

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X.

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1891.

No. 47.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended to any parent who knows to use it. It is a safe, reliable, and pleasant medicine. It is sold in bottles of 10, 25, and 50 cents. It is made in the United States.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFFVILLE, KING'S 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 all advertisements 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.

Newly communicated 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 DAVIDSON 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 its contents.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, 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 is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Mail is 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 2:30 p.m. G. W. 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. Mesno, 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 COLLETT W. BOSCOCK, Ushers and G. W. BASS, Organist.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 a.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. Cranwick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor; Horton and Wolfville Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. 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 28th, through the months of 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 sittings 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.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 7 o'clock p.m. J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

DIRECTORY

OF THE Business Firms of WOLFFVILLE

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

BORDEN, G. 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.

HEBBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer.

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 Tobaccoist.

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.

Garfield Tea.

A NATURAL REMEDY!

Potent and Harmless! RESTORES THE COMPLEXION! CURES CONSTIPATION!

THIS REMEDY is composed wholly of harmless herbs and complements 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, WOLFFVILLE, N.S.

50

CONSUMPTION

THE BEST CURE FOR

THE GREAT BRONCHITIS

AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT

AND LUNGS

AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE

RESPIRATORY SYSTEM

AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE

VOICE

AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE

HEARING

AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE

SMELL

AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE

VISION

AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE

HEARING

AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE

POETRY.

There is no Death.

There is no death! The dust we tread Shall change beneath the summer showers To golden grain or mellow fruit, Or rainbow-tinted flowers. The granite rocks disorganize And feed the hungry moss they bear; The forest leaves drink daily life From out the vernal air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall, And flowers may fade and pass away; They only wait through wintry hours The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread; He bears our best loved things away; And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate; He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers; Transplanted into bliss, they now Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones Made glad these scenes of sin and strife, Sings now an everlasting song Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright, Or heart too pure for sin and vice, He bears it to that world of light, To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life, They leave us but to come again; With joy we welcome them the same— Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen, The dear immortal spirits tread. For all the boundless universe Is life—there are no dead.

SELECT STORY.

Old Man Mixall.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"So you've got back ag'in, Lo-isy!" said Old Man Mixall.

"Yes, Mr. Mixall," said Louisa Hill, "I've got back ag'in."

"Any news, Lo-isy?" cheerfully piped the octogenarian, folding the week-old newspaper so as to bring the "Financial News" on a level with his old steel spectacles.

Louisa shook her head.

"Well, I vum!" said Old Man Mixall. "It's a shame! Adam Putney always was as queer as Sancho, and I do believe he grows queerer every year he lives."

Louisa Hill sighed softly, and went about her work of preparing beans.

The morrow was bean-picking day at "Desparation Hall," and there was at least a bushel of the leguminous vegetables ready to be picked over and stemmed.

The boarders at Desparation Hall were partial to pickles as soon as the cold weather set in, and the matriarch was anxious to keep them satisfied and happy.

Desparation Hall was a long, low erection of gray stone that had been a snuff mill half a century ago, and was now utilized for the accommodation of the town poor.

Captain Elias Fotherdyke, a retired sea captain, was at the helm of this institution; and his wife, a thrifty dame of many resources, aided and abetted him in every respect. And of all the boarders, old Simon Mixall was the cheeriest and most helpful.

"Can't I help ye, Lo-isy?" said he, laying down the paper. "Pears to me ye've got a dreadful job there with all them beans. I'm awful sorry 'bout Adam Putney. I s'pose Peter's clean out o' patience with him."

The color mounted to Louisa's cheek.

"Peter don't say much," answered she; "but, of course, he's vexed. But I tell him that the farm belongs to Uncle Adam, and if his Uncle Adam hasn't a mind to sell these railroad people, he can't be made to do so."

"An' ye can't no ways be married without the money?" wistfully spoke Mr. Mixall.

Louisa shook her head.

"Peter has his mother and his lame sister to support," said she, with a sigh. "We shall have to wait, that's all."

Old Man Mixall shook his head over the emerald drift of beans.

"I hold with the proverb," said he, "that it's ill waitin' for dead men's shoes." And the Putneys always was a long-lived race."

"He may live as long as he wants for all me," observed Louisa. "I don't grudge him a moment of his life poor old man!"

"No, I don't believe you do," said Old Man Mixall. "All the same, it's

pretty hard on you and Pete. How's the rheumatiz? Any better of the turkey, holdin' on to the rockiest farm this side o' Scrape Mountain, all just for a consarned whim!" persisted Mixall.

"I can't go agin Gran'ther Putney," drearily repeated Old Adam, winking his bleared eyes in the sunshine.

And Old Mixall, fairly out of patience, got up and trotted down the road, muttering unutterable things as he went.

"There ain't such a dumb fool as he in all the foolish ward at Desparation Hall," said he.

And it took a good deal of the laughter and merrymaking at the Bliven masquerade to erase the disagreeable impression from his mind.

Old Man Mixall was a favorite everywhere, and the hospitable dame in charge of the refreshments cheered him with hot coffee, newly brewed waffles, chicken salad and frosted cake, before he went in to see the young folks dance.

"That's Lo-isy!" he cried, shrilly. "Ain't she just as pretty as a pink in that Quaker gown and the ecop hat? And there's 'Pete Putney cuttin' pigeon wings in old Squire Lomax's Revolutionary togs. Wal, I never!"

And Old Man Mixall laughed until he shook like a mold of jelly.

Cap'n Elias Fotherdyke was seriously alarmed when his oldest boarder did not return until the next morning.

"Why, I swan to gracious," said he. "I allowed suthin had happened 't'ye!"

"No, Cap'n," said the old man, "nothin' hain't happened. But Pete Putney, he axed me, s'c'in' I was comin' right past the place, to leave his Revolutionary rig to Squire Lomax's; an' when I got to Squire Lomax's, they axed me to stay all night. Dre t'ful sociable folks them Lomaxes!"

And the Old Man Mixall went out to water his marigolds and scarlet runners.

The sun was setting behind the tomato vines in the back garden when Louisa Hill came breathlessly up the path.

"Oh, Mr. Mixall," said she, "Peter has just driven away! He has taken me for a ride."

"Eh?"

"And what do you think? We're to be married next week?"

"I—want—to know!"

"And Uncle Adam is going to sell the farm to the Quakeric Company, and give the money to Peter, and he's to live with us!"

"Wal, I declare!"

"Uncle Adam says he saw Gran'ther Putney last night a-settin' on the old oak stump by the well, just at midnight. And this time he was all dressed in the suit he fought at Bunker Hill in—musketry and cocked hat and all—and he says, 'Sell the farm, Adam—sell the farm,' as distinct as ever ye heard anything in your life. And Uncle Adam, he says it's a direct message from his ancestor, and the deeds are to be handed over to-morrow. And we shall be happy at last!"

"Did—you—ever!" said Old Man Mixall.

"It was a dream, of course!" said Louisa.

"Oh, of course!" said Old Man Mixall.

But when she was gone to tell Mrs. Fotherdyke, the octogenarian walked slowly out to his scarlet runners, and laughed long and silently.

"I hain't outlived all my usefulness yet," said he—Saturday Night.

Advice to Young Men.

Young man, if a friend asks you to join a card party, where the stakes are small, just enough to make it interesting, you know, don't you do it.

There are more gamblers in the world now than can make a decent living. You are under no obligation to become one and of course you don't want to deprive any man of his means of livelihood. To become an expert gambler it takes a great deal of patient study and experience. You have got to give up reputation, home and heaven. Don't you do it.

If you see invited into a saloon to take a drink, don't you do it. There are really too many drunkards in the world now; too many dying every year; too many broken and deserted hearthstones; too many starving widows and

children; too many criminals in State prisons; too many murderers being hung; too much misery and shame and sin on every side. Don't you do it.

That drink means very little to your friend or the saloon keeper, but it may mean a great deal to you. It may be the first step in a stairway that always leads down, never up, and the bottom is never reached.

If there are any vacancies in the ranks of the drunkards you might be excused for becoming one, but really the recruiting is going on so briskly that good people the world over are trying to put a stop to it.

That terrible army can do so well without you that there is no necessity for you to join it. So don't take that drink. Don't you do it.

If you are with some young men who are depreciating the honor of women, and you are tempted to join them, don't you do it. Think of your mother and sisters and leave the crowd. They can stain you, but you can't stain them; they are soiled almost beyond redemption.

The young man who habitually speaks lightly of women has found his data in a society not recognized as legal or respectable.

If you value your own happiness and the approval of your own conscience, don't join the gang. Don't do it.

Ideals.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

It is a beautiful idea—cherished often as a belief among children—that with each soul He creates God sends into the world an angel to be a guardian to that soul. And so, whether we wake or sleep, whether we are merry or sad, the mild eyes of the angel are always upon us, and its strong yet gentle hand guides us away from danger and into pleasant paths. Perhaps there is no one who has not at some time been made happier by thoughts of the possible angel whose work is to drive away ill. We may not know the facts about this, which is now fancy, until we enter upon that life for which we hunger, when all things will be made plain. But surely this is true, that down the path of every life walks an ideal being; with every heart communes a selfhood better than itself—the ideal into whose stature it hopes to grow. Always beyond us in our farthest reaching moods, always above us in our most exalted states, that glorious ideal still beckons to us, and, by going before, shows us where we must walk.

Every resolve to be more true, more studious, more courteous, is a reaching out of weak hands—a step taken, though by tottering feet, toward the self-ideal which stands before us with outstretched arms—even as a mother might—and, clothed with all beauty and brightness, leads us on. What do we love so tenderly as this sweet shadowy self? Our thoughts are of it in the still, sacred hours when toil is over. It is what we love best in a friend. He was right who said: "Love me, not for the sake of the man that I am, but for the sake of the angel that I will some day become."

The flowing drapery of ideal which the poetic eye sees enveloping everything real, gives to life its richness and its joy.

"The possible beauty that underlies The passing phase of the meanest thing" delights the eye keen enough to recognize that beauty. Not that which is, so much as that which is to be, gives pleasure to us. It is in that life we are living now, but that life of future years, which we fondly hope to lead, that seems beautiful to us. Then we shall have grown to more symmetrical proportions; then the scaffolding that now surrounds the unfinished structure of our character shall be taken away; then we shall hold intercourse with those who are akin to us by ties stronger even than blood; then our culture shall be complete; then we shall be as courteous as now we wish we were; wise as now we are ignorant; noble as the heroes of our dreams. Utopian schemes these no doubt are to some extent; yet are we not loftier in soul because we cherish them? as the arrow goes higher for being aimed at the sun, although it cannot reach the mark.

And so it is not vain to commune with one's best self—with the spirit with which we evoke in our humble,

penitent hours—in the silence and darkness of night. The talismanic words which bring it to our side are those "saddest of all," "It might have been."

Whenever in sad sincerity we say, "I might have been purer and truer, more patient than I am, more meet for angels' company," then that self which we are not, but shall be on some glorious, future day, stands by us; in her pure, illuminated face we see some likeness to our own, and the voice is sweet and tuneful in which she bids us follow her up the sublime heights of self-renunciation, saying to our hearts: "Beyond the Alpine summits of great pain Lieth thy Italy."

Have we not all such hours in memory? In the same proportion that we approach the selves of our dreams, we shall grow good and pure. The past is irrevocable; a thousand experiences, mournful and sad, have taught us this. But before us stretch the endless years of our life; which is a unit, although the solemn river flows between Here and There. It doth not yet appear what we shall be when life unconditioned by the senses shall endow us. Only of this we may be sure, if we live rightly, the ideal self that walks before us and above us now shall merge itself into our own identity, when "in the fullness of time" fruition shall come to our importunate souls.

It is, then, our work to assimilate ourselves actual to ourselves possible; not to Gabriel's possibilities, not to St. John's, not to martyrs' or apostles', but to the stature of our own; until in the broad light of that life to which each heartbeat brings us nearer, with the noontide sun of eternity shining upon us, ideal and reality, shadow and substance, shall at last be one.

Nature's Use for Dudes.

The professor of natural science at Ann Arbor was discussing the process of fertilizing plants by means of insects carrying the pollen from one plant to another, and to amuse them told how the old maids were the ultimate cause of it all. The humble bees carry the pollen; the field mice eat the humble bees; therefore the more field mice the fewer humble bees and the less pollen and variation of plants. But cats devour field mice, and old maids protect cats. Therefore, the more maids the more cats, the fewer field mice the more bees. Hence, old maids are the cause of variety in plants.

Thereupon a sophomore, with a single eye-glass, an English umbrella, a box coat, with his trousers rolled up at the bottom, arose and asked:

"I sa-a-ay, professah, what is the cause—ah—of old maids, don't you know?"

"Perhaps Miss Jones can tell you," suggested the professor.

"Dudes!" said Miss Jones, sharply, and without a moment of hesitation.

Minardi's Liniment cures Gout in Cows.

Every time a man thinks of leaving Satan's service the devil promises to double his wages.

It is poor policy to hire a man to watch a bank who believes that stealing chickens is right.

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