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, FEBRUARY 6, 1891. No. 24.

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 transient 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 6.50 a m.

Express west close at 10.35 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 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

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—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 Potter'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.

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.

Garfield Tea.

A NATURAL REMEDY!

Potent and Harmless!

RESTORES THE COMPLEXION!

CURES CONSTIPATION!

THIS REMEDY is composed *wholly of harmless herbs* and accomplishes all the good derived from the use of cathartics, without their ultimate injurious effects.

Ask your druggist for a FREE SAMPLE. For sale by

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

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

POETRY.

On the Mountain's Top.

At the mountain's foot lay my pathway,
Never toward the top,
And my life was so full of labor,
I had no time to stop
And climb to to the mount's fair summit;
Tho' often with longing eyes,
I followed the narrow pathway
Leading upward toward the skies.

On the top grew the laurel and bay tree,
With which heroes and poets are crowned,
And I—I was only a plodder,
With life's commonest things around;
But each day as I went to my labor,
Long the path at the mountain's base,
That path leading up to the summit
Was ever before my face.

Then there woke in my heart a something,
I never had known before,
With wings that wildly fluttered,
And my soul grew fretted and sore.
What was meant by the wings that fluttered
I knew not and could not know,
But I climbed the narrow pathway
Where the laurel and bay tree grow.

And the wings they seemed to lift me,
Without my will or choice,
Till I stood on the mount's fair summit
Alone with a mighty voice;
The voice spoke in me, and thro' me,
And broke out in rapturous song,
And new mid laurel and bay trees,
I am singing the whole day long.

SELECT STORY.

THE DIAMOND CUTTER.

"He's an impostor," said Mrs Bagley, "that's what he is! It don't take no second sight to find that out!"

"He's not!" said Miss Dodd. "Do you think there is no truth in physiognomy?"

"It's an old dodge," said Mrs Bagley, quivering with indignation, until every fold in her fat double chin shook amain. "I've often read of it in the papers, and I should think, Martha Dodd, that you were old enough—"

"Not so old as you be!" bristled Miss Dodd. "If you come to that, there's eight good years between us yet, Jane Bagley."

"Well, well," said Mrs Bagley, retreating before this well-organized attack, "that ain't nothin' to signify!"

"No," said Miss Dodd, magnanimously. "Age is neither here nor there. What I mean is that he's got a good face."

"So much of it as ain't covered by that mop of heathenish beard," said Mrs Bagley.

"And the garden needed a half day's work awful bad, and fifty cents and a meal o' victuals won't break neither of us," went on Miss Dodd.

"Oh, if you've a mind to put it that way!" said her sister.

And so the matter was settled.

"Give it to him on the barn-door step," Mrs Bagley urged. "In a tin platter. And let him stir his coffee with a stick. I won't risk Grandmother Dodd's fiddle-stemmed spoons with no tramps. And tell him not to be all day eatin' it. 'Time's money, when you're payin' for it,' Bagley used to say."

Miss Dodd, however, piled a liberal ration of cold fricassed chicken, cucumber pickles, home-baked bread and sweet yellow butter on the tin pie-dish, and sweetened the coffee liberally before she carried it out to the old man with the objectionable beard, the dusty shoes and the well-worn clothing, who was humbly waiting in the shadow of the old apple tree by the barn.

"He looks just exactly like one o' them old pictures of apostles in the family Bible," said Miss Dodd, as she came back with the empty platter and cup.

Mrs Bagley rolled her eyes upward.

"My goodness me, Martha," said she, "if that ain't up and down blasphemous, I dunno what is!"

"I didn't mean it that way," said Miss Dodd. "But he has a mild eye, and he thanked me as pleasant as a basket of chips. And just look at the way he's pullin' them frost bitten lima beans out of the ground!"

"I hope he won't carry our best spade and rake away with him," sighed Mrs Bagley.

"Guess there's no danger of that," cheerfully spoke Miss Dodd. "He's a diamond cutter."

"What?" said Mrs Bangley.

"By trade," said Miss Dodd. "That's what he told me, anyhow. It was pretty hard work to understand what he said, but I made out somehow."

"Where does he carry his diamonds?" gasped Mrs Bagley.

"La! he don't cut diamonds for himself," said Miss Dodd, laughing. "That's what he does in his native country—or what he did until a big diamond syndicate in London bought up all the precious stones last spring, and threw six thousand diamond cutters out of work in Poland and Belgium and them furrin' parts."

"Bless me!" said Mrs Bagley.

"And he came to this country because he heard, poor creetur'! that everybody made fortunes here," went on Miss Dodd, making a maelstrom of silver white soap-suds in the big tin dishpan, and immersing the knives and forks therein with a gentle clatter "And now he's got to his last crust and his last penny, and there won't no one listen to his story. And he's had dogs set on him for a tramp, and been threatened with constables and no end of trouble. I did feel sorry for him."

"Did you, aunty? That is just like you, you dear!" cried a sweet voice. "So do I!"

"Miss Dodd staggered beneath the unexpected hug and kiss of a round-cheeked eighteen-year-old girl, who had come breezily into the sink-room, flinging her hat and sacque this way and that.

"Child," said she, "what do you know about it?"

"Oh, I've been interviewing the grand old man out there!" cried Mary Moore, piling her strap of books on the shelf, for she was the district school teacher, and had just returned from her work. "He says he is a Belgian, and he looks as if he'd just stepped out of a picture frame. I'd like to paint his picture if I had time. See how hard he is working!" leaning her elbows on the window sill and staring out, like a vignette framed in scarlet-runner leaves.

"I dare say he knows we're all lookin' at him," dryly observed Mrs Bagley.

"A diamond cutter," thoughtfully uttered Mary." "Doesn't it sound romantic?"

"I s'pose," said Mrs Bagley, "it's as easy a story to invent as any other."

But the majority was undoubtedly against her, and when the night fell in a brisk thunder shower, and Mary went out to the barn with a lantern to invite the poor old foreigner to share their supper and occupy a seven-foot-square bedroom at the end of an unused wing of the farmhouse, Mrs Bagley was compelled reluctantly ta accord her consent.

"I dare say we shall all be murdered in our beds," said she, mournfully. "But my opinion never did go for nothing in this family. Have your own way, all of you, and see where it will bring you!"

Old Hermann Ernst, however, was as meek as a child and as harmless as a cricket, and extremely helpful withal. He worked diligently at the long neglected farm chores, mended the broken gates, replaced missing fence pickets, patched the well-chain and made himself useful in all directions.

"A regular old trump!" said Harry Vallance, who was engaged to marry Mary, as soon as that imperious young damsel should consider that she had laid up enough money for her household plenishing. "The very person, I should think, that your aunt needs about the place. And he works very cheap, you say?"

"Fifty cents a day," said Mary, shrugging her shoulders. "But aunt Bagley considers that a ruinous price."

"He's not a young man," observed Vallance.

The next evening, when Mary was looking over her little store of ornaments, she came across a dull white stone, set in a curious cable of tarnished metal. She took it up and looked earnestly at it.

"I wonder what old Hermann would think of it?" mused she. "I've always felt curious about this old ring that belonged to my father's uncle. I'll ask Hermann. If it should be a real gem—thought, of course, it isn't!"

The old man eyed it keenly, turning it this way and that. Then he lifted his faded blue orbs to Mary's earnest face.

"Is it a real diamond?" she queried, eagerly.

"One hardly knows," slowly spoke Ernst. "I wish, for the fraulein's sake, that it was. I have not my instruments here, nor my testing glasses. If the fraulein does not object, I will take it to the jeweler's in Hungerford, and together we can tell."

To this Mary promptly consented; and not until he had gone, did she divulge this little plan to her aunts.

"He'll never come back," said Mrs Bagley, with a groan. "Your diamond's gone forever."

"If it is a diamond," said Mary.

"It ain't, and it never was," shrewdly spoke Miss Dodd.

Old Hermann trudged through the sun and the dust to Hungerford, carrying sea captain Moore's old ring in his pocket.

"There is a jeweler there," he said to himself, "and I may get work. And the money my brother Carl has left me—the money that came in a lawyer's letter, this morning from Bruges! It is not a fortune, true, but it will help. I had thought I would cease from toil and live at my ease; but I am quite strong yet—and who am I, to sit with folded hands, while there is work to do in the world? And the dear young fraulein has been good to me, and she won't not take Carl's money from me, much though I long to give it to her! Hoch! she shall fall into the trap old Ernst will set for her. She shall marry and be happy."

The jeweler at Hungerford asked the diamond cutter a good many questions.

"You're the very fellow I want," said he. "I've an order from the ladies at Hungerford Grange to reset a parure of very fine stones, and I begrudge to share my profits with those conscienceless fellows in New York. You can do fine work?"

"As fine as any man!" cried old Ernst, with professional pride.

"Very well, I'll give you a trial. If you suit, I shall keep you at work."

"Mary uttered a little exclamation. She clasped her hands.

"But," cried she, "I won't take it!"

"Be so good as to hear me out," said Mr Maskett, very gravely. "I do not see, young lady, that there is any alternative left to you. I regret to say that old Ernst died this morning very suddenly, sitting at his revolving wheel. The coroner's jury are even now with the remains. I shall miss him much in every way. He was an invaluable workman."

So the old diamond cutter went out of the world, leaving behind him no mark but the glitter of the precious stone that he had given Mary Moore.

The poor girl herself shed many a tear of compunction.

"How could I ever have doubted him even for a moment?" cried she. "The dear, generous old man! But I'll wear his present all my life long. Nothing shall ever induce me to part with it!"

And the low, green grave in the corner of the churchyard, where Hermann Ernst lies buried, is neatly traced by an unpretentious stone, and Mary Vallance keeps geraniums always growing there.

"He liked flowers," she says; "and there is nothing else I can do for him."

The people at the World's Dispensary of Buffalo, N. Y., have a stock-taking time once a year, and what do you think they do? Count the number of bottles that've been returned by the men and women who say that Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery or Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription didn't do what they said it would do.

And how many do you think they have to count. One in ten? *Not one in five hundred!*

Here are two remedies—one the "Golden Medical Discovery," for regulating and invigorating the liver and purifying the blood; the other, the hope of weakly womanhood; they've been sold for years, sold by the million bottles; sold under a *positive guarantee*, and not one in five hundred can say: "It was not the medicine for me!" And—is there any reason why you should be the one? And—supposing you are, what do you lose? *Absolutely nothing!*

The native authorities of Raratonga have petitioned the Governor of New Zealand for legislation to prevent the export of liquor to that place from the colony.

By saving the boys from the saloon we can go far to save the next generation.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To restore these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained

Freedom

from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andres D. Garcia, C. Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico.

"My face, for years, was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists. $1, six $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

SEND 50c In stamps [simply as a guarantee of good faith] to us, and we will send you by express, C.O.D., this elegant watch which you can examine, and if you do not find it all and even more than we claim for it DO NOT TAKE IT, but if perfectly satisfactory, pay the Express Agent OUR SPECIAL CUT PRICE OF $5.35 and take the watch. Such a chance to secure a reliable timepiece at such a ridiculously low price is seldom, if ever before, offered. This is a genuine COLD FILLED WATCH, made of 2 plates of SOLID GOLD over composition metal. It has solid bow, cap and crown, hunting case, beautifully engraved and is dust-proof. The works are Waltham style, richly jewelled, with expansion balance, is regulated, and we warrant it an accurate timewatch. Address GEO. W. WYATT & CO., Watchmakers, Peterborough, Ont.

SEND US $1.00 and a slip of paper the size of your finger, and we will send you postpaid this elegant ELDORADO DIAMOND SOLID GOLD FILLED RING These rings are now worn by ladies and gentlemen in the best society, and have the same appearance as a ring costing $25.00. We guarantee a perfect fit and satisfaction.

Address
Geo. W. Wyatt & Co.
Jewellers
Peterborough, Ont.

Some little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. Utterly new and wonderful. Particulars free.

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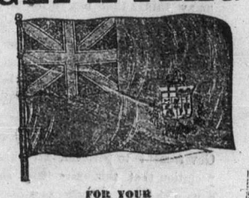
GET A FLAG



FOR YOUR

SCHOOLHOUSE

The movement for hoisting the Canadian flag on the schoolhouses on anniversaries of noted events in our history is spreading rapidly throughout the Dominion and evokes the hearty approval of all patriotic citizens. Ready

The Empire

has done its share in helping on this movement, by awarding a handsome flag to one school in each county of Ontario, but the number of enquiries from all parts of the Dominion as to how flags can be obtained by other schools has determined the publishers of THE EMPIRE to offer a handsome

CANADIAN FLAG

of best bunting, 12 feet long (regular price $15), as a premium for 30 new yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY EMPIRE at $1.00 or eight new yearly subscribers to THE DAILY EMPIRE at $5 per annum, or a proportional number of each, one subscription to Daily counting for FOUR Weeklies.

Every school in the Dominion ought to have a national flag, and this offer presents an opportunity for each obtaining it without cost, and with little trouble. Let those who are interested in getting a flag for their schoolhouse join in getting up a club, and while subscribers get full value for their money in the best newspaper in the Dominion, the school obtains its flag FREE OF COST.

The WEEKLY EMPIRE has recently been enlarged to twelve pages, and is now, without doubt, the best weekly newspaper in Canada, while the reputation of THE DAILY EMPIRE as the leading morning journal of the Dominion is well known.

Send for sample copies and special clubbing lists, and go in for a flag for your school.

ADDRESS THE EMPIRE, Toronto.

$2000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.