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 13, 1889. — No. 17.

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.

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.

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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 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.

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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.

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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.

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GODFREY, L. P—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

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

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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.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, CONVEYANCER, INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

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—BY—

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.

POETRY.

Change.

Slow, down the verdant dikes, the ravens fly,
A sombre troop upon the heels of dawn;
While fog-thick breezes dim the morning sky,
With fitful radiance that will soon be gone.

Florescent gives scant blossom anywhere,
And like the region, feels the touch of sleep.
Neglected scenes, and gardens still and bare,
Are given to change, and death begins to creep.

The winds in frequent conflict sweep the plains,
And breathe decay upon the dulling land;
And wafting fogs, like cold, unfallen rains,
Come with the tide upon the birdless sand.

Like thin draped poverty, with bending form
Scarce hid beneath her wretched, clinging dress,
Appear the willows, moaning in the storm,
Unpitied in their shivering nakedness.

The woods are stricken, and the parting song
Of flocks yet lingers on themisty dawn.
The lakes are waveless-black, the hills among,
And stiller since the night, the loon just gone.

The gloaming has no bat; the gloom is dead;
No dreaming bird trills short its midnight lay.
The heavens hang with frozen stars o'erhead,
Which chill until the coming of the day.

What need of shade along these waysides now,
Of arching bougns, and eye delighting green?
No longer noon-day burns the laborer's brow;
The vacant fields are bare of fruit and sheen.

The harvest time was good, the land may rest,
When Winter wanders thro' the silent ways.
The warmth of life again will move her breast,
To nourish, and restore in other days.

The seasons live their time by loss and gain;
The Spring like youth, and Summer like a queen.
Ripe Autumn has a brief and changeful reign,
Ere Winter's snowy mantle sweeps the green.

There is another day and season yet;
And greater labor for the strength of hands—
Unfinished things before the workmen set—
Unbuilded cities, and unbroken lands.

These changes point to work that should be done.
And show the sower where he cast in vain.
Beginnings end, if well, or ill begun—
The reaper cuts the thistle and the grain.

—J. F. HERBIN, *in The Critic.*

SERIAL.

THE Ghost of Handock Holler.

BY JACK HYDE.

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CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

After we'd laid there several hours or more, we saw that we'd made a mistake coming to bed so soon. I'd a notion two or three times of getting up and dressing and going down stairs an' setting up a while longer, but Lew said that'd never do; they might suspect somethin', so we concluded we'd do the way they do in war—one watch a while and then the other. Lew said he'd watch for an hour, and I could go to sleep, and then he'd go to sleep while I watched an hour. I agreed, so I commenced going to sleep. But it takes considerable practice to go to sleep when you know you've got to wake up in an hour's time and watch, and you want to get full measure for your time. I tried every device, but 'twas no go. Some say if you lay with your eyes shut for an hour or two, you'll go to sleep; but I hadn't time for that. I'd heard that counting was pretty good, so I commenced. I determined to give the thing a fair trial. As near as I could calculate I was up in the quadrillions somewhere when the stairway door opened and I heard Henry and Mr Miles coming up. I knew it was them by their talking. That put me out, and I commenced over again. Then after a little I heard the stairway door open again and Mrs Spriggs coming up. I knew it couldn't be anybody else, because dad sleeps down-stairs and she was the only other person that slept upstairs. I kept right on couptin'. I don't know how far I got, but it must have been up to several million billions or so, I think, according to the way I was counting. I was just on the verge of going to sleep, when Lew nudged my elbow, and asked me if I'd had a good sleep, and says he the hour was up. I didn't dispute the fact, although I was feeling pretty ugly. I kind of calculated it was an hour all right. The next day I reckoned it up on my slate and pencil and according to the number I counted, say counting one a second, it must have been about eight or nine hours I laid there awake; but I think I must have made a mistake somewhere. I never told Lew. He would have said there was a mistake in it somewhere if there had been or not. After that I stopped counting and tried to keep awake all I could. But that was harder work than going to sleep. After a while I forgot myself and dozed off. I don't know how long I slept, but all of a sudden I was erwoked by Lew.

"You're a smart fuller ter watch, aint you?" he whispered. "It's pretty nigh mornin' now, I guess. You better hurry up or you'll be too late."

So I crawled out of bed and got on my sheet, while Lew pulled on the string. After he'd pulled it up once or twice and let the piller fall back on Mr Miles's face, we concluded that that must have awakened him up enough. So I crept over to his bedroom and opened the door and walked in. I couldn't tell whether he was awake or not; but he was, all right, as I learned afterwards. With slow, weird steps I approached his bed. My intention was, when I reached his bed, to pause a while, make a low, unearthly moan, writhe my hands before his face once or twice, and then retreat. This I intended to do three times; at the last time to jump up and down three times and utter three suppressed moans and then crawl out of the room on my hands and knees. When Lew heard the last moan he was to pull on the string and the stratagem would be complete.

With slow steps I approached his bed. When I got there I stopped, and in a ghostly voice uttered my moan. I noticed he was turning on his piller uneasily. Then he rose up on his shoulder and eyed me searchingly. But I never wavered. I was conscious of the desperateness of the scheme, but I kept on. Then I commenced to retreat. He evidently thought that something was up. I could almost see his eyeballs glare in the dusk. Then I commenced approaching again. I could see by this time he was getting excited—terribly excited. I didn't know but he might forget himself in his excitement and do something terrible, but I'd taken the scheme into my head and I was bound to carry it out. At last he could contain himself no longer. He rose up and yelled:

"Git out, you *son av a gun!*"

But I played my part well. I never relinquished. I kept on—slowly—unwaveringly.

Then he dove down on the floor in front of his bed and grabbed one of his boots. This was getting exciting—in fact, mighty exciting. I concluded I'd run no risks. I didn't know anyway, but it was as much as he could stand for one time. I didn't feel like going to extremes. Who knows but it might effect his brain if I kept it up much longer? So I commenced to abandon the room as quick as I could. I didn't wait for any compliments, as the saying is. But I couldn't have been quick enough, I guess. As I reached the door he let fly. Then there was a pause—an awful crash, as something hit somebody on the back of the head—then silence.

* * * * * * *

When I came too, Lew, who had heard the noise and had come out to see what was the matter, was bending over me—pale and horror-stricken. He helped me hobble into the room, and after we'd got into bed and had got settled down again, we came to the conclusion that the shock must have affected his brain—that if he hadn't been crazy he'd never fired a thing like that at a fuller!

CHAPTER VI.

AN ACCIDENT.

The next morning was Saturday Lew and I got up early, and as soon as he got his clothes on he put for home. I had to face the music alone at the breakfast table.

"The funniest thing happened last night," commenced Mr Miles, spreading a piece of buckwheat pancake with molasses sugar, "that ever I see. When I went ter bed last night I tuk orf both me boots and laid them down aforenst me bed, and when I woke up this mornin' one uv them wus nowhere ter be seen. Yer didn't hear no burglars nor nothin' like that, did yer, Jack?" says he, turning to me.

But I looked as innocent as a June-bug. My countenance never relaxed. Says I:

"No; I didn't hear any sign of anybody in around here last night."

"Wall," says Mr Miles, "it's a mystery. That boot didn't go orf without hands."

Says I; "P'r'aps you had the nightmare and chucked it out of the window. You better go out and look, before somebody comes along and takes it."

"Oh," says he, "I found it comin' down. I seed it layin' up agin' your bed-room door. It beats all though how it gut there. S'pect it must uv been er rat er somethin' lugged it orf. Say, though, how'd yer hurt yer head, Jack?"

I told him I guessed it must be a boil coming there or something, and went out to the barn to do my chores.

When I'd got them done, while dad and Mr Miles were out in the horse-stable currying the horses and discussing horse topics, I stole into the house where Mrs Spriggs was frying doughnuts. Drawing up a chair side of the stove, I pulled out my jack-knife and commenced whittling out a long stick. She asked me what I was making, but I told her I hadn't decided on what it was going to be yet. Directly she went into the pantry to get some more flour. As she did a thought flashed across my mind that that stick would beat a troutin'-line all holler for fishin' out doughnuts or anything like that with, so I reached over and fished out a couple.

It's astonishing how many of those things a fuller can eat without making himself sick. I had no idea that I could eat so many. I was expecting she'd discover my artifice long before she did, but she didn't seem to suspect anything. Directly, however, as I was fishin' for a good big one, she accidently turned around and saw me. My game was done for that day. But I suppose likely I'd eaten as many as I could comfortably stand, anyway. I didn't want to make myself sick.

Getting down the paper that dad was reading the night before, I commenced reading it, while I devoured the remaining five doughnuts. I had stowed away in my pockets. As I was scanning the paper, what do you suppose met my scrutinizing gaze? It beats all what people will get up nowadays! There before me in the newspaper was a picture of a man skating with sails on. It told all about how a fuller could rig up one and skate ten times faster than the fastest skater around. It was easy to make, too, and I determined I'd get one up and kind of surprise people.

The Handock boys have the name of being great skaters. They think nobody from anywhere else can skate anyways at all. They kind of thought I was nowhere. That just tickled me to pieces—that piece. I just imagined to myself what they'd think when they saw me coming. I read it over again carefully, and got out my jack-knife and went to work. It was quite an easy thing to make, and by dinner time I had it all done.

After dinner Lew came over and asked me how Mr Miles was coming on—if he'd got over the shock yet. I told him I guessed he'd pull through all right, seemed quite hearty—had had a pretty good appetite for dinner. He kind of grinned, and said he allowed so too—probably he wasn't thoroughly awake last night when he fired that boot at me. He said he guessed we could stand it to go out there and explore the Holler, and asked me how the prospects were for to-night.

I told him I guessed they were pretty good, and so we concluded we'd go.

"What are you goin' ter do this afternoon?" he asked, after a little.

"A crowd uv the boys is goin out ter the lake fur a skate. What ler you say if we go?"

I was delighted. I told him I'd like no better fun. So we allowed when the boys came we'd go along with them, and go out and explore the Holler after supper.

It's quite a jant out to the lake, and as it was kind of late in the afternoon when the boys came along, we started off in a hurry. I got out my sail and set off with them. I knew it couldn't help being a success, as I'd followed all the directions. The boys kept wondering what it was, but I held my peace and let them wonder. It don't do people any hurt to wonder, providing they don't carry it to extremes.

"It's queer, isn't it?" said I, when we got pretty near the lake, "that there's no real fast skaters in Handock! I don't understand it. I should think people could skate as fast here as anywhere else. I'm sure they have enough opportunities. But then," say I, "I suppose they never see anybody that can skate fast out here."

"No! not like they can where you came from, I s'pose!" said Tom Harvey, the champion skater of Handock, in a sarcastic manner. "Anybody could tell the minute they saw you on skates that you came frum a place where they skated purty farst!"

"Well," says I, "I don't profess to be a fast skater myself. I never did. But—" and I remembered that piece about the sails and chuckled to myself as I thought how kind of surprised they'd be when they saw me coming—"but," says I, "perhaps you never saw me skate much; perhaps you'd like to start off and go several miles and watch me overtake you. Here we are now at the ice and we'll just see what kind of skaters you are in Handock.

(*To be Continued.*)

That Christmas Money.

In the next few weeks people will talk Christmas more than all other subjects combined. And very many will count their pennies to see if they will go around. And some will realize for the countless things offered for sale, "that money talks." Yes, and many a poor tired clerk will wish that they too could talk—Lack. To give unselfishly without thought of return is the true Chrismas spirit; but how many times, oh human nature, will the thought occur this month, "Now if I make so and so a Christmas present, I wonder if I will get a return next year." The growing Christmas present custom comes hard among certain classes, who do not always have plenty of ready money; among farmers and people near towns, who keep poultry, the egg supply is a great source of Chrismas money, because prices are always very high at this season. If the old hens will only shell out the eggs now, thinks many a mother, I can soon get back all the money taken for Christmas. The surest way we have heard to get it back is this—E. A. Hubbard of Hatfield, Mass. says, "about one year ago I sent $5.00 for six cans of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay and in January my 28 hens laid 29 dozen eggs. I have sent $5 this year for six more cans and the *Farm-Poultry Monthly.*" Certainly that Chrismas money came back in short order. Mrs Warren Delano, Hampden, Me., said recently to the manufacturers of this wonderful Powder, "I sent $6 for *Farm-Poultry* two years, and six large cans of Sheridan's Powder. It is the very thing needed. Last winter my hens did so poorly I almost lost heart, but this year, 50 hens have cleared me $125.00." All for a little courage and Sheridan's Powder, her hens paid her more than double the average usually allowed per hen, so that her Christmas money returned manyfold. Husbands, a word to the wise is sufficient; make your wives a Christmas present of six cans of Sheridan's Condition Powder and take no other. For 50 cent I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass, will send two 25 cent packs; five paks for $1; or for $1 20, one large 2 1-4 pound can of Powder, postpaid; six cans far $5, express prepaid. The best poultry paper—*Farm-Poultry* one year, and can of powder for $1.50.

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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.

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 phenomenalsale throughout the United States and Canada, make it a standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." 14-13i

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