

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, MARCH 21, 1890.

No. 31.

AWAY.
ble
1889.
Exp. Daily
A. M. P. M.
6 00 1 40
6 55 2 18
7 55 2 58
9 00 3 37
9 25 3 55
10 50 4 47
11 10 5 00
11 19 5 08
11 32 5 18
11 42 5 29
12 05 5 44
12 25 6 13
3 23 7 30
4 10 8 05
Exp. Daily
A. M. P. M.
7 15 3 50
10 05 5 25
11 05 6 05
11 10 6 24
11 25 6 47
11 35 6 55
12 25 7 10
1 10 7 17
1 40 7 28
2 58 7 35
3 55 7 40
4 50 7 45
Eastern Star
added will give
leaves St
Wednesday, and
and Annapolis,
same days,
will make daily
between Annapolis
and Baltimore.
leaves Yarmouth
Saturday evening
at 7 45 a. m. for
Boston.
Leave St John
Friday a. m. for
Boston.
Leave New Eng
Boston at 6 40
and 8 45 p. m.,
Friday and Sun
the various routes
General Manager,
1889.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.
"Castoria is well adapted to children that
is recommended as superior to any prescription
known to me." J. A. ARCHER, 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.
Legal Decisions
1. Any person who takes a paper regularly...
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued...
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office...

DIRECTORY
Business Firms of WOLFVILLE
DISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Dealer in Flour, Feed of all kind, &c.
JORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.
BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.
BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.
ROW N. 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.
R. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.
CULMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Association 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.
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HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.
HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.
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RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.
SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plow.
SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.
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. WOLFVILLE N. S.
Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry REPAIRED. J. F. HERBIN, Next door to Post Office. Small articles SILVERPLATED.

POETRY.

Drunk in the Street.
"Drunk, your Worship," the officer said;
"Drunk in the street, sir." She raised
her head—
A lingering trace of the golden grace
Still softened the lines of her woe-worn
face,
Unkennt and tangled her rich brown hair,
Yet with all the furrows and stains of
care—
The years of anguish and sin and despair—
The child of the city was passing fair.

CHAPTER XXVI. THE END.

It is needless to say things don't
turn out in real life the way they do
in dreams and in books. This world
would be a very different kind of a
locality if they did. It is easy enough
to sit down and dash off a story if
you can make it all up as you go
along, but when you have to stick to
facts it is different. I could end up
this story in a very different way if I
were permitted to draw a little on my
imagination. No doubt I could make
this last chapter a very readable one.
I could have one or two people get
married—Tom Harvey splitting wood
one night after school and chopping his
too off—Mr McGee getting sick and
having no school for a fortnight—me
meeting up some morning and finding
a double-bladed jack-knife going to
school—the Handock House being
burned down—Mr Streets committing
suicide, and several other incidents
which would sound well in a book.
But none of these things happened
and this wouldn't be a true story if I
put them in. The school-teacher
didn't even stop school for five minutes
when I burst in upon them the next
morning and not one of the girls fainted
away. I never saw such a crowd
in my life. I expect if it had been a
live ghost walked in there they wouldn't
have thought it was anything out of
the way. Tom Harvey at recess
asked me what had made me so late
getting to school that morning, and
Lew Corby wanted to know where
I'd gone the night before when I'd left
them. The smartness of some people
is outrageous. Lalia Brooks wanted
to know if I'd seen the ghost and what
he looked like, and I told her. The
only thing that prevented her hair
from standing on end as I narrated to
her the ghostly scenes and unearthly
noises of the night before was that
she'd had it done up in curl papers
that morning and of course you couldn't
expect it to. As it was, she said it
must have been quite ghostly, and
turned away with a shudder. It was
Nothing is settled positively yet
about Mr Streets' case. He hasn't
certiorated it yet, but he's going to,
he says. Old Josh is disgusted with
everybody. Says he: "What's the
use of trying to do anything in a place
like Handock? The majority of the
men that lives here haven't got any
more than enough sense to crawl in
out of the rain." Mr McGee has
left this school and we've got another
teacher—"a strong temperance man,"
Deacon Klum says, "but one that don't
make a fool of himself on account of
it." He's giving fine satisfaction. Mr
McGregor is preaching here yet.
Deacon Klum says he's a smart chap,
although he has some peculiar ideas,
which he'll no doubt get over when he
gets older. He gets up some interest-
ing sermons—I'll say that for him.
I wouldn't miss hearing him preach
for a good deal. The boys like him
fine. Lew Corby says he must be a
very poor minister though because
says he: "Who ever heard tell of a
minister goin' way out to the woods to
show a fuller a good way of settin'
rabbit snares or jumpin' on a sled and
coastin' with a crowd of fallers, and
then offerin' to drag the sled up the
hill again?" He has some peculiarities,
that's a fact. The other day in a
sermon he said, "Rome wasn't built in
a day and we musn't expect prohibition
to come with a bound. It's coming
through just the same. It's not going
to be away along in the futuro either.
Get ready for it and some day it will
sweep over this country like a whirl-
wind. You will come home from the
polls some day and you that are boys
now will have votes then—and later
in the day you will be delighted be-
cause you have heard that the man
you voted for is elected. And the telegraph
wires will be busy and it will
be found that yours is not the only
prohibition man that is elected. As
new places are heard from, from one
end of our country to the other the
wires will say: "Prohibition carried
them. Kousing majority." And you
will wonder how it was that the people
were so soon getting 'educated up to
it,' as politicians say." Oh, he's all
right on the preach. He may have
peculiar ideas; but he gets up a
pretty good sermon.

STORY.

THE Ghost of Handock Holler.
BY JACK HYDE.
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CHAPTER XXIV. RECONNOITRING.
Two weeks had passed since old
Josh had disappeared. Most of the
people had begun to laugh at the idea
that the ghost had anything to do with
his disappearance. The rumor had
got around that he had said he thought
of moving away, and that he probably
had gone without telling anyone any-
thing about it.
I told dad all I knew about it and
he looked sober and didn't say any-
thing.
One night at the supper table,
Fleury said:
"I guess Mr Streets' temperance
principles didn't last long."
"Why?" asked dad.
"Oh, they say he's sellin' liquor
again. It'll take more moral suasion
to stop him, I guess, as the new
minister says, or finin' either. He says
he's goin' to sisherari his suit. If
people hadn't tried to make him stop
he'd stopped all right, but now he's
goin' ter give 'em enough of finin'.
Besides he says if he wants to sell a
glass of liquor now and again to an
old customer, whose business is it?"
Dad looked disgusted.
After school the next day I took
a stroll out to old Josh's to see if I
couldn't see any signs of him. The
house looked just as I had left it on
that eventful night. There wasn't
anything around anywhere to give
a clue.
Then I remembered what I had
said over at Mr Skillams' about ex-
ploring the Holler again and I thought
I'd take a stroll over to see how it
looked and be prepared. I was sorry
I had said it, but I wasn't going to
back out.
The snow had gone off and the Hol-
ler looked different from what it did
the last time I was there. The bridge
creaked as I went over it and the
brook below was swollen with the
recent rains. I went over to the Devil's
Hole and then came back and went
through the house. Just as I was
about to leave the house and go home,

CHAPTER XXV. ANOTHER GHOST HUNT.

It was a dark, gloomy night—just
such a kind of a night as you would
imagine ghosts would troop forth.
At school we had decided that this
should be the night for our exploration.
As the night grew apace I began to
feel a little nervous at thought of the
scenes which might ensue, although I
knew old Josh would see me through
with all his might. I had told dad
about my stroll out to the Holler the
day before and how that old Josh had
been living in the haunted house all
these days, and he was glad to hear
of it. I told him too about our explora-
tion we had agreed on, and he said
he wouldn't be uneasy if I staid all
night—only he told me to be careful
not to be chased by a ghost this time.
After supper I got ready for the
night's adventure. At half past seven
there came a knock at the door, and
it proved to be Tom Harvey and Lew
Corby. They were ready to go, so I
got on my cap and overcoat and sauntered
off with them.
On our way out we decided that
we would go over the bridge, out to
the Devil's Hole, and then, if we saw
no signs of the ghost, go through the
house. If we saw the ghost the
person that stood his ground best was
to be acknowledged the bravest.
When we reached old Josh's house
everything was still and ghostly. We
could see the trees over by the Holler
and their grim forms had by no
means an inviting look. We trudged
forth. When we came in sight of the
Holler we held our breath involuntarily.
It was a very different night from
the one Lew Corby and I had explored
the Holler. Never had I seen it when
it had such a ghostly aspect.
Tom walked along as if it was
broad daylight and we were going on
a partridge hunt instead of hunting for
ghosts. But we weren't there yet.
We concluded he'd change his manner
when he had seen what we had.
When we reached the bridge Lew
stopped.
"If that wasn't a ghost goin' around
the side of house I never saw one,"
he said.
Tom laughed at the idea.

SAVE THE BOYS.

Recently when two hundred or more
drunkards were gathered in a meeting
by the Breakfast Association, a speaker
asked that all who had begun to drink
after the age of twenty-one would raise
their hands. Six responded. He then
asked who had begun to drink before
twenty-one would raise their hands.
A sea of hands were raised. By saving
the boys from the saloon we can go
far to save the next generation.
I is not the drunkards who sustain
the saloons. The real drunkard earns
nothing, and has nothing to spend.
The saloon is supported by the moder-
ate drinker, the man who works one
day that he may drink the next, who
works six days that between Saturday
night and Monday he may pour his
earnings into the gorged till of the
saloon. It is sustained by the young
man, who, in his new found enjoyment,
is eager to treat all his friends, and to
be in turn treated by them. It is
these that sustain the saloons.—
National Baptist.
ARE YOU MADE miserable by In-
digestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss
of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's
Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by
George V. Rand.
The Government Stock Farm at Nap-
pam has purchased a lot of new pure
bred stock, amongst them being some
red Polled or Suffolk cows, so celebrated
for the richness as well as the quantity
of the milk they give; also a lot of
Holsteins and Short Horns.
THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of
Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and
wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CON-
SUMPTION CURE." Sold by George
V. Rand.
"Times are hard," remarked Noah,
as he gazed from the starboard side of
the ark into the extemporized sea.—
"Even the water comes high, but we
must have it.
WHY WILL YOU cough when
Shiloh's Cure will give immediate re-
lief. Price 10 cts, 50 cts, and \$1. Sold
by George V. Rand.
Bishop Foster says that forty years
ago the Methodist Episcopalians of the
United States numbered 700,000, and
now 3,000,000.
SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—
a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria
and Canker-Mouth. Sold by George V.
Rand.
Wednesday is said to be the luckiest
day in the week to get married on. We
suppose that is why it is generally
written Wed.
A NASAL INJECTOR free with each
bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.
Price 50 cents. Sold by George V.
Rand.
A Boston statistician figures that
64,000,000 drinks of Boston made rum
are exported for African consumption
every year.

BEST ON EARTH!
SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT
The St. Croix Soap Mfg Co.,
St. Stephen, N.S.

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