THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1890. No. 18.

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 trancient 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 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 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. MUSGO, 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 sabbath 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 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 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. 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.

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.

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.

A Christmas Sermon.

I notice dat de weddah's rathah chilsome, mo' or less,
An' I notice dat de back-log so't er crackles, Lo'r bress!
Ole Crimp is on de tuhn-pike an' de frost is on de faince
An' Sant Claus 'il soon be hyah, so chilun, hab some saince.

I seed 'im on Ole Massa's ruff; twar jais de oddak night,
Wid a span ob balky reindyahs, bofe um dapple gray an' white.
Dey war bitched up to a monsus lookin' alligatah sleigh,
An' filled wid gifts fo' de chilun, piled ebery which un way.

Hab any ob yo' chilun bin a sinnin'?
Or a sassin' yo' suppearyahs, or a grininin'?
Yo' bettah read yo' Bible 'bout ole Moses an' de laws,
Foh yo's undah obligashuns to Ole Santa Claus.

How many ob yo' chilun' bin a tendin' to de church?
An' done made up yo' minds to leabe de debbil in de lurch,
Hab yo' tended up to Sunday-school, an listen'd to yo' teachah?
Does yo' always drap a nickel in to try an 'spote yo' preachah?

Am you willful to yo' faddah or yo' muddah?
Does yuh pertervate yo' sistah or yo' bruddah?
Yo' bettah change yo' tacticks cause, well, jess because
Yo's undah obligashuns now to Ole Santa Claus.

Kin yo' ansuah all dese questions dat yo' pastah has perferd?
Ef yo' kaint, yo' bettah hang yo' haids en nevah say a word;
Foh yo' pastah sort ob reckons dat de debbil's bin bo'n in yuh
Ad' when Ole Santa Claus comes roun' he'll surely be agin' yuh.

So, ef any ob yo' chilun bin a sinnin',
Or a sassin' yo' suppearyahs or a grinnin',
Yo' bettah read yo' Bible, don't yo' hesitate or pause,
Kase yo's undah obligashuns now to Ole Santa Claus.

SELECT STORY.

A Christmas Blessing.

"IONEL." Thin fingers fluttered uneasily about a frayed button on an equally frayed and worn overcoat, and a woman's anxious eyes looked deprecatingly into the husband's face.

"What is it, Mary?" his tone was gentle, with an undercurrent of sadness and despondency in it. "Christmas comes to-morrow, Lionel." She did not look in his face now, but closely scrutinized the frayed button as if it were the absorbing object of her thoughts.

"I know it, Mary.'

"Could—could—you let me have a little money, Lionel? For the children, you know, dear—we have never let the day go past without *something* for them."

"And we must not now," he said; "they will never be young but once, poor things." He took out a worn wallet from his pocket.

"I have looked over all the old things in search of bits to make over into garments or fancy things for them," she continued apologetically, "but every thing is worn so close, Lionel. I try to be frugal and saving." Her eyes were filled now.

"And you are, Mary. Where would we have been had it not been for your careful management? Will two dollars be enough? It is all I have this morning. Heaven knows I wish I could make it twenty or a hundred—there is no limit to the deserts of the good wife you've been to me, Mary. Don't cry, dear, it takes all my courage and strength to see you unhappy."

The faded face was pressed against the frayed button now in a vain attempt to hide the hot tears which would come, and his worn glove, much too thin for the season, smoothed the thin gray hair tenderly.

"Then I must not cry," she answered, looking up with a forced smile. "Yes, it will be enough—more than I had expected, but I feel so wicked to ask you for money when I know you have so little to spare me."

Yes, debt was the skeleton which danced, not only in the closet but all over the house, in this humble home, and Mary went back to her work, her face drawn up thoughtfully as she calculated just how many pennies could be spared for this or that, and balanced the differences between the strictly useful and the more childlike but less material gifts. Two dollars after all was such a little drop in the bucket of necessities, to say nothing of the ornamental or the beautiful. It was not a debt of carelessness or of extravagance, she could scarcely have born the self-reproach and the shame of it if it had been, but was the natural result of long years of sickness and reverse. Lionel Webb in his younger days had just escaped with his life from an attack of spinal meningitis which had resulted in a partial disability for life. He was very ambitious, and though obliged to accept work which had as little of manual labor in it as possible, still he did it often when stronger men would have been in bed with a physician in attendance, did it in such bodily torture that he hardly realized what he was doing.

Mary had her share of sickness, too; the anxiety and care attendant on Lionel's disability was enough to break a woman of iron, which she was not, and in addition to it all, three darling children had sickened and died.

Lionel had secured a new situation of late—he was growing better with years and could now take up a different class of work, and his present employer was a man of large wealth, employing many clerks in his great business.

All this day Lionel worked in a maze of perplexity and regret. Mary's face, with the tears on it, was ever before him. To-night was Christmas eve, and all day long a procession of richly dressed mothers and fathers thronged the store buying, buying, from full purses, while Mary, his true, faithful wife, whose seventeen years of married life had been one long struggle with toil and care, had only a pitiful two dollars with which to do her Christmas shopping, and it grieved him to the very heart's core.

The rush was over now, and in a half hour more the great establishment would be closed, when an errand boy touched his arm. "Mr Dale would like to see you in the private office, sir," he said respectfully.

Lionel's heart sank in his bosom like lead. Could it be that in addition to his other misfortunes he was going to lose his situation? This engagement had been provisionary, and his employer had made no sign as to whether his service was acceptable. He crawled rather than walked to the office in his nervous dread, for the past had been so persistently unkind to him that he was coming to dread the future.

"Sit down. Sit down, sir," said Mr Dale, cheerfully.

Lionel took a seat near the prosperous business man, who noticed, as he did so, the look of care and dejection on his employee's thin face.

"It has been my custom, sir, for some years to make my employees a little present on Christmas eve," he proceeded genially, as he took a bill from his desk drawer and laid it in Lionel's hand. "I presume you can find a use for it; or if you cannot, no doubt the good wife can, eh?"

Lionel looked at the bill in dumb astonishment; if an angel had come in and clapped him on the shoulder he could not have been more surprised, for it was a fifty-dollar bill.

"But, sir," he stammered, "I have been with you so short a time, I have not merited such consideration."

"That's all right, sir. You'll have ample opportunity to make it up in your future years of service, for I do not intend to part with so faithful an assistant."

There was more in the manner than in the kind deed itself, and Lionel's heart bounded up with gratitude. He thought of Mary and of the many, many uses the money could be put to, warm blankets, the winter cloak Mary had needed for years, and—but his face fell. There was a dunning letter in his pocket at that moment which he had concealed from Mary—from the holder of a note against him for fifty dollars and peremptorily demanding payment.

No, no; it would be wrong to appropriate one dollar of the gift for personal needs. Mr Dale was a shrewd reader of faces, and Lionel's thin, anxious face had appealed to his sympathies strongly since he entered the office, and he noted the change of expression.

"What is it, Webb?" he said, kindly. "You look depressed and troubled."

As Lionel heard the kind voice and looked into the kind face an impulse came to him to tell this man his troubles. It was so hard to bear them alone and to wear a smiling face over a heart so filled with anxious care, and hardly knowing what he said, he poured out his story of the past, of Mary and of her pitiful shopping to-day. "It hurts me so, Mr Dale," he said in conclusion, "that I cannot use even a dollar of your generous gift for her."

"How much now would cover this entire indebtedness?" asked Mr Dale. He was drumming thoughtfully on his desk and looking keenly at Lionel, not in blame or in doubt of the truth of his story, but in making an effort to put himself in another's place.

"Fifteen hundred dollars would pay every dollar."

Mr Dale reflected—in the light of his millions the sum seemed a very trifle; yet here was a man whose strength and happiness were being wasted for the lack of it. "What would you say, then, if I should loan you this money and let you work it out gradually as you can afford it?"

"*Say*, sir! I should work on wings, it would make my heart so light."

"Then put on your wings," returned Mr Dale, smiling, "for we'll have the matter arranged at an early date. And now go home and spend this money for Mary and the children with a clear conscience."

Mary was filling the stockings when Lionel came home and, poor soul, she had evidently been shedding tears over the task.

"A pretty ruche and ribbon for Jennie, and a pair of stockings and winter gloves for Amy, the merest necessities amid the ocean of lovely, tempting things she had seen that day; a pair of warm gloves for Lionel which he would not buy for himself lay in her bureau drawer, and there had been just enough left to buy a small chicken for the Christmas dinner, for a turkey was not to be thought of this year.

She had not heard him when he opened the outer door softly, and he stood watching her through the glass door which led from the hallway to the little parlor.

She had finished now, and with the stockings on her lap, leaned her head dejectedly upon her hand. It was so hard to give pennies where her warm heart would so gladly lavish pounds.

"Oh, Lionel, how you startled me," as he opened the door and went in. "Why, what has happened, dear?" He was loaded down with packages, and every package was bulging out in addition, and she knew that something unusual had occurred.

"The Lord hasn't forgotten us yet, Mary," he said taking her warm face in his hands and kissing it tenderly. She listened to his recital of the conversation with Mr Dale with eyes brimming over with happy tears, and when he had finished, and she realized that the load of harrassing debt was to be lifted, her face took on a reverant shade of joyful thanksgiving, and taking Lionel's hand in hers, she said, gently: "Let us pray."

MRS F. M. HOWARD.

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

A Daughter of the Dunne.

BY ALLISON BROOKS.

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

"Yes," he said, quiety, now. "I am ready *to*-day to tell you that these lessons must haae an end. I cannot be your teacher, my child; I can be your lover, your husband, or I can go away where I shall not see you again."

There was a long silence between them.

Then she stood up, looking fearlessly, but with a sweet humility into his eyes, and said to him—

"You are a learned man; you have lived in a different life from mine; I am a fisherman's daughter; I was a fisherman's wife; I have had a rude, hard life; I have had poverty and sorrow."

He tried to speak.

"Please wait a little longer," she begged. "I wanted to say only this much more: You are after all, you said it—a man; and I am with all, a woman. I love you, your hands, your feet, the very shoes you wear, the ground you stand on, although till this hour I never knew it. But your wife I'll never be until I am sure that you need not be ashamed of me, if such a time should ever come. I love you too well for that."

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE THRESHHOLD OF A NEW LIFE.

In the library of a fine old mansion in the city of Nassau Robert Craig stood before a cannel coal fire, his arm resting upon the carved mantel. Opposite him sat an elderly lady with beautiful waves of gray hair, and a face full of character in every line.

"After all, Robert, it is so surprising," she was saying, "to see you putting out of your harbor in midwinter, that I have a lingering suspicion that this visit is like the novels now-a-days, 'with a purpose' " and, she smiled a little whimsical smile she had.

"And if it is?" replied her nephew—for this fine old lady was Robert's aunt.

"If it is, let us by all means have the purpose. I saw as soon as you came in that you had something out of the ordinary on your mind. What is the matter? How can I help you?"

Robert looked up at her for a moment, with a smile about his lips, and then rejoined:

"What would occur to you as likeliest to be the matter?"

"I suppose you want to build a new chapel, possibly. If you were any other fellow, and if your habitation were not in dens and eaves of the earth, so to speak, I should, of course, suppose you had fallen in love. But to suppose such a thing of a young monk like you, a professional woman-hater, who has not stepped within the bound of civilization for—let me see—how long is it?"

Here Robert interrupted her.

"*Homo sum*, my dear aunt! Fate has overtaken me; let me rather say, the greatest joy of my life has come to me," and the young man's face became radient with the thought of the woman he loved.

Mrs Craig lifted her hands with a little exclamation of dismay as one after another of the little group of aristocratic Nassau girls whom she had in turn chosen for her nephew, passed before her mind to give place to a new vision which instantly arose of a pretty millioner's apprentice, all bansand bangles, who, for lack of something better, had caught her nephew's fancy in the vulgar, village life to which he had devoted himself.

"Go on," she said at length, a little grimly, "let us hear you rave about her."

Robert laughed.

"You are corageous to give me such a permission! I may never stop, for truly there is not another woman in the world like her, Aunt Elizabeth."

"Certainly not, there never is. What is her name? Is she older than you? Is it a case of summer boarder or Pride of the-Village? Let me know the worst."

"Very well. I will answer categorically. Her name is Rachel Gonell; she is the widow of a common fisherman; don't faint, aunt—she is twenty years old, and has lived in Broad Bar all her life."

"I see. A 'fair barbarian'! I trust she can read and write?"

"Yes, both; and she knows a little arithmetic now," replied Robert, coolly. After this introduction he proceeded to lay his plans and wishes before his aunt. Briefly told, the case was as follows: Rachel felt her need of education; she declined flatly to marry him until she could be in some degree a congenial companion to him; for his own part he was loth to wait, but her determination was fixed. He had resolved accordingly to ask his aunt if she would receive Rachel into her home as a member of her family, direct her studies, secure private teachers for her in different branches, and, in all ways, aid her desire to fit herself for the new life before her."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

In Christanity nothing is of real concern except that which makes us wiser and better. Everything which does make us wiser and better is the very thing which Christianity intends.

WHEN THE HAIR

Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequaled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color glands of faded, gray, light, and red hair, changing the color to

A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like 'the fretful porcupine' should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—*The Sunny South*, Atlanta, Ga.

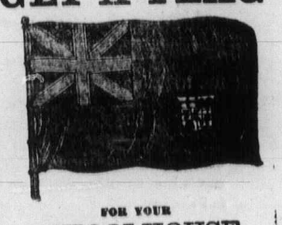
"Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations, it being perfectly harmless."—From *Economical Housekeeping*, by Eliza R. Parker.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

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

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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 30 new yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY EMPIRE at $1.00 or eight new yearly subscribers to THE DAILY EMPIRE at $3 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.

Building Lots!

Parties wishing to secure desirable building lots in Wolfville cannot fail being suited in the block of land adjoining the Presbyterian church, which has recently been laid out into good-sized lots and will be sold at reasonable rates. The situation is a most desirable one and the land is of an excellent quality. Information concerning the same may be had and plan of lots seen, on application to.

B. O. DAVISON, AGENT, WOLFVILLE N. S.

In Book Form;

THE GHOST OF HANDOCK HOLLER.

BY JACK HYDE,

The Handock Correspondent to the ACADIAN.

BRIMMING OVER WITH FUN!

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Agents wanted in King's and Hants counties. Write for terms.

DAVISON BROS., Publishers, Wolfville, N. S.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry REPAIRED!

—BY—

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.