THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. IX. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1890. No. 39.

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, } Ushers
A DEW BARSS }

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. John W. Turner, Assistant Pastor: Horton and Wolfville 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 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 Witter's Block, at 8.00 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, &

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 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.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.
STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, CONVEYANCER, INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFVILLE N S

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry
REPAIRED!
—BY—
J. F. HERBIN,
Next door to Post Office.
☞Small articles SILVERPLATED.

POETRY.

The Careful Messenger.

A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of rasyberry jam,
Two new laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if chance to bring things wrong,
My mother gets in such a pet.

A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There, in the hay, the children play,
They're having such jolly fun;
I'll go there too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done.

A pound of tea at one and three,
A pot of—er--new laid jam,
Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There's Teddy White flying his kite,
He thinks himself grand, I declare,
I'd like to try to make it fly, up sky high,
Ever so much higher
Than the old church spire,
And then—but there—

A pound of three and one at tea,
A pot of new laid jam,
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop,
And run my orders through again;
I haven't forgot, no, ne'er a jot—
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.

A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham,
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new laid jam.

STORY.

DOUGLAS.

A June evening; one of those lovely summer evenings when all nature seemed to speak of peace and rest, and the rising moon peeps over the tree tops. Far away, behind the western hills, the sky was radiant still, with the after glow of a beautiful sunset. But the pale pink and golden tints were momentarily decreasing before the deepening shades of advancing night, and already one or two faint stars had appeared. The exquisite beauty of the scene would have served to attract the attention of almost anyone; but it was quite ignored by two young people who stood in a sweet, old-fashioned rose garden, apparently lost to everything but their own engrossing conversation. The girl, for it is needless to say they were of opposite sexes, was young, lovely, and—almost beside herself with rage. Her slender figure was drawn to its full height, her dark eyes sparkled with indignation, and her willful, pretty mouth uttered passionate, scornful words, which ill-accorded with the beauty of her surroundings. Words which her companion listened to in absolute silence. He was young also. A mere boy, in fact, barely more than two and twenty. In spite of the serious, grieved expression on his sunburnt face, which appeared unusually pale in the moonlight, he was very good to look at as he stood there. He was tall and well built, with regular features, close-cropped brown hair, and a pair of expressive blue eyes, which were pronounced by all his girl acquaintances to be fetching in the extreme.

"I know it must look awful strange to you, Blanche," he said, sadly, raising the blue orbs in question pleadingly to the girl's flushed, vexed face, as she ceased speaking. "But if you would only trust me; you might, dear, till——"

"I must request you to cease calling me by my Christian name," she interrupted, haughtily, as with trembling fingers she pulled a sparkling diamond ring from her left hand, "you refuse to give me an explanation of what I witnessed to-day. I refuse to wait for one. Here is your ring. What! you refuse to take it. Well—" she shrugged her shoulders slightly, and dropped the glittering circle at his feet Her first anger over, her trembling voice had become cold and hard, which affected him more than her childish rage.

"Blanche, darling, what are you doing?" he exclaimed, trying to take her hand. "We cannot part like this, dear. I am off to-morrow, you know. We may never meet again." His boyish face was very anxious and eager, and his young voice trembled as he spoke, and he looked emploringly at her.

"I assure you," he went on, but again she interrupted him, curtly.

"Spare me any more assurance. I, for one, will be delighted at your departure after what has occurred," she said, coldly.

"Blanche!" That was all he said; but, oh! what a world of reproach and regret he put into that little name. For an instant she faltered, as it rang out clearly on the evening air. Then a sudden memory brought the crimson flush back to her face. Shrugging her shoulders again, without another word or look she turned away, and left him there—alone.

Blanche Vernon was the only child of the Squire of Heathdale, a charming village in one of the southern counties. She was young, lovely and an heiress to boot, and had been engaged to Douglass Campbell since the previous winter. He was a good-looking young Lieutenant in the Navy, and being well endowed with this world's goods, besides belonging to a good old Scotch family, was considered a fit mate for the "belle of the county." They were to have been married on his return from his next voyage, but a little note and a whispered conversation had altered the course of events. Blanche, being an only child, and motherless, had been provided with a companion, in the shape of Miss Ida Burton, a pretty, fair-haired girl, a year or two her senior. The spoiled beauty, who was self-willed and petulent to a degree, as pretty girls with hosts of admirers and everything they desire are apt to be, loved Douglas Campbell devotedly and was not a little jealous where he was concerned. Not that she had the slightest cause to be so, for she was all in all to him, and a more ardent lover could not have been found. But the fact of his being a great favorite with the fair sex had a good deal to do perhaps with the "green-eyed monster" who at times took possession of Blanche. Douglas had a chivalrous manner, which, coupled with his, boyish handsome appearance, made him very attractive to most women. Of this Blanche was fully aware, and as he was stopping at the Vernon's, and the only other girl he met there daily was the pretty companion, she had become the object of the heiress' suspicions. The latter who was often rendered miserable by her quick temper and jealous doubts and fears, had noticed that her financee was, in her estimation, quite unnecessarily polite to Miss Burton, and had discovered them more than once in earnest conversation; and the very day of the scene just recorded above, she had come upon them suddenly in the conservatory and had seen the young Lieutenant giving a note to the companion. This occurrence would hardly have made such an impression on her mind, had not Miss Burton's blushing face and confused manner roused her suspicions. Douglas, too, had appeared somewhat embarassed at the time and Blanche considered herself quite justified in demanding an explanation from him that evening, which, to her great annoyance, was gravely but firmly declined. She had then taxed him with a secret flirtation with Miss Burton, which was stoutly denied.

"I assure you, my dearest, it is nothing of that sort," the young man had protested, earnestly. "I am not able to explain matters to you, much as I would like to, but if you would only trust me—" He could get no further, for at this point his aggrieved lady-love had burst into angry tears, and the conversation ended as has been described.

The day following her quarrel with her financee, if it can be called a quarrel when one of the parties concerned loses their temper, and the other remains for the most part silent and reproachful, Blanche Vernon awoke feeling more unhappy than she had ever felt before in all her short, careless life. Pleading a headache, she breakfasted, or made a pretence of doing so, in her own room. Already, after a sleepless, wretched night, she repented her anger of the previous evening, though she hardly liked to confess it to herself. Her pride was not easily overcome, and most of the morning was passed in pacing up and down her pretty boudoir, while a mental struggle raged in her impulsive heart. She glanced once or twice longingly towards her little desk, where ink, pen and paper were invitingly arranged. She even sat down and began "Dearest Doug——" and then sprang to her feet, flushed hotily as a knock was heard at the door.

"He has come to plead with me; to explain before he goes," she thought, and experienced a feeling of bitter disappointment when her companion appeared.

"I hope your head is better; can I do anything for you?" she enquired, looking nervously at the tall young lady in the white morning-gown, who regarded her with stormy bright eyes.

"No, thanks," returned Blanche, in a tone that conveyed to the startled Miss Burton that her room was better than her company. She withdrew, accordingly, and once more the beauty was left alone. The sight of her companion's timid, half-frightened face had brought back all her suspicions. Throwing herself on a lounge, she burst into a passion of tears.

"That girl looked afraid of me. No wonder, when she has made all this mischief between my darling and me," she sobbed, quite forgetting her own part in the transaction. "Oh, Douglas! Douglas!" and then followed more doubts and fears, till utterly worn out by her great grief, she fell asleep. And so the long summer day crept on. That very day, while Blanche sobbed herself to sleep, leaving the little repentent note she had begun, unfinished. Douglas Compbell joined his ship, the *Victory*, and that evening sailed away from old England. As he watched the land slowly recede in the distance, there was a shadow on his boyish face, and his heart was weighed down by the greatest sorrow it had ever known.

"Poor Campbell. His father's death is announced here," observed the squire a few days later, looking up from his *Times*. He, his daughter and the companion were lingering over the breakfast table and the two girls glanced up quickly as he spoke. "He and Earnest will come in for a goodly inheritance now," continued Mr Vernon, who as yet knew nothing of his daughter's "break" with her lover. She, on her part was quick to notice the eager excited expression on Miss Burton's face, as she listened to the squire, and drew her conclusions accordingly. Poor Blanche had put in a far from happy time since that eventful interview in the rose garden. When she realized that Douglas had really gone, that every hour so many more miles of blue water were being put between them, her grief was intense. Her doubts and fears shrank into insignicance before the overwhelming fact that repentence came too late. He was gone. No tender reconcilliation, no "make-up" such as she had longed for in spite of her anger, could now take place till—he returned. And perhaps by that time he would have ceased to care for her; would not wish to renew their old relations towards each other. At this thought, the girl shivered. "Oh, why did I not trust him? Why was I so hasty?" was her constant cry. Never, in all her life, had she suffered as she did now, and the sting lay in the thought that it was all her own fault. Remorse is one of the most terrible of human ills, and the "beautiful Miss Vernon" experienced it to the full now. And she felt it more keenly than ever, when, a few mornings after old Mr Campbell's death appeared in the paper, Miss Burton's place at the table was vacant, and the following letter was handed to her:--

"DEAR MISS VERNON.—I wonder what you will think when I inform you that I am married and have been so for the last six weeks. I am on my way to join my husband now, and this will explain my absence. I met Mr Ernest Campbell when we were in town last, if you recollect. We—well, to put matters shortly, we became very fond of each other, and, as his regiment was ordered out to India, he induced me to become his wife before he left England, unknown to anyone except his brother. Old Mr Campbell was ill at the time, and Ernest thought it best to keep him in ignorance concerning our marriage Of course, he made Lieut. Campbell promise not to betray us, and I assure you I do not know what we would have done without him. He was so kind and considererate, though I could see he did not approve of our marriage. But it was too late to object when the ceremony was over, and he was not taken into dear Ernest's confidence till then. I often wonder how he managed to keep our secret from you. He wished so much to tell you, but Ernest feared you would be so shocked you would refuse to keep me with you, or rather, Mr Vernon would, so he made his brother promise not to enlighten you. One day you came in just as Lieutenant Campbell was giving me a note Ernest sent me under cover, and I was so afraid everything would come out. Now all necessity for secrecy is at an end, and I will finish this hasty letter by thanking you deeply for all your kindness to me, and hope you will be as happy as Lieut. Campbell's wife as I am as

IDA CAMPBELL."

What were Blanche's feelings as she read these lines, which had evidently been hurridly written? Earnest Campbell was Douglas' own brother. He had always been a wild harum-scarum sort of a fellow, continually getting into scrapes, and now he had capped the climax by marrying a penniless nobody, Blanche thought, contemptuously. Ida Burton was a very nice girl as a companion, but old Mr Campbell would certainly have cut Earnest off with a shilling had he known of his marriage. Blanche could imagine Douglas' surprise when the secret was confided to him. She determined to cast pride to the winds, the pride which had caused her so much unhappiness; to write him a letter that would convince him of her sorrow, her repentance. How her cheeks burned, and how often she dashed the tears from her eyes as she wrote. It was a sad, loving letter; a letter that would have moved the hardest heart, such a pitiful, tear-stained epistle. And when it had gone, the girl settled down to long, weary days of waiting, days she never forgot.

A week or two later Blanche stood in a brilliantly lighted drawing-room in a fashionable West End mansion. Thinking a change would benefit her, her father had brought her to town a few days after her letter was despatched, and the beautiful heiress was, as usual, surrounded by a crowd of admirers. A "musicale" was in progress, and the large room was crowded to excess. As the girl stood there in her rich satin gown, waving her fan slowly to and fro, a smile parting her red lips, who among the gay throng guessed at the passionate longing and regret which filled her heart, and which almost served to break down her self-possession at times? As she rested her large, bright eyes on her companion's face, he little thought how bored she was by his conversation and how she longed to be away from that gay scene. She was thinking, as she always was now, of a young, eager face, a pair of pleading blue eyes, and suddenly she started and the color flew to her face, for the name of the object of her thoughts was ringing through the room. Someone was singing. She con'd not see who, for the piano was hidden from her view by the crowd, but it was some one with a sweet, pathetic voice which brought the tears to Blanche's longing eyes. It was only an old, old song; one that she used to sing to herself in the dear old days, which seemed so long ago now. But never had it affected her as it did at that moment.

Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew?
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

As in a dream the girl listened to the refrain. Had the singer a Douglas too, she wondered, that she sang so feelingly, as if she felt every word. A strange hush had fallen over the room, for no one wished to lose a word of the old song. Blanche grasped her fan so tightly that the delicate handle snapped as she listened. The lights, the bright scene faded away. Once she was with him, could hear the voice she loved, see the handsome young face, meet the glance of the laughing eyes which had looked so wistful when she last saw them. The eyes which haunted her night and day.

Oh, Douglas! Douglas! She came back to the present with a start, to hear the clapping of gloved hands, the murmur of congratulations which rewarded the sweet singer. The young man, whose conversation had bored her a few minutes before a Mr Wilmont, was startled by the pallor of her face, and offered to conduct her to the conservatory where it was cooler. Blanche accepted his offer readily, and sent him off for an ice, anxious to have a few minutes alone in which to recover himself. Throwing herself on a low seat she gave herself up to her reflections.

"He will get my letter in a little while. What will he think when he reads it," she wondered. "Ah!" and as she remembered her last cruel words to him, she shivered as though with cold. "Oh, Douglas! never a scornful word would grieve you," she murmured, forcing back the tears from her eyes, and a brief prayer rose from her heart, as she thought of the Douglas in the song. Suppose anything should happen to—but she put the dreadful thought resolutely from her, and even managed to summon up a smile to greet her cavalier when he returned with the ice.

"Awfully sorry to be so long, Miss Vernon," he began, and then she noticed how grave his face had become.

"What—what is the matter?" she exclaimed, rising hastily, a vague feeling of undefined terror taking possession of her. She had only met the young man that evening, but she knew something out of the common must have occurred, to bring that serious look over his youthful countenance.

"I've just heard something awfully sad," he replied, gravely. "News has just arrived of the loss of the *Victory*, which sailed last week, don't you know? Every soul on board has perished, except two blue jackets, who were picked up by a passing ship to tell the tale."

Was the singer repeating her song, or was it a dream voice which Blanche heard in the dimly lighted conservatory?

Oh, to call back the days that are not!
Mine eyes were blinded, your words are few,
Do you know the truth now up in Heaven, Douglas?
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

SYDNEY DALE.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by George V. Rand.

Mrs Jobbs—"What on earth is that?"

Mr Jobbs—"This, my dear, is a barometer—a present from our son at college."

"Oh, I've heard of them. Isn't the dear boy thoughtful! Which way do we screw it when we want the weather to be fine?"

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold by George V. Rand.

A Minnesota clergyman travelled thirty miles, made six calls, visited two schools, gave an afternoon lecture and shot seven jack rabbits, all between sunrise and sunset, and he said it was n't a good day for pastoral work either.

SHILO'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. Sold by George V Rand.

Minard's Liniment for Rhuematism.

BEST ON EARTH
SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

of A barrel of economy, in time, labor and money.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

TWENTY DOLLARS CASH!
—GIVEN FOR—
AN OLD USED POSTAGE STAMP.

$20 will be given to any person who will send me, (for the collection I am forming for exhibition purposes), a 12 PENNY STAMP OF CANADA.

Or I will give $5 to $10 for any **Old Shilling Stamps of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.**

You ought to find lots of these stamps as well as those of 1d., 3d., 6d., values in old office papers or letters in warehouses, between the dates 1850–1866.

☞*Now is the time to hunt them up.*

I will buy for cash all OLD used or cancelled postage or bill stamps. Send on all you have, leaving them on the original envelope preferred. I also want ½ stamps, cut values, on the entire letter, for which I give higher prices than anyone. G. HOOPER,
559 King St., Ottawa, Canada.