THE ACADIAN
AND KINGS CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. VIII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1889. No. 39.

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

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.

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 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.

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 uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

OFFICE HOURS, 8 a. M. TO 8 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.50 a. m.

Express west close at 10.55 a. m.

Express east close at 5.10 p. m.

Kentville close at 7.15 p. m.

GEO. V. BARSS, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.

A. DEW. BARSS, 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 Thursday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COLIN W BOSCOM, 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.

METHODIST CHURCH—Revs D. W. Johnson and G. F. Tray, Pastors. Services every Sabbath at 11 00 a m and 7 00 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Prayer Meeting on Thursdays at 7 30 p m.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a m and 3 p 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, R. Prat and Frank A. Dixon, 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. W. Caldwell, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

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

JOB PRINTING of every description done at short notice at this office.

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.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

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

BISHOP, E. C.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors, Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

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

CALDWELL & MURRAY.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Groceries, 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. R.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HAMILTON, MISS S. A.—Milliner, and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

HARRIS, C. 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 Carriages and Team Harness. Opposite Bank.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Booksellers, Stationers, Pianos, Organs, and dealers in Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.

RAND, C. 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, C. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WHITE, MCKEEN.—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.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, CONVEYANCER, INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC

Also General Agent for Fire and Life Insurance.

WOLFVILLE N S

Campbell's Cathartic Compound

A SURE CURE FOR CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

Kingsport, Mass., 21st Oct., 1886.—I find Campbell's Cath artic Compound is a most active, thorough and safe cathartic. Very biliousness, and easy to take. I am, yours truly A. S. Burgess.

Sold by dealers in family medicines everywhere. 25c. per bottle

Select Poetry.

Sometime.

Sometime we two will live a joyous life,
For us the birds will chant a tuneful rhyme,
For us with peciar sweet the flowers be rife,
And for our joys all things combine, sometime.

Sometime the storm's wild blast shall never beat
Our flowers nor shall the beneath the rime
And shows of winter time. In our retreat
All seasons shall be beauteous spring sometime.

Sometime the morn shall dawn in splendor bright,
On tranquil, balmy air the distant chime
Of matin bells shall float to greet the light
All nature wake in harmony sometime.

Sometime the eve to the perfect day shall be
As the bugle's truce to the martial air sublime,
Or sweet refrain to a tender melody
Lulling the weary heart to rest, sometime.

Interesting Story.

A Brave Woman.

BY MRS C. M. LIVINGSTON.

The Rev Dr Carter was tired. He had done a hard day's work; had put the finishing touches on his Sabbath evening sermon, had officiated at two weddings and one funeral, presided at a meeting of associated charities and visited the orphan asylum, the inebriate asylum, and the old ladies' home. The doctor was popular. If he had not divided himself up with nice system, there would scarcely have been enough of him to go round, so many were the demands upon his time and strength. He had his days for calling upon the members of his congregation, days for the sick, days for the poor, and days for public institutions. It was with a comfortable sense of duty done and rest earned that, at the close of this day, he seated himself by an open fire in his library. His slippers and dressing gown were on, and he had just leaned back in his easy chair and breathed a sigh of relief, when there came a ring at the door bell and a servant appeared to say that a woman was waiting in the parlor to see him.

"It is too bad," said Mrs Carter, who had lighted the gas and was about to read aloud from a fresh magazine. "You never have one minute to yourself. Do let me go and excuse you, George, and ask her to come another time."

"Pooh, pooh," the doctor said, as he drew himself up wearily. "I might as well see her now as any time."

A plainly dressed, grey-haired woman rose to meet him as he entered the room. At first thought he supposed her to be one of his country parishioners who had called to beg him to accept a box of clover honey, or a pair of fine ducks. Another and more searching look convinced him of his mistake. The set lines about the mouth and the intense, almost fierce expression of the deep set grey eyes betokened no such kindly intent. She fumbled in her pocket for a minute and produced a bit cut from a newspaper.

"Did you write that?" she asked, handing the paper to Dr Carter.

He glanced over it. It was an extract from one of his own articles defending his position on the total abstinence question, wherein he claimed that every man must be a law unto himself, that even the Scriptures did not forbid the use of wine in moderation, that men who set up a standard of total abstinence, denouncing all who did not come up to it, were bigots and fanatics, besides being "wise above what was written." He declared that a man must be weak indeed who required a pledge to keep him within the bounds of common decency; that the Creator gave to man all the good things of this life, the fruit of the vine included. He was to use them, not abuse them, and to exercise Christian self-control in all things, without which he would be no better than the brutes.

"Yes, madam, I believe I wrote it," Dr Carter said, stiffly, handing the paper back to her. "Why do you wish to know?"

Fixing her keen eyes upon him, the woman went on without heeding his question.

"Twenty years ago my sister died. She gave her baby to me. She said, 'Bring him up for God.' I was poor and had to work hard, but I did my best for the little fellow. He was all I lived for, except to serve my Master, and I loved him for his mother and myself too. I worked night and day, tugged and shaved and went without things—and was glad to do it—to keep him in school till he got a common education. He was a good boy, bright too, and I was proud of him. He was always saying, 'Wait till I begin to make money. You shan't work any more, Aunt Polly.'

"When he was eighteen he got a good place in a store in this city. He was book-keeper, and Mr Ferris said he would trust him with everything and anything. Oh, I thought my cup was full when he came home the first time to stay over Sunday. He looked so tall and handsome in his new clothes, and he left some money for me and always sent me some every month. He said he went to church and Sunday school and kept good company, and I needn't worry about him. Everybody spoke well of him and it all went right for two years, and then, one day, I got a telegram to come quick, that Tom was sick. I went as fast as I could go. The poor boy was raving, didn't know me at all. I thought he had caught a fever and set to work to nurse him. When the doctor came he told me it was of no use, that Tom could not live, that he had brain disease caused by drinking liquor! I was angry. I told the doctor he didn't know what he was saying. My boy drank—the best and purest boy that ever walked the earth! I wouldn't believe it, not a word of it. But after the doctor had gone I found a letter in Tom's drawer that he had begun to write to me. He wrote the first part of it three months ago, then he thought he wouldn't send it. But just before he was taken sick he finished it and it was laying there all ready to go to the post-office, and this piece that he had cut from the newspaper was in it. I've got to read it to you, for there is the whole story.'

Dr Carter was on the point of telling her that he was too busy a man to listen to such stories, but there was a certain sad dignity about her that kept him silent.

"August 10—Dear Aunt Polly"—the letter began, "Did you ever hear of Dr Carter? I've begun to attend his church lately. He's considered the best preacher in the city. I like him very much. He preaches splendid sermons and is a jolly man besides; none of your long faced cranks. He doesn't think that a man is going straight to perdition if he takes a glass of beer. He says one must not take too much beer or wine, any more than he must eat too much pie or drink too much coffee; and that, as long as one controls himself and keeps within certain limits, it is all right and sometimes necessary to health to take some stimulant. Now that sounds like good common sense. We boys think what Dr Carter says is all law and gospel—ten of us hire two seats in his church—and we have a sort of club, meet somewhere almost every evening, so we thought we would try his doctrine on. We work hard and our board isn't very good, and we thought if a glass of beer would tone us up and make us worth more it might be a good thing. We each took a pledge that we would drink but just one glass a day—no more. It's only a week since we began, but I feel better already. That beer just hits the spot every time. I expect to weigh ten pounds more before I see you again. You see I'm keeping my promise, telling you everything. Of course it can't be wrong, or a man like Dr Carter wouldn't uphold it. I'll just cut this piece out and send it to you; then you can see for yourself. There's another argument for drinking it, too. I like the beer very much, but I am firm and take but one glass. You see that gets me into the habit of controlling myself. It strengthens character every time one resists a temptation. See?

"November 10—Dear Aunt Polly, I wrote this other letter long ago, but I'll send it to you; then you'll understand. I'm afraid I'm going to die! My head feels queer. I'm lost! I don't control myself. I'm a brute! I drank everything I could get. I couldn't help it. I tried to stop. Oh, I meant it all to be so different! If I could only begin again; but it's too late! Why did I ever hear that accursed talk? Oh, I'm lost, lost, for drunkards cannot go to heaven, and I'm a drunkard! Your Tom. Make up my bed in the little attic. Come and get me quick—quick! My head is on fire. If I am gone when you come, kiss me just once more and forgive me. Tom."

The woman read the letter through. Then, fixing her eyes on the doctor, she said in a low voice, trembling for its forced calmness: "Dr Carter, you ministers like to hear whether your work brings forth fruit. It was Tom you buried to-day. Wasn't he a handsome boy? Did you notice his curls? You couldn't see his eyes, but they were as blue as the sky. It was quick work. The doctor said his brain was too fine to stand much of the stuff; just a little set it on fire. Dr Carter"—and her voice dropped to a fearful whisper—"it was your work. You killed my boy! He was all I had, and my old heart would break if God didn't keep me. But I didn't come to call down vengeance on you. I felt like it at first. I came to warn you. There are nine other boys in that club, and nine times nine, some of them in your own church, stumbling into hell over the very words that ruined my poor boy. You've got to meet them all and your words in the great day of account. Save them, or you will lose your own soul. May the Lord open your eyes before it is forever too late."

Before Dr Carter could speak a word or recover from his astonishment his visitor had vanished. And then a bell tinkled through the house. There was a fragrance of tea and toast, the patter of children's feet, the rustle of the wife's dress, and the minister went like one dazed to the tea-table. During the meal he was pale and abstracted, neither talking or eating much.

"It is just what I feared," Mrs Carter said; "You have overworked to-day, and that lugubrious-looking woman was the last straw. I just had a glimpse of her as she went out. You had better retire early and get a long rest."

To be continued.

Poor Country Editor.

This heading is a brief discription of the heaviest-taxed specimens of the human race. The writer has been there 25 years of his most active life. There are many of the duties, privileges and pleasures of the position of which anyone could envy a "country editor," and yet it is a life of servitude and ingratitude. A country editor has to read his papers and write his editorials at night, when he should lay aside the work and troubles of life to enjoy the society of his family, which he too frequently has no time to get fairly acquainted with. In the day he sticks typs, makes up forms, folds papers; makes up the mails, runs errands, collects bills, saws wood, works in the garden, attends political caucuses, heads and leads forward every enterprise for building up his town, making public improvements, building churches, and especially by every device in his power making politicians out of the most unworthy specimens of humanity. And then he is the first man neglected, and worst man abused of any one in the community. He has to do gratuitously ten times as much work for the public, for the party, for the church, for society, for all charity objects, as any person in his village. He is the pack horse and the drudge for every interest and enterprise.

The privileges of the position are the opportunities to go free, or as a deadhead, to all shows, theatres, benefits, etc., after doing, gratuitously, 10 times as much work for them as would pay for tickets. But the real seat a "country editor" has, is raining fire and brimstone down on the heads of all political or personal enemies, and all miserly or niggardly souls who live off society by the various devices which rascality can invent, which sometimes compensates for the servitude and vexations required of him. The country editors are generally good—perfected probably through sufferings—and they live to very old age, preserved, it is supposed, by the determination to live until their last enemy is made to bite the dust. Country editors are mostly like the man on the white horse which St John saw: "They go forth conquering and to conquer."—*Des Moines Register.*

Chunks of Wisdom.

The journalist prepares a leader; the newspaper man writes an editorial.

The journalist has the most dignity; the newspaper man has the most gall. One aspires to advise statesmen, enlighten cabinets and instruct Senates, whereas the other aims to print the news, draw little morals and make some money.

The journalist has a great head on him, but the newspaper man has got a bushel of horse sense.

The journalist is half a philosopher and half a bore, but the newspaper man is half an adventurer and half a patriot who knows a good thing when he sees it and wants the exclusive right to publish it in one regular and four extra editions.

The journalist hates slang, and the newspaper man thanks God and the gamins when he gets onto a new phase.

The journalist understands the situation in Europe, but the newspaper man knows lots about the United States and how New York is going to go next election.

The journalist has a classical education, but the newspaper man can write a four-line head in four minutes and make the lines fit the type. The intelligent compositor says the journalist is a "chump," "a dude," "a ham," and the "nephew of the proprietor," but the newspaper man he fear th and envieth.

The journalist turns loose many lucubrations, but the newspaper man says one murderer is worth two embezzlements and a divorce suit is fatter than a sermon. When the journalist dies the newspaper man pays his funeral expenses.—*New York Press.*

Farm Economy.

A mixture of kerosene and lamp-black is a good application to keep steel surfaces bright.

If the whiffle-tree breakes, don't throw it in a corner. Remove the irons. They can be fitted to new wood.

A little good feed, mixed with a good deal of thoughtful attention, is what makes the flock do its best.

The further you are from market the greater is your need of condensing products by feeding grain and clover to animals.

By keeping the cattle off the pasture one day longer in the spring, you may keep them upon it two days longer in the fall.

A handy thing to have is a box containing an assortment of bolts, nuts, rivets, nails, and a hammer, pincers and cold chisel.

The paint brush that proved to be a bargain was cleaned in turpentine each time its work was done, dried and hung up by the handle.

Keep a few panes of window glass and a paper of tacks or some putty on hand. When the window pane is broken, don't make shift; replace it.

Little Women

are as a rule, possessed of happy dispositions; but when these sweet dispositions become soured and irritable, in consequence of the long train of distressing features peculiar to female complaints, they are then not companionable to say the least. It is the duty, not only of little women so afflicted, to bring about the subjection, and immediate removal, of these painful maladies. This is easily accomplished by the use of Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the great specific for "female weakness." It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, and kindred ailments. All druggists.

Mistress (to new servant)—"Well, Bridget, we shall want breakfast on the table at 7 o'clock every morning."

Bridget—"Yis, mum; then I'm have to be called at 6."

"Used Up,"

"Tired Out," "No Energy," and similar expressions, whenever heard, indicate a lack of vital force, which, if not remedied in time, may lead to complete physical and nervous prostration. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** is the best medicine to vitalize the blood, build up the tissues, and **make the weak strong.**

"For nearly three months I was confined to the house. One of the most celebrated physicians of Philadelphia failed to discover the cause of my trouble or afford relief. I continued in a bad way until about a month ago when I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It acted like a charm. I have gained flesh and strength and feel ever so much better. Shall continue using the Sarsaparilla until completely cured."—John Y. Craven, Salem, N. J.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time."—E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

Be sure and ask for

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? The growth of intelligence in medical matters has given rise to a demand for a class of genuine, reliable medicine. The opportunity of the ignorant quack, who grew rich curing everything out of a single bottle has passed. To supply satisfactorily this demand this list of remedies has been created. They are the favorite prescriptions of the most famous medical practitioners of the day, gathered from the hospitals of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Prescriptions which cost the patients of these specialists from $25 to $100 are here offered prepared and ready for use at the nominal price of *one dollar each.* Not one of them is a cure all; each one has only the reasonable power of curing a single disease, and each one keeps is contract. Sufferers from Catarrh, Diseased Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Fever and Ague, Neuralgia, Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa or Nervous Debility, should send stamp for descriptive catalogue to Hospital Remedy Co., 303½ West King St., Toronto, Canada. If your druggist does not keep these remedies remit price and we will send direct.

For restoring the color, thickning the growth, butifying the hair, and for preventing baldness, Hall's Hair Renewer is unsurpassed.

"Beauty draws more than oxen," and is much more ready to come under the yoke.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

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

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Only Genuine System of Memory Training. Four Books Learned in one reading. Mind Wonderfully cured. Every child and adult greatly benefited. Class in music for Unconscious Classes. Prospectus post free from Prof. A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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Canada's Leading Paper.

THREE MONTHS FREE

Every subscriber, since its establishment has found it an unexcelled success, and already has it attained the position of Canada's Leading Family Newspaper. In order to place the WEEKLY EMPIRE in the hands of every farmer in the Dominion, at this season, the publishers have determined to give the Weekly

Three Months Free

to every subscriber paying for one year in advance, to date, in January, 1889.

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR $1

Now is the time to subscribe.

Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto.