

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1891.

No. 46.

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. Adams, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Acadian.

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METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranwick Jos. A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor; Horton and Wolfville Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.; at Horton on Friday at 7:30 p. m. Strangers welcome at all services.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—From Sunday, June 28th, through the months of July, August and September, and up to October 4th in the current year, the regular Sunday service will be held at 11 a. m. Notice will be given of any extra services which may be held from time to time. The sittings in this church are free. Strangers and visitors are always cordially welcomed. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. Residence, Rector, Kentville. Wardens, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. V.—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.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall. Wither'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.

POETRY.

Exiled.

It comes to me often in silence,
When the freight splutters low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wreaths of the long ago;
Always with a throbbing heartache
That thrills each pulsive vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth of Wel-
come,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain,
But there'll be joy in coming,
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
That never may die away,
And it seems the hands of angels,
On a mystic harp, at play,
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful, broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wending—
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in,
To the splash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

SELECT STORY.

An Emigrant Girl.

Down through the skylight of the great Emigrant Office the sun beat like a gigantic burning-glass, the blue flies buzzed noisily in the window frames and Honora Hough sat unweary on her hard wooden bench, her heart throbbing restlessly at every sound.

"Is that twelve o'clock striking?" she ventured to ask at last of a good natured official who was writing at a tall desk close by.

"That's twelve o'clock," he said, carefully blotting page ninety-one before he turned to page ninety-two.

"And no one has come for me yet?"

"No one has come for you yet."

And the official commenced on a new page with a fresh bit of the pen.

Honora's heart beat faster than ever; a sort of mist seemed to gather over her eyes. Did she fall asleep, or was it only a sort of waking swoon from which she aroused to hear some one saying close to her:

"Ever since this time yesterday, and not a soul has inquired for her. I think it's more than likely she'd be glad of a decent place. Wouldn't you, young woman?"

"I want some one right away," said a spare, hard featured, elderly woman with a basket on her arm and a crumpled cap under her bonnet. "My daughter is very sick, and I can't get along without help. The wages ain't high, but it's a good home for any young woman; that I'll guarantee."

Honora drew a long breath, glanced once more wistfully at the window, and then decided.

"I'll go," said she.

Perhaps it was as well that she arrived at that conclusion. The sickness incident to the sea-voyage and the long waiting for the "friends" who had not come, had pretty well undermined her nervous system, and she was at least spared the shock of the "fire," which although not serious—merely a spark from the still smouldering cigar of a gentleman visitor falling in a scrap-basket full of torn envelopes and paper—was sufficient to give all the employes a good fright, and to erase from the Emigrant Bureau world all trace of poor little Honora Hough's whereabouts about as penniless down on one of the slips of paper that were destroyed.

She went home with Mrs. Carey, helped nurse poor little Sarah Carey on her weary journey out of the world, took final care of the old lady herself in the days when rheumatism racked her every bone joint, and finally married Ben himself—Mrs. Carey's son and Sarah's brother—who, also for the reign of romance was a dealer in rags and bottles, and daily drove a cart clamorous with bells and drawn by a subdued old gray horse about the streets.

"I always thought," confessed Honora, "that I should marry a cattle king when I came to this country, or a rich gold-digger, or something of the kind. People get things twisted in all sorts of ways in the old country. But I am sure Ben is nicer than any cattle king could be."

"If I was a gold digger though," shrewdly observed Ben, "I might have given you a bigger house than this

little one-sided shanty, and something besides calico to wear."

"I don't want anything but you, Ben!" said Honora, her pretty, quaint brogue accentuated, as it always was, by strong emotion.

"And no millionaire of the lot could love you more than I do, Nora," said the young man simply.

It was all very well, this love in a cottage business, while they were well and trade bled its own. But even in the rag and bottle profession there is competition—and the horse fall lame, and Ben Carey lay ill for weeks with a low type of fever. Then it was that, with nursing Ben all day and walking the floor with a teething baby at night, and trying to edge in a little clear starching and needle-work for a neighboring ladies' furnishing store between whistles, so that the store of money in the cracked teapot on the dresser shelf need not quite run dry, Honora grew gaunt and pale and her eyes got bigger and blue day by day. Yet all this was forgotten in the delight of the first day when Ben started out again with the wagon and old Whitey and the string of clamorous bells and Honora held the baby up to the window to laugh and clap its hands with glee.

"Hold on there!" said a hard featured man with a dog-eared memorandum book under his arm. "Not so fast, Mr. Carey, if you please. These last instalments on the 'orse wasn't paid, and I've orders to clap down on him. Our folks has a call for just such a 'orse."

Ben turned pale. To lose Old Whitey—that would indeed be the cruellest stroke of Fate!

"Can't you give a fellow a little time?" said he. "I've been sick, and—"

"Oh, yes, that's what they all say," said the man. "We've give more time already than we can afford. Business is business and if the back instalments ain't squared up by this day week, the 'orse will be called for—that's all!"

Poor Carey! Like most American farmer's sons, he had been brought up to no particular trade or profession, and all that day as he jangled his bells up one street and down another, necking the flies from old Whitey's neck with the whip, he badgered his brains to think what no one could do to help Honora and the little one, if the horse were taken away.

Nevertheless, he came cheerfully home at the day's end. "Because I'm in a bad box, it ain't worth while to soil and fret, and make Nora and the boy miserable," reasoned Ben.

"I got a good lot of old iron and house utensils to-day, Nora, said he, cheerfully, when she brought the baby into the back yard to watch him unload. "I'll raps there might be something you could use in the kitchen. There's a good sound spider somewhere and a gridiron with only one iron-out, and—"

"Oh, Ben, an old fashioned brass warming pan!" interrupted Nora, with breathless delight.

"Old-fashioned? Well, I should say so!" said her husband. "Look at the streaks of verdigris on it, and the queer flourishes and the letter 'H' all done in quirlines and thingmajigs on the top."

"Ben," said Honora, stopping to examine it, "it's just such a one as I can remember at my grandmother's in the old country—only in those days it used to shine like gold, and had a long turned handle with a string to hang it up by. Where did you get it, Ben?"

"An old house in Fifteenth street, where they were overhauling and cleaning up. The butler sold me the old things. Oh, I tell you, Nora it was a fine house! Eh? What's the matter, Pass?"

For Nora had turned pale and begun to tremble.

"Ben," said she, "dear Ben, don't laugh at me; but when I look at this brass warming-pan the old bills and the old house rise up before my eyes, and I can almost hear my mother's voice again. Let us go to this place, Ben. Let us see if this butler man don't know something of the people at home. For I'm sure—quite sure—Ben, that this is the very building, with the letter H for Hough, that used to hang on the wall at home."

"But it can't be, Nora," said Ben.

"Why can't it be, Ben?"

"Well, to please you, my girl; I'll take you there to-morrow," said Ben. "Not that I think it'll be any use. Look at this lot of pictur books. I got 'em cheap. I thought you could pick out something for the boy before we turned 'em over for paper stock."

Who is that, John? Whose voice is that I hear?"

"I beg pardon, sir; I hope it ain't disturbed you," said the butler, apologetically. "It's a person in the rag-and-bottle business, sir, as I made bold to dispose of some of the old household utensils to. You was kind enough to tell me, sir—"

But here Honora pushed herself valiantly forward, holding the brass implement like a golden shield before her, for she had polished it brilliantly until now it shone and glittered bravely.

"It was this old-fashioned warming pan. Please, sir, I'm almost sure it used to hang on the home walls in County Galway, when I was a girl."

"And who are you?" asked the tall old man with the sparkling light blue eyes and the Duke of Wellington nose who stood towering in the doorway.

"I am Mrs. Carey, born Honora Hough," simply explained the girl.

"Honora Hough? Who came over in Merchant Prince, July 6, 18—, and who disappeared unaccountably, leaving no trace behind her?" said the old man.

"Yes, sir, I came over in the Merchant Prince, July 6, 18—" admitted Honora with a little gasp. "And—and I think you must be my uncle Warren, for your eyes are like my mother's, and when you speak to me my heart answers back to the tone of your voice."

She went up to him and put her hand confidently into his. He bent over her and kissed her.

"I believe," said he, you are the girl we have looked for so long. My dear, I buried your aunt a month ago and there is a vacant place in my home and in my heart. Who should fill it like my sister's child? Will you come here and live, little Nora?"

"Oh, I couldn't leave Ben," said Honora quickly.

"Who is Ben?"

"My husband."

"Woman, do you suppose I want to part wife and husband?" said the old man, with a twinkle of humor in his shrewd eyes. "A fine frank faced young fellow he seems to be, as he extended his hand to Ben. "You and yours are welcome here."

Ben Carey smiled.

"There's a baby too," said he, "that we couldn't very well leave behind."

"I said you and yours," repeated the tall old man. "Enderby," to the amazed butler, "call a cab for the lady to go back for her child, and get the front rooms ready for my niece and her family. And now tell me, Honora, how it was that we missed you when we went to the Palace Garden for you that day?"

"I don't know, uncle," said Honora.

"I waited there twenty-four hours and no one came, and then I took a place with Ben's mother and afterwards I married Ben."

"It's perfectly unaccountable," said her uncle knitting his brows until they made a level line of snow. "But never mind so long as you are here now. The Bureau of Emigration should be more efficient, that is all."

For neither uncle or niece knew anything of the smouldering cigar-pan and the fire that had been so promptly extinguished by the fire department. A trifle in itself—such things happen daily in a great city—yet it had wrought great changes in Honora's life.

"And if I hadn't been in the rag business," said honest Ben, "my wife, here, never would have come into her fortune."

Appreciation of Mother.

An old Virginia minister said lately: "No death ever seemed so pathetic to me as the death of an aged mother in my church. I know her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay; full of joy and hope. She married, and had four children. Her husband died, and left her penniless. She sewed, she taught, she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her

children, to educate them, to give them the advantages their father would have given them had he lived. She succeeded. She sent her boys to college and her girls to school. When a home came, they gave themselves up to their own selfish pursuits. She lingered among them some three years, and then was stricken with mortal illness brought on by overwork. The children gathered around her bedside. The oldest son took her in his arms. He said, "You have been a good mother to us." That was not much to say, was it? It was much to her, who had never heard anything like it. A flush came over her pallid face, and with a husky voice she whispered, "My son, you never said so before!"

The Queen's Example.

It is significant that an example to the landowners of Great Britain as to the manner of disposing of their acres so as to help and encourage the agricultural laboring class, should have been given by the Queen herself. Her majesty has decided to let the crown lands at Hampton court and in the New Forest in allotments to laborers, and will extend the system to other crown estates. The action of the Queen will undoubtedly have its effect on the owners of estates throughout the kingdom, and offers a striking proof that although farthest removed from the necessity of such action, her majesty has rightly interpreted the popular feeling and taken the lead in a movement which may produce the most far-reaching effects on the social life of the people. Land hunger is one of the strongest of human passions. This the Queen may probably have noticed in her intercourse with the people of the Highlands. Possibly, too, she may have observed the tendency during her reign, of population to become cooped up in the cities while the country became more and more deserted. To restore the people to the soil would be an idea natural to one of her long experience and wide knowledge of affairs of state.

Ripening by Electricity.

Major Frank McLaughlin, of Orville, who, by the way, is one of the largest orange and olive growers in Butte County, has hit upon a novel feature in the cultivation of the orange. He has been experimenting for a year past with electricity, and has concluded to employ that agency in maturing his fruit. He claims that a fine wire wound about the trunk from tree to tree and connected with a battery of a few jars of chemical electricity, will suffice for 100 trees; that the expense will not exceed five cents per tree, and that the result will be a larger crop and earlier fruit for several weeks.

The idea is a new and novel one, whether practical we are not prepared to say.

Mr. McLaughlin claims other fruits can be greatly accelerated by this method also. It is an experiment that will no doubt be watched with great interest by our horticulturists, and who knows but what by the use of electricity we may not be able to ripen our fruits several weeks earlier than we do at present. Our present system of pruning and propagation produces the earliest bearing results, now we must look for an early maturing agency. The electric theory would seem to be able to drive the sap and substance to the top of the tree faster than nature's laws, and thus produce an earlier fruiting.—*Sutter (Cal.) Farmer.*

The Biggest Artesian Well.

J. R. Ward, of Genesis Point, Bryan County, Ga., has just had finished one of the greatest flowing artesian wells in the South. Its output is 1500 gallons per minute, or 2,100,000 gallons every twenty-four hours. Mr. Ward has spent about \$65,000 in experiments on wells. His perseverance has at last been rewarded, and he now has a well that he says is worth \$20,000 per annum. The well is 438 feet deep. Heretofore Mr. Ward has been depending on feedlots to make his rice crop. He annually harvested about 2500 bushels. Now he expects to make 9000 bushels on the same ground. From this it can be seen how valuable the well will prove. Mr. Ward's experiment will be watched with the greatest interest by other rice planters, and if the result is what he

expects, others will probably follow his example immediately. Mr. Ward has been a strong advocate of dispensing with the necessity of freshets by means of artesian wells, and is confident that what he expects will be realized.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

What Loyalty is.

I have said he was remarkably loyal, and his own description of loyalty is worth remembering. "It is the fashion in some quarters to sneer at loyalty. I believe that the sentiment of loyalty and the sentiment of patriotism are both requisite in order to make any country a great country. I do not believe in that universal charity which makes every man love foreign nations better than his own. I believe that even under a cloud of misfortune loyalty and allegiance should be the ruling principle in every honest heart. I believe, as was believed in early times, that loyalty is still the same whether it win or lose the game—true as the dial to the sun although it do not shine upon." A better description of loyalty you can hardly get than that.—*Rev. Dr. Wild's Sermon on St. John Macdonald.*

The Way to Get Money.

The man who wants more money will find no royal road to the wealth he covets, no patent method for its acquisition. He must give something for it to make it honestly his own, and the man who sits himself earnestly to do this will find that all financial systems will bend to his conquering will. The gambler, whether he plays his game in the exchange, at a faro table, in a policy-shop, or with smaller stakes in private circles at baccarat and progressive euchre, will find the issue precarious and unwarranted. The way to get more money without any loss of peace or self-respect is to earn it by toil of brain or sinew, and the funds thus acquired have no gnawing bother. All other wealth cuts like a canker.

A Chip off the Old Block.

The little 6-year-old daughter of a Buffalo lawyer extricated herself from a difficulty the other day with tact. She had just recovered from a long illness and sat bolted up in bed feebly counting her pennies. She decided that her father then entered a protest, and asked her to return his penny, as she had obtained it under false pretenses. She looked up in doubt from the little pile of pennies to her father and then said: "I'does I can't give it back to you, for I can't tell you which one you gave me."

A small school-boy who had been sent home by his teacher because his sisters had the measles was noticed by that teacher at the next recess playing with the other children in the school-yard. "Johnny, didn't I tell you not to come to school while your sisters had the measles?" "Yes, but I am not going to school; I only came up to play with the boys before it begins."

The New York World the other day furnished a strawberry feast to 10,000 of the poor children of that city.

WHEN THE HAIR

Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unexcelled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color glands of faded, gray, light, and red hair, changing the color to

A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillowcase nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like the fruit of porcupine should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—*The Soney South, Atlanta, Ga.*

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is especially for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations, in being perfectly harmless."—*From Remedy Housekeeping, by Ellen B. Parker.*

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