# THE ACADIAN

## AND KINGS CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. VIII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1889. No. 41.



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THE ACADIAN.

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

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

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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 fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N S.


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### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8 P M. Mails are made up as follows:

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JOB PRINTING of every description done at short notice at this office.

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Sold by dealers in family medicines everywhere. 25c. per bottle


### Select Poetry.

#### Is it Worth While?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In the blackness of heart? that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pity us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish, instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in the dust by our side?

Look at the roses saluting each other,
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man and man only makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow-soldier down in the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

*—Joaquin Miller.*

### Interesting Story.

## The Deacon's Girls.

"I never saw anyone alter so much in my life," said Gran'ther Allen. "There wasn't a prettier girl than Deborah Hale all the country through, ten years ago, and now look at her!"

Gran'ther Allen was smoking his pipe out on the porch, where the morning glories, trained to strings, made a pretty stenciling of light and shade on the floor.

His wife, a hearty old woman, with a complexion like a rosy Spitzenburg apple, had just come to the door.

The Allens kept the post office, but here in Pumpkintown the mail-coach passed through only twice a week, and the Thursday letters were all sorted over and dealt out to their owners long ago.

On the other side of the wide, maple-shaded road stretched the well-painted fences and thrifty out-buildings of the Hubbard Farm, and it was of Mrs Elias Hubbard, the deacon's second wife, that Gran'ther Allen spoke.

"I reckon," said Mrs Allen, "that she has a pretty hard scramble of it. Deacon Hubbard he don't believe in keeping no hired help, and them three gals of his, I sort o' reckon they ain't easy to manage."

"Milly ain't bad-hearted," observed Gran'ther Allen.

"No, and no more ain't Abby; and little Esther she loves Mrs Hubbard as if she had been her own mother. But the deacon he squeezes every cent afore he pays it out. If Deborah was a hired help, she'd get wages, but I guess she don't see the color of much money as things is now.

While the old postmaster and his wife were thus discussing the private affairs of the handsome, white-painted farm-house opposite, the dwellers therein were greatly rejoicing over a certain piece of luck which had befallen them, in the shape of a bequest from a certain ancient grand-uncle, who seemed to have overlooked the necessity for dying until now.

He had left fifty dollars each to Millicent, Abigail and Esther Hubbard and each was discussing how she should spend this financial windfall.

"Better put it in the savings bank, gals," said Deacon Hubbard, sagely.

"But it was left to us to spend as we pleased, father," pleaded Abigail, a handsome, red-cheeked girl, with very black hair and eyes of the shallow, glittering ebon of a glass bead. "I should like a crimson cashmere gown."

"No, Abby, no," said Millicent, whose style of beauty was decidedly that of Titian's Fornarina. "A gown indeed, to be worn out and be done with! Now is the chance, if ever, for a piano."

"A—piano!" Abby uttered the words with a gasp. "But fifty dollars wouldn't buy a piano."

"A hundred and fifty would go far towards it on the instalment plan, and out of the eggs and butter and strawberry money we could easily manage the rest," explained Millicent.

The deacon stroked his chin thoughtfully. In his estimation a piano was the most frivolous of all things, yet there was something in Milly's business-like way of putting the question that gratified his paternal instincts.

"The girl knows what she's talking about," he said to himself.

"Oh, Millicent, wouldn't that be splendid?" ecstatically cried out Abbie, dancing up and down. "Where would you buy it—at Downes' store?"

"No, I'd send direct to Bridgeport," said Millicent, who was evidently the master spirit of the two. "Downes would have less variety, and he'd charge more in the bargain. I will write to-night if you think best, Abby."

"But what does Esther say?"

"Esther will say just as we do, of course."

Esther Hubbard, the youngest and quietest of the three, was busy in paring apples for a certain favorite pudding of the deacon's.

Her eyes were cast down, her cheeks flushed.

"No," she said, in a low voice, "I can't join in the piano project, girls, I'm very sorry, but—I've spent my money."

Deacon Hubbard dropped his newspaper, and stared over the tops of his spectacle glasses.

The girls gave a little start.

"Already?" cried Abby.

"But that's nonsense!" said Milly. "You couldn't, you know. You haven't been anywhere."

At that minute there was a mysterious bumping sound on the doorstep—a knock—the entrance of a gleaming piece of furniture, accompanied by two stout men.

"I've bought a sewing machine for mother," said Esther, springing up so suddenly that the apples, pared and unpared, rolled all over the floor. "And here it is! Seth Pollock, down at the store, is the agent. I've seen mother sit up and sew weary seams by hand, night after night, for so many years, after a hard day's work in the kitchen and washhouse, that I made up my mind she shouldn't endure it any longer; so I put Uncle Ebenezer's money into a sewing machine—a present to you, mother dear?"

Little Mrs Hubbard burst into tears.

"E-sie, my darling! But I can't let you sacrifice everything to me in this way."

"Whom else should I sacrifice to, mother?" whispered Esther. "Who is my best friend and dearest counsel? Who do I love best in all the world?"

The deacon's face gloomed.

"I never did believe in teaching my women folk idleness," snarled he. "Hand sewin' was good enough for my first wife. I guess it wouldn't have hurt Debby much. And if Esther was so anxious to get rid of her money, I could have used half on't to buy a new ox cart!"

"But you have so many things, father," pleaded Esther. "All your work, mostly, is done by machinery, and mother has to toil so endlessly."

"Humph!" commented the deacon.

Millicent frowned; Abigail shrugged her shoulders.

Evidently, no one was in accord with poor little overworked Mrs Hubbard, but Esther.

"I'm very sorry," said Esther, "that I haven't enough money to help you with the piano, too. I do so love music. I always longed for an instrument."

"Oh!" said Abby, with a toss of her black braids, "we shall have the piano all the same; so you needn't be afraid. It will only take us the longer to pay for it. One thing is very certain—you shall never strike a note on it."

Mrs Hubbard followed Esther out into the kitchen.

"Oh, Essie," said she, "you shouldn't have thought of me. The girls are seriously angry."

"I can't help that," said Esther. "If they had any eyes, they would have seen, long ago, that this horrible sewing, in addition to everything else, was killing you!"

"But don't mind their refusing to let you share the piano, Essie," whispered the stepmother. "Mrs Pritchett has one at the parsonage, and I used to play when I was a girl. We'll go down every day or two, and I will teach you. Abby and Milly laugh at Mrs Pritchett's old-fashioned piano; but there's a deal of music in it yet!"

"I dew declare," said Gran'ther Allen, as the maple leaves began to carpet the paths with scarlet, and even to scatter ruby jewels here and there in the road, "Deacon Hubbard's wife is pickin' up a deal! I never seen her step so light afore, and she actually sings at work—a thing she never did before!"

"It's the sewin'-machine," said his old wife. "I took a seam over, yes'day afternoon, and it jes made a game o' play outen the hull thing."

So that, when Mrs Judge Basset gave her May party the next spring, and invited Mrs Hubbard, the invitation was accepted.

"I feel ever so much younger since that sewing machine came," said she.

Mrs Basset had a grand piano, and a pianist who came from Bridgeport at so much a night; but when the company arrived, lo and behold! the professor had not put in an appearance.

"Dear me," what am I to do? Won't any of you young ladies oblige me with a waltz, just to get the dancers on the floor?"

"The young ladies present" giggled, looked at each other, but made no move.

Deacon Hobbard leaned across two intervening matrons and spoke to Millicent.

"Daughter," said he, "you can play?"

Millicent grew pale.

"I couldn't strike a note, pa," said she. "I'm too nervous."

"Abigail, then?"

"Oh, please don't ask me! I should only break down!" twittered Abby, shrinking back.

The deacon frowned.

But in the midst of his wrath a light step passed him. Esther, in her simple white serge dress and blue ribbons went up to the piano, and quietly seating herself, began to play that wild, sweet creation where joy and sorrow seems to strive in the most musical of refrains—"My Queen."

Every chord in the famous grand piano rang out. The dancers sprang to the floor.

Esther went on playing, as if her fingers were instinct with musical magnetism.

The deacon rubbed his spectacles; his hard features worked.

"I declare," said he, turning to his wife, "That is music!" I dunno whether to laugh or cry. And is that really our little Esther? How did she ever learn to play like that? And the other girls keeping their piano tight-locked, too, all the time."

"I have been giving her lessons all winter on Mrs Pritchett's piano at the parsonage," said Mrs Hubbard, her eyes lighting up with love and pride. "and I think—dear little Essie—she does me credit."

"Well, I swan!" said Deacon Hubbard. "I am proud of her—yes, I am! There ain't no use denyin' it. And what's she playin' now—a quadrille? I declare, it sounds just like the old country dances they had when I was a boy! I'd like to go down the middle myself, if only some of the old friends could stand up with me again;" and the deacon surreptitiously wiped his eyes. "I must get Essie to play the old tune some time when we're alone," said he.

The professional arrived soon, full of excuses for her delay, and Esther was relieved, with the cordial thanks of her hostess.

"I didn't know you were such an artiste!" said Mrs Basset.

And the two other Misses Hubbard were ready to eat one other up with envy and chagrin.

"Now I tell you what, girls," said Deacon Hubbard, when at last they reached home, do you just unlock that piano, and give your sister a fair chance at it, or I'll turn you and it both out of the house. She can play better than either of you, and I mean she shan't be treated worse than a pirate any longer."

"Oh, of course, as she really does play!" tartly remarked Milly.

"But how were we to know it?" said Abby.

"I guess you know it now," said the deacon. "I was up and down proud of Esther to-night. Come here and kiss me, my girl! There's a flute somewhere up garret, and I mean to screw the pieces together, and see if I can't remember some of the good old tunes we used to like when I was a boy. P'raps we can have some duets. And mother shall play, too," with a kindly glance at his pale little second wife, "if ever she gets time to play anything else than the everlastin' click, click o' that sewin'-machine."

From that day there was a change in the social atmosphere of the Hubbard farmhouse. Milly and Abby, so long the ruling elements, fell into the background. Esther and her stepmother became the queen and princess royal.

"And," said Esther, "father is so kind, and home is so homelike—and it is all owing to the money Uncle Ebenezer left us."

"No," said Mrs Hubbard, quietly, "it is all owing to Esther's sweet nature and generous heart."—*Saturday Night.*

### A Lover of Titles.

"Did you give the man money?" was asked of a citizen who had just parted with a man who walked with a limp. "Yes—a quarter." "He's a chronic beat." "Well, perhaps." "But you should discourage such characters." "Yes, I know; but when a man comes up to you, and calls you colonel, and says he was right behind you when you charged that battery at Antietam, how can you go back on him?" "But you were not at Antietam?" "No." "You were not a colonel?" "No." "You didn't even enlist in the late war." "No, and do you suppose I'm going to own it up for the sake of saving a quarter? Not much! I've got a half dollar for the first man who calls me general.—*Detroit Free Press.*


### Read This.

Dr Geo. A. Pickles, a very eminent doctor of Mahone Bay, N. S., says: "I knew a man on this Bay who has been sick for a long time. All the medicine we tried or could think of did not reach his case. He tried Canadian Bitters and other Patent Medicine, all failed and he was gradually growing worse. At last he tried a bottle of Dr Norton's Dock Blood Purifier. Imagine my surprise that in less than a week he was much improved in health, and by the time he had finished the second bottle he was a well man. I now have great call at my Drug Store for DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER which in the case mentioned proved itself far superior to any Bitters or Blood Purifier that I have ever known.

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Bridgetown, N. S.


### Fatal Glass.

"I sometimes think what I would do if Fred took to drinking," said a notable housekeeper to a friend. "It is so dreadful, what if it should come into my dish." At the same time she was mixing in liquor with Fred's dainty dishes. And one day, when he missed the old wine flavor in the pudding sauce on the table, he petulantly tipped his chair back, and refused to eat any of the food. The dreaded shadow came ultimately, and the friend thought the hand of the mother that stirred the wine into the son's food mixed the fatal glass for him.—*National Bulletin.*


### HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? The growth of intelligence in medical matters has given rise to a demand for a class of genuine, reliable medicine. The opportunity of the ignorant quack, who grew rich curing everything out of a single bottle has passed. To supply satisfactorily this demand this list of remedies has been created They are the favorite prescriptions of the most famous medical practitioners of the day, gathered from the hospitals of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Prescriptions which cost the patients of these specialists from $25 to $100 are here offered prepared and ready for use at the nominal price of *one dollar each.* Not one of them is a cure all; each one has only the reasonable power of curing a single disease, and each one keeps is contract. Sufferers from Catarrh, Diseased Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Fever and Ague, Neuralgia, Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa or Nervous Debility, should send stamp for descriptive catalogue to Hospital Remedy Co., 303½ West King St., Toronto, Canada. If your druggist does not keep these remedies remit price and we will send direct.


Says the Halifax *Herald*: "A young Halifax man went up the line on the the W. & A. railway a few days ago to see his best girl. The girl's brother received him—rather warmly, horse-whipping him from Three Mile Plains to Newport Station."


## Impure Blood

Is the cause of Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Eczema, and cutaneous eruptions of all kinds. There can be no permanent cure for these complaints until the poison is eliminated from the system. To do this thoroughly, the safest and most effective medicine is **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** Give it a trial.

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### Gems of Truth.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

If we are right we cannot be hurt by the truth, and if we are not right we ought to be hurt righteously.

A man without character is always making a fuss about having it vindicated.

The boarder most difficult to please is the one who intends to leave the house without paying his board.

The greatest critics in the world, are dead-beats who do not pay for what they criticize.

Doing good is the only certain action of man's life.

The mantle of charity has been worn thin trying to cover so many sins.

The man who winks at sin, is sure to become cross-eyed in his morals.

Rev. Mr Stackhouse will probably take charge of the Springhill Baptist church in June.


Minard's Liniment cures Cold, etc.

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Send 25 Surprise or Sea Foam wrappers to us and get either the beautiful picture or ½ doz. Surprise lead pencils

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