nightly occurrence, or a loafer sought to jump his bill, which was often the case, I made a run of two blocks to the police station for an officer. In this way and acting as a waiter at one of the tables, I earned a small weekly salary, and in the bargain it was agreed that I should safety my father's watch every night at midnight. This consisted of a pair of hot coffee, a sandwich and a piece of pie. I was always off at the stroke of twelve, took a walk of two squares, and my father was generally at the door waiting for me."

"You will readily see, sir, that the circumstances furnished a sharp man the occasion to do a big stroke of work but it was two years before they were taken advantage of. There was a crook, one of whom was from England

set up the racket. For several nights I was followed from the restaurant to the bank and back. It was known why I made the trip, how father received me, and how long I remained inside. My time in the bank was about a quarter of an hour, and then father let me out, and stood at the door and watched me down to the corner. Well, as it turned out, the crook came out, and just after I had gone. They had timed the officer on the beat, and at 10:30 he was invariably at the other end of the beat, five squares away. The police business at that time was run in a haphazard way, and an officer could sit and sleep in a doorway or patrol his beat, as he felt inclined. It was a pretty good man on that beat, but he was a slow walker and very fond of his pipe. As his smoking was mostly done at the other end of his beat, he was certain to take his time about coming back.

"Did I have any suspicions? I did, sir. Begging your pardon for what seems like boasting, but I was accounted a very smart boy of my age, and I think I realized father's responsibilities more than he did himself. I was always giving him a word of caution, and the very first time I was followed I suspected that some evil was intended, and I warned him not to open the door until I knocked. The next night the two men were close at my heels, and I would not knock until they had left me. Father agreed with me that it was best to be cautious, and next day the old gun was discharged and loaded anew. I was followed on the third, fourth, and fifth nights, and it was on this latter night the climax came. As I left the restaurant I was joined by one of the men, who claimed to be a vessel owner, and asked me how I would like to go to sea. He gave me some very good reasons for being smart at my age, and wished to do something for me, and said he would step in and see father. At the same time I saw the policeman smoking his pipe in the next door."

"Now, sir, I hope you won't lay it up against me for saying that I stumbled to the racket at once, for that is the truth. While I swallowed none of the taffy given me, I no sooner saw the policeman at that point with his pipe alight, than I twigged him for a pal in disguise. I had been observing things for two years, and you such an innovation was not to be passed over. I explained to the man that it would be against the rules to admit him, and that he must see father next day, and after discussing the matter for a while he walked off. Then I gave four knocks on the door, and father opened it. He was inclined to ridicule my excitement, but finally came around to praise my caution. I left at about the usual time, and was glad to find the streets deserted. I returned to the restaurant at a fast walk, but no sooner had I reached it when I looked about for the bank. I struck me all at once that the policeman had caught on to my four knocks, and that after I had gone the pair might seek to get father to the door by giving them. I dropped the dishes and started off on a run, and in three or four minutes was at the bank. The door was slightly open, and I jumped right against it and flung it back. A light was always left burning and at a glance I saw that father was down and both men on top of him. They had his head covered with a cloth, and though he was calling out, his cries could not have been heard ten feet."

"The cot was at the left as you entered the bank, and the gun stood at the foot of it. Just the minute I was inside I realized what was going on, and the first move I made was for the gun. As I seized it and wheeled about one of the villains, who had been sitting on father's legs, reached out a foot and kicked the door shut, and the other gave father two blows with a short iron bar, and then sprang up and faced me. Father straightened out, seeming to have been killed by the blows, and the sight gave me courage and determination. When both of the men were on their feet the one in uniform commanded me to give up the gun. I held it in a way to cover both hammer and end finger on the trigger, and I did not mean to give it up. For half a minute after the man spoke

there was dead silence. The light hung from the ceiling between me and them, and although it was turned down, I could see the slightest move made by either. The false policeman picked up a stool, raised it above his head in a deliberate way and said: "Boy, put down the gun or I will brain you!"

"Hold on, Dick, let me shoot him," whispered the other, and he drew from his pocket one of the first revolvers I had ever seen.

"He had it pointed at me, when Dick stopped him by saying that he reported would arouse some one. Coward that he was, he dared not advance upon me, but suddenly flung the stool at my head. It struck the lamp with a great crash, and in a second we were in darkness. The glass had not ceased rattling when I blazed away with the gun. It was loaded with swan shot, and I had put in a whole handful. There were three or four screams of rage and pain, and one went to the floor with a heavy crash, while the other staggered to the door, opened it, and staggered out. I was after him in a jiffy. It was moonlight outdoors, and I saw him in the middle of the street. I ran right for him, shouting for the police, and as he turned and saw me I called to him to halt or I would give him the other barrel. Well, sir, I held him right there until an officer came and took him away, but I must tell you he had three or four of the shot in the face and was badly dazed. When we entered the bank we found father sitting up and rubbing his head, and across his feet was the dead body of the other crook. Nearly the whole charge of shot had struck him in the breast, and he was dead inside of a minute."

"I've not the newspaper accounts pasted in a scrap book. They made me out a hero and they praised me much more than I deserved. I told the story just as it was to the bank people, and the result was that I was put in to watch with father, and we were there together for the next ten years. The wounded crook got a sentence to prison, and before he went he owned up like a man to all I have told you. They got father to open the door by giving four knocks, and they had him down before he knew what was up. If left undisturbed they would have made a big haul, as the bank money was easy to get at. Since a week after that night I have been a bank watchman, and though I have had no other chances to play the hero, the fact that I am kept in my place is evidence of faithfulness."

### Keep the Boys Pure.

It is a great mistake for parents, while teaching daughters modesty and purity in thought, word or deed, to guard their boys less carefully. In many families the difference is very apparent. Boys at an early age are allowed to associate with those known to be otherwise. And mothers little dream that before the miniature man is old enough to know good from evil, the seed is often sown which in after years shall yield an abundant harvest of shame and degradation. When mothers can be aroused to the fact that sin is in the sight of God, irrespective of sex, that the seventh commandment was written for man as well as woman, and when our Saviour pronounced the blessing upon the pure in heart, His audience was largely composed of men, and that in no place in God's word can we find any sanction for the too popular idea that certain habits which would stamp a girl as unfit for respectable society, are perfectly allowable for young men, then and only then may we look for a reform in this direction.

Show me a respectable young man if you can, who would be seen walking or driving with a girl, be she ever so fashionably dressed, whose ruby lips held a lighted cigar, and as he leans forward to catch the expression of her lovely eyes, finds his own blinded by a puff of tobacco smoke. And yet how often do we see this order of things reversed. Jesiah Allen's wife told her worthy spouse that "if Thomas Jefferson was allowed to smoke, she would buy a pipe for Tirzah Ann;" and "if Thomas Jefferson hung around the public house Tirzah Ann should hang

too." She believes the Lord intends to have men angels as well as women angels, and I am of the same opinion. But while I abhor tobacco in all its forms, and use my influence against it whenever I have an opportunity, I would rather see a boy with breath polluted with tobacco than his mind with obscenity.

Careful mothers will not by any conditions allow their daughters to associate with girls or gossamer characters; and yet these carefully trained and closely guarded (?) young girls are permitted to mingle socially, and very often marry men who if they belonged to the other sex would not be tolerated in good society. And yet I praise God that we have among us many young men of whom mothers and sisters may well be proud; and the supply will increase with the demand; and the demand is increasing, for in this day of clamor for women's rights one right is not being over looked, viz, the right that every girl has to claim the same purity of mind and habit in the man she may choose for her life companion that she brings to him. To the girls I would say—when you hear a woman say that immorality is not as bad in a man as in a woman, beware of that woman's son.

### What a—(Story)!

For Neuralgia, a novel cure—which we hardly believe if true, will ever become popular—is vouched for, it is said, by a correspondent of the New York Sun. An Irish girl in Paterson, N. J., had suffered with Neuralgia of the head and face until almost frantic with pain; actually beating the wall with her head to cause insensibility. Her employer having heard that a Dr. Tere had cured rheumatism by the sting of a wasp, asked the girl if she would try it. With courage born of despair, she exclaimed "Any other torture would be a pleasure beside this." A yellow wasp was obtained, and vexed into stinging her face. Within a few moments the pain had ceased, the girl fell asleep, and strange to say, never again had an attack of neuralgia. Well, we don't blame her. The remedy was probably too heroic for a second dose. A learned specialist when told this yarn remarked, "The pain might have stopped temporarily, but it could only have been temporary." Continued he, "it is a fact that a sudden shock to inflamed and painful nerves will stop pain," but the remedy is so weak that the disease, as many unthinking people in after years find out, who apply fiery and dangerous compound externally to stop Neuralgia and Rheumatism. They only continue to shock their nervous system, in ignorance of the fact that, as in the morphine or alcoholic habit their mental and moral nature is thus gradually being destroyed. "Make haste slowly, if you expect to cure any nerve disease" was the advice to a lady by a friend who had been cured of chronic Neuralgia by using for some time Johnson's Anodyne Liniment internally, and applied externally, as advised in the wrapper around every bottle. Neuralgia is a fever or inflammation of the nerves, and only by degrees can any inflammation be cured; and then only by an anodyne treatment. Old Dr. Johnson had this in mind when he devised his Anodyne Liniment; a remedy now known to nearly every one, as it deserves to be. Surely, a medicine without real merit could not have survived for eighty years, as this one has done.

### Sitting on a Safety Valve.

Many are they who have laughed at the story of the green steamboat fireman who sat on the safety valve to prevent it from "leaking." Yet thousands are repeating his folly every day. They are covered with blotches, pimples, eruptions, salt-rheum, boils, carbuncles, sores and old sores, and are contenting themselves with suppressing the symptoms without removing the cause. They sit on these safety valves by which nature is driving out blood impurities, instead of using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cures by removing the cause, which is in the blood. It is a wonderful blood purifier and invigorating tonic. Do you think the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy would offer,

### When You Need

Effective Medicine, don't forget that everything depends on the kind of medicine you use. For over forty years this medicine has had the endorsement of the most eminent physicians and druggists, and has achieved a success unparalleled in the history of proprietary medicines. "For a rash, from which I had suffered some months, my father, an M. D., recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleared a cure. I am still taking this medicine, and I find it to be a most powerful blood purifier."—J. E. Cooke, Denton, Texas.

"O. H. Hut, Druggist, Evansville, Ind., writes: 'I have been selling Ayer's Sarsaparilla for many years. It maintains its popularity, while many other preparations, formerly as well known, have long been forgotten.'"

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These beautiful words were on the floral pillow sent from the White House for the funeral of Mr Justice Matthews: "Say not good night, but in some fairer clime bid me good morning." It appears they were taken from Mrs Barbauld, one of Mrs Harrison's favorite writers.

Mrs Frances Hodgson Burnett is said to be in receipt of the largest income now made by any woman in America. She earns by her pen upwards of \$40,000 a year. One item of this amount is \$500 a week from the Broadway Theatre.

Traveler—"Don't you see that my hands are full, and I can't get at my pockets? Solicitor—"I didn't intend to disconcert you, sir, when I spoke to you. If you will tell me where you keep your money, I can find it myself."

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