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 20, 1891. No. 12.

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 communications 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 may subscribe 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. Cransick 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.

Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER

It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

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. Superseds 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 Coming Man.

O not for the great departed
  Who framed our country's laws,
And not for the bravest-hearted
  Who died in freedom's cause,
And not for some living hero
  To whom all bend their knee,
My muse would raise her song of praise—
  But for the man to be.

For out of the strife which woman
  Is passing through to day
A man that is more than human
  Shall yet be born, I say.
A man in whose pure spirit
  No dross of self will lurk;
A man who is strong to cope with wrong,
  A man who is proud to work.

A man with hope undaunted,
  A man with godlike power,
Shall come when he most is wanted,
  Shall come at the needed hour.
He shall silence the din and clamor
  Of clan disputing with clan,
And toil's long fight with purse-proud might
  Shall triumph through this man.

I know he is coming, coming,
  To help, to guide, to save,
Though I hear no martial drumming,
  And see no flags that wave.
But the great soul-travail of woman,
  And the bold free thought unfurled,
Are heralds that say he is on the way—
  The coming man of the world.

Mourn not for vanished ages,
  With their great heroic men,
Who dwell in history's pages,
  And live in the poet's pen.
For the grandest times are before us,
  And the world is yet to see
The noblest worth of this old Earth
  In the men that are to be.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

SELECT STORY.

Pretty Miss Smith.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs Camden seemed not to be able to make enough of me when she found me willing to accept the situation; from this I was, of course, able to gather that there was some great drawback to it in the eyes of the young persons who had applied for it, and as she continued to assure me repeatedly, that the house was *not* haunted, I came to the conclusion that it had the reputation of being so.

"Who lived here in Mr Marshall's time, ma'am?" I asked Mrs Camden, who seemed very willing to talk, and who had just informed me of the manner in which the distillery came into Miss Smith's possession.

"Nobody, I think, except a caretaker. And so, of course, stories got about of white ladies and things of that sort, as they always do of shut up houses."

"And does Miss Smith think she sees white ladies, ma'am?" asked I.

I thought it was very unlike the fun-loving Mary I used to know to be frightened by mere rumors of ghosts.

"I don't know what she thinks she sees," said Mrs Camden, hastily. "I think it is some trouble with her *fiance* that makes her so depressed and fanciful. Lately she won't see him or anyone."

I remembered Hilary's complaint that Mary was jealous. I hadn't time for many reflections about the meeting I had witnessed between him and the fair-haired lady, when Mrs Camden asked me whether I could stay at the house that very night and send for my boxes. I wished for nothing better, as by this means I might hope for a chance of an interview with Mary without delay. I at once assented to the proposal, therefore, and Mrs Camden herself led me upstairs.

It was a comfortable sort of old house, with wide passages and staircases, nearly destitute of modern improvements, but roomy and convenient. I was shown into a little room overlooking the river, and opening into Mrs Camden's.

"I don't know how long you'll be able to keep it, I'm sure," said that lady dubiously. "Miss Smith has a fancy for constantly changing her bedroom, so that any day we are liable to be turned out, both you and I. I have been moved twice already. This room opposite," she went on, opening the door of a larger and much brighter apartment which the sun was only just leaving, "is where you will do your needlework. We keep the linen in this dresser."

She unlocked a huge piece of furniture, unwieldly and worm-eaten, in which the linen of a regiment might have been stored, and then, saying that she was late, and must go and dress for dinner, she left me at the door of my room, returning to say that she would have my tea sent up to me. I was to be spoilt then, evidently, in consideration of my condescension in accepting the situation. It was a very uncomfortable position for me, and I felt so guilty that Mrs Camden had scarcely left me when I suddenly resolved to confess the deception I had practised upon her, and with that intention ran out of my room and down the passage. But I could not see her, and I called her by name without getting any answer. Well, if I could not see her I would see Mary; and I re-entered the workroom and looked out of the window for her.

It was nearly half-past six. The hot August sun was still glowing in the sky, the brilliancy of its light somewhat dimmed by the lingering smoke of factory chimneys. Beyond the little lawn below, and stretching for a long way to the right, was a great space of mingled orchard and kitchen-garden, which looked neglected, but all the more picturesque on that account. It was a magnificent garden for the near neighborhood of London; and I thought that now at least, while the trees wore their summer foliage, the tall chimney and outbuildings of the distillery on the left, only partly seen from this side through a screen of well-grown elm trees, rather improved than spoiled the view. I could have made myself very happy here, I thought, if this place had been left to me. And it was exactly the sort of house Mary had often said it would delight her to be mistress of and to play Lady Bountiful in! Where now had my poor girl hidden herself? I scanned the wide stretch of ground carefully left and right, but saw no sign of her.

As I hung out of the window I heard the room door behind me open quickly, and looking round I saw a tall merry-faced girl, with black hair and black eyes, who came into the room in a half-sly manner, shut the door softly, and made me a mock curtsey with an expression full of mischief in her pretty features.

"Allow me to introduce myself as 'Emily,'" she said. "I'm Miss Smith's maid, and I only stay because the wages are good and the work's light. *You*, I beg leave to say, won't stay at all. No, not if they give you £50 a year, and find you in gloves, French boots, and Sunday bonnets. So now you know."

And she gave me a mysterious nod.

"But why not?" asked I, alarmed and curious, not on my own account. "What shall I have to do that's so dreadful?"

"*Sleep here*," said Emily solemnly, pointing in the direction of the little room which had been assigned me. "They tried it on me once, but never again, oh no! So now I sleep where the rest of the servants do, in the wing on the right there, and at present Miss Smith and Mrs Camden have this floor to themselves. And doesn't poor Mrs Camden wish she could come into our wing without letting down her dignity; that's all."

"But why, why?" I asked. "What is the reason for all this?"

"Oh, you'll find out soon enough, and I shan't tell you any more," said the girl, mischievously. "Only as five girls have tried the place, and only one has held out as far as the fourth night, why you'll be a regular heroine if you stay. Here's your tea, ma'am. Ha! ha!"

The girl went off into fits of laughter as a housemaid came in with a tray for me, and after giving me a curious glance, turned to Emily and told her she was "always on the giggle."

"Well," said the lady's maid, "they want someone to do their giggling for them in this establishment, I'm sure. And mind your don't burn this young lady's toast or make her coffee thick. Treat her well, for she won't stop long."

"Hush," said the housemaid, who was a much older and staider person than the other. "How you do go on."

And with another sidelong glance which seemed confirmatory of Emily's views, she left the room.

The giddy Emily, delighted to gossip, insisted on pouring out my tea, chattering all the while. But, from pure love of teasing, she would not tell me much more about her mistress, seeing that I was interested in the subject, but entertained me with her love affairs, or rather flirtations, which were evidently the chief business of her life. I was disgusted to find that my poor drooping Mary had such a careless and frivolous attendant; and Emily, finding my answers grow short, sprang up and offered to show me over the various rooms.

"They'll be at dinner now," she said.

I followed with alacrity, most anxious to examine every nook of the house which had proved the tomb of Mary's high spirits. There was nothing in the least suggestive of phantoms or mysteries about the place. Roomy, airy, and well lighted, this floor contained a series of large, lofty rooms, most of them having two or more big windows, and each having a good sized ventilator in the ceiling.

"What a nice, large house," said I, in admiration, as I looked out of one of the open windows of the room which Emily said was "Miss Smith's, while the fad lasted."

There was another lawn on this side, which was the front of the house. I gathered that the front door was not much used for the drive which led round the house up to it was grass-grown, and the steps, which I could see protruding from under a heavy portico, also looked green with damp and want of use. Beyond the lawn, which was fringed with trees and shrubs, was a wide, built-up path, which ran along the bank of the river, from the distillery on the right as far as the boundry wall of the garden some distance away on the left. The river was no pretty pleasure stream, but a busy high-way, for great flat barges which, heavily laden and drawn in long procession by puffing little tugs, or empty, drifting with the tide, kept the black water stirring and rippling hour after hour, day and night. A flat marsh, formed the outlook on the opposite shore. On the right the great body of the distillery, with the high square tower in the centre, could be distinctly seen.

"What a pity," I went on, drawing my head in again and turning to the maid, "not to use more of these lovely big rooms."

"Yes," said Emily, "the house is full of wasted space. There's a floor above this which is nothing but an immense attic, full of lumber from the works. It was built by the late Mr Marshall to ventilate this floor into. There's a splendid view from it, if you like miles of chimney pots; only you can't get up there from the house; you have to go through the door that leads to the works first, and that's kept locked of course."

A great, big attic above, entered only from the works. Here, thought I, is where the ghosts collect, and all manner of weird noises are heard, the wind whistling through the chinks and crannies, and the rats and mice holding high revel. My reflections were interrupted by Emily, who was beginning to get restless and impatient of manner.

"And now I shall have to be off," she said. "You won't mind being left alone for a bit, will you? It will be daylight for a long time yet, you know."

I said I did not mind at all, and the girl hurried off, so full of excitement that I unkindly concluded it was someone more interesting to her than her mistress whom she was going to meet. For I had not been in her company nearly an hour without discovering that Emily's horizon was bounded by thoughts of "young men."

As soon as I was alone I returned to the workroom and again looked out of the window. The sun had sunk lower, but there was still a bright red glow in the west. Emily had said that dinner would be over by this time, and I was hoping that Mary would return to the garden. I had only waited a few moments when this wish was fulfilled. I saw my poor girl leave the house slowly, with a heavy, listless tread, as different as possible from the fairy-footed pace at which she used to trip across the lawn at Bayswater. She went straight across the orchard, and there amongst the trees I lost sight of her. Running down the staircase and through the hall like a hare, without meeting anyone, I followed her. The shadows were growing black upon the rough, long grass under the apple trees. Mary's face, when I caught sight of it, looked ghastly in the cold shade. She was standing still, her hands hanging listlessly down, her eyes raised and fixed on the branches above her with an expression of utterly forlorn and helpless misery. My heart was beating fast, my eyes were filling with tears, and something seemed to rise up in my throat and choke me.

"Mary," I croaked out huskily "My poor old Mary! Don't you know me? You haven't forgotten me? Mary!"

I was holding out my arms, not daring to advance any nearer, for she looked frightened at the first sound of my voice. As I finished speaking, however, I made one forward movement. With a stifled cry, my poor girl, with a rapid gesture as if to drive me away, turned and ran back into the house.

I did not attempt to follow her this time. I was appalled. I could no longer doubt the horrible truth of Tom's words: Mary was out of her mind. At the same moment I felt with passionate certainty that this calamity was the result of no accident. I would never rest until I had discovered who had brought it about.

(TO BE CONTINUED.

Russell Sage to Boys.

The boy who is wanted in that business world of to-day must be educated, says Russell Sage in an admirable article on "The boy that is wanted," in November *Ladies' Home Journal*. If his parents cannot afford to give him a high-school or college education, he must learn to study without the aid of a teacher, in the early morning before business begins, and in the evenings after business hours. It can no longer be truthfully said that an education is out of any one's reach. Our splendid school system, where one can study by day or in the evening, has put the priceless treasure of an education within the reach of all. The main thing, in the beginning that I would impress upon boys is one of the great commandments, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The boy who respects his father and mother, who treats his sisters and brothers with loving kindness, has laid a good foundation for a successful career. You will do as your parents tell you, and that certainly will be to study. Don't be in a hurry to get away from your school books. The cares and responsibilities of business life will come soon enough. Go to school as long as you can, and, remember, every hour spent in study in your youth will be worth money to you in after life. Read good books—the Bible above all. Make yourself acquainted with history. Study the progress of nations and the careers of men who have made nations great. If you have no library of your own, join one of the numerous associations to be found in all cities, where good healthful books may be obtained. Study religion, science, statecraft, and history. Learn to read intelligently, so that you may turn to practical use in after life the readings of your youth. Be sure you begin right. Do not waste time in reading trashy books.

This Bird has no Name.

It is a curious fact that a bird which is more distributed over the surface of the earth than any other kind, which is better known to man, and more useful to him than any other, has in our language no distinctive name, says the Pittsbug *Dispatch*. This defect in nomenclature seems still more strange when we remember that this favorite bird has half a dozen cousin species, every one of which rejoices in a name that is all its own. The nameless bird is the—well, the barnyard bird about whose capabilities for broiling, roasting and the like we usually care a great deal more than we do about what we shall call it. But isn't it queer that we have no name for it? Commonly we call the bird chicken. This is clearly a misnomer, unless we are alluding to the little fellows that have lately emerged from the shell. An adult of this species is as far from being a chicken as a man is from being a baby. When we want to be specific about the adult of this species we Americans call the male bird a rooster and the female a hen. But these terms apply equally to many other species of birds. Probably the most favored word for the species is fowl; but that is shooting very wide of the mark. Webster's definition of a fowl is "a vertebrate animal having two legs and covered with feathers or down—a bird." Shakespeare uses the simile, "Like a fowl," and the Bible speaks of "the fowl of the air."

A runaway couple pursued by an angry father rushed into the bedroom of a sleeping Justice and demanded an immediate marriage. Arrayed in a flowing gown of white, the startled Justice leaped from his couch, and, seeing a woman present, he quickly leaped behind the bed.

"What do you want?" he thundered, peering wildly over the headboard.

"Want to get married!" shouted the man

"Take her and go, and God help you!" cried the justice.

And the nuptial knot was tied.

An amusing story is told of Theodore P. Vedder by the Buffalo *Express*. While a young man, teaching school, he had occasion to punish a mischievous girl and as was usual in that day and locality, was about to resort to the ferule. To the offending maid he said: "Miss ——, give me your hand." She dropped her head and blushed. Again he said sternly: "Miss——, I say, give me your hand." Slowly lifting her eyes she remarked: "Mr Vedder, this is embarrassing for me. You should not make such proposal in public. However, you must ask my papa first."

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Compaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by G. V. Rand, druggist.

Garfield Tea is sold by all Druggists

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief."

Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness.

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

All men can't be Apollos of strength and form, but all may have robust health and strong nerves and clear minds. Our treatment makes such men. The methods are our own exclusively, and where anything is left to build upon, the VIGOR OF MEN is easily, quickly, permanently restored. Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the result of over-work, sickness, worry, etc., forever cured. Full strength development, and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanations and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address,

ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.