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, DECEMBER 27, 1889. No. 19.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

THE ACADIAN.

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

TERMS:

$1.00 Per Annum.

(IN ADVANCE.)

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

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising 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.

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 ficticious signature.

Address all comunications to

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

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8.30 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 4 50 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 25 p m.

GEO. V. 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. MUNRO, 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

COLIN W ROSCOE, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3 00 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranswick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. John W. Turner, Assistant Pastor: Horton and Wolfville Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a m and 7 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m Class 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 the services.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a m; other Sundays, 3 p m; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in month. The sittings in this church are *free*. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Wardens, R. Prat and Frank A. Dixon, 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 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets 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.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Dealer in Flour, Feed of all kind, &c.

BORDEN, C. 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.

ROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

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.

HAMILTON, MISS S. A.—Milliner and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishihgs.

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

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

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 Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

ITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

ILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, CONVEYANCER, INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

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Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry

REPAIRED!

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J.F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

☞Small articles SILVERPLATED.

POETRY.

When Christmas Comes.

When Christmas comes with mirth and cheer,
To clasp the circlet of the year,
Then forth we go for holly and pine,
Our wreaths of evergreen to twine;
Then swift we trip across the snow,
To find the gleaming mistletoe.
And straight and tall and branching free,
We haste to choose the Christmas-tree.

When Christmas comes, for Mother and Kate,
All sorts of sweet surprises wait;
And little fingers thrill with joy
As pretty gifts their skill employ,
When Christmas comes each tries her best
To make it beautiful for the rest,
And no one thinks himself to please,
But seeks his neighbor to serve and please.

When Christmas comes, there is none so poor
He will turn the beggar from his door;
When Christmas comes the rich and great
Search out their brothers of low estate,
And the sleigh-bells ring, the church-bells chime,
The children sing in the merry time,
And smiles and greetings leap to lips,
That long were set in grief's eclipse,
For angels of comfort come and go,
Within the Yule-Log's ruddy glow.

When Christmas comes, I think again,
Heaven stoops to wish good-will to men,
And God Who loves this earth of ours,
With love once more the whole earth dowers;
And the Babe who slept on Mary's knee,
Once more brings peace to you and me;
And storms may beat, and winds be wild,
But the lowly mother, the Holy Child,
As in the manger, charm us yet.
All strife and evil our souls forget,
And each believing worshipper
Brings gold and frankincense and myrrh,
And the tongues of hate are hushed and dumb,
When again the Christmas angels come.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

STORY.

BERTHA.

It was a cold wintry day on the 24th of December, and the flakes of snow were falling thick and fast in the midst of the busy throng that surrounded the stores filled with Christmas gifts. Many of the faces wore a cheerful, happy look; thoughts seemed to wander to Christmas stockings and their contents, and one after another the tired Santa Clauses hurried home laden with presents. Each seemed intent on his or her own affairs and failed to notice a little girl who was standing, looking so longingly so intently, at a beautiful doll in one of the store windows. A shawl of thin material was closely wrapped around her shivering body, and two thin hands tightly clasped a rag-baby held up to the window, for even she was supposed to take an interest in the Christmas goods. As for the little girl, every thing was so beautiful, so bewildering, that even Jack Frost could not force the little figure away from the attractive window. Dinah, however, was getting cold, for her black wolly hair was gradually turning into a white crop, which very much worried her little mother.

"We must be going, Dinah, dear," she said, as she tenderly tucked her baby under the shawl. "It's so awful cold. Oh, if it was only summer all the time!"

"A Christmas without snow!" exclaimed a kind, brisk gentleman, as he gave a merry twist to her shawl.

"I don't know what you mean by Christmas," she said, as the blue eyes met the brown ones of the stranger.

"Don't know Christmas or Santa Clause? Well, I guess you will know to-morrow, as sure as I have one arm left," he said, and he looked at the empty sleeve of blue which hung in honor from his shoulder. Then followed a brief history of the "old-time saint." A hasty address was written, and, with a strong arm holding her close to himself, he said: "To-morrow at half-past one, my dear, be ready, for I will come to take you to my home, and you shall shurely see him *this* Christmas."

A pair of blue eyes beamed with joy as he told her his plans, and if Dinah had possessed any feeling, I am afraid her sickness would have been much worse, owing to frequent sneezings, causing the black head to bob up and down in excited ecstacies. She could not express her thanks in words, but clung to him and tried to thank him as best she could.

That night the story was told to mother, and Fido, the dog, was told again and again, and a happier little girl than the one that crawled into the narrow hay bed could not be found in the state of Colerado.

She dreamed of it, and as soon as the blue eyes were opened to the morning, feared lest the vision should fade away. "No, it's *really* true," she said, as she hopped about on one leg, with Dinah desperately hanging by her arm.

It would have been all right if the stranger had left out the words: "Be ready at half past one." Alas, for poor little Bertha! She had no dress but one, and would have been just as ready then as when the prancing bay horse swung the sleigh around before the door, and the kind gentleman descended and tenderly lifted her under the warm buffalo robe. Prompt to the moment and punctual as the clock was Mr Branton, and although he did have six rosy children and the "mother-bird" (as he called his wife) to provide for at Christmas time, all of whose stockings must be filled "chunk jam to the brim," his heart was plenty large enough to provide for another chick, the last of which remark he made to his wife, whose eyes at once were full, and whose never idle hand was always ready to help in any direction. "We'll all make it as pleasant as we can for her, and show her that she can be one of Santa Claus' girls, too. Come, children,' she continued, "come and help me, for I shall needsmuch assistance. Madge, you can finish this scent bag, while I go down town for a few miscellaneous articles."

"Let me go, too, mamma; I have ten cents I'd like to spend for the little girl," said Mable, generously giving her last dime that she had planned to spend for something else.

Led by Mable's example, one and all, from fat little Baby Ralph, who toddled after his penny bank, to sixteen-year-old Madge, who generously gave a quarter, eagerly contributed to the new fund.

"Oh, thank you, my dears; that was truly noble, and you will receive your reward from the One who said: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Come, Mable, you can go with me, for I shall need your assistance now that my spending sum is so much larger," she said, with a smile, for she only knew how great a sacrifice each one had made with their unequal talents. But time was flying, and "mother-bird" was in a hurry, so no more was said, and the big front door slammed a Christmas good-bye to the shoppers.

"Time's flying and fingers, too, at the Branton's," said a friend to her neighbor on the day following. "Every one of 'em's pitching in, and just now I saw nine stockings hanging up at the hearth and a new face was smiling just as sweet as you please. I do believe it is one of Mr Branton's smart pranks. He always does find room for some stray lamb around Christmas time."

"Yes, he is setting *us* an example,' replied her neighbor, feeling justified in saying it, as she had invited the washer-woman's boy over to her home to share the Christmas turkey and partake of the plum pudding, which just at that particular moment was browning in the oven. But I must not linger too long with the neighbors, for I guess my readers must be in a hurry to take a peep at Mr Branton's home.

In a large room decked with evergreens and made deliciously comfortable by a glowing fire of red coals that lighted the room in crimson bars of radiance, they were all gathered together, apparently playing a game, all but little Ralph, who was closely examining the artificial chimney "what Tanta Clause was doin' to come froo."

The smiles that lighted each face with Chrismas happiness never lessened through the evening. Here happiness reigned, and if the goddess of happiness had bestowed her richest blessing on the little circle their hearts could not have overflowed any more than they did on that Christmas eve in the home of Mr Branton.

A curtain of creton, vailed nine rather humpy looking stockings that hung by an artificial fire-place, back of which was a door through which the mysterious Santa Clause was to convey his Christmas treasures and join in a romp with the children. Most of the children had implicit faith in the well known St Nick. Madge, Mable and Cela, who were the three oldest, had rather gone back on the old man, and now played his part themselves, in the "mother bird's" room, where such long meetings were held (consultations included) that the smaller ones could hardly imagine what was going on, but at last their minds were set at rest by Willie, who said he thought they were writing letters to Santa Clause.

It was the custom of each one to write a letter to Santa Clause, from papa down to little Ralph, whose numerous wants were chanted in mamma's ear, who took particular care to note each one, even though the majority of them were rather outrageous, such as a "toy monkey what's bigger'n Uncle Tom's horse."

Amidst the joy and laughter, when excitement reigned among the children Mr Branton slipped quietly away In the midst of an exciting game the sound of a bell came from somewher in the region of the artificial fire-place, and little Ralph dropped his toy blocks and looked up at Madge with such a happy, excited look that she kissed the flushed cheeks and said: "Yes, you little rascal, Santa Clause is coming."

Sure enough, bounce! bang! slam! came a jolly-looking Santa Clause down a queer sort of a chimney, and after a vigorous attempt at blowing his nose, described his long and tedious journey to the excited audience who was listening with noiseless anxiety when the well-known voice of the smallest member of the assembly broke the silence by saying: "O, Santa Clause did you get my letter?"

"Get your letter! Let me see," he said, as he fumbled around in the large, roomy pocket and fished out a rather crumpled piece of paper, with Ralph's letter written on it, in the delicate handwriting of the "mother-bird."

"Did you get mine, too!" asked one and all of the children, as the excitement began to deepen. He displayed them all, even Bertha's that had been sent off in such a hurry.

Then one by one, Santa Clause handed out the well-filled stockings, and oh, how mysteriously beautiful it did seem to one of the little girls present, who could not resist the temptation to plant a sweet kiss on his forehead and whisper in his ear that she loved him and wished he could come to her house next year. The promise that she received, as well as all the beautiful presents, made her so happy that she would fain run home, and tell mother all about it before it was through.

Ah! yes, dear readers, it did them all good, and made them feel happy to think that their sacrifices had made a Merry Christmas for this little girl, and their hearts really felt the words "God loveth a cheerful giver."

This kindling of brotherly love in their hearts did not blaze for a short time and then die out, but burned steadily, till the dingy brown house blossomed under the care of more than one sad heart brightened from the remembrance of Bertha and the Christmas Eve, when they all learned how much a sacrificing act and the helping hand contribute to the happiness of the heart. And the beautiful words of the Saviour echoed through their minds: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

—*Kate Tinker, in N. Y. Observer.*

Tree Food.

One of the strangest notions that ever gets into the heads of people or seems to get into heads, is that a tree can thrive without food. We have seen orchards that were starving to death for food, and the owner thought the orchard was failing because it was old. In fruit tree culture there is an old adage, too, that is very applicable, viz: that a stitch in time saves nine. It is not much trouble to keep an orchard up, if we supply what is needed, as soon as it is required. But if an orchard is neglected for several years, it is pretty hard work to repair the damage that has been done, if indeed it can be repaired at all. An experienced orchardist gives this advice on restoring apple orchards; Moderate pruning, careful and shallow culture and dressing with well rotted stable manure, finely ground bone, ashes and lime, at intervals, or apply a full ration of special fruit fertilizer, after which sow red clover and plow under, always being careful to inflict the least possible injury to the roots.

—*Western Rural.*

All About Shorthand.

This is the title of a 36-page pamphlet of information, containing answers to all the questions an inquirer would be likely to ask about sytems, books, instruction, salaries of stenographers, how to secure positions, etc., etc. It will show what young men have done at home, on farms, and in workshops; how from the humblest beginnings the highest success has been reached by learning this art at piecemeal study, and while pursuing other occupations. The success of stenographers as compared with the success of young men in any other vocation in life, will be seen to be marvellous and encouraging. The author of this system was himself a farmer's boy and learned the art while following the plow. The information he gives in this pamphlet will be of interest and value to every young man (or young woman either) who must earn his own living. The pamphlet is mailed free to anyone writing for it and mentioning the paper in which this article appears. 144m

Address D. L. SCOTT-BROWNE, 251 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.

The Scottish Sabbath.

Time was (and not long ago) when whistling quietly on "the Sawbath" in Scotland, was a sin; when Glasgow voyages by "the wicked Sunday boat" were mobbed on their return; when you could not have a cab on Sunday unless you ordered it on Saturday—and paid double fare; when the kirk was horrified at the thought of an organ, and the very piano at home had to be kept under lock and key. To-day, all over Glasgow, the tram-cars run on Sunday, and are well patronized, music is taking the place of the old pitch pipe in the churches, secular lectures are given in great public halls, and strangest of all the very churches themselves are breaking out into musical performance. The other Sunday evening, in a Glasgow church, there was a sacred concert The old Scotch Sunday was a tremendous rest, and the cessation of the clatter was a very refreshing thing; but it was often a sore weariness.

For Young Men.

The following is taken from the last article written by the late Henry Ward Beecher, a short time previous to his death:—

"I rejoice to say I was brought up from my youth to abstain from tobacco. It is unhealthy, it is filthy from beginning to end. I believe that the day will come, when a young man will be proud of not being addicted to the use of stimulants of any kind. I believe that the day will come, when no drink, not to use tobacco, not to use one's strength in the secret indulgence of passion, but to be true to one's nature, true to God's law, to be sound, robust, cheerful, and to be concious that these elements of health and strength are derived from the reverent obedience to the commandments of God will be a matter of ambition and endeavor among men."—*The Guardian.*

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts, 50 cts, and $1. Sold by George V. Rand.

Worth Knowing.

That if you will rub lamp chimneys with dry salt after washing it will give them new brilliancy.

That a half-dime's worth of whiting and a bottle of ammonia will keep silver forks, spoons and other tableware always bright and shining.

That a first rate way to clean the collars of men's and boys' coats and ladies' jackets of dark colors is to first sponge with a weak solution of ammonia and then with alcohol, and rub dry with a flannel.

That one of the handiest was to clean out the inside of washbowls, baths and the stationary marble basins on which a sort of scum or deposit forms if not very closely cared for, is just to rub them with dry salt. It takes off all dirt and leaves them bright and shining.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker-Mouth. Sold by George V. Rand.

When You Need

An Alterative Medicine, don't forget that everything depends on the kind used. Ask for **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** and take no other. For over forty years this preparation has had the endorsement of leading physicians and druggists, and it has achieved a success unparalleled in the history of proprietary medicines.

"For a rash, from which I had suffered some months, my father, an M. D., recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It effected a cure. I am still taking this medicine, as I find it to be a most powerful blood-purifier." — J. E. Cooke, Denton, Texas.

"C. H. Hut, Druggist, Evansville, Ind., writes: "I have been selling Ayer's Sarsaparilla for many years. It maintains its popularity, while many other preparations, formerly as well known, have long been forgotten."

"I have always recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as superior to any other preparation for purifying the blood." — G. B. Kuykendall, M. D., Pomeroy, W. T.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Interesting Regulations.

Horatio G. Onderdonk, a brother of the Bishop of New York, made provisions in his will that would have turned old Draco green with envy. Draco was strict and well understood the meaning of the expression "ruling with a rod of iron," but had Mr Onderdonk lived at the time the old man was preparing his code he could have helped to make it more binding. The last paragraph in the will reads as follows: "No heir must be an idler, sluggard, profligate, drunkard, gambler; use liquors or tobacco; go hunting or fishing on Sundays; attend races; enter a bar room or porter house; neglect to rise, breakfast and be ready for business by 9 o'clock, or get married before he or she arrived at the age of 25 years."

To Our Subscribers.

The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which appeared in our columns sometime since, announcing a special arrangement with DR B. J. KENDALL CO., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and His Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work FREE by sending their address B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it a standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." 14-13i

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by George V. Rand,

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cts. Sold by George V. Rand.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

The St. Croix Soap Mf'g Co. St. Stephen, N. B.