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, JANUARY 23, 1891. No. 22.

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 arangement 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 comm unication, although the same may be writt n over a ficticious signature.

Address all comunications to DAVISON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions

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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 56 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 babbath 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 Monday at 7 30 p m. Strangers welcome to 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 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.

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.

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Dealer in Flour, Feed of all kind, &c.

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.

HAMILTON, MISS S.—Milliner and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

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.

OLD PAPERS for sale at this Office.

POETRY.

The Lone and Weary.

Pity! oh God, the lonely and the weary
Who seem to tread the thorn-strewed paths alone;
Pity them, for their days are dark and dreary.
And heavy are their hearts as lead or stone;
Oh! God, they need Thy tender love and care—
Some fruits of joy cause their sad lives to bear.

Alone, yea, all alone, they tread life's highway;
Alone in thought, in sore temptation's hour,
There is for them no bright and sunny noonday,
The strength they find alone is in Thy power;
Oh! keep from them the spirit of despair,
Speed Thou an answer to their heart-wrung prayer.

Sometimes a light ahead for them seems gleaming,
And as a child who's eager for a toy,
They haste away from hours of lonely dreaming,
To find 'tis reflex of another's joy—
The mute despair, the sigh, the bitter tear,
Are lost to earth, for only God can hear!

For night of darkness give them glorious morning;
Bid Thou the streams of Marah cease to flow;
Let them behold the day-star that is dawning,
Bid sadness flee away, and sorrow go—
Oh! Thou who guard'st the sparrows in their nest,
Bid them when weary come to Thee and rest.

SELECT STORY.

Master of His Fate.

"It has certainly been marrying in haste!"

"They are both young," the vicar answered, watching his wife untie her packet of wedding cake, half absently. "They will have time to grow into each other's ways, my dear, if there is a little jarring at first."

"H'm!" Mrs Lonsdale's expression spoke volumes, and then she spread the white paper out absently and ate a crumb of two of Gunter's fine production in the indigestible. "Ethel's is the finer character of the two, and she is stronger mentally. That is not as things should be. A woman should be able to look up to her husband in every respect, if the marriage is to be happy."

"My dear, that is heresy! The Shrieking Sisterhood should hear you! 'This is where we shall confine you one day,' she said to me when we went to the Ladies' Gallery on Friday, 'and we shall be below.' I told her the thought gave me nothing but pleasure.

"But about Ethel? They were so perfectly happy that something frightened me. That is pessimistic, I know, only one could not bear to think of such love and happiness ever knowing decay. What will she do when the glamor wears off? And I hope he has not inherited his father's weakness. Bert is a kindly, good-tempered fellow, but Ethel has put him on a pedestal—"

"My dear, she will love him all the same, even when he comes down. It is woman's way, Heaven bless them! Come, give me a piece of the sugar."

The above dialogue, spoken on Ethel Carnegie's wedding day, may form the prologue to the story which really began when Herbert Mandeville brought home his beautiful wife to the town house, which had been newly furnished in Maple's latest style for her reception. The course of true love had, for once, ran so smoothly that it seemed a direct contradiction to all poetical and romantic precedent, and, when Ethel passed over her husband's threshhold, it might have been thought, humanly speaking, that she was as likely to "live happy ever after" as were the fairy heroines of old, satisfactorily married to the prince after two chapters of hair-breadth adventure. Herbert was rich, he was good-tempered, he was handsome and healthy, and he had the good spirits which naturally go with these blessings, and he had married the prettiest girl in the county and the only love of his life. There had not been a word to say, nor an objection to be found, when, after only a week's brief wooing in one glorious August, he went to Ethel's guardian and asked leave to wed her. "Too short a time—they did not know each other!" Who needed any time to love Ethel? Not know each other? They had known each other on the very first day they met. They felt they had been kindred souls, in some mysterious way, all their lives! And this impatient lover wanted to be married in October, and after all carried his point.

Ethel sometimes trembled at the thought of her own happiness, even as the vicar's wife had done. She loved her husband with the adoring fondness of a romantic and finely-sprung disposition, and more, with the intense devotion of which only natures such as hers are capable. To her he was everything, and she gifted him with fine and noble attributes of which honest, cheerful Bert was thoroughly ignorant.

And so two years, cloudless in their happiness, passed, and the third began. Had the glamor worn off the pretty love story of either husband or wife? We are told that love is of man's life a thing apart, and it is certainly true that to Herbert first came a little toning down of the lofty strain, that, though he loved his pretty wife dearly still, he was scarcely now the devoted lover of two years ago. Golf had its attractions still, a fresher delight after his divided attention. It was the same with his fishing and shooting, and his work at the home farm about three miles from town. And just about these times he took to following the hounds, and was growing altogether into the country gentleman, and the thoroughly contented, commonplace married man. Ethel was too sensible to fret over the change; her only regret was that now he had no time to read the new books and reviews, or to take her up to town in the season; indeed, the new books and reviews had always been rather a thorn in the flesh to Herbert, and only Ethel's presence, while he got through them, and her bright, eager interest had made them tolerable at all. Now he let all literature, except the *Sporting News* and the *Farmer's Gazette*, drift into the desert of what he would do when he had time, and he declared now that Ethel must do the intellectuality for them both. He was not, and never would be, a clever

She looked at him a little wistfully as he spoke, and perhaps was rather silent during that evening, but she made no murmur, and took just as much interest in his pursuits as ever. It was some time after this that he came home one night and told her that O'Connel had asked him to a bachelor dinner—there was to be no end of good fun. She remembered O'Mally? O'Mally was to be there, and some other Irishmen, over for the great Golf medal, on the 3d.

"And no ladies?" Ethel queried disappointedly. "Why isn't it very stupid, Bert? I know I should hate a dinner party without men.

"Oh, that's a different thing, my dear," he said, with rather a lord of creation air.

"Men's dinner parties are always splendid. We can let ourselves go, without the presence of 'woman, lovely woman,' just for a variety, you know."

The words harbly sounded like him. Ethel thought they sounded more like O'Connell, and she did not care for O'Connell. Perhaps rather unwisely, she told him so then, and Bert frowned.

"Ethel, I thought you were above prejudice!"

"I don't think it is prejudice," she said slowly; "I think it is instinct."

"Oh, yes, trust a woman to make excuse. Everything is instinct with her. She jumps at a conclusion at which we take days to arrive, and then turns round calmly with her instinct theory. Humbug, I say!"

"Very well, I shall give up the instinct," she said, and rubbed her soft face against his tweed sleeve caressingly. "After all, you big strong man,—you could crush me, couldn't you, Bert, with your finger?—you ought to know better than a little bit of a woman?"

He certainly thought he should, on this point, so did not negative her words, and he did not perceive any pain in the loving look of the earnest, dark blue eyes.

On the night of O'Connell's dinner party Ethel was tired after a long ride, and she went to bed early. She slept so soundly that she did not hear her husband come in, and next day he told her he had not disturbed her, it was so late, but had gone to the blue room, where, by the by, he slept heavily till lunch time. It was after that night that things grew different by slow degrees. Bert seemed rather irritable about trifles, he was impatient of questioning, and Ethel wondered sometimes if he was well; his fresh, ruddy color was not so bright, and his spirits were variable. He was a great deal with O'Connell, too; sometimes they would go off days together, and then, if she remonstrated or teased him half-laughingly, saying he was deserting her, he would quote O'Connell's words about "[illegible]" with a half-puzzled, half-pained look in her happy face. And then one night the answer to her puzzle over the change in her husband came to her with the shock of a horrible revelation.

He had been dining with O'Connell as usual, and Ethel, finding he had left his latchkey, told the butler she would wait up for Mr Mandeville; she was not sleepy, and she had a good novel—the servants might all go to bed. He bowed with the imperturbability of a good servant, and she was left alone in the bright little study which faced the street, a cheerful fire burning, and a little spirit lamp hissing near the supper tray. Ethel looked round the cosy room, hung with guns and fishing tackle, and the family portraits of some fine pigeons, and wondered she had not thought of sitting up for him before—it must be dull coming in to find the house wrapped in silence, and he never cared to eat alone. She leant back her golden head in the low chair, and let the novel fall in her lap. In a little he would be sitting opposite her, his handsome length and breadth of limb stretched out in the Russian leather armchair. He looked so handsome in his evening dress, her big, good-looking husband! And then, lulled by the warmth, she fell asleep, and was roused by slow, dragging footsteps coming up the stone stairs leading to the door. That could not be Bert, his tread rang brisk and sure—but who could it be at that hour? She heard the clock strike from the little jewelled clock, as she rose hastily and looked through the venetians. Why yes, it was Bert, and he was fumbling in his pocket, his face bent. Was he ill? In a moment she had slipped out and had opened the door, a radiant vision in her soft cashmere dressing gown, trimmed with white fur, with her fair hair hanging down in two Marguerite plaits.

"You did not expect——" she began, and then stopped, for he did not seem to hear or see her.

"Shut the door, John," he said thickly—"shut it, you fool?" and then, still with that slow and halting step, he passed on and entered the study. Ethel followed, a deathly chill passing over her, as if the November night air had caught her in its embrace, and she entered the bright room and stood waiting at the door, watching him. Was that her husband? That man? Her husband was tall and straight, and looked you full in the face from a pair of blue, laughing eyes; he held himself peculiarly erect—he walked as Saul might have walked, knowing himself, that proud head and shoulders, over all other men! And—who was this?—his evening coat fumbled and soiled—there was mud upon it—his hair tossed and untidy, his eyes vacant and bloodshot—who stood irresolutely by the table, his hand resting upon a decanter, and it was a hand that shook like an old man's.

"Bert!"

The word came like a whisper, and he turned and faced her with a start, and then they stood looking at each other—Ethel, who had sworn to love and honor this man, who had degraded his proud manhood to this likelihood—he, stupidly and crossly.

"Well?" he said. "What are you doing? Why are you spying upon me?"

She did not answer at once. The color had left her face; it was like a mask, with its widely opened, horrified eyes, and its look of realization of what life might bring. And then his tone and look changed, and he approached, and would have touched her.

"You are the prettiest girl in town, Ethel," he said, his voice choked and unlike itself. "Come here and kiss me, my bonnie little wife! Don't you know your husband, Ethel, that you look like that."

"No, no—not like this!" she said with a shudder. "Oh, my God, I don't know him like this!" and then she wrenched herself from his hold, and stood waiting there for him, till he came and leant on her shoulder, and they went slowly upstairs thus. At the blue room he paused, seemed to forget she was there already, and went in, reeling suddenly. She saw him fall on the bed, and she threw a quilt over him softly, and then she slipped out like a wraith, with her face frozen to stone.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Forgiven.

He was a bit of a boy not over 8 years old, but he followed me so persistently and kept up his cry of "Paper, sir!" so continuously that I turned on him in a way I afterwards regretted. He felt hurt and insulted, and as he disappeared in the darkness I heard him calling:

"Never mind, old man! I'll grow up and give you the awfullest licking a man ever got!"

We have met almost daily for the past year, and on each occasion there has been no evidence of unbending. A dozen times, at least, I have heard him remark in an aside:

"There goes a fellow I am going to lick if it takes me fifty years!"

The other day I was surprised to receive a call from my young enemy. Although he looked no older or stronger, I was wondering if he had come to carry out his awful threat, when he extended his little "paw" and said:

"Say, let's quit."

"I'm agreed."

"I said I'd lick you, and I meant it all along, but—but——"

"What's happened to change your mind?"

"Mother's dead—died Monday," he gasped, as he sat down, "and I don't want to fight nobody nor nothin'. If you'll forgive me, I'll forgive you."

And so we shook hands and made up, and I know we both feel the better for it.

Developing Genius.

Genius unexerted is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks. There may be epics in men's brains, just as there are oaks in acorns, but the tree and book must come out before we can measure them. We very naturally recall here that class of grumblers and wishers who spend their time in longing to be higher than they are, while they should be employed in advancing themselves. How many men would fain go to bed dunces and wake up Solomons! You reap what you have sown. Those who sow dunce seed, vice seed, laziness seed, usually get a crop. They that sow wind, reap a whirlwind. A man of mere "capacity undeveloped" is only an organized day dream, with a skin on it. A flint and a genius that will not strike fire are no better than wet junkwood.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Let every enfeebled woman know it! There's a medicine that'll cure her and the proof's positive.

Here's the proof—if it doesn't do you good within reasonable time, report the fact to its makers and get your money back without a word—but you won't do it.

The remedy is Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription—and it has proved itself the right remedy in nearly every case of female weakness. It is not a miracle. It won't cure every thing—but it has done more to build up tired enfeebled and broken-down women than any other medicine known.

Where's the woman who's not ready for it? All that we've to do is to get the news to her. The medicine will do the rest.

Wanted—Women. First to know it. Second to use it. Third to be cured by it. The one comes of the other.

Norton's Magic Liniment

is superior to any other sold, as there is no dirty soap in the compound (as is the case with others), but is made of clean, penetrating oils. It has no equal for rheumatic pains. Is nice to take for colds, pain in the stomach, in teaspoonful doses in a glass of hot water and sugar. It is the pain destroyer of the age.

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr Pierce's Pellets are the Little Regulators. Only 25 cents a vial.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff!

CHILDREN

Are always liable to sudden and severe colds, to croup, sore throat, lung fever, etc. Remedies, to be effective, must be administered without delay. Nothing is better adapted for such emergencies than **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, relieves coughing, and induces sleep. The prompt use of this medicine has saved innumerable lives, both of young and old.

"One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it

Strangling.

It had nearly ceased! I saw at once that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicine it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."—C. J. Wooldridge, Wortham, Texas.

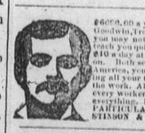
☞ For colds, coughs, bronchitis, asthma, and the early stages of consumption, take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.



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SEND 50c. In stamps (simply as a guarantee of good faith) to us, and we will send you by express, C.O.D., subject to examination, 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 $3.35 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 GOLD FILLED WATCH, made of 2 plates of SOLID GOLD over composition 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 timekeeper. It is suitable for either a lady or gentleman. A guarantee is sent with each watch. 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.

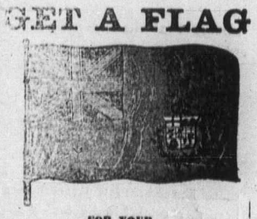
Address

Geo. W. Wyatt & Co.

Jewellers

Peterborough, Ont.

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 evoking the hearty approval of all patriotic citizens. Already

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 20 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 proportion 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.

Some little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio, we can, Others are doing as 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. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free.

H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

K. D. C. is Guaranteed To Cure DYSPEPSIA And INDIGESTION, or Money Refunded.