# THE ACADIAN
## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1890. No. 2.



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**The Acadian.**

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S.

TERMS:

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on trancient 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.

Newsy 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 ficticious signature.

Address all comunications to DAVISON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.


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1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

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3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8 30 P M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6,50 a m.

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### 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. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

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METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranswick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. B. Turner, Assistant Pastor: Horton and Wolfville Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a m and 7 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Greenwich and Avonport services at 3 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 the 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 sittings in this church are *free*. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Wardens, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

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, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets every Monday evening in their Hall Witter's Block, at 8.00 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 you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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

BORDEN, G. 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.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & CO.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. R.—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.

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RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

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.


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## POETRY.

### Gems of the Poets.

Ah! when the infinite burden of life
descendeth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hopes, and under
the earth is the graveyard;
Then it is good to pray unto God, for his
sorrowing children.
He ne'er turns from the door, but he
heals and helps and consoles them.
Yet it is better to pray when all things
are prosperous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most
beautiful fortune.
Kneel before the Eternal's throne, and
with hands interfolded,
Praises, thankful and moved, the only
Giver of blestings.—*Longfellow.*

Two hands upon the breast,
And labor done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,
The race is run;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace;
So pray we sometimes mourning our lot,
God in His kindness answereth not.
Two hands to work and rest,
Aye, for His praise;
Two feet that never rest
Walking His ways;
Two eyes that look above,
Still through all tears;
Two lips that breathed but love,
Nevermore fears;
So pray we afterward, low at your knees;
Pardon those erring prayers: Father,
hear these!

### Before and After.

Behold! One dwells within a narrow
room,
Its windows barred and shaded from
the light,
Beside him others toil in haste and gloom,
The purpose of their working hid from
sight.

And, now and then, a silent, secret door
Is opened and a comrade passes out;
No cry recalls him, but forever more
His name is whispered low in grief and
doubt.

Time hastens on, the loneliness grows
deep,
For strangers hold the place by love
forsaken,
The work is dropped, the lingerer falls
asleep;
Beyond that silent door will he awaken?

He wakes. The prison wall is left behind,
Space, splendor, freedom burst upon
his sight!
He sees with open gaze, who once was
blind,
He wings aloft, who faltered long in
night.

And who are these who hasten to his
side?
All he has mourned, the lost of long
ago;
The same are they, yet strengthened,
glorified,
Love, memory, welcome, on their
faces glow.

His soul has found a larger, loftier star,
From panting breath and fluttering
pulses freed!
O tell me, vanishing in glory far,
Is this life death? and death the life
indeed?

## SELECT STORY.

### God's Messenger.

"Oh Annie don't give up—do try just once more," Artie cried, frightened at the deathly pallor of her face.

"I cannot move," she whispered faintly, leaning still more heavily against the friendly support, and dropping her head upon the rail.

"Do try—O please try just once more. Put your arm on my shoulder, I can hold you and drag the rest too," he said, sturdily.

Annie shook her head, and made a desperate effort to start. She took one or two steps and fell back again. After a few moments rest she made another attempt and by holding on to the fence made slow progress homeward.

With stopping frequently to rest they at last came in sight of home.

"See, Annie, there are Charlie and Mary, and Ruth at the window watching for us."

Annie's heart sank at though the disappointment in store for them.

"How can I meet them?" she said huskily, "Oh Artie, please don't let one word how hungry you are, but try and keep the little ones from eating. It will break her heart—poor, poor, mother, how can I tell her?"

She was spared the painful necessity, for as the door was opened to admit her, she fell fainting into her mother's arms. Hunger, and cold, and weariness had done their work at last.

Everything else was forgotten in anxiety for Annie. It was only after half an hour's vigorous rubbing of her half-frozen limbs, and the administering of such stimulants as the poor home afforded, that consciousness was at last restored, and the mother found time to listen to Artie's story of their bitter disappointment.

Mrs Miller had been a woman of undaunted courage. Naturally hopeful, she had always looked on the bright side of life, notwithstanding her severe trials.

She hoped and believed that in some way they would get through the winter, and with the coming of spring some better prospect might open to them. But in this diappointment, her courage failed. She had relied confidently on receiving the money, and had hushed her children's cries for food by promise of plenty when Annie returned. Now she had nothing to give them, no way to procure anything, what could she do? Which way would she turn for help?

There were the select men, it was their duty to relieve her wants if she applied to them for aid. A shudder ran through her frame as she thought of it. Could she do it? Her children taunted, perhaps by their schoolmates with being town paupers?

No! It could not be! She could die if necessary, but apply to the town for aid—never! She might go to Deacon Andrews—he would, she felt sure, most willingly give sufficient to help them over the Sabbath; and on Monday she could go herself to the city with the forgotten garment, and get the money.

But it was not simply for a few days they needed help, it must be for weeks to come. Their affairs had come to a crisis. It was evident there could be no more long walks and hard work for Annie for a long time to come, even if she escaped serious illness now. And Mrs Miller knew she could never alone earn enough at sewing to keep the family from suffering. And how long before overwork and insufficient food might prostrate her? Then the interest of the debt on the house had not been paid the first of January; if they failed to meet it in July, the mortgage would be forclosed and their home lost. Her darkest hour in life had come. The lowering clouds, the fierce beating of the storm without, seemed a fitting accompaniment to the barren hopelessness within.

Turning away, heartsick and discouraged, Mrs Miller passed into her bedroom, and closing the door behind her, dropped on her knees beside the bed.

What wonder that there welled up from her almost broken heart the old cry of bitter agony which fell from pallid lips on Calvary's cross eighteen hundred years ago, "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?"

How long she knelt there she knew not; but she was roused at last by the plaintive voice of her little Ruth crying through the closed door, "P'ease mamma, dest er ittle piece of b'ed, I'se so hungry!"—and Artie's vain efforts to quiet her. Mother love conquered pride. Rising, with white, set face and burning, tearless eyes, she resolutely put on bonnet and shawl and passed out of the room. She had decided to


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*ROCKWELL*

Wolfville, July 11th, 1800.

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beamed the mild grey eyes and kindly, wrinkled face of Deacon Andrews. Her heart gave a joyous bound. Had the Lord sent him to save her from a step she dreaded more than death?

The deacon nodded with a pleasant "How d'y do?" as he threw the buffalo robe over his horse and lifted out of the sleigh a huge basket full of something well covered with a large towel. Stopping a moment on the porch to shake the snow from cap and overcoat he followed Mrs Miller into the house.

"We killed, yesterday," he said—depositing the basket in the middle of the kitchen—"and as I had a little business over here, I thought I'd bring you over a fry! And Mis' Andrews she put in a little something for the children. Well, how be ye all?" looking around with a smile upon the little ones. "What, Annie sick?" as he caught sight of her bundled up on the lounge.

Mrs Miller explained that she had walked to and from the city, and was suffering from cold and exhaustion.

"Too bad! too bad!" he said, going over to the lounge, and laying his hand tenderly on Annie's head, "too long a walk; we musn't let ye go again. Here, Artie, run out to the sleigh and get the jug of milk Mis' Andrews put in there. Have some of it warmed, Sarah, and give Annie plenty of it to drink. Nothing like warm milk for children and lambs when they're cold," with a humorous twinkle of his gray eyes and another kindly pat of Annie's head.

The children came thronging around him—for Grandpa Andrews, as he taught them to call him—was a great favourite, and never came there empty-handed. They knew his capacious pockets always held something good for them.

"Well, you little rogues," he said, catching up one after another, and giving them a shake and kiss—"let's see what Grandpa Andrews has stowed away in that basket for you."

He whisked off the towel and took out, first a fine spare rib, which looked as if cut out by a generous hand. Then followed a plentiful supply of liver, sweet bread and the accompaniments of a farmer's "fry."

A sack of flour—25 pounds at least came next.

"Ye see, Sarah," he explained, half apologetically, "Mis' Andrews she thinks the rye from the upland pasture makes about the nicest bread she ever eat, and she sent ye over a bakin' just to try it. And here," unrolling a three pound ball of butter, "she thought this might come handy, seein' ye didn't keep no cow." Kind hearted old soul, as if everybody did not know that all he attributed to "Mis' Andrews" was only the promptings of his own generous heart, and that his prudent spouse rather restrained than encouraged his liberality.

"Ah, here we come at last," lifting out a six quart pail crowded full of huge doughnuts. "Grandma sent one to each of you," distributing them around among the eager little ones. "And here," unloading about a peck of apples, which were disposed of in like manner.

"I put in a few pertatoes," he said before Mrs Miller could thank him. "I thought mebbe as you had only what ye raised in the garden ye might be out by this time," and going out to the sleigh he returned with a sack of potatoes on his shoulders which he carried to the cellar. If those "few pertatoes" ever went into a bushel basket it must have been scripture measure—"full, pressed down, shaken together and running over."

Mrs Miller tried to thank him, but he would not listen to it.

"Had to come over on business," he said, "and Mis' Andrews thought I might as well bring along a little something to the children. Jim was one of my boys, you know,"—his voice took on a softer tone at mention of the dead, and a tear glistened in his kindly grey eyes,—"and we allus think of his children. Arthur' my lad," laying his hand on the boy's head, "I hope you'll make as good a man as your father was."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

### A Hard Corner.

The age of 30 is a hard corner for a woman to turn, and 35 is still harder. She feels that she is fast leaving her youth behind her. But there is no reason why a woman should be faded and *passe* at 35, or even at 45. The chief cause of the early fading of American women is found in the fact that many of them suffer from some form of female weakness or disease which robs the face of its bloom, draws dark circles about the eyes, brings early wrinkles and sallowness, and stamps the face and figure with signs of ill-health. Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure all these troubles, will bring back the lost bloom, and remove the pains and ailments which make women grow old before their time. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or price ($1,00) refunded.


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### True Popularity.

The only popularity worth aspiring after is peaceful popularity—the popularity of the heart—the popularity that is won in the bosom of families and at the side of deathbeds. There is another a high and a far sounding popularity which is indeed a most worthless article felt by all who have it most, to be greatly more oppressive than gratifying—a popularity of stare, and pressure, and animal heat, and a whole tribe of other annoyances which it brings around the person of its unfortunate victim—a popularity which rifles home of its sweets, and, by elevating a man above his fellows, places him in a region of desolation, where the intimacies of human fellowship are unfelt and where he stands a conspicuous mark for the shafts of malice, and envy, and detraction—a popularity which, it head among storms and its feet on the treacherous quicksands, has nothing to lull the agonies of its tottering existence but the hosannahs of a drivelling generation

### Uncomfortable People.

We all know them; they are in ever community, in every church, in many families. They are always uncomfortable themselves, and they inflict discomfort on everybody else. A really aggressive and well developed specimen will overshadow a locality like a banyan-tree, yielding the whole year through all manner of fruit bitter to the taste, and not to be digested without serious injury. These people supply an ample stock of friction; they bring out the latent possibilities of general unpleasantness in a large or small circle; they sow seeds of discord, and not only in the fallow ground, but by the wayside, and are followed by abundant harvests of the kind that are sown with joy but reaped with tears.

It was at Columbus that a Cincinnatti drummer happened to put up at a hotel, where at the table he met with a number of legislators, and the courtly way in which they addressed each other greatly bored the commercial traveller. It was "Will the gentleman from Hardin do this?" and "the gentleman from Franklin did that." They invariably spoke to each other as the gentleman from whatever county they happened to hail from. For 10 or 15 minutes the drummer bore it in silence. Then he suddenly crushed the stentorian tones to the waiter, "will the gentleman from Ethiopia please pass the butter?" That ended "the gentleman from" business.

A South-west Georgia justice of the peace had listened to the evidence in a case that was being tried before him, and when that had been concluded, one of the lawyers rose to make a speech in favor of his client. The judge listened patiently for half an hour, and then began writing on a piece of paper in front of him. A few minutes later he interrupted the lawyer, by saying:

"Gentlemen, when you finish your speeches you will find my decision written on this piece of paper. You will have to excuse me for a while, as I have to plant some potato slips. Let me know when you have concluded, and I will return and sentence the prisoner."

It is unnecessary to mention the fact that another young lawyer had his finest effort cut short.

"My dear," said the husband of a literary woman, coming into the room where she sat writing, "could you sew this loop on my sus—," "No I couldn't!" was the sharp and decisive answer. "Can't you see I'm busy?" And the husband, glancing over her shoulder, saw that under the head "Advice to Literary Women" she was just writing: "Of all things, never let your literary duties interfere with your husband's comfort."

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the United States is erecting a magnificent new temple in the city of Chicago. It is to cost $1,200,000, will be thirteen stories high, and will be completed by May, 1892. This is an indication of the strength and solidity of the Temperance movement. May the new building become an enduring centre of Temperance influence.


Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.


### He was up to Business.

The following story is told of the Prince of Wales and the baked "tater" man:—One night lately the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edenburg were returning home rather late. When they passed Joe, a well known "tater" man in Pall Mall, they took a fancy to taste his wares, and were accommodated by Joe with red hot baked potatoes from the can, for which they paid a penny each, and proceeded on their way. Joe had recognized his customers, and on the next day, his "tater" can was decorated with a glaring gilt sign showing the three feathers and the legend, "Purveyor to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales." He stationed his apparatus opposite Marlborough House, to the Prince's mingled amusement and dismay. The Prince sent an equerry to order him away, but Joe refused to budge, and kept on doing a rushing business. At last the Prince ordered Sir Francis Knolsys to buy him off, and the feathers were removed.

What do women love best in men?" was asked by a noted gentleman of a well-versed lady in whose family he was enjoying his New Year's dinner. "Sir," said she,—they like force. Give me a man with courtesy and polish, without force, and he is like a linen collar without starch. The texture may be firm, but it needs stiffening. Women tire of forceless men, and would prefer a vigorous, hearty yeoman to a scented, nervous dude of the drawing-room." "Don't you like to see a man dance?" was queried. "I would rather see him digging a trench or hewing a tree or driving a team," said she. To me a dancing man, a lion lapping milk or an eleph ant playing a guitar are all alike. Men, lions and elephants were meant to be strong and masterful. When they fail of their destiny they become caricatures."

Swedish embroidery is the rage. The stiches are long and easily mastered and the use of colored silk and white canvas or linen makes the work interesting.

Dakota reports a larger apple crop than the average.


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(LESLIE LORING DAVISON.)

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