

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 9, 1891.

No. 20.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended to all parents. It is a safe and reliable medicine, and is the only one of its kind. It is sold by all druggists.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, 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.

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 types and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspapers 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 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 uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office hours, 8 a. m. to 2 p. m. Mail made up as follows: For Halifax and Windsor close at 8:50 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 meetings on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by COLIN W. ROBERTSON, Ushers.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. 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—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 local news, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Residence, Rectory, Kentville, Windsor, 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 7 o'clock p. m. J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.—WOLFVILLE DIVISION B or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall Witter's block, at 7:30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will give you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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

JORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carrriages 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. A.—Milliner and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods and 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.

POCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and Printers. Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

DAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Flows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

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, WOLFVILLE, N.S.

OLD PAPERS for sale at this Office.

POETRY.

The New Year.

The new year comes with a thought of joy
What will its season bring?
What peace and gladness without alloy
From its onward course may spring?
What good and glorious things may be
In its bounteous hand for me?
The new year comes with a thought of pain
What will it take away?
Will sorrow visit our homes again
Ere another New Year's day?
We close our treasures with trembling
Lest they, too, pass to the silent land.
The new year comes with a thought of peace;
Our Father knoweth best;
If we trust in him our fears will cease,
Our anxious hearts may rest;
He knows, he loves, and we need not fear,
Whatever our lot in the coming year.

My Country Home.

Breath of the summer, sweetened with clover,
Blush of the roses, fragrant and red,
Glint of the sunbeam woven with shadow,
Daisy-starred upland and fresh garden-bed.
Blue of the violet bashfully hiding
Midst the thick grass where the swinging
Perfume of mint in the brook-watered
meadow,
Joy where the robin his liquid note
sings,
Yellow of buttercup nodding 'neath
dewdrops,
Yellow of dandelion sturdy and prim,
Blackberry ripening out by the birches,
Sparkle of waters that touch the
spring's brim.
Shade of the maple, the wide-stretching
branches,
Whisper of poplar with quivering
leaves,
Waving of golden rod stirred by the
west-wind,
Twitter of swallows under the eaves,
Song of the mower, laughter of children,
Thrilling of bird-notes up from the
fields,
Fragrance of gardens, aroma of wood-
land—
These are the charms which make
my country home dear.
—Rev. O. G. S. Wallace in Boston Journal.

SELECT STORY.

A Daughter of the Dunne.

BY ALLISON BROOKS.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Robert Craig, alone in his study, heard the sound of their ribald songs and laughter growing less and less loud as they went on their way back to the village to spend the night in carousing. It was "another true tale," Robert felt that it was true in that awful hour of amazement. Inquiry proved it.

Before light the next morning he set off on horseback across the dunes for Dundee, the nearest railway station, seven miles distant. His train was delayed, his connections were missed and it was almost dusk that evening when he reached his aunt's house in Nassau. He could never clearly recall the hours of that day. They were enveloped in a horror of great darkness. Only he remembered with strange clearness a bit of woods and a brook rippling under the foot of a bridge which he saw from the car window. It was while he was looking at that bit of landscape that the thought was thrust into his mind by his good or evil genius, he did not discern which at the time, that a train from New York would start early next morning, that it would connect with the ocean steamers, that, perhaps, all was not yet lost.

Reaching his aunt's house he went up the steps, and stood for a moment. It was a warm evening and the long front windows were opened. Looking through the swaying lace curtains he saw Rachel come into the parlor in white evening dress, tall and stately, and wonderfully beautiful. She sat down at the piano, ran her fingers over the keys carelessly, and then began singing in a low, soft voice, a song from the German which they had learned to sing together,—a sad, simple little thing which for some reason they both cared for—

"Farewell, dear heart;
Sally we part;
Try smile I long shall miss,
Oh give me one last kiss,
Farewell, dear heart,
Sally we part."

Robert waited for the last line, and then went in and found her. He spoke her name, softly, as he entered the room, that the sudden sight of him might not startle her. She turned

from the piano, saw him, and with a joyful cry came to meet him, with clasped hands extended. He pressed her head down upon his breast, soothing her hair softly with one hand, but he did not kiss her.

Looking up into his face with a little reproachful reproach, she whispered: "Do you love me any more? You don't kiss me."

Upon this all the terrible somnolence which for an instant had been almost forgotten returned upon him. His chest heaved, his hands were clenched; great drops of sweat stood upon his forehead. He led her to a chair beside a window, and standing before her told her all the awful truth.

Now, in all their close confidence, the story of Rachel's married life had remained a sealed book. Robert knew the great misery of it from others; he could hardly have borne to hear it from her; and it was not her way to speak evil of the dead. But until now he had only dimly guessed what the life of a woman might be—married to a coarse, brutal, cruel man. He read it now, as he read her great love for him in the unpeppable anguish which came upon her face, blanching it to ashes, setting lines like those of age about the sweet mouth, cutting off her breath, checking her heart's pulsations until merciful unconsciousness saved her one brief moment of agony.

When she recovered and opened her eyes, the man who stood bending over her was transformed. He was no longer shaken with helpless, baffled passion. The sight of her—but a moment before, in all the power and bloom of her perfect physical organization, now so sorely stricken, lying before him like a broken lily, crushed, agonised, prostrate—had filled him with a fierce determination. Again he saw the bit of woods and the brook below the bridge; again he received into his heart the suggestion of escape. He even took out his watch deliberately, and looking at it, considered how many hours would intervene before they could take the train for New York.

"Rachel," he said, with strange composure of voice, "do you think I could let you go back to that man? It shall not be. God knows you are mine—mine to love and protect, and I will protect you from him. Do not be afraid; do not tremble. I will take you away from all this trouble. See, Rachel, look into my eyes. You do not know, innocently.

"Why rushed the discord in, but that harmony should be prized?" The men and women who know and love these two, do not see this inscription; should they see it, they would never guess its real meaning. The harmony of which they know would make the discords, of which they do not know, innocently.

THE END.

The Coming Woman.

The coming woman is anxiously awaited by the twentieth century. She is but a slip of a girl now, but when the new century dawns, with all its glorious promises, she will be there to meet it, quipped for its victories and its defeats. Indeed, it is too much to say that the girl, a woman then, may do much to prove that life is worth living in the new century? Society and civilization are to be determined largely by women. Whether they be allowed to vote or not, they will have a part in moulding human life. This is a strategic point—the training of our girls. Mothers have a large responsibility put upon them in the nurture of their daughters. It is becoming increasingly difficult to lead them along the perilous path to a gracious womanhood.

What shall be the characteristics of the girl who will be wanted in 1900? (1) Genuine modesty; an intelligent purity of thought and act. Innocence is not prudery, innocence is not virtue. Our girls should understand the perils and dangers that beset this temple of the body; they should have an exact and truthful knowledge of the mysteries of physical life. No shadow will lie on the consciousness of any maiden, because she is perfectly aware of the obligations the fact of her sex has conferred upon her. She should have a frank and genuine interest in those questions which the vile may have distorted to their own evil purposes, but which are a legitimate subject of thought. An honest, intelligent contact with physiological facts will be as a corse of steel to protect her maturing life.

Modern life threatens genuine modern life.

drawing it from his warm grasp, she was gone.

Robert Craig, left alone with his great trouble, found none of the exaltation of victory.

"The heart within him was ashes and dust," as he thought of the defenceless woman whom he loved going by lonely way back to the companionship of the degraded man who had the right to summon her. Every now and then, every developed capacity and refined preception in her would only render her bondage more monstrous. And he, who loved her, had no right before God or man to defend or protect her! However, a new thought came to him now. He had felt that he could not look upon Rachel without sin. Now he resolved to return to his post and watch over his poor love, and if Corry Gencell should once dare to lift his hand against her he should learn that she was not the defenceless girl she once had been.

When he met his aunt at the late breakfast he looked, if ten years older than when she saw him before, as many times stronger. He had suddenly attained a power and self-mastery which he had not before, and which would be intuitively recognized wherever he might be.

As he took his seat at the table his eyes rested upon the morning newspaper which the servant had laid beside his plate. A head line caught his eye. "A drunken sailor run down by the Night Express, near Dundee. Instantly killed."

With a half indifferent thought of who the man might be, Robert's eyes ran down the paragraph until they found the words: "The mutilated body has been identified as that of Corry Gencell, a sailor and left the place about 9 o'clock in the evening for the purpose of waiting to Dundee to take the train for Nassau."

Rachel and Robert were married in June. On the inner side of a plain gold bracelet, which he gave her, was engraved this line: "Why rushed the discord in, but that harmony should be prized?"

The men and women who know and love these two, do not see this inscription; should they see it, they would never guess its real meaning. The harmony of which they know would make the discords, of which they do not know, innocently.

Be a Man.

Not of all the dude species.
Not of the kind that stands on steeled corners.
Not of the kind that sneers at the idea of personal purity.
Not of the kind that prides himself on being a masochist.
Not of the kind that thinks Christians a mild sort of fools.
Not of the kind that owes the sailor, the liver man and everybody else.
Not of the kind that is a connoisseur of whiskey.
Not of the yes, you kind.
Not of the kind that calls mother old woman and father old man.
Not of the ignorant infidel blood.
Not of the coward kind.
Not of the iceberg variety.
Not of the evading, scuffling, shuffling through life kind, having no hope, and without God in the world.

You've tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have you and you're disappointed. The results are not immediate.

And did you expect the disease of years to disappear in a week? Put a pinch of time in every dose. You would not call the milk poor because the cream doesn't rise in an hour? If there's no water in it the cream is sure to rise. If there's a possible cure, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sure to effect it, if given a fair trial. You get the one dollar it costs back again if it don't benefit or cure you. We wish we could give you the makers' confidence. They show it by giving the money back again, in all cases not benefited, and it'd surprise you to know how few dollars are needed to keep up the refund.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sarge's Catarrh Remedy. Cures the worst cases permanently. No expelling. It's "Old Reliable." Twenty-five years of success.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff or Money Refunded.

esty in our girls; ignorance is often allured by flippant word into unwise thought. Modesty is the basis of all noble womanhood; it is the flower of maidenhood, the inexpressible charm of every young girl. It is not ignorance, a simpering prudery. It is the citadel of a pure heart.

An Aged Couple.

There is living in Yellow Bank Township, Minn., the oldest married couple in the world. Daniel Salisbury is 103 years old, having recently celebrated his birthday, and his wife lacks but one week of being 101. In January they will have been married just eighty years. Until quite recently they lived alone in a comfortable log house on the Yellow Bank river, in Lac Quiparle County. There has been no particular change in them the past three years. At this great age their natural force is not abated. A year ago, on his birthday, Father Salisbury saw a hawk attack a hen. He took his old flintlock musket and shot the hawk as it was flying away with its prey; saving the hen and killing the hawk. On his one hundredth birthday he walked seven miles to Bellingham and back again the same day.

The Queen's Latest Offer.

A FREE EDUCATION OR ONE YEAR'S TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

In THE QUEEN'S "Word Contest," which the publishers of that magazine announce as the LAST ONE THEY WILL EVER OFFER, A Free Education consisting of a Three Year's Course in any Canadian or American Seminary or College, including all expenses, tuition and board, to be paid by the publishers of THE QUEEN, or One Year's Travel in Europe, of the entire cost, will be given to the person sending them the largest list of subscribers to THE DAILY EMPIRE at \$2 per annum, or a proportion of each one subscription to Daily counting for FOUR WEEKS.

Every school in the Dominion ought to have a copy of THE DAILY EMPIRE, and every parent interested in getting a flag for their school-house join in getting 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 DAILY EMPIRE has recently been enlarged to twelve pages, and is now, without doubt, the best weekly newspaper in Canada, while the population of THE DAILY EMPIRE is the leading morning journal of the Dominion in all respects.

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Cough-Cures

Are abundant; but the one best known for its extraordinary anodyne and expectorant qualities is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For nearly half a century this preparation has been in greater demand than any other remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis, and pulmonary complaints in general.

I suffered for more than eight months from a severe cough accompanied with hemorrhage of the lungs and the expectation of matter. The physicians gave me up, but my druggist prevailed on me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and soon began to improve; my lungs healed, the cough ceased, and I became stouter and healthier than I have ever been before. I would suggest that the name of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral be changed to ELIXIR OF LIFE, for it certainly saved my life.

A few years ago I took a very bad cold, which settled on my lungs. I had night sweats, a rattling cough, and great soreness. My doctor's medicine did me no good. I tried many remedies, but received no benefit; everybody despaired of my recovery. I was advised to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, as a last resort, did so. From the first dose I obtained relief, and, after using two bottles of it, it was completely restored to health.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle, \$5.00 per dozen.

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