

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, APRIL 10, 1891.

No. 33.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is well adapted to children that are afflicted with colic, flatulency, worms, and other ailments. It is a safe and reliable medicine, and is recommended by the highest medical authorities.

THE CENTRAL DISPENSARY, 77 MEYER STREET, N. Y.

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. Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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' Furnishings Goods.

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

JR 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.

ELLEY, 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, BURFEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

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

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 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.

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G. W. MERRIS, 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. ROSSON, ^{Ushers} A. DEW BARRS

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 9:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranrick 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 9 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 the month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the above 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, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock, p. m.

J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. 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.

Garfield Tea.

It is a natural remedy, potent and harmless, restores the complexion, cures constipation, and is composed of wholly harmless herbs and is the best of all remedies for all ailments, without their ultimate injurious effects.

Ask your druggist for a FREE SAMPLE, For sale by

Geo. V. Rand, Druggist, 50 WOLFVILLE, N. S.



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Geo. V. Rand, Druggist, 50 WOLFVILLE, N. S.

POETRY.

Sunshine Land.

They came in sight of a lovely shore,
Yellow as gold in the morning light;
The sun's own color at noon it wore,
And had faded not at the fall of night;
Clear weather or cloudy—'twas all as one,
The happy hills seem bathed with the sun.

Its secret the sailors could not understand,
But they called the country Sunshine Land.

What was the secret? A simple thing—
It will make you smile when once you know—
Touched by the tender finger of spring,
A million blossoms were all aglow;
So many, so many, so small and bright,
They covered the hills with a mantle of light;
And the wild bee hummed, and the glad breeze fanned
Through the honeyed fields of Sunshine Land.

If over the sea we two were bound,
What port, dear child, would we choose for our?

We would sail and sail till at last we found
This fairy goal of a million flowers.

Yet, darling, we'd find, if at home we staid,
Of many and small joys our pleasures are made,
More near than we think—very close at hand—
Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

—Edith Thomas.

SELECT STORY.

The Master of Penraven.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

"Mrs Gaylord says that I have no dress nice enough for her ball. If I had money I would buy one. Don't you see?"

"Pardon my stupidity! And tell me, Margaret, may I call you Margaret?—what dress would you buy if you had the means?"

"If I were rich, nothing less than lace over white silk would suit me, and pearls for my neck and arms. Being poor I would content myself with a white muslin, made very full, and a natural white rose in my hair. But even that simple toilet would cost a great deal more than I would like to ask of Cousin Walter."

On the day before the party a box arrived for Miss Margaret Gaylord, and was found to contain the very dress of her dreams—white lace, looped up with clusters of roses, over white silk; a necklace and bracelet of pearls, a silver and pearl bouquet-holder, filled with fresh white roses; a cluster of white roses for the hair; and a pair of satin slippers such as Cinderella might have worn.

Margaret stood utterly confounded as the servant lifted out these treasures one after another and laid them on the bed.

"Who could have sent them?" she cried.

She stood a moment lost in thought. Then with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, she hurried from the room.

John Weston was walking to and fro on the gravel path outside the front door, smoking his cigar.

"Oh, Mr Weston, did you tell Cousin Walter?"

"Did I tell him what, Margaret?"

"About the ball dress. Oh! it is so beautiful! But it must have cost a small fortune."

"I have not uttered one word about your dress to your cousin," said John Weston, quietly.

"But who could have sent it then?"

"I never dared tell anyone, except you, the kind of dress I wished for. Who can it be?"

"Some good fairy, no doubt," said Jack Weston, openly sporting, her inquiring gaze. "The day for fairies has not quite gone by."

She shook her head.

"Did you send it?" she asked.

"I?" He looked down at his shabby clothes.

"Do you suppose I should go about in this guise if I had money to throw away on white silk ball dresses?" he asked.

A soft and kindly sympathy shone upon him from her gentle eyes.

"Are you so very poor?" she asked.

"I am a knave more of poverty than I. It is a bitter degrading companion. Worst of all when it lays a seal on a man's lips in the presence of the woman whom he loves.

Margaret was silent. All thoughts of the ball-dress seemed to have gone entirely out of her mind.

John Weston took her hand.

"We have not known each other long, Margaret, and yet I think we have

learned to know each other well. And if I was a rich man—as rich as the master of Penraven, for instance—I should ask you to care for me as I am—a poor shabby, crippled fellow, twice your age."

"Indeed I do care for you!" she said warmly. "How can I help it, when you have been so kind?"

"Margaret!" A sharp voice called from the door.

Margaret drew her hand away, and turned with burning cheeks to meet Mrs Gaylord.

"Pray, what do you mean by such disgusting forwardness?" asked Mrs Gaylord. "I was watching you from the drawing-room window. I distinctly saw that man take your hand where he stood holding it till now. And you allowed it?"

Margaret felt that she was guilty, and hung her head in silence—guilty moreover, of the strange thrill of joy and hope and pride with which she had listened to the story of John Weston's love. "And what is all this that I hear about an expensive ball-dress that has been sent to you?" Mrs Gaylord went on. "If my husband has lavished money so foolishly on you, he will hear my opinion of his conduct in very plain terms."

"It was not Cousin Walter who sent it," said Margaret.

"How do you know?"

"Mr Weston said so."

The very mention of Jack's name seemed to anger his hostess.

"Mr Weston indeed! Have you been talking to him about your dress? Never did I know any one half so forward. Well, your wonderful ball-dress will do you very little good in this house! I distinctly forbid you to appear at my party."

Tears filled Margaret's eyes.

"Go up to my room and finish turning that blue dress that I told you to alter three days ago!" said Mrs Gaylord, sweeping back into the house with a scornful toss of her head.

For once Margaret Gaylord did not obey. Instead of going meekly up to Mrs Gaylord's room, she went down the long walk—boldly following John Weston, as Mrs Gaylord would have said.

Sympathy was very sweet to Margaret. And cousin Walter saw but very little of his wife's tyranny, and seemed afraid to remonstrate when he did see. Nor did Margaret wish him to. Not for worlds would she have been the cause of trouble between them. But John Weston could be in no wise harmed by her confidence.

He had paid her the highest compliment in his power by loving her, and by saying that but for his poverty he should ask her to be his wife. Poverty might prevent their marriage, but surely it need not deprive her of the consolation which his sympathetic support would give her?

She found him pacing up and down beneath the trees, with a serious face.

"I should have braved Mrs Gaylord's anger and come boldly to the house to claim you in five minutes more if you had not come to me," he said. "Margaret, I don't like the way in which that woman treats you. I could not bear what she said, but the tone of her voice was quite enough. You must not stay here; it is a wretched life!"

"It is indeed!" said Margaret, sighing.

"Once or twice lately, when it seemed more than I could bear, I have asked Cousin Walter to find some situation for me."

"What was your particular sin of omission or commission this afternoon?" inquired Jack.

"I had forgotten to finish a dress she gave me to alter. I meant to do it; but when my box came with that beautiful dress in it, I could think of nothing else. And oh, only think!" she continued, flushing up; "I cannot wear it after all!"

"Why not?"

"Mrs Gaylord is very angry about it. She forbade my appearance at her party. I am so disappointed!"

"But you shall go!" cried Jack. "That is, if you will be guided by me. I have just been having a few words with your Cousin Walter. He owns that for the sake of peace in his house he has passed over too many things without notice. It grieved him to see you treated badly and he would be glad if you could find a better home. I have

satisfied him that I can give you one; that is a happier one. For you will be happier, Margaret, even in a poor cabin if you are the sole mistress there, and honored and beloved. Now, it is for you to decide. Your Cousin Walter will take you from this house to-night if you choose, to his sister's home. I will come there to-morrow afternoon and take you to church. Anticipating your decision, I have procured a special license. You shall wear the lovely ball-dress that the good fairy sent you, he added, with an indulgent smile.

"And as soon as the ceremony is over you and I will return, and you shall attend the party. Rely upon it, Mrs Gaylord will not refuse to receive you as my bride. Will you Margaret?"

"Yes," she said frankly. "I shall be glad to go with you. You are the only person except my cousin Walter, who has been kind to me since dear father died."

"But you quite understand that your life may be one of poverty and care? I don't wish to deceive you on that point; but, I can promise to love you through it until the end."

"That is all I ask—that and to make you happy. I shall care nothing for care or poverty if I share them with you."

John Weston's face looked radiantly handsome in this hour of triumph.

"It has always been my dream of dreams to be loved for myself alone, Margaret. And now that dream is realized. A poor, shabby cripple, I have yet won the one woman in the world that I could love for my own dear wife."

"I dislike to hear you speak of your self in that slighting kind of way," said Margaret. "Please don't."

"I will not, my darling. I'll allude to myself as reverently as if I was the Master of Penraven himself, Margaret, you have not yet seen him. If he should love you at first sight, as I did—if he should wish to marry you—"

"Do not talk of such things, Mr Weston."

"Mr Weston!" Am I to be called by that name still? Tell me the truth, Margaret. Is it not selfish in me to hurry you into the marriage? Would you rather wait a little longer? The master of Penraven might—"

"If you mention his name to me again I shall think that you mean to insult me," said Margaret with spirit. "In the sound of it even now."

That evening a close carriage left Mr Gaylord's house, containing Margaret and her Cousin Walter.

John Weston had already vanished to the great delight of Mrs Gaylord.

"I was so afraid he would hang about here in those shabby clothes, disgracing us before my guests at the party," she said to her husband.

And she was puzzled by his quizzical look as he meekly answered that John Weston would never intrude upon her until she should ask him to come.

"Then he will stay away forever," she said.

Mrs Gaylord drew a long breath of relief as the carriage drove away. She was glad to have Margaret out of the house till the party was over. It would be so tiresome to see her mooping with red eyes, thinking herself injured and abused; and it would be an easy matter to recall her at the proper time for her return.

The eventful day dawned at last and with it came tidings that for a few minutes dampened Mrs Gaylord's sunny self-content.

The Master of Penraven, who had been in delicate health for years, had died suddenly at sea on his way from Madeira. His fortune and estate had fallen to the "next of kin," of whose subject poverty at the time of the great wildfire the most romantic stories were told. He was coming instantly to Penraven.

After a moment's thought, Mrs Gaylord wrote a fresh card and despatched it to "Mr J. W. Penraven." One word so well as another, she told herself with a smile.

At the appointed time the guests assembled; but oddly enough, no master of the house was there to receive them. Mrs Gaylord made such excuses as she could for his absence, hiding her annoyance and indignation under a pleasant smile.

"If he will only come before the Master of Penraven arrives I will forgive him," she thought.

In one of the pauses of the music she heard a carriage drive up to the door. In a few minutes the butler appeared, his eyes rolling with wonder.

"Mr and Mrs Penraven," he said to his mistress, "and my master."

Hastening forward to greet her distinguished guests, Mrs Gaylord suddenly forgot her good manners, and stood staring at them as wildly as the butler had stared at her.

There stood the obnoxious John Weston in a handsome evening suit; and Margaret—Margaret Gaylord—was leaning on his arm, looking bright, beautiful and happy in the white silk dress and pearls.

Behind the pair stood Walter Gaylord, smiling slyly over his wife's discomfited surprise.

But seeing a storm of indignation in her eyes, he came forward in time to prevent it.

"Our friend John Weston was the man to whom Mr Penraven's fortune fell," he explained. "With the fortune he took the family name. He is a romantic kind of a fellow, and he wished to marry a woman who would accept him, believing him to be very poor. He found that woman in our Cousin Margaret. And having been so long under your care, Julia, she looks to you entirely to introduce her into the best society here and in town," he added, in a lower tone.

He knew his wife well. The bait he administered was eagerly swallowed. Mrs Gaylord forgot her anger in the pleasure of presenting the mistress of Penraven to her guests that night.

"They met at our house," she would say afterwards when the marriage was discussed. "I was against it at first, I dreaded poverty for her, for she had never known it. So feeling sure that I would not approve, they made a run away match of it in the end. But it has turned out charmingly. They seem to have been made for each other, and they are as happy as the day is long." She spoke the truth. In all the country no happier home exists than that over which the mistress of Penraven presides to this day.

How to Become Rosy-Cheeked Women.

The political battle is over, but the battle with disease must constantly and unceasingly waged else the grim reaper will come out victorious, and loved ones will be gathered to their long home. On all sides may be seen pale and listless girls who should be enjoying the health and glow of rosy youth. Everywhere we are met with women young in years, yet prematurely old who suffer in silence almost untold agonies, the result of those ailments peculiar to the female system. To all such, Dr Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing. They restore wasted vitality, build up the nervous system, enrich the blood, and transform pale and sallow complexions into glowing rosy cheeks that alone follow perfect health. In a word they are a certain cure for all those distressing complaints to which women and girls are peculiarly liable. A trial of these pills will convince the most sceptical of their wonderful merit. For suffering men Dr Williams' Pink Pills are equally efficacious. For overwork, mental strain, loss of sleep, nervous debility, and all those diseases that lead to broken-down manhood, they are a certain specific, stimulating the brain, reinforcing the exhausted system and restoring shattered vitality. Dr Williams' Pink Pills are nature's restorative and should be used by every weak and debilitated person. For sale by all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Born Lawyer.

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning the office was crowded with applicants, all bright and many suitable. He bade them wait until he should arrive, and then arranged them in a row and said he would tell them a story, note their comments and judge from that whom to choose.

"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, "was troubled with a red squirrel that had got through a hole in his barn and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. One noon, seeing him go in at the hole, he took his shot gun and

fired away; the charge set the barn on fire."

"Did the barn burn down?" asked one of the boys.

The lawyer, without answering, went on—

"Seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water, ran to put the flames out."

"Did he put the fire out?" asked another.

"As he passed inside, the door shut too and the barn was soon in flames. The hired girl rushed out with more water—"

"Did they all burn up?" asked another boy eagerly.

The lawyer did not answer the question, but continued:

"Then the old lady came out, and all was confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire."

"Did any one burn up?" asked another.

"There, that will do; you have shown great interest in the story," the lawyer said. "Now my little man, what have you to say about it?"

The little fellow, blushed, grew uneasy and stammered:

"I want to know what has become of that squirrel, that's what I want to know!"

"You'll do—you are my man!" exclaimed the lawyer. "You have not been snatched off by a confusion of hired girls and water pails, you have got your eye on that squirrel!"

A Memory Test.

In a Western court a witness had been detailing with great minuteness certain conversations which had occurred several years before. Again and again the witness testified to names and dates, and precise words, and it became necessary for his cross-examiner to break him up. This was done by a very simple device. While gibbering off his testimony, the cross-examiner handed him a book and said: "Read aloud a paragraph from that book." "What for?" inquired the witness. "I will tell you after you have read it," said the lawyer, and the witness accordingly read aloud a paragraph of most interesting materials about lands, appurtenances and hereditaments. Then the lawyer went up and asked him a few more questions about his memory and the witness was positive that his memory was very good. Suddenly the lawyer said: "By the way, will you please repeat that paragraph you just read about lands, appurtenances and hereditaments?" "Why of course I could not do that," replied the witness. "You must have a queer memory," retorted the lawyer, "since you can repeat things that you say occurred years ago, and you cannot repeat what you read a moment ago." The witness was nonplused.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials constantly prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a long time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease. An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of \$5. Since that time it has been my family medicine, and sickness has become a stranger to our household. I believe it to be the best medicine on earth."—F. E. McNulty, Hackman, 25 Summer st., Lowell, Mass.

FOR DEBILITY, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

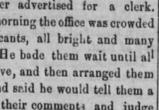
Is a certain cure, when the complaint originates in impoverished blood. "I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming finally so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases."—C. Evick, 14 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

FOR ERUPTIONS

And all disorders originating in impurity of the blood, such as boils, carbuncles, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.



Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials constantly prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a long time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease. An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of \$5. Since that time it has been my family medicine, and sickness has become a stranger to our household. I believe it to be the best medicine on earth."—F. E. McNulty, Hackman, 25 Summer st., Lowell, Mass.