# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. VIII WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1889. No. 37.



**CASTORIA**

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"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.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS 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 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 fictitious signature.

Address all comunications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N S,


### Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or 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 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 refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8 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 5 10 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 15 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.

A. DEW. BARSS, Agent.

### Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 2 30 p 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 Wednesday at 7 30 p m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Revs. D. W. Johnson and G. F. Day, Pastors. Services every Sabbath at 11 00 a m and 7 00 p m. Sabbath School at 1 00 p m Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7 30 p m.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Parish of Horton. ST JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville. Services: Sunday 3 p m; H. C. on the 1st Sunday in the month at 11 a m; Thursday (during Advent and Lent), 4 p m.—ST JAMES CHURCH, Kentville, Services: Sunday, 11 a m and 7 p m; H. C. on the 2d Sunday in the month at 8 a m, on the 4th Sunday at 11 a m; Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Strangers provided with seats by the Wardens, or other members of the Vestry. Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Rector, Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Frank A. Dixon and R. Prat, Wardens of St John's Church. F. A. Masters and S. E. Hue, Wardens of St James Church.

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 8.00 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.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted

BISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, 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' Furnishings.

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.

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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.

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

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


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Campbell's Cathartic Compound

IT CURES LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

BRANDON, Man., 21st Oct., 1886.—I find Campbell's Cathartic Compound the best article I have ever used for costiveness or biliousness, and easy to take. I am, yours truly A. N. McDONALD.

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


### Select Poetry.

#### Times Go By Turns.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal time to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard, but may in time amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
A net that holds no great takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least hath some; who most, hath never all.

### Interesting Story.

## The Husband's Present.

(CONCLUDED.)

"Ah, Wilkins," said the old captain, "What has brought you here?"

The poor man twice attempted to speak, but his heart failed him.

"Do you come for charity?"

"No, sir," quickly returned Wilkins, while his eyes gleamed with a proud light.

"Then sit down and out with it," said Walker, in a blunt but kind tone.

"Captain Walker," commenced the poor man, as he took the proffered seat, "I have come to ask you if you still own the little cottage beyond the hill."

"I do."

"And is it occupied?"

"No."

"Is it engaged?"

"No," returned the captain, regarding his visitor with uncommon interest. "But why do you ask?"

"Captain Walker," said Wilkin, in a firm and manly tone, even though his eyes glistened and his lips quivered "I have been poor and degraded, deeply steeped in the dregs of poverty and disgrace. Everything that made life valuable, I have almost lost. My wife and children have suffered—and oh, God only knows how keenly! I have long wandered in the path of sin. One after another the tender cords of friendship that used to bind me to the world have snapped asunder; my name has become a byword, and upon the earth I have been but a foul blot. But, sir, from henceforth, I am a *man!* Up from the depth of its long grave I have dragged forth my heart, and love still has its home therein. I have sworn to touch the fatal cup no more; and in my heart there is no lie! My wife and my children shall suffer no more for the sins they never committed. I have seen my old employer at the machine shop, and he has given me a situation, and is even anxious that I should come back; and sir, he has even been kind enough to give me an order in advance for necessary articles of clothing, food, and furniture. To-morrow morning I commence work.'

"And you came to see if you could obtain your cottage back again to live in?" said Capt. Walker, as Wilkins hesitated.

"Yes, sir—to see if I could hire it of you," returned the poor man.

"Wilkins, how much can you make at your business?" bluntly asked the old captain, without seeming to heed the request.

"My employer is going to put me on job work, sir; and as soon as I get my hand in, I can easily make from fourteen to twenty dollars a week."

"And how much will it take to support your family?"

"As soon as I get cleared up, I can easily get along with five or six dollars a week."

"Then you might be able to save about four hundred dollars a year."

"I mean to do that, sir."

A few moments Capt. Walker gazed into the face of his visitor, and then he asked:

"Have you pledged yourself yet?"

"Before God and in my heart I have; but one of my errands here was to get you to write me a pledge, and have it made to my wife and children."

Capt. Walker sat down to his table and wrote out the required pledge, and then, in a trembling, but bold hand, Thomas Wilkins signed it.

"Wilkins," said the old man, as he took his visitor by the hand, "I have watched well your countenance. I *know* you speak truth. When I bought that cottage from your creditors six years ago I paid them one thousand dollars for it. It has not been harmed, and is as good as it was then. Most of the time I have received good rent for it. Now, sir, you shall have it for just what I have paid for it, and each month you shall pay me such a sum as you can comfortably spare until it is all paid. I will ask you for no rent, nor for a cent of interest. You shall have a deed of the estate, and in return I will take but a single note and mortgage, upon which you can have your own time."

Thomas Wilkins tried to thank the old man for his kindness, but he only sank back into the chair, and wept like a child; and while he yet sat with his face buried in his hands, the old man slipped from the room. And when at length he returned, he bore in his hand a neatly covered basket.

"Come, come," the captain exclaimed, "cheer up, my friend. Here are some tid-bits for your wife and children—take them home; and believe me, Wilkins, if you feel half as happy in receiving my favor as I do in bestowing it, you are happy indeed."

"Oh God—God will bless you for this, sir!" exclaimed the kindness stricken man; "and if I betray your confidence, may I die on the instant!"

"Stick to your pledge, Wilkins, and I will take care of the rest," said the old captain, as his friend took the basket. "If you have time to-morrow, call on me, and I will arrange the papers."

As Thomas Wilkins once more entered the street his tread was light and easy. A bright light of joyousness shone in every feature, and as he wended his homeward way, he felt in every avenue of his soul that he was once more a *man!*

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The gloomy shades that ushered in the night of the thirty-first of December had fallen over the snow-clad earth. Within the miserable dwelling of Mrs Wilkins there was more of comfort than we found when first we visited her, but yet nothing had been added to the furniture of the place. For the last six days her husband had come home every evening, and gone away before daylight every morning, and during that time she knew he had drank no intoxicating beverage, for already had his face begun to assume the stamp of its former manhood, and every word that he had spoken had been kind and affectionate. To his children he had brought new shoes and warmer clothing, and to himself he had given such things as he stood in immediate need of; but yet, with all this, he had been taciturn and thoughtful, showing a dislike of all questions, and only speaking such words as were necessary. The poor, devoted, loving wife began to *hope*! And why should she not? For six years her husband had not been thus before. One week ago she dreaded his approach; but now she found herself waiting for him with all the anxiety of former years. Should all this be broken? Should this new charm be swept away? Eight o'clock came, and so did nine and ten; and yet her husband came not!

"Mother," said little Charley, just as the clock struck ten, seeming to have awakened from a dreamy slumber, "isn't this the last night of the old year?"

"Yes, my son."

"And do you know what I've been dreaming, dear mother? I dreamed that father had brought us New Year's presents, just the same as he used to. But he won't, will he? He's too poor, now!"

"No, my dear boy, we shall have no other present than food; and even for that, we must thank dear father. There, lay your head in my lap again."

The boy laid his curly head once more upon his mother's lap, and with tearful eyes she gazed upon his innocent form.

The clock struck eleven! The poor wife was on her yet tireless, sleepless watch! But hardly had the sound of the last stroke died away ere the snow crust gave back the sound of a footfall, and in a moment more her husband entered. With a trembling fear she raised her eyes to his face, and a wild thrill of joy went to her heart as she saw that all there was open and bold—only those manly features looked more joyous, more proud than ever.

"Lizzie," said he, in mild, kind accents, "I am late to-night, but business has detained me, and now I have a favor to ask of thee."

"Name it, dear Thomas, and you shall not ask a second time," cried the wife, as she laid her hand confidingly upon her husband's arm.

"And you will ask me no questions?" continued Wilkins.

"No, I will not."

"Then," continued the husband, as he bent over and imprinted a kiss upon his wife's brow, "I want you to dress our children for a walk, and you shall accompany us. The night is calm and tranquil, and the snow is well trodden.—Ah, no questions! Remember your promise!"

Lizzie Wilkins knew not what all this meant, nor did she think nor care; for anything that could please her husband she would have done with pleasure, even though it had wrenched her very heart-strings. In a short time the two children were ready; then Mrs Wilkins put on such articles of dress as she could command, and soon they were in the road. The moon shon bright, the stars shon down upon the earth, and they seemed to smile upon the travellers from out their twinkling eyes of light. Silently Wilkens led the way, and silently his wife and children followed. Several times the wife gazed up into her husband's countenance; but from the strange expression that rested there, she could make out nothing that tended to satisfy her.

At length, a slight turn in the road brought them suddenly upon the pretty white cottage where years before they had been so happy. They approached the spot. The snow in the front yard had been swept away, and a path led up to the piazza. Wilkens opened the gate—his wife tremblingly followed, but wherefore she knew not. Then her husband opened the door, and in the entry they were met by the smiling countenance of old Capt. Walker, who ushered them into the parlor where a warm fire glowed in the grate, and where everything looked neat and comfortable. Mrs Wilkins turned her gaze upon the old man, and then upon her husband. Surely, in that greeting between the poor man and the rich, there was none of that constraint which would have been expected. They met rather as friends and neighbors. What could it mean.

Hark! the clock strikes twelve! The old year has gone, and a new, a bright winged cicle, is about to commence its flight over the earth!

Thomas Wilkins took the hand of his wife within his own, and then drawing from his bosom a paper he placed it in her hand, remarking as he did so: "Lizzie, this is your *husband's present for the new year!*"

The wife took the paper, and she opened it. She realized its contents at a glance; but she could not read it word for word, for the streaming tears of a wild, frantic joy would not let her. With a quick nervous movement she placed the priceless pledge next her bosom; and then, with a low murmur like the gentle whispering of some heaven-bound angel, she fell half fainting into her husband's arms.

"Look up, look up, my own dear wife," uttered the redeemed man, "look up and smile upon your husband; and you, too, my children, gather about your father—for a husband and a father henceforth I will ever be. Look up, my wife. There!—Now, Lizzie, feel proud with me, for we stand within our own house! Yes, this cottage is once more our own; and nothing but the hand of death shall again take us hence. Our good, kind friend here will explain it all. O Lizzie, if there is happiness on earth, it shall be ours! Let the past be forgotten, and with this, the dawning of a new year, let us commence to live in the future."

Gently the husband and wife sank upon their knees, clasped in each other's arms; and clinging joyfully to them, knelt their conscious, happy children. A prayer from the husband's lips wended its way to the throne of grace; and, with the warm tears trickling down his aged face, old Capt. Walker responded a heartfelt "Amen."

* * * * * *

Five years have passed since that happy moment. Thomas Wilkins has cleared his pretty cottage from all encumbrance, and a happier, a more respected family do not exist. And Lizzie—that gentle, confiding wife—as she takes the simple paper from the drawer, and gazes again and again upon the magic pledge it bears, weeps tears of joy anew. Were all the wealth of the Indies poured out in one glittering, blinding pile at her feet, and all the world added thereto, she would not for the whole countless sum, give in exchange one single word from that pledge which coustituted her HUSBAND'S PRESENT.

### Death from Strong Drink.

While for many years we were firmly convinced that the liquor habit was an evil, and more than an evil, and that continually; and while we believed that the moderate use of alcohol in health or disease was fraught with great danger, and while we believed and still believe that the absolute safety against the formation of this liquor habit with its inseparable evils, is total abstinence from their use, yet we were skeptical somewhat in regard to the alleged annual mortality from the use of alcohol in its various forms. When the statements were made that sixty (60) thousand people perish annually in the United States alone from inebriety and disease induced by the use of alcoholic liquors; we believed the figures large, if not greatly exaggerated.

Rev Dr Buckley, editor of the Christian *Advocate*, a very careful and reliable paper, in the last issue of that paper, says:—

"Dr Norman Kirr, an eminent physician of England, believing the statement of temperance people to be extravagant, that 60,000 people die anuually from effects of strong drink, began as early as 1870 a personal inquiry, in connection with several medical men and experts, expecting to quickly disprove the same. According to their deductions the latest estimate of deaths of adults annually caused through intemperance is, in Great Britain, 120,000; in France, 142,000; in the United States, 80,000; or nearly half a million each year in three countries aggregating a population of 120,000,000."—*Ex.*

### A Father's Gift.

There was a German bride who had a wise father. Among his wedding gifts he bestowed upon her a small and exquisitely beautiful golden casket, which he charged her on no account to intrust to other hands, "for," said he "It holds a precious charm against many of the evils that inexperienced housewives have to encounter. You are to use it by taking it every morning to the kitchen, the cellar, and the table, and setting it down on each for three minutes. You will have to remain by it, for the magic will not work otherwise; it has a mysterious connection with you alone. At the end of three years you may open the casket (I will send you the key on the third anniversary of your wedding day) for then it will have done all the good it can." When opened its sole contents was a little strip of parchment on which was written, "The eyes of the mistress is worth a hundred pairs of servant's hands," and he felt that a habit of three years, standing might be left to itself.


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 r... Grand Prud direct.

**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. Cocke, 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.


It is a wise child that goes out of the room to laugh when the old man mashes his thumb.

Fish are not weighed in their own scales, simply because fish scales are not built that weigh.

A thief who broke open a grocer's shop excused himself on the plea that he merely went there to take tea.

Any man can marry comfortably if he has sufficient money to procure a license and pay the parson. The hitch comes when the knot is tied.

"We never furnish a knife with pie," said a prim waiter at a Keokuk, Iowa, boarding-house. "Then bring me the axe," cried the new boarder in despair.

An East Boston man who keeps a livery stable, had a mule for sale, and hearing that a friend in a neighboring town wanted to buy one, sent him the following written on a postal card: "Dear friend. If you are looking for a No. 1 mule, don't forget me."


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SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

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THE

**WEEKLY EMPIRE**

Canada's Leading Paper.

THREE MONTHS FREE

THE EMPIRE, since its establishment has met with unprecedented success, and already stands in the proud position of Canada's Leading Journal, but in order to place the WEEKLY EDITION in the hands of every farmer in the Dominion this fall, the publishers have determined to give the Weekly

Three Months Free

to every subscriber paying for one year in advance before 1st of January, 1889.

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR $1.

Now is the time to subscribe.

Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto.