# THE ACADIAN

## AND KINGS CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. VIII WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1889. No. 7.



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, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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



THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS 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 standing advertisements 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 constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out

Newsy 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 communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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


### Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another'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, 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 uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8 P M. Mails are 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 10 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 15 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a m. to 2 p.m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.

A. DEW. BARSS, Agent.

### Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 2 30 p m Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by COLIN W ROSCOE, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3 00 p m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Revs D. W. Johnson and G. F. Dey, Pastors. Services every Sabbath at 11 00 a m and 7 00 p m Sabbath School at 9 00 p m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7 30 p m.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a m and 3 p m; other Sundays, 3 p m; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Wardens, R. Prat and Frank A. Dixon, Wolfville.

ST 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 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

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

JOB PRINTING of every description done at short notice at this office.

## DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

### Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you 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, Color Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc, etc.

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

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

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.

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.—Milliner, and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

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

HERBIN, 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 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.


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.

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Campbell's Cathartic Compound

IT CURES LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.


### Select Poetry.

#### Under the Laurel.

Under the laurel last year's May,
We sat and talked till the day went out,
And you bound my temples round about
With a wreath of roses twin'd with bay.
Roses for love and bay for fame;
For the costliest treasure at life's command,
A woman's heart, you had laid in my hand,
And time wou'l give me a sounding name.
Under the laurel--hush, ah hush!
Memory lurks in the laurel bush.

Under the laurel breezes blow
Soft as they did in last year's spring;
But, O! what a different song they sing,
For O, what a different tale they knew.
Love, ah, love! it is life's one worth,
Roses for love and bay for fame.
Yes, time has brought me a sounding name,
But, love—they have laid it under the earth.
Under the laurel—hush, ah, hush!
Memory lurks in the laural bush.

Under the laurel next year's May—
Comes there a May to an aching heart?
Yes, and a hope and a glad fresh start;
Thro' the struggling years in the narrow way,
I will sit, perhaps, as to-day and sigh;
But, only a few more suns in the west
Let the years and the laurels do their best,
And under the roses together we'll lie--
Under the roses, safe at last,
When the crown of bay to the years is cast.

*--Orella K. Bell in Atlantic Constitution.*

### Choice Miscellany.

#### Not "Sentimental."

Mrs Harden blew the horn for breakfast at five o'clock. Her husband came in from the barn, and her son from the garden, where he had been digging since dawn. The Hardens were thrifty farmers, sober, hard-working, God-fearing folk. They were healthy and prosperous; they ought to have been happy, but they gathered about the table silently, even without giving each other a recognizing smile.

It was a raw, cold morning. Mrs Harden had been up since three o'clock to make certain dishes because her husband liked them. He thought, as he ate them now, that mother's biscuit were even crisper than usual, and her chops done to a turn; but he did not tell her so.

Cely, the daughter, who had been at work in the dairy came in just as the others were finishing their meal. She nodded, and they nodded to her but no one smiled or spoke. Her mother had put away her breakfast to keep it warm, and as she set it before the girl, she felt as if she would like to stoke her head or kiss her, as she used to do when she was a baby; but such demonstrations were "sentimental," and sentiment to a Harden was only another word for silliness.

Tom Harden was an industrious lad, whose thought and ambition were bounded by the farm. His father, the day before, had heard some influential men of the county declare that Tom's calves were the fattest brought to market, and his apples the soundest and most carefully packed. He knew that such praise would delight the boy, and wished that he could hear it but could not bring himself to repeat it.

When breakfast was over the men started for a distant part of the farm not to return until night. Cely, as she packed her father's dinner, felt a wrench of pity at her heart for the old man. He was old and weak; he had worked for his children so faithfully and long! If he could but rest now! She would have liked to put her arms around him and tell him this.

Instead of doing so, she carefully packed the basket, saying, "There's the beef and the bread and the pie and the bottle of water. That's all."

All; but the word of tenderness, the loving touch which would have cheered and sweetened the day's labor for the old man!

Too many Hardens are to be found upon our New England and Middle State farms, as well as in our villages and towns. They are often the descendants of men who fled from persecution and wrested their living by hard labor from a savage wilderness, and thus learned to value only the rugged virtue of truth and endurance and to despise the lesser charities, the amenities and courtesies of life. The present generation has inherited their grim, unpleasant virtues.

Never be afraid to brighten the life of your friend or neighbor by praise or love, provided the praise and love are true.

God has made nothing for use without giving it an additional touch of grace and beauty. The hardest rock, seen through the microscope, has its exquisite tints and lines.

Why should we strive to rob our lives of that harmony and beauty which is the expression of the love that comes from Him?—*Youth's Companion.*

#### John's Mother.

There is a timid knock at the door of the country printing office, or rather of the room which I dubbed the "sanctum" of the *Weekly Palladium* over whose destinies I presided. After the usual "come in" there entered a faded and bent old lady, whose dress immediately proclaimed her as a resident of the far back townships. She had a frightened, bewildered look and her bonanzine dress was dusty and wrinkled with the long ride she had taken over the Kansas prairies in her trip to the county seat.

I regretted having called out so roughly and apologized. She did not notice my apology, but asked in a trembling voice:

"Is this the printin' office?"

"Yes, ma'am," I replied; "what can I do for you?"

"I saw you didn't have nothin' about John in the pap'r,"

I did not know John from Adam and was about to tell her so, but was glad a moment after that I did not.

"I told the undertaker," she went on, "ter see that the paper knew about it; but I 'spose he didn't."

"No, he never told me I am sure."

"Ye see we live out in Cheever Township an' ye prob'ly didn't hear of John's dyle. I looked fer it in the paper but didn't see nothin'."

"I am sorry, but if you will give me the facts I'll see that it goes in next week," was the only reply that I could make.

"John was an awful good boy," she began. "He was good ter me an' that's what counts. When we came west we had kinder poor luck. My husban' died an' the other boys left me an' with debts on the claim an' no money ahead, I don't know what I'd a don' 'cept for John. He worked night and day, plowin' an' plantin' an' sowin'. He never had a harsh word for his mother—never."

She stopped a moment to wipe her eyes and I found it convenient to look in another direction.

She continued: "He was 25 years old, but he looked ten more—he worked too hard. I guess it killed him, but I didn't know he was overdoin'. He never complained. He wasn't sick long—just a few days. I done all I could. I'd have given my life for John, if the Lord 'd have let it be that way. You don't know how lonesome the claim is now. Jest me alone in the sod cabin; I can't do, an' its only sorrow to live. I had John buried on the prairie so I could go to him. I'll go to him fer good pretty soon, I hope."

She sobbed a little and then recovered sufficiently to give me the full name, age, etc., of the dead youth, after which, her errand accomplished, she left me to ride home across the sun-beaten prairies to the lonely sod cabin amid the billows of green, far from the rushing world's highways.

If I did not give John a suitable death notice the next week, if I did not feelingly portray the unselfish heroism of the boy whose world was his mother and whose ambition was to aid her in her necessities, it was not because I did not try faithfully and earnestly. I hope I succeeded in bringing a little comfort to the heart of John's mother, who may be yet waiting to join the noble son buried beneath the carpet of sod stretching away from her door.

#### Who Makes Fashions.

Stepping into a millinery establishment I asked the lady in charge if she would tell me what might be the fashionable color for the season. "Garnet," she replied. "Garnet, sir, is all the go. Have you not observed it?" I meekly replied that female apparel was seldom observed by me, and I considered her word worth a month of careful examination on my part. Turning to go the woman called me to stop a moment. She had been listening to the telephone and smilingly announced that it was well I had not left. "For," said she, "the fashion has changed. Old gold color will now have its reign" "Madam," I said, "will you tell me who orders this change?" "I am afraid I cannot gratify your curiosity, but will do my best."

Stepping to the telephone she gave orders to have the necessary inquiries made in New York. "We will see what can be done for you," was her reply. "No one in this office has the slightest idea, but we will ask in London and Paris." In about an hour the answer came, "We cannot find out; we do not know; nobody in the world knows." Laughing the madam added, "I think, sir, that the fashions come like the seasons; nobody is responsible for them, but everybody obeys. We are the trees that wear just such colored leaves as nature paints."

This was a pretty way of getting out of the difficulty. Her illustration was a charming one. The trees follow a tendency and unfold their leaves and fold them away without any exercise of reason, but they always do the right thing. October would be awkward if she could swap places with May. You may be sure that when the time comes our mothers' scoop hats, as large as Arabs' tents, will loom upon us. Nobody will order it; they will come.

#### Saved by a Cat.

During the time when England was rent and torn by civil strife between the two factions represented by the red and white roses, Sir Henry Wyatt, a brave and noble soldier, wore the red rose, and after a brilliant victory won by his enemies, was captured and imprisoned, so the record tells us, "in a cold and dark tower." Here he was allowed to languish unsupplied with sufficient food to keep the wheels of life moving on. In vain he begged his jailer to increase his allowance, but fearing to disobey those who ruled over him the man refused. One day Sir Henry discovered that a visitor had made her way into his dark and narrow cell. She purred and rubbed against him and soon the knight and newcomer were fast friends. Every day she came for a while through a narrow aparture in the wall and day by day the attachment grew. Whether in the course of their interviews Sir Henry told his new friend how hungry he was we do not know. Perhaps it was only puss' desire to show her affection for him; but one day she came lugging something in her mouth and soon she laid a fine fat pigeon at the knight's feet. Here was food and just in time to save his life. The jailer was not heartless, and though he dared not buy food for his prisoner, he did not refuse to cook what the knight supplied. In the course of a little while puss brought another bird. Then one came every day. Sir Henry began to recover and grow strong. Finally his enemies, learning how miraculously his life had been preserved, granted him a pardon. You can imagine, after this, how grateful the knight was to puss. To show his feeling towards her, the old chronicle say, "Perhaps you will not find his picture anywhere but with a cat beside him."

#### Fighting the Saloon.

The New York *Sun* says:

"There is something very pathetic about the case of a lad who was arrested at Newark last Tuesday.

"It seems that his father is a drunkard who has empoverished his family by squandering his money in rumshops. Therefore the son and another lad, whose father and grandfather are both drunkards likewise, have vowed to devote their lives to the extermination of the liquor traffic. In the pursuit of this purpose on Sunday night they tore from a saloon-keeper's window the metalic letters of his sign, and hid them away. Their intention had been to go further and turn on the faucets, of all the rum and beer barrels in the place and let the vile stuff run away; but they were unable to get into the saloon.

"The lad who was arrested is named Hubert, and he made no effort to escape; the other boy seemed to have fled in terror when the policeman appeared. Hubert took his ground boldly, and did not hesitate to acknowledge his guilt, for he had been inspired by what he regarded as a holy motive, superior to the statutes of New Jersey; but while he was telling his story the poor boy burst into tears, though he did not flinch in his determination to spend his life in warefare against the rum traffic. It is gratifying to know that he was released on bail, and probably he has had all the punishment which he will receive for his offence."

#### He Never Struch His Children.

"I have never struck my two children," said a young American father the other day, "though I have often been tempted strongly to it, and sometimes would not have blamed any parent for doing so. But I was thrashed so much by my own father, a good enough man, too, that I always stood in fear of him, seldom told him the truth if I could help it, and never confided in him. Often I was whipped for errors I had committed with good intentions, and I remembered the wild spirit of hatred that used to come over me at such times, when, smarting under the blows I felt I did not deserve, I would get away by myself and swear silent but bitter oaths that would have opened the old gentleman's eyes to his folly, perhaps, if he could have heard them from so young a child. So I made a vow that I would never beat my own children. And now I feel sure that they do not stand in physical fear of me, I am pretty certain they tell me the truth, and I know they confide in me as a friend. And though they do not obey me nearly as implicitly as I did my father, and make themselves much more of a nuisance to me than I was to him, yet they don't regard me as a bully, and that is something."—*New York Tribune.*

#### Rebuked.

"All in the favah ob the motion as hit am put will signify hit by saying 'Aye!'" said the pompous chairman of a meeting of colored people, and a loud shout of "Aye!' was the response.

"All agin de motion say 'No!'"

"No!" came more faintly, but from persons in all parts of the room.

"Hit am carried unanimously," the chairman said, sagely.

This declaration was repeated several times when there had been numerous dissentiments. At last, an elderly darky rose in a corner of the room and in a stentorian voice addressed the chair:

"Mistah Cheerman."

"Mistah Jackson," said the chairman, recognizing the speaker.

"I rise, sah," said Mr Jackson, pulderously, "to a p'int of order. I jes' wanted to ask how come it dat you say de questions hab been voted unanimously, when dey has been voted only by a majority, sah?"

The chairman, rose with great dignity, and said, in a tone of keen rebuke, "Will Mistah Jackson please b'ar in mind dat 'majority' and 'unanimously' are one an' de same terms, sah? Yes, sah; dey are anonymous an' de same, sah. De p'int ob order am not well taken, sah."

#### A Happy Woman.

"The happiest women like the happiest nations have no history," says that wonderful writer, George Eliot, but no woman can be happy who is suffering from the irregularities and "weaknesses" so common to the sex. Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription will soothe nervous troubles and restore health and vigor once more. The roses will bloom again on those faded cheeks. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of prolapsus, weak back, "female weaknesses," anteversion, retroversion, "bearing down" sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation, and ulceration, pain and tenderness, and kindred ailments.

An Ohio lady was so frightened by a snake that her glossy black hair turned white as snow. It was soon returned to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer.

Minard's Liniment is the Best


The Lady

Who has fine Hair, and desires to preserve its color, abundance, and lustre, should use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and cool, and is by far the most exquisite toilet preparation in the market.

B. M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo., says: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."

Mrs. S. A. Rock, of Anderson, Texas, writes: "At the age of 34, in Monroe, La., I had a severe attack of swamp, or malarial, fever. After I got well my hair commenced coming out, and so continued until it had well nigh all gone. I used several kinds of hair restorers, but they did no good. A friend gave me a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before finishing the first bottle my hair began to grow, and by the time I used three bottles, I had a fine head of hair."

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.


#### Read This.

Dr Geo. A. Pickles, a very eminent doctor of Mahone Bay, N. S., says: "I knew a man on this Bay who has been sick for a long time. All the medicine we tried or could think of did not reach his case. He tried Canadian Bitters and other Patent Medicine, all failed and he was gradually growing worse. At last he tried a bottle of Dr Norton's Dock Blood Purifier. Imagine my surprise that in less than a week he was much improved in health, and by the time he had finished the second bottle he was a well man. I now have great call at my Drug Store for DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER which in the case mentioned proved itself far superior to any Bitters or Blood Purifier that I have ever known.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

J. B. NORTON, Proprietor, Bridgetown, N. S

Mr Josiah Wood, M. P., has donated $500 to be used in the erection of the proposed musical conversatory in connection with the Mount Allison institution.

Minard's Liniment cures Cold, etc


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THE GREAT SELF WASHER. TRY IT

Send 25 Surprise or See Soap wrappers to us and get either the beautiful picture or 1 doz. Surprise lead pencils

A marvel of economy, in time, labor and money.

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For the laundry and general household use.

Ask your grocer for SURPRISE Soap and take no other.

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MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Only Genuine System of Memory Training. Four Books Learned in one reading. Mind wandering cured. Every child and adult greatly benefitted. Great inducements to Correspondence Classes. Prospectus, with opinions of Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the world-famed Specialist in Mind Diseases, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the great Psychologist, J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*, N. Y., Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judge Gibson, Judah P. Benjamin, and others, sent post free by Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

THE WEEKLY EMPIRE

Canada's Leading Paper.

THREE MONTHS FREE

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 EDITION in the hands of every farmer in the Dominion this fall, the publishers have determined to give the Weekly

Three Months Free

to every subscriber paying for one year in advance before 1st of January, 1889.

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR $1

Now is the time to subscribe.

Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto.