

THE ACADIAN

AND KINGS CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. IX.

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1895.

No. 4.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended by the best medical authorities."—*Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.*
It is the best medicine for Colic, Constipation, Four Worms, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kinds of Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFFVILLE, 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.

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

The ACADIAN DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new types and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

New communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The editor must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolffville, N. S.

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his home or another or whether to his business 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 for the paper if not 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 having them recalled for *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Wolfville close at 6.50 a. m.

Express west close at 10.35 a. m.

Express east close at 1.50 p. m.

Express west close at 4.50 p. m.

Express east close at 7.25 p. m.

Gen. V. Rank, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturdays at 12 noon.

Gen. V. Rank, 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 Monday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7.30. Ladies' fare all are welcome. Strangers will be cordially received.

COLEN W. ROSSER, C. (Uphers)
A. W. BARRIS, AGENT.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranwick Post, A. M. Pastor. Rev. John W. Turner, Assistant Pastor. Horton and Wolffville. Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Class Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting 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 each month. The services in this church are free. For additional services or after stations in the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Residence, 1007, Kentville, W. Acadia, E. Post and Post A. Dixon, Wolffville.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. S.—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. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, White Block, at 7 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7 o'clock.

POETRY.

The Fooled Elm

The bold young Autumn came riding along
One day where an elm tree grew.
"You are fair," he said, as she bends her head—
"Too fair for your robe's dull hue;
You are far too young for a garb so old;
Your beauty needs color and sheen.
Oh, I would clothe you in scarlet and gold,
Betting the grace of a queen."

"For one little kiss on your lips, sweet elm,
For just one kiss—no more—
I will give you, I swear, a robe more fair
Than ever a princess wore.
One little kiss on those lips, my pet,
And lo! you shall stand, I say,
Queen of the forest, and, better yet,
Queen of my heart away!"

She tossed her head, but—he took the kiss
(Tis the way of lovers bold);
And a gorgeous dress of that sweet color
He gave ere the morn was old.
For a week and a day she ruled a queen
In beauty and splendid attire;
For a week and a day she was loved, I ween,
With a love that is born of desire.

Then bold eyed Autumn went on his way
In quest of a tree more fair;
And mob winds tattered her garments
And scattered her hair.
Her finery here and there,
Poor and faded and ragged and cold,
She rocked and moaned in distress,
And longed for the dull green gown she had sold.

For a lover's fickle cares,
And the days went by and the winter came,
And his tyrannous tempests beat
On the shivering tree whose robes of shame
He had trampled under his feet.
I saw her reach to the mocking skies
Her poor arms bare and thin,
Ah, well-a-day! 'tis ever the way
With a woman who trades with sin.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in *Once a Week*.

STORY.

"Strange Bravery."

"There's no other way. I must try it alone. It's a chance if I live to get over, if I don't, boys, tell my wife I died as a man; and, boys—look after her and the child."

The speaker was an engineer on one of the railroad lines leading from a large city, and he had just been examining a bridge under which the water had risen to such a height during the recent freshet, that he questioned its ability to stand the strain of so long and heavy a train as that to which his engine was attached. He had refused to take it across before testing the bridge along with the engine. Better one life lost he thought, than several hundreds.

Just as he was preparing to start, he felt a touch on his arm, and looking round he saw a tall, rather awkward figure whom he recognized as an engineer who had been on the road, but had been discharged the year before on account of his habits. A better engineer than Sam Colter when sober could not be found, but, unfortunately for him, he had allowed the demon drink to get the better of him and was fast losing not only the confidence of others, but his own self respect.

"Come down, John," he said in a low tone. "Your wife needs you; no one needs me. I'll take the risk."
"Sam!" exclaimed his companion in some surprise.

"There, there, no use arguing. I've made up my mind. I'm sober and you know what that means. You need not fear to trust me."
"I'm not afraid of that, but I can't let you do it, Sam. My duty is, and I can't shove it off on some one else. To tell the truth, it looks to me like a shabby business, but no man shall call John Lawrence a coward."

"You are as brave a man as ever lived, John, but there are those at home you must think of. There's a wife thinking of and perhaps praying for you now, and I heard you speak of a child, her child. I can't stand by and perhaps see her made a widow and her child fatherless. I'm pretty bad John, but not so bad as that. She did well to choose between us as she did, though I have always had a grudge against you since, but I can't feed it now, John. It's all gone when I think of her. There, for her sake you must let me go now. Move aside."

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