

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1889.

No. 36.

Vol VIII

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### THE ACADIAN.

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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 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.

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CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Parish of Horton, St. James's Church, Wolfville, Services: Sunday 9 A. M.; H. C. on the 1st Sunday in the month at 11 A. M.; Thursday (during Advent and Lent), 4 P. M.; Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; H. C. on the 2d Sunday in the month at 8 A. M. on the 4th Sunday at 11 A. M.; Wednesday 7:30 P. M. Strangers provided with seats by the Warden, or other members of the Church. Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Rector, Residence, Rectory, Kentville. E. S. Crawley and R. Pratt, Wardens of St. John's Church. F. A. Masters and S. E. Huc, Wardens of St. James Church.

St. FRANCIS (B. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 A. M. on the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or 7 meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

### DIRECTORY

OF THE

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.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Color Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

BLACKBURN, 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.

GOFFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

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WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

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### Select Poetry.

The Good Man's Creed.

A little thought and a little care,

A little tenderness now and then,

A precious speech and a courtly air

May give one rank among gentlemen.

But he who merits the highest place,

Though clad in homespun cloth, 'tis true,

Is one who carries a heart of grace,

And is really a nobleman through and through.

Ah! not to feel here and there

In the lovely scent of the rose stayed,

Nor in the corner within it where

The fragrance lingers and the treasure's laid;

But every petal is truly filled—

Pink or crimson, or saffron hue—

With odors rich, by the dew distilled;

And the rose is a sweet rose through and through.

And yonder billows with foaming crest,

So bright and sparkling, so glad and free,

May seem a lighter make than the rest

Of the mighty sweep of the solemn sea;

But there's not a drop in the crucible,

Never a drop since the world was new,

That wouldn't be the self-same story tell

That the sea is a salt sea through and through.

The tree is stunted, the vine is spoiled,

There's neither blossom nor leaf nor fruit.

When the sap in its upward reach is foiled

And fettered close in the tangled root;

And there's nothing sound, and there's nothing strong.

There's nothing good, and there's nothing true,

That is not honestly—right along—

Sweet and sound through and through.

Faithfully faithful to every trust;

Honestly honest in every deed;

Righteously righteous, and justly just;

This is the work of the good man's creed.

Interesting Story.

The Husband's Present.

It was a bitter cold night on the twenty-fourth of December.

The snow lay deep upon the frozen earth, and the bright moon, riding half-way up the heavens, lent a crystalline lustre to the scene.

In the high road, a short distance from a quiet, reposing village, stood the form of a human being.

His garments were scant and tattered, by far insufficient to keep out the biting frost; his frame shook and trembled like the ice-bounded boughs of the weeping willow that grew near him, and his face, as the moonbeams now danced upon it, exhibited all the fearful foot-prints of the demon Intemperance.

Poor, wretched, dejected, he looked, and such, in truth, he was!

Before him, at the end of a neatly fenced and tilled enclosure, stood a small cottage. It was elegant in its simple neatness, and just such a one the humble lover of true comfort and joy would seek for a home. The tears rolled down the bloated cheek of the poor inebriate as he gazed upon the cottage, and at length as he clasped his hands in agony, he murmured:

"Oh, thou fond home of my happier days, thou lookest like a heaven of the past. Beneath thy roof I was married to the idol of my soul, and within thy peaceful walls, God gave to me two blessed children. Then peace and plenty were mine. My wife—God bless her gentle soul—was happy then, and my children—may heaven protect them—laughed and played in gleesome pleasure. Gladness smiled upon us then, and every hour was a season of bliss. But I lost thee, as the fool loseth his own salvation. Six years have passed since the demon that I took to my heart drove us from our sheltering roof. And those six years! Oh, what misery, what agony, what sorrows, and what degradation, have they not brought to me and my poor family! Home, health, wealth, peace, joy and friends are gone—all, all gone! Oh, thou fatal cup—no, I will not blame thee! It was I, who did it! Year after year I tampered with thy deadly sting, when I knew that death and destruction lurked in thy smiles. But, and the poor man raised his eyes to heaven as he spoke, "there is room on earth for another man—and I will be that man."

Within the only apartment of a miserable and almost broken-down hotel sat a woman and two children—a boy and a girl. The cold wind found its entrance through a hundred crevices, and as its biting gusts swept through the room, the mother, and her children crouched nearer to the few dying embers that still smouldered upon the hearth. The only furniture

was four poor stools, a rickety table, and a scantily covered bed; while in one corner, near the fire-place, was a heap of straw and tattered blankets, which served as a resting place for brother and sister. Part of a tallow candle was burning upon the table, and by its dim light one might have seen that wretched mother's countenance. It was pale and wan, and wet with tears. The faces of her children were both buried in her lap, and they seemed to sleep peacefully under her prayerful guardianship.

At length the sound of footsteps upon the snow-crust struck upon the mother's ears, and hastily arousing her children, she hurried them to their lonely bed, and hardly had they crouched away beneath the thin blankets, when the door was opened, and the man, whom we have already seen before that pretty cottage, entered the place. With a trembling, fearful look, the wife gazed up into her husband's face, and seemed ready to crouch back from his approach, when the mark of a tear drop upon his cheek caught her eye. Could it be, thought she, that that tearful drop was in truth a tear! No—perhaps a snow-flake had fallen there and melted.

Once or twice Thomas Wilkins seemed upon the point of speaking some word to his wife, but at length he turned slowly away and silently addressed himself, and soon after his weary limbs had touched the bed he was asleep.

Long and earnestly did Mrs Wilkins gaze upon the features of her husband after he fell asleep. There was something strange in his manner—something unaccountable. Surely he had not been drinking; his countenance had none of that vacant, wild, demoralized look that rested there. His features were rather sad and thoughtful; otherwise, and—oh, heavens! is it possible?—a smile played about his mouth, and a sound, as if of prayer, issued from his lips while yet he slept.

The smiles brought back to her the days of their betrothal. How vividly she remembered the scene and time when he asked her to be his wife. It was in the old churchyard, and the full moon was shining over the tree tops. Then the world was full of bliss, but alas! what had it been since!

A faint hope, like the misty vapor of approaching morn, flitted before the heart-broken wife. But she could not grasp it—she had no foundation for it; and with a deep groan she let the phantom pass. She went to her children and drew the clothes more closely about them; and then she knelt by their side, and after imprinting upon their cheeks a mother's kiss, and uttering a fervent prayer in their behalf, she sought the repose of her pillow.

Long ere the morning dawned, Thomas Wilkins arose from his bed, dressed himself, and left the house. His poor wife awoke just as he was going out, and she would have called to him, but she dared not. She would have told him that she had no fuel, no bread—nothing with which to warm and feed the children; but he was gone, and she sank back on her pillow and wept.

The light of the morning came at length, but Mrs Wilkins had not risen from her bed, nor had the children crawled from out their resting place. A sound of foot-steps was heard from without, accompanied by a noise, as though a light sled were being dragged through the snow. The door opened, and her husband entered. He laid upon the table a heavy wheaten loaf, a small pail, and a paper bundle; then from his pocket he took another paper parcel, and again he turned toward the door. When next he entered he bore in his arms a load of wood; and three times did he go out and return with a load of the same description. Then he bent over the fire-place, and soon a blazing fire snapped and sparkled on the hearth. As soon as this was accomplished, Thomas Wilkins bent over his children and kissed them; then he went to the bedside of his wife, and, while some powerful emotion stirred up his soul and made his chest heave, he murmured:

"Kiss me, I beg."

Tightly that wife wound her arms about the neck of her husband, and as though the love of years were centered in that one kiss, she pressed it

upon his lips.

"There—no more," he uttered, as he gently laid the arm of his wife from his neck; these things I have brought are for you and our children;" and as he spoke he left the house.

Mrs Wilkins arose from her bed, and trembling she examined the articles upon the table. She found the loaf, and in the pail she found milk; one of the papers contained two smaller bundles—one of tea and one of sugar, while in the remaining parcel she found a nice lump of butter.

"Oh," murmured the poor wife and mother, as she gazed upon the food thus spread out before her, whence came these? Can it be that Thomas has stolen them? No, he never did that! And then that look! that kiss!—those kind, sweet, sweet words! Oh, my poor, poor heart, raise not a hope that may only fall and crush thee."

"Mother," at that moment spoke her son, who had raised himself upon his elbow, "is our father gone?"

"Yes, Charles."

"Oh, tell me, mother—did he not come and kiss me and little Abbie this morning?"

"Yes, yes—he did, he did!" cried the mother, as she flew to the side of her boy and wound her arms about him.

"And mother," said the child, in low, trembling accents, while he turned a tearful look to his parent's face, will not father be good to us once more?"

The mother could not speak—she could only press her children more fondly to her bosom, and wept a mother's tears upon them.

Was Lizzie Wilkins happy as she sat her children down to that morning's meal! At least, a ray of sunshine was struggling to gain entrance to her bosom.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, Mr Able Walker, a retired sea-captain of some wealth, sat in his comfortable parlor engaged in reading, when one of his servants informed him that some one at the door wished to see him.

"Tell him to come in, then," returned Walker.

"But it's that miserable Wilkins, sir."

"Never mind," said the captain, after a moment's hesitation, "show him in. Poor fellow," he continued, after the servant had gone, "I wonder what he wants. In truth I pity him."

With trembling steps and downcast look, Thomas Wilkins entered Captain Walker's parlor.

To be continued.

Have a Good Garden.

If you have a good garden, and that is the only kind you ought to have, there is no part of the farm that pays better. You may not raise much to sell from it, but no farmer's family should go without the luxuries of fresh vegetables in variety. Farming that brings in the most money is not always the kind that pays best. The health and enjoyment of the family is, or should be, the first consideration, always. But I am sorry to say that a great many ignore this in practice, if not in theory.

We are naturally fond of variety of food. Our health demands this. A well-stocked garden enables us to gratify our appetites, and our natural appetites for good things we ought never be ashamed of, for they were created in us.

Too often the farmer's table is so lacking in variety that there is but little relish for the food provided. Day after day the same things are cooked and eaten until they become tiresome. Now, if a good variety of vegetables is grown, there may be such a change in the bill of fare as to make it always attractive. The woman of the house will see to this if you place the means at her disposal.

On a small piece of ground vegetables enough can be grown to supply a family through the season, and last through the winter. Have you thought what variety of food such a garden will afford? Lettuce, peas, tomatoes, cucumbers, beans, beets, parsnips, cabbages, onions, corn—why just think it over once, and ask yourself if you can afford to go without these things when they may be had for so little expense and labor.

Thought it Was Her Husband.

Some men who pass for respectable citizens, and who are really not without good qualities, have a habit not only of finding fault with their wives, but of doing it in terms such as a gentleman would never think of applying to any (except his own wife or possibly his own sister).

There is a story that such a man came home from the shop one night and found his wife much excited over the outrageous behavior of a tramp. He had begged for something to eat, and not liking what the woman gave him, had abused her in the roughest terms.

"Johnny," said the man, thoroughly indignant, "when you heard that cowardly rascal abusing your mother why didn't you run at once to the store and let me know? I would have made short work of him. Didn't you hear?"

"Yes, pa, I heard. I was out in the barn and heard what he said about the victuals; but—"

"But what?"

"Why, pa, I thought it was you scolding mother. He used the very same words you do when the dinner does not suit you. I didn't think anybody else would dare talk to mother in that way."—Companion.

Phases of Real Manhood.

Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity, gracefulness.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness, affection.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude.

Three things to despise—meanness, affection, envy.

Three things to reverence—religion, justice, self-denial.

Three things to wish for—faith, peace, purity of heart.

Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness, freedom.

Three things to esteem—wisdom, prudence, firmness.

Three things to like—cordiality, good humor, worthfulness.

Three things to suspect—flattery, hypocrisy, sudden affection.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, flippant jesting.

Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends, good humor.

Three things to contend for—honor, country, friends.

Three things to govern—temper, impulse, the tongue.

Three things to be prepared for—change, decay, death.

Queen Victoria's Power.

The Queen of Great Britain is sovereign over a continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 1,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers and 10,000 islands. She wavers her hand and 300,000 warriors march to battle to conquer or die. She bends her head and at the signal 1,000 ships of war and 100,000 sailors perform her bidding on the ocean. She walks upon the earth and 300,000,000 human beings feel the least pressure of her foot. The Assyrian empire was not so populous. The Persian empire was not so powerful. The Carthaginian empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanish empire was not so widely diffused. The Roman power was weak in comparison, and Greece was a small village.