

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1893.

No. 25.

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 type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction as to all work turned out.

New communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The editor of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written in any of the following signatures.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper registered from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for its payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, 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, and collecting the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 3.30 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7.10 a. m.
Express west close at 10.30 a. m.
Express east close at 12.30 p. m.
Kentville close at 7.00 p. m.
Geo. V. BARR, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m., closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.
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 2.30 p. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7.30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by
C. W. ROBERTSON, Chorus
A. S. W. BARR, Organist.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar Ormrod, B. A., Pastor—Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All the services are free and strangers welcome at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Thursdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday at 3 p. m., except on the first Sunday in the month, when the service will be at 11 a. m., with a celebration of the Holy Communion.

REV. ISAAC BROOK, D. D., Rector of Horton, Canon of St. Luke's Cathedral, Halifax.
Frank A. Dixon, Warden.
Robert W. Taylor, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. M.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.45 o'clock p. m.
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE.

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.
Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW, PROPRIETOR.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

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

PEOPLE FIND

That it is not wise to experiment with cheap compounds purporting to be blood-purifiers, but which have no real medicinal value. To make use of any other than the old standard AYER'S Sarsaparilla—the Superior Blood-purifier—is simply to invite loss of time, money and health. If you are afflicted with Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Burning Sores, Tumors, or any other blood disease, be assured that

It Pays to Use

AYER'S Sarsaparilla, and AYER'S only. AYER'S Sarsaparilla can always be depended upon. It does not vary. It is always the same in quality, quantity, and effect. It is superior in combination, proportion, appearance, and in all that goes to build up the system weakened by disease and pain. It searches out all impurities in the blood and expels them by the natural channels.*

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle, \$1.00 per dozen.

Cures others, will cure you

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

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

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVIDSON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS.—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Feed.

GOFFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

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.

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, Stores, 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.

HAWKER'S TOLU AND WILD CHERRY BALSAM.

A Favorite and Most Valuable Remedy for the CURE of

COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA OR ANY FORM OF THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLE.

It Attends, Try It. It Will Cure You.

Malcolm McLean, of Kensington, P. E. I., writes the following:

For five years I suffered from severe Chronic Bronchitis, for which the doctors and numerous patent medicines failed to give relief. My physician and friends advised a change of climate as my only hope. Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry was recommended to me, and I am happy to say that I was entirely cured before I had used two large bottles. I consider it to be truly a wonderful medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer.

For Sale by all Druggists and General Dealers. Price 25¢ and 50¢ per bottle.

MANUFACTURED BY THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO., SAINT JOHN, N. S.

To Let.

That pleasantly situated cottage adjoining the Episcopal Church, Wolfville—eight rooms, front porch, cellar, town water. Possession immediate.

Apply to DR. BARSS, Wolfville, Jan. 24, 1893.

POETRY.

Half-Way.

The years that steal our youth away
Come drifting on—come drifting on,
Like snow flakes that endure a day,
And then are gone.

Upon the hearth is blazing bright
An open fire—its light and gleam,
And think how far into the night
And storm its ruddy glew doth stream.

And then within my heart doth-night,
The flame of youth fares up once more.

To shed a gleam of flickering light
Through all the dark that lies before,
And all the lost come back once more,
And all the dead things live again,
And footsteps echo on the floor,
And faces press against the pane.

And now I try so hard to catch
A whisper from the forms that pass,
To touch the hand that lifts the latch—
The lips that tremble on the glass.

And seek to check the rising tears
For sweet, dear joys and loved ones gone.
For memories that like the years
Come drifting on—come drifting on.

My fire burns low, but through the gloom
Comes stealing in the gray of dawn;
The shadows scurry from the room
Till all are gone.

And morn is here—the storm is past,
The room is filled with ruddy day;
But on my head is drifting fast
The snow that never melts away.

SELECT STORY.

KIT GRALE.

BY JAMES T. MACKAY.

CHAPTER III.

It was summer time now, of the same year.

The months had worn through, as months will. We may weep or laugh or fail, or sin—still tides rise and fall, winds come and go, stars shine, birds sing and trees leaf and bloom, wheat and weed grow lusty side by side, days pass and nights succeed. The sun goes down on the bloody battle; the moon swings up in the eastern sky, and the peaceful light lies calm and white on bomb-plowed earth and ghastly, upturned faces. The same brook gradients sweet thoughts of love to gentle maidens' cars that, in the tangled half a mile above, washes the bloody ooze from Murder's matted hair.

Daily Grals grew more gloomy and absent. He had no heart for work—no lookout now but blank, staring ruin. He did strange things sometimes—little things that frightened Kit, brave as she was. But she made no sign, went about her duty steadily, ever cheerful, active, thoughtful; though a wearing anxiety and dread foreboding were always with her. With her at her work, with her in long, long hours of weary, wakeful nights, with her when she woke with a frightened start from a sound sleep, where it had still been with her, vaguely, horribly. "Oh night, what prayers you hear, what tears you hide!" The wretched, flushed faded slowly out of her cheek; she could not keep this harrying care from thinning her cheek, but what she could she did. She cheered her father on; tried to give him hope when she saw none herself; to make him forget what was ever present to her. They bought another horse of a neighbor to take old Bill's place, and this, when added to the sum necessary to pay the debts which fell due, took up nearly the whole of the little fund laid up against the mortgage coming due. So they struggled on, the storm cloud forever shadowing them, grew daily blacker and nearer, until it should burst in its fury and whelm them in utter ruin. The summer drew on. The harvest was near. There was no money to pay a man from Castle Garden. Grals got up at night and lay at his desk, with Stubbs' help, though poor enough help it was.

The mortgage fell due on the 2d of June; the twenty days passed by. Proudly came a note from the lawyer demanding payment within twenty days on pain of an order of foreclosure. There was no use in begging off; the letter said; the money was wanted; the loan would not be renewed. The words were underlined.

Grals grew moodier, more absent, day by day. He went about his work in a dumb, unseeing way that was pitiful. He forgot himself constantly; would tell Stubbs he had fed the horses of a night, and Kit, hearing them pawed the dirt and find the poor brute brutes suppers. He would find himself standing by the mowing machine in the field, staring blankly with a hoe in his hand. He felt that his mind was going from him, and strove, weakly, blindly, against the terrible phantom that crept upon him surely.

The wister grain ripened and must be cut. Then Stubbs struck. He must have higher wages. He had grown very insolent and ill-tempered of late. When Kit demonstrated with him, the brute told her he wouldn't work for a madman any more without higher pay. It was too much. Surely she had enough before. All the blood in her veins thronged to her cheeks; all the fire of her nature leaped to her tongue at that foul blow. With a wrath in her face that made the coward quail, she ordered him off the place. But he did not know Kit Grals; he would not have tempted her if he had. He laughed a hoarse, brutal laugh, and stood his ground stubbornly. It was too much. Fretted on all hands, her self command weakened by ceaseless anxiety; the fellow's insolence maddened her—she hardly knew what she did. They stood out by the barn, hid from the house. Some old hay lugs lay about their feet. She stooped and picked one up.

"Will you go, you brute?" she said.

Her face was white now. Almost in despair before, the fellow's insults drove her wild. She raised the lug menacingly, a strange gleam in her eyes. He backed a step, but faced her stubbornly.

"You needn't be so high and mighty," he said with a coarse laugh and an oath, with such a crazy old fool for a daddy."

The club flashed through the air; the man dropped like a log and lay there. Kit turned away. She knew she hadn't killed him; that he'd come back to life soon enough. She had had a blow at fate in this base fellow's shape, and felt the better for it. She knew she had done only justice.

Then she ran over to the house, where her father had gone when Stubbs had refused to work. Biddet came out to meet her. She had been faithful to them through all rough in her ways, but honest, and strongly attached now to Kit and her father. She took her apron from her eyes as she came out. They were red and swollen and her rough cheeks were wet.

"Oh, miss," she said, "do ye go in to yer pa. Sure, I think he be goin' queer."

Kit went in, found him sitting, crouched down, with his head in his hands. She roused him, told him she had discharged Stubbs, tried to excite his anger against the wretch—anything to make him shake off this ominous lethargy.

"It ain't no use, Kit," he said "it can't reap the wheat alone, and it wouldn't be no good if I could. They'd sell us out in a week or two anyway."

"No, they won't, father; they can't," she said. "I got Bell Cleary to ask her brother, and he says it'll be some time before he can sell us out, and we can pay it off at any time before. We must hope for the best, father; for my sake, father, for my sake!"

She saw Stubbs, through the wind ow, sneaking away across the orchard with his hand to his head. Poor Kit! true, tried heart! What should she do? What could she do? She had almost cried aloud in her extremity. She turned to hide the tremor in her lips, the blinding tears, the bitter sob that would rise.

Prate of true love—manly devotion—love of knight for lady! Give that slight girl a visible foe—steel capped warrior in shirt of mail—give her charger and lance in rest—for this stolid old man's sake, she would ride you a tilt with the best, charge with all the fire of Bayard in her heart and cheek, and glory in the mad career, though the knight were Amadis himself! But this unseen enemy, this horrible phantom that crept upon her father, step by step—how could she battle that? She did not care for poverty—only for him. If she could have saved him, she would have bidden them sell and laugh them to scorn. The world was wide, here were debt hands and a stout heart. But how to save him—how to save him? She could see no

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Like snow flakes that endure a day,
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Upon the hearth is blazing bright
An open fire—its light and gleam,
And think how far into the night
And storm its ruddy glew doth stream.

And then within my heart doth-night,
The flame of youth fares up once more.

To shed a gleam of flickering light
Through all the dark that lies before,
And all the lost come back once more,
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And now I try so hard to catch
A whisper from the forms that pass,
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