THE ACADIAN
AND KINGS CO. TIMES

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

Vol. IX | WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1889. | No. 11.

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.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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

THE ACADIAN.

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

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$1.00 Per Annum.

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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 communications to

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

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

GREEN HOUSE, 8 A. M. to 8 30 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

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Express west close at 10.35 a. m.
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A. DEW. BARSS, 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 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

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.

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GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent. Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

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ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

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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.

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!
—BY—
J. F. HERBIN,
Next door to Post Office.
☞ Small articles SILVERPLATED.

POETRY.

New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
Ye who are weary of sorrow and suffering,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me, a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their light,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo, and cannot atone;
God, in His mercy, receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own,
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth, all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs, springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

STORY.

The Tide that Came up Pleasant River.

Dean had come out from Liverpool to spend the holidays with Great-aunt Nancy, who lived in a little house in sight of the Pleasant River.

Aunt Nancy did not love Dean as well as she loved Dean's youngest sister Kathie, who spent a month of last winter with her. Kathie was a quiet little thing, and did not bother Aunt Nancy with talking; while Dean kept her answering questions, or talked herself most of the time.

Kathie liked soup, especially the great-aunt's; while Dean detested all soups, the great-aunt's in particular, for it was thickened with barley. Kathie liked to stay in the warm house with Aunt Nancy, only going out on Sundays to carry the foot-stone to the high, cold pew in the Congregational Church near by; while Dean was not at all content to stay in the house, neither did she like Aunt Nancy's minister as well as the blue-eyed, pleasant-voiced young preacher of her own faith, and she liked to go visiting among the great-aunts, and uncles, and cousins, so Dean and the rigorous-faced aunt had not much in common. Nevertheless, Dean's mamma had sent her there for a visit, and early one afternoon she had been deposited on the front door-step with her small trunk, full of pretty dresses and pinafores, and she knew and Aunt Nancy knew, that they were to spend the holidays together.

Dean's mamma had spent many weeks with the stern-faced aunt, when she was a little girl, and she knew how well Dean would be cared for and watched. And mamma was an invalid now, and there were four little girls besides to make noise and care at home, so Aunt Nancy was glad to keep this noisiest one awhile, for the sake of the dear mother who was one of her favorites.

In the long ago when mamma had been there Aunt Nancy did not live in the small house on the corner lot, but up in the big white one on the hill opposite; and Dean even could remember being in the big house when Uncle Philip was alive, and how many queer closets there were in it, and the wide stretch of lawn in front, and upstairs the wonderful round parlor that had no corners. Dean used to comb the uncle's white hair, and beg pennies from him, and she still has one of the big round coppers.

But Uncle Philip had died since Dean was there before, and because he died without a written will, though all the nephews and nieces knew his often-expressed wish that the wife should have all he owned, yet, because of this advantage, they all stepped in and divided the houses and lands and money, and the sorrowing aunt was forced to leave the big house she had worked so hard to help build, and take as her share the little one on the corner lot. Perhaps it was all this that had so whitened the abundant hair and hardened the face, and checked the smile which Dean could remember she used to have in the other days, when the dear old uncle was alive to care for her.

And Dean, too, missed the kind uncle's care; three weeks of the holidays were spent, and there seemed nothing left to do. She had made all her visits, had been down the long meadow road to see the two nephews of Aunt Nancy's a great many times. She liked to go there, the good-natured Sophie, who was housekeeper, waited on her as if she was a little princess, and always consulted her wishes for the dinners and teas. And when one day Dean proposed a roasted duck, why it really did seem like owning the famous Wishing Cloth, or Aladdin's Lamp, for Sophie went out to the flock of ducks way in another part of the farm, which Dean had never known of, caught the plumpest, shiniest one, cut off its green and gold quacking head, and before Dean could get over the wonder of it all, there it was on the table, brown, and delicious and overflowing with dressing. No wonder she liked to go there!

The two big nephews talked to her, and sang her jolly songs, found her mellow early apples, and went with her to the ruins of the old house on the slope where great-great-grandmother Dean had lived, so long ago. The old cellar was all a tangle of primrose bushes and lilacs, with here and there a tawny tiger-lily concealed in the thicket. And then, best of all, the dear Jason, who loved her best, would dress himself from the day's toil, and taking her by the hand would walk with her along the lonely road, skirted on one side with such stretches of meadows and lakes, and walled in on the other by a great hill of fire. And all the way there in the quiet and hush of the ending day, the two would talk together of many good things; the great heart and understanding of the man becoming a little child's, and the child's heart and knowledge reaching up to the man's. Dean well knew there would be no scolding for the late hour if he was with her, for Aunt Nancy loved this nephew better than any one on earth beside.

Then Dean had been as often as breakfast was through, up to see the merry-hearted, jolly sister of Aunt Nancy's, Aunt Eunice, who lived in the long, low house on the top of the great hill over the river.

The little kettle of milk was very apt to be well skimmed cream before Dean was ready to return, for Aunt Eunice had a big flock of girls and boys of her own, in the long ago, and though they were all grown and gone now, still remembered what they liked. She made big doughnuts and ginger cakes for her, often had a baked potato and a cup of salted cream left over from breakfast, and put her to sit in the long parlor, where heavy red curtains hung at all the windows, and where a big damask chair sat in front of the mantle that held such wonderful glass and plaster-of-Paris images, and two curious balls of brown that took many excursions to the parlor and many examinings from the small fingers before Dean discovered them to be clover apples. And even then Eunice did not mind if the small fingers extracted from them a clove now and then, while Aunt Nancy did not ever allow her to enter the parlor in the little house on the corner lot.

In the other side of the house the son's wife lived; she was pretty and gay, and had dresses like they wore in town, for she had come from a big Western city. Dean liked to talk with her, and play with Grant, her little boy; and it took a long while to get through the role every day, before she would suddenly remember that Aunt Nancy was going to make a pudding out of milk. Then Uncle Jim would walk with her down the long, long lane to the road, swing back the stone hung gate, and let her safe out on the highway, in sight of the small house on the corner lot.

And she had been down to the Brighton House, which stately, bushy-headed Uncle Zemas had built with his own hands, and where he came back and forth from the sitting at the House, in Halifax, in the good old days when the honor was not so much the result of bribes and party, but because of sterling worth and trust in the man chosen. He was dead long ago, but his son still lived in the old home, and Dean had a happy day and night there, running through the big rooms and counting the long rows of windows, playing in the pond, and eating dinner and tea, and breakfast, in the big, square diningroom with its polished beams for ceiling.

She had made another visit, too, not of her own will this time, but in obedience to the immoveable one of Aunt Nancy's.

Aunt Louisa, who was not even a great-aunt, but had only married a cousin of Dean's mamma, told Aunt Nancy to "let the little girl come down to see them some day," and Aunt Nancy set the day, and started Dean off. She rebelled outwardly and long at going, for she had heard the invitation, and even her child mind comprehended that "some day" for a stranger was not a warrant of such speedy acceptance. If she said "Wednesday, at three o'clock," or "Thursday, at ten!" but no, nothing could move the will of the rigorous aunt.

"And you may as well stay all night, so wait and I'll get you your nightgown," she added, as Dean was ready to start; and going to the bedroom she opened the little trunk and wrapped up a nightgown and pinafore.

It was the crown of all the miserable business, and Dean's heart rebelled stoutly as she started away from the little house and shuffled the unwilling feet over the shelving rocky road, and past the tall oak trees, and out of sight of all houses.

To be sent to a stranger's in this way! and not even her best nightgown with the frills! However she trudged the two miles and went up to the house with inward qualms, but outward donned indifference. Luckily, the front door was open, and obeying an instant thought, which seemed a happy way out of all the difficulty, she opened the parlor door, and flung the nightgown across the room, way behind the big round table, closed the door again softly, and stood in waiting calmness for the answer to her summons.

She need not have feared her welcome. Aunt Louisa was pleasant and hospitable as ever uninvited or invited guest could desire; and asked Dean at once to remove her hat and cape, adding that she had better stay over night, and drive back to-morrow with Uncle Alexander when he went to mill.

Poor Dean! she tried to pursue the role assumed, and reluctantly consented to their removal, saying she supposed perhaps she could stay till after dinner. But under the genial influence of Aunt Louisa she confessed the whole story, even producing the uninvited nightgown from the parlor floor, greatly to the amusement of Uncle Alexander, who laughed loud and long over the little maid's discomfiture.

But all these visits were made, and still another week remained of the vacation. She sewed patchwork, shelled two keelers of dry beans, investigated the contents of the chamber over the porch where the spinning-wheel and loom sat, and where there were great, soft bunches of grey and white rolls. They, in their turn, paled, as the other pleasures had, and became "squeezed oranges," and Dean was well nigh aground for amusement, when to her great joy a little girl came to spend the day.

Jeanie was the little girl's name, and she was the arch-favorite of all Aunt Nancy's grand-nieces, even dearer to the austere heart than Kathie, and that was saying a great deal. She had never told a lie, never even equivocated in all the length of her eight years and a half, had constructed a mosaic of colored prints before she struck seven, and could set the thumb of a mitten. Nevertheless Dean welcomed her gladly, though she had heard her excellencies enumerated as often as her own delinquencies—*anything* was perferable to these long quiet days alone.

So together they re-explored the back chamber, and the woodhouse, found so many new delights to occupy them that dinner-time came before they had ever thought of being hungry. After that was through with they took their doll-clothes, a few of Dean's handkerchiefs, and a dish-towel of Aunt Nancy's, and started away for the Pleasant River to wash.

Ah! the golden, beautiful day and the water so soft and warm as it ran over the yellow bottom and up over the shelving rocks! Off came the shoes and stockings, tucked up were the pink and white dresses, and for hours they waded about in its delicious limpidness, in and out the endless flexures, up on the high rock by the bridge, way back in the shallow clearness by the mill-road, till, when it came time to cover the pink, shrunk a little feet, they had lost all trace of the starting-place, and Dean's stockings could nowhere be found.

With characteristic and expected care, the other little maiden had stowed hers in a ledge of the big rock, and so were Dean's shoes but not her stockings. Whether she had not put them in another place, or whether she had not put them anywhere at all, but left them where she had taken them off, which was far too likely, they could neither of the twain remember.

So the shiny-leather boots were laced on over the bare, wrinkled feet, and up they crept to the house, with the hope that Aunt Nancy would be out, and another pair of stockings could be secured from the little trunk in the bed-room.

All in vain the hope! Out in the doorway stood the white-haired aunt, watching for sight of the children, who were already late for the early five-o'clock tea, and her keen eyes at once detected the loss.

GRACE DEAN M'LEOD.

To be Continued.

Pullets Should be Laying.

Young pullets hatched in March and April ought all to be laying this month. Later hatched ones, if not laying by November, will probably, if left to themselves, not lay before spring, when eggs are down to fifteen cents per dozen. A well known poultry farmer showed us recently his account for last Dec. with 125 pullets. The net profit for that month from eggs alone was $39.39; from the same pullets in April following, the profit was $14 97, and he got fifty dozen more eggs in April than in December. Now this is a striking lesson to all who keep hens for profit. Get all the eggs you can this dull year when crops are short, as eggs always bring cash. Probably 45 cents per dozen by Christmas. Therefore get the pullets to laying early when prices are highest. Rev. S. W. Squires, of Franklin, Mass., says: "For the purpose of seeing how many eggs I could obtain last winter from twelve hens, I used four large cans of Sheridan's Condition Powder. I believe it is the best preparation known to increase egg production. I saved part of the eggs for hatching after forcing the hens for four months for all they were worth while the Sheridan's Powder, and I never had a greater per cent. of fertile eggs or more vigorous chickens. In brief, I do not believe I can afford to be without the Powder to give health and vigor to young hens." Six cans of Sheridan's Powder will pay a good dividend in eggs if you commence early. If you cannot get it near home, I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom St., Boston, Mass., (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder), will send for 50 cents two 25-cent packages of Powder; for $1, five packs; for $1.20, a large 2 1-4 pound can, all postpaid; six cans for $5, express prepaid; one large can of Powder, also one year's subscription to the *Farm-Poultry Monthly* both sent post paid for $1.50. Sample copy of paper 5 cents. Send stamps or cash. Testimonials sent free.

A Belle in the Kitchen.

She helps to cook the dinner she has bought—for servants are wasteful with the charcoal, and she knows to an inch how little she can use. In that marvellous place, a French kitchen—where two or three little holes in a stove cook such delicate dishes, and perform such culinary feats as our great, roaring coal fires have no conception of—she flits about like a fairy, creating magical messes out of raw material of the most ordinary description.

Yes, though a lady born and bred, refined, elegant and agreeable in society, a belle in her way, she does not think it below her dignity to lighten the household expenses by practical economy and activity.

The dinner of a French family is cheap and simple. There is always soup, the meat of the stew-pan; sometimes, if not strict in expenditure, another plate of meat—generally two vegetables, dressed and eaten separately, and sometimes, not always, a sweet dish; if not that, a little fruit, such as may be the cheapest, and in the ripest season.

But there is very little in each thing, and it is rather in arrangement than in material that they appear rich. The idea that the French are gourmands in private life is incorrect. They spend little in eating and they eat inferior things; though their cookery is rather a science than a mere accident of civilization. At home the great sin of the French is to save; and any self-sacrifice that will lead to this result is cheerfully undertaken; more especially in eating than in the mere luxury of mere idleness.

No French woman will spend a cent to save herself trouble. She would rather work like a dray horse to buy an extra yard of ribbon or a new pair of gloves than lie on the softest sofa in the world in placid fine ladyism, with crumpled gauze or bare hands.

"A Dry Cough"

Is dangerous as well as troublesome. It renders the patient liable to the rupture of a blood vessel or to other serious injury of throat and lungs. To allay bronchial irritation and give immediate relief, the best medicine is **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.**

"I was recently troubled with a dry cough which seemed to be caused by an irritation in the throat. My physician prescribed for me, but no relief was obtained. A little over a week ago, my attention being called to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I concluded to try it, and purchased a bottle. After taking this medicine only one day, I could see a change for the better, and, by the time I had used it a week, my cough had entirely disappeared."—H. W. Denny, Franklin square, Worcester, Mass.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral leads all other medicines as a sure, safe, and speedy cure of throat and lung troubles."—W. H. Graff & Co., Druggists, Carson, Iowa.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Bears are killing sheep in Cumberland county. One farmer in that county had seven sheep killed the other day and another farmer had to put up with the loss of a steer, which came home so badly beaten by the invaders that it died shortly afterwards. A six foot bear weighing 400 pounds has been killed.

The most original design in card receptables produced this season is one having a one cent piece attached to the surface of the ornament, with the words, "a penny for your thoughts," etched below.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold by George V. Rand.

There is likely to be Local government election in Quebec Province this fall.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

BEST ON EARTH
SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT
Send 25 Surprise or Sun Varnish wrappers to us and get either the beautiful picture or ½ doz. Surprise lead pencils. Or if unable to procure Surprise Soap from your grocer, send 50 cents in money or stamps for one cake, postpaid. For the laundry and general household use.
SURPRISE
☞ Ask your grocer for SURPRISE Soap and take no other.
The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co. St. Stephen, N. B.