

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1890.

No. 40.

Vol. IX.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended by the most eminent medical authorities. It cures Colic, Constipation, Four Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. It is a safe and pleasant medicine. Without injurious medication.

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFFVILLE, 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 notices. Rates for advertising in the Acadian are on application to the office, and payment on publication is guaranteed by the responsible party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction until work turned out.

Special communications 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 will invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to DAVISON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolffville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his home or another or whether the paper is sent to him or not—is responsible for its 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 from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFFVILLE

Office hours, 8 a. m. to 3 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 4.50 p. m.

Kentville close at 7.30 p. m.

Geo. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Sunday at 12 noon. W. Messro, 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. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7.30. Sent from all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by COLEMAN W. ROSS, 75 Ushers A. B. W. BARRIS.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. B. 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. Cranford, A. M., Pastor; Rev. John W. Turner, Assistant Pastor. 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 Wolffville on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.; at Horton on Friday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers are 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 administered on the first Sunday in the month. The altars in this church are open for the service of local needs. Pastor, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Residence, Rev. Key, Kentville. Wardens, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolffville.

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. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

DIRECTORY

OF THE Business Firms of WOLFFVILLE

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

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

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

JORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carrriages and Sleighs Built, 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. Agents 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 Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. E.—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.

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

DOCKWELL & 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 Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WYTER, BURPEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolffville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, CONVEYANCER, INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFFVILLE N. S.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry REPAIRED.

BY—

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry REPAIRED.

BY—

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.

POETRY.

Barbara.

Blithe was the youth that summer day
As he smelt at the ribs of earth,
And he poked his pick with a merry click,
And he whistled anon in mirth;
And the constant thought of his dear
One's face
Seemed to illumine that ghostly place.

The gaunt earth envied the lover's joy
And she moved and closed on his head—
With no one nigh and never a cry
The beautiful boy lay dead;
And the treasure he sought for his sweet-
heart fair
Crumbled and clung to his glorious hair.

Fifty years is a mighty space
In the human toil for bread,
But to Love and Death 'tis merely a
breath—
A dream that is quickly sped;
Fifty years, and the fair lay laid
Just as he fell that summer day.

At last came others in quest of gold
And hewed in that mountain place,
And deep in the ground one time they
found
The boy with the smiling face;
All incorrupt by the pitiless air,
He lay with his crown of golden hair.

They bore him up to the sun again
And laid him beside the brook,
And the folk came down from the busy
town
To wonder and prate and look;
And so, to the world that knew him not,
The boy came back to the old-time spot.

Old Barbara hobbled among the rest—
Wrinkled and brown was she—
And she gave a cry as she faced again
"At last he has come to me!"
And she knelt by the side of the dead
boy there
And she kissed his lips and she stroked
his hair.

"These eyes are sealed, O dearest one!
And better it is 'tis so—
Else thou might'st see how harsh with me
Death Life thou couldst not know!
Kindlier Death has kept the fair—
The sorrow of life has been my share!"

Barbara bowed her aged face
And slept on the breast of her dead,
And the golden hair of her dear one there
Cared her snow-white head.
Oh, Life is sweet with its touch of pain,
But sweeter the death that joined those
twain.
—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

STORY.

Granny's Bairn.

It was a desolate scene as I wandered among the pitfalls and abandoned workings of the Beaver Meadow Coal Mines. In a hollow of an old and useless stripping lay tons of slate waste, among which gleamed bits of coal here and there. The mineral had long gone its way to the market and the refuse remained; but even these bits the poor about the district were forbidden by the owners to glean.

The winter had been a severe one and the coal strike for a few pence more a day had augmented the sufferings of the poor, not only in and about the great city, but extending out to the coal regions as well.

The place looked deserted and dreary enough, but I walked on, musing over the fate which doomed the generality of men to toil and poverty, when suddenly the figure of a child arose from one of the heaps and stood before me, trembling in every limb and a piteous scared expression upon his face, pinched little face.

"Don't be alarmed," I said, touched by his evident fear; "I wouldn't harm you."

"Ben't you come to take me for pickin' up the coal?" he enquired, falteringly; "didn't the maisters send ye?"

At his feet I now stepped a pail half full of the precious stuff.

"We hain't got no fire," he said, grasping the pail with his little blue, half-frozen fingers, "and poor granny has been shiverin' and moanin' and buggin' the baby awful close, sir. She thinks that keeps it warm, you know."

A wan smile flitted over his face as he said it, but something in his tone brought a lump to my throat.

"And what is your name?" I next inquired.

"Jenny, sir."

"And your father—where is he?"

"I dunno," answered the boy.

"Dead?" I queried.

"Mebbe. I dunno."

"And your mother?"

"His little lip quivered.

"Mother went to work afore day-light, sir. She goes out a-washing and scrubbin' when she can get it. We'll have supper when she gets home—granny and me will, and I'll have a fire, 'cause you know mother'll be

awful cold and tired."

"Well," I said, struggling with my emotion, "let us fill the pail and I will carry it."

It was soon done and before long we stood upon the threshold of a miserable shanty which the boy called "home."

He hesitated a moment before opening the door.

"You ben't one of the maisters now, is ye?" he asked solemnly.

"God forbid," I answered as seriously.

"And ye ain't come to turn us out o' the cabin?"

"Never fear," I smiled; "I come as a friend, not as an enemy."

For answer he opened the door.

Home! A carpetless floor, a bed, a chair or two, a fireless stove.

Cowering close to the latter sat an old woman, crooning to a baby which she held in her arms, swathed in rags.

"Be still, my bairn," she murmured, startled by the opening of the door; "ie still—the maisters shall nae touch ye, never fear."

Oh! those hollow cheeks, those trembling hands, those struggling locks, that bent, shivering form.

She gazed at me curiously at first with a vacant, dazed stare; then a shudder shook her frame.

"Ye one o' the maisters?" she inquired, in a husky voice.

"No," I replied, smiling; "no."

"I maun a-knowed it," she said, with a nod; "the devil ne'er comes a-smilin', and—and—" here her voice fell to a whisper—"the maisters are all sold to the de'il—did you know that?"

I made no answer, and she continued her crooning to the babe in her arms.

"Hush, my bairn," she said to the motherless figure; "shush, thy father's a'comin'—a'comin' home the day. Has't seen him?" she cried, suddenly turning to me; "has't seen my Sandy? My pair boy Sandy—did he send ye?"

"The boy looked at me with a wistful, touching expression.

"Sandy's my father," he exclaimed, "who went away long ago."

"At this juncture the door opened and a woman about thirty years of age entered with every appearance of weariness and heart-sickness in her form and face.

For the first time the boy's eyes lightened.

"Mother," he said, "the gentleman fetched home a whole pailful of coal—see!" and the little fellow spread his hands over the newly kindled fire with a look of pride and satisfaction.

"Hush!" whispered granny; "the bairn sleeps. Wake her not up to misery again. It were a blessing, when hunger cooms and cold, for us all to sleep."

"The child must be cold," I said to the younger woman. "It's clothing seems poor and thin."

She smiled strangely and placed her finger upon her lip.

"Taint no real baby," whispered the boy; "it's only a stick o' wood the granny calls the bairn."

I looked at the boy's mother inquiringly.

"Yes," said she, "the bairn died the morning poor Sandy was taken away. Granny went crazy, as you see, which was a mercy, sir, seein' as how she loved the bairn and Sandy better than life."

The old woman had returned to her chair, and cheered by the warmth, was sinking into a gentle doze.

"Sandy!" she murmured, "Sandy's a'comin' home the day. The bairn will nae mair cry from hunger, for the father is a'comin' home."

"Of what dark day do you speak?" I inquired, "and who took your husband away?"

The boy shuddered and crept close to his mother's side. She hesitated.

"Here Jenny," I hastened to say, "take this money and go to the nearest shop. Your mother will tell you what to buy."

He was gone, but, nevertheless, I was haunted by those solemn, pleading, wistful eyes—eyes in which the glad light of happy childhood had never lurked; eyes which looked out upon life shadowed by the wing of poverty and hopeless misery.

"You may remember, sir," began

his mother, "the great strike of the miners in this region in the year 188—Sandy, my husband, was agin it, sir, from the first. Well sir," she continued, "the men had been idle for months, but still they clung to the hope that by holdin' out their future would be bettered. It was bitter cold, and Sandy had gone out to get the trust of a pail of coal. He was very white, sir, when he came back, and there was that in his eye which made me shudder."

"Why, Sandy," I cried, "my man, why do you look so?"

"For answer he pointed to the empty pail."

"They would gie me nane," says he, slow-like and husky. "They will nae trust us more."

"And why," I asked, "all of a tremble."

"They mean to turn us out of the house to-morrow," he answered, bitterly. "New men, my lass, are a'comin' to take our places at lower wages the day."

"But the bairn, our sick bairn, I cried. 'She has been cryin' for a sup of broth since early mornin'. She is dyin', Sandy—dyin' for the lack of nourishment."

"Sandy groaned. He was a big, brawny man, sir, willin' to work, and he well nigh worshipped the little one which lay there moanin' and cryin' for the broth which he couldn't give her."

"Ye maun get a chicken, Sandy," cried granny; "try it, mon. The darlin' is starvin'; can ye no see?"

"A chicken?" cried Sandy, with a bitter laugh. "Ye maun as well ask me for the keys of heaven, granny. They would nae gie me the trust of a pail of coal the morn. A chicken! They would call me mad an' I should ask for it—mad!"

"Well, sir," continued the woman, after a painful pause, "the next day was cold and raw. A fine drizzling rain set in, which froze at it fell. The little one was worse. She lay quite still now and moaned no more."

"They will not turn us out in this storm, Sandy, with a sick bairn, I said; 'they can never be so cruel as that.'

"The new men must have homes," he answered, despairing like.

"Just then came a knock at the door. Granny looked out the window, then turned with white lips and grasped Sandy by the arm.

"Be a mon," she said, in a low, deep voice, "be a mon, Sandy, and dinna let them turn us out this awful day. Think o' your dyin' bairn and be a mon."

"Sandy shook in every limb, but answered not a word. There was a louder rap now at the door. Granny wrung her hands in agony, for just then from the bed came a low moan.

"Broth," cried the bairn; "granny, broth!"

"Open the door, Sandy," said granny; "open the door; and, taking the little one in her arms, she stood like a figure turned to stone in the middle of the floor.

"Jenny, hardly more than a babe, clung weeping to my skirts, and as I knelt in prayer by the fireless stove, asking aid from One greater and richer than the owners of the coal mines.

"There was silence for a moment when the door was opened, then one of the men laughed.

"Come," he said, "make ready to be out of this by noon. You had orders yesterday, Sandy, and we mean to enforce 'em."

"But the bairn is near to dyin'," answered Sandy, choking like, "and sure you will not turn us out in the storm?"

"Well, if the brat be near dyin', she may as well die outside as in."

"Then," continued the woman, shivering her eyes with one hand, "I heard a growl as like from a wild beast, then a cry of mortal agony, and then—"

Her voice broke and she half arose from her chair and looked with a fixed, stony gaze straight before her.

"And then?" I queried, after a painful pause.

"And then," she resumed, with white lips, "the man who had uttered that cruel speech, flung up his arms, swayed to and fro and fell at Sandy's feet without life or motion. Then the rest sprang upon Sandy, who stood there dazed and horror-stricken, white as the

dead man at his feet.

"I did nae mean to kill him," he said, solemnly, with uplifted hand; "God above knows I did nae mean to kill him. But the bairn is the light o' my eyes, and if any of ye be fathers, ye maun know how—how—"

"He could say no more, sir, for the tears which choked him; tears wrung from his great noble heart—a heart as tender as a woman's."

"Come," said the dead man's friends, savagely, "come. We don't want any more of your whining. You'll get a halter for this day's work, never fear."

"A halter!" exclaimed granny, dazed like—"a halter for my Sandy!"

"Then she looked at the dead man's face and laughed, such a horrible laugh, sir, that it curdled the blood in our veins.

"The child no longer moaned, but lay quiet within her arms. Sandy shook off the hands which held him and stooped to kiss the bairn.

"She's dead, he said, quietly; 'my Jenny, our pretty bairn, is dead; and, without another word turned and went out of the door, never to enter it again."

"Surely," I stammered, "he was not, not—"

"No, sir," said she, quietly; "but he was sent to prison for life."

"And you and the boy and granny," I inquired, "what did you do?"

"The neighbors helped us to move here," she said, wearily, "and helped us to bury the child. Granny's reason fled that dreadful day, and, as you see, she still nurses the bairn, and ever in her ear rings that mournful cry, 'Broth! granny, broth!'"

The door opened suddenly at this juncture and in sprang Jenny, with a look upon his face that brought us both to our feet.

"He's come!" he gasped; "he's come! Granny was nae mad when she said he'd come the day."

"Who?" cried his mother, a wild hope gleaming in her eye. "Quick, Jenny, tell me. Who has come?"

"My boy Sandy," crooned granny, aroused by the confusion; its my Sandy come back with the broth for the bairn."

"Ay, nither," cried a rough, manly voice at the door, "God be thanked, 'tis thy boy Sandy come back indeed!"

The wife stood like one turned to stone.

"Escaped?" she gasped, with a shudder, as her husband held out his arms; "escaped?"

"Nae, my lass," he cried; "never fear, 'tis not escaped I am, but pardoned, Jenny—pardoned."

That meeting was too sacred for a stranger's eye to witness, and so I silently stole away and left them; the strong man shaken with emotion, wife and child sobbing upon his breast and granny, with her "bairn" tenderly clasped in her arms, smiling upon the group in placid, sweet content.

Wise Words.

People will take anything except advice.

No young man is stronger than his weakest point.

To be effectual sympathy should be given as a drought—not applied externally.

Success, in the majority of instances depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.

Mind is superior to things not because it is free from law, but because it is a law itself.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection finish him.

Gratitude flows easily for things received. It is harder to give thanks for that withheld.

If one wishes to take things easy when one is old, it will be necessary to take many things that are not easy when one is young.

No true man can live a half life when he has genuinely learned that it is only a half life. The other half, the higher half, must haunt him.

If the will-o'-the-wisp hope leads one into the bog occasionally, this much may be said of it—it rarely quite deserts one until the bog is crossed.

After all, the only real difference between laughing and crying is that in one case the corners of the mouth turn up, while in the other they turn down.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BREAKFAST CAKES.—One cupful of Indian meal, one tea-spoonful of salt, and one table-spoonful of sugar. Scald the meal, then add two tea-spoonfuls of milk or water, one egg, and one table-spoonful of flour; stir it well. Butter the griddle, put on large spoonfuls of the batter and fry until well cooked.

COLD LEMON PUDDING.—One half box of gelatine soaked in four table-spoonfuls of water for ten minutes; add a pint of boiling water, juices of two lemons, one cupful of sugar. Strain and set away to cool. When cold stir in the whites of three well-beaten eggs. A thin boiled custard or thick cream may be used to pour over the pudding.

MEAT SAUCE.—An excellent meat sauce is made of one pint of vinegar, two spoonfuls each of mustard seed and grated horse radish, two finely cut onions, a tea-spoonful of red pepper and a little salt. Put this in a glass can and set it away for a week or two. If any scum is on the top when it is opened, remove it.

GRAVY EGGS.—Lovers of hard-boiled eggs will find variety as well as neatness in serving gravy eggs. Make a brown or butter gravy seasoned with curry, gumbé, pepper or parsley. Remove the shell from the hard-boiled eggs, place them in a deep dish and pour the hot dressing over them. In a large family this is a time saving as well as a tidy way to serve the dairy product.—New York World.

A cloth saturated in kerosene oil and dipped into whiting, for cleaning tinware, is much better than anything else used.

If new calicoes are allowed to lie in strong salt water an hour before the first washing, the colors are less likely to fade.

To mend small holes in plastering use one part plaster of Paris and three parts fine sand; mix with cold water and apply with a case-knife.

A good cement for china is ordinary carriage varnish; if put together neatly the fracture will be hardly perceptible, and it is not affected by water.

Table linen should be hemmed by hand. Not only does it look more dainty, but there is never a streak of dirt under the edge after being laundered as with machine sewing.

Whole cloves are now used to exterminate the meretricious and industrious moth. It is said they are more effective than a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor or cedar shavings.

SILLIOL'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 20 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

It is a marvel how much dirt is hidden in the folds of our clothing. Surprise Soap will wash it out. It is a marvel how much dirt is hidden in the folds of our clothing. Surprise Soap will wash it out.

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 bills 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 original value, 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,
550 King St., Ottawa, Canada.