

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1887.

No. 4

### 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 arrangement 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 types and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Every communication 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.

#### Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether delivered to his home or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals to be sent to a post-office is not a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

#### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

- For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A. M.
- Express west close at 10.30 A. M.
- Express east close at 5.30 P. M.
- Kentville close at 7.30 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. Barnes, Agent.

#### Churches.

#### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. R. D. Hook, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

#### BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

#### METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. Fred H. Frigins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.00 p. m.

#### St. JOHN'S CHURCH (Episcopal)

Services next Sunday morning at 11 a. m., evening at 7. Canon Brock, L. D., President of King's College, will conduct the service.

#### Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meet at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.45 o'clock p. m.  
J. B. Davison, Secretary.

#### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. M. meet every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

#### ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T.

meet every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

### OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH  
**THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE**

#### JOB PRINTING

Every Description  
DONE WITH  
**NEATNESS, CHEAPNES, AND PUNCTUALITY.**

The ACADIAN will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

Witter's Pain King, will never disappoint you. It is always ready and costs but 25c. It is indeed a friend in need. Purchase a bottle at your drug-store, and you will never be without it. It cures cholera and all bowel difficulties.

### 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' Furnishings.

**BORDEN, CHARLES H.**—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

**BISHOP, B. G.**—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

**BISHOP, JOHNSON H.**—Wholesale Dealer in Flour and Feed, Mowers, Rakes, &c., &c. N. B. Potatoes supplied in any quantity, barreled or by the car or vessel load.

**BLACKADDER, W. C.**—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

**BROWN, J. L.**—Practical Horse-Shoe 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.

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

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

**HARRIS, O. D.**—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

**HERBIN, J. F.**—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

**HIGGINS, W. J.**—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

**KELLEY, THOMAS.**—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

**MCINTYRE, A.**—Boot and Shoe Maker and Repairer.

**MURPHY, J. L.**—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

**PATRQUIN, C. A.**—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriages and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

**REDDEN, A. C. CO.**—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

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

**RAND, G. V.**—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

**SLEEP, S. B.**—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

### Select Poetry.

#### LIFE'S JOURNEY.

As we speed out of youth's sunny station  
The track seems to shine in the light,  
But it suddenly shoots over chasms  
Or sinks into tunnels of night,  
And the hearts that were brave in the morning  
Are filled with repining and fears  
As they pause at the city of sorrow  
Or pass through the Valley of Tears.

But the road of this perilous journey  
The hand of the Master has made;  
With all its discomforts and dangers,  
We need not be sad nor afraid.  
Paths leading from light into darkness,  
Ways plunging from gloom to despair,  
Wind out thro' the tunnels of midnight  
To fields that are blooming and fair.

Tho' the rocks and the shadows surround us,  
Tho' we catch not one gleam of the day,  
Above us, fair cities are laughing,  
And dipping white feet in some bay.  
And always, eternal, forever,  
Down over the hills in the west,  
The last final end of our journey  
There lies the Great Station of Rest.

'Tis the Grand Central point of all ways  
All roads centre here when they end;  
'Tis the final resort of all tourists,  
All rival lines meet here and blend.  
All tickets, all mile-books, all passes,  
If stolen or begged for or bought,  
On whatever road or division,  
Will bring you at last to this spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble  
Or wait in the Valley of Tears,  
Be patient, the train will move on  
And rush down the track of the years.  
Whatever the place is you seek for,  
Whatever your aim or your quest,  
You shall come at the last with rejoicing  
To the beautiful City of Rest.

You shall close all your baggage of worries,  
You shall feel perfect peace in this realm,  
You shall sail with old friends on fair waters  
With joy and delight at the helm.  
You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens  
With those who have loved you the best,  
And the hopes that were lost in life's journey  
You shall find in the City of Rest.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

#### Interesting Story.

### A MODERN OTHELLO.

I am, if you will allow me to introduce myself, your humble servant, Mr. Pellam Palmer, of the firm of Potts & Palmer, white goods.

I was forty when I made up my mind to marry. I had never thought myself handsome, but having amassed a fortune and having decided to settle down as a married man, I was lucky enough to win the affection of the fairest of her sex, Miss Phoebe Pearl, and having offered myself to her, she had previously interviewed her father who approved of our union, and I had gone through the courting phase and was really married. Our carriage was rolling up one by one to Mr. Pearl's door, while the crowd of little girls, boys, nursery maids and beggars, collected on the side-walk, uttered loud ohs! and ah!

of a Fourth of July and sky rocket nature, whenever a more than usually gorgeous train swept the dust from the striped carpet spread upon the front door-step and vanished under the fringe of the awning.

I was uncomfortable as bridegrooms always are when making part of the wedding show; but I expected to be very happy when I got my wife to myself; and after the lurch, or dinner, or breakfast—I really don't know what my respected mother-in-law called the feast—we were going off to spend a month at Niagara—and get acquainted.

Even in that halcyon hour I was aware that we were not well acquainted yet. However, I knew I was a good sort of fellow and had the greatest confidence in Phoebe. In fact I had just repeated this to myself, when a postman's whistle sounded in the area, and I saw Phoebe's own maid exchange a glance with my wife as she slipped a pink envelope into her pocket.

It was a foolish idea, I know, but I took it into my head that the letter had something in it that my newly-wedded Phoebe wished to keep from me. I fasten myself that I am a good reader of the expression of the human countenance, and that is what I thought I saw in the glance those girls exchanged. However I really wanted to kick myself for harboring the thought.

But afterwards, when the congratulations were over, and we were going down to supper, I saw Betsy Jane, under pretence of adjusting her mistress's dress, slip this pink envelope into the white satin lace trimmed pocket that was pinned by a bunch of

orange-blossoms to her belt. And I saw Phoebe dart a warning look at me. This time I was sure, and a memory of certain beaux who had caused me pain in their time did creep into my mind.

To be sure, Phoebe was mine, but—she should not have any secrets from me. I was older than she was, not handsome, and very well off, and—well, I felt that some of those other men had been young and fascinating and poor—and girls had married for money before now.

And so in a few moments, to drive all my doubts away, I said, in an airy manner, that seemed to me just the thing:

"Got a letter, dear?"  
She blushed, scarlet.  
"No; only a note," she answered.  
"Whom from?" I asked.

"Oh, I am not a clairvoyant, Pellam," she replied. "I can't read through sealed envelopes."  
"Open it, then," said I.  
"I couldn't. It would be bad manners," said she.

"Where do you think it is from?"  
"Some belated bridesmaid, perhaps," said she.

"Miss Smith, Miss Brown, and Miss Robinson are all here," said I.  
"Oh, well, it is from my Grand Aunt Pendleton as she can't come and wishes me joy and sends a soupdish to brides in the family," said Phoebe.

"Then I think you ought to read it at once out of respect to the old lady," said I.

"What a tease you are!" she cried, and pulled her handkerchief from her pocket. The letter came with it and fell to the floor. I stooped to catch it up. So did she. Our heads crashed furiously together. I got the letter.

"Hope I have not hurt you, my dear," said I.  
"You have, horribly," said she, and snatched the letter, but not before I had glanced at it.

"Your aunt writes a very fine masculine hand," said I. "Is she a strong-minded lady?"  
"Very," she answered, and crammed the pink envelope into her pocket, and began to talk to a matron who had known her from a child. There are always such old ladies at wedding-parties, and it is more agreeable to meet them when young than when you are not. I feared she might have known me also, and I had clipped four years off the tag end of my life.

Somewhat, thirty-six souls so much better and younger than forty.

I hurried away and began to play with somebody's little girl—I think it was a cousin's—who had brought with her a hideous, staring doll, dressed up like a bride. I told falsehoods, and said I loved little girls, and that the mannikin was "pretty!" and I babbled with rage and jealousy; and my head ached only less than my heart. I suppose hers did also: This was a state of things for wedding day.

But we went down to dinner together, and I responded to the proper toasts, and forced myself to seem happy.

Champagne helped me.

"After a while I said to myself: 'Idiot. It is some little bill she wants to hide. A shoe-maker's, perhaps. Her father lives up to his income; no doubt she has had hard work to get her things ready. Poor child! I've been cruel to her!'

So when she had gone away to get ready for the journey, and it was time for me also to go, I hurried to the room appointed for me, and knowing it was next to hers, softly opened the communicating door and peeped in, meaning to kiss her and tell her that she should always have everything she wanted after this. The room, however, was empty. Her wedding dress lay on the bed, and a ghostly veil and wreath floated from a gas fixture; but paper, pen and ink were on a desk, and I saw that even in this hurried moment she had taken time to write a letter.

It lay finished, but not folded, beside an unaddressed envelope, and I tiptoed eagerly across the room, hoping to read that she would settle this little account as soon as possible, and read this:

"Indeed, sir, you are right. I shall suffer miserably through my honey

moon, and it is your fault, not mine. 'I could hardly keep my tears back at the altar from the pain. My husband must not know, but I shall be a martyr till I get back. On the very day of my return I shall see you; but as for forgiving you—never.'

"I relied on you so implicitly. How could you?" PHOEBE PALMER.  
I glared about the room, looking wildly for the letter—so which this was a reply. I saw a wisp of pink paper on the floor, and caught it up. The pitter of little boot-heels was on the floor of the hall, and I closed the door behind me just in time.

Trembling with wrath—I had I not reason for it?—I unfolded the paper. It was only a small part of the note; but I read what it contained over and over. It was this:

"I did not think it would give you pain; but I can scarcely expect you to forgive me for breaking my engagement with you. I am so sorry I cannot see you before I go, but your husband"

There the fragment ended, and left me in a state of mind that threatened congestion of the brain, to put myself into my travelling-stuff and start on my wedding journey with a bride I believed already fast to me.

Yet what could I do? Make a scene before the wedding-party! Get into the papers, perhaps!

"No," I said to myself, "I'll have revenge, but I won't disgrace myself publicly." I put the fragment into my pocket book. Betsy Jane had been the children's nursery maid. I had promised her to be Phoebe's own waiting-maid, and she was to go with me. There she was already, and I thought of all the diabolical maids in French books as I looked at her. We got into the carriage, and rattled furiously away toward the depot, for we were late. Phoebe was in tears "at leaving home," she said. I made no attempt to console her. I sat stiffly on my seat, and a hand on each knee, Betsy Jane's round, little bullets of eyes staring hard at me, as though she saw something was the matter.

My heart burst, and my head ached; I wonder I was not seized with apoplexy, being of such a full habit. We got into the cars at last, and Phoebe looked at me, in her dove-like way, as I stood beside her, looking Heaven only knows how.

"You mustn't be angry at me. It is so hard to leave mamma," she said, pleadingly. "I won't cry any more."  
"You are at liberty to cry as much as you like, madam," I said, "I should think you would feel like shedding many bitter tears."

With this I strode away into the smoking-car, and staid there for hours.

When I came back Betsy Jane had my seat and seemed to be consoling her mistress, for I heard her say:

"I shouldn't mind it, mum. Men mostly is brutes by natur'."  
I left her in the enjoyment of her position, and took my solitary position, resolutely, among the bags and parcels, in her former corner.

All through that wretched bridal journey to Niagara, I never gave my wife a civil word or kindly look.

When she called to me, "Don't you feel well, Pellam?" I replied, "Very; you'll not be a rich widow just yet, my dear." And after that we did not speak again.

So we reached the hotel on the American shore, and after I had ordered rooms, I had an interview with Betsy Jane alone.

"Young woman," I said sternly, "I am going to give you a month's wages and discharge you. I will also pay your passage home."  
"My goodness!" cried Betsy Jane. "Don't missus want me? Is she so double-dealing as that?"  
"It is I who don't want you, girl. I said, 'You have helped to deceive me.'"

"About what?" asked Betsy Jane.  
"You gave your mistress a letter to-day," said I.

"Well," said Betsy Jane, "do you think I'd order kept a letter directed to missus?"  
"You prevaricate," said I.  
"If that's French for 'lies,' I don't," said Betsy Jane.

"I know the contents of that letter," said I.  
"There, now," said Betsy Jane.

But you don't mind, do you? It's a great deal comfier than you'd think, and she's only got two. Some young ladies has a whole lot."

"Two!" I gasped. "Unhappy girl! I only know of one."  
"Why, I've got four," said Betsy Jane, "and I'd tell anybody."  
"Hardened young woman!" said I.  
"But I am so—well, I know, that is one comfort. I will send that woman back to her parents with you."  
"Betsy stared at me."  
"I think you're crazy, Mr. Palmer," she said. "So much better-looking and younger as she is than you, now. And you've got a whole upper set, I believe. So there, now!" She stopped and laughed. "I believe you're misled somehow," she said. "You don't think that letter was one from missus' old beau?"

"I have read a portion of the letter," I said fiercely. "I have it here."  
"Oh," said Betsy Jane, "I have got the other two bits in my pocket. I tucked 'em out of your way in a hurry. I'll show you the whole together here."  
She took from her pocket the two pieces of pink paper.

"You'll feel better when you've pieced that out," she said, with a malicious grin. "Old bachelors do beat all."  
I sat down at a table with an empty inkstand and a water-cooler upon it, pieced the letter together, and read this:

"MY DEAR MISS PEARL: I was called away to extract a tooth from the mouth of a gentleman too ill to leave his house. I am sorry the plate does not fit. I did not think it would give you pain, but I can hardly expect you to forgive me for breaking my engagement with you. I am so sorry that I cannot see you before you go, but your husband will do the little that is necessary. Why need you make two false teeth a secret? Everybody has them nowadays."  
"Yours regretfully,"

The epistle ended with the name of the old family dentist.

"You thought it was a ban, didn't you?" asked Betsy Jane. "It only shows what fools gentlemen are. Well, shall I pack up and go? 'Twasn't my advice not to tell you, I said, 'Tell and over with it. They'll come out some day, like enough at breakfast.'"

"Betsy," said I, "retain your services. Here is a little present." And I offered her a ten-dollar bill. "Don't mention this to Mrs. Palmer."  
Then I went away to make peace with my poor, subdued, heart-broken little wife, who was crying her heart out. And as I said before I have never been jealous since.

P. S.—I think Betsy Jane played me false after all, and told the story.

#### Summer Feeding for Cows.

Among the crops which may be used for summer feeding, barley is one of the best, although it does not yield as much as many others; oats yield better and make a very excellent feed both winter and summer; rye is not as good, either green or dry, but it grows very early in the spring; in fact, is one of the first crops that get large enough to cut and feed out early in May; covering as it does the ground during the winter, it protects it so well that the crop draws but little more from the soil than it prevents from escaping, so the land after a crop of green rye is very nearly as rich as before. For this reason and for the reason of its earliness, rye is considered a desirable green crop to grow.

Hungarian makes a very good crop to cut green, but it soon passes to a state of ripeness that requires it to be cut and made into hay. When sown thick enough to make the straw fine, it not only makes an excellent food while green, but, well dried, it is rich and readily eaten at any season. So if a farmer has light warm land, he will find it to his interest to sow an acre or two of Hungarian every year.

Fodder corn was formerly considered one of the best green crops to feed out in the summer, but experience has proved it to be one of the poorest, unless the corn is permitted to stand until the ears begin to form.

When a farmer has plenty of mowing land and is short of pasture, or if he can't find the pasture for any reason

becomes short, a basketful of grass night and morning to each cow may be fed to advantage, and it helps wonderfully to keep up the flow of milk; and if the mowing-field is near the barn it is but little labor to cut grass enough to feed a half-dozen cows; in fact, no more work than it is to cut rye or barley, if the land be rich enough to produce a good crop. The nearer a farmer lives to a city or large town, the more important it is for him to keep his milk cows up in high condition, by feeding them during the summer, at the barn, night and morning; for in such localities he has, as a rule, a set of customers who depend on him for a certain quantity of milk or butter, whether the weather be wet or dry; so, to keep his customers, the farmer must guard against short feed, which is sure to reduce the flow of milk, and to give full satisfaction it is necessary to feed the cows sufficient to keep the milk up to a high standard of richness, which it is impossible to do if the cows are given nothing except what they can get in a pasture during a drought.

#### Giving and Receiving.

A life worth living is not mere existence. A story of the middle ages represents a holy man, St. Simon Stylites, as dwelling for several years alone on the top of a high column. He was alive, fast enough; but what would life amount to in this world were all its inhabitants to exist in a similar state of solitude. True living is said to consist of giving and receiving—that is to say, letting your neighbor derive some benefit from you, while you in turn are the better and happier for his life.

A great many people never acquire but half this idea. They believe heartily in receiving. They are like sponges which absorb whatever fluid comes near them. They have nothing of their own to impart, and would not dream of imparting it if they had. Such individuals are not good models. That fact is instinctively recognized. Even little children point the finger of scorn at mean men. But yet, we are all of us given to selfishness, and we must take care that it does not grow upon us.

### The First Sign

Of falling health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

#### Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Miss.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate the terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D., 31, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

#### Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from indigestion and headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mrs. L. E. May, Springfield, Mass.

#### Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25c; six bottles, \$2.

**Perry Davis' Pain-Killer**  
FOR CHOLERA, CRAMPS AND PAINTERS COLIC, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

**Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry REPAIRED**

**J.F. HERBIN,**  
Next door to Post Office.  
Small articles SILVERPLATED.

**COUGHS, COLDS, Croup and Consumption CURED BY ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM**  
25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle.

**BEST ON EARTH SURPRISE SOAP**  
THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality superior to any other soap. Cleanses and brightens the skin without injury to the complexion. Boiling, mangle, or hand rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel and water is a great recommendation. It is a gentle, efficient, and pleasant soap for all purposes. Washes, softens, whitens, and makes colored clothes bright. Cleanses the face and removes dirt and wrinkles. Cleanses the hair and restores its natural softness. Cleanses the eyes and restores their natural brightness. Cleanses the throat and restores its natural freshness. Cleanses the hands and restores their natural softness. Cleanses the feet and restores their natural freshness. Cleanses the body and restores its natural purity.

The St. Croix Soap Works Co., St. Croix, N. S.