

# THE ACADIAN AND BERWICK TIMES.

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

Vol. VIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1899.

No. 33.

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as superior to any prescription known to man. It acts as a gentle laxative, and cleanses the system. It is sold in small bottles, and is the best medicine for infants and children.

## THE ACADIAN.

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

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(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 for transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN FOR DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

News communications from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names 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 DAVIDSON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

### Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether the agent of mutual reserve fund life association 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 uncollected for some face evidence of intentional fraud.

### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

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### PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. Closed on Saturdays at 12 noon. A. D. W. BARR, Agent.

### Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p.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 Col. W. Ross, 3 Sheshers A. W. BASS.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. H. D. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 10:30 a.m. Sabbath School at 1:00 p.m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Prayer meeting on Thursday at 7:30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. D. W. Johnson and G. F. Day, Pastors. Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a.m. and 7:00 p.m. Sabbath School at 1:00 p.m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Parish of Barton, St. John's Church, Wolfville. Services: Sunday 3 p.m.; H. C. on the 1st Sunday in the month at 11 a.m.; Thursday (during Advent and Lent), 4 p.m.—St. James Church, Kentville. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; H. C. on the 2d Sunday in the month at 8 a.m. on the 4th Sunday at 11 a.m.; Wednesday, 7:30 p.m. Strangers provided with seats by the Wardens, or other members of the Vestry. Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Rector. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. E. S. Crawley and R. Pat, Wardens of St. John's Church. F. A. Masters and S. E. Rue, Wardens of St. James Church.

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 7 o'clock p.m. J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, W. J. Mack, at 8:00 o'clock.

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

## DIRECTORY

—OF THE—  
Business Firms of  
WOLFVILLE

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

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

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

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

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

**BROWN, J. L.**—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

**CALDWELL & MURRAY**—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

**DAVISON, J. B.**—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

**DAVISON BROS.**—Printers and 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.

**HAMILTON, MISS S. A.**—Milliner, and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

**HARRIS, O. D.**—General Dry Goods Merchant 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.

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

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

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

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

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

**SHAW, J. M.**—Barber and Toilet Artist.

**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.

## Campbell's Cathartic Compound

IT CURES LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, COLIC, HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BOWELS. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all the above-named ailments, and is sold in all the principal drug stores and by mail.

### Select Poetry.

"Thou Shalt be Satisfied."

Impatient, struggling, weary one,  
Craving that which can never be won,  
In the beyond, when life is done,  
"Thou shalt be satisfied."

Fiercely tolling, seeking no rest,  
Cursed art thou where others seem blest,  
Doubting even that God knows best,  
"Thou shalt be satisfied."

Finished will be each tiresome task,  
Fallen will be each irksome mask,  
"Thou shalt be satisfied."

Barthly trials will then be over,  
Heaven be thine for evermore,  
And, with the loved, one gone before,  
"Thou shalt be satisfied."

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And, with the loved, one gone before,  
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### Interesting Story.

BIG HANNAH.

The dry-goods merchant, Jeremiah Pool, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, was not a rich man so far as worldly goods were concerned, but, if a man is blessed with olive branches number seven he was to be envied.

Seven young Pooles assembled together around his table three times a day and many a sigh did he heave as he saw what terrible loads their vigorous young appetites made on the contents of his larder.

Mrs. Pool was a fair-haired woman with a perpetual smile, which looked somewhat frost-bitten. She was accustomed to pacify dumplings, and lived in a state of tension, always unsuccessfully striving to make both ends meet.

"Mamma," said the eldest child one day, "there is a woman at the door who says she heard you wanted a girl."

"So I do, Abbie," replied the mother, "but we must get Jane out of the house first. She is saying the most terrible things about not getting enough to eat and the scarcity of blankets on the servant's bed, and I am sure I do the best I can. If the new girl hears her she will be just as saucy as Jane herself."

"Well, ma, I'll tell her to come to-night, and meanwhile we can get rid of Jane."

The Pooles lived in a tumble-down, wide-spreading cottage in the middle of a big garden, a short distance out of the city.

There were not famous tidings, and were glad to get any kind of a servant, not having the faculty to be particular as to references, for help was scarce, and they were poor.

Mrs. Pool was a painstaking, but remarkably unsuccessful housekeeper. Her children had been allowed to come up anyhow, and partook largely of their parents' indigestion. They were a healthy and handsome crowd, but everything was at sixes and sevens in the home of the Pooles.

Jane was disposed of, not without trouble, and the new girl came and took her place.

The young Pooles immediately christened her "Big Hannah," for her proportions were indeed massive. Her form was tall and square built, and her hands and feet were large. Her face, however, was handsome, but heavily sunburned, and the features somewhat masculine.

Big Hannah was strong and active and worked with a will. She swept, and the worn and fragile carpets fairly flew off the floor; she dusted, and a breeze rushed through the house; while her exertions were always accompanied by a cheerful whistle, which seemed odd and somewhat out of place on the part of a female domestic.

Mrs. Pool delighted in her, for never had there been found such an adept in the art of getting rid of duns; and the children loved her, for she excelled all other servants, male or female, in putting up swing tiles, etc., etc., and seemed to enjoy this portion of her duties more than her regular work.

Everyone knows that Halifax is a garrison town, and that desertions from the ranks of the regiments of the British army stationed there are numerous.—The single report of a heavy gun from the citadel, or one of the forts by which the harbor is surrounded, is the signal that a man has deserted, and the look-out soldiers are warned to search for him without delay. The punishment, too, for the crime of desertion was one time terribly severe. The offender was "triced up to the

triangles and severely flogged, and then branded on the back with the letter "D," a mark of disgrace which he must carry with him to the grave.

A week after Hannah's installation in the Pool family, there was a grand military parade and review of troops on the common. Of course the young Pooles were ardent admirers of such brilliant pageants, and besought their mother to allow them to attend. She hesitated but her children invariably had their own way, and she gave a conditional consent. They might go to the review if Hannah would accompany them.

To their surprise, she flatly refused. The eldest girl, Abbie, saw that under the somewhat defiant answer and look of big Hannah there lay something deeper.

She waited until the other children returned to their mother, and said:

"Hannah, you have some reason for not wishing to go to the review?"

"Yes, Miss," replied Hannah; "I have."

"Well, of course, I do not wish you to bestow confidence in me, but I should like to know just why you don't want to go?"

"Miss Abbie," said Hannah, laying aside the knives she was polishing, "did I ever strike you that I am not what I seem?"

"Yes, Hannah, I did," answered the girl, with a flush on her smooth cheek and a smile on her arched lips.

And what conclusion have you come to about me?"

"I saw you smoke a cigar in the stable, and I saw a pair of boots in your room with a broad arrow on the sole," said Abbie, very quietly.

"Then you know I am a man, and a deserter?"

Hannah's sunburned face was very pale. He knew to his heart Abbie would not betray him, but he knew also that his fate was in her hands, and she was but a child.

"Yes, Hannah, I know you are, but do not be afraid, only please be careful; if mamma knew what would I do, she is so nervous she might reveal the secret, though her heart is good."

"I'll be careful, Miss Abbie, and may God bless you for your kindness. I am not like other private soldiers. I was brought up a gentleman; but my uncle who adopted me when my father died, is a stern, harsh man. My mother lives with him, and he makes her unhappy by continually punishing me for every trifling fault. At length he tried to horse-whip me when I was nineteen years of age, and, of course, I could not submit to such degradation. I tore the whip out of his hands and threw it broken at his feet. I then said good-bye to my mother and left the house. I enlisted, like many another young fool before me. I can't stand the life, and will not humble myself to ask my uncle for money to buy my discharge. I deserted, and landed, as soon as the land was over, to go to the United States. From there I shall write to my mother."

"That is right, Hannah," Abbie's red lips were smiling, as she pronounced the queer, old-fashioned name, and the deserter laughed outright.

"I shall only stay here a few days more, Miss Abbie," he said, "and I never can forget your good sense and kindness."

"Be careful," she replied, "for your mother's sake."

"Yes, indeed," said he, with white lips, "if I were caught and punished it would kill her."

The remaining days of Hannah's stay passed rapidly. Abbie's fair face, for she was beautiful, often flushed when she found the dark eyes of the stalwart Hannah fixed on her with an expression she did not quite comprehend.

At length the night of his departure came. No one but Abbie knew that Hannah was about to leave, and all the family retired. Abbie was in her chamber, her sister Lulu was fast asleep in bed, but she had not undressed, only loosened the long, bright masses of her wavy golden hair.

A sprinkle of gravel against her window warned her that Hannah wished to say farewell, and she hastened down to the kitchen door, where the deserter, disguised in a large shawl, but with many roses, and thick veil, was about to take his departure.

"Good-bye, Miss Abbie," he whispered, "you will hear from me again."

Abbie held out her hand, which he caught in both his own, and he stood passionately. While the girl stood blushing and trembling, he disappeared in the gloom and darkness.

Six months passed away, and Abbie still kept his secret, though she had tidings of the deserter.

A letter from Washington had reached her. It contained the photograph of a very handsome man, who bore a striking likeness to the servant who had so unceremoniously left the Pool cottage.—Underneath the portrait was written, "Harvey Carroll Blandford, Devon, England."

The letter was long and interesting. It gave an account of the doings of the deserter from the day he left Halifax till the day he wrote.

"I dare not ask you to write to me, Miss Abbie," he said in conclusion; "but I shall long for and hope for an answer."

Two years elapsed, and the Pooles fortunes had not improved, but quite the contrary. Jeremiah had failed in business, his wife was in bad health, and none of the children were old enough to be bread winners except Abbie, who had all the house-keeping on her youthful shoulders, and therefore could earn nothing.

It was a gloomy winter day, and Mr. Pool was sitting before a meagre fire in his shabby parlor when Herbert, his eldest son, ushered in a visitor.

"I am not well to-day," stammered the broken-down man. "I really can't attend to my business."

Of course he thought the stranger was a dun, poor man; no one else took the trouble to visit him.

"I did not call on business, Mr. Pool," said the stranger, pleasantly.

He was splendidly dressed and an exceedingly handsome man.

"No!" the old merchant eyed his guest, sharply, but could make nothing of him.

"Allow me to introduce myself," said he, handing Mr. Pool his card.

On it were engraved these words:

"SIR HARVEY CARROLL BLANDFORD, A-heretofore Abby, Devon."

Mr. Pool looked dazed. An English baronet calling on him. What could be his object?

"You have forgotten me, I see, Mr. Pool," resumed Sir Harvey, "but I remember you very well. I was stationed in Halifax two years ago with the 1st Battalion of the—Regiment; however I was not a baronet at that time. I have just come to the title and estate by the death of my uncle."

"Indeed," said the merchant, feebly.

"Yes, now, Mr. Pool, I fear you will make me a very vain man, but I do flatter myself that one member of your family still remembers me."

"Yes! who is that?"

"Your eldest daughter, Mr. Pool. I am a poor man to beat about the bush, so I may as well tell you frankly that I have called to ask your consent to address your daughter."

"My Abbie! God bless me!"

"Yes, your Abbie, Mr. Pool. Call her in and you will find she remembers me."

In a stupefied manner Mr. Pool obeyed, and the moment Abbie entered with sparkling eyes and crimson cheeks, he saw that the stranger had told the truth.

Excusing himself Mr. Pool retired and left the young people to themselves.

"Oh, Harvey," cried Abbie, who was close clasped in Harvey's arms, what did my father say?"

"Nothing, he is completely mystified. Of course he had no idea how my darling and me became acquainted, and he never shall. Let us keep our secret, Abbie mine; now, tell me, do you like me as well as you did Big Hannah?"

"Of course lovers' talk interests no one but themselves, so will I listen to no more of it."

Sir Harvey was a rich man as well as a baronet, and before he came to sweet bride away from JULY.

Some years had gone by, and Mr. Pool was no longer a poor man in a pretty house, still, Nov 15.

The smallest and poorest, yet safe and economical, carrier in existence.

their own slackness and untidy, shiftless ways have long been abandoned.

They are beautiful, too, but it remains to be seen whether any of them will make as good a match as Abbie. Once in a while they discuss among themselves the mysterious manner in which their wealthy brother-in-law appeared, and all agree that, "nice and sweet as Abbie is, she is rather nervous and may be a trifle—just a tiny bit deceitful."

They don't know the story of Big Hannah.

### Farm Life.

Life on the farm is not such drudgery as it is represented to be. Too often, we think, much farm life is little less than hard, tiring work. But hard work is not necessarily drudgery. Drudgery depends on the spirit in which it is performed. The very lightest work may be irksome, while fatiguing labor may be a pleasure. It is the thought and interest we put into our labor that give it dignity. And, so long as farm life contains nothing but drudgery, the young will try to escape it. Some work can be called nothing but drudgery; but is not this a fact in every calling or profession? It is the love we have for our disagreeable tasks that factors in the accomplishment of a grand and noble purpose.

We become so absorbed in our work that there need be no necessity of drudgery driving us to its performance.

Then, if we would keep the boys on the farm we must arouse their interest and love in the work. Thus we can lift farm life above a mere routine and exhausting drudgery. But this interest must be instilled by example. We must impart a love for the work by doing it ourselves. Instead of doing your work in a slipshod way, which will be imitated by the boys, or which will drive them away from you, if they have any ambition to have things done in a thorough, orderly manner, you must put your heart into the work and will soon find the boys growing into an earnest endeavor to see and do the same.

Do not make a mere hired man of your son, compelling him to work so hard that all ambition for making his life on the farm one of enjoyment and honor is smothered. If you would have him take an interest in the management and conduct of the farm he must have energy for thinking and planning.

### The One Hoss Shay

Dr. Holmes is full of the genial author's exuberant humor. It is his supernal and obvious; but more important than meets the ear or eye. The vehicle which ran for a hundred years and a day without a break, typified a healthy human body, and represents the natural term of its service. If, however, a man has catarrh, bronchial, asthmatic, or pulmonary disease, he cannot live one half his day, unless he eradicates the serfious humors whose presence causes these local troubles. The great blood-cleansing alternative of Dr. Holmes, known as the "Golden Medical Discovery," rids the blood of seofuous pollutions, and, by improving the nutrition, gives new vigor to the debilitated system, and cures these diseases.

Unqualified—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

### HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? The growth of intelligence in medical matters has given rise to a demand for a class of genuine, reliable medicine. The opportunity of the ignorant quack, who grew rich curing everything out of a single bottle has passed. To supply satisfactorily this demand this list of remedies has been created. They are the favorite prescriptions of the most famous medical practitioners of the day, gathered from the hospitals of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Prescriptions which cost the patients of these specialists from \$25 to \$100 are here offered prepared and ready for use at the nominal price of one dollar each. Not one of them is a cure all; each one has only the reasonable power of curing a single disease, and each one keeps its contract. Sufferers from Catarrh, Diseased Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Fever and Ague, Neuralgia, Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea or Nervous Debility, should send Stamp for descriptive catalogue to Hospital Remedy Co., 304 West King St., Toronto, Canada. If your druggist does not keep these remedies remit price and we will send direct.

### "Used Up,"

"Tired Out," "No Energy," and similar expressions, whenever heard, indicate a lack of vital force, which, if not remedied in time, may lead to complete physical and nervous prostration. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to vitalize the blood, build up the tissues, and make the weak strong.

"For nearly three months I was confined to the house. One of the most celebrated physicians of Philadelphia failed to discover the cause of my trouble or afford relief. I continued in a bad way until about a month ago when I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It acted like a charm. I have gained flesh and strength and feel ever so much better. Shall continue using the Sarsaparilla until completely cured."—John V. Craven, Salem, N. J.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time."—E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

The sure and safe for

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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

Price 25c per bottle, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

### WEBSTER'S BLUE SUIT.

The Famous Orator's Love for Indigo-Dyed Clothes Explained.

Daniel Webster went to college in a homespun suit, of which probably every thread was carded, spun and woven by his mother's hand from the wool of their own sheep, says Wide Awake. It was a dyed-in-the-wool suit, and the color was indigo blue, the old New England color. In the South it is butternut, but though our Yankee grandmothers and great-grandmothers knew all about what butternut bark would do, and the subtle power for slate color that lay in sumach berries and bark of white mulberry, and various dyes that root and flower, bark and leaf could be made to yield, through the agency of vitriol and copperas to "set" their fast, the universal standard was the blue wool—par excellence the "dye-pot"—that stood in the chimney-corner of every kitchen worth naming. So Webster was fitted out in indigo blue from collar to ankle—unbecomingly for his swart skin—and set off-hand and somberly. Before reaching Hanover, there came one of those dreaching rains, which, like the Scotch mist, wet a man to the skin. The suit held its own (for his indigo blue had been "warranted fast" since first indigo was heard of), but it had parted with enough so that Daniel, too, was dyed blue from head to foot.

Daniel Webster had a liberal stratum of sentiment in his make-up, and for some reason this color of his young manhood became his favorite wear through life. He wore blue coats to his dying day. If any one ever saw him in a different one the fact has not been put on record.

### GIRLS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Why Young Women Should Never Write Letters to Married Men.

A habit very common with a number of our thoughtful young ladies, who do a great many things quickly which they would not like to have known at home—a habit deserving of the strongest condemnation—is that of promiscuous correspondence with gentlemen, whether the gentleman be married or single.

The young ladies who find pleasure in this habit, says Harper's Bazar, use their pens on any pretext that turns up, and sometimes on no pretext at all. We are not only sure that this does not come less under the head of an undesirable habit than a sin, for there is an indelicacy about it quite amounting to immorality, of which no girl who desires the respect of others will be guilty.

### What Becomes of Reporters.

Julian Ralph, a well-known New York newspaper man, in an article in the Epoch on "What Becomes of Reporters?" furnishes these data: About thirty men reporting in New York fifteen years ago are still reporting, and more than half that number died in the harness. In the same time possibly as many as 150 men drifted into the business, made no mark, and drifted out. Of