

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, APRIL 25, 1890.

No. 36.

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for Infants and Children.

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The Acadian.

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Sevy 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 must invariably accompany the article, and a full name and address may be written in cation, although the name may be written in cation, although the name may be written in cation.

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St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

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

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

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POETRY.

Trusting in God.

The little birds trust God, for they go singing
From Northern woods where autumn winds have blown,
With joyous faith their trackless pathway winging,
To summer lands of song, afar, unknown.

And if he cares for them through wintry weather,
And will not disappoint one little bird,
Will he not be as true a Heavenly Father
To every soul who trusts his Holy Word?

Let us go singing then, and not go sighing,
Since we are sure our times are in His hand,
Why should we weep, and fear, and call it dying?
'Tis only fitting to a summer-land!

Waiting.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within
I hear with groan and travail cries
The world confess its sin;

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,
I know that God is good;

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—Whittier.

LITERATURE.

If They Were Men.

WHAT SOME FAMOUS WOMEN WOULD LIKE AND WOULD NOT DO—SOME WOULD LIKE TO BE MEN—OTHERS ARE CONTENT TO REMAIN AS THEY ARE.

WHAT ELLA WHEELER WOULD DO.

Were I a man:—

I would never speak or write one disparaging or disrespectful word of any woman whom I did not know beyond the cavil of a doubt to be utterly unworthy. Even then I would only speak such words to warn others from her example.

I would aim to make my life worthy one good woman's admiration and respect.

I would be more gallant and kind to my wife than any other woman.

I would make the happiness of my home the chief ambition of my life.

I would deny myself some pleasures and luxuries in youth that I might not be dependent upon others for the necessities of life in old age.

I would give every man a helping hand as I went along the journey of life and expect no reward save in the increase of my self-respect and satisfaction.

I would take a great pride in controlling and mastering my passions and appetites, as I would in the control of my horses and my dog. And I would look well to it that none gained the mastery over me.

I would feel it a greater honor to be called a faithful husband and a wise father than to be known as "a sly dog" or "a great nasher" by my fellow men.

If I inherited wealth I would endeavor to make myself in bearing and in manners the equal of many who labor for a livelihood.

I would never imagine that the possession of a first-class tailor and an eyeglass could excuse a vile breath or an insolent air.

I would write no letters to any woman, save my wife, which all the world might not read.

In the employ of others, I would do double the duties imposed on me that I might the sooner have others in my employ.

I would rule in my business affairs and in my own household—not by force of physical strength, but by force of character.

And in my general association with women I would treat them as nearly as possible as I like other men to treat my sister or my wife.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

MRS MOULTON WOULD BE HAPPY.

I don't exactly know what I would do were I a man, but I know what I would be, and that is, happy.

From my point of view, a man is a fortunate creature, indeed. He has no dressmaker to tyrannize over, or no disapprover to meet at the last moment. He can simply go to a

tailor, give his order, be measured and he is done with it. He need not go back again and again, and turn himself into an aching lay-figure for an hour at a time to have his draperies arranged.

Then, a man could get on with three suits of clothes—one for the morning wear, one for afternoon visits and a dress suit till it grows shabby at the seams without anyone saying: "Aren't you tired of the sight of that white brocade? Really, Mrs. — has worn it at least at six dinners this season."

And then, hats! If I were a man I should not have to confront myself discontentedly in the glass and choose anxiously between toque and capote-flowers and feathers.

Happy? Yes, indeed! I could go alone to Delmonico's in New York, or to the Cafe Anglais in Paris, and no one would stare at me in wonder.

I could start off, if the fancy seized me, for Russia, Australia, or the pyramids, round the world if I liked, without waiting, as now I must, for a suitable companion who wants to go in the same direction.

I could go to the theatre without waiting to be taken, or bringing some amiable old lady to accompany me.

I could indulge a sudden fancy for a midnight stroll under the stars. I could talk a woman if I loved her. In short, I could live a free, natural, unfeathered life.

Men are ungrateful for their privileges, I think. I wonder they are not a thousand times happier than they are. To be sure, I never heard of one yet who wanted to be a woman.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

FANNY DAVENPORT ON WOMEN.

Thousands of women continually wish they were men. For a woman not to feel or express the wish is the exception rather than the rule.

And from the standpoint of the perfect freedom and unrestraint accorded men in almost everything all women may wish to be of the opposite sex.

But from all other points I would wish to be just what I am, a woman! There is more real gratification and honor for a woman in making fame and competency than a man. Women are surrounded by almost every barrier that can shut out success. Hampered with laws and social rights of every description, she cannot reach her goal by the same broad avenues that are open to men.

Let a brother and a sister, equally talented, start out in life to make success in any profession. The brother walks out into the world, and is easily thrown into the acquaintance of superior men from whom he can imbibe the knowledge that means for him a help towards the end in view. Men encourage and assist him.

The acquaintance of some high-minded, noble woman, brilliant in her endowments, proves itself an education to the inner and finer attributes of his nature. All these are advantages denied the sister. Within the narrow confines allowed her sex, she cannot step forward with the same resolution as her brother without incurring criticism. She must be bounded by the most stringent laws—laws which are to-day the curse of self-advancing women.

Women must, to-day knock so loud, so long and so often at the door of success that many weary and become discouraged before their cries are heard. She must be as of iron to withstand the condemnation of society and the world. Can she form attachments to the opposite sex—attachments, or acquaintances if you like, that cultivates her mind or brain? No; not unless she defies criticism. She must live largely within herself. She is a woman and therefore must she live in the solitude prescribed by social usages and codes, unless she deliberately kicks over tracks.

A dark picture? Ah, no! For proof ask to-day, any self-supporting, self-advancing woman! Ask her how hard success is earned.

Woman's scope for action is so small that I often marvel at the success she has achieved and influenced in the world. Thrice more to her credit, I say, then, is any success that she is able to make than if she were a man!

FANNY DAVENPORT.

"SHOULD" FROM "THE DUCHESS."

If I were a man:—
I should either be a doctor or a soldier. The courage that belongs to them makes these two the greatest professions in the world. True, they contradict each other: one kills and the other cures, yet both are noble.

I should not be in haste to marry. It's the one step in life that makes or mars, and to escape from it but two gates are open: Death and Disgrace.

I should consider 30 a good age for matrimony. Before that man is a mere boy; after that, for the next twenty years he is at his best if there is a best in him. At fifty, if unmarried, he must be regarded as a confirmed old bachelor, and had better remain so.

I should cultivate the society of women of the world. Fashionable women, women of good character and form, what ever has been or may be said against them, having a refined influence. They subdue the moral odor of the stable and help to check the growing inclination to irreverence in ordinary conversation that even decent men are prone to in this generation.

I should make it a point not to scold the servants. One should never deprive the woman one has married of the chief joy of her existence.

I should regard courage as the highest gift of God but I should not consider prowess in mere field sports as constituting that great gift. To conquer and slay the lower animals should not be taken as the end and aim of life. There must be something beyond it. To excel in moral courage, is to be able to defy society for a principle, is surely a greater triumph than to stand with one's foot upon the body of one's country's man.

If I were a man, I should count myself blessed indeed!

But Providence has ordered it otherwise, for I am

THE DUCHESS.

MRS FRANK LESLIE'S WISHES.

Most women who wish that they were men, are pining for what I, by a strange fatality already possess:

An outlet for energy.

A voice in the ear of the world.

An influence beyond the wall of their own homes.

If I had not these things I naturally should desire them very earnestly, and being a man or being a woman, should try to obtain them.

As it is, I desire a man's opportunities chiefly from a social point of view.

If I were a man, I would try to understand women as very few men seem to try to do, I would study the complexity of their tastes, loves, dislikes, sensitivities and intuitions, and try to raise my simpler and clumsier masculine perceptions to a level with what most men despise because they do not comprehend.

I would like to be a man for a little while that I might make love to at least two or three women in a way that would neither shock them with its coarseness nor starve them with its poverty. As it is now, most women deny themselves the expression of the best part of their love because they know it will be either a puzzle or a terror to their lovers. And what I would not do if I were a man would be ever to let go the curb rein of my own propensities.

I would never let any woman know me for just what I was by nature, but having discovered her ideal of me would try to live up to it, or rather copy it as best I could.

No man yet has ever been all that the woman who loves him tries to be live him. If I were a man I would take care that she never found out her mistake! But where is the man wise enough to do this?

MRS FRANK LESLIE.

SHE WOULD BE A MANLY MAN.

If I were a man I would devoutly wish I were a woman, and as that would not be possible, I would accept the inevitable, and do my best to be a manly man as well as a gentleman. I should reverence my mother above all other women and hold every woman sacred for her sake, and if I had a wife I should try to be as polite and attentive to her as if she were the wife of some other man.

MARY J. HOLMES.

KATE FIELD WOULD'N'T CHEAT WOMEN

Were I a man I'd do unto women as I'd be done by. I would not advise a woman to try real estate, and then sell it to her at three times its value. This is what happened to me at Atchison, Kan.

KATE FIELD.

FROM THE GALLANT GUEST'S WIDOW.

If I were a man, there is one little thing I should especially look to. I would tell my wife something every day, not only by look or act, but in plain Saxon that would convey to her a daily remembrance of the love that was hers.

If my wife came to ask me if I loved her, I would not say: "Haven't I told you dozens of times? Didn't I prove that I did by marrying you?"

There are just three little words that only take the fraction of a minute to say, can be said while a man is in the wildest sort of hurry to catch a suburban train, rush to a belated appointment, or tear out of the house to catch a passing car, which will brighten the wife's whole day, soften sorrow, lessen care, and make her eager to run to the door at night to welcome her husband, and tell the same thing to him again.

No deaf man is quicker to discover what words the lips frame than a dependent woman who sees "I love you" proclaimed from her husband's mouth in soundless words.

ELIZABETH BACON CUSTER.

MRS SPOFFORD'S CONTENT

Having been always content with my lot as a woman, and thinking a woman's life in many ways preferable to a man's I have never given a thought as to what I would do if I were a man.

In fact, I cannot summon the application of a single thing that I cannot do as a woman with the one exception of voting. That I would do and take my part in directing the affairs of men, I would do justice to all, and without natural or social rights from none.

But when I would do all that as a woman, had I the opportunity.

After all, if any of us were men, I am inclined to think we would be likely to do as a man now does, and I think it is as impossible for a woman to say what she would do were she a man, as it is for a man to say what he would do were he a disembodied spirit.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

—Levinton Journal.

Parental Prayers.

Surely, among all the prayers that go up to God, none are dearer or more prevailing than the intercessions of parents for their children. They are the hallowed breathings of the purest, tenderest love. Such prayers, if persistent, believing and importunate, may we not say that God always answers in some way in the end? Monica, the mother of Augustine, prays for her son. For a time he goes deeper and deeper into sin, and it seems that the mother's supplications are unheard or unavailing. But she faints not; she will not give him up; she refuses to be disheartened. For many years her son wanders far from God, farther and farther; but she stays at her altar, undismayed, believing still, and pleading with renewed earnestness. At last, all her intercessions are answered in one hour, when Augustine falls down at Jesus' feet in submission, and instantly turns all the wealth of his now splendid life into the service of his now Master. —Presbyterian Observer.

Marking Clothes.

It is of essential importance that clothes should be marked and numbered. This is often done with ink; but as some persons like to mark with silk, we shall describe the stitch. Two threads are to be taken each way of the cloth, and the needle must be passed three ways in order that the stitch may be complete. The first is aslant from the person toward the right hand; the second is downward toward you; and the third is the reverse of the first—that is, aslant from you toward the left hand. The needle is to be brought out at the corner of the stitch nearest to that you are about to make. The shapes of the letters or figures can be learned from an inspection of any common examples.

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

THE HOUSEHOLD.

RECIPTS.

RICE FRITTERS.—Three tablespoons of rice, four eggs, one teaspoon of cur- rants, sugar and nutmeg to suit the taste; boil rice gently until swelled; dredge currants with flour; beat eggs: mix all together thoroughly and fry.

HERMITS.—One cup of maple sugar, one-half cup each of butter and sour cream, one egg, one half teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of cloves cinnamon and nutmeg, and one cup of chopped raisins. Knead as little as possible. Bake like cookies.

CURRIED EGGS.—Heat a pint of milk; add to it two teaspoonfuls of curry powder, rubbed smooth in a little cold milk; let simmer, and thicken with a teaspoonful of corn starch rubbed with the sauce of butter; boil six eggs hard, cut them in slices and lay in the sauce; let them stand over the fire until heated.

MUTTON CHOPS LARDED.—Beat chops flat and lard them with salt pork. Put in a saucpan, sprinkle with minced onions, pepper and salt. Cover with soup stock and let simmer one hour; thicken the gravy with browned flour, add the juice of a lemon, one spoonful of mushroom catchup and a wine-glass of currant jelly. Lay the chops in a dish and pour the gravy over.

SERVING BANANAS.—To make a salad of bananas slice half a dozen and put in a dish with layers of as many oranges also sliced. Over all squeeze the juice of a lemon and sprinkle plentifully with powdered sugar. Serve very cold. Any delicate cake baked in layers and put together with layers of bananas sliced very thin will make a choice desert. The cake should be served with sweetened whipped cream or it will be too dry to be palatable.

BOILED CHICKEN WITH OYSTERS.—Prepare the chicken as for roasting, adding chopped oysters to the stuffing. Put the fowl in a tin pail, tightly covered, and place the pail in a pot of cold water. Boil for 1½ or two hours, as required. Make a gravy from the liquor in the pail, adding to it some of the oysters. Take a half dozen of the largest oysters cooked until the edges curl and lay over the chicken. Put over it a little of the gravy, and serve the rest in a bowl.

DUCK WITH TURNIPS.—Place in a stewpan a tablespoonful of flour and two tablespoonfuls of butter; let the flour brown slightly, then put in an onion dressing; turn it about in this flour and butter, then add half a pint of water and a gill of white wine, add pepper, nutmeg and savory, cover the stewpan closely and cook slowly. When the duck is about half done add two turnips cut into balls. When the duck is done, place it on a deep platter, skin the gravy well, add a little thickening, pour the gravy and turnips around the duck and serve with pieces of fried toast and currant jelly.

The Battle Steed.—"I love this old horse," said the colonel. I feel that he saved my life at Gettysburg.

"How?"

"He kicked me in the stomach before the battle so that I couldn't go on the field, and my substitute got shot in the neck."

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

Minardi's Liniment for Rheumatism

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SURPRI