

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, JULY 25, 1890.

No. 49.

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for Infants and Children.

Castoria is well adapted to children that are afflicted with Colic, Constipation, Worms, Diarrhoea, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, and all the ailments of Infants and Children. It is a safe and reliable medicine, and is sold in all the principal cities of the world.

The Acadian.

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Business communications from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The editor will not be responsible for the return of manuscripts, unless accompanied by a return address.

Address all communications to DAVIDSON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

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1. S. Chambers, Secretary.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Water's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, G. O. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

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The undermentioned firms will give you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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

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POETRY.

Memories.

When twilight's hush is drawing nigh
And thence the blue shadows lie,
Fond memories cluster thick and fast
Around the dear old buried past;
"Tis then I dream of rosy hours,
Faith, hope and love in wooded bowers,
And merry voices low and sweet,
And converse fraught with joy complete.

Still brighter visions round me cling,
When song birds round me are carolling,
How that we pledged our hearts' pure vows
Beneath the poplar's solemn boughs,
And strolled the woodlands through and through
For clovers red and violets blue,
And smiling, laughing lily bells,
The pride of moss entangled dells.

These vanished years they come and go
Like spectres gliding to and fro,
Across my weary, songless path
That lies along life's stormy straits;
But soon, beyond the sun-sunk hills,
When freed from earthly cares and ills,
I'll meet the loved and brave of yore,
And years the perfect past no more.

The Sea.

Dawn is dim on the dark soft water,
Soft and passionate, dark and sweet;
Love's own self and the deep sea's daughter
Pair and flawless from face to feet;

Paired and flawless from face to feet;
Paired and flawless from face to feet;
Paired and flawless from face to feet;
Paired and flawless from face to feet;

So they sang; but for men that love her
Bonds that bear not her word in vain,
Earth beside her and heaven above her,
Keen but shadows that wax and wane,
Softer than sleep's are the sea's caresses,
Kinder than love's are the sun's kisses,
Blither than spring's when her flowerful tresses
Shake forth sunlight and shine with rain.

All the strength of the waves that perish
Swells beneath me and laughs and sighs,
Laughs to know that it lives and dies;
Dies for joy of its life, and lives,
Thrilled with joy that its brief death gives
Death whose laugh or whose death for give
Change that hide it outside and rise.

SELECT STORY.

The First Harvest.

It was the tenth day of November, and the fall term of Harcroft Academy had closed that afternoon.

John Lane, a pupil who had not missed an hour of the term, was watering the cattle on the farm of Jeremy Brewer, where he had worked through the summer for wages, and through the fall, what time he could spare from his studies, for his board. It was a pleasant place perched on a high hill in the northwest nearly a mile below the large, low, red house, the great barn with open doors, the rambling out-buildings, the old elms, their bare boughs meeting above the brown road, the huge, red oxen drinking from the mossy trough by the roadside, all illuminated by the light of the low sun, made a perfect picture. The soft Indian summer mist, that had lain all day like a veil of gauze on the distant hills, was touched by the sunset splendor and the spires of the village were glowing. The boy's face, as he stood alone under the bare trees watching the cattle drink, was grave and thoughtful. Longfellow's "Lost Youth" had been read in the closing exercises of the school that afternoon and the suggestive, musical refrain had been saying itself over in his brain ever since. He was fifteen years old, and could understand with the world all before him that "the thoughts of youth are long and long thoughts." But that "a boy's will is the wind's will," was not so clear to him, a boy with square brow and chin, a firm mouth, clear steady gray eyes and quiet manner. He felt himself strong—strong to work, to study, to win something worthy in the world—and he meant to do his best. He was now trying to settle the question with himself whether he should leave school or not. He was an eager student and he knew that he should never give up his studies as long as health and a few spare hours each evening were his. He was alone in the world, with his own fortune to make, and his mind was full of ambitious plans. He believed he could go on with his work now, earning regular wages, and still keep ahead of his classmates who were preparing for college. One classmate he had, indeed, and one only, whom he never had outstripped—Philip Evans, the lame boy of the class, and his nearest friend; but Philip had no hope of going to college. Dear Phil—John's

face softened whenever he thought of him.

The soft rose color on the hills had faded to purple, and the first large star trembled in the twilight as the great oxen turned toward the barn and a joyous barking down the road announced the coming of Jeremy Brewer and his wife, who had attended the Academy examination that afternoon in honor of John. They contrasted somewhat oddly as they sat in the open buggy. Mr. Brewer, short, robust and jolly; Mrs. Brewer, tall, slender and erect, with a delicate, serious face; but they both smiled kindly down upon John as the fat farmhouse pranced by him, with Room, the house dog, bounding ahead, and Mr. Brewer flourished his whip above his head as John lifted his hat to them.

A generous volume of smoke was pouring from the kitchen chimney, the sight of which sent a grateful glow to Mrs. Brewer's heart.

"John is a boy of unusual consideration, Jerry," she remarked, as her husband helped her to alight. She was a gentle, precise woman, with a liking for long words and a profound respect for Harcroft Academy, from which she had graduated thirty-five years before.

"That's so!" heartily assented Mr. Brewer. "And he's walked home, got a good fire started and gone about the chores, while I was hitchin' up the horse and ploddin' after. John's always on hand."

Their own six children were all grown, married and settled in homes of their own, and the kindly hearts of the lonely couple were full of good-will toward the homeless boy who did their work so faithfully and was so thoughtful and manly.

Ten years before, one hot summer afternoon, John Lane's father, a strong young farmer, had been drowned, by the capsizing of his boat in a sudden thunder squall, which struck him as he was crossing the pretty lake north of the village. He was carrying a doctor who had asked him to take him across the lake to visit a patient. It was thought he might have saved himself, but he was seen struggling heroically through the boiling waves and blinding rain to save the doctor, who could not swim, and before help could reach them they were down together. His wife died at twenty-four, brokenhearted, the neighbors said, by his death, leaving her boy, a child of six, with no near relatives in the world. The small property left him was wasted by a dishonest guardian, until all that remained of it was a tract of neglected pasture land, thickly overgrown by scrubby birch and spruces, which adjoined Jeremy Brewer's farm. This forlorn remnant, good Mr. Brewer, who had lately been installed in the rascally guardian's place, meant to "improve" for John.

"Here is the paper, John," said Mr. Brewer at the supper table, handing over to him the Harcroft News, moist from the press. Other publications must bear distinctive names. This village sheet was "the paper" with Mr. Brewer.

On the local page that night was this item:

"Two dollars a single horse-load will be paid for evergreen boughs in this village. Two hundred loads wanted."

Nearly every house in the village was banked with green boughs in winter, and as John read, this thought flashed through his mind, "Could the first fruits of his neglected acre be the boughs of this scrubby evergreen that now encumbered the ground?"

Mr. Brewer had finished his supper, and sat tilted back from the table, using a tooth-pick made from a goose-quill, which he carefully kept in his vest pocket when not in use. He was studying John's face intently as the boy read. His own face expressed content and satisfaction, and at intervals a long, deep, rumbling sound came up from his throat, which was sufficiently startling to those who heard it for the first time.

Mrs. Brewer rolled her napkin neatly into its silver ring, and glanced nervously at John and then at her husband, said gently:

"Dear Jerry, I am afraid you are getting dyspeptic! You never used to emit those—those guttural eruptions after your meals, I am sure."

Mr. Brewer came forward on his chair legs, with his toothpick held aloft.

"Them, what, Martha?" he ejaculated. Then hesitatingly, as if her meaning began to dawn upon him:

"Oh,—I know now what you mean, wife; but never mind, I'm getting old, and I ain't handsome now, and can't be expected to keep up the style I used to." And he shook his fat sides with silent laughter.

Mrs. Brewer gave her husband a mild, indulgent, but somewhat pathetic smile and began to take away the tea things.

John was painfully conscious, from much reading and observation, and certain instincts of his own, that his guardian's manners were not those of a gentleman, but he thought it well to bear in mind another fact he had noted, that many worthy, hard-working men who had led pure and beneficent lives; had manners like Mr. Brewer's.

"Martha's never got acquainted with me, John, and we've lived together almost forty years," he continued solemnly, with a twinkle in his eye, as he watched his wife moving about.

"Now, Jerry, husband!" began his wife, protestingly.

"It's a fact, wife. You don't mistake to this day what an old dot I am, and love me just as well as if I'd read them twelve books of the Aeneid as you have, John," he broke out.

"Who in time was the Aeneid? I've never dared to ask Mrs. Brewer. I reckon he was a kind of a car of some old country or other."

Mrs. Brewer's gentle face was a comic picture of distress as she looked appealingly to John, who was laughing with Mr. Brewer.

"Don't believe his nonsense. He isn't an ignoramus, John!" she explained. "He has excellent judgment—much better than mine—and such a good heart!"

"Poor mother!" said Mr. Brewer, pityingly, "she's always stood up for me and done her best to make a gentleman out of me; but I was made fat and she was made thin, and we've had to keep so in spite of ourselves. Well, John, read something to us." And John read the notice quoted above.

Mr. Brewer slapped his knee.

"Here, John, is a chance for you, my boy!" he shouted gleefully.

"Yes, I was thinking so if I can manage to pay you for a horse and my board while I am cutting and hauling."

"That's easy to manage. Why, John, you can take six loads a day in—all down hill, you see, and it's just plain to cut them and lop off the boughs."

The next morning Mr. Brewer rode down to the village, and before noon had bargained to deliver fifty loads of boughs, in season to protect the cellars from frost. Then, postponing his own wood-cutting, he went to work with John, and before a week the face of the neglected pasture was seen to be gradually losing its shaggy growth.

"The chores will have to be done, night and morning, John," Mr. Brewer had said, "and if you will help do them it shall pay for your board. I and my team, workin' what daylight there is, these short days, are worth two dollars and a half a day; and I reckon I'll take something over two weeks to cut and haul 'em."

The dry, mild, Indian summer days held on nearly through November, and they were days of the happiest activity for John. Up in the morning before light to feed the horse, grind the axe, and do the farm chores before beginning the day's work, breakfasting by lamplight and off to the pasture in the gray dawn, harnessing old Prince down the long hill with his fragrant load, and then, in the evening sitting down in his balsam-scented garments, by the pleasant, open fire in the lamp-light, with his beloved books, Mr. Brewer nodded over his paper, Mrs. Brewer knitting, with a cat and Moon on the hearth rug at her feet—it was, indeed, a happy time for homeless John Lane.

Continued Next Week.

Faith is the Christian's Foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his harbor, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country.—Jeremy Taylor.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cts. Sold by George V. Hand.

"On Lack of Conscience as a Means of Success."

The following closes an editorial in the July Century with the above title:

"The fact is that there is altogether too much reverence for rascals, and for rascally methods, on the part of tolerable decent people. Rascality is picturesque, doubtless, and in fiction it has even its moral uses; but in real life it should have no toleration; and it is, as a matter of fact, seldom accompanied by the ability that it brags.

"One proof that the smart rascal is not so smart as he thinks, and as others think, is that he so often comes to grief. He arrives at his success through his knowledge of the evil in men, he comes to grief through his ignorance of the good in men. He thinks he knows 'human nature,' but he only knows half of it. Therefore he is constantly in danger of making a fatal mistake. For instance, his excuse to himself for lying and trickery is that lying and trickery are indulged in by others—even by some men, who make a loud boast of virtue before the world. A little more or less of lying and trickery seems to make no difference, he assumes,—especially so long as there is no public display of lies and tricks,—for he understands that there must always be a certain outward propriety in order to ensure even the inferior kind of success he is aiming at. But, having no usable conscience to guide him, he underestimates the sensitiveness of other consciences,—and especially the sensitiveness of that vague sentiment, 'public opinion,'—and he makes a miscalculation, which, if it does not land him in the penitentiary, at least makes him of no use to his respectable allies; therefore of no use to his criminal associates; therefore a surprised, miserable, and vindictive failure."

She Had Brains.

A young poet, not averse to letting strangers know that he was a poet, was one day in the country with a party of friends. Stopping for some milk at a humble farm house, they saw an old fashioned room in a small outbuilding.

Several of the party had never before seen a rag carpet woven, among the number the young poet.

After watching the process for several minutes, he said, in a patronizing tone:

"That looks simple, but I dare say, grandmother, I could weave a yard of that carpet."

"Like enough," replied the aged weaver, simply, with no intention of placing the young man in an embarrassing position before his friends, "like enough, sir; for, after all, it takes some brains to do this."—Youth's Companion.

A Mammoth Building.

Buildings eight and ten stories and some even twelve and fourteen stories high are no uncommon sight in our large cities. And among these mammoth structures is one which is now being erected in Chicago by a firm of well-known publishers of that city.

It is to be ten stories in height above the basement and the frame is to be entirely of steel—a novelty in the way of building. It will contain fifteen miles of steel railway; twelve miles of steam pipe; seven acres of floors, the boards of which if laid end to end would reach from Albany to Boston some two hundred miles. If the cement used in the building were in barrels piled one upon another, the pile would be two miles high and the plaster would cover an ordinary street for more than a mile. In the whole structure there will be some 3700 tons of steel. The building, when finished, will probably be unequalled in the west.—Detroit Free Press.

Chronic Coughs and Colds

And all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of God Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. See what W. S. Muir, M. D., L. R. C. P., etc., says: "After three years' experience I consider Scott's Emulsion one of the very best in the market. Very excellent in throat affections." Sold by all druggists, 50c and \$1.00.

BLEEPLESS NIGHT, made miserable by that terrible cough. Bileh's Cure is the Remedy for you. Sold by Geo. V. Hand.

Gems of Thought.

When you doubt, do not act. Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed. He who believes the truth should himself be true.

The best doctors are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

Beware of a man who secus to doubt your married happiness.

No man who is wretched in his own heart and feeble in his own work, can help others.

Every man should bear his own grievances rather than detract from the comforts of others.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

Serving riches, instead of making riches serve you, is the most pitious of all poverty. It is slavery.

People who boast that they never did any harm are generally those who haven't done much good.

We must teach more by our example than by our advice, or else we shall be poor pleaders for the right.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.

Frugality, diligence, punctuality, variety—these are the grand foundations from which money, and all real values and values, spring for man.

A contented mind is the first condition of happiness, but what is the first condition of a contented mind? You will be disappointed when told what this all important thing is, it is so common, so near at hand, and so many people have so much of it and yet are not happy. They have too much of it, or else the kind that is not best suited to them. What is the best thing for a man to do? It is to keep moving. If it stops it stagnates. So the best thing for a man is that which keeps the currents going, the physical, moral and intellectual currents. Hence the secret of happiness is—something to do; so congenial work. Take away the occupation of all men and what a wretched world it would be. Half of it would commit suicide in less than ten days.



THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., ST. CROIX, N. S.

20 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 Stamping 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 1850-1860.

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 envelopes preferred. I also want 1 stamp, out values, on the entire letter, for which I give higher prices than anyone. G. HOOPER,

850 King St., Ottawa, Canada.

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—FROM—

"Book of Wonders."

(LESLIE LOBBING DAVISON.)

With a Preface by Harri Marlow.

Edited by Ben Zoene.

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