

THE ACADIAN

AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1888.

No. 33

Vol. VII.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as superior to any prescription known to man.

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.

THE ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspapers from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited.

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—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, 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 uncollected for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 9 A. M. TO 5 P. M. Mail is 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. HARRIS, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon. A. W. W. BARRIS, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 9.30 P. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 9.30 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Frank P. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Services on Sunday next at 3 P. M. Sunday School at 2 P. M.

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, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock. J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

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

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Purebred Horses and French Lurch Horses, and Breeds of Pigs, Sheep, and Cattle. Also, a large quantity of choice seed corn, clover, and other agricultural products. Address: J. W. Caldwell, Wolfville, N. S.

Select Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRK.

With fingers that never knew toil,
With nose tip swollen and red,
A delegate sat in his easy chair,
Eating the laborer's bread;
"Strike—strike—strike!"
Nor care return to work!"
And still with his egggering, insolent air,
He sang the "Song of the Shirk."

Strike—strike—strike!
Till the children are crying for bread!
Strike—strike—strike!
Till the roof is torn from your head!
It is oh! to have a king
And dwell away over the sea,
Where knights and bosses are still unknown,
If this is liberty!

Shirk—shirk—shirk!
The duty we owe to man;
Shirk—shirk—shirk!
As only a delegate can!
Fine and assessment and due,
Due and assessment and fine,
Such is the stuff on which delegates live,
And swag and drink and dine!

Strike—strike—strike!
The delegate passed this way!
"Strike—strike—strike!"
He ordered—you must obey
And ask not the reason why.
Nor murmur against their decree,
For none must work when they say "No!"
In this country of the free!

Oh! men with children dear,
Oh! men with daughters and wives,
It is not the rich you are starving out,
But your hungry children's lives!
Strike—strike—strike!
To please your masters still
Ye are slaves to a band of plundering
knaves,
Who will bleed you as long as ye will!

Shirk—shirk—shirk!
The duty we owe to man;
Shirk—shirk—shirk!
As only a delegate can!
It is strange that the laborers choose
As champions of their cause,
Men who were never known to use
Anything save their jaws!

Directory

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use your 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.—Carriage 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.

EMMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

GOBERY, 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.

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

REDDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

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 Pumps.

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.

Campbell's Cathartic Compound

It cures Liver Complaints, Bilious Disorders, Acid Stomach, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, etc. Sold by all Druggists.

Interesting Story.

Hodson's Hide-Out.

Where the great line of geological upheaval running down from Virginia through North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia finally breaks up into a hopeless confusion of variously trending ridges and spurs, there is a region of country somewhat north of the centre of Alabama, called by the inhabitants "The Sand Mountain." It is a wild, out-of-the-way, little-known country, whose citizens have kept alive in their mountain fastness nearly all that backward simplicity and narrowness of ambition peculiar to their ancestors, who came mostly from the Carolinas, in the early part of the present century, following the mountain lines in their migrations, as fish follow streams. They are honest and virtuous, as mountain folks usually are, rather frugal and simple than industrious and enterprising, knowing nothing of books, and having very definite information touching the doings of the great world whose tides of action flow around their mountain-locked valleys like an ocean around some worthless island. They have heard of railroads, but many of them have never seen one. They do not take newspapers, they turn their backs upon missionaries, and they nurse a high disdain for the clothes and the ways of city folk. Most of them are farmers in a small way, raising a little corn and wheat, a "patch" of cotton now and then, a few vegetables and a great deal of delicious fruit.

In the days of secession the men of Sand Mountain were not zealous in the Southern cause, nor were they, on the other hand, willing to do battle for the Union. So it happened that when the Confederate authorities began a system of conscription Sand Mountain was not a healthy place for enrolling officers, many of whom never returned therefrom to report the number of eligible men found in the remote valleys and "pockets."

One citizen of the mountain became notorious, it is not strictly famous, during the war. His name was Riley Hodson, better known as General Hodson, though he had never been a soldier. He may have been rather abnormally developed to serve as a representative Sand Mountain figure in this or any other sketch of that region. The reader may gather from the following outlines of Hodson's character, drawn by certain of his neighbors, a pretty fair idea of what the picture would be when filled out and properly shaded and lighted.

General Hodson air not just exactly

what ye'd call a contrayse man, but he's a mighty p'inted an' a' orful sot in 'is way sort o' a feller," said Sandy Biddle, who stood six feet two in his home-made shoes, and weighed scarcely one hundred and twenty pounds, "an' if anybody air enjoyin' any uncommon desires for a fight, he may call on the general with a fr'a'mble expectation of a ketchin' double-barrel thunder an' hair-trigger lightning!"

"He never hev 'en whipt," observed old Ben Iley, himself the hero of some memorable rough-and-tumble fights, "an' he hev managed to hev his own in spite o' 'ell an' high water, all over the mounting for mor'n forty year for my sarting knowledge."

"When it come ter doctin', es the Scriptur' p'int-ed do show it, he kin preach all round any o' yer Meth'dist bible-langers 'at ever I see, don't keer of you do call 'im a Hardshell an' a Forty-gallon, an' a Iron-Jacket Baptist," was Was. Bazel's tribute; "an' I kin fuder say," he added, cutting a quid from a twist of Sand Mountain tobacco and lodging it in his jaw, "at General Hodson air honest, an when he air a feller's frien' he air a good un, and when he don't like ye, then hit air about time for ye ter git up an bridle out 'n the mounting."

Turning from these verbal sketches to look at Riley Hodson himself, we shall find him leaning on the little rickety gate in front of his rambling log-house. In height he is six feet three, broad-shouldered, strong-limbed, rugged grizzled, hard-faced, unkempt. He looks like the embodiment of obstinacy. Nor is he out of place as a figure in the landscape around him. Nature was in no soft mood when she gave birth to Sand Mountain, and, in this particular spot, such labor as Riley Hodson has bestowed on its betterment had rendered the off-spring still more unsightly. Some yellowish clay fields, washed into ruts by the mountain rains, lay at all sorts of angles with the horizon; the fences were grown over with sassafras bushes and sour-grape vines, and there was as small evidence of any fertility of soil as there was of careful or even intelligent husbandry. It was in the spring of 1874, ten years after the close of the war, that Riley Hodson sat on that gate and gazed up the narrow mountain trail at a man coming down.

"Hit air a peddler," he muttered to himself, taking the short stemmed pipe from his mouth with a grimace of the most dogged dislike, "hit air a peddler, one of them weemen ever git their eyes sot onto 'im, hit air good-by ter what money I hev on han', to a dead startin'ly." He opened the gate and passed through, going slowly along the trail to meet the coming stranger. Once or twice he glanced furtively back over his shoulder to see if his wife or daughter might chance to be looking after him from the door of the old house. He walked, in the genuine mountaineer fashion, with long, loose strides, his arms swinging awkwardly at his sides, and his head thrust forward, with his chin elevated and his shoulders drawn up. He soon came face to face with a young man of rather small stature and pleasing features, who carried a little pack on the end of a short fowling-piece swung across his left shoulder.

Hodson had made up his mind to drive this young adventurer back, thinking him an itinerant peddler; but a strange look came into the old man's face and he stopped short with a half-frightened start and a dumb gesture of awe and surprise.

The stranger, David A'Antinac by name, and an ornithologist by profession, was a little startled by this sudden apparition; for Riley Hodson at best was not prepossessing in appearance, and he now glared so strangely, and his face had such an ashy pallor in it that the strongest heart might have shrunk and trembled at confronting him in a lowly mountain trail.

"Well, ye blamed little rooster!" exclaimed Hodson in a breathless way, after staring for a full minute.

D'Antinac recoiled perceptibly, with some show of excitement in his face. He was well aware that he was in a region not held in hand by the law, and he had been told many wild tales of this part of Sand Mountain.

"Ye blamed little rooster!" repeated the old man, taking two or three short backward steps, as if half alarmed

half meditating a sudden leap upon D'Antinac, who now summoned voice enough to say:

"How do you do, air?"

Such a smile as one might cast upon the dead—a white, wondering, fearful smile—spread over Hodson's face. It seemed to D'Antinac that this smile even leaped from the face and ran like a ghostly flash across the whole landscape. He will remember it as long as he lives.

"W'y, Dave, er thet you?" Hodson asked, in a harsh, tremulous tone, taking still another backward step.

"My name certainly is David, but I guess you don't know me," said D'Antinac with an effort at an easy manner.

"Don't know ye, ye pore little rooster! Don't know ye! W'y, Dave, are ye come ag'in?" The old man wavered and faltered, as if doubtful whether to retire or retreat. Don't know ye?" he repeated. "W'y, Dave, don't you know me? Hev ye forgot the ole man?"

"I beg your pardon, air, but I believe I never saw you before in my life," said D'Antinac, lowering his little pack to the ground and leaning on his gun. "You are certainly laboring under some mistake."

"Never need me afore?" exclaimed Hodson, his voice showing a rising belligerence. "Ye blamed little rooster, none o' yer foolin', for I won't stand it. I'll just nat'rally war ye out of ye come ag'in?" Hodson now advanced a step or two with threatening gestures. Quick as lightning, D'Antinac swung up his gun and levelled it, his face growing very pale.

"Another step," he cried excitedly, "and I'll shoot two holes through you!"

Hodson stopped, and said in a deprecating tone:

"W'y, Dave, ye wouldn't shoot yer daddy, would ye, Dave?"

"If you run onto me I'll shoot you," was the firm response.

"W'y, ye blasted mean little rooster!" thundered Hodson, and before D'Antinac in his excitement could pull trigger, the old man had him down and was sitting astride of him, as he lay at full length on his back. "Now I'll just nat'rally be dinged, Dave, if I don't whirr ever last striffin' o' hide off'n ye if ye don't erhav' yerself!" He had both of A'Antinac's arms clasped in one of his great hands, and was pressing them so hard against the young man's breast that he could scarcely breathe.

"Ye nasty little rooster, a comin' back and a tryin' ter shoot yer poor old daddy for nothin'! I'll just war ye out an' half-sole ye ag'in if ye open yer mouth!"

D'Antinac lay like a mouse under the paw of a lion. He was afraid to attempt to speak, and it was quite impossible for him to move. The old man's weight was enormous. "I'm er great notion ter pound the very daylight out'n ye afore I let ye up," Hodson continued. "Hit mucks me mad 'nuff ter ter bite ye in two like er tater an' just nat'rally chew up both pieces, on'y ter think 'at ye'd deny yer own daddy, what's larped ye a many a time, an' m'ry ter shoot 'im! I'm teetotally erashed of ye, Dave. An' what'll yer mammy say?"

D'Antinac was possessed of a quick mind and he had schooled it in the art of making the most of every exigency. He had been several years in the mountain regions in the South, and had discovered that the mountaineers liked nothing better than a certain sort of humor, liberally spiced with their peculiar slang.

"Speaking of biting a tater in two," he ejaculated rather breathlessly, "re-minds me that I'm as hungry as a sitting hen. Have you got anything like a good mellow iron wedge, or a fried pine knot in yer pocket?"

Hodson's face softened a little, and he smiled again in that half-gloomy way, as he said:

"Ye dinged little rooster! W'y, Dave, der ye know the ole man now?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly; never knew anyone better in my life," promptly responded D'Antinac. "Your face is quite familiar, I assure you. How're the folks?"

Hodson chuckled deep down in his throat, at the same time somewhat relaxing his hold on the young man's

arms.

"Sarah and Mandy 'll just nat'rally go stracted over ye, Dave, an' I want ye ter 'havr' yerself an' come on w' me down ter the house, like er white boy. This ere foolin' 's not gwine ter do ye no good. Ye've got ter toe the mark, Dave."

"Oh, I'll behave," exclaimed D'Antinac. "I'll do whatever you want me to. I was only j'king just now. Let me up, you're mashing me as flat as a flyin'-squirrel."

"Well, I don't want ter hurt ye, but afore I ever let ye up, ye must promise one thing," said Hodson.

"What is it, quick, for ye are really making jolly of me," D'Antinac panted forth, like Eucelados under Sicily.

"That ye'll not deny yer mammy nor Mandy; an' ef ye do deny 'em I'll just nat'rally be blamed if I don't whal' yer jacket tell ye won't know yer hide from a meal-sifter. Do ye promise?"

"Ye," said D'Antinac, though, in fact, he did not understand the old mountaineer's meaning. The young man's mother had died in his babyhood, and he felt safe in promising never to deny her.

Hodson got up, leaving D'Antinac free to rise; but the old fellow got possession of the gun and pack, and then said:

"Now come 'long home, Dave, an' le's see what yer mammy and Mandy 'll say ter ye. Come 'long, I say, an' don't stan' ther' agawpin' like er runt pig in er peach orchard. I do 'spise er fool. Come on."

It is probable that no man was ever more bewildered than D'Antinac was just then; in fact, he could not command himself sufficiently to do more than stand there, after he had risen, and stupidly stare at Hodson. The latter, however, did not parley, but, seizing one of the young man's arms in a vise-like grasp, he began jerking him along the trail toward the house.

It was a subject fit for an artist's study. The old giant striding down the path, with the young fellow following at a trot. D'Antinac could not resist. He felt the insignificance of his physique, and also of his will, when compared with those of this old man of the mountain.

"I bet yer mammy el know ye soon as she sets eyes on ye, spite of yer mane-fangled clo's an' yer fancy must-tachers. An' ef yer Mammy don't 'pose she'll 'member ye, case she was too little wen ye—w'en ye war—w'en they tuck ye off. She was nothin' but er baby then, yer know. Well, not er crackly a baby, nuther, but er little gal like, le's see. she air swingin' now; well, she were 'bout five or six, or sich a matter, then. Mebbe she mought know ye too."

D'Antinac, as he listened to this, began to understand that in some way he had been identified in the old man's mind as a long-lost son, and it seemed to him that his only safety lay in ready and pliant acceptance, if not in active furtherance, of the illusion. He was roughly hustled into the Hodson dwelling, a squat old house, built of the halves of pine logs, with the cracks between boarded over with clapboards.

"Sarah, der ye 'member this yere little rooster?" Hodson exclaimed, with a ring of pride in his harsh, stubborn voice, as he twisted D'Antinac around so as to bring him face to face with a slim, sallow, wrinkled little old woman, who stood by an enormous fire-place smoking an oily-looking clay pipe. "Don't he just hev er sort er nat'rall look ter ye? Hev he been killed in the wa', Sarah, eh?"

The woman did not respond immediately. She took the pipe from her mouth and gazed at D'Antinac. Her face slowly assumed a yearning look, and at length, with a sort of moaning cry of recognition, she fell upon him and clasped him close, kissing him and wetting him with her tears. Her breath, heavy with the melolour of nicotine, almost strangled him, but he dared not resist.

During this ordeal he got broken glimpses of a bright girlish face, a heavy rumpled mass of lemon-colored hair, and a very pretty form clad in a loose homespun gown.

"Mandy, hit air Dave come back yer brother Dave; do yer 'member 'im?" he heard the old man say. "Do

yer 'member the little rooster 'at they conspuritured an' tuck erway ter the wa'? Well, thet air 'im, thet air 's Dave! Go kiss 'im, Mandy."

The girl did not move, nor did she seem at all inclined to share in the excitement of her parents.

"Go kiss yer bud, Mandy, I say," Hodson commanded. "He wasn't killed in no wa'. Kiss the little rooster, Mandy."

"Won't," stubbornly responded Mandy.

"Well, now, I'll just be dinged, sis of this yere haint just too bad," the old man exclaimed in a whining, deprecatory tone of voice, quite different from the grof, bullying sounds usually emitted by him. "I wouldn't er thort 'at ye'd fuse ter be glad w'en yer little brother o' me."

"Taint none o' my brother, neither," she said, blushing vermilion, as she half-shyly gazed at D'Antinac, with her finger in her mouth.

Mrs. Hodson hung upon the young man for a space that seemed to him next to interminable, and when at last she unwound her bony arms from his neck and pushed him back, so as to get a good look at him, he felt such relief as comes with the first fresh breath after a season of suffocation.

"Ye air 'er gittin' rich, haint ye, Dave? an' ye air fatter'n ye was, too," she remarked. Then she went back to the hearth and re-lighted her pipe, meanwhile eyeing him curiously.

D'Antinac never before had found himself so utterly at a loss for something to do or say. The occasion was a singularly dry, queer and depressing one. He felt the measure of his attitude, and yet a side-glance at Hodson's stubborn-curly face and giant form was enough to enforce its continuance.

Concluded next week.

PERFECTED AT LAST is found in that exquisite Perfume, "Lotus of the Nile."

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the iris inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—G. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for them various remedies, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, I was entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendall T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted last two years with Sore Eyes. During the time she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Sandy City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents per bottle.