THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1890. No. 10.

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.

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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 ficticious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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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.
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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 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, B. 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.

Incompleteness.

Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty; but alone
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,
Gracious though it be, of her blue hours;
But is hidden in her tender leaning
To the Summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Dawn is fair, because the mists fade slowly
Into day, which floods the world with light,
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy,
Just because it ends in starry night.

Childhood's smiles unconscious graces borrow
From strife, that in a far off future lies;
And angel glances (veiled now by life's sorrow)
Draw our hearts to some beloved eyes.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a divine and perfect Love.

Learn the mystery of Progression duly:
Do not call each glorious change decay,
But know we only hold our treasures truly,
When it seems as if they passed away.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness;
In that want their beauty lies; they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
Bearing onward man's reluctant soul.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

SELECT STORY.

A Bachelor's Wife.

"Why have I never married, Nellie? Well, if you must know, it is not because I do not want to marry. Sometimes the picture of my own home and hearthstone shapes itself before me until life seems hardly worth living without it: but it is an ideal picture my fancy paints. It is not a house, but a home. It is not the rustle of silken trains through its halls. It is the sunshine of a woman's smile. It boasts no richer, sweeter music than the happy voices and laughter of the little children whom God may send to fill it. You know now why I have never married although the world calls me a rich man, and I am free, but, Nell, girls nowadays are not fitted for such homes. They are society dolls."

"You're all wrong, Tom," answered his friend. "Girls' hearts nowadays are just as warm and true as they were a century ago; but——"

"Oh, Nell——" interrupted a fresh, girlish voice, as a young lady stepped through one of the long drawing-room windows on the lawn of Mrs Merton's charming villa, a faint rose flush tinging her cheek, as she saw too late that she had come upon a tete-a-tete.

She was a beautiful girl, dressed in the very height and extreme of fashion, from the tip of the little boot to the crown of the flower-wreathed hat.

"My friend, Mr Leighton, Lucy, Miss Meadows, Mr Leighton."

So this was Tom Leighton, whom she had heard of all her life. She was not sorry for the interruption, after all; still, stealing a glance at the dark, handsome face, over which all women raved, and delivering the message which had brought her, she disappeared as she had come.

"Who is she?" queried Tom.

"Richard Meadows' daughter, and an heiress. I am chaperoning her for a few weeks, as her mother is an invalid. Not at all the sort of a girl you are in search of. So see to it that you do not trespass upon my manor in quest of idle amusement."

Notwithstanding which kindly warning, it was straight to Miss Meadows' side that Tom Leighton wended his way when, about nine o'clock the same evening, she entered the ball room.

"Not at all the woman for a wife," he mentally soliloquized; "but as a partner for a dance, enough to make one the envy of all the follows in the room."

"May I have the pleasure of the next waltz, Miss Meadows?" he said, bowing low before her.

"Thanks," she answered in a low musical tone, "but I have not an empty space to-night. I am passionately fond of dancing, and my friends are good enough to see that I have no lack of partners."

"Of course an entirely unselfish action upon their part," was his reply, with just a suspicion of pique in his tones.

"Well, then," he continued, "shall it be to-morrow night, and will you put me down twice?"

"With pleasure," she said simply, as her partner approached to claim her.

Somehow it was all stale and unprofitable to Tom that night, and when he retired, rather earlier than his custom, the thoughts which mingled with the smoke of his fragrant Havana, as he sat by his window listening to the ocean's roar, were, if anything, a trifle more cynical than his usual wont; nor did he sleep as soundly as usual.

"I need a walk," he said to himself, next morning, and started off about nine o'clock for a solitary stroll.

In this, however, he was doomed to disappointment, for, turning a sudden angle on the beach, he came face to face with Miss Meadows.

"What unexpected good fortune!" he exclaimed, doffing his hat. "I did not dream you were such an early riser," looking as he spoke at the bright color the morning breeze had brought into her cheeks, and the dark eyes so frankly uplifted to his own.

"Frightfully inconvenient is it not?" she queried, laughing—a little low, rippling laugh; "but one must be alone sometimes, so I am driven to it in selfdefence."

"Rather an unfeeling hint that my morning trespass must not be repeated," he said ruefully.

"Oh, no, indeed! We should not be likely to meet again in any case. Besides the beach is public property."

"Rather a pretty costume for the admiration of the sea-gulls," he continued, looking down at the dainty dress.

"I dress for myself, Mr Leighton. I am passionately fond of pretty things, and fortunately am able to gratify myself. I have often wondered how men who are so severe upon women for their love of the beautiful, would like their wives to appear in ill-fitting garments, or as slatterns. By the way, did you ever see a man who did not return straightway to his tailor a coat which had in it a crooked seam, or an ugly wrinkle?"

"I can't say I ever did," he replied, laughing.

The hop that evening Mr Leighton voted a success, though he usually regarded them unnecessary bores.

Miss Meadows had made dancing an art. He could have wished the music to last for ever. As she floated through the room on his arm, she was like some beautiful dream.

To come into her presence was seeking a more bracing atmosphere, and ere many days had fled Tom Leighton found himself counting the hours not spent with her as wasted hours. Yet that there was any danger to himself or her he never dreamed.

He made to himself an ideal to which she was in every way the opposite. Fashions and luxuries were to her necessities. The woman he married must have a mind above such trivialities.

Three weeks had passed since he had met Miss Meadows, when, waiting one morning for her to join him for a promised drive, and idly scanning the morning papers just delivered at the hotel, his eyes fell on the startling announcement of the temporary, but it was feared permanent, suspension of Meadows & Co., the great bankers.

These were troublesome times, when the weak and strong tottered together. Their failure would cause a loss to himself of several thousands; but for this Tom Leighton never gave but a passing memory.

His whole thought was filled with the girl on whom the crushing blow must fall.

"How pale you look!" said a sweet voice beside him. "Are you not well? Shall we not go?

He turned towards the speaker. How lovely she looked—lovely not only with nature's loveliness, but all the accessories of perfect taste added to make a perfect whole!

How could she bear poverty and failure? She should not, if he could save her from them. In that moment he knew how false were his sophistries and how all unconsciously he had learned the lesson Love only teaches.

At first they were both silent on the drive; then she turned towards him with a sort of silent sympathy in her voice.

"Tell me what troubles you," she said.

"Only," he answered, "that I am waking from a dream, and it is for you to decide whether my waking shall be of earth or of heaven. Lucy, I love you! The dearest wish I have would be to make you my wife! Darling have I been too abrupt?"

A bright flush mantled her cheek, as she raised her dark eyes to his.

"I will be frank with you, Mr Leighton," she answered. "Had you spoken yesterday, your words would have given me only pleasure—now they bring a mingled pain: for I cannot give you the answer my heart prompts. I am no longer rich, Mr Leighton. My father is threatened with failure. While he is troubled I cannot think of my happiness. My place is by his side. I intend returning home to-night. I meant to have told you in any case, but I hated to spoil our drive by dragging in my troubles."

In utter amaze, Tom listened to her words. She had known of her father's threatened ruin, and yet had smiled so cheerily, and had found time to sympathise with any misfortune she fancied might have come to him; and now she could quietly lay aside all thought of self, in thinking of her father and his disaster.

A great wave of tenderness swept over the man's nature, and with a respect almost holy for the girl whom he had judged once with so narraw a judgement.

"My love," he said "I will wait for you; will serve for you, as Jacob served for Rachel, and I will never give you up."

And drawing her to him, he sealed the words with a lover's kiss upon the young lips, which made no resistance to his touch.

But Dame Fortune does not always frown on love's true course.

The suspension of Meadows and Co. was but temporary, after all. The pretty house next to Mrs Merton's found tenants in the early winter, and Tom declares, spite of the fact that his wife's trosseau came direct from Paris, and was the envy of all the feminine hearts, that he has realized his two ideals—he has found a home, and married an old-fashioned girl.

Peculiar Infatuation.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF FOLLOWING THE INJUNCTION "LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

Do men ever fall in love with each other?

Women do. Not long ago a young woman in New Jersey was married to a youthful laborer on her father's farm. Sometime afterward it was discovered that the husband was a female; the young wife refused, however, though earnestly entreated by her friends, to give up her chosen consort. The strangest part of the discovery was the fact that the bride knew her husband was a woman before she was led to the altar.

If men do not exhibit this strange infatuation for one of their own sex, they at least oftentimes give evidence of the fact that they love one another. There are many instances on record where one man has given his life for another. There are many more instances where men have given life to another.

It is a proud possession—the knowledge that one has saved a precious human life. Meriden, Conn., is the home of such a happy man. John H. Preston, of that city, July 11th, 1890, writes: "Five years ago I was taken very sick, I had several of the best doctors, and one and all called it a complication of diseases. I was sick four years, taking prescriptions prescribed by these same doctors, and in truthfully state I never expected to get any better. At this time, I commenced to take the most terrible pains in my back. One day an old friend of mine, Mr R. T. Cook of the firm of Curtis & Cook, advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure, as he had been troubled the same way and it had effected a cure for him. I bought six bottles, took the medicine as directed and am to-day a well man. I am sure no one ever had a worse case of kidney and liver trouble than I had. Before this I was always against proprietary medicines but not now, oh, no."

Friendship expresses itself in very peculiar ways sometimes; but the true friend is the friend in need.

Proverbs from the Talmud.

Deal with those who are fortunate.

Silence is the fence around wisdom.

No man is impatient with his creditors.

He who is loved by man is loved by God.

The cock and the owl both await daylight.

The soldiers fight and the kings are heroes.

A myrtle, even in the desert, remains a myrtle.

Truth is heavy, therefore few care to carry it.

The weakness of thy walls invites the burglar.

The cat and the rat make peace over the carcass.

Hospitality is an expression of divine worship.

Rabbi Jochanan said: "He who gives becomes rich."

Commit a sin twice and it will not seem to thee a crime.

If thou tellest thy secret to three persons ten know it.

Many a colt's skin is fastened to the saddle its mother bears.

He who increaseth his flesh but multiplieth food for the worms.

A single light answers as well for a hundred men as for one.

The camel desired horns and his ears were taken from him.

Two pieces of coin in one bag make more noise than a hundred.

Women are not slow to comprehend. They're quick. They're alive, and yet it was a man who discovered the *one* remedy for their *peculiar* ailments. The man was Dr Pierce.

The discovery was his "Favorite Prescription"—the boon to delicate women. Why go round "with one foot in the grave," suffering in silence——misunderstood——when there's a remedy at hand that isn't an experiment, but which is sold under the *guarantee* that if you are disappointed in any way in it, you can get your money back by applying to its makers.

We can hardly imagine a woman's not trying it. Possibly it may be true of one or two—but we doubt it. Women are ripe for it. They must have it. Think of a prescription and nine out of ten waiting for it. Carry the news to them!

The seat of sick headache is not the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr Pierce's Pellets are the Little Regulators.

Industry.

Man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our naturel sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain a brier or thorn which divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility, which we can overcome with industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

Cheerfulness at Table.

Our meals should not only serve to satisfy our hunger but should be made the occasion of social enjoyment. Physicians tell us that food is far more nourishing when eaten amid cheerful conversation. Silence and gloom spoil the choicest viands, while jarring words are still worse. Therefore let us banish every unpleasant topic from the table—every thing that can annoy, excite, or occasion controversy, and let us systematically cultivate cheerful and pleasant table-talk.

The seven senses are—seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling, smelling, understanding and speech. The seven virtues are—faith, hope, charity, prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance. The seven deadly sins are—pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony envy and sloth.

The 41,000,000 gallons of spirits made in the United Kingdom in 1889, was mostly used in England, and nearly three-fourths of this vast quantity was drank as a beverage.

KNOCKED OUT.—"Where are you going my pretty little maid?" he softly inquired.

"Should the weather indications continue of an auspicious character my intended destination is yonder inclosure where my unswervable determination is to extract such an amount of lacteal fluid from the distended udder of the gentle articulating kine as may be deemed necessary and advisable," camly replied the rustic girl who had worked for two weeks in a Boston family.

And she passed on her way, leaving a gibbering idiot groveling on the ground, where lately had stood the dandiest drummer in New York.

EXCUSED.—Schoolmistress (with ominous look in her eye)—What made you so late, Robert Reed?

Robert—Been fightin.'

Schoolmistress (advancing furiously)—You have, eh?

Robert—Yes, ma'am. A boy sed yer wuz ugly as home made sin an' I jest gave it to him.

School mistress—Well, Bobby dear, I must pardon you this time, but control your temper the best you can.

One of the great feats of the railway engineering of the time is being performed in Northern Queensland. A line is being constructed from Cairns to the tin mines of Herbertstown. It is costing $200,000 to $250,000 per mile. A whole range of mountains has to be crossed and the trains will pass over perilous precipices and yawning chasms.

You know the old story of how Sir Walter Raleigh wrote with a diamond on a window,—

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall." And Queen Elizabeth wrote under it,

"If thy heart fail the, do not climb at all."

"Papa," asked Johnny Withers of his father, who was a graduate of Boomtown University in '58, "what is the meaning of 'Semper fidelis?'"

"Always fiddling, my son. It was a term applied to the Emperor Nero, who swam the Hellespont while Rome was burning," replied the old man.

A man at Calliope, Iowa, has been sent to jail for refusing to pay his wife $400 that he borrowed of her before marriage.

AYER'S PILLS

Excel all others as a family medicine. They are suited to every constitution, old and young, and, being sugar-coated, are agreeable to take. Purely vegetable, they leave no ill effects, but strengthen and regulate the stomach, liver, and bowels, and restore every organ to its normal function. For use either at home or abroad, on land or sea, these Pills

Are the Best.

"Ayer's Pills have been used in my family for over thirty years. We find them an excellent medicine in fevers, eruptive diseases, and all bilious troubles, and seldom call a physician. They are almost the only pill used in our neighborhood."—Redmon C. Comly, Row Landing P. O., W. Feliciana Parish, La.

"I have been in this country eight years, and, during all this time, neither I, nor any member of my family have used any other kind of medicine than Ayer's Pills, but these we always keep at hand, and I should not know how to get along without them."—A. W. Soderberg, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Cathartic Pills as a

Family Medicine

for 35 years, and they have always given the utmost satisfaction."—James A. Thornton, Bloomington, Ind.

"Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me of severe headache, from which I was long a sufferer."—Emma Keyes, Hubbardstown, Mass.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT.

Send 2c. for Surprise Soap Boxes Prize Puzzle, or for 2c. stamp to cover postage, you will receive by return mail, a beautiful picture, either the beautiful picture or a game. Surprise Soap Boxes lead pencils, Crack Jacks and Almanac.

Ask your grocer for SURPRISE Soap and take no other.

For the laundry and general household use.

The St. Croix Soap Mf'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.