THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XI. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1891. No. 11

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS 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 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

Legal Decisions

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.*

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, 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 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 6.40 a. m.

Express west close at 10.00 a. m.

Express east close at 4 50 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 25 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.

G. W. MUNRO, 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. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COLIN W ROSCOE, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3 00 p. m. Sabbath School at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranswick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. 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—Service every Sunday afternoon at 3, except the first Sunday in the month, when there will be Morning Prayer with Celebration of the Holy Communion at 11.

ISAAC BROCK, D. D., Rector of Horton.

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. W. Caldwell, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S 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.

JOB PRINTING of every description done at short notice at this office.

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.

BORDEN, C. 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. H.—Insurance Agent. Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

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

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 Plows

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.

MUCH BETTER, Thank You!

THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES —Of Lime and Soda.—

IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

TRY OUR CELEBRATED NEW BRAND OF

INCA FLOUR

A first-class grade of family flour. Winter patent, ground from choice Northern wheat. Full scale weight and of the very best quality. Supersedes all others wherever put upon the market. Honest and reliable. It contains the most health-giving and nourishing properties. Guaranteed and warranted to give satisfaction.

Dealers supplied by J. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Halifax, N. S., or direct from the Mills of HILLIARD & PEPLOW, Peterborough, Ont.

POETRY.

The Station Despair.

We must trust the conductor, most surely,
Why millions of millions before
Have made the same journey securely
And come to that ultimate shore.
And we, we will reach it in season;
And ah, what a welcome is there!
Reflect then, how out of all reason
To stop at the station Despair.

Ay, midnights and many a potion
Of little black water have we
As we journey from ocean to ocean—
From sea until ultimate sea—
To that deep sea of sense, and all silence
Of passion, concern and of care—
That vast sea of Eden set islands.
Don't stop at the station Despair!

Go forward, whatever may follow,
Go forward, friend-led or alone;
Ah me, to leap off in some hollow
Or fen, in the night and unknown—
Leap off like a thief, try to hide you
From angels, all waiting you there!
Go forward! whatever betide you,
Don't stop at the station Despair!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

SELECT STORY.

Pretty Miss Smith.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

He did not see me, he did not see her. He was walking away with hurried steps and an expression of the deepest gloom and despondency upon his face. I should have run after him to ask him about Mary, but somehow the presence of that woman with the fair hair and stealthy eyes prevented me. So I went straight on to the house he had just left, and only turned at the door for a last glance at his rapidly disappearing figure.

The woman in the gray dress had left her beat, and seemed to be following him at a distance.

I found Mr Marshall as kind as usual, but not quite as cheerful. Hilary had just been with him, he said.

"I know," I said, probably with a slight tightening of the lips. "I saw him go down the steps just before I came in."

"Ah! Did you speak to him?"

"No, he raced off with a scowl black enough to frighten anyone. Oh, Mr Marshall, Tom says poor Mary's going mad; if she is, it is this Hilary who is driving her to it, I'm certain."

Mr Marshall's look changed to one of deepest gravity.

"Sh—sh, my dear, you mustn't say things like that lightly. I am afraid myself that all is not quite right between them, but you must not lay all the blame hastily on the shoulders of the man, for no better reason than that you have seen him with a frown on his face.

"Are *you* satisfied with this treatment of Mary?"

He gave me a shrewd glance, and after a pause, during which he made pen-and-ink sketches on his blotting-pad, he said—

"Really I am hardly in a position to judge; I have only once seen Mary in the two months she has lived at Battersea. She seemed to have grown haughty and fanciful—so much so, indeed, that I was quite offended, and have never, as I tell you, been to see her in her own home."

"But she was not mad?"

"Oh dear, no. I should think that is only a fancy of Tom's, who thinks any gril must be mad who doesn't jump at him."

Of course this speech gave me a sharp stab of jealousy. Tom had offended and disgusted me, but I was still faithful.

"You don't think so, do you, Mr Marshall," I hesitatingly began again, trying to repress more closely personal feelings and to keep to Mary, "that this—that this Hilary Gold is—is what people call 'fast'?"

"My dear, he said hastily, "I am not much in his confidence. If there is in him a tendency to extravagance, and—well the amusements which extravagance in a young man usually means, we may trust that a happy marriage will cure him. We know that a taste say for racing may lead a man a little astray, but——"

"Racing!" I interrupted in alarm. "Why, if he is inclined that way, he might run through all poor Mary's money in a few months."

"Indeed he might. But remember, I only *suggested*; I don't *know*."

But the suggestion in his tone was stronger than the words, and I was dumb with consternation. He rose from his chair, evidently much distressed himself, and patted my shoulder kindly.

"Pray, be cautious, my dear girl, and don't accuse anybody rashly," he said. "You might do more harm than good, as I myself unwittingly did a short time ago, I fear. Are you going to try to see Mary?"

"Why do you say 'try to?' I am going to see her."

"Well, I hope with all my heart you will. You are on the side of her best interests, and may do good. But I must tell you that her latest caprice is a refusal to see anybody; even Tom only got a sight of her a little while ago by a trick."

I rose to go, trembling so much that I could scarcely stand. Everything I heard tended to convince me that there was indeed something grievously wrong with my old school friend. I left the office hastily, with a sympathetic pressure of the hand from Mr Marshall, in whose face I could see reflected all the anxiety I myself felt.

I had stayed a very short time with him, and in spite of the heat I hurried down to the Temple Station as fast as I could do, crazy with impatience to discover whether Mary Smith really would refuse to see her old friend. As I ran down the steps, therefore, I was just in time to see a meeting which gave me a shock.

The woman in the gray dress and black bonnet was walking quickly down the platform as I drew near; and I felt sure, as soon as I caught sight of Hilary standing by the bookstall, that she would speak to him.

She did so. He turned at once with a great start, as the train for West Brompton came in they were talking eagerly together. She followed him to the door of the carriage he entered, and I having the curiosity to glance out of my window at her as the train moved off, saw a look of unmistakable satisfaction, as it seemed to me of an ugly kind, on her handsome features.

CHAPTER IV.

AT West Brompton I had to change trains, and so, of course, had Hilary Gold, who was also going to Battersea, I felt sure. I was very anxious not to have to speak to him, for I was too angry and disgusted to be civil. Who was this fair-haired woman, who followed him to the station, and at sight of whom he had started so guiltily? Was this the right sort of husband for sweet, pretty Mary, this spendthrift and, as Mr Marshall thought, gambler, with doubtful female acquaintance? I tried to avoid him on the platform, where I had to wait for a train to take me to Battersea; but he caught sight of me, recognized and hastened to greet me.

"Miss Oliver!" he said. "This is a great pleasure to me. I don't think I could possibly have met anyone whom I had a stronger wish to see."

I let him shake my hand, but my manner must have been very cold. I thought this enthusiasm ridiculous, and the next moment, when he proceeded to ascribe it to my affection for Mary, I felt that it was hypocritical.

"Yes," he went on, when I had mumbled some conventional words, which I didn't at all mean. "Mary has talked so much about you that I feel as if I had known you as long as she has."

"How is she?" I asked, to cut him short.

I was sorry not to be able to be more cordial, for, in spite of my prejudice, there was something about Mr Gold which I rather liked. He had a simple, straight-forward manner, and a way of looking one frankly in the face which would have made the fortune of any rogue. His expression changed at my question. He saw that there was something wrong, and seemed puzzled by my tone.

"I haven't seen her for a fortnight," he said.

I raised my eyebrows slightly, for indeed, this admission did not seem to savor of much lover-like devotion. Mr Gold at once assumed an offended tone.

"I have had business to attend to," he went on.

"Yes?" said I, icily.

"And you don't know your friend as well as you suppose if you think she missed me."

"Well, I think it is not much to your credit if she didn't."

It was dreadful rude to say this I know. But I did mean it so heartily that it slipped out in spite of myself. It made Mr Gold very angry, indeed.

"I—I believe ladies think," he stammered, "that there can be no better occupation for a man than studying their whims and caprices."

"Nobody could be less whimsical and capricious than Mary, I know that."

He seemed unfeignedly surprised.

"She has changed since she has known me then," he said shortly. "For she is fuller of mad fancies and jealous whims than any girl I ever met."

Now I did not like this. It chimed in too well with what I had recently heard about her; and, if it were true, it did, indeed, suggest an appalling change in my Mary.

"Is that all you have to complain of in her?" I asked in a trembling voice of ill-concealed anxiety.

"No, I don't like her choice of friends."

It was my turn to be angry. I had a retort ready.

"I think, Mr Gold, if I may judge by what I've seen of your friends, that Mary's will compare with them very favorably."

"What do you mean, Miss Oliver?"

"I leave you to judge."

I had barely time to say this, for the Battersea train was on the point of starting. I carefully jumped into a compartment in which there was only one vacent seat, for I did not wish to enjoy any more of Hilary Gold's society. But I found, on getting out at Battersea, that he was quite as anxious to see no more of me as I was to see no more of him. For he ran down the steps and started off at a great pace for the distillery without so much as a glance at me.

I had to ask my way, and was directed to a busy street lined on the one side with riverside factories, and on the other with shops and small houses built for the convenience of the work-people, who were now, at sound of the bell to cease work, pouring out from the factory gates in a noisy stream. At last I came to the "long, black wall with two big gates a little way from one another," as Marshall's Distillery had been described to me. From the first of these gates, which was wide open, and led, as I could see, to the factory itself, a crowd of work-people came out.

As I approached the second gate I saw that Hilary Gold was standing there, talking to a stout man, whom I guessed to be the lodge-keeper. Before I was near enough to hear more than the angry tone of the visitor and the surly tone of the servant I saw Hilary walk on away from me abruptly and impatiently, while the man in charge took a step out on to the pathway to shake his head and look after him.

My heart sank within me. If Hilary was not admitted, neither certainly should I be! Instead of being able to put on a bold face I felt that the consciousness that I had come on a vain errand made me particularly bashful and meek. As it happened, however, this fact proved my salvation. Just as, in answer to my timid question whether Miss Smith was at home, the lodge keeper replied rather curtly that he didn't know whether she was at home or not, but that in any case I could not see her, his wife ran out from the lodge just behind him, and said in a hasty whisper:

"John, John, perhaps it's one of the young people come after the place."

John, bless him! didn't think it was. But my gentility did not greatly impress his better half, for she insisted on asking me, on tiptoe over her husband's shoulder, whether I *had* come after the place.

My first impulse was to answer "No" in such a tone of high-bred haughtiness as should cover Mrs John with confusion at her mistake. My second, and that on which I acted, was to mumble meekly "Yes," and to enter through the closely guarded portals on the strength of the taradiddle, while the woman looked triumphantly at her husband, and he, with superior sagacity, for which I felt quite grateful, muttered, "Bless me, how they do dress themselves up! If I didn't take her for a lady!"

I walked down a long drive bordered by shrubs, flowers, and trees, until I reached the back of a big, plainly-built house, which might have been picturesque among treese, if it had not been recently "done up" in a very villainous manner. The ivy had been torn off, the space between the bricks had been picked out in glaring white, and the whole surface of the house looked as if it had been scraped. I was hesitating as to whether I should go in at an open door opposite me, or wander round in search of the front, when a stout lady with a florid complexion came to one of the ground floor windows, opened it and addressed me.

"Are you come about the situtation?" she asked.

Look and tone were encouraging. I set the lady down as vulgar, but good-natured, and thinking I would have some fun I said more boldly than before, "Yes".

"Ma'am," I added hastily.

She beckoned me in with another smile, and I entered, through the French window, a large double drawing-room which ran right through the house from back to front. The furniture was old-fashioned, stiff, and ugly; the ornaments were wax flowers, stuffed birds, alabaster vases, and other relics of glass-shade and luster period. There must indeed be something the matter with Mary when, having command of money, she suffered these abominations! The lady, whose appearance I now could examine more closely, was evidently one who had seen better days and also worse ones. That is to say, her manners were better than her speech It was not long before she explained this anomaly.

"I think you will suit us very well," she said, when I had admitted that I "had not been out before;" "I want a very superior young person, just like yourself, in fact. More of a confidential maid than a parlor-maid really. I must tell you I am not quite the mistress here; I am chaperon to Miss Smith, a young lady of fortune; a most aminable person, but who has such indifferent health that I don't quite like being left alone with her as it were. The responsibility is too great for me, the widow of a physician and unused to anything derogatory."

I wondered if the physician had married his cook. She was a good creature though, with self-complacent kindliness beaming from every feature; she must have been handsome, too, in the days before shell-pink became lobster red, plumpness stoutness, and fair hair in need of dye.

"And am I to be maid to you, ma'am, or to the other lady?"

"Oh, Miss Smith has her own maid, and I am not supposed to have a maid at all. You are to help the parlor-maid and look after the house linen. But—but I want you to sleep in the next room to mine, so that if I should call to you in the night you would hear and come to me. Don't you think the house if haunted," she went on hastily, with a nervous laugh; "the girls who came last week all thought it must be and refused to take the situation. But it is not so. It is only that Miss Smith is nervous, and—sometimes walks about the house at night, in fact."

The lady blurted this out in a frightened way. I was electrified. Mary a somnambulist! What should I hear next? Forgetting my interlocutor, I let my eyes rove out of the window by which I had entered. As I did so all my fears, all my doubts, received a shocking confirmation. Gliding rather than walking among the trees on a small lawn on the other side of the carriage drive, was a figure that looked to me like the wreck of my beautiful Mary. With a face white and drawn, a figure limp ond stooping, a furtive, hesitating manner, this, I thought could never be the girl whose only faults, a few months ago, had been levity, thoughtlessness, head-long frivolity. Was this what her uncle's fortune had brought her?

I had risen from my seat, and was watching her spellpound. This chaperon, whose name was Mrs Camden, left her chair, too, and came close to me to whisper:

"That is Miss Smith. And oh! you wouldn't believe the change that's come over her in only three months' time. I can't make it out."

"No," said I slowly; "but we must find out the cause, you know we must."

"You will stay then? You'll take the situation? You shall have good wages, anything you like," cried poor Mrs Camden, with startling eagerness.

I had forgotten the part I was playing. Remembering it suddenly, and reflecting that I might be turned out ignominiously if I confessed, I said:

"Oh yes, I'll stay," and stepped closer to the window.

Whatever stratagem I might be forced to use, I could not leave the house until I had found out the reason of the change in my poor friend.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Profitable Transaction.

There is a capital story going the rounds of the press. It is of a farmer who was a generous customer of the village tavern near. Resolved to economize, he bought a barrel of whiskey and placed it in his cellar. Each time he took a sip he charged himself with five cents. When the cask was empty the figures were footed up, and the aggregate was so surprising that the farmer boasted to his friends that he had made more money out of the transaction than out of his farm for a whole year. The story has a moral.

He was a candidate for parliament and a limb of the law. While canvassing he was treated to the following:

Candidate—Is your husband in?

Wife—No sir; but I know what you want. My husband is sure to vote for you, for you got him off for stealing that gun.

Candidate—No, no; alleged stealing of gun.

Wife—Alleged be bothered; we've got the gun in the house now.

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

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

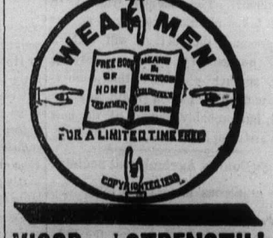
G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

BE A MAN!



VIGOR and STRENGTH!

For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of BODY AND MIND, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK UNDEVELOPED ORGANS and PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from fifty States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) FREE. Address

ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.