

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1890.

No. 42.

Vol. IX.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Worms, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Sick Headache, Green Stools, and all ailments of Infants and Children. It is a safe and reliable medicine.
The CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

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.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is connected with the office, and all printing of any kind is done with the highest quality of work at the lowest possible cost.

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office, whether directly or indirectly, is responsible to the publisher for the payment of the subscription.
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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.
Office Hours, 8 A. M. to 8:30 P. M. Mail delivered as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:50 A. M.
Express west close at 10:35 A. M.
Express east close at 4:50 P. M.
Windsor close at 7:25 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.
G. W. MURPHY, AGENT.

Churches.
BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. and evening prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. Prayers on Thursday at 7:30 P. M. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by
COLLIER & BARRIS, } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 10:30 A. 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. Cranston J. J. M., Pastor; Rev. John W. Turner, Assistant Pastor.—Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School at 7:30 P. 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, 5 P. M.; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in each month. The offerings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the services local news, notices, Rev. Canon Brock, T. D. Residence, Rectory, King's Co., Wolfville, 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, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M.
J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

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

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

DIRECTORY

OF THE—
Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE

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

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Dealer in B. Flour, Feed of all kind, &c.

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

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carrriages and Sleighs Bull, Repaired, and Painted.

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

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & CO.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

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.—Miller and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

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HEBBEL, 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.

PATRIQUIN, 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 Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.

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, "at will in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

POETRY.

Wishes.
Think of me as your friend I pray,
And call me by a tender name;
I will not care what others say,
If only you remain the same!
I will not care how dark the night,
I will not care how wild the storm;
Your love will fill my heart with light,
And shield me close, and keep me warm.
Think of me as your friend I pray,
For else my life is little worth;
So shall your memory light my way,
Although we meet no more on earth;
For while I know your faith secure,
I ask no happier fate to see;
Thus to be loved by one so pure
Is honor rich enough for me.

STORY.

Farmer Harewood's Boy.

The work of the farm house was over for the day; the children—with the exception of the eldest son, who had gone to the village—were in bed, and in the big comfortable kitchen Farmer Harewood, his wife and his wife's sister, Mrs Lucas, were sitting around a center-table. The farmer was reading the *Farm News*, his wife was putting a patch on the knee of little Harry's diminutive knickerbockers, and Mrs Lucas was crocheting a hood of blue and white zephyr for a small niece.

There was silence in the kitchen save for the snapping of the fire in the stove, the ticking of the big eight-day clock in the corner, and the rustle of the farmer's newspaper, and when Mrs Harewood sighed deeply, both her sister and husband looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" asked the latter. "That sigh is the loudest I ever heard you give. Has anything gone wrong? You look as if you had a big load on your mind."

"I have," answered his wife. "And it's a load which you must share, Eli; I have borne it alone as long as I can bear it. There is great trouble in store for us husband—George is going to leave the farm."

The newspaper fell to the floor, and for a moment the farmer looked at his wife, too much surprised to utter a word.

"George to leave the farm!" he repeated at last. "Sarah, you must be dreaming."

"Mrs Harewood shook her head sadly. "I wish I were," she said. "No, Eli, it is true. George has made up his mind to leave us. I have noticed for months past that he seemed dissatisfied and restless, and since you sold Vixen he has grumbled a great deal about the work and dullness of his life. And to day I heard him say to Jasper Flint that he would not be here a month from now; that he had had enough of farm life, and intended to leave; and if we refused our consent to it he would run away, and take his chances."

"We'll see about that," said the farmer, angrily. "Consent to it! I rather think not! I won't consider it for a moment. Now what if I let him go? He'd fall in with all sorts of rascals in the city, and get us all into trouble. Besides, I need him here. It'll be ten years, at least, before Harry can take his place, and he's got to stay if I have to tie him down."

"Why don't you make him want to stay, Eli?" asked the gentle voice of his sister-in-law.

"If he's got the city fever on him all the talking in the world wouldn't do any good," rejoined the farmer. "He would not listen to a word."

"Don't talk. Don't let him even suspect that you are aware of his desire to leave you. Try a new plan, Eli, a plan I have been thinking of all day."

"The best plan I know is to tell him my mind freely, without any beating about the bush; and the sooner it's done the better."

"Now, Eli, don't be above taking a woman's advice. Let me tell you how to deal with George. I have been here three months now, and have taken a deep interest in the boy. I have seen his dissatisfaction, and recognized the cause. I have overheard him talking to Jasper Flint more than once, and only yesterday I heard him say that if he went to the city what he earned would be his own, but that

here he worked from dawn to dark, and was no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. He said that Tom Blythe, who was in a grocery store in the city, gets \$12 a week, and Tom is only seventeen. Now, if you want George to stay on the farm, give him an interest in it. He is eighteen years old, and has worked faithfully for you ever since he could talk plain. He has had his food and lodging and two suits of clothes a year, but he has not earned a cent more than the dog which is always at his heels. You even sold the only horse you had that was fit for the saddle. And George was extraordinarily fond of Vixen."

"You can better afford to keep an extra horse than to have your son leave you, Eli. Whom could you get who would take the interest in the work that George has? You have thought it only right that George should do his share towards running the farm, and have considered your duty done in giving him a home. You are disposed to think him ungrateful because he wants to leave you now that every year makes his service more valuable. But the boy is ambitious, and is not satisfied to travel in a circle. He wants to make some headway, and it is only natural."

The farmer leaned his head on his hand, a look of deep thought on his face, weather-beaten face. His gentle sister-in-law's plain speaking had given rise to thoughts which had never before entered his mind.

"I believe you're more than half right, Hester, he said at last. "I'll think it all over to-night, and make up my mind what to do. I'd be lost here without George, and he shan't leave the farm if I can help it."

"Force won't keep him, Eli, remember that," said Mrs Lucas, feeling that she had said enough, folded up her work, and taking up a lamp from a shelf by the stove, went upstairs to her own room.

Just at daybreak she was aroused from a sound of horse's hoofs in the yard, and looking out of the window she saw Eli trotting away on old Roan.

"Where can he be going at this hour?" she thought.

When she went down stairs at six o'clock, George was standing by the edge of the Pasceagoula, having just come in with two pails of milk. His face wore a discontented, unhappy look and he merely nodded in return for his aunt's cheery "Good morning."

A few minutes later his father entered, and George, who had gone to one of the windows, and was looking out dejectedly did not even glance up.

"You were out early, Eli," said Mrs Lucas. "I heard you ride away at daybreak."

"Yes, I went to Pine Ridge on a matter of business."

"That's where you sold Vixen, isn't it?" asked little Harry, and Mrs Lucas saw a quiver pass over George's face as the child spoke.

"Yes, my boy, I sold Vixen to Lawyer Stanley. George," turning to his son, "I've made up my mind to part with that five-acre lot by the river. What do you think of that?"

"Of course you are to get a good price for it, sir," said the young man, indifferently. "It is the best piece of land you have."

"But I haven't sold it. I am going to give it away."

"Give it away!" repeated George, roused out of his indifference, and staring at his father as though he had not heard him rightly.

"Yes, deed it over, every inch of it, to some one I think a great deal of, and who deserves it," laying his hand on his son's shoulder, and his voice breaking a little. "I'm going to give it to my son, George Harewood, to have and to hold, as he sees fit, without question or advice."

"To me! You intend to give that fifty acres to me, father?"

"Yes, my boy, and with my whole heart. You've been a good son, George, and I only wish I were able to do more for you. But I'm not a rich

man, as you know, and I have your mother and the three little ones to provide for, too. Still, I want you to have a start, and this fifty acre lot will yield you a handsome profit. You can have three days in the week to call your own, and that will give you a chance to work it, and if you choose to break in that pair of young oxen I bought the other day from Bagley, you can have them for your trouble."

"This—this seems so much, sir," stammered George. "I don't know how to thank you."

"Too much! Then I don't know what you'll say to this," and the farmer took his son by the arm and led him out on the porch. "There's another present for you my boy."

"Vixen!" The word came from George's lips with a long sigh of joy, and with one bound he was at the side of the little black mare he had never thought to see again, and both arms about her neck. "Oh, father, I'd rather have Vixen than anything else in the world!"

And he buried his face in the pretty creature's mane, and in spite of his eighteen years, fairly broke down, and sobbed aloud.

That ended George's desire to leave the farm. He was never again heard to mention the subject, and he grumbled no more about the hard work and the monotony of his life, but in every way tried to show his appreciation of his father's kindness.

In fact, Eli Harewood was wont to say occasionally in confidence to his wife, that he had reason to bless his sister-in-law for her good advice, and that he owed it to her that he had a stalwart arm to lean on in his advancing years.

But George never knew to what he owed the change in his fortunes.

A Singing River.

A hundred miles east of New Orleans on the Mississippi coast, is the town of East Pasceagoula, or Scranton, at the mouth of the Pasceagoula river. For 200 years the Pasceagoula has been noted for giving forth strange musical sounds near its mouth, at the gulf. Charles E. Chidsey writes of them in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

He says in 1875 an old fisherman at Scranton called him one evening to come to the river bank and "hear" the spirits singing under the water. From the bosom of the waters came a murmuring sound, first rising in crescendo, then dying away diminuendo. Again some years after, he was leaning idly over an old wharf on the edge of the Pasceagoula, when he suddenly heard a sound like the rushing and roaring of a mighty wind. He supposed it was the wind from a storm that could be plainly seen on the gulf. But a lady with him said: "That is not the storm you hear, but the mysterious music."

Again there are times when fishermen are on the water at night, when the music can be heard distinctly in sounds inexpressibly sweet and plaintive, like an Eolian harp. A sudden splash or noise will cause it to cease, but when silence supervenes it begins again, soft and murmurous.

What causes it? It is a pity to destroy a romantic mystery, but the music is probably made by a thousand of fishes: of a kind called the "drum," from their power to produce this sound. It is made by the sudden passage of air from one compartment of the fishes bladder to another. Not the less wonderful for all that, is the soft Eolian strain that rises of a summer night from the moorlit waters of the Pasceagoula.

Work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers, it gives you a perfect and graceful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as "old Soandso's boys." The great busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are, the less harm you are apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and better satisfied will be the world with you.—R. J. Bardsley

Minard's Liniment cures Colic, etc.

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.
It is hoped to erect a temperance temple for Kansas Women's Christian Temperance Union on the Ottawa Assembly Grounds.

Steamer bars are to be abolished in Ontario, as they should be wherever transportation companies value human life.

The arrests for drunkenness in Great Britain for the past ten years are said to have reached a total of nearly two millions.

Of 640 persons who entered five saloons in Columbus, Ohio, within an hour on Saturday evening, 554 were found to be young men.

A sample of W. C. T. U. activity is the fact that one Illinois woman alone has established twenty-five new local unions within the last five months.

A New York white-ribboner suggests that coffee stands be placed close to every saloon, each person to receive a piece of bread or a cracker, with coffee or tea, at a penny a cup.

There are 16,000 bands of hope and juvenile temperance societies in the United Kingdom, with nearly 2,000,000 members. The Scottish Union includes 600 societies and 130,000 members.

This is how an exchange figures it out: From a bushel of corn a distiller gets four gallons of whiskey, which retails at \$16. The government gets \$3.60, the farmer who raised the corn gets forty cents, the railroad gets \$1, the manufacturer gets \$4, the retailer gets \$7 and the consumer gets drunk.

A HINT FOR MOTHERS.
Mrs Willard says: "Begin to teach temperance in the lullaby song and the twilight evening story." The Pennsylvania *Balladist* contains the following suggestion in furtherance of this idea: A telegram comes into the house. Children will ask numberless questions about it. Mothers, it pays to stop, and take time to answer all these countless little inquiries. Don't finish your story until you have told of the wonderful telegraph system which extends over our bodies. Tell of the fine network of nerves upon which messages are constantly being carried to and from the brain, and central office. They must be kept soft, like an egg, in order to keep the telegraph apparatus in working order. Alcohol sucks the moisture from these delicate nerve cells, and then they do not work perfectly, and the drinker thinks he feels better, when the truth is he only feels less.

Mother and child are walking the street, and notice a sign over a store. What was it placed there for? To show what is contained within. God has made man so that he cannot help but hang out his sign and show to all what he keeps within. A dishonest person will seldom look you square in the face; he cannot laugh full and round and open, like the true-hearted honest man. There are those who read character in everything, but the tobacco user and the drunkard hang out a sign so plain that all who see may read.

A BOY'S TEMPTATION.
You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking force had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try to take the castle; but one soldier said, I will show you how we can take the castle. And he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon. About midnight there were a few grains of sand knocked ed off the wall. He did the same next day and the next. By and by the stone began to come away, and by steady working his gun for one week he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to pass through.

Now, with a single gun firing away at every boy's life, the devil is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul; and if you never have any temptation, you will never have any practice. A boy who attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than the one that drills only twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourself resolutely to face them.

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

Minard's Liniment cures Colic, etc.

The abandonment of Iceland by its inhabitants is one of the most interesting episodes in the shifting of population that the world has ever known. There is a little country that has a civilization, a literature and a history of its own, and yet its people find the conditions of life so severe that they are turning their backs upon it all and seeking new homes. Several hundreds of Icelanders have come to this country during the last few years. Homes are found in the agricultural regions of the Canadian North West, and there the Icelanders will be merged in an entirely new civilization while the old Icelandic nation becomes merely a tradition of the past.

Says the *New York Tribune*: "It is related that a few years ago the Prince of Wales declined to attend a luncheon following the opening of a town hall at Halifax, England, because the local 'big-wigs' had determined that the newspaper men should dine apart, in another hotel; and once Disraeli, when touring in Buckinghamshire, shut himself up in his room on learning of a similar resolve, and sent word to his hosts that he would remain there until the journalists were accorded a place at his table."

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

A young man was calling on a congressman's daughter the other evening when the father appeared at the parlour door. "May I come in?" he asked, hesitatingly. "Oh, yes," she answered, "you may, but we have a quarum without you. Then he didn't."

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.
"How are you succeeding, Mr. Hornblower, in your work?" "Magnificently. There's a great awakening at the close of every sermon."

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

Dr BARSS
May be consulted professionally at his residence near the Episcopal Church, Wolfville, December 19th, '89.

DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE WITH AN OLD HARNESS!
WHEN YOU CAN GET A NEW ONE AT Patriquin's FOR \$15.00.

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BEST ON EARTH
SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Send 25 Cents for a Bar of Surprise Soap and you will receive a Bar of Surprise Soap and a Bar of Surprise Soap. Surprise Soap is the only soap that will wash your face and hands without hurting them. It is the best soap in the world.

The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co.
St. Stephen, N.S.

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 Stamp 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 3 stamps, but values on the entire letter, for which I give higher prices than any King. G. HOOPER,

559 King St., Ottawa, Canada.

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