

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 14, 1890.

No. 30

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended to all parents. It cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Excitability, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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

THE ACADIAN

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S 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 advertising in the ACADIAN must be 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.

News communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon any topic 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.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Dealer in Flour, Feed of all kinds, &c.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishings Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

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

ROW, N. J. L.—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 Plow.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

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 BY J. F. HERBIN, Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.

POETRY

The Seven Stages.

Only a baby, Kissed and caressed, Gently held to a mother's breast.

Only a child, Toddling alone, Brightening now its happy home.

Only a boy, Trudging to school, Governed now by a sterner rule.

Only a youth, Living in dreams, Full of promise life now seems.

Only a father, Boredened with care, Silver threads in dark brown hair.

Only a gray beard, Toddling again, Growing old and full of pain.

Only a mound, O'ergrown with grass, Dreams unrealized—rest at last.

STORY

Ghost of Handcock Holler.

BY JACK HYDE.

[All Rights Reserved.]

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"There!" said the Captain, interrupting him, "I told you there was two av 'em."

"Hold on," says Mr McNeil, "that isn't all. As I was sayin', I went back ter bed again thinkin' nothin' was outen the way. But I couldn't seem ter get ter sleep nohow. I kep' thinkin' erbout them two fellers. When I got purty nigh er sleep I heard er noise soundin' like sombody hollerin'. I got up and looked out ther window. What should I see! If I ever saw a ghost, there was one! There was two fellers ahead and the ghost seemed ter be after 'em. I thought I heard someone hollerin' 'Bob!' and instantly the ghost disappeared. It was the most mysterious thing I ever see!"

Dad looked at me. I hadn't told him anything about the night before, so of course he thought the boys hadn't gone out to old Josh's.

I didn't say anything.

"Wall, that's most an extraordinary thing," says Captain Smith, at last.

"I allers said the place was haunted," continued Mr McNeil. "Them two fellers, whoever they was, has committed foul play and the ghost av old Sam Jenkins has come up ag'in. I wouldn't want ter be them fellers. That ghost will hant 'em ter their dyin' day!"

"It's certainly a most remarkable occurrence," put in Mr Grimes.

"I never was superstitious," commented Mr McNeil again, "but when a man sees a thing with his own eyes it's time ter believe it. That ghost has hant in this holler these good many year. It's not the first time I've seen it. I'd like ter know who them fellers was though. One av their names must have been Bob."

I looked at Charlie Fletcher and he turned pale and looked frightened. I didn't let the crowd and started for home.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HANDCOCK PEOPLE AROUSED.

That day in school it was whispered among the boys that Bob Fletcher and Harry Streets had run away from home. Charlie Fletcher wasn't there. Some said them was the two fellers that was out to the Holler the night before. Lew Corby said he saw Bob Fletcher that morning, but he hardly spoke and looked pale. He said he and Harry Streets had been drinkin' the night before, he heard.

After school the whole matter was settled. Lew Corby and Harry Streets had been drinking and for a frejic had gone out to old Josh's and the ghost had appeared and frightened old Josh to death and the boys so much that they had run away from home. They were talking about it into Mr Grimes's and Lew and I happened to stroll in on our way home from school. Deacon Klum was there.

"Wall," says he, "it's as I've allers tole Mr Streets, he shouldn't let them boys have liquor. I hope it'll be a lesson to him."

"Yes," says Captain Smith, "he's let them boys go into his bar-room

too much."

"About the amount of it," put in Mr Grimes, "rum-sellin' should be stopped in Handcock altogether. I hope the people have begun to git their eyes open now."

"I don't know but you're right, Mr Grimes," says the Captain, "it's a bad business. Rum-sellin' should be stopped. I can git on without it, I guess, how about you, Deacon?"

"As for me," answered the Deacon, "I can take a glass when I want it an' leave it alone when I want it. I've allers been ag'in rum-sellin', except a little now an' ag'in in case of sickness. I'm a temperance man."

Lew bought his rabbit wire for his traps and we left for home.

At the supper table the talk again drifted on to temperance matters.

"So Streets has knocked off sellin' liquor?" commenced Henry.

"You don't say?" says Mrs Spriggs.

"Yes," dad answered, "the Handcock people have got their eyes open at last. Deacon Klum and Captain Smith and Mr Coby and I went down and asked him to stop sellin' any more liquor—told him we thought it was doin' harm; that we'd allers been his friends and didn't want to prosecute him."

"What did he say to that?" asked Mr Spriggs.

"Oh, he said he wouldn't. He said if we'd come to him before he'd have stopped and it'd saved the school teacher the expense of havin' a trial. He said he only did it to accommodate the public. He had a farm and could work that if he wanted to."

"Do you suppose he will stop?" again put in Mrs Spriggs.

"Oh, yes," answered dad. "He said he only had two bottles left anyway, and he brought them out and poured 'em out before us. We paid him for them though. Deacon Klum said it was a pity he hadn't left them for his sickness, but Mr Streets said no; if he was goin' to stop sellin' liquor he was goin' to stop; he was not goin' to have any half-way work about it. I guess he's going to stop all right."

"Well, it's a good thing if he's stopped," says Henry; "he must be a different man from what I thought he was. I guess he's frightened about Harry. Do you know if he knows where he is, Mr Hyde?"

"No," he said he hadn't any idea," dad answered.

"What does he think is the reason they went away? Does he think the ghost was the cause of it?"

"No," he laughs at the idea. He says Jim McNeil always was superstitious; probably he dreamed that about the ghost. He said the reason they ran away was because they were afraid of Mr Grimes. He thought they broke into his store to steal something; it was only to play a joke on you, Jack."

"Well," says I, "there was poor planning somewhere. As the Third Reader has it, 'Him that can't take a joke in good part should never make one.'"

Then I thought of old Josh. He would be glad when he heard of it. I wondered though where he was and what had become of him. Then I remembered how he had told me that he wouldn't mind if his own life was sacrificed if it would make the Handcock people open their eyes. Things looked mysterious. At any rate the Handcock people had got their eyes open at last. I hoped though that old Josh would turn up.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REVELRY.

There was a sound of revelry by night, For up at Skillum's was gathered then The boys and girls of Handcockville, and bright

The lamps shone o'er old Abram and young Hen. Two dozen hearts beat merrily, and when Molasses candy came in with its voluptuous swirl, Black eyes winkt sly at eyes which wankt again.

And all went merry as a marriage bell; But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like the rising knell.

It was me. I expect I was creating a considerable of a disturbance. Instead of coming in in the usual way, I went around to the back door, gave Mrs Skillum's the wink, and then, with hollow, ghostly tread, threaded my way in through the dining-room, into the hall and approached the door of the room where the revelry was going on.

It was not my intention to scare them. After the events of the past few weeks it wasn't safe to allude to ghosts in a frivolous way. No one knew what minute he might share the same fate as old Josh. Besides it wasn't more than a quarter of a mile from the Holler at the corner where Jimmy McNeil lived, which we had to pass on our way home; and there were girls in the crowd. However, it was such a good chance for a joke I couldn't let it pass. The merriment ceased as I advanced; the hilarity subsided. They had heard me. I paused as I reached the key-hole. All was still. Two unearthly raps at the door by me broke the silence and someone advanced and opened the door.

"Oh," said Anelia Brooks, for she was the girl, "it's only Jack Hyde."

"Well," says I, walking in, for I concluded that they had had enough fright for one night, "who did you suppose it was? Did you imagine it was Robinson Crusoe or the Marquis of Lorne?"

"Oh," said Tom Harvey, "it's you is it, Jack? We thought likely it was a yoke of oxen and a horse."

"It's wonderful what little it takes to make some people laugh. I didn't say anything. I walked in, took a chair and sat down. I came there to enjoy myself, not to make fun of Tom Harvey. No doubt I could have made him feel fatigued though if I had chosen.

The evening's enjoyments were well under way when I got there (was late getting my chores done and one thing and another) and I entered right into the pastimes of the evening without further delay. Every game you could imagine we played—from checkers, up, I, for my own part, enjoyed myself. I had a good time. As for Tom Harvey, I couldn't say, He let on he did, of course. He found out though, I guess, that all though he's good in "duck on the rock," there are other games that people can play just as well as him. He looked pretty glum once or twice during the evening, I can tell you. I guess he wished he was home, before he'd reached the end of the evening's entertainment.

The latter part of the evening was devoted to puzzles. There were some stickers given, I assure you. Old Mr Skillum began it. Some of the crowd were looking at the views on the table, and talking about what immense buildings there must be in the States.

"Oh," says he, "they kin talk about their big buildin's on ter the States, but I'll venture ter say that among all ther buildin's they hev'n't got one that covers as many acres as one down here in Hants Co."

They laughed at this. Sarah Skillum said she guessed they had; there were some pretty big buildings in the States. Tom Harvey said there wasn't a building in Nova Scotia as big as some he'd heard about in Boston. He knew, Lew Corby said he'd like to see it mighty well, if it was.

"Well," says Jimmie McNeil, "how big is it?"

"Let me see," answered old Mr Skillum; "seems to me it covers seven acres."

Tom Harvey said he wouldn't believe that. If there was a building as big as that around here he guessed somebody'd have heard of it before this.

"Wall," says Mr Skillum, "ther air. I've seen it myself—covers seven acres—Mr and Mrs Acre, Jim and Henry, and three girls—seven av them, all told. Not a very big house either."

"This was outrageous. I laughed till I was hoarse. The joke was got off on Tom completely. He didn't know what to say.

"Well," says I, "speaking of puzzles, I got a little one here that I'd like you to rack your brains on. It's a sticker. It's none of your big houses. There's a city in the world that's doublet every year. What is it?"

"Oh," says Lalia Brooks, "that's easy. It's the capital of Ireland—Dublin."

"No," says I.

This seemed to be harder than the other one. They couldn't guess. Tom

the room where the revelry was going on.

It was not my intention to scare them. After the events of the past few weeks it wasn't safe to allude to ghosts in a frivolous way. No one knew what minute he might share the same fate as old Josh. Besides it wasn't more than a quarter of a mile from the Holler at the corner where Jimmy McNeil lived, which we had to pass on our way home; and there were girls in the crowd. However, it was such a good chance for a joke I couldn't let it pass. The merriment ceased as I advanced; the hilarity subsided. They had heard me. I paused as I reached the key-hole. All was still. Two unearthly raps at the door by me broke the silence and someone advanced and opened the door.

"Oh," said Anelia Brooks, for she was the girl, "it's only Jack Hyde."

"Well," says I, walking in, for I concluded that they had had enough fright for one night, "who did you suppose it was? Did you imagine it was Robinson Crusoe or the Marquis of Lorne?"

"Oh," said Tom Harvey, "it's you is it, Jack? We thought likely it was a yoke of oxen and a horse."

"It's wonderful what little it takes to make some people laugh. I didn't say anything. I walked in, took a chair and sat down. I came there to enjoy myself, not to make fun of Tom Harvey. No doubt I could have made him feel fatigued though if I had chosen.

The evening's enjoyments were well under way when I got there (was late getting my chores done and one thing and another) and I entered right into the pastimes of the evening without further delay. Every game you could imagine we played—from checkers, up, I, for my own part, enjoyed myself. I had a good time. As for Tom Harvey, I couldn't say, He let on he did, of course. He found out though, I guess, that all though he's good in "duck on the rock," there are other games that people can play just as well as him. He looked pretty glum once or twice during the evening, I can tell you. I guess he wished he was home, before he'd reached the end of the evening's entertainment.

The latter part of the evening was devoted to puzzles. There were some stickers given, I assure you. Old Mr Skillum began it. Some of the crowd were looking at the views on the table, and talking about what immense buildings there must be in the States.

"Oh," says he, "they kin talk about their big buildin's on ter the States, but I'll venture ter say that among all ther buildin's they hev'n't got one that covers as many acres as one down here in Hants Co."

They laughed at this. Sarah Skillum said she guessed they had; there were some pretty big buildings in the States. Tom Harvey said there wasn't a building in Nova Scotia as big as some he'd heard about in Boston. He knew, Lew Corby said he'd like to see it mighty well, if it was.

"Well," says Jimmie McNeil, "how big is it?"

"Let me see," answered old Mr Skillum; "seems to me it covers seven acres."

Tom Harvey said he wouldn't believe that. If there was a building as big as that around here he guessed somebody'd have heard of it before this.

"Wall," says Mr Skillum, "ther air. I've seen it myself—covers seven acres—Mr and Mrs Acre, Jim and Henry, and three girls—seven av them, all told. Not a very big house either."

"This was outrageous. I laughed till I was hoarse. The joke was got off on Tom completely. He didn't know what to say.

"Well," says I, "speaking of puzzles, I got a little one here that I'd like you to rack your brains on. It's a sticker. It's none of your big houses. There's a city in the world that's doublet every year. What is it?"

"Oh," says Lalia Brooks, "that's easy. It's the capital of Ireland—Dublin."

"No," says I.

This seemed to be harder than the other one. They couldn't guess. Tom

Harvey said he s'posed there was some catch in this puzzle too, but I told him there wasn't. It was a straightforward puzzle.

"Well," says I, when th-y'd all given up, "it's Cork."

"Oh," says Tom, "I don't see the point."

I'd seen ignoramuses before, but in all my circumambulatory, peripetetic journeyings up and down this oblate spheroid, I'd never seen the like of that. I told him so. Some people telling the answer of a puzzle don't do; you have to explain it to them. That's the kind of a person Tom Harvey is.

While we were getting off puzzles to each other, Mrs Skillum brought in some glasses and a pitcher of cider and passed it around among us. When it got to me I declined.

Says I: "If it won't put you to too much trouble, Mrs Skillum, I'll take a glass of buttermilk. I never take anything stronger'n that."

She brought in another pitcher, full of buttermilk, and set it on the table before me. The temptation was too much for me. I drank and drank again. It was a very strong kind—the kind that store butter is made out of—and it flew to my head. I could feel my head growing dizzy and my face putting on a flushed aspect. After filling and emptying the glass three times, I set it away from my nerveless grasp. It was too late. I shouldn't have taken the first glass.

"I suppose," says Tom Harvey "the reason you don't take the cider is because you're afraid of the ghost."

The crowd laughed, albeit I could see that the countenances of not a few paled.

"Well," says I, "I did more'n you ever dared to, Lew Corby and I went out to the Holler one night after dark and explored the whole thing and encountered the ghost face to face."

"Yes," says Lew, "we did more'n you ever dared to."

"I bet you daren't do it again," says Lalia Brooks.

I was growing reckless. The buttermilk had wrought its effect.

Says I: "There was never a Hyde yet that was a coward. I'll explore the Holler on the darkest night if Tom Harvey will keep within a dozen yards behind me."

I was the hero of the hour.

Tom's face paled, but he wasn't going to be beaten by me. At last he said he would.

So it was agreed.

The candy party broke up and the girls went to get their things on. I got on my overcoat and mittens and waited for them.

As they got ready to go, with the utmost self-control I stepped up to Lalia Brooks, and said: "Miss Brooks, will you afford me the extreme pleasure, not to say gratification, of allowing me to escort you to your palatial residence on this most delightful of nights?"

Says she: "Thank you; but I'm engaged."

I was thunderstruck.

"Oh," says I, "you be—I stopped myself in time—you're joking. Who did you get engaged to all of a sudden? I wouldn't believe that if I told it myself."

At that minute Tom Harvey came along and the two went out together.

I was mad.

"Well," says I to myself, "if she's gone and got engaged to another feller I'll have nothing to do with her."

With long strides I walked back into the room where the revelry had been going on, ate the remaining five baked apples on the table, strode out again and went home with the ugliest old maid in the crowd.

(To be Continued.)

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

A Dangerous Joke.

A few months ago a person hardly dared say he had La Grippe for fear of ridicule. And now that one half of our population have had it, the other half are in mortal terror for fear they too will have it. We cannot wonder; for no epidemic scourge has ever visited this country and left such a trail of death and sorrow behind. The test loved members of families from state circles down to the humblest station in life have to the humblest station in life have

It has been the relapses and dangers from La Grippe that have been so appalling. The death rate in many large cities has exceeded 100 a week from the "grip" alone; and the end is not yet. Physicians are learning to fear, (much more than the epidemic itself) the serious and fatal extension of the inflammation downward to the throat and bronchial tubes, causing croupous and catarrhal pneumonia, true sequences of the malady; which terminate in death or produce severe laryngitis, bronchitis, asthma, and a form of catarrh which contributes largely to chronic diseases of the ear, nose and throat, causing loss of hearing, smell and taste. Those physicians who have been most successful with the epidemic say, the surest treatment has been with tonic and anodyne remedies. The medicines most relied upon have been Quinine, Antipyrine, Salicylate of Soda, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, etc. A prominent Boston paper announced in January last that more persons had successfully used the last named medicine than all the others combined. That seems reasonable for the effects from La Grippe cause severe inflammation, and it is a well-known fact that for nearly eighty years no remedy has taken the place of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for every form of inflammation, internal or external. Therein lies its great value as a household Anodyne, namely the fact that it is and can be used more internally than any other way. At any rate if one has any symptoms of the after dangers of the "grip" we advise them to get a bottle of the Anodyne at once, or send to the sole manufacturers, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for full particulars which they send free, and which may save you a big doctor's bill.

GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

All About Shorthand.

This is the title of a 36-page pamphlet of information, containing answers to all the questions an inquirer would be likely to ask about systems, books, instruction, salaries of stenographers, how to secure positions, etc., etc. It will show what young men have done at home, on farms, and in workshops; how from the humblest beginnings the highest success has been reached by learning this art at piecemeal study, and while pursuing other occupations. The success of stenographers as compared with the success of young men in any other vocation in life, will be seen to be marvellous and encouraging. The author of this system was himself a farmer's boy and learned the art while following the plow. The information he gives in this pamphlet will be of interest and value to every young man (or young woman either) who must earn his own living. The pamphlet is mailed free to anyone writing for it and mentioning the paper in which this article appears. 144m

Address D. L. SCOTT-BLOWNE, 251 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.

To Our Subscribers.

The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which appeared in our columns sometime since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., of Knowlton Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereon our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work FREE by sending their address B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it a standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." 14-131

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

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

Best on Earth

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

See the name on the wrapper and the name on the box. It is the only soap that washes itself. It is the only soap that washes itself. It is the only soap that washes itself.

The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. S.