

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1893.

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### The Acadian.

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Newspapers and articles on the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The Acadian is a party writing for the common man, and invariably accompanies the common man, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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CORA W. ROBERTS, } Ushers  
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**METHODIST CHURCH**—Rev. Oskar Gronlund, B. A., Pastor—Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcome at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Thursdays.  
By JOHN'S CHURCH—Services every Sunday at 3 p. m. except on the first Sunday of the month, when the service will be at 11 a. m., with a celebration of the Holy Communion.  
REV. ISAAC BROCK, D. D.,  
Rector of St. Luke's Cathedral, Halifax.  
Frank A. Dixon, } Wardens  
Robert W. Forts }

**Masonic.**  
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, 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.**  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, O. F. T., meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:30 o'clock.  
ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7:30 o'clock.  
CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

**APPLE TREES for SALE.**  
For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the  
**Weston Nurseries!**  
KING'S COUNTY, N. S.  
Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.  
ISAAC SHAW,  
PROPRIETOR.

**JOHN W. WALLACE,**  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,  
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.  
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

### WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY.

ENDORSED BY A  
Graduate of Edinburgh.

A. DEW, B.A., M.D., Edin., a man of culture and refinement, is Lecturer on Physiology and Hygiene in Acadia College, Nova Scotia. OF SKODA'S REMEDIES he says—  
"I have carefully examined the formulae from which are constructed, and find they have been judiciously selected, and are well adapted, for the accomplishment of the various ends desired. I believe the ingredients used, the PREPAREDNESS, and the PREPARATION, should have a large sale, when placed before the general public."



Dr. F. A. Roberts, M.D., a leading Homoeopathic Physician of Maine, and—  
"No Remedies upon the market equal SKODA'S, in neatness and elegance of appearance. I believe Skoda's German Ointment and Skoda's German Soap, are the most perfect remedies with which I am acquainted, for the cure of all Skin Diseases. I do not hesitate to recommend them as such."  
SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

### DIRECTORY

OF THE  
Business Firms of  
WOLFVILLE

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

**BORDEN, CHARLES H.**—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.  
**CALDWELL, J. W.**—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.

**DUNCANSON BROTHERS**—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Feed.  
**GODFREY, L. P.**—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.  
**HARRIS, O. D.**—General Dry Goods, Clothing and Gent's Furnishings.  
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**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, Stores, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.  
**SHAW, J. M.**—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.  
**WALLACE, G. H.**—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.  
**WITTER, BURPEE.**—Importer and Dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gent's Furnishings.

**NOTICE TO HORSESMEN.**  
We have leased the Blacksmith Shop formerly occupied by I. J. Brown, and will do General Work in our line. Our intention is to make a specialty of Horse Shoeing. All we ask is a trial, and if we don't suit you, don't call again.  
GEORGE WOOD.  
Wolfville, Nov. 25th, 1892. 3m  
Ripans Tablets cure torpid liver.

### POETRY.

A Life-Song.

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"  
Sweetly sang with liping tongue,  
Caught his lips the sacred story  
Loved ones o'er his cradle sang,  
Caught his ear the tuneful measure,  
Ere his heart saw in the rhyme  
Mortal's hope of heaven's treasure,  
"Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time."  
"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"  
Sang his youth's maturer years,  
Sang as blithely, promissory,  
As the lark when summer nears:  
"When the woe of life o'ertake me,"  
"Rose as bubbles children toys,  
"Never shall the cross forsake me—"  
"Ah, would he forsake the cross?"  
"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"  
Proudly sang his manhood's prime,  
The "his soul swept transitory,  
As the whispering wings of time;  
"When the sun of bliss is beaming,"  
Ah, so blindingly it shone,  
From the cross the radiance streaming,  
Lighted up his life alone.  
"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"  
Sang a trusting child again,  
Bowed the head with sorrows hoary,  
Now as humble, meek as then,  
"Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,"  
And all these his soul had tried;  
Heart and lips poured forth the measure  
"By the cross are sanctified."  
"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"  
Tolled the bells in measures slow:  
"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"  
Sang the singers sweet and low:  
Sang the pastor of the glory,  
"Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time,"  
Over there is heard the story  
Sung the singers sweet and low:  
"Gathered 'round his head sublime."

Mechanically she turned the leaves of the little, worn Bible that lay on her lap; she tried to read, but the words conveyed no meaning to the over-wrought brain. She would try again; her night had failed singularly of late; perhaps she had not seen the words correctly; and holding the book up close to her eyes—poor eyes, so dimmed with pain and weeping—she read the words aloud with the painful precision of a little child: "Bow down thy ear, O Lord, hear me, for I am poor and needy;" but it was of no use she could not understand, she did not even hear; and the book dropped from the nerveless hands while the slow tears ran helplessly down the white face. She had had a hard day; she was tired, very tired; the sharp edge of her sorrow was growing blunted; it almost seemed as though she did not care any longer. How white and thin her hands had grown! Yes, she was very tired; her head dropped to one side, she was fast sinking into a lethargy, her eyes had a glazed, vacant look—no, she did not care any more; she had a dull sense of relief that the pain had ceased—and the night sped on apace.

Suddenly in another part of the house a clock struck two; at the first stroke her head started with a sharp jerk, her neck craning forward, and as the last reverberation of sound died on the still air she rose to her feet, the Bible slipping unheeded from her lap, her body taut and strung like the string to a bow, and high and clear and strong her voice rang through the room with a questioning, imperative note, "Mr. God, my God, only nine hours more to live!" She was alive again, keenly so; every nerve and vein in her body throbb'd and ach'd, the blood flowed heavily through her arteries, making a whirling sound in her ears—the strength of her suffering was upon her. She commenced walking across the floor, wringing her hands and crying aloud; "Oh, I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it! My son, my son! Would to God that I could surr in your stead! What have I done that this trouble should come upon me? Oh, I have tried so hard to see it in the right way—I have tried so hard to be strong and hopeful; but what has it profited me or him?"

For a moment she stood as if the forces of her life were suspended, her breath drawn in, her eyes peering horribly, and a terrible cry came from her lips, and, pressing her hands to her eyes, she started to run as if to leave behind her some fearful sight. "Why don't they know he is my baby, my own little baby—what right have they to hurt him? He is mine—mine!" and she crouched down into a corner in a lusted way and into her eyes came the look of an animal robbed of its young.

"Ah! the thought of his little body driven mad—mad!" and she prowl'd down upon the floor with a low, shivering cry, her arms held before her with a pitiful, hungry stare; but she was up again, running wildly about the room, sobbing and moaning under her breath like a hurt thing. "See, God, don't I suffer enough, will not this expiate his crime? Ah! I am choking, choking!" and tearing at the front of her dress she ran to the window and threw it wide open, leaning far out, the rain driving in her face; but the wind and the black night frightened her, and drawing in, she closed the window and drew the curtains tightly together to keep out the sound of the storm. Suddenly the train of her thoughts changed—how was she spending this awful night?—and the tender, protecting mother love was uppermost. "My boy, my boy, if only I could have stayed with you! Are you afraid? I know how it is, you are lying awake watching for the coming light through the bars and you are afraid; but I could have held your hands and talked to you, for a little while; but they refused me, they wouldn't let me stay—no, my own mother!" and she covered her face with her hands and wailed aloud. "Oh, my darling, my darling, my heart is broken—broken. Dear Lord, I won't complain any more. Only take away this pain, it is too hard, too hard—I cannot bear, I cannot bear!"

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Suddenly in another part of the house a clock struck two; at the first stroke her head started with a sharp jerk, her neck craning forward, and as the last reverberation of sound died on the still air she rose to her feet, the Bible slipping unheeded from her lap, her body taut and strung like the string to a bow, and high and clear and strong her voice rang through the room with a questioning, imperative note, "Mr. God, my God, only nine hours more to live!" She was alive again, keenly so; every nerve and vein in her body throbb'd and ach'd, the blood flowed heavily through her arteries, making a whirling sound in her ears—the strength of her suffering was upon her. She commenced walking across the floor, wringing her hands and crying aloud; "Oh, I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it! My son, my son! Would to God that I could surr in your stead! What have I done that this trouble should come upon me? Oh, I have tried so hard to see it in the right way—I have tried so hard to be strong and hopeful; but what has it profited me or him?"

For a moment she stood as if the forces of her life were suspended, her breath drawn in, her eyes peering horribly, and a terrible cry came from her lips, and, pressing her hands to her eyes, she started to run as if to leave behind her some fearful sight. "Why don't they know he is my baby, my own little baby—what right have they to hurt him? He is mine—mine!" and she crouched down into a corner in a lusted way and into her eyes came the look of an animal robbed of its young.

"Ah! the thought of his little body driven mad—mad!" and she prowl'd down upon the floor with a low, shivering cry, her arms held before her with a pitiful, hungry stare; but she was up again, running wildly about the room, sobbing and moaning under her breath like a hurt thing. "See, God, don't I suffer enough, will not this expiate his crime? Ah! I am choking, choking!" and tearing at the front of her dress she ran to the window and threw it wide open, leaning far out, the rain driving in her face; but the wind and the black night frightened her, and drawing in, she closed the window and drew the curtains tightly together to keep out the sound of the storm. Suddenly the train of her thoughts changed—how was she spending this awful night?—and the tender, protecting mother love was uppermost. "My boy, my boy, if only I could have stayed with you! Are you afraid? I know how it is, you are lying awake watching for the coming light through the bars and you are afraid; but I could have held your hands and talked to you, for a little while; but they refused me, they wouldn't let me stay—no, my own mother!" and she covered her face with her hands and wailed aloud. "Oh, my darling, my darling, my heart is broken—broken. Dear Lord, I won't complain any more. Only take away this pain, it is too hard, too hard—I cannot bear, I cannot bear!"

The tall, spare form was bent and bowed in adoration like that of a very old woman, but dragging her useless limbs across the room she knelt down before her chair, hugging the

### AT HAND

In a dangerous emergency, AVER'S Cherry Pectoral is prompt to act and sure to cure. A dose taken on the first symptoms of Croup, Bronchitis, checks the progress of these complaints.

# EEN IN

1893.

# Season!

In a plain black easket, in the room of the mother had prepared for him such a few short hours before lay all that remained of Edward, aged twenty-four.

White roses lay at his feet and on breast an open Bible; faint lines had been drawn around the words: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life;" and his mother, bending over him, was speaking to him as though he were yet living: "My little boy, mother's little boy. They can never make us suffer any more, you and I." How pretty his hair looked—she had always been proud of his dark hair; and smoothing it gently back from his forehead she disclosed a little scar. She had almost forgotten it, but in an instant, as she stood there she was living over again that long summer day years ago—she had been playing out in the yard and had fallen and hurt herself, and she remembered how he had said, with tears running down his tiny little face: "Why, it don't hurt a bit, mamma; it don't hurt a bit." But she had taken him up in her arms and comforted him, kissing the hurt place: "to make it well," she had said; and gently rocking the white lily had fluttered drowsily and closed slowly down, the robbing little sighs had grown further and further apart, the long, swaying motion of the chair had gradually ceased—her baby had fallen asleep; and the sweet, soft winds of those far-off days seemed blowing full in her face as she leaned down and kissed the little scar for the second and last time. "Thank God for his beautiful baby too!" But she was growing strangely tired; she could not stand up any longer; and drawing a chair forward she sat resting her hand lying against the side of his face—and it was the sunlight that came and found her this time, falling kindly on the faces of the mother and son, linking them together with one broad band of gold.

And the woman slept.  
—The Cosmopolitan.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log-cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare's world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of the Pilgrim's Progress was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub any one. Not only because some day they may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.

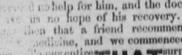
What Spencer Thought of It.  
To men who live for themselves alone; who shun everything pertaining to public affairs, and boast of not having voted at an election for years, the following from Herbert Spencer will be interesting:

"The man who, expending his energies wholly on private affairs, refuses to take trouble about public affairs, plunging himself on his wisdom in minding

his own business, is blind to the fact that his own business is made possible only by maintenance of a healthy social state, and that he loses all around by defective governmental arrangements. Where there are many like-minded officials; where, as a consequence, efficiency came to be filled by political adventurers, and opinion is swayed by demagogues, whose bribery vitiates the administration of the law and makes fraudulent State transactions habitual; heavy penalties fall on the community at large, and, among others, on those who have thus done everything for self and nothing for society. Their investments are insecure; recovery of their debts is difficult; and their lives are less safe than they would otherwise have been."

"Guaranteed."  
"I have used St. Lawrence Cough Syrup in my family for some time and always with the most satisfactory results. Some months ago my daughter came home from Boston with a very hard and distressing cough, from which she could get no relief until she tried St. Lawrence Cough Syrup. Before finishing one bottle she was completely cured. John G. Clark, merchant, Barwick. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, Druggist."

The best education is that kind which enables a youth to recognize a good opportunity when he meets it.

"And the Child in the Arms of its Mother."  


DR. FRANK E. NADAU AND CHILD.  
**A BRIGHT, HEALTHY BOY**  
whose life was saved by  
**GRODER'S SYRUP.**

**A Mother Speaks to Mothers.**  
THE GRODER DYSPENTRIA CURE CO.  
GENTLEMEN—My child is the picture of health today because I he