

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES

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

Vol. IX.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1890.

No. 29.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is superior to any prescription known to man."—H. A. Adams, 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.

Rates for standing advertisements will

be made known on application to the

office, and payment in advance is

required for all insertions.

The Acadian Job Department is com-

petently receiving new types and material,

and will continue to guarantee satisfaction

on all work turned out.

Newspaper 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

most invariably accompany the contribu-

tion, although the same may be written

under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,

Editors and Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-

larly from the Post Office—whether dir-

ected to his name or otherwise—is respon-

sible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-

tinued, 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 refus-

ing to take newspapers and periodicals

from the Post Office, or removing and

leaving them unsealed for in prima facie

evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Mail

is made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor closes at 6:50

a. m.

Expresses close at 10:30 a. m.

Expresses close at 4:50 p. m.

For Halifax closes at 7:25 p. m.

(Opp. V. Mass., Post Office.)

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on

Sunday at 12, noon.

G. W. Mosson, 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.

Prayer meeting every evening at 7:30 p. m.

Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30

p. m. Free will contributions. Strangers

welcome. (Opp. V. Mass.)

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. C. W. B. Bass,

Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11

a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

Prayer meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 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.

JOHN W. WALLACE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Also General Agent for Fire and

LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Also General Agent for Fire and

LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Watches, Clocks,

and Jewelry

REPAIRED

BY

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.

POETRY.

The Departed.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They through the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They lightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But oh, 'tis good to think of them,
On any sea or shore,
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them is not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore,
Whate'er besides, they love abide,
Our God, forevermore.

STORY.

THE

Ghost of Handcock Holler.

BY JACK HYDE.

(All Rights Reserved.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"I dunno; it wouldn't be bad fun."

The voices were Bob Fletcher's and

Harry Street's. I listened with both

ears.

"One thing, away out there, we can

have great fun and do as we like.

There'll be nobody to hear us."

"I'll be a dangerous thing for us

though if they found us out,—any-

body."

"Oh, I'll risk that. The idea of

that old sneak bringing you up there

for witness. It was his doing. He

ought to be shot—a drunken old rascal

like him. I'll bet you'll find some

stuff in his old stateroom's water.

What he's so interested in havin'

father fined for he wants to sell it

himself and kill somebody like his

father did. One thing, father's allers

kept a respectable house."

"Yes, that's so. Well, Harry, tell

you 'what we'll do."

At this point they opened the stable

door and went out and that was the

last I heard. What could they be

doing in Mr. Corby's horse stable?

There was something decidedly queer

about things. I waited a little and

then I went around for the hay-barn.

I found it, climbed up the ladder and

left for home.

I didn't say anything about my

adventure, but I thought a good deal

about it. After supper I asked dad

if I could go over to old Josh's. He

said I could and I got ready. As I

would be going he came out to the door-

step and said to me:

"Jack, I wouldn't advise you to

take old Josh's part too much with the

boys. You'll get yourself into trouble."

"Then I told him what I'd heard

of Corby's barn and said I

wanted to go over so he could be on

his guard. He said he didn't know

about that; he thought he'd better go

over himself. After thinking about it,

though, he concluded perhaps I'd do

better than he would and told me to

tell old Josh to come over to our house

if the boys went over. If they didn't

I was to stay all night with him.

CHAPTER XIX.

STRATEGY.

It was about eight o'clock when I

reached old Josh's. He was surprised

to see me away out there in the night

time in his place and asked me what

had brought me. He was more sur-

prised when I told him.

"Well," says he, "I know that's

what them boys was comin' to. I've

seen that they've been on the down-

ward track for some time. It's drink

that's been doin' it too. It was good

in you comin' over and tellin' me

though. I'll not forget it."

"Oh," says I, "that's nothing. But

what are you goin' to do? Are you

goin' to come over to our place and

lock up the house, or will I go and

get some men to stay here with you?"

"I'm goin' to stay here," he answer-

ed. "You needn't be afraid of any-

men—thanks to yo', all the same.

Them boys evidently don't know us.

You needn't be afraid for me."

"But," says I, "there's two of them

and it's hard to tell what they might

do." But old Josh didn't seem to be

anyways alarmed. He didn't seem

to be nervous. I told him if he

wouldn't come over to our house I'd

stay with him, and he seemed pleased.

He told me I needn't be the least bit

alarmed about the boys. He'd fix

them in short order. He'd been a

boy once himself. But I didn't feel

so unconcerned as he did. I knew he

was one of that kind of people that was

never afraid of anything and that no-

body could tell anything to.

"Well," says he, "they won't be

here 'fore twelve or one o'clock and as

you're goin' to stay with me I might

as well fix things up around and we'll

set down an' have a little talk." So

he cleaned up the whittlings off the

floor in front of the stove, put the

table back and drew up his chair

alongside the stove opposite mine.

"Well," says he, when he had sat

down again, "this is somethin' new—

to have company in 'an of evenin'.

It's like old times. I don't have

nuch company of late years."

"I should think you'd be lonesome

sometimes," says I. I was going to

add, afraid, livin' so near the holler,

but I remembered whose ghost it was

that haunted the holler and I stopped

in time.

"Lonesome?" said he, punching up

the fire to make it burn brighter,—

"Yes, I am, kinder. But it don't do

to let yourself be lonesome. My life's

been kinder a failure," he added,

meditatively. "Sometimes I think of

moving away where the folks are

different—where they don't know any-

thing about—ther way grandfather

die; but it wouldn't make any differ-

ence likely. The sins of the father

visited upon the children, you know.

But let the people talk! I can stand

it, I guess."

I didn't say anything. I didn't

know what to say.

"Yes," he continued, "you'll find

that's true. Look at Mr. Street's

boy. And, moreover, you'll find that

money made by sellin' rum is always

curst. It never does nobody any

good in the long run. I knew a man

once that sold liquor and made money.

He had a fine house and a fine family.

The family all died off but one boy

and at last the man died too. His

wife kept on sellin' liquor. When the

boy grew up he went on to the States.

Before he went she says to him, says

she (I was there and heard her):

"George, says she, 'don't have any-

thing to do with the cursed rum; for he

used to drink after he went. I could

tell you his name if I chose. How-

ever, she kept on sellin' it and made

quite a property. Well, he hadn't

been away two years before word came

back home sayin' he had got into a

drunken squabble and had killed a

man and was sentenced to be hung.

His mother committed suicide. I

know things like that is common en-

ough in the papers, but I know this

case myself."

"You don't say!" says I.

"Yes; and you know what kind

of a life I've lived on account of father

sellin' rum. There's hardly a man in

Handcock but believes grandfather's

ghost haunts the holler out yonder."

"Doesn't it?" says I.

He laughed.

"Well," says he, "it's nat'ral for

you, I s'pose, to think so. I used

to believe in ghosts myself when I was

your age. There's no such thing as

ghosts."

"Well," says I, "I should think

people would find out about it. Old

Mr. Miles said he saw it."

At this he laid back and laughed

heartily, and was in as jolly a mood

as he was when I first went in.

"Oh!" says he, "imagination's a

great thing. Jack, I'll tell you what

we'll do. What do yo' say if you

dress up as a ghost and scare the

boys if they come?"

"That was a great idea. Of course I

liked no better fun. The boys would

perhaps find out which would be the