

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1892.

No. 30.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS: \$1.00 Per Annum.

CLUBS of five in advance \$4 00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, standing by special arrangement for advertising notices.

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POETRY.

Woman's Changing Fashion.

When hoops were worn by woman fair,
A nuisance they were found;
One ran against them everywhere,
The hoops were always round.

And they retained, it was clear,
The bustle was designed,
And woman's fashions, it was plain,
Were getting quite behind.

The bustle also saw its day,
Though to it they adhered
For years, and when it passed away
The clinging dress appeared.

And as it suited old and young,
'Twas worn without demerit;
To fashion woman long had clung,
Now fashion clung to her.

In time the train became the style,
And every woman wore it;
In fact the fashion for a while
Swept everything before it.

And thus the years new fashions bring
White flourishes and decay;
The corset is the only thing
That ever came to stay.

SELECT STORY.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME.

Such a dear old house it was! Nestling down in an old-fashioned garden with an orchard full of weather-beaten apple trees behind it, while an outer circle of ancient cedars drew up about it like faithful guardians, the low, white house, with its broad wings, made you think of a mother bird brooding over her well-filled nest. But the broodings were all gone now, had wandered far from the old house, which seemed to them shabbier and more cramped every time they came back for a visit.

Only grandma clung to it closer and closer as the years went by. When the busy sons and fashionable daughters called it lonely, and the grandchildren wandered over its queer little cudy holes, and remarked with open contempt upon the stiff old furniture and tiny paneled windows, the old lady listened but said nothing; but her heart throbbed with pain as though she had heard the maligning of some dear friend. "They don't of course know," she thought, exclaiming in her gentle way. "Though to other eyes it may seem poor and old fashioned, to us it never can be so, for it is the first, the only home I ever had." And after the sad, tender manner of the old, who only have a happy past and empty present without a living future here, she fell a-dreaming of by-gone times, when her faithful John had brought her a bride to this dear old home, which seemed so grand and beautiful then, after an orphaned childhood and girlhood without a settled home.

How could it ever seem lonely and humble to her, when it was so rich in a thousand happy, blessed associations? Had not she and John planted that very mountain ash together? Had not that been John's favorite rose bush? And could the rooms ever seem empty and cramped to her, when every nook and corner spoke to her, sometimes of the living or the dead, as eloquently as tongue could do?

Here was where she used to sit and watch the fire on winter evenings, rocking the cradle with her foot, while she stooped the broad John liked brown to a shade. This dark spot on the worn floor was where Baby May had turned the lark over while she sat writing to the soldier father far away, where the Potomac rolled its bloody waters. And here beside the centre table, on which lay the well thumbed Bible, she had knelt and prayed for twenty years with John, prayed with her little ones in tearful grief when he was gone, prayed for them when they slipped from her arms out into the world, and where she still nightly bent her stiff old knees to pray for them and their.

Grandma only loved the old house better as the years rolled by, but when old Phoebe, who had been half servant, half companion to the old lady, died, it was decided in family council that she must really make up her mind to live with one or the other of them, and it was out of all question her remaining in that gloomy old house all alone.

So one day, overpowered by the sons and daughters, who meant to be kind, grandma went softly to and fro over the old house, taking leave of it all, and the last of the farewells was the vicid paid to the two mounds under the oak, where John slept and the first-born little son. Then, with a feeling that the world had come to an end, grandma drove away to the fine big

residence—they don't call them homes now—where Henry and Henry's wife, who, for all her kindness, rather overpowered grandma, with her fine ways, had given her a stately room, and what was most dreadful, a maid! A maid that called her "Madam" and for "Yes" said "Oui!"

Yes, they meant to be kind to her, but the gray stone pile and the maid gave the old lady the feeling that she was in an asylum and had a keeper, and, in spite of her grandeur, grandma's wrinkles creased her forehead pink, like that of a half-withered rose, and she grew feeble and worn, though every one was so busy that it passed unnoticed. She was pining for the old home, though she felt it would be ungrateful to say so, and somehow to pray in the magnificent church, where she sat in a velvet cushioned pew, did not seem to give her help, for God was so close to her, she thought, as He would be to when she knelt at home. If she could only go back and tell her friends all about it just once, kneeling where John seemed to come and join her! This feeling grew and grew, though there was no one to tell it to, she shut it up in her lonely heart.

"One morning the French maid came running down to the family with great excitement in her dark face, and in broken English informed them that 'Madam had slept not in her couch, nor could Celestie find her anywhere, though she searched everywhere!'"

Then Henry recollected all at once that he had rather neglected his mother lately. Mrs Henry forgot her "cultured" elegance and joined in the search, weeping bitterly. Jane came running in with reproaches for herself and all the others. Joe left his desk for once and set telegraph wires to work, and confusion and grief reigned supreme, while the sons and daughters found their mind running back to childhood and "mother," as they had not done for years, and I think they learned over again, and far more perfectly, the lessons of filial love.

Hours passed, and no news came of the missing, and fears grew graver and stronger, till at last, Henry, walking the floor in anxiety, exclaimed suddenly as the idea struck him: "She's gone home!" and running to a drawer in his desk, where keys of every size and form lay bunched and singly, he turned them lastly over.

"Yes, the key is gone and she has wandered back home. I'm sure of it, why did not think of it before, I cannot think. Oh mother! you never wanted to leave it, the dear, dear old house where we were born, and which sheltered us all so faithfully! And we dragged you from it, selfish dolts!"

Too impatient to wait for trains not due for hours, they set off across the country in carriages. As they drew near the old house they found news of the lost ones. She had passed only an hour before plodding wearily along the familiar road, so with lightened hearts they went on.

Leaving carriage and horse at the village, they followed the rest of the way on foot. When they came to the swinging white gate through the wet grass they saw a pathway trodden by one who had visited the long mound, but they also saw that she had gone thence to the house. So, weeping softly, and not ashamed of the tears either, the party tip-toed like children up the low, wide steps, through the hall and passed reverently at the door with remorseful hearts that longed to tell that gentle old mother, as they had once done over some childish disobedience, that they "were sorry, mother."

The stillness in the old house grew oppressive while they stood uncertain, and, though they listened, there was no faint footfall as of one going about after the fashion of one just getting home. They pushed softly open the door of the old sitting room, and there, with her white head on the open Bible and a smile of joy and peace upon her dead face, knelt grandma, who had gone home to find a welcome from her John already there.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Yellow skin? Shiloh's Yarrow is a positive cure. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

The benefits of early rising are never more startlingly shown than when a man sits down on a tack.

Farm Economies.

A practical farmer says that taking account of all his possessions and indebtedness at the beginning of each year reveals some surprising results: each item leads to beneficial reflection on that one point. The cash value of the farm was yearly in the descending scale; but this season it is rising. This leads to inquiry as to the cause of the "ups" and "downs" of real estate, and if there is anything he can do as a citizen to assist in avoiding such fluctuations.

His live stock which has reached the meridian of life he marks down 10 per cent, because it is really worth that much less; but the young stock invariably goes up and in the scale, some of it as much as 100 per cent. Here he drops his pen, wondering why this thought was never so plain before. He now sees clearly that: "Oh old stock I lose, on young stock I gain," and resolves that henceforth he will keep none but stock that is growing in value instead of out of it. It is easy to rid one's self of food animals whose age has placed them in the descending scale, for they can be fattened and sold; but not so easily can old horses be got rid of, for somebody must care for them.

I know of a neighborhood where seven old horses are kept, none doing scarcely anything; all next April would not sell for enough to pay their feed through the winter. All are owned by people, too, who can ill afford to lose anything. They will be better off to give the horses away now. If these were gay, three-year old colts, there would be gain for wintering them. Taking annual account of one's possessions is very apt to cause weeding out. Again: Our accountant had two two-year old colts, one a half-Percheron, worth \$200; the other a scrub, worth \$100. The difference in service-lets was \$15, and thinking to save this he lost \$85 completely. He is once for all out of scrub horse breeding. And this leads to the same breeding up with his cows, sheep, hogs, and even poultry. His motto now is, "All good blood, but go as soon as you begin to decline if not before." Some of his farm machinery and implements, had to be marked down 25 per cent, once because they had stood out in the weather; but this occurs no more; his present rule is to take good care of them and then mark down 10 per cent, annually, which is about the natural wear. A similar farm schedule can be made in a day. The first will reveal a surprising result; subsequent ones will be replete with food for thought. In what other way can a farmer spend a day with equal profit?

A keen observer and ingenious experimentalist has been writing a book on "Sap—Does it Rise from the Roots?"—a question which he proceeds to answer with a decided negative. To those who merely "run and read" the whole question and answer may appear as a very light matter indeed. In reality, however, the right answer to the question is of great moment to us all. In the first place a negative reply simply means the ruthless upsetting of all our preconceived ideas, the reversal of what has been taught in our schools for ages. It is true that if we examine into the theory of plant growth as set down by botanical and biological authorities, we find that they disagree among themselves to an astonishing degree. They all, however, join in declaring that trees and plants derive sap from their roots and breathe in gases by their leaves. How the sap rises, whether by capillary attraction, endosmosis, root pressure, suction or evaporation or a combination of all (described by Professor Huxley as pulling, pushing and damping), the greatest biologists, including Herbert Spencer, Sachs, Darwin and others have by no means been able to prove. They all nevertheless endorse the theory of rising sap, and agree, moreover, that it rises in spring and descends in summer. Now, if all this theorizing is proved to be wrong, we shall not only have to alter our school teaching, but largely modify our agricultural practice. Clearly if the roots suck up, absorb, or otherwise collect moisture and the organic and inorganic constituents of sap from the soil then the soil will quickly become exhausted and require constant feeding, while the leafy part of the plants must be cut and pruned down. This is the present practice. And it is a certainly worthy of remark that our best cultivated—according to the theories of the day—orchards and gardens are those that suffer most readily from blight and disease generally. One new botanical revolutionist, J. A. Reeves, with his book on "sap," tries to prove that we are altogether on the wrong road; that sap does not descend, but ascends in all the trees and other plants. To the unprejudiced physicist and mechanician this theory of Mr. Reeves seems by far the most creditable and intelligible.

From Father to Son.

A few months ago I was present in Dr. Garner's consulting room watching the prisoners from the depot filling past. We were informed that a child had been brought by its parents to be examined. These people were shown in: they belonged to the respectable working class, and were quiet and well-mannered. The man was the driver of a dray belonging to one of the railway stations, and had all the appearance of a stalwart working man. The boy was barely six years old; he had an intelligent rather pretty face, and was neatly dressed.

"See here, Monsieur le Docteur," said the father, "we have brought our boy; he alarms us. He is no fool; he begins to read; they are satisfied with him at his school, but we cannot help thinking he must be insane, for he wants to murder his little brother, a child of two years old. The other day he nearly succeeded in doing so. I arrived just in time to snatch my razor from his hands."

The boy stood listening with indifference and without hanging his head. The doctor drew the child kindly toward him and enquired:

"Is it true that you wish to hurt your little brother?"

"With perfect composure the little one replied:

"I will kill him—yes, yes—I will kill him!"

The doctor glanced at the father and asked in a low voice:

"Do you drink?"

The wife exclaimed indignantly:

"He, sir! Why, he never enters a public house, and has never come home drunk."

They were quite sincere. Nevertheless the doctor said:

"Stretch out your arm,"

The man obeyed; his hand trembled. Had these people told lies, then, in stating that the man had never come home the worse for drink? No; but all through the day, whenever he had called to leave a package, the people of the house had given him something to drink for his trouble. He had become a drunkard without knowing it; and the poison that had entered his blood was at this moment filling the head of his little child with dreams of an assassin.

Hints for Those who Sew.

Always use as fine thread and needle as the garment will allow.

The rule for ruffling is once and a half the width of the garment.

Let the thread be fine and always double in gathering and shirring.

When threading your needle, make the knot on the end broken from the spool.

In facing a sleeve, turn it, and place the facing inside the sleeve, before sewing it on.

Gathers should always be stroked on the right side, but never with a needle always use a large pin.

In gathering a skirt to sew on a band or round waist, when you do not wish to shirr it, use two gathering threads and needles, running them close to each other. This gives the skirt a finished look.

In sewing an over and over seam, take the stitches close together but lightly in to the cloth, being careful not to pull the threads tight, which causes the seam to draw.

Tucks are prettiest in graduated clusters with a space between.

Taking up Nursery Trees.

A good many years ago I sent a large order of trees to a Canadian planter, who wrote me on their receipt, approving of their appearance and concluding with the remark that I had the somewhat unusual custom of sending the roots along with

the trees. I have met this gentleman many times since at the meetings of the Montreal Horticultural Society, and he almost always refers to the matter. The orchard has been a very successful one but I think much the faller share of credit belongs to the owner. Many good trees are ruined in a few years, if not the first year, by the bad treatment they receive at the hands of the planter; and I have noticed that this class of planters are the ones who want the nurseryman to warrant the trees to live. That is a warrant that I have never given yet. I think the nurseryman has done his whole duty when he sells well-grown trees true to name, takes them up carefully and packs and ships them in a business like manner. I am not now a nurseryman, but as a buyer I am quite satisfied when so treated. I want roots to the trees as nearly two feet long as possible, and want them dug, not pulled up. Pulling on a young tree before the roots are well loosened almost invariably tears them off at their junction with the stem of the tree, making a most injurious wound.—T. H. Hoopes, in Orchard and Garden.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our life to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

"I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am contented it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STRICKNEY, Pictou, Ontario."

\$3,500 IN REWARDS

The Canadian Agriculturalist's Great Winter Literary Competition.

The Fifth Yearly Literary Competition for the winter of 1891-2, of THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, America's old and reliable Illustrated Family Magazine, opens on Friday, the 25th inst. Prizes will be given free to persons sending in the greatest number of original contributions to the work, THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST. \$25,000 worth of valuable presents of silverware.

Prizes offered:—Grand Prize, valued at \$1000; 1st Prize, valued at \$500; 2nd Prize, valued at \$250; 3rd Prize, valued at \$100; 4th Prize, valued at \$50; 5th Prize, valued at \$25; 6th Prize, valued at \$10; 7th Prize, valued at \$5; 8th Prize, valued at \$2.50; 9th Prize, valued at \$1.25; 10th Prize, valued at \$0.625.

Next 50 prizes—50 Silver Butter Dishes, each warranted heavy plate.

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