

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1889.

No. 14.

Vol. IX

### 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.

### 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 ar-

rangements for standing notices.

Notices 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 con-

stantly receiving new type and material,

and will continue to guarantee satisfaction

on all work turned out.

News 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 communi-

cation, although the same may be written

over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions

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3. The courts have decided that refus-

ing to take newspapers and periodicals

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leaving them unsealed, is *prima facie*

evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office hours, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Mail-

is made up at 4.50 p. m.

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.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

Saturday at 12 noon.

A. DEW. BARRS, 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; the are welcome. Strangers

will be cared for by

COLIN W. HOSCOCK, } Ushers

A. DEW. BARRS }

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. R. D.

Hogg, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath

at 10 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m.

Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Cran-

wick 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 services.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Services: First

Sunday in the month, 11 a. m.; other

Sundays, 9.30 a. m.; the Holy Communion

is administered on the first Sunday in

the month. The sittings in this church are

free. For any additional services or alter-

ations in the above see local news. Rector,

Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Residence, Rec-

tor, Kentville. The are welcome. 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, F. & A. M.,

meets at their Hall on the second Friday

of each month at 7.00 o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. M. meets

every Monday evening in their Hall,

Wolfe'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

your right, and we can safely recommend

them as our most enterprising business

firms.

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Dealer in

Flour, Feed of all kinds, &c.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes,

Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnish-

ing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages

and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Paint-

ed.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Mak-

er and Repairer.

BROWN, J. L.—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 Pub-

lishers.

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 Deal-

er. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe

Maker. All orders in his line faith-

fully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and

Repairer.

MURPHY, G. 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 Tin-

ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plo-

wing.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobac-

conist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and

Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and

dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,

Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Fur-

nishings.

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.

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.

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.

### POETRY.

Ingin Summer.

Just about the time when Fall  
Gits to rattlin' in the trees,  
An' the man that knows it all  
Sp'icious frost in every breeze,  
When a person tells his tale  
That the leaves look mighty thin—  
Then that blows a meller breeze!  
Ingin Summer's here agin.

Kind an' smoky lookin' blues  
Spins across the mountain side,  
An' the heavy mornin' dew  
Greens the grass up an' wide.  
Natur' rally 'spears ez ef  
She was layin' off a day—  
Sort o' droopin' in her breast  
Fore she freezes up to stave.

Nary jek o' work I strike  
Long about this time o' year!  
I'm a sort o' shrewd like  
Right when Ingin Summer's here.  
Wife an' boys kin do the work,  
But a man with natchel wit,  
Like I got, kin' fo' to shirk,  
Ef he has a turn for it.

Time when grapes set in to ripe,  
All I ast off ary man  
Is a common go'n-cob pipe  
With terbacker to my han'.  
Then just loose me whar the air  
Simmers 'cross me, wahm and free!  
Promised lands I find me thar;  
Wings all fairly sprout on me!

I'm a loungin' round on thrones,  
Bossin' worlds I'm shore to shore,  
When I stretch my marner bones  
Just outside the cabin door!  
An' the sunshine seepin' down  
On my old head, bald an' gray,  
'Pears right like the gilded crown  
I expect to w'ar some day.

### STORY.

ABNER'S WAY.

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING TIME.

"I don't care! It is mean for Uncle to be so stingy! There, I've said it if I didn't mean to. And what else is it? We haven't had a regular Thanksgiving since I can remember. Never had anybody, more than Aunt Nannie or Grandma Carr, in all these years; and I did think maybe you would think of such a thing, and wouldn't do it if they did!"

She sat on the cellar stairs, this fearful, indignant maiden—Nannie Holcomb, one Monday morning in November. It was a bright, bracing day, and some rays of sunshine penetrated even the cellar's semi-darkness. One particularly lively sunbeam—its capricious course determined by the fluttering clothes on the dryer outside, went dancing up and down among the bins and barrels as if to inspect their contents, or, more likely, in a kind of sunny ecstasy over the harvest wealth therein displayed. And, in truth, there was good reason for exultation, or as grieving Nancy thought, thanksgiving. There were long bins of potatoes, sound, shapely, sizable; barrels of gold and russet; boxes of beet, showing their ruddy skins through clinging soil, and big, dull-colored turnips. There were great heaps of golden pumpkins shining in the gloom like globes of solidified sunshine, and smaller piles of winter squashes of paler tints and lesser size. There were baskets of late pears in the warmest corner, and boxes with suspicious coverings whence came a fragrance as of grapes. Through the gauzy doors of a swinging cupboard might be seen the golden bulk of the last churning, and by their side, on a long tray, were combs dripping with translucent honey.

"Enough here, anyone would think, to keep Thanksgiving with," went on the girl, "only 'twould be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, for I don't believe Uncle Enoch has saved out any turkey; and I should think he might!"

And the girl lost herself in regretful reverie once more. She was a pretty girl, this little Nannie, though the small hands were a trifle red with much household, the soft brown hair blown into tangled waves by the wind as she had gone in and out, and the fair cheeks had gained now, and the brown eyes red with crying. Enoch Carr had taken her into his heart and home in her desolate, orphaned babyhood. Very comfortable she had found the latter, all these twenty years, despite its sober quietness. Very pleasant it had been to grow up in it, to assume one by one little housewife cares, as a daughter might, and finally to find herself mistress, with undisputed sway over all things in-door, and not a little influ-

ence in out-door affairs. Yes, the home was certainly clear and pleasant one. She loved it well. And Uncle Enoch's heart—well, seemed to her a good one in its way. He cared for her, of course, in his own staid fashion. She did not think it was in Uncle Enoch to love anyone very enthusiastically, perhaps. And Abner was as like him in most ways as she could be like her father. Abner was younger and quicker to comprehend, of course. He had his own ways, quite unlike those of any other whom Nannie had ever seen. He was very thoughtful of her comfort; very careful that she should not overwork. He studied with her, history and literature and botany and mineralogy and music. He read the papers to her, and talked over their contents. He helped her care for her plants, and got her new, rare ones. He brought her dainty trifles, new music and late books, whenever he went to town. Nannie did not like to think what life might be without Abner—he was so good and kind and cousinly, though he wasn't really her cousin, nor a relative at all. He was Uncle Enoch's son by his first wife; she, the niece of the second Mrs. Carr.

It was funny, Nannie mused, that Abner didn't think they ought to keep Thanksgiving by having their relatives with them. There were just three or four families who would make such a nice little company. Aunt Nancy and Uncle and Aunt Guyton, with Nell and Frank, and Aunt Kate and Ned. Ned was home this year, which didn't happen always, and he would come of course. Nannie knew he would be glad to, for he had walked home from church with her only the night before, and he had said that the country was lonely, or that their farm was. He hoped it might not be always.

Nannie had not yet decided to consider what he meant, but she would have liked him to come to their house for Thanksgiving. That would make things a little less lonesome for him.

There were steps and voices outside, and Nannie remembered in a panic that the roll-way was open. She would have fled up stairs, but she caught the mention of her name. It was Abner's voice first:

"Good weather for Thanksgiving, isn't it, if it only holds. Father, I don't know but we ought to invite the folks over, and make Thanksgiving ourselves this year. Uncle Joe had us all last year, and it's our turn, and I think Nannie would like it."

"She hasn't said anything about it to me. I thought maybe 'twould make too many chores for her," returned the elder man.

"No, nor to me, but I think she'd like it, and I don't believe she'd mind the extra work."

"Might ask her, anyway," said Uncle Enoch. "Well, I'd like to see our folks together again, I believe, what's left, after all, and at my own table. And maybe it is dull for Nannie sometimes, though you seem to do what you can for her, Abner."

What Abner said, Nannie never knew. She took advantage of the clock's striking to run away up stairs. She was not surprised when Uncle Enoch proposed, at noon, a Thanksgiving family party, and she assented very readily, declaring, as Abner had foreseen, that she shouldn't mind the work, especially with Ann Chantry to help during the days that intervened.

She was surprised, however, at Abner's thoughtful kindness for her, used as she was to it. She wondered anew at the ways he found to help her. She set it down once more to "Abner's way." For that "way" included, she had found, a marvellous, protecting tenderness, as unobtrusive as sunshine. It was very good in a busy time, too. And on the strength of it she allowed herself to be persuaded to go with Uncle Enoch next morning to invite their guests. It was a delightful drive, and Uncle Enoch was the best of company. If she had ever thought him cold or distant she forgot it that day. Once only he pained her.

"I suppose it is lonely for young folks here at the farm," he said, "and especially for women-folk. We're so contented, always, Nannie, we haven't thought, or I haven't, that you might be getting lonely. You could go to the city for a good long visit this winter."

Your Aunt Letty would delight to have you with her; and you could go to school then, if you like, or anywhere else."

But Nanny cried out against it. Kind as the words were, they somehow hurt her cruelly. Didn't she belong at the farm? Leaving it or them had not entered her mind. Was not her place there with them? She did not say this, of course, but her heart was sore at the thought.

The friends were easily persuaded to come for Thanksgiving dinner with them at the farm. Ned and his mother lived on another road, and were last to be visited. It was ten o'clock as they drove up the lane.

"I'm terrible thirsty," said Uncle Enoch, as he returned his massive silver watch to his pocket. "If you don't mind sitting in the wagon a few minutes, there's a cold spring over here in the meadow that I'd like to get a drink from, as I used to when I was a boy. We're so near the house you won't be afraid, and you can go in without me if you will."

But Nannie would rather stay in the wagon. They had come by a way that was little travelled, and had stopped on a side of the house that was little used, save that an outer kitchen, which Aunt Kate seemed not yet to have abandoned for warm winter quarters, was on that side. It had no windows looking in that direction, however. It was unfinished, and the loosely fitted boards of its rough walls—it was a "lean-to"—let out the odors of the morning's cooking, and the sound of voices as well. They were distant and undistinguishable at first, but soon a voice that she knew, questioned, with masculine impatience:

"Breakfast ready?"

"As soon as I get the batter and cream. I've kept things hot for you, and I'll have 'em on in a minute. I didn't know just when you'd be down. I knew you'd be tired after yesterday's hunting."

The last words were almost lost in a vanishing diminuendo as the speaker evidently hurried away to milk room and pantry for the missing articles.

"No steak, of course," grumbled the masculine voice again. Was this Ned's way? "You might try to have something decent, seems to me. I ain't here every day."

"There's cold meat and an omelette. I didn't know you'd care." Then even more timidly, "You're not going out to-day, are you?"

"I'm off to town at noon. Shan't be back till the last train comes to-night. What's up now?"

"Nothing, only I wanted you to see Lawyer Pratt about those notes, and we've got to have another deed made out of the south meadow, that your father bought of Jones, you know. They've straightened the road and made changes around. And I thought maybe we could go over to the graveyard."

"Mother! I shan't go there, anyway. The other things