

# THE ACADIAN

## AND BERWICK TIMES.

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

Vol. VIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1889.

No. 29.

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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

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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.)  
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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices. Rates for standing notices 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 continued, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspapers and articles upon the topics 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.

### 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.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

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

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

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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.

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

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

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

HERBERT, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

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

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RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

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.

### Select Poetry.

#### A Little Hand.

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things,  
Somewhere in this sun-bright land;  
But I think the Lord for his blessings,  
And the clasp of a little hand.

A little hand that stole softly  
Into my hand that day,  
When I needed the touch that I loved so much.

Softer it seemed than the softest down,  
On the breast of the gentlest dove;  
But its timid press and its faint caress,  
Were strong in the sense of love.

It seemed to say in a strange, sweet way,  
"I love you and understand!"  
And calmed my fears as my hot, heart  
Fell over that little hand.

Perhaps there are tenderer, sweeter things,  
Somewhere in this sun-bright land;  
But I think the Lord for his blessings,  
And the clasp of a little hand.

### Interesting Story.

#### A Mortal After All.

"I have done the best I could, Charles. The fire wouldn't burn, the stove wouldn't bake, and consequently the biscuits are dough, and the omelet smoked. There! I've owned up! So don't frown any more, you hear!"

"But, Nancy, these things happen too often. You always lay it to the wood, or the stove, or something of the sort."

"When has it happened before, Charles? Everything has been cooked to perfection, I think, lately. Mother says I am a very good cook for one so young, and with no more previous experience."

"That will do very well as the opinion of your mother, who, of course, is prejudiced in favor of her only daughter; but I wouldn't have my mother come here for the world till things run smoother."

"You make me almost hate the name of your mother, Charles Peters. Never having seen her, I picture her as some horrible virgo, who, when she does pounce upon us, will almost make me afraid of my life."

Charles Peters couldn't help laughing, in spite of his poor breakfast, as he gazed at the scarlet face and pouting lips of his fair young wife.

Presently their one little servant girl brought in a fresh loaf from the baker's, and this, with a slice of cold ham, and another cup of tolerable coffee, finished out rather a meager breakfast for the young and not very happy couple.

Rather it is in some respects (hear this, ye waiting and expectant maidens) to marry a man sick, weary, and disgraced with his first, second, and third-rate boarding-house, than one fresh from the parental mansion and the loving and careful ministrations of the maternal hands.

To the man who had run a gauntlet of boarding houses, a home is a blessing (be it ever so humble), and he sees no faults, or looks upon them as trifles, in the young and inexperienced wife. Together they laugh over ludicrous mistakes and culinary surprises, and resolve to make the best of it, in the infancy of their housekeeping, and in the language of the school song, "Try, Try Again."

By adopting this course, Charles Peters might soon have had everything to his mind in his really sunny home. But his manner irritated the young housekeeper, and made her dead to undertake anything in the cooking line, and in fact, dread even the fire, decided step of her husband unless he came suddenly upon her while at work. His severe comment upon her housekeeping sent her in tears to her mother, which certainly did not mend matters in the least.

"Mamma, I must leave him now," said Nancy, one day, as she threw herself in her mother's arms.

"Don't do that, child! He is a good husband in everything else, but this fretting and fuming, and he'll get over that in time. He is a good provider, and free from vices, and I think kind at heart."

"Oh! I can bear a great deal from him, for I love him, mamma; but his mother is coming to make us a visit, and I won't bear her interference, so there!"

"Do the best you can, and trust for the rest, Nancy. Don't show the white feather. Go home and I will come over and help you with your first dinner, when the important day arrives, with the more important personage, Mrs. Peters."

The important day did arrive, and with it the much-feared personage, Charles Peters' mother.

While the sunbeams were showing her in her hair her magnificent bundles and boxes, Nancy stood at the head of the stairs reconnoitering, before she could descend and advance to meet the fancied enemy.

"Why, mamma," whispered she as she caught that worthy woman's hand who stood by her side, "do look! what a little thing! Hardly up to my shoulders. And listen. A voice like the chirp of a robin, or like our silver tea-bell. I'm not one bit afraid of her, so there!"

Down went the plump, blooming young matron, her mamma in her wake, with open arms, to receive that might of humanity, Charles' mother.

Mrs. Peters expected in such reception as she received. She was agreeably disappointed in her daughter-in-law. Charles, in his letters to her, had apologized for his wife instead of praising her, until the old lady had come to sigh and think her beloved son had made the greatest mistake a man could make in life—married the wrong woman.

"Why, you little dear, you put me in mind of the tea-rose in my garden. Let me reach up and kiss you again. There. Now for my boxes, for I've brought not only some goodies besides my wardrobe, but Towser and Titmouse, my dog and cat, which I couldn't shut up in the house to starve, you know, dear, even for a week or two."

"You are welcome, and everything belonging to you, dear mother," said the genial Nancy, as she liberated the frightened cat from her basket and fondly smoothed the ruffled hair. Towser, more a cosmopolitan, had already stretched his length on the hearth-rug and made himself at home. The dinner hour drew near, and Charles would arrive in fifteen minutes, at least. Everything was cooked to a turn, and the table "looked splendid," as Nancy declared for the tenth time to her mother and the bustling servant girl.

Charles came in at the appointed time, took his little mother in his arms, fairly lifting her off her feet, and then kissed Nancy, and glanced toward the dining-room with a rather troubled countenance.

"Everything is all right, Charley," said the confident wife in his ear, as he retired to "wash up" for dinner.

"I hope so," sighed Charles.

The solid portion of the dinner was a perfect success. Mrs. Peters declared that "such roast lamb" she had not eaten for years, and as for the dressing to the turkey, it beat her's by a great deal. But the first mortification Charles experienced was when he cut a gooseberry pie and dealt it round.

"Nancy," said he, with a flushed and angry face, "this pie is abominable. No sugar, and all salt. Mother, I hope you'll excuse this oversight in my wife," changing his voice to an injured tone.

"Why, good gracious, Charles Peters! that's one of my pies, as I live! I should think that plate a mile off," piped the old lady, smothering a musical laugh in her pocket handkerchief.

"There's where you nicked the edge, when a boy. Then I forgot the sugar, did I? Well, no wonder; I was so anxious to make something uncommonly nice to bring here. When we try the most, sometimes we fail the most. Don't you often find it so, my rosy daughter Nancy?"

Nancy could hardly answer, as she laughingly contemplated the dazed expression of her husband's countenance, when he seemed to wake up for the first time to the knowledge that his mother was human, and as fallible as the rest of mortals. Yet he was vexed at himself, and looking about, seeking out something on which to vent his spleen, he espied Titmouse, sitting on a vacant chair, ready for a spring on to his mother's shoulder.

"Drive that cat out of the room, Nancy! Where did it come from?"

Mother, don't be frightened," as the cat leaped upon her; "you shan't be subject to such annoyances again."

"Afraid of my own Titmouse, that I brought with me, and wants her dinner as well as other folks! I guess not," piped the old lady. "Come, Towser, rouse up, you lazy brute, and get your supper, now that smarter people are through."

The dog opened one eye, saw the situation, rose up feebly, as if not half rested from his journey, shook himself, and with much effort stood on his hind legs in a begging posture.

The sense of his own folly and the ludicrousness of the surroundings struck Charles Peters in a comic light, and he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

In this the company joined and the day ended in the happiest way.

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"Then, mother, you think my Nancy will eventually make a good cook—that is, know how things ought to be done, even if she doesn't have to do them herself?"

"Why, she's a much better cook and housekeeper than I was at her age. We must all serve an apprenticeship at any business. You've begun wrong with Nancy. She's as good as gold, my son, and you don't half appreciate her. Don't scold her any more; bear with her little mistakes, as I have borne with yours many a time. Then we will see what we shall see."

In ten years from that time, when Charles Peters had a large house and three children to be looked after, besides the two old mothers to be nursed and tended, no more notable housekeeper was there the country round than Nancy Peters.

Little Peters, a perfect counterfeit of his father in all things, always exclaims when he has been to a neighbor's tea, that everything was good, "but, then, it didn't taste like mother's."

Happy illusion!

The Late Arthur S. Davison.

More than a passing interest has been taken in the ACADIAN, of Wolfville, N. S., published by Davison Bros., because it was always found to be well printed and edited and its selections made with excellent care and judgment;—perhaps more especially because it was printed and improved much after the fashion of the *Maple Leaf*. For these and other reasons it gives us pleasure to refer to the excellent qualities, business ability and enterprising spirit of the founder of our Wolfville contemporary, who was called hence January 24th, to that land from whose home no traveller returns. We do not think it out of place, under such circumstances, to make a somewhat extended reference to our late friend, who so well proved himself an able addition to, and an honored member of, the newspaper fraternity in the maritime provinces. Such efforts as his too frequently pass unnoticed by contemporaries, when cheering word and honest compliment—even after death—might lend comfort and strength to his friends and co-laborers in the more uncertain fields of newspaper work.

Arthur S. Davison was born at Long Island, a small village five miles distant from Wolfville, on October 12th, 1865, being the second son of J. B. Davison, Esq. When about four years of age, his parents moved to Wolfville, where the family has since resided. Arthur began his education very early in the public schools, and always evinced remarkable clearness in his studies, being almost a prodigy in mathematics. For a time he acted as clerk in a bookstore, where he found an excellent opportunity for gratifying his taste for literature. When seventeen years of age he entered the ranks of journalism, and in April, 1883, he issued the first number of the *YOUNG ACADIAN*. This small paper was the result of his own individual effort. Having never learned the printer's trade, his knowledge of the art was acquired by observation and enquiry. The effort was a great surprise to all, but he received every encouragement and was urged to continue it as a local paper. The second issue appeared in May, considerably enlarged and improved, and for a time it was published semi-monthly. The

### Impure Blood

Is the cause of Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Eczema, and cutaneous eruptions of all kinds. There can be no permanent cure for these complaints until the poison is eliminated from the system. To do this thoroughly, the safest and most effective medicine is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial.

"For the past twenty-five years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."—G. O. Brock, Truro, N. S.

"My wife was for a long time a sufferer from tumors on the neck. Nothing did her any good until she tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made a complete cure."—W. S. Martin, Burning Springs, W. Va.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

their savings, and should share in all his plans of disposing of their small accumulations, so as to make them more productive if all goes well.

### Short and Long Courtships.

Daisy Dandelion, Essex, Ct., is perplexed over the question of short and long courtships, and wants our advice. Well, Daisy, it is hard to make a rule to fit every case, but in general we will say that long courtships are not advisable. Many women, pale, haggard, and wasted from long continued uterine ailments, are forced to banish all thoughts of marriage. Such unfortunate sufferers should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," auterision, retroversion, "bearing-down sensations," chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

### Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or mother's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, and the publisher may continue to send it until the 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 from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.  
OFFICE HOURS, 8 A.M. TO 5 P.M. Mail is made up as follows:—  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.50 a.m.  
Express west close at 10.35 a.m.  
Express east close at 5.15 p.m.  
Kentville close at 11.15 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. BARRS, Agent.

### Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School at 9 a.m.; Pastor's Bible Class & Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.15; Prayer meeting, Thurs. Tuesday at 7.15; Mission Hall services—Sunday School day evening at 7.30; Prayer Meeting, Friday evening at 7.30.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 10 a.m. in Sabbath school at 11 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. D. W. Johnson and G. F. Day, Pastors.—Service every Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; every Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sabbath School at 1.00 p.m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 p.m.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Parish of Horton. 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. Vestry, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Rector. St. Andrew's Church, Kentville. E. S. Crawley and R. East, Wardens of St. John's Church. F. A. Masters and G. E. Hus, Wardens of St. James Church.

### 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 DISORDER, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR CONSTRICTED BOWELS. May, 2nd Oct. 1888.—I feel compelled to state that I have used your Compound the last several days and find it to be a most valuable medicine, and easy to take. I am, please send me a bottle. A. S. McMillan.

Look for names in Family medicine everywhere. 25c per bottle.

### BEST ON EARTH

## SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Surprise Soap is the best for washing the face, hands, and body. It is made of pure soap and water, and is the only soap that will not irritate the skin. It is the best for washing the face, hands, and body. It is made of pure soap and water, and is the only soap that will not irritate the skin.

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

### THE WEEKLY EMPIRE

Canada's Leading Paper.

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THE EMPIRE, since its establishment has met with unprecedented success, and already stands in the proud position of Canada's Leading Journal, but in order to place the WEEKLY EMPIRE in the hands of every farmer in the Dominion this fall, the publishers have determined to give the Weekly

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Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

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, 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.

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ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

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