

THE ACADIAN

A D KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1891.

No. 45.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as superior to any prescription known to man. J. A. Acheson, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Flatulency, Indigestion, Worms, gives sleep and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication. THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

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Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS: \$1.00 Per Annum. (IN ADVANCE.)

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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.

Newspaper 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 his name may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to DAVIDSON 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 is the proprietor or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for a *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 2 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.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon. G. W. Messon, 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. ROSECOCK, Ushers and W. H. BASS.

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. Greenwich and Avonport services at 2 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—From Sunday, June 28th, through the months of July, August and September, and up to October 4th in the current year. The regular Sunday Service will be held at 11 a. m. Notice will be given of any extra services which may be held from time to time. The sittings in this church are free. Strangers and Visitors are always cordially welcomed. 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 7:30 o'clock p. m. J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7:30 o'clock.

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

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

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, Furnitures, Etc.

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.

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 Flow.

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.

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"Are you the operator?" "Yes, what do you want?" "Here is a note for you. You dare not refuse the request contained in the letter. You recognize the handwriting?" I hurriedly glanced along the lines to catch the import. My heart stood still.

"Go! I will be at the appointed place." "I was instructed to see that you did come. I will show you the way." I glanced at the face, upon which a frigid, determined look had settled with a savageness that made me tremble. The letter was before me. Without noticing the remark, I read every line that burned into my brain.

"Wait. I will come." I rose from my seat, glanced sharply at the clock, noted the time, which was

propitious, for I could spare an hour without danger: drew on my overcoat and followed the strange man, who seemed entirely oblivious to surroundings as he strode forward with an energy that made walking anything but a pleasure.

I halted and dropped behind a corner, in a moment his dainty, bony fingers were around my throat. I was powerless to resist. A choking sensation made me weak and timid. With a movement that he seemed to understand the strong grip on my neck was relaxed. Again we strode forward to turn into ways which were unknown to me.

I was betrayed: what was the terrible danger that made my duty a culpable neglect? Already the moments were flying, a chilly sensation swept through every nerve as I thought of the helpless lives intrusted to my keeping; but onward he strode. I could feel the basilisk charm of the bloodshot eyes that resembled coals of fire as they cast watchful glances behind.

We halted at a remote house on the suburbs; with a heavy rap he stood waiting for an entrance, while his inhuman expression was intensified by the sickly glare of a single tallow dip, whose dull rays struggled through the dingy pane.

A shuffling gait from within and a cautious turn of the key opened the door to reveal the outlines of a bent figure that shaded the candle with one hand, while a suspicious, cunning stare was fixed upon the newcomers.

Without a remonstrance I followed my guide through the rickety passage that ended at a low, wide portal which was securely closed. Quietly the limping figure drew from the faded cloak a bunch of keys and with extreme deliberation pushed open the door.

The subdued hum of voices reached us faintly as we passed along a narrow dark way to stand at the further end until a flood of light almost blinded our eyes. We entered, the door was closed. The low ceiled room was filled with rough looking men. Winchester and pistols were the principal ornaments, as they hung from painted pegs or lay carelessly around within easy reach.

A look of astonishment that I could not conceal caused a roar of laughter as they handed my evil genius a flask of brandy and shoved him into one corner, where he soon lost to the present, as he reined in a drunken stupor.

"Come, young chap, you see we de-coyed you; take a hand just for luck." "I have no money." "Here is a pile of chips, blue, red and white. You see we sorter thought as how you was business up there and sent Dick to find you. We will treat you right if you behave yourself. Come make your aut, you keep the game waiting."

I was fond of poker, but the game was as far from my thoughts as the stars from my present position. I played mechanically; I lack smiled in every jack pot. I could not lose. I grew immensely in the estimation of my captors. Every moment was an agony, for I could see what the result of neglected duty would be. I continued to play, the stakes were in my hands.

Rough applause followed every lucky turn of the game. I called for four cards, my opponent did likewise; their hot whiskey breaths were on my face I threw down my hand, four aces, and ended the game.

"Young chap, the money is yours by right, you cleaned us all out; but we will make a haul to night that will be worth something."

I sat upright, the whole truth flashed upon me—a train robbery. I located the very spot; what a fearful sacrifice of life; oh, what horror numbed me!

"Young chap, you can find your way back the best you can, for the damage has been done by this time." As he spoke he drew a watch from his pocket and stared fixedly at the face. I stole a glance, his time was fast. I scarcely breathed, it might not be too late. I stood alone in the deserted street, a hawk moved slowly by, I sprang to the seat and thrust a five dollar bill into the driver's hand. "Drive for your life to the depot." He cast one glance at the money, the horses were in a mad gallop as we whirled by corners with a recklessness that was dangerous. The hawk drew up at the entrance. I sprang from the seat and flew to my

POETRY.

The Mystic Angel, Sleep.

Out of what dreamy land,
Or league of sea or shadow,
Or lakes where lilies stand,
Or over snows and meadow,
Cometh the tender angel, Sleep,
To those that either laugh or weep.

In all the long years fled
Beyond the phantom river,
No saint nor seer hath said:
"I saw his pinions quiver,
And heard across the silent night
His coming or his mystic flight."

Swift from some meadow bed
Of poppies, white as lace,
Or from the days long dead
Amid the vanished faces,
Maybe he mounts the dusky sky
Where clouds of fading scarlet lie.

But all we ever know,
When once his spell hath bound us,
And sleeping soft and low,
The world is lost around us,
Comes in the rosy tide of dreams
As sweet as lilies over streams.

For, when the morning gates
Swing back in silvery glory,
This angel never waits
To hear our drowsy story,
Whether the morrow comes again
In splendid rapture or in pain.

Enough to us that he
From poppy bed or meadow,
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Hath brought through dusk and shadow
That sweetest gift to those that weep
Or laugh—the blessed balm of sleep.

SELECT STORY.

The Train Dispatcher.

The office clock ticked with a steady swing, the low pendulum oscillated between the ends of the arc with a monotonous regularity that made one sleepy. The air was damp and chilly outside, only to make the grate a dispenser of warmth and comfort. The constant clicking of my desk relieved the lonesomeness, as I sat with my thumb and two fingers on the key and my eyes on the clock dial sending the trains in security along the various lines of the road.

The comfort and happiness of men, women and children were intrusted to my vigilant care. The responsibility of the position can only be appreciated by one who is, or has been, placed in a similar position. I sat all alone with invisible glances fixed on the network of iron, where trains were sweeping over miles of space with lightning speed, while the far reaching throbs of electric power came to me from distant stations to locate every movement that gilded my untracing judgment.

Every delayed train became an object of concern as it sidetracked for the regular or made up the time between long runs, thus keeping my nerves up to the tension which made life a constant round of duty.

I looked drowsily at the clock, my eyes were heavy with sleep. Oh! for something to rouse me. I walked the narrow space in front of the railing. I opened the door; the cool air blew on my face to bring new life to the sluggish blood that was stealing all my senses. I involuntarily shivered, as the cool breath of night swept through me to make me draw nearer to the fire.

I peered into the glowing bank of coals only to relapse into deeper unconsciousness, when a rap at the door startled me. Glad to escape from the incubus that made me dull, I welcomed the intruder with a bluff:

"Come in."

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