

THE ACADIAN

A AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1890.

No. 14.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is known to be superior to any prescription known to man.

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 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 of the same.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up for arrears of 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.

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
COUS W. ROBSON, } Ushers
A DEW BARRS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 9.30 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. Cranwick 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. and 7 p. m. 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 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 the month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. 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 7.45 o'clock p. m.
J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or 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

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use your 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 Stationer, Picture Framers, and Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

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.

DAND, 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, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

OLD PAPERS for sale at this Office.

POETRY.

My Neighbor Jim.

Everything pleased my neighbor Jim,
When it rained.
He never complained,
But said wet weather suited him.
"There's never too much rain for me,
And this is something like," said he.
When earth was dry as a powder mill,
He did not sigh,
Because it was dry,
But said if he could have his will
It would be his chief supreme delight
To have it rain just as it should be
at night.

When winter came, with its snow and ice,
He did not scold,
Because it was cold,
But said: "Now this is real nice;
If ever from home I'm forced to go,
I'll move up north with the Reel-mau."

A cyclone whirled along its track
And did him harm—
It broke his arm,
And stripped the coat from off his back:
"And I would give another limb
To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at length his years were told,
And his strength all spent,
And Jim was very weak and old:
"I long have wanted to know," he said,
"How it feels to die," and Jim was dead.

The angel of death had summoned him
To heaven, or—well,
I cannot tell;
But I know that the climate suited Jim:
And cold or hot, it mattered not—
It was to him the long-sought spot.

SELECT STORY.

Romance of a Cab.

In London, not many hundred yards from the rows of tall houses and trim squares which contain all that is most respectable in Bayswater—and very awe-inspiring that respectability is—some very gloomy, very dirty, and very much neglected slums; which if they do not contain as large a proportion of the criminal classes as do some of the streets and alleys of the east, contain a good many members of that class whose means of living are too precarious to leave their integrity absolutely above suspicion.

Charlie Farrington felt this as he picked his way through the puddles, and wished he had waited half an hour for his train at Lutetia road instead of making a short cut. He had been playing the banjo, with a view to relieving the monotony of the slum-dwellers' existence, at a penny reading so called because nobody read and admission was free—organized by the incumbent of St. Outbert's.

Short cuts, as every one knows are often the longest ways; and Charlie very soon found himself in a blind alley between two dark rows of squalid cottages, with a blank wall, four coster-mongers, barrows, and a heap of rubbish at the end which last he could feel and smell only. He now began to wish that he had taken his wife to the penny reading, in which case they would have gone home together in a hansom; whereas now he was trying to return on the cheap, as a dutiful young husband should. There was some very nasty-looking customers slinking out of that cottage. Should he ask them the way? Better not, perhaps. A banjo is not an effective weapon, and he was alone, and had his gold watch and chain on, given him by his friends at the bank when married. If only he could get a cab now! And then, as if in answer to his wish, there came a hansom trotting into the blind alley till the horse nearly struck the wall at the end with his head and the driver pulled it back on its haunches and swore.

A pretty girl was in the cab. She saw Charlie by the light of the lamps, and called out in a frightened voice: "Can you tell me where I am, sir? I think the driver is taking me the wrong way."

The driver was turning his horse rapidly and using the whip. "Where do you want to go?" said Charlie Farrington, going to the horse's head and standing there.

"To Chester square,"

"Where from?"

"Vicarsage gate."

Charlie Farrington whistled to himself. He stood where the driver could get a full view of his stalwart frame by the light of the lamps. He was six feet two in his stockings and ex-captain of a foot ball club, and he said to the driver:

"Look here, my friend, this is not

the way to Chester square, and you know it."

The man granted that he had lost his bearings.

"Then you had better find them again," said Charlie dryly; "for you'll have a cup of tea with me. Will you allow me to come with you?" he continued, raising his hat to the girl in the cab, and as she said nothing, he got in and sat behind her.

She trembled and clung to his arm, which he rather liked, "Where was he taking me to?" she said.

"Due west instead of south," he replied.

"Should I have been robbed and murdered if you had not come?"

"I don't know. I always thought yarns about wicked cabmen and their victims were all nonsense till now. Certainly it looked rather queer."

"I've heard they sometimes stab you through the little trap," she said, clinging still more closely to him in her agitation, and apparently going to faint.

"I never knew them to do any worse than look down," he answered thinking of his engaged days.

"Curious," he continued, "very curious. You say you came from Vicarsage gate, and I could have sworn I saw this gray horse and cab with yellow wheels standing outside the concert hall I've been singing at."

She did not answer. Was she really going to faint? How awkward—the had better put his arm round her waist and steady her. A jolt made her lurch very near him, and he felt the little gloved hand fall upon his.

He pressed it slightly for a few moments and then he thought of Mrs. Farrington sitting up waiting to give him his whiskey and soda, and he repeated and dropped it. Still, he rather enjoyed the drive; more perhaps, than his good wife would have done if she had seen him. The driver evidently was on his best behavior, and was taking them straight to Chester square.

"I shall write down the man's number and inform the policeman of this," he said presently, "what is it, 00156?"

The little plate was rather blurred and hard to read inside the cab. "I'll call a policeman now, I think, and take you in a fresh cab."

"Please don't," she said quickly, though in a rather timid voice; "the truth is the matter is, my people think I have been in the country for the day, but I have really been to see a friend whom I, who—your know one has one's private pals. A good fellow like you will understand."

The slang rather jarred on Charlie Farrington, and the voice was not quite a refined one.

"You mean you would rather have no fags made?"

"That's it," she answered, "I thought you'd understand. The cabby may have meant to murder me, but to give him into custody and have to give evidence of where I took him from would be worse."

Charlie looked inquisitively at her. She had ceased clinging to his arm and was lying well back in the cab. Suddenly she peered out of the window, lifting the little blind at the side to see the houses better.

"Here is the square," she said, "he has come along well, do you mind getting out? We must not drive up to the door together."

He got out.

"Thank you so much," she said, pressing his fingers rather hard. He reciprocated slightly, though he was a young married man and a very good husband, too, "you have saved my life perhaps."

"Does the driver know your number?"

"Yes, I told him when I got in." And off she drove.

chained:

"Why where is your watch?"

Sure enough, it was gone—presentation watch, chain, and all, and all his money and his pearl studs, nipped clean off at the setting as it with a pair of shears.

Then he managed to tell his story—more of it, perhaps, than he originally intended, for there was some reproach in his wife's eyes as she tried to console him and they talked over what they should do.

But the constable on duty outside the concert hall knows nothing of the man who drove a gray horse in a yellow wheeled hansom, and who was waiting there when the people came out on the night of the penny reading.

And there was no cab licensed with the number 00156.—St. James Gazette.

A Doctor's Confession.

HE DOESN'T TAKE MUCH MEDICINE AND ADVISES THE REPORTER NOT TO.

"Humbug? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo Courier.

"Very cozy was his office too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy-chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuff that would make a healthy man an invalid, why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I cannot tell nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Sometime ago, you remember, the Boston Globe sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

Ozark Mountain Stories.

There is no other place under the heavens where the early mornings of summer and fall have the charm of those down in the Ozarks of Southern Missouri. With the first peep of the sun over the groups of exaggerated hills the mist of night settles deep in the valleys, and before the full blown gleam of the morning comes the atmosphere is as fine and clear as that of noonday. Only the tint of a bluish haze is discernible miles and miles away, and that is so slight and so blue that it seems to mingle with the line of the horizon.

It was on one of these fine mornings about the middle of last August that Benson set out across the hills to catch a few fish and do a little shooting.

"Good bye, Ben," he shouted back to the youngster that stood in the door of the little log house. "Good bye, and be a good boy."

"Good bye, dad," squeaked a youthful voice; "good bye, an' don't forget

the fairies."

The little fellow waved his hand energetically until the mountaineer father was lost to view in the brush beyond the cleared patch. Benson knew more folk lore and fairy tales than any of the other natives. He had read of the brownies and their moonlight antics, and when Bonnie became able to talk he was told of the little elfins and the big goblins and the shiny, golden water spirits. Benson was in all other respects a rough, homespun mountaineer.

"Jes' wait," were his last words before breaking through the undergrowth on that golden Ozark morning, "jes' wait an' I'll bring a fairy, sure pop."

All day long the little native sat in the cabin door and peered off into the woods.

"It's no use for yer ter be settin' there," said Benson's wife, "fer yer par'll not be back afore night."

"But ef he gets or fairy he'll come," said Bonnie, "cause ther fairy'd die ef hit wa't brought home right away."

Bonnie watched until the sun went down and then when it grew so dark that he could no longer see into the woods he went inside of the house and laid down on the dirty floor. Pretty soon he forgot about the fairies and was fast asleep. When the sun of another beautiful morning broke over the Ozarks the little fellow's eyes opened and his first thoughts were of the fairies.

"Aint dad come yet?" he cried; but Benson's wife shook her head.

"Not yet, Ben," said she, "an' wayby—mayby—"

"Maybe he's got more fairies than he kin bring er home," suggested Bonnie, and mother smiled feebly and patted the boy's head with her rough hand.

Then the break out across the clear patch parted, and four roughly clad natives pushed through. Between them they bore the limp body of Benson, the mountaineer.

"He hu't hisse'f ez he war shootin' at er flyin' squirrel," explained one of the natives.

"One—one er ther fairies," gasped the wounded man, "but I didn't git him for yer, Ben."

The little native put his hand in Benson's rough one.

"An' yer didn't git no fairies; daddy?" he asked eagerly.

His mother drew him away, but Benson pulled the boy back.

"No, I didn't git none, Ben, but I'm goin' back to fairy land—I'll be there ter-day, Ben—fer—fer—good."

"Kin I go, too, dad?" cried the boy, leaning over the mountaineer's breast. But there was no answer. Benson was gone.

Then Benson sat down on the dirt floor and cried—because he was left behind.—Detroit Free Press.

Readable Paragraphs.

Mr Gladstone has a library of about 25,000 volumes.

Queen Victoria has saved \$8,000,000 in round numbers.

Prince Bismarck keeps the wolf from the door with \$170,000 a year.

Christian Guard, 112-year-old hero of 1822, lives in Manchester, Ia.

The greatest city parks in the world is Fairmount Park, in Philadelphia, containing over 2000 acres.

A man has been arrested in Finland charged with murdering several fallen women by strangling them.

At the funeral of an aged lady at Woolwich, Eng., her seven sons, all clergymen of the church of England, were present.

There has recently been exhibited in Philadelphia an electrical cooking stove which baked and boiled almost as well as an ordinary cook stove.

Prince Edward of Saxo-Wimer, the German who commands the British army in Ireland, weighs 308 pounds. It is hard to find a horse to carry him with any grace or comfort.

The total number of stars of which some knowledge may be obtained by the appliances now available, is from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000. Of these only about 6000 are visible to the naked eye, equally divided between the two hemispheres.

A young woman in Boston has had a wig made out of her own hair for her sweetheart, instead of saving it to

make a deceptive switch for herself—a case of the moral heroism born of true love.

The minister of marine and fisheries has been notified by parties in Nova Scotia that it is their intention to ship live lobsters to England and arrangements are now being made with steamship companies with that object in view.

The Pullman Palace Car Co. has completed the construction of a church on wheels to be used in small villages along the railroads of North Dakota.

The church is built according to ideas of Bishop Walker, of the Episcopal diocese of North Dakota, and will seat 70 people.

An engineer of Manchester, Eng., is introducing a novelty in paper, viz, paper file halves and tool handles; which are said to be practically indestructible and much cheaper than wood of malleable iron halves. Placed under a steam hammer, although they can be flattened, they cannot be split or cracked.

What will cure sore throat, cramp, or pain, internal or external, the quickest! Norton's Magic Liniment. Try it and be convinced of the fact.

The Use Of

Harsh, drastic purgatives to relieve constipation is a dangerous practice, and more liable to fasten the disease on the patient than to cure it. What is needed is a medicine that is effectually opening the bowels, corrects the costive habit and establishes a natural daily action. Such a specific is found in

Ayer's Pills,

which, while thorough in action, strengthen as well as stimulate the bowels and excretory organs.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels became regular and natural in their movements. I am now in excellent health."

—Wm. H. DeLaunoy, Duxbury, Mass.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more

Effective

than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burlington, Vt.

"For years I have been subject to constipation from nervous prostration, caused by over-exertion of the liver. After taking various remedies, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time; and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried."—H. S. Stegell, Wetmore, Texas.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

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.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

Every Description

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DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS AND PUNCTUALITY.

CURE FITS!

When I see CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them recur again. I want a permanent cure. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY OF FALLING SICKNESS,

A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed in so many cases, I have made a special study of the disease, and I have discovered the true cause of it, and I have made a permanent cure of it. My REMEDY, GIVE UP YOUR FITS, and it will cure you. Address

DR. H. G. BOOZ, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.