

# 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, SEPTEMBER 26, 1890.

No. 5.

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as an equal to any prescription known to me."  
H. A. Archer, M. D.,  
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
The CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

### 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 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 country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the article submitted, although the same may be written under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
DAVISON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

**Legal Decisions**  
1. Any person who takes a paper registered 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 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 3 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 5.50 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 meetings on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7.30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by  
COLIN W. BOSCO, Ushers  
A. DEW HARRIS.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Rev. B. D. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 11 a. 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. B. Furner, Assistant Pastor. Horton and Wolfville. Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Green 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, 8 p. m.; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in the month. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rectors: Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Residencere, Horton; and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

**Masonic.**  
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.  
J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

**Temperance.**  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S of M meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 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.

**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. I.**—Practical Horse-Rider 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, G. 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 Plows.  
**SHAW, J. M.**—Barber and Tobaccoist.  
**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 of 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.  
Geo. V. Rand,  
Druggist,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

OLD PAPERS for sale at this Office.

### POETRY.

#### Home Together.

The road is rough before our feet,  
The hills are steep and high,  
And clouds are gathering overhead  
To shut away the sky.  
Perhaps our paths may run apart,  
In dark and stormy weather,  
But at the morning's dawning-time  
We'll all be home together.

O friend of mine, I grieve to lose  
The grasp of loving hands;  
How much we need each other here  
Each fully understand.

But if our pathways meet no more  
In meadow land or heath,  
Believe that when the night is come,  
We'll be at home together.

So here's a hand that's true, my friend,  
And steadfast, come what may,  
God grant our paths run side by side  
And part not all the way;  
But if it be that part we must—  
God only knoweth whether—  
There's comfort in the thought that night  
Will bring us home together.

### SELECT STORY.

#### AIMEE.

CONTINUED.

It was a night in April—soft and balmy as though in June. The yellow blossom of the moon hung full-blown in the dim, soft sky, sprinkled sparsely with large bright stars.

"A perfect night!" Valeria Moss said to herself, as she stood looking from the window, and she a perfectly happy girl. Was ever girl so blessed?

A new, exquisitely fitting gown, a long lovely white wrap, lined with blue—the color of her eyes—a dainty flower-bonnet atop of her chestnut curls, and the privilege of going to the opera with her fiancé, the distinguished-looking author whose novels and plays had made him famous.

They had been engaged three days, and her mamma and her friends were delighted. Her mamma had been afraid she would marry Harold's Holiness, who was only a struggling young lawyer. Poor Harold! she had been half-engaged to him, and she had loved him ever so much, but he could not give her a home, nor could he afford to take her to Paris, and so her mamma and her aunt Sue had talked her into giving him up even before she dreamed that she was admired by Herbert Gray—that pale, grave, distinguished man who rarely came to parties and never danced or flirted and seldom talked to any but men and married women.

How strange he should care for her! And how proud and happy she ought to be—the proudest, happiest girl in the world—if only she had not seen Harold's pale face yesterday, and caught him looking at her diamond engagement-ring with sad eyes that flashed haughtily when their glances met here.

Well, she must forget Harold, as he would be sure to forget her. Mamma said all these fancies were very futile; she had them before she determined to be sensible and marry papa, who was a practical, solid man—too solid for romance—said pretty Valeria to herself, with a smile, remembering her father's two hundred and forty pounds of flesh.

And Harold was so young—only five years older than she and "youngling youths," as her school-friend Marie used to say, were not half as nice as nature men.

Herbert Gray was mature enough; he was in his splendid prime. Oh! so many years older than herself, and so gravely sweet in his ways. He called her his little girl, and kissed her on the forehead, and looked at her in such a sadly tender fashion when he said:

"Do you think you could love me, Vale—you, so young and fresh, with nothing in your past to regret, and—a world-worn, world-weary man? Do you think I am not doing you a wrong to link your pure young life to mine?"

The sadness in his eyes and the melancholy sweetness of his voice fascinated her, and she answered, with an enthusiastic earnestness, she afterward blushed to remember:

"You are my dream of noble manhood. It is a crown of honor to me to bear your name."

A little of all these thoughts flitted through the head of Valeria as she sat wrapped in her snow-white opera-cloak, waiting for her fiancé to arrive and for her married sister, who was to act as

chaperon to-night, to finish her toilet.

Half an hour later she was sitting by her lover's side in a lace curtain box enjoying the first light opera she had ever seen.

The curtain rose upon a rural scene—a green opening in the woods, with a lake in the near background, and beyond blue mountains melting into the horizon. A boat touched the lake shore, and a slender figure sprang out of it. She—for evidently it was the figure of a woman in spite of the graceful male dress—half page, half troubadour—came forward and began to sing.

The voice was a contralto, rich and soft with a melancholy cadence that accorded with the face—pale, refined, and serious looking.

She had a lovely voice, and such beautiful eyes, hadn't she?" Valeria said to Mr Gray, when the song soliloquy had ended.

He did not answer. She stole a look at him, and saw that he was pale and that his brow was wrinkled with a frown of perplexed thought or puzzled recollection. It occurred when he met her glance, and he bent to her smiling, and said:

"Pardon me, dear, the singer's face and voice recalled one I knew long ago. It is one of those chance resemblances that prove to be not so strong as they seemed at first sight."

While he spoke, there was a burst of joyous voices in chorus, and out from the wood tripped a gay group of youths leading damsels in abbreviated skirts—the holiday makers who would dance on the green.

It was the first time Valeria had ever seen the *corps de ballet*, and the exhibition of shoulders and legs was so frank that it called a blush to her cheek. She put up her fan to hide it, and forbore to look at her fiancé.

She wondered to see him leave his seat beside her, with a word of excuse, and go round to the further end of the box. She had changed her position, and she now stood near the end of the stage, and quite close to Herbert Gray. Their eyes met; there was an instant flash of recognition in the glance of each, then the girl-mistral looked quickly away.

She was much agitated, and her voice trembled when she next began to sing. She did not look at him again. She went through her part faultlessly, though a close observer could tell that it was with an effort. There was a thread of melodrama running through the comedy, and the semi-pathetic role of forsaken swain had been assigned to the minstrel in whom Gray had recognized the wife who had left him eight years before.

She was changed in face and figure. She had grown taller, slenderer, her hair was darker, her features more keenly etched, as though by pain and thought; but he could see through his opera glass traces of care. Her cheeks were slightly sunken, and her face marble white, save for the stage paint.

But her voice! How happened it that he had never guessed what power and sweetness there was in the little throat that had been bent to kiss? To be sure he had been bent very sweetly in those old days. He recalled her, as he had seen her, sitting under the bush covering stoop in front of their cabin, sewing while she sung to the baby and rocked its cradle with her foot.

Where was the baby now? She must be quite a good-sized girl. He would find out where she was; he would take her away; it would never do to have his child reared by an actress in light opera. But was she—the singer light herself? He was forced to own that he saw no trace of anything unworthy in the face that he scrutinized so closely. He was angry with himself for looking at her so much. There was some unaccountable fascination for him in those big, melancholy eyes set in a face that was not fresh or fair like that of the charming girl by his side—his own betrothed—the condescending creature he was soon to take to his arms as his wife. He could do this without violating the law of the land, for long since he had privately obtained a divorce from her round of desertion, from the woman he had walked away from with his gun upon his shoulder one morning eight years ago, leaving her with a sharp sting in her heart that his words had planted there, and seeing her no more until to-night, when

she stood before him on the stage of a comic opera, wearing a boy's dress, the centre of a group of flaunting ballet-dancers. Faugh! it was well that he parted. She was no mate for him. Frivolous, common—no doubt fallen!

But as the condemning thoughts came into his mind, his instinct rose and contradicted it. Fallen she could not be. Not with those eyes; not with that grave, pure voice! Oh! that voice. Why must she sing that sweet soul melting song of love and loss?

The audience encircled her. She was singing again. Heaven's! it was a little ballad she used to sing to the baby with her foot upon the cradle, her little brown hands busy with her knitting socks for him! Good God! why did he think of these things now?

What sense was there in it? The tie between him and this woman was broken. She was probably the wife of some other man—or worse. Anyway she was nothing to him. Yes she was! She was the mother of his child, his little girl. He must see the child, he must see his ex-wife and persuade her to let him have it. He must see her soon; he must see her at once. A fervid desire took possession of him to see her to-night.

When the curtain had fallen upon the play, he put the hand of his sweet betrothed upon his arm and took her to the waiting carriage. When he had helped her into it and seen her seated beside her sister, he begged to be excused from accompanying her home. There was some business it was imperative he should look after.

When the carriage door had closed upon the smiling faces within, he turned quickly about and went around to the private stage entrance of the theater. He stood looking on as the performers came trooping out—the girls with long wraps over their stage costumes, some getting into carriages that stood before the entrance, others walking away singly or in groups, or with some cavalier who had waited impatiently for their appearance.

It was not long before the street-lamp shone upon the face he was watching to see.

She came down the stairs, a long, loose gray ulster unfolding her slender shape, a large bunch of roses in her hand. But she was not alone; a gray-haired, well fed looking man, with the air and manner of a respectable, well-to-do tradesman, was with her. She had his arm, and he seemed tenderly careful that she was well wrapped up.

They walked away, and Herbert followed them at a little distance. They came to a street where there were a number of tall apartment houses—cheap "double flats." They stepped upon the stoop of one of these, and stood talking a moment; then the man bent over the woman for an instant and—

"He kissed her!" Herbert said aloud to himself, with a sense of pain and resentment that angered him the next minute. "What is it to me if he did kiss her?" he said bitterly, as he strode rapidly homeward, after seeing that Aimee's escort had left her at the stoop and that she had disappeared into the tall building. "It is nothing to me," he repeated, "only for my child's sake! I must see my child!"

Next morning before nine o'clock he was at the door of the tall, many-windowed cheap apartment house. A windowed came out as he stepped upon the porch, and passed in at the open door with out ringing the bell, after he had found out from the woman that the singer of the Bolero Opera House, whom he said he wanted to see, lived in the "fourth floor front."

He went up three pairs of stairs and knocked upon the door that gave into the narrow hall at the head of the fourth flight of steps.

It was opened and he found himself face to face with his divorced wife. She started when her eyes met; for half a minute she stood looking at him, silent, her breath coming quickly; then she said, in a low voice of repressed feeling:

"Come in. Be seated," she added, and he sat down in the neat, simple furnished little room that had one other occupant—a sweet faced, silver-haired old lady who sat in a low chair, knitting lace. She looked up and nodded with a pleasant smile when Herbert came in.

"This is my adopted mother; she is very deaf; she cannot hear you," Aimee said. They sat down, and the two looked at each other. She was pale and care-worn, but what wonderful beautiful eyes she had! They were larger surely than they were when she was his wife, and they had gained some strange charm. They had not that intense, woeful look—patient yet proud.

"Aimee," he said, you are changed—"So are you," she answered. Then she went on: "But you are prosperous, honored, happy. I hear of you through the papers. Also that you are soon to be married. Why—love you come here—to me? What do you want with me?"

"The child," he answered—"my little girl. Give her to me. I can do a good part with her, and I will." "You will never see the child again—Herbert."

"She is dead?" he cried, the ring of pain and disappointment in his voice. She was silent. Slow tears were gathering in her eyes, her slender hands lay listless on her knees among the folds of the little black and gray gown she wore. A flower, one of last night's roses, dropped from the pin that had fastened it on her bosom.

He picked it up and looked at it. "It is withered," he said "as all human hopes must wither!" "Your hopes are not withered," she answered, with a little tone of bitterness in her soft musical voice. "You have all you ask for—fame, money, a bride from the high circles of blood and culture and fashion—a bride this time that you will not be ashamed of, though as to heart—"

"She is as loving as she is beautiful. You saw her last night," he answered. "I have seen more beautiful women, and she is young enough almost to be your daughter," she said: then checking the ungenerous impulse—was it jealousy? he wondered—she added:

"She is very lovely, and I hope and believe you will be happy." "And you?" he said. "I saw you last night with a man—" "An old friend of my adopted mother—a good friend of mine." "More than a friend—I saw him kiss you!"

"You saw?" She lifted her head. "He had a right to, I have promised to marry him." "He is old enough almost to be your father, he is not very prepossessing or—"

"Or aristocratic, you would say. No, he is only a shop keeper; but he is kind; he is manly; he can give me a home for me and my child—" "Your child? You said she was dead."

"Ah!" she caught her breath with a little cry of dismay. She had inadvertently betrayed her secret. "The child is not dead," she said after awhile. "I let you believe it because I was afraid you would try to take her. She is alive; she is well; she is at school in a convent. It is for her sake, to have her with me, that I will marry the man who has asked me to be his wife. You must not, you can not take the child from me. I have never done anything to make me unworthy of the charge. I have kept my womanhood pure through all these years. Listen to my story. Every detail of it I can prove. I have lived all these eight years with that sweet faced, sweet hearted woman you see sitting there. I met her on the steamboat that took me away from our home in the swamp. She was sick, and I waited on her. She liked me, and made me tell her my story. She gave me the comfort of kind words and sympathy. She did more: she took me home with her when we reached the city. I became her companion, also her pupil. She was a teacher of voice. She liked my voice, and took pains to cultivate it. When she lost her hearing and became infirm, it was my turn to support her. I sang in chorus, in concert everywhere I worked with my needle in intervals, and she, sweet soul! tried to help me with her lace knitting. So we have lived. It is a poor little commonplace story to you, who are rich and great and happy. I am not happy, but if I can have my child with me in a little home where there is pure air and sunshine and no fear of debt, then I shall be content. Leave us in peace, Herbert Gray—me and my child! We will not trouble you and your beautiful high-born bride!"

Her lips trembled as she ended, looking at him steadily, tears standing in her proud tender eyes. He leaned over and took her hands. "Aimee," he said, "I am not happy. I have not been happy in all these years. Fame and money have not brought peace of heart. Your eyes have haunted me. They have never ceased to reproach me. I have been punished. I found everything hollow praise, friendship, position love. I long for home and rest. I long for you. I can have no other wife. I should always see that sweet face at my bedside, these little hands pouring my tea. Aimee come back to me. Try me once more!"

"But the girl you were to marry?" she asked. "I will tell her I have found my wife. She does not really love me. Youth turns to youth; she loves one more suited to her in years. You will tell your good old gentleman that you have found your husband, or he has found you. We will go and get our child and take her and the adopted mother there to my home. That is what we will do this beautiful, blessed autumn day, my Aimee—my wife!"

She was in his arms now, and he was pressing kisses upon her lips. A queer little exclamation startled them. They looked up. The old lady had risen to her feet and was staring at them in amazement her ball of thread rolling on the floor.

"Aimee flow to her and cried in her ear: "He is my husband. He is going to get Phyllis and take her and you and me to his home, and we shall be so happy!" "But—Mr Porter?" said the puzzled old lady.

"You can have him yourself, mamma," Aimee said, with one of her child-like laughs, as she turned and laid her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"How delicious is the winning Of a kiss, at love's beginning,"—sings the poet, and his sentiment is true with one possible exception. If either party has the catarrh, even the kiss loses its sweetness. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a sure cure for this repulsive and distressing affliction. By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases. \$3.00 reward offered for an incurable case.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

### Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To rid the liver and kidneys of their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained

### Freedom

from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andrew D. Garcia, C. Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico. "My face, for years, was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no relief. Three bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY  
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by Druggists. 41, 42 & 43, North St., Boston.

### BEST ON EARTH

### SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Scrub up with this soap and you will find it the best for the skin. It is made of the purest materials and is the most economical soap in the world. It is the best for the skin and the best for the pocket.

The St. Charles Soap Co.,  
St. Stephen, N. S.