

THE ACADIAN

AND KINGSCO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1899.

No. 12.

Vol. IX.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is known to all. It is a safe and reliable medicine for infants and children. It is a safe and reliable medicine for infants and children. It is a safe and reliable medicine for infants and children.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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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.

Newspapers 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.

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DAVISON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

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A. DEW. BARRS, Agent.

Churches

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7.30 p. m. Socials on all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COLIN W. ROSSON, } Ushers
A. DEW. BARRS, }

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 10.30 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranwick, A. M., Pastor; Rev. John W. Turner, Assistant Pastor; Horton and Wolfville. Preaching on Sabbath at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Class Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville 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—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a. m.; other Sundays, 3 p. m.; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in month. The services in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Residence, Rue Franck A. Dixon, Wolfville.

By 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, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.45 o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

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

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Dealer in Flour, Feed of all kind, etc.

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

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

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DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

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

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CONVEYANCER.

INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

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Watches, Clocks,

and Jewelry

REPAIRED!

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.

POETRY

On Saturday Night.

On Saturday night when the whistles blow,

I drop my work and wash my hands,

And I touch the rush and feel the glow,

And I hear the music of other lands.

To-morrow the children, with mother and me,

Will wander and watch the lake tide

And wonder I feel I can better be,

No wonder I feel that I nearer God

On Saturday night.

I can't lose an hour—put a single hour,

But all the week it is work and slave;

Sometimes my heart grows cold and sour,

A struggle it is to be strong and brave.

But on Saturday night, when the whistles blow,

Don't blame me—they seem the voices

Of God—

They let me free, and they me go,

And I know that fortune lays down

The road.

On Saturday night.

Mother and babies are strong and well—

What do you think that the babies say?

I'm almost ashamed my friends to tell.

The call the Sabbath "poor daddy's day."

It's the only day long time I'm near them.

To them it's a day a present from God;

It's the day long day that I always cheer

them.

No wonder I bless the bells abroad

On Saturday night.

I ain't downhearted—I work and strive,

And I earn enough to make us a home;

Our babes are like bees in a little hive,

Their mother the queen of the honey

comb.

To-morrow we'll have a most glorious

time!

Though Sunday we'll walk in the fields

abroad!

No wonder I'm saving up my dime,

No wonder I'm lifting my hat to God

On Saturday night.

—The Khan.

STORY.

The Tide that Came up Pleasant River.

Concluded.

"Where are your stockings?" she asked, with no possible loophole for excuse in the stern voice.

"I don't know," said Dean, horrified at what might befall on the disclosure of the carelessness. "I left them on the shore, and"—and then a sudden thought illumined all the sorry case, and seemed to clear up all the doubt, even in her own anxious mind.

"And the tide came up and took them out," she added, in brave, relieved tones.

"Oh! the scorn that shot into the hard face and shone out the keen blue eyes. It withered the child without addition of a word as the great-aunt turned into the house, with no further rebuke.

"Oh! for the lie, and the Pleasant River miles and miles from the turbulent tide!

That she had told a lie, the child knew, but the depth of it she could not comprehend. She knew she had lost the stockings through her own carelessness—that is what she wished to evade by the lie; and brought up as she had been by the seashore, where the ruthless ebb and flood swept away her hand houses, and her ship boats, she had but applied the destructive mysterious force to all waters.

And as I have thought of it often, I have tried to solve the ethics of it and believe it was not a lie, only in the large sense of all evasion and deception being untruth—but I fear it was.

Aunt Nancy did not allow any margin. Not a word did she speak to Dean through the tea, and Dean swallowed the barley soup heated over from dinner, without a word of protest, though every kernel seemed swollen to double its size, and choked its way down past the big lump already in the little throat.

Where should she find escape from that stern face? Where should she go? and where but up to the black-eyed aunt on the great hill!

When tea was through she slipped out of the house, not even stopping for the stuffing process which was her nightly, horrible fascination, when Aunt Nancy, as stern with her cats as with her grand-nieces took the long white-legged animal, and holding it tight on her knees, forced down its unwilling throat the food left from what had been set out as his daily portion in the little wooden trough.

Dean would soon have missed her supper as this performance, but to-night it had no charm; and she hurried out and over the bridge, not once stopping to look down upon the placid

running water with its limpid sunset lights, to see if the tide was out or in.

Over the stony highway, through a hole in the thorn-hedge, that faced the front of the great farm, up the long long lane, straight past the syringas and columbines, and into the house where the kind-hearted sweet-faced aunt was sure to be!

There was tripe frying for tea, and baked potatoes on the hearth, and cream-biscuits just emerging from the oven; and in the homeliness of the sights and smells Dean confessed the whole dreadful lie, and learned for the first time that the tides did not reach the Pleasant River. Oh! how the sleek old uncle enjoyed it and how merrily the black-eyed, little lady laughed! Not at the lie, but at thought of the horror of the stern-faced Puritan sister, who had never had a flock of boys and girls to bring up.

They talked to the child, too, about her sin, told her in few, simple words how wrong it was, and the troubled little heart became somewhat eased with the appetizing tripe and brown biscuit, and the love and sympathy of the two old people whose hearts had never hardened.

Dean had to go back, though, and face the stern aunt, for five days yet remained of the long, last week. Very frequently did she wish for something to shorten the time.

Uncle Jim, as usual, accompanied her to the big gate, and laughed shrilly and long again, as he thought of the horror of the stiff sister-in-law, and said, as he swung back the stone gate, "She'll never forget it; she'll never forgive you!"

How slow the little feet dragged over the stony highway, and down upon the bridge! No, there was no tide, she could see that now! The water was not a bit higher or lower on the big rock than it always had been, and there was never a sound of the swish, swish of the sea-shore.

How should she face the scornful aunt, and oh! what relief and delight to see the kind-hearted Jason standing in the doorway, to have him come down the steps to meet her; even if he, too, knew the dreadful sin, it was better than to face that stern justice alone.

And not only Jason to defend her, but in the house the dear grandfathers, and out by the back gate, yellow old Caro, and the high-backed, b x seated carriage. And to find that she was to get ready at once and go back with him, instead of dragging out the dreadful five days. What a relief it was!

Not a single word about the lie!

Aunt Nancy kissed her good-bye, and Jason lifted her up, in his arms and kissed her, too, and just whispered in the very lowest voice as he set her in the high-backed box-seat, that "when the tide went out he was going down to the shore to look for those stockings."

Not a single word of reproach from Aunt Nancy, nothing but the scornful, withering look; but Dean knew a well as Uncle Jim that she would never forgive her, say for it.

It is long years since, and the little girl is now a woman grown, her head and heart full of the memory of the dear old places and faces. Last year she was back to them all. Fifteen years since she had left the little house behind her on that summer night.

It was not the dear old grandfather this time who drove her down the hill to the bridge over the Pleasant River in the high-backed, box-seated carriage! Ah! the changes! He was not even at the old house, to welcome her with loving embrace. Out on a slope of a hill, at the foot of a white stone, the toiling hands, and busy brain, and the sweet, true heart were at rest, and forever; full of rest at last, from the long disquiet. God be thankful for the sweet memory of him!

Neither was the white-haired, rigorous face of Aunt Nancy in the little house on the corner lot. No fear for the look of scorn again; whether she forgot or forgave was now one, for she, too, was at rest. And in the little house on the corner, and the big house on the hill, were strangers' faces.

Down in the Brighton house a poor, miserable family made themselves at home in the big square rooms; and the long rows of windows were stuffed with rugs, and the pond was drained,

and the fences flat. And scattered in other lands were the children and grandchildren of the stately uncle who had built the house with the hope that generations far removed would occupy its strong walls, and keep up the old family name and honor. Ah! the changes! and ah! for the restless, roving wills that had other dreams!

Down the meadow road, to the house of the kindly nephews! And there, too, the change had come, and the loving, great-hearted man was gone, laid beside the stern old aunt who had loved him as she loved nothing else in life—they were not parted long. Up the earthy step to the high gate, and between the great willow trees, to the front door! Not even good-souled Sophie to answer the summons; and the yellow-haired little girl who came instead could not understand why the stranger's eyes were full of tears, as she stooped and kissed her, and left her love and name for the grey-haired father who was absent from home. She had never known, as the stranger had, the loving companionship of the uncle who was at rest years and years ago; and she did not know that the stranger was not alone as she walked again down the path and past the bitter-sweet tree, and up to the ruins of the old house where the great-grandmother had lived and died. She could not see, but the stranger could, the sweet kindly face bent down to listen to her foolish prattle, nor hear the gentle, loving voice of the man who could become as a little child in thought and word. Tangled, as of old, were the ruins with primroses and lilies, and lilies all about. And picking one of the purple languorous plumes she turned away, and all the way back over the lonely road, with her face buried deep in the dear, old-fashioned velvet hand that had led her so often over the grassy way in the lush and quiet of the ending day.

Ah! the changes!

And up in the long, low house on the great hill, the cheery laugh of the black-eyed aunt was stilled forever, and the genial old uncle would never walk again down the long, long lane to the highway. Even the gate was swung with iron hinges! Cut down were the syringa trees, ploughed up were the rose bushes and columbines. The gay, pretty young wife of the son had gone back to her Western home; the red curtains no longer hung to the parlor windows; divided and subdivided had been the acres of the great farm, and strange hands and feet touched the doors and floors of the old house.

Only the Pleasant River the same! Gaily, as of old, the clear waters flowed over the yellow, sandy bottom. Down from the bridge-railing; the big gray stone, on the sides the same shelving rocks—only the river the same! The tide has not yet reached the placid waters with its red-eyes, changeful floods, and it seems well.

But who can tell? A tidal wave of prosperity is sweeping over the long forgotten hamlets round about the river, a golden wave, that is making things once impossible, possible; steamers are parting the waters of lakes untouched since the canoes of the red-men crossed them, villages are springing up in the fastness of the deep woods, seething iron horses are drawing up the bowels of the earth and crushing them to bricks of gold, and the steam-engine shrills its cry ten miles from the Pleasant River, years ago as meritable as the story of the ruthless tide, and the golden wave is but just "coming in." Who shall say but some day the river may meet the sea and feel the salt breath flooding its shelved rocks! Canals, and ship-railways, and tunnels are making the ends of the earth meet—who can tell?

As yet it is peaceful and quiet as of old. And it was happily restfully so to the girl who leaned down from the shelving rocks to dip her hands again in its yellow clearness; again, after so long a time—a child, and now a woman! The currents which ebb and flow with such restless undertow had swept and swayed her many times, would sweep and sway her many more ere her hair would be white as the rigorous-faced aunt's who slept, "secure or change," in sound of the rushing

river.

Again! but never again, perhaps never again!

And the memory of the lie so long ago was fresh as all the other memories that had not changed nor grown less a lie.

For all of us "true"—but "with a difference." This spring is mine.

GRACE DEAN M'LEOD.

The Cost of Fencing.

It has been pretty well demonstrated in the past years that the fences of the United States have cost something like two billion dollars. The cost of annual repairs is a heavy burden upon rural industry. The agitation of the subject has resulted in great good in many quarters where "no-fence" laws exist. In the South there was great opposition to such legislation as opposed to the interest of the poor man, black or white, who wanted the whole range, preferring a nomadic life. After laws have been passed the poor man is encouraged to have a garden, a patch of cotton, sweet potatoes and other products, who otherwise would have declined to meet the expense of fencing. If he has a cow, or two, or a horse, it is easy to fence in enough ground to accommodate so small a herd. In many places the poor man has been compelled to acknowledge that the law was in his favor. The effect has been favorable to agriculture, lifting a serious burden from crop production. When fences are desirable their cost has been greatly cheapened by the introduction of less expensive fencing. The barbed wire is cheap, but it is also barbarous. There are modifications of it, making the fence visible by a combination of wood and wire, and leaving off the barbs. Iron is coming into use for almost everything, and will doubtless still be used for fences in some form, but the primitive barbed wire must go. The tendency is also toward breadth as far as possible, large instead of small fields. Any boy who has had a few lessons in arithmetic can see the economy of large fields. Where paddocks, pen, or yards are needed, some form of movable fence or hurdle is desirable, otherwise small fields should not be tolerated. The economy of fencing is a subject worthy of careful consideration. Invention is by no means exhausted in this direction. With all the increase of farms and of farmers, it is probable that the value of existing fences is very little if any greater than the aggregate of all fencing of farmers twenty years ago.—N. Y. Press.

Talmage on Newspapers.

A good newspaper is the grandest temporal blessing that God has given the people of this country.

In the first place all the people read the newspapers, and the newspapers furnish the greater portion of the reading to the people. They don't read books. The old people look for the deaths, the business man reads the business and financial column, and those who are unemployed read the want ads. Great libraries make few intelligent men and women, but newspapers lift the nation into sunlight.

My idea of a good newspaper is a mirror of light itself. Some people complain because the evil of the world is reported as well as the good. The evil must be reported as well as the good or how will we know what to guard against, or what to reform? There is a chance for discrimination as to how much space shall be given to reports of such things as prizes, fights, but the newspaper that merely presents the fair and beautiful and bright side of life is a misrepresentation. The family is best qualified for the duties of life who have told to them not only what good there is in the world, but what evil there is in the world, and is told to select the good and reject the evil.

Money Cannot Do It.

Rothschild, with all his wealth, must be satisfied with the same sky that is over the head of the poor man; he cannot order a private sunset that he may enjoy it with a select circle of friends, nor can he add one single ray to the clear, bright beams of the queen of night, as the magnificent

A Bolted Door

May keep out tramps and burglars, but not Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, and Croup. The best protection against these unwelcome intruders is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. With a bottle of this far-famed preparation at hand, Throat and Lung troubles may be checked and serious Disease averted.

Thomas G. Edwards, M. D., Blanco, Texas, writes: "Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred ailments, there are none within the range of my experience and observation, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

John Meyer, Florence, N. Y., says: "I have used all your medicines, and keep them constantly in my house. I think Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life some years ago."

D. M. Bryant, M. D., Chicopee Falls, Mass., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably good in croup, ordinary colds, and whooping cough, and is invaluable as a family medicine."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢, six bottles, \$1.50.

ly through the heavens. The richest banker cannot have more than his share of the air to breathe, and the poorest of all men can have the same. Wealth may buy a brilliant bracelet, dazzling with rubies, but wealth can't not buy a graceful and well-turned arm on which to display its splendor. God only can give that, and to many of the poor he has given it. "I wish I had the health of the rosy-cheeked peasant girl," sighs the aristocratic invalid, propped up with pillows in her costly carriage. "Ah me," says the girl, "if I could only ride in such style as that." Wealth cannot purchase health, nor can it give a contented mind. All that is most valuable can be had for nothing. They come as presents from the hand of a kind and indulgent Father, and neither the air, nor sky, nor beauty, health, strength and genius, can be bought and sold. Reader, whatever may be thy condition in life, remember these things and be content.

Singing for Health.

The time will soon come when singing will be regarded as one of the great helps to physicians in lung diseases in their incipient state. Almost every branch of gymnastics is employed in one way or another by the doctors, but the simple and natural function of singing has not yet received its full note of attention. In Italy some years ago, statistics were taken which proved that the vocal artists were especially long-lived and healthy, under normal circumstances, while of the brass instrumentalists it was discovered that consumption never claimed a victim among them. Those who have a tendency toward consumption should take easy vocal exercises no matter how thin and weak their voices may be. They will find a result at times far surpassing any relief afforded by medicine. Vocal practice