THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1890. No. 3.

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.

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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.

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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.

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. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranswick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor: Horton and Wolfville Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a m and 7 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Greenwich and Avonport services at 3 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, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, 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. D. Chambers, 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.

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.

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

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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.

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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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Potent and Harmless!

RESTORES THE COMPLEXION!

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OLD PAPERS for sale at this Office.

POETRY.

A Temperance Parody.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
When we were first acquaint
I'd siller in my pockets, John,
Which noo, ye ken I want;
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But mark ye, how you've treated me,
John Alcohol my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
We've been o'er lang thegither,
Sae ye maun tak' se road, John,
And I will tak' anither;
For we maun tumble doon, John,
If hand in hand we go,
And I shall hae the bill to pay,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Ye've blear'd out a' my een,
And lighted up my nose, John,
A fiery sign atween!
My hands wi' palsy shake, John,
My locks are like the snow;
Ye'll surely be the death o' me,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
'Twas love to you I ween,
That gart me rise sae early
And sit sae late at e'en;
The best of friends must part, John;
It grives me sair, ye know;
But "we'll nae mair ta yon town,"
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Ye've wrought me muckle skaith;
And yet to part wi' you, John,
I own I'm unco' laith;
But I'll join the temperance ranks, John,
Ye needna say me no;
It's better late than ne'er do weel,
John Alcohol, my foe.

SELECT STORY.

The Donation Party.

"We're great on donations, elder. We jest go in heavy on them things."

Deacon Spears made the announcement to the new minister with an air of stating the possession of a great moral virtue peculiar to the people of Scragsby Corners.

"I have never found donation parties very satisfactory," said the minister. "I would greatly prefer having a stated salary, and have it paid in cash."

"Wall, yes, I s'pose ye would," said the deacon. "That's what all the ministers say. But, ye see, 'twon't hardly do, here in Scragsby Corners"

"Why not?" asked the minister.

"O, they've get in the habit o' havin' donations, an' they expect 'em, ye see," replied the deacon, "an' they'd feel sorter offended of a preacher sot his foot down an' said he wouldn't have 'em. Some folks give suthin' in cash, and we're bound to git all out o' the community that we can, ye see.

"My experience has been that a great deal of what people bring to a donation party is worthless or useless," said the minister.

"Wall, yes, I s'pose so," assented the deacon. "But 'twouldn't do to kick ag'in' donations on that account here. Ye'd have the folks down on ye in no time."

"Well, then," said the poor minister, with a sigh of resignation to the inevitable, "I suppose it will have to be." He thought of his last donation party with its dozen loads of dozy, half-rotten stove wood; wood which was worthless to the donors, because it had been cut so long that it was unsalable, and which they would never have thought of using at home. More than once his wife's temper had been sorely tried with the miserable stuff, and she had threatened making a bonfire of the whole lot, and probably would have attempted carrying the threat into execution if she had had any idea that it could have been coaxed to burn itself up.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs Spooner, in dismay, when her husband told her that a donation party was being talked up. "I did hope we might escape the infliction when we came here. I don't think I was ever more vexed than I was the morning after the last one. There wasn't a room in the house fit to use until it had been cleaned. There was half a chocolate cake between the pillows of the parlor bed; pie in the bureau, and some one had emptied a plate of baked beans behind the sofa. It took me all of two weeks to get straightened around. And now that we've just got settled, there's to be another. It's to bad, but I don't know that we can help ourselves, since a minister and his family are considered objects of charity, and, therefore, obliged to take up with whatever the people see fit to give them, without the chance to say a word for themselves."

"A donation party will be held at Elder Spooner's next Thursday evening, the Lord willin', an' it's hoped ev'rybody'll turn out, an' bring suthin' for the s'port o' the gospil," Deacon Spears announced, one Sabbath, after service. "The Lord loves a cheerful giver," he added, in a sort of postscript, after which he blew his nose vigorously on a great red and white bandanna, in a manner that suggested applause, over the neat way in which the announcement had been made, and then sat down.

Immediately there was a buzz among the female portion of the congregation, and little groups of women put their heads together and began discussing what to carry in shape of eatables; while the men got together in the vestibule of the church, and consulted with each other of what they could "donate."

"I reckon I'll take beans this year," said Mr Wade. "It's been a great year for beans. I hain't raised so big a crop enny year since '65, 's I recollect. I can give beans without feeling it much."

"So can I," said Mr Pettigrew. "I got a jofired big crop off'n the hill-side lot. I guess I'll take beans, too. I can spare 'em better'n enything else an' they ain't a-going' to sell fer much this year, 'cause they're so plenty."

Several others who listened to their conversation concluded to take beans also, for it had "been a great year for beans" in Scragsby Corners, as Mr Wade had said.

"I've a good notion to take some 'o my Almiry's clo'es," said Mrs Deacon Spears to Mrs Pettigrew. "She outgrow'd 'em, but they'd jest about fit the elder's oldest girl, I sh'd jedge, an' they're most as good as new, some on 'em. You don't s'pose Mis Spooner 'd feel put out about it, do you now, Mis Pettigrew.

"I can't see why she should," responded Mrs Pettigrew. "Clo'es is clo'es an' minister's folks had'n ought to git mad at what's give 'em as long as they hev to depend on us for a livin.' Tain't as if they could afford to be independent, y' know. I s'pose I might take some jackets an' trowsis that air gettin' putty snug for the boys. I will, if you conclude to take some o' Almiry's dresses, Mis Spears."

"Wall, then s'pose we do," responded Mrs Spears.

The evening of the donation party came.

The first arrival at the parsonage was Mr Wade. He met the minister, who came to the door in answer to the knock, with a two-bushel bag full of something on his shoulder.

"How'd do, elder. Beautiful night fer the donation ain't it?" was his greeting, as he shook hands with the minister. "I've brought some beans fer ye. Fust-rate beans, too, ye'll find. Beans is healthy livin, elder. I was raised on 'em. Nothing better fer growing children."

"You can put them in the woodshed," said Mr Spooner. Just then Mr and Mrs Pettigrew drove up.

"Hello, elder, good evenin'," called out Mr Pettigrew. "I've got some beans here for ye. Wher'll you hev 'em put?"

"In the woodshed," said the minister, with a smile at his wife. "It's going to be beans this year, my dear," in a whisper.

Then other arrivals followed in rapid succession, and at least three out of every four brought beans.

"I've counted fourteen bushels already," whispered the minister to his wife about eight o'clock, "and still there's more to follow."

"It's old clothes in my part of the house," said Mrs Spooner. "I do believe there's enough to last the children till they all grow up, if they'd fit till that time. I can imagine the appearance they'd make in them. No two alike, and probably not one that would fit one of the children. It's too provoking for anything. If it wasn't for making the people mad, I'd sell the whole lot for rags to the first rag peddler that comes along."

"Brothers 'n' sisters, friends 'n' neighbors," announced Deacon Spears, after supper, when the party was about ready to break up, "the proceeds of this 'ere donation amounts to twenty-seven bushels o' beans, three turkeys, a pig, two bushels o' potaters, an' a large amount o' clothin', an' some other things. In b'half o' the elder an' his folks, I thank ye fer y'r lib'ral'ty. Y'r kindness is appreciated by him 'n' his'n, I feel sartain, an' I'm sure his heart 'n' han's is strengthened by this evidence o' followship on your part. Truly, as the psalmist says, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"I cordially endorse the sentiment from the receiver's standpoint," said Mrs Spooner as they looked over the "proceeds" of the donation-party when they were alone. "Just look at this collection of old clothes, Henry. I suggest that you give up preaching and move to the city, and start in business as a bean broker, and I'll run an old clothes store. We'd be well stocked up to begin with."

"What will you do with the stuff?" asked the minister, turning over old jackets, aprons, and other articles of clothing with a comical look of dismay on his face at the formidable collection.

"I think I shall make about a hundred yards of rag-carpet," answered Mrs Spooner. "That's about all a good deal of it is fit for."

One afternoon in the following week the minister sat down to prepare a sermon for the coming Sabbath. As was often the case, he talked it over with his wife. When he named the chapter he proposed to read at the opening af the service, a sudden gleam of mischief came into Mrs Spooner's face. But she said nothing.

During the week Mr Spooner wrote to a friend in the city, asking him if there was any sale for beans there. He had twenty-five bushels to dispose of, at a low price, he wrote, adding that it had been "a great year for beans in Scragsby Corners."

When Sunday morning came Mrs Spooner sent her husband on to church ahead of her, under the plea that she had not got the children quite ready. "Don't wait for me, Henry," she said, "or you may be late. We'll get there in time for the sermon."

He was reading a chapter from the Psalms when his family arrived. He had reached the verse in which the lily of the valley is spoken of, and these words rolled off sonorously from his tongue just as the door opened and Mrs Spooner, followed by her children, filed slowly and impressively in—

"'Verily, I say unto you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'"

As he finished the verse he looked up at the advancing arrivals, and the spectacle that met his eyes tested his power of self control more than anything else he had ever experienced, he afterward told his wife. His mouth twitched, and a smile flickered about his eyes, but he managed to keep back the grin that would have appeared at the faintest encouragement.

Such a sight! The eldest girl was arrayed in Almiry's cast off dress, of navy blue, with some other girl's pelonaise of red. Her sister was resplendent in a dress of Scotch plaid pattern of most gorgeous colors, originally, but now somewhat subdued by time and wear, still very vivid, and over it was worn a jacket about three sizes too small for her, the picturesque costume being topped off by a hat trimmed with old ribbon freshly dyed a very bright magenta color. The oldest boy had a pair of trousers which fairly dragged at the heels, and a jacket which was long enough for an overcoat, while the other boy wore trousers so short that they failed to meet the top of a pair of bright blue stockings, while his jacket refused to keep company with the top of his trousers. Each article had a peculiar color of its own, and the general effect was, as has been said, decidely picturesque.

The minister had no inkling of what his wife intended to do, and the sight of his family in such fine array so upset him for a moment that he read the verse he had just finished over again—

"'Verily, I say unto you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'"

A very audible titter went through the younger portion of the congregation. Some even laughed aloud. Mrs Wade looked at Mrs Pettigrew to see what that estimable woman seemed inclined to think of the proceeding, but she couldn't catch her eye. She was too busily engaged in following the scripture lesson to look at any one.

"I'll bet she's mad, though," thought Mrs Wade. "One o' them jackets an' one o' them trowsis came from her. I dunno, though, 's they look enny worse than that dress o' Almiry's does. I didn't s'pose they'd think of riggin' the children out in 'em to wear to church. I'll bet Mis Spooner's done it a purpose."

Mrs Spooner had "done it a purpose," as she admitted to her husband, on the way home.

"I don't think you ought to have done it, Susie," he said gravely, but there was a laugh in his eye as he said it, as he lookek at the motley group ahead.

"Perhaps not," was his wife's reply, "but I wanted them to see the striking effect resulting from their generosity. Of course they can't get angry about it, since they gave the clothes to be worn. I do think it'll have one good effect, and that is, that old clothes won't be one of the important features of the next donation party here."

Mrs Spooner was right. When the next donation party occured not one old garment was "donated." Mr Spooner at last succeeded in disposing of his beans, but he had to do so at a sacrifice, on account of it having been such a "great year for beans in Scragsby Corners," that they overstocked the market.

For Your Moulting Hens.

The time when hens shed their feathers is again at hand. It is a very exhausting process. Are you preparing to help them through this trying period? Eggs have not been so high for years at this season as now; they will be still higher. Hens rarely ever lay while moulting, then help them to get their new plumage quickly. Many people get only five to six dozen eggs in a year from a hen and lose money when they ought to get three times that many and make money rapidly. How? There are about 600 eggs in the ovaries of a hen; get all you can of them in two years and keep the hen no longer. You thus save two or three years feed of the hen which is no small item if you buy all the food. When a hen is in "condition" says a high poultry authority "she will lay plenty of eggs." Therefore help her through the moulting season, that she may be in condition to lay early, as everything is pointing to higher prices for eggs this fall and winter than ever before. The elements needed by a hen at moulting, in addition to good food is contained in Sheridan's Condition Powder to a very high degree. Thousands of people have proven it to be worth its weight in gold, when hens are moulting. It keeps them in health, helps form the new plumage, and gets them in condition to lay early. A hen will not lay while moulting. But if you give them during the moulting Sheridan's Condition Powder daily in extra doses, they will get to laying much sooner and lay all winter larger, better, and more vigorous eggs for hatching, than pullets. But don't keep them a third year, get all the eggs in two. *Remember Sheridan's Powder is not an egg-food; you can raise or make food as cheaply as anyone.* To anyone interested, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., on receipt of address and stamp for reply will send a recipe for making a good egg-food. Any person buying and using Sheridan's Condition Powder now, will get their hens in good laying condition and standagood chance to win one of the large gold premiums to be offered later by the same firm; who are the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder. For 50 cents they will send two 25 cent packs, five packs for $1.00: or for $1.20 one large 2½ pound can of Powder, postpaid; six cans for $5.00 express prepaid. A copy of the best poultry magazine published, sent free; The paper one year and a large can of Powder for $1.50.

Wait, mother, before you speak harshly to the little chubby rogue who has torn his pinafore and soiled his brown jacket. He is only a child, and "mother" is the sweetest word in all the world to him. Needle and thread, soap-suds, and a good stock of patience will repair all damage now but if you teach him to shrink from his mother and hide away his childish faults, that damage cannot be repaired.

Among the most important subjects for investigation by our scientists and experiment stations are the discovery and propagation of friendly insects or parasites which may hold in check some of the many insect foes which infest the field, the garden and the orchard.

Thats.

That old stocking legs make nice sleeve protectors.

That powdered chalk and vinegar are good for a burn.

That a coarse comb is good to smooth fringe of towels, napkins, tidies, etc.

That an egg well beaten in a glass of milk, and sweetened, makes a nice strengthening drink for a teeting child.

That equal parts of bay-rum, borax, and ammonia make a nice preparation for cleaning the head; apply freely to the scalp with a brush, and then wash in clear water.

That a feather bed or mattress will remain clean and in an excellent condition for years if kept in a case made of common sheeting, which can be removed and washed at will.

That biscuits can be warmed to be as good as when just baked by placing them in the oven dry, covered closly with a tin. In is a great improvement over the old way of wetting them.

A Beau of 1829.

When grandpa went a-wooing,
He wore a satin vest,
A trail of running roses
Embroidered on the breast.
The pattern of his trousers,
His linen, white and fine,
Were all the latest fashion
In eighteen twenty-nine

Grandpa was a find-looking young fellow then, so the old ladies say, and he is a fine looking old gentleman now. For the past score of years he has been a firm believer in Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. "It renewed my youth," he frequently says. It is the only blood purifier and livor invigorator guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money promptly refunded. It cures liver disease, dyspepsia, scrofulous sores, skin eruptions, and all diseases of the blood. For lingering coughs and consumption (which is lung-scrofula in its early stages) it is an unparalleled remedy.

The tolling of bells at funerals is a relic of the earliest ages, and originated in the pagan idea that the sound of bells frightened away evil spirits. It was kept up until watches and clocks became common to apprise the worshipers of the arrival of church time. Why the custom now prevails it is difficult to conjecture.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Send 25 Surprise or Sun Soap wrapper to us and get either the beautiful picture or 4 cloth Surprise lead pencils

Or a beautiful Chromo, Lake and Scenery, size 22x28 inches, for 6 Surprise Soap wrappers.

Ask your grocer for SURPRISE Soap and take no other.

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

TWENTY DOLLARS CASH!

—GIVEN FOR—

AN OLD USED POSTAGE STAMP.

$20 will be given to any person who will send me, (for the collection I am forming for exhibition purposes), a 12 PENNY STAMP OF CANADA.

Or I will give $5 to $10 for any Old Shilling Stamps of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.

You ought to find lots of these stamps as well as those of 1d., 3d., 6d., values in old office papers or letters in warehouses, between the dates 1850–1866.

☞ *Now is the time to hunt them up.*

I will buy for cash all OLD used or cancelled postage or bill stamps. Send on all you have, leaving them on the original envelope preferred. I also want ½ stamps, cut values, on the entire letter, for which I give higher prices than anyone. G. HOOPER,

559 King St., Ottawa, Canada.

STRAY LEAVES

—FROM—

"Book of Wonders."

(LESLIE LORING DAVISON.)

With a Preface by Hari Harloo.

Edited by Ben Zeene.

☞ *For Sale at this Office.*