

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, JUNE 20, 1890.

No. 44.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended by all the best medical authorities. It is a safe and reliable medicine for all the ailments of infancy and childhood. It is sold by all the leading druggists and grocers.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:

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(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS OF FIVE IN ADVANCE \$4.00.

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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.

Newspapers from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The same of the party writing for the Acadian must invariably accompany the material, although the same may be written in a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

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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 *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. 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 meetings on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 10:30 P. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 P. M. and Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranrick J. 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 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 the month. The services in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Residence, Rosebery, Kentville. Wardens, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. M.—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. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither'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.

POETRY.

Work and Win.

The sweetest cherries, mind you, lad,
Grow highest on the tree;
And would you win the fairest fruit,
One thing I'll say to thee:
It falls not at the clicking gey
Of any idler's self—
You'll have to climb the rugged tree,
And gather for yourself.

'Tis vain to wait the fruit to fall,
Or peck the tree with stones—
You'll have to struggle bravely up,
And risk some broken bones;
You only waste your time below,
And get indifferent pay—
If you would reach the ripest fruit,
Just throw your fears away.

'Tis so with everything in life
That's worth the owning, lad—
With learning, wealth and character—
The best, the good and great have had,
They come not at the nod or beck
Of any idle hand—
'Tis only those who bravely toil
May have them at command.

If, then, you want the ripest fruit,
Just labor till you win;
But mind thee, boy, while up you climb,
Keep heart and hand from sin;
The best and grandest guerdon, lad,
If fought with wicked wage,
No peace and comfort yields at last,
But curses on your age.

STORY.

Waiting to Serve.

Rodney Shipton was a southern boy, and like many a northern lad, was ambitious. Like many a northern lad, too, his parents were poor and unable to do for their son as they could have wished. But they sent him to school until he was 14 years old, and then, at Rod's earnest request, they sent him to a school of telegraphy for a year, where Rodney learned to send and receive messages over the wonderful and mysterious wires.

For Rod was by no means content with the humdrum of life on the twenty-acre lot in Mississippi which his father called the farm. It was well enough, he always said to himself and his chums, for "old folks" who were satisfied to raise corn and tobacco and know nothing of the great world around them, save what they read in the weekly paper. But that wouldn't suit Rod Shipton—"not much it would."

No, Rodney was anxious to start bright and early into the thick of the fight—into the front rank of those who are taking part in life's great battles.

But Rodney Shipton soon discovered that even those who are willing to do brave and arduous work are not the ones always selected for the most important duties. He had to learn, as so many of us will have to, that, as a great poet once wrote:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

He found very speedily that the great telegraph companies and newspapers were not in need of inexperienced lads of fifteen to place in charge of their offices in large cities and other centres of life and activity.

First, he applied for a position in Washington, and did not so much as get answer to his application. Then he tried New York, and the manager of the concern wrote back and kindly told the lad that he had better try "nearer home."

At last, much discouraged, Rod did try nearer home. It went much against the grain for him to think that a telegraph operator should be compelled to remain in such a rusty old state as Mississippi. But he braced up and one spring morning he started out on a tramp of more than thirty miles to Jackson. Most of the way he trudged along the railroad track, though he did not mind that. Rob Shipton was used to long tramps and his father had not so many dollars that he could afford to give up two of them for railroad fare.

The lad's shoes were pretty dusty when, early on the second morning he presented himself to the superintendent of telegraph of the Jackson and Richmond railway and asked for a "job."

"Well, my son," said the superintendent, "you're not very old and you've had no experience, but if you are in dead earnest and want to show us what kind of stuff you're made of I'll offer you a job. We've got an office up at Snowflake City, seventy miles from here, and we find it pretty hard to keep any one. It's a lonely sort of a spot; on one side of the track

is a swamp and on the other side a scrubby forest, with a sawmill and a store. You'll have very few neighbors, and those that are there are about as rough as they make 'em. There's very little work and, consequently very little pay. Now then, if you'll go down and try your hand as operator at Snowflake City, I'll engage you at a salary of twenty dollars a month. What do you say?"

Well, it wasn't a very bright picture which the superintendent presented to our young friend, and so Rodney Shipton thought. He "stammered somewhat as he replied:

"You see, sir, I thought some of a job in the city; and then, sir, the pay—its awful small; father pays that for a hired man when he wants one on the farm, but—yes, sir, I guess I'll take the job in Snowflake City."

"Look here, my lad," said the superintendent, laying his hand with much kindly feeling upon Rod's shoulder. "I know just how you feel about it. I was a boy myself once, just about your size, and with just as much of a desire to do something as big as you have. But I started in clear at the bottom, yes, lower than you will have to do, and I stuck to it, and I think I did my duty. You do the same, and we expect no more of the best paid men on the road."

And the very next day Rodney Shipton, instead of tramping back to his father's farm, took the train to Snowflake City.

The friendly words of the official who was now his chief had encouraged him greatly, and he resolved to "stick it out" at Snowflake, no matter what might happen, until his ability should be recognized by his employers.

If the picture of Snowflake City, which Superintendent Stebbins had outlined, was a dark one, the reality was still most uninteresting. Nature had done as little as possible, it seemed; the inhabitants were even more unorthodox than their surroundings. The men were of the roughest and most ignorant type, while such women and children as graced—or disgraced—the settlement were nearly akin to the men in their tastes and habits. Not that there were a great many of these people, for within a very wide radius of Snowflake station there were not more than a hundred human beings, who were about evenly divided between blacks and whites.

"As for Rod, he made his headquarters at the cabin, which was known as "the station," at first he tried boarding at "the store," which was also a hotel and saloon, but he finally came to the conclusion that he had better "keep house" in the little cabin which now became for him kitchen, parlor, bedroom and office all rolled into one.

It was truly a lonesome spot, and through the long summer days and the weird nights when the breezes sighed and sobbed over the dismal swamp, Rod often got homesick for the old farm. He did not have much work; hardly enough to keep him from growing weary; but, remembering the superintendent's word, Rod did his work promptly and well and not a single reprimand came to him over the wire from the train dispatcher.

Rod saw few people, for passenger trains stopped very seldom at Snowflake, and the boy did not encourage visits from the rough and—generally—half-drunken men from the sawmill.

Three months passed away that were long and dreary ones to Rodney Shipton and one August day the lad awoke to find himself important.

Yellow fever had broken out at Snowflake City! The state medical officer had been down from Jackson and pronounced four cases of serious sickness as yellow fever of the most pronounced kind. Fortwith a doctor and nurse were dispatched from the capital to Snowflake and the district was laid under quarantine. No one dared leave the fever district now until the pest should be driven away, and, for all the communication the wretched people could have with the outside world they might as well have been living on a desert island in the midst of the Pacific ocean. Stay, there was the telegraph! Touching by the deft and willing fingers of the young operator, the throbbing wires carried all over the country the tale of misery

which Snowflake City now told.

In the columns of the great daily papers of the north were printed Rodney Shipton's despatches, wherein folks learned how the poor, wretched, ignorant people of the forest and swamp were dead and dying, how the four cases speedily increased to fourteen and then to forty. Rodney's messages brought nourishing food and healthy clothing to those who were fortunate enough to recover; Rodney's messages brought medicines for the sick and even caskets for the dead. And many coffins were needed in the stricken district—for fully half the people died and through it all Rod stuck to his post. The folks of the settlement moved away as far as they could within the quarantine boundary, but Rob stayed right on at the little telegraph cabin on the edge of the swamp and close to the huts and hovels of the sawmill people.

He knew that the people and the doctor could not do without the telegraph, he knew that no one would come from outside if he should desert his post, and he knew quite well that there was not a soul in Snowflake City, beside himself, who could operate the telegraph. So with a brave heart, he did his duty. Rod did not complain now that his work was light, dear, no! He could hardly give information enough with his little clicking hammer. The eyes of the whole country were upon Snowflake City. The people were sorry enough for the unfortunates shut up by themselves, but they wanted to keep the dread plague at Snowflake.

No trains stopped now. Most of them went flying past, and even on the hottest days the passengers would shut down all the windows, as if they feared to breathe the air in passing. Even the local freight only slowed as she went on her way and the train men carelessly dumped the barrels and boxes of clothing and provisions on the little platform for Rod to gather up as best he might.

So the days and weeks dragged slowly along and one morning the papers had these words at the foot of their usual dispatch from Snowflake City:

"The only telegraph operator in the place has the fever and is fast falling." Then for days there was no news at all over the wires from the unfortunate village, and the stricken people had to shout the news and their need to the train men as they passed through the station.

But Rod did not die; he was one of the very few who recovered from the fever, and shortly after he was stricken down the first frost came to gladden and cheer the people of the south, who feared for the spread of the terrible infection.

Yes, Rod recovered, and went, after a while, back to the old farm, to rest and gain strength. And while there he received letters and presents innumerable, congratulating him upon his plucky behavior at Snowflake.

Among them was the official thanks of the governor of the state. But the letter which Rod prizes most of all is one from Superintendent Stebbins and this is what it says:

MY DEAR SHIPTON,—You did your duty nobly. Accept my thanks and the thanks of our directors. When you are quite well again we shall like to have you take a position as assistant to the chief train dispatcher at Jackson. The salary is \$75 a month. Sincerely yours,

HENRY STEBBINS.

To-day Rodney Shipton is manager of one of the largest offices of the very largest telegraph company in the world. I stepped in to see him the other day, and on the wall, over his desk, I saw these words in a neat frame:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

W. H. S. ATKINSON in *Yankee Blade*.

Her Husband's Gravestone.

A citizen named Johnson Cassaway died last autumn in Little Water-pocket, New Mexico. He was better known as "Bull Run" Cassaway, from a popular legend to the effect that he had led the Union forces at the battle of Bull Run—in the retreat rather than in the advance. This he always denied, but, be this as it may, he died, as we have said. He was also buried, and in due course of time Mrs. Cassaway caused a suitable headstone to be erected over his grave. On this stone, after stating in conventional terms that "Johnson Cassaway, better known as Bull Run Cassaway, proprietor of the Blue Front Livery Stable, on Whipsaw ave., departed this life October 31, 1889, aged fifty-four years and six months"—below this, we repeat, we added these words: "Husband, thou art mourned for,"—a line certainly conveying the intelligence of a most praiseworthy state of things. Now it seems that the marble cutter had difficulty in collecting the pay for this stone—in fact he has not got it to this day. All through the winter he amused himself by presenting his bill at frequent intervals, but to no purpose. He tried every way known to the enterprising collector, and we are informed that there are many, but none of them moved the widow. She continued to mourn for her husband and carry on the livery business on Whipsaw ave., but she positively refused to pay for the headstone. The man who had sold it to her despaired at last, and determined on revenge. He accordingly one day took a chisel and an oblong potato masher, such as is used by marble workers, and went to the Pleasant Prospect Cemetery, where the late Cassaway's grave is located and so wrought upon the headstone that the shattering part of the inscription read, and still reads like this: "Husband, thou art mourned for, but J. Milliken, the popular and one-priced marble cutter, is not paid for this stone."

Then he slunk away, and the next day the widow saw the change and sewed him for \$5000 damages. The defence that Milliken will make is that the stone was not paid for, and therefore it was his and he could do as he pleased with it.—*New York Tribune*.

Beauty of Person.

Some excellent people take serious exception to Grant Allen's remark that, being a man, he took it for granted that the first business of a girl was to be pretty. Now, it may be that Mr. Allen is not so far out of the way after all. It is certainly the duty of every woman, and man, too, to be as good looking as possible, because beauty gives pleasure to other people. Beauty of person is the expression of something corresponding to it in the mind and soul, and is to be prized accordingly.

True beauty comes from the cultivation of the higher graces of the mind and soul, as well as the care of the body, and cannot exist without this. A dried up old professor who knows forty languages, and yet is weak-eyed, lank haired, stoop-shouldered and dyspeptic, is as far from being a perfectly developed man as the prize fighter. Of the two the prize fighter is far the more agreeable object to look at. The Greeks were nearer right than we think when they gave physical culture so high a place. So girls and women of all ages, be as beautiful as you can. Make yourselves handsome by physical exercise, by intellectual work, and by cultivating a sweet temper and generous, kindly spirit to all mankind.

An Engineer's Brave Act.

An act of heroism, performed while the hero was in eminent peril of his life, is occasioning general talk in the neighborhood of Pittston, Pa. On the afternoon of the 13th ult., the little 4 year old child of Walter G. Custer, of Dorranceton, wandered from home while wheeling a wheelbarrow, loaded with toys, and got beyond the Bennett station and upon the Delloware, Lackawanna and Western railroad tracks. The little fellow was amusing himself there when the 6.10 passenger train, one of the speediest in the Bloomsburg branch, hove in sight around a curve.

The engineer sighted the child, reversed the engine, but soon saw that the train was going too fast to save the

child unless heroic measures were adopted. Leaving the throttle, he rushed out to the pilot, stooped out in front of the flying engine, and waited with outstretched arms until the child was reached, when the engineer caught him and drew him off the track. As he did so the wheelbarrow was splintered into a thousand pieces by the drivers, and the toys scattered on all sides of the pilot bars.

Before the parents could learn of their child's escape the train had sped on.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for consumption, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

Batter is said to have been unknown to the Antediluvians. If so some of the imported article is not so old as it smells.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

A nursery is to be started in Truro by Mr. J. R. Creehan, a practical nurseryman.

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Geo. V. Rand.



TWENTY DOLLARS CASH!

—GIVEN FOR—

AN OLD USED POSTAGE STAMP.

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

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

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

Now is the time to hunt them up.

I will buy for cash all old used or cancelled postage or bill stamps. Send on all you have, leaving them on the original envelope preferred. I also want 1/2 stamps, out values, on the entire letter, for which I give higher prices than anyone.

G. HOOPER,

559 King St., Ottawa, Canada.

DR BARSS

May be consulted professionally at his residence near the Episcopal Church.

Wolfville, December 19th, '89.

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WITH AN

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—FROM—

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(LESLIE LORING DAVISON.)

With a Preface by Harl Harloe.

Edited by Ben Zeene.

For Sale at this Office.

NOTICE!

I will not be responsible for any bills contracted by anyone from this date except those of my mother.

W. TEMPLE PIERS.

Wolfville, March 26th, 1890. 6m