

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1892.

No. 24.

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended by the highest medical authorities. It is a safe and reliable medicine for all ailments of infants and children. It is sold in bottles of 10, 25, 50, 100, 250, 500, 1000, and 2500 grains. It is sold by all druggists and grocers.

### 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.

For advertising on application to the office, and payment in advance.

Advertisements for transient advertising will be accepted on application to the office, and payment in advance.

The Acadian DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

New communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited.

The office of the Acadian is at the corner of the street, and is open from 10 o'clock in the morning to 10 o'clock in the evening.

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 for 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, or removing and leaving them uncollected for prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 8 30 p. m. Mails made up at 10 o'clock.

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 00 a. m.

Express west close at 10 30 a. m.

Express east close at 12 30 p. m.

Kedville close at 7 00 p. m.

Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Opens 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, both free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COUS W. BROWN, 3 Ushers

a new Banns.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 10 30 a. m. Sabbath School at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7 30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Gransick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Tims, Assistant Pastor; Horton and Wilson, Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a. m. Greenwell and Avoport 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—Service every Sunday afternoon at 3, except the first Sunday in the month, when there will be Morning Prayer with Celebration of the Holy Communion at 11.

ISAAC BROOK, D. D., Rector of Horton.

By FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a. m. in the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meet at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 30 o'clock.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

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

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

### DIRECTORY

OF THE

Business Firms of

WOLFVILLE

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

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes

Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnish- ing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages

and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Mak- er and Repairer.

BROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

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

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Pub- lishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent.

Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

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

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HEBBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. L.—General Coal Deal- er. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line fully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

DATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

DOCKWELL & CO.—Book, Station- ers, 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 Tin- ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Pumps.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPER—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Fur- nishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

### POETRY

Unanswered.

Why is it the tenderest feet must tread

the roughest road?

Why is it the weakest back must carry

the heaviest load,

While the feet that are surest and firmest

have the smoothest paths to go,

And the back that is straightest, and

strongest has never a burden to know?

Why is it the brightest eyes are the ones

soon dim with tears?

Why is it the lightest heart must ache and

ache for years,

While the eyes that are hardest and coldest

shed never a bitter tear?

And the heart that is smallest and meanest

has never an ache to fear?

Why is it that those who are saddest have

always the gayest laugh?

Why is it those who need not have always

the "biggest" heart,

While those who have never a sorrow

have seldom a smile to give,

And those who want just a little must

strive and struggle to live?

Why is it the noblest thoughts are the ones

that are never expressed?

Why is it the grandest deeds are the ones

that are never confessed,

While the thoughts that are like all others

are the ones we always tell,

And the deeds worth little praise are the

ones that are published well?

Why is it the sweetest smile has for its

cause a sigh?

Why is it the strongest love is the love

we always pay?

While the smile that is bold and unfeeling

is the smile for which we pray,

And the love we kneel to and worship is

only common clay?

Why is it the friends we trust are the ones

who always betray?

Why is it the lips we wish to kiss are the

lips so far away,

While those close by our side, if we knew it,

is a friend who would be true,

And the lips we might have kissed, are the

lips we never see?

Why is it the things we can have are the

things we always refuse?

Why is it the things we can have are the

things we always lose?

And life seems never complete, no matter

how long we wait.

—Elizabeth Stuart Martin.

### POETRY

What did the woman say to you? Who

is she?

He turned sharply to me with a

white face, looking older than his own

father.

"I know nothing about her," he an-  
swered rudely. "Ask that girl," with a  
nod in the direction of Mary. "Ask  
her, I say; don't you hear?" he repeat-  
ed quite angrily, as I stood motion-  
less.

"Mechanically I walked after Mary,

he following.

"Mary," I asked in a tremulous

voice, when I came up with her, "who

is that woman who was with you in the

boat?"

Looking back at Tom, I saw that

he was waiting for her answer with an

interest, an anxiety, even stronger than

my own.

"Ask Hilary Gold," said Mary, cold-  
ly and haughtily.

I tried to see what effect this reply

of hers would have on Tom, but he was

always enough to perceive my intention,

and to keep his face turned away as

she uttered it.

We all entered the house in silence,

and found poor Mrs. Camden fluttering

about in a great state of anxiety as to

what had become of us. Mr. Marshall

had sent again and again to ask wheth-  
er we had returned, she said. At these

words Tom turned round.

"I must see my father," he said.

"I think you had better not to-night,

if you have anything of an exciting or

disturbing nature to impart to him,"

said Mrs. Camden, noticing the expres-  
sion on the young man's face.

"I have to ask his advice on a very

important matter, that's all. But I

must see him. Which room is he in?"

He was walking towards the stairs.

Mrs. Camden directed him with man-  
ifest reluctance. I tried to calm her

fears by assuring her that Tom was by

no means the silly young man she

thought him, who would disturb an

invalid unnecessarily, but I myself

felt uneasy, remembering the manner

in which the occurrences of the day be-  
fore had preyed upon the hard-worked

lawyer.

Tom was in his father's room by the

time I went upstairs to take my hat off.

I was two rooms away, but all the win-  
dows were open, and in a few moments

I caught tones of passionate excitement

issuing from the apartment where father

and son were conversing. Suspense,

anxiety made my ears sharp. With-  
out trying, though scarcely without

wishing to hear, I presently caught

fragments of speech. Both speakers

were greatly excited, sometimes to the

point of speaking at the same time. The

father's tone was one of reproach

that of the son was alternately sullen

and entreating.

"My son, my own son! How could I

expect it of you!" said Mr. Marshall's

voice.

And then followed a heated discussion

throughout which both voices sank low-  
er. It was Tom whose words I caught

next, spoken in a tone of recklessness

and passion.

"What's the use of wasting time

in talk? It's all found out; or what

is not known yet may be known any

minute. You don't suppose that woman

will keep a man's counsel a minute

longer than suits her purpose. We

had better go abroad, the whole lot;

we're done for here."

His voice had gradually risen so

high that every word of this speech

### POETRY

Lord Stoburnness." After a miser-

able twenty minutes during which Mrs.

Camden tried to snub me, and I in vain

tried to rouse Mary's attention, I heard

Tom's footsteps on the stairs, and

thoughtlessly sprang to my feet. Mrs.

Camden gave an icy little laugh.

"In the set I have been accustomed

to mix with," she said with emphasis,

"it was understood that for a young

girl to show emotion on the approach

of a young man betrayed the manners

of the kitchen."

"In my set," I retorted with more

emphasis still, "we know nothing about

the kitchen, nor do we trouble ourselves

about its manners."

I didn't want to be rude to the poor

old thing, but I was really tired of be-  
ing sat upon. She was on the verge

of hysterics as in spite of her comments,

I hurried out of the room.

Tom was by this time standing at

the foot of the stairs with his hat in

his hand. He turned to me with a

hard stare.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I want to

talk to you. Come into the dining-

room, we shall escape the women."

I followed him into the long apart-

ment which, with its dark mahogany

portraits and heavy mahogany furni-  
ture, always seemed to me bare and

dreary. A glimmer of gas was left in the

chandelier, just enough to make the eyes

on the canvases blink at you.

"Now then," he said abruptly. "You

were eavesdropping upstairs just now;

what was it you heard?"

"Tom," I remonstrated tearfully,

"how can you accuse me of such a thing.

Do you really think I would condescend

to listen at doors?"

"Well, you listened to private conver-

sation that you knew was not intend-

ed for you. I know by the quiver look

on your face when I caught you at the

door," he continued harshly.

"Guilty look!" I echoed fiercely, rais-

ing my head and looking full in his

face. "Indeed, Tom, I think it would

be well if nobody in the house had a

greater reason to look guilty than I."

It was an ungenerous taunt, but I

was stung to the quick by the tone he

was taking with me, as if I had been an

enemy anxious to use my knowledge I

would have to his harm. To my utter

surprise and consternation, instead of