

# 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, NOVEMBER 14, 1890.

No. 12.

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." J. A. ALEXANDER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### The Acadian.

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

TERMS: \$1.00 PER ANNUM. (IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS OF FIVE IN ADVANCE \$4.00.

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

Advertisements for standing notices will be made known on application to the office, and payment in advance is required on all work turned out.

Newspapers from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited.

The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Address all communications to WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office, 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 receive the payment in advance, 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, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

General Office, 8 a. m. to 5 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 10.50 p. m.

Halifax close at 7.25 p. m.

Geo. V. HARD, 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.; Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7.30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COLIN W. ROSSCOE, } Ushers  
A. NEWBASS }

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranfield J. A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor: Horton and Turner. Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m. 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—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a. m.; other Sundays, 8 p. m.; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in the month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or notices in the above-mentioned churches, contact Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Residence, Rectory, Kentville, Warden, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. T.—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. D. CHAMBERS, Secretary.

For sale by

Geo. V. Rand,

Druggist,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

50

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. M. Daly, every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

### POETRY.

God Only Knows.

Whither are going with hurrying feet

Forms that are passing to-night on the street?

Faces all sunny and faces all sad,

Hearts that are weary and hearts that are glad,

Eyes that are heavy with sorrow and strife,

Eyes that are gleaming with beauty and life;

Pictures of pleasure and crosses of care,

Going, all going, God only knows where.

Hands that have earnestly striven for bread,

Hands that are soiled with dishonor instead;

Hands that are tuned to a purpose sublime,

Hearts all discordant and jangled with crime.

Souls that are pure and as white as the snow,

Souls that are black as the midnight of woe;

Gay in their gladness or drunk in despair,

Going, all going, God only knows where.

Some to the feast where the richest red wine

And the rarest of jewels will sparkle and shine,

Some in their hunger will wander, and some

Will sleep, nor awaken when morning shall come;

The robed and the ragged, the foe and the friend,

All of them hurrying on to the end;

Nearing the grave with a curse or a prayer,

Going, all going, God only knows where.

### SELECT STORY.

#### A Modern Hero.

To the Memory of Michael Rooney this simple stone was erected by his Fellow Workmen.

These words you may read any day upon a plain white slab in the cemetery in one of our large cities. But you might read them a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble

romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of a poor and humble man.

In his shabby jacket and mud laden brogans, he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr Camp's great tin and hardware shop one day and presented himself at the counter with,

"I've been told ye advertised for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr Camp, not lifting his head from his account book.

"I'd work faithful, sir, and take low wages till I could do better, and I'd learn—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr Camp had declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand. Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly and with his pen behind his ear he addressed the man who was only one of fifty who had answered his advertisement that morning for four workmen.

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks? Are you any smarter?"

"I'd be wishing to; and that 'ud make it easier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer honor; I'll tell no lie: but I know a bit about it."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way I calculate," said Mr Camp, looking at the braveny arms.

"Besides, I know your countrymen—lazy fellows who never do their best. No; I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing 'em over in her two arms this," said the man despairingly, "for I've tramped all day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open and displayed an English half-penny.

"Bring whom ever?" asked Mr Camp, arrested by the odd speech as he turned away.

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child," said the man. "Oh, sir, jist try me. How'll I bring them to me if no one will give me a job? I want to be aairing, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms like this." He bared his arms to the elbow as he spoke, and Mr Camp looked at them and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for a week," he said;

"and now as it's soon go down into the kitchen and ask the girl to give you your dinner—a hungry man can't work."

And with an Irish blessing the new hand obeyed, while Mr Camp went upstairs to his own meal.

Rooney worked hard and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop. He was a great talker but not fond of drink nor wasting money. As his wages grew he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had made his first appearance.

"I've cent I spend," he said one day, "puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over. Better no coat to me back than no wife and boy by me freide, and anyhow, it's slow work saving."

It was slow work but he kept at it. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement in vain. Rooney liked fun, liked companionship, but he would not delay that long looked for bringing of Nora over, and he was not "man enough" to accept favors of others which he would not repay. He kept on his way a martyr to his own great wish, living on little, working at night on any extra job by which he could earn a trifle, and talking to any one who would listen, of his one great desire and of Nora and little Jamesy.

At first the men, who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of bait of Rooney and his Irish ways. But he won their hearts at last, and when one day, mounting on a work bench, he shook his little bundle wrapped in a red handkerchief, before their eyes and shouted: "Look! here, I've got the whole at last; I'm going to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last!" all felt a sympathy in his joy and each grasped his braveny hand in cordial congratulations.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But Rooney's resting place was a poor lodging house, where he shared a garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the good fellow exhibited his handkerchief with his hard earned savings tied up in a hard wax in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep. When he awakened in the morning he found his treasure gone. A first Rooney would not believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blanket, and begged those about him to "quit joking and give it back." But at last he realized the truth.

Is any man that had that's thaved from me?" He asked. Boy's is any man that had?"

And some one answered, "No doubt of it Rooney; it is stolen."

Then Rooney put his head down on his hands and wept. It seemed more than he could bear—to have Nora and the child put months away from him again.

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all that saw him that he had picked up a new determination; his hands were never idle. At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora and Jamesy what had happened, and the men noticed that he had no meat with his dinner.

Indeed from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes and gold water, and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and every one wanted to help Rooney. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily, but no power could make him share the food and drink of any other workman.

That seemed a sort of charity to him. Still he was helped along. A present from Mr Camp at pay-day set Nora, as he said "a week nearer." The little board grew faster than the fist. At last, before he hoped it, he was able to say "I'm going to bring them over," and showed his handkerchief, in which as before, he tied up his earnings—this time, however, only to his friends. Cautiously among strangers, he hid his treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then each man, woman and child capable of hearing or

understanding knew that Nora and the baby were coming.

The days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife. "She would start as he desired, and she was well and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safe to each other's arms and bless those who had been so kind to him." That was the substance of the epistle that Rooney proudly assured the men that Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl with a certain good old lady who had given her an education, the items of which Rooney told upon his fingers, "The radin', that's one; and the writin', that's two; and moreover she knows all a woman can." Then he looked at the men and asked, "Do ye wonder the time seems long between me an' her boys?"

So it was Nora at the dawn of day, Nora at noon and Nora at night, until the news came that the Kathleen had come to port. It happened on a holy day afternoon, and half a dozen men were ready to go with Rooney to the steamer and give his wife a welcome. Her little home was ready. Mr Camp's own servant had put it in order.

"She had't the look of that in the old country," said Rooney, when all was arranged, "but she'll know how to keep it tidy."

At last the dock was reached. A crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants were thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs; drivers and porters were shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband—she knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel, and Rooney searched for the two so dear to him, patiently at first, but by and by growing anxious and excited.

It is not our purpose to consider the unscrupulous, the ignorant, charlatans and quacks to prescribe for the maladies that afflict the human family. We simply declare that the physician who knows something is better than the physician who knows nothing, or very little indeed about the structure and the condition of the human system. Of course "he does not know it all."—Rochester Morning Herald.

I have used Warner's Safe Cure and but for its timely use would have been I verily believe, in my grave from what the doctors termed Bright's Disease.—D. F. Shriner, senior Editor Scioto Gazette, Chillicothe, Ohio, in a letter dated June 30, 1890.

A Remarkable Offer.

For several years a Boston business house has made persons on farms, in towns and the suburbs of cities who keep poultry, few or many, remarkable offers of premiums payable in gold, in some as high as fifty dollars to any winner of a premium. The best thing about these annual offers, is that the firm making them is strictly reliable and the premiums have always been promptly paid as agreed in gold coin. Fifty dollar premiums do not "grow on every bush" as the old saying is, and we have no doubt to many who competed for them, the amount received came in handy to help pay the necessary bills of a hard winter, or if not, by some luxury that the family absolutely needed, but otherwise could not afford. This same firm, I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., authorize us to state to our readers that they have prepared an offer of similar premiums this year as heretofore, with one very important improvement and that is, so that the first winner stands a fair chance of getting premiums amounting to one hundred and fifty dollars in gold. Why! that is as good as fifty dollars per month for the three winter months. Its worth trying for any way. Another valuable feature of the offer this year is that no one who competes need fail to get something out of the several offers; either in premiums or commissions. Johnson & Co., will send full particulars free to any person who sends their address on a postal card. These premium offers are made in connection with the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay. That Powder has been manufactured and sold for over thirty years. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder), will send for 50 cents, two packs of Powder, for

God's good. He wouldn't let me bring Nora over, but he's taking me over to her—and Jamesy—over the river. Don't you see it and her standing on the other side?"

And with these words Rooney stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora—heaven only know—and so he died.

What Cures?

EDITORIAL DIFFERENCE OF OPINION ON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

What is the force that ousts disease; and which is the most convenient apparatus for applying it? How far is the regular physician useful to us because we believe in him, and how far are his pills and powders and tonics only the material representatives of his personal influence on our health?

The regular doctors cure; the homoeopathic doctors cure; the Hahnemannian cure; and so do the faith cures and the mind cures, and the so-called Christian scientists, and the four-dollar-and-a-half advertising itinerants, and the patent medicine men. They all hit, and they all miss, and the great difference—in the result is that when the regular doctors lose a patient no one grumbles, and when the irregular doctors lose one the community stands on end and howls.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Nature cures, but nature can be aided, hindered or defeated in the curative process, and the Commercial's contention is that it is the part of rational beings to seek and trust the advice of men of good character who have studied the human system and learned, as far as modern science lights the way, how they can best avoid obstructing her.—Buffalo Commercial.

It is not our purpose to consider the unscrupulous, the ignorant, charlatans and quacks to prescribe for the maladies that afflict the human family. We simply declare that the physician who knows something is better than the physician who knows nothing, or very little indeed about the structure and the condition of the human system. Of course "he does not know it all."—Rochester Morning Herald.

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\$1.00 five packs; for \$1.20 a large 2 1/4 lb. can, postpaid; six cans for \$8, express prepaid. Six cans will pay a good dividend. I. S. Johnson & Co., will also send to any one asking for it a copy of the best poultry magazine published, free; The paper one year and a large can of Powder for \$1.50.

Patti is to receive 12,000 guineas for twelve performances in St. Petersburg, more than \$5,000 for each performance. Russia was the El Dorado of great stars before America began to double discount the Russians in generosity. Patti receives \$4,000 for singing a single night in London and for an artist to travel to Russia in the dead of winter is well worth the difference between the sums paid, particularly as Russian aristocracy is very generous in the manner of paying large sums for listening to distinguished artists.

Oh, this ringing in the ears! Oh, this humming in the head! Hawking, blowing, snuffing, gasping, Watery eyes and throat-rasping, Health impaired and comfort fled, 'Till I would that I were dead!

What folly to suffer so with catarrhal troubles, when the worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head are relieved and cured by the mild, blending and healing properties of Dr. Sarge's Catarrh Remedy. It purifies the foul blood, by removing the cause of offense, heals the sore and inflamed passages, and perfects a lasting cure.

The inhabitants of the earth number about 1,000,000,000; of these about 38,000,000 die every year, nearly one each second. There are 3,064 languages spoken, and there are more than 1,000 religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women and the average of life is about thirty-three years.

The daughters of the Princess of number of years they have been put through a vigorous course of physical training, and they think nothing of a ten-mile walk.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Valentine. I suppose—ha! ha!—you were born on St. Valentine's Day."

"That doesn't follow—any more than that you were born on the first day of April, sir."

So much in excess of the supply is the demand for whalebone that several tons were sold last week in London, at the enormous price of \$9,750 per ton.

Cough-Cures

Are abundant; but the one best known for its extraordinary analgesic and expectorant qualities is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For nearly half a century this preparation has been in greater demand than any other remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis, and pulmonary complaints in general. It has been tried for more than eight months from a severe cough accompanied with hemorrhage of the lungs and the expectoration of matter. The physicians gave me up, but my druggist prevailed on me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and soon began to improve; my lungs healed, the cough ceased, and I became stouter and healthier than I have ever been before. I would suggest that the name been before. I would suggest that the name been before. I would suggest that the name been before.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 61¢ six bottles, \$3.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

Every Description

JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS AND PUNCTUALITY.