

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, OCTOBER 16, 1891.

No. 7

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. Adams, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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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.

Newspapers communicated 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 fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVIDSON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

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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 uncollected 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 4:30 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. Geo. 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

CONYER BROS., } Ushers
A NEW BASIN }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 9:30 a. 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. Cranwick 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. Greenway 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 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 BROOK, 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 7 o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISIONS of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall Witter's Block, at 7:30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., 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 see 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' Furnishings Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. L.—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.

PATRICK, 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. H.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURBEE—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.

POETRY.

An Inner Meaning.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot, And whether I read it or dreamt it, ah, well it matters not. It is said that in heaven, at twilight, a great bell softly swings, Heartache and weary longing that throbs in the pulses of life— If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things, He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings. And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see, Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and me, Let us look in our hearts and question, can pure thoughts enter in To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin. So then, let us ponder a little—let us look in our hearts and see If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us—you and me.

To-day.

Beswift to love your own, dears, Your own who love you so; Say to the speeding hour, dears, "I will not let this go Except thou give a blessing;" Force it to hide and stay. Love has no sure to-morrow, It only has to-day. Oh, hasten to be kind, dears, Before the time shall come When you are left behind, dears, In an allegoic home; Before in late contrition, Vainly you weep and pray, Love has no sure to-morrow, It only has to-day. Swifter than sun and shade, dears, Move the feet wings of pain; The chance we have to-day, dears, May never come again. Joy is a fickle rover, He brooketh not delay. Love has no sure to-morrow, It only has to-day. Too late to plead or grieve, dears, Too late to kiss or sigh, When Death has laid his seal, dears, On the cold lip and eye. Too late our gifts to lavish Upon the buried day; Love has no sure to-morrow, It only has to-day.

SELECT STORY.

HOW?

Click, click, click! "Some one in the composing-room setting type, evidently. Just my luck!" Fired and nervous, unable to sleep or rest, I had started out for a walk. Unconsciously I had turned toward the office, and, letting myself in, had gone to the editorial room, hoping to be able to read and write. A strange, restless feeling had been over me all day, and now at midnight when I was hoping for quiet and restfulness, it was aggravating to hear that annoying click, click of the type-setter. Who can be fool enough to work at midnight, when it is not necessary? I wonder. For a few moments all was quiet, and I leaned back in my chair, forgetting all my surroundings in a dream of the past. Again in a small, crowded composing room of a country office, I stand by a fair-haired girl. Again I catch the perfume of the lilacs at her throat. Again I see the blush tinting her face as she begins to speak; then, as she goes on, forgetting herself in her eagerness, the color fades away, leaving her white as the dead. All this I note, and again the sting of words so earnestly spoken cuts into my heart. "And so you are going away again," the voice says. "Well, I don't think you use yourself well. You might make a good deal of yourself if you would only try. You have much more ability than the people you meet every day. I don't think you ought to go tramping about from place to place, throwing away your youth, your strength and your ability." I don't think you ought to drink the way you do, if you will excuse me for saying so. You say you have no friends; I am sure you must know that you are not taking the right course to get them. What do you think the end will be? Oh, yes! I know it is none of my business, but if you were my brother— Then the proprietor comes in with my pay envelope in his hand and I smile a beautiful "Thank you" to the brave little girl who has turned away to hide the tears. Then I leave the office knowing that it is all true, feeling angry and hurt, all the same. How long ago it all was!

"Click, click, click!"

How imperceptibly that sharp, metallic sound breaks in on this bitter old memory!" I'll close the door and shut it out for the memory has a fascination for me to-night. With my hand on the door I glance in. The room is still—as only so large a room can be when the life and activity are gone and only inanimate things remain. It is comparatively light for an electric lamp shines just outside. Copy, held in place by the guides, gleams white on some of the cases, and "Live forms" is confronted by "Dead" in bold letters. On one case is a galley with the last line half piced. All this I notice in a dreamy way as I look toward the case from which the sound of type had come. It stands full in the light—no copy on it, no one before it, only the stick and rule laid over the space box! With a smile I go back to my chair and my memories. Again I live over the bitter moments that followed those cutting words, feel the need of the fiery drink to help me forget them, feel the fusing at my heart of an impulse to try again, and finally turn from the very door of the saloon to go to my room, lock the door and think. Even so far away as this night seems, the sweat stands in large drops on my face as I live over that struggle. I did not know then, as I do now, that that was the first step, and that the victory was won that night, though there were many hard struggles and many disappointments before I became one of the partners in the great house where I sat. And the little girl in that country office. Where is she? "Click, click, click!" Again that sound. It must be the watchman. I wonder dreamily if he is trying to learn the business. Yes, where is she? So often I ask myself the question as I peer into the faces of the passers by. Always the sweet scent of lilacs brings these haunting memories to me, brings back the bitterness of the day I returned to the little office, hoping to look on her sweet, brave face again, hoping to tell her of the courage her words had given me, and hoping, perhaps, if her life were still unchanged, to tell her of the struggle and ask her help to victory. Alas for so bright a dream! Her mother had died and she had gone with an uncle, no one knew whither. Since then she is only a memory, but one that is always urging me to do my best. "Click, click!" Surely the watchman should be in the press-room now. Is he neglecting his duty? This time I go out into the room, only to find the same silence, the same weird light—everything exactly the same. But is it? The stick on that case is empty. Now there are three lines in it. Holding it to the light, I read: Lee, Laura.—In this city, Jan. 25, of heart failure. Funeral services at the residence, 612, Post street, at 3:30 Sunday. Interment at the Masonic cemetery. Dazed and stunned, I read twice and ever again. The words convey no meaning. What is it? A death notice? Yes; it must be, but how? Laura Lee—my Laura—my sweet-faced helper—she who had saved me from the life of a miserable tramp by her womanly pity and the bravery with which she had put aside all her shyness to tell me those sharp truths. Laura dead and that day buried, and in this city? What does it all mean? How come those words in that stick? Again I read them over, and then go almost against my will, to the desk, take up the *Morning Call* and turn to the deaths. There it is, word for word. My brain begins to reel, and I suffer. Never until now have I known how strong was my love of finding her at last. I bow my head on the desk and groan in agony. Dead! dead! I have been so near to her—to have lived less than a week from her—and then to find her dead! The odor of lilacs comes to me, and again I see the

little eastern office and hear the type drop into the stick—click, click.

Am I mad? Surely there are no lilacs on Montgomery street at midnight; but, surely, that sound is not a dream. "Click, click, click, click, click." Almost before the sound dies a ray I stand before the case and read; "Come quickly. Laura. Mad I may have been, but certainly I had no power to resist the forces that took me to the telephone, made me order a carriage and wait impatiently for it to come. Was it I who gave the order: "To the Masonic Cemetery?" At least the order was given, to the evident astonishment of the driver. The door banged and we were off. At the gate, still impelled by a force I could not withstand, I knocked at the door of the pretty little cottage and asked for the sexton. After what seemed to me an endless time, he came to the door, very cross and very sleepy. Still without knowing what or why I began to question him. "Was there a burial here to-day?" "Yes, two of them." "One a young lady?" "Yes." "Will you show me her grave?" "With that he shut the door in my face. At that moment, his son, a young man with a frank and honest face, came to the door. I don't know what words or signs I used, but after a moment he told me she had been placed in the vault and he would get the key and guide me there. Mad by this time I certainly was; but even now I can close my eyes and see the road leading from the cottage to the vault; can smell the odor of the eucalyptus trees that border the fountain, can hear the splash of its waters; can feel the impulse to pluck a single petal as we pass a great clump of the snowy blossoms. I even remember of wondering, vaguely, how one can bear to have even a bronze statue, bearing the face and form of a loved one, standing out all the long, cold night with the fog from the ocean drifting around it. Just as we came in sight of the vault the awful hush was suddenly broken by the sound of breaking glass, and of something falling among the fragments on the stone floor. The hackman, who had driven along behind us, stopped his horse suddenly, and while my companion said: "My God!" and stood still; but I rushed on to the grated door. "Laura—Miss Lee—don't be frightened. We will be there in a moment." I spoke as calmly as possible but my voice did not sound like my own. A groan was the only answer, and as the key turned in the lock I went in with my heart still for fear and dread of what I might find. It was perfectly dark inside, and I called for one of the carriage lamps, but before it came I was beside the coffin. I found the cover off and the glist'ning. Placing my hand on the side, I felt it clasped by a hand as cold as death, in another second a pair of arms were around my neck and a voice—her voice—was saying: "O, Louise! I knew you would come!" Then the weight fell dead in my arms. When the sexton's son came in he found us so, Laura, half in my arms, half in the coffin apparently dead. I carried her to the carriage and took her away, still unconscious of a dear old lady friend, who cared for her till morning and then sent for her relatives. And often now as we sit alone by the fire in the evening, my wife asks how the type came to be in that stick and how it was possible for me to smell lilacs on Montgomery street in January?

threw her arms to beg for him to remain. Then she heard my voice and fainted.

And—yes she does now admit that when the tramp left the office he took her heart with him.—*Bessie Gordon.*

The Habit of Borrowing.

It is the easiest thing in the world to begin by borrowing a newspaper, then a pattern, then a receipt, then a book; some day a gown is borrowed to look at; another day one is borrowed to try to see if it would be becoming; then a little note goes asking that a fan be lent; and the fan once borrowed it becomes the easiest thing in the world to get either a bodice, a bonnet, or an embroidered petticoat. Now when you begin, if anybody had told you that you were a moral thief, you would have been most indignant; and yet that is just what you are. It would be much more honest to borrow your neighbor's money and never return it, than to keep up a constant borrowing of your neighbor's belongings, getting out of them the wear that is not yours and the pleasure that is by right your neighbor's. What the mistress does, the maid does. In the kitchen they do not hesitate to borrow a patent coffee-pot, and never return it; a pyroding dish, a little flavoring extract, some baking powder, or some oil. If they were asked if they returned all this they would answer: certainly not, why we would be just as glad to lend them. And the result is that your servants, imitating your example, become systematic plunderers of your neighbors. My friend, do not get into the habit of borrowing. It is one of the most vicious you can acquire.

The Care of Sprains.

Severe sprains require elevation of the limb, support to the foot and a foot bath, so hot as can be borne, to be repeated every three hours. After each bath the ankle should be wrapped generously in cotton batting, over which should be applied a tight flannel bandage or a loose rubber bandage. After the third day, the stage of active hyperemia (excess of blood) having passed, massage may be used on the parts, and when the swelling has somewhat subsided, a starch bandage may be applied. The splint should include the entire foot, except the toes, and extend one-half or two thirds up the leg, and when hardened should be cut open down the front and thus made removable. The hot bath should be repeated several times a day, from ten to twenty minutes at a time, the limb being dried and then well massaged during the intervals. Precaution should be used in working the foot not to turn it in, otherwise the external lateral ligament fibers which were torn and stretched—now undergoing repair slowly because of their low vitality or meager blood supply—may be return, the tender parts bruised, pain caused and repair delayed.—*Youth's Companion.*

Good Advice.

To use this terse and homely phrase, my friend, let us mind our own business. There is enough to decide in our affairs of others, except in so far as we can be helpful of real benefit. Let us be charitable in all our conclusions, mindful of the fact that we so often need the cloak of charity ourselves. As we would wish to be judged, so let us judge others—always with a kindly spirit, ever with a belief in the better part of self. Strew a flower where others throw a stone. Fill your life so full of sunshine that evil reports will find no place where you are. Stop petty scandals by some pretty story of womanly kindness. Make your life a bright spot in this world, and where you see a frown there throw a smile, and whether it be morn, dusk or night, let the sunny side of your nature always be at full meridian.—*Ex.*

If you do not know how good a remedy Garfield Tea really is for constipation and sick-headache, send postal card to D. Denmore & Co., 317 Church Street, Toronto, for a free trial package.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's cure is the remedy for you. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

Garfield Tea cures sick headache.

A New and Popular Nail.

The twisted wire nail—a cross as it were between a screw and the ordinary plain wire nail—is said to be working its way into popular favor, and is believed to represent as great an improvement upon the plain wire nail as that useful invention is over the old cut nail; for while the latter tears and crushes the fibres of the wood as it is driven, and its tapering shape destroys the greater portion of its holding power when it is partially withdrawn, the plain wire nail, on the contrary, being pointed and smooth, does not crush the wood fibres as does the cut nail, but presses them aside; and as the diameter of the nail is the same throughout its length, it fits as tightly and holds as firmly on being partially drawn as when driven home. The twisted wire nail not only crushes the fibres of the wood less than the two other forms of nail, but by its screw shape possesses a much greater holding power than either of the other forms. The nail in question is of English origin; but quite similar to this screw modification of the wire nail is the recent American idea brought forward, viz, the making of a wood screw that will drive nearly as well as a nail, and yet can be withdrawn by means of a screw driver as readily as any screw.

"To look at that young clerk one would think that he carries a greater weight of responsibility than the proprietor." "Well, he does, for that matter. The proprietor can't make mistakes without losing his job."

CATARH CURED, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

Garfield Tea restores the complexion.

"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does me more good than any other remedy. I have been troubled with what I call Sick Headache. A pain comes in the back part of my head first, and then soon a general headache until I become sick and vomit. At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, and sourness, when food seemed to rise up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on if I take a little August Flower it relieves me, and is the best remedy I have ever taken for it. For this reason I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c."

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

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCOM, M. C., 188 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

BE A MAN

LACONIC the coils of the fatal serpents were not more helpless than this man who pined under the effects of disease, excess, overwork, worry, etc. Rouse yourself. Take heart of hope again and BE A MAN! We have cured thousands, who allow us to refer to them. WE CAN cure you by use of our exclusive methods and appliances. Simple, unflinching treatment at home for Lost or Failing Manhood, General or Partial Debility, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. Improvement seen the first day. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS AND PARTS OF BODY. Men testify from 60 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address

ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.