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, DECEMBER 11, 1891. No. 13.

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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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 comn unication, although the same may be writt n over a ficticious signature.

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

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8 30 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 00 a m.
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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3 00 p. 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. 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—Service every Sunday after noon at 3, except the first Sunday in the month, when there will be Morning Prayer with Celebration of the Holy Communion at 11.
ISAAC BROCK, D. D.,
Rector of Horton.

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

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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 7.30 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

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

BROWN, J. I.—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.

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HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

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

Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

Palatable as Milk. AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper: at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

TRY OUR CELEBRATED NEW BRAND OF

INCA FLOUR

A first-class grade of family flour, Winter patent, ground from choice Northern wheat. Full scale weight and of the very best quality. Superseded all others wherever put upon the market. Honest and reliable. It contains the most health-giving and nourishing properties. Guaranteed and warranted to give satisfaction.

Dealers supplied by I. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Halifax, N. S., or direct from the Mills at HILLIARD & PEPLOW, Peterborough, Ont.

POETRY.

Together.

The winter wind is wailing, sad and low,
Across the lake and through the rustling sedge;
The splendor of the golden after-glow
Gleams through the blackness of the great yew hedge;
And this I read on earth and in the sky,
"We ought to be together, you and I."

Rapt through its rosy changes into dark,
Fades all the west: and through the shadowy trees;
And in the silent uplands of the rising
It does but echo to my weary sigh,
"We ought to be together, you and I."

My hand is lonely for your clasping, dear,
My ear is tired, waiting for your call;
I want your strength to help, your laugh to cheer;
Heart, soul, and senses need you, one and all.
I droop without your full, frank sympathy—
We ought to be together, you and I.

We want each other so, to comprehend
The dream, the hope, things planned, or seen, or wrought;
Companion, comforter, and guide, and friend,
As much as love asks love, does thought need thought.
Life is so short, so fast the lone hours fly,
We ought to be together, you and I.

SELECT STORY.

Pretty Miss Smith.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

I HAD skipped along so quickly that by this time I was well ahead of my conductor, and was able to grope about at my leisure. This floor was lighted by gable windows in the roof, which sloped up to a great height at the back of the house. The panes were very dusty, and the light was fading fast; still I managed to discover that the particular ventilator which I believed to be that of Mary's room was quite clean on the top, in striking contrast with the thick dust which lay on everything around. I was down on my knees beside it in a moment, and trusting that the intervening bales, cases, and barrels would enable me to play hide-and-seek with Hopkins for a few minutes longer, I raised the cover with some little difficulty, and putting my face down close to the wire-work underneath saw that my guess or my calculation had been a lucky one.

I was over Mary's room.

Knowing very well that the girl's nocturnal tormentors whatever they were, had been introduced from this quarter, I next tried to raise the wire work itself, and found that it had been pulled away from its fastenings, so that it could be raised and lowered as easily as the lid itself. This was enough for me. It was clear that to discover the identity of Mary's heartless persecutor I must watch this spot.

The question was—How to return late at night? I dared not confide in Hopkins, whose voice I heard calling to me, with exceedingly uncomplimentary comments on my behavior, as he made his way among the lumber in search of me. I could not hope that I could remain here undiscovered in the meantime. The watchman was getting each moment more angry, and there was no doubt that he would summon half-a-dozen men to help him rather that leave before I was unearthed.

"Mary! Mary! I say!——" Then followed a growling volley of imprecations as he hurt his foot against a pile of old metal that made a clanking sound. "Blest if I'll ever trust a girl again! Mary, Mary! 'ere, come on, chuck it!" in a louder tone. Then again to himself: "'Arry 'Opkins, you are a bloomin' jackass, and no flies. Mary, my love, I'm that discons'late without yer that I can't bear myself, and if you don't make tracks out of this in rather less than a brace of shakes, I'll ring the fire-alarm and raise —— and Tommy about your ears."

I scarcely heard him. For I had found something; not indeed anything likely to prove of much value towards identification, but something which told me enough to fill me with doubt and amazement. It was part of a gentleman's riding glove, almost new and of the finest quality; one button was still attached to it. This strip had, I supposed, been partly torn off by the sharp corner of the ventilator, and had been wrenched from the rest of the glove and flung aside by the wearer into the corner where I found it.

I put the scrap of dogskin into my pocket with shaking fingers. There was no denying that the discovery pointed strongly in the direction of one solution of the mystery which I had scarcely dared to admit into my mind. Hilary Gold's conduct and manner had been so suspicious on the last occasion of my seeing him that it was inevitable that I should ask myself if we had not been altogether deceived in him. But was it conceivable that a man could take such a base revenge upon a woman for throwing him over, as to form a deliberate and cold-blooded plan for driving her out of her mind? My brain reeled with agonizing suspicions.

Suddenly Harry Hopkins' voice, much nearer than before, roused me to a remembrance of my strange situtation. I, however, kept quite still, on the chance that he might pass me. He did. I heard him stumbling along, soliloquizing so loudly as to preclude the possibility of his discovering me by the aid of his ears, and using expressions of which I understood nothing save that they expressed the strongest disapprobation of my conduct and an acute desire to "have it out" with me. He went so far down the long room that the inspiration seized me to try to make my escape while his back was still turned.

Cautiously stealing out of my hiding-place, I crept along the uneven floor, praying that no incautious tread, no unpreventible stumble would discover me to my pursuer. Only once did I trip, and at that moment, by good fortune, he tripped too; and as I bore my mishap in silence, while he did not, I was able to limp on unheard while he was uttering more quaint maledictions in his piping voice.

At last I got to the door, slipped through and down the rough ladder staircase. Now, where should I hide myself? If I had only been lucky enough to come through the door unheard by him he would go on hunting for me among the lumber while I had plenty of time to secrete myself securely. On the other hand even if he heard me he would probably imagine that I had gone back into the house, satisfied with having played him a trick. On the whole I decided, therefore, that I might, with a good chance of remaining undiscovered, secrete myself among the sacks of grain with which the floor was filled. Then, when Hopkins had given up his search as hopeless, I could creep out and decide from what point of vantage to watch for the man who was slowly destroying poor Mary's mind.

I had scarcely squeezed myself behind a pile of full sacks near the wall, as far as possible from the ladder staircase by which I had just descended, when Harry Hopkins, more furiously angry than ever, burst open the door and began to come down.

Oh heavens! the dust from the grain sacks was choking me! I was going to sneeze!

CHAPTER IX.

BY the help of that lucky star which seemed to be protecting me through my adventures, I was able to stifle the coughing and sneezing I could not altogether repress, so that the night-watchman could not hear me.

He continued to call me in alternating coaxing and threatening tones, now informing me that I was "the light of his bloomin' eyes," and anon that he would "get me the sack next day, blest if he wouldn't." To all the blandishments, however, I of course remained mute. There was a dogged obstinacy about his tones, however, which convinced me that I was not yet out of danger of discovery. There was no key to the attic-door, so he pulled an end of string out of his pocket and tied the latch to a nail in the wall. Then, running down the steps, he detached them from the hook which kept them in place, and removed them to some distance.

"Now, Miss Clever," he said to himself in a low voice, with spiteful emphasis, "if you're up there still I give you leave to try to come down when my back's turned. If you can't burst the string, you can just stay there till you sing small; and if you can, by Jingo you'll stand a good chance of breaking your neck. And serve you jolly well right too!"

"You little wretch!" I said to myself.

But he was not content with this mean attempt at revenge. Unlocking the door which led into the house, he went through, evidently with the object of ascertaining whether I had gone back. Now was my chance if I wanted to find a safer place of concealment. But though I felt sure there were plenty of nooks and crannies about the works where a person who knew his way about could hide without fear of discovery, I had such a strong feminine horror of "machinery" that I dared not go by myself through those rooms full of vats, and pipes, and cogged wheels, and stills with curly chimneys. So I only crouched down a little lower behind the sacks, and picked holes in them to find out what was inside.

I hoped I should not have to stay long in my hole though, for already I was getting cramped and stiff, and covered with dust and flour, which got down my throat and half stifled me. There was a window very near my back, too, and, although it was summer time, the draught which came through the chinks and between the boards of the unceiled floor were bad enough to give me a stiff neck for a month. Besides, I hate mice even worse than blackbettles, and the very mention of a rat makes me scream; and all the time I could hear the creatures scamper, scamper and gnaw, gnaw all round me, and thought every moment that I should have one on me, in which case no philosophy, no caution, would have prevented me from shrieking myself hoarse.

In the prolonged absence of Hopkins, who, I doubted not, was taking the opportunity of exercising his fascinations in the servants' hall, I was getting absorbed in these miner terrors, when I became suddenly aware of a noise which was not that of a mouse. Someone was coming, with slow and, as it seemed, stealthy footsteps, down the long store-roof *from* the distillery. The tread was so soft, so cat-like, that if the boards had not been old and loose, I doubt not whether I should have heard it. As it was, my thoughts, instead of turning to the human persecutor for whom I was on the watch, flew to "ghosts" and the stories about the house being "haunted." No man, however careful, could tread as softly as that; besides, from time to time I detected a faint, rustling sound, like the noise of a silk skirt brushing against some object as it passed.

Holding my breath, I tried to peep out. There was scarcely any daylight left, and no window on the opposite side of the storeroom for some distance down. Peering between the cornsacks, however, with straining eyes, I fancied I could distinguish the figure of a woman, gliding very slowly along, like a grey shadow in the gloom. The window behind me was so blocked up with sacks and boards that scarcely a ray of light came through, and I was asking myself whether my imagination had not carried me away when I heard the handle of the door which led into the house softly turned. The door was locked, however, and presently I heard the handle rattled impatiently—and the door shaken with some violence. Almost at the same moment I heard Harry Hopkins' voice, within the house, humming a comic song in respectfully modulated tones. At this sound, the intruder fled back down the storeroom—scarcely in time. As the watchman opened the door, he caught sight of the intruder, whom he mistook for me.

"Hallo! There you are, ma'am, are you? Well, you don't get away this time!'

Taking a whistle from his pocket, he blew it three times, the shrill sound making the windows rattle in their frames.

In a few moments a tall, broad-shouldered young man, carrying a lantern, appeared at the further end of the storeroom.

"Hello!" he said. "What's up?"

"There's a girl, the new girl at the 'ouse, a-wanderin' somewhere about the place," said Hopkins, in a half-grumbling, half-excited tone. "I am afraid she'll get me into trouble, fall down the lift p'raps, or something."

"I see. It don't matter for the girl," said the younger man drily.

"Well, she'd have brought it on herself, yer see."

"You're always a-running after the girls, 'Arry, but you might have knowed better than to take this one for a servant."

I was astonished, but pleased by the young man's discrimination. The next moment, however, my vanity had a fall.

"I took her for a lady at first," the young man went on, "but the minute after I see'd there was somethink wrong about her."

Something wrong about me, indeed! What on earth did that stupid fellow mean?

He went on: "So that when she asked for the manager, I guessed she might be meaning you, and I let her go up."

"Let her go up!" repeated Hopkins, who was walking down the storeroom with the other, "Why, who do you mean?"

"A tall lady in a grey silk dress and black bonnet, who came through the yard ten minutes ago, and asked to see the manager, as I tell you."

Hopkins stopped short in amazement.

"Well, of all the bloomin' rum things as ever 'appened," he ejaculated softly. "Then there are two women, Bill, a-playin' hide-and-seek about this 'ere place, as sure as my name's 'Opkins!"

"Rivals, eh, 'Arry? A-bustin' to tear each other's 'air out, all on account of the same young spark?"

Hopkins seemed not displeased at the suggestion, though he affected to reject it, and proposed a search of the storeroom to begin with. But the younger man laughed at the notion, told him it would take a dozen men to make the search properly, and added his confident belief that the girl, or girls, in hiding, would come out fast enough if they were left alone.

"A girl keeps out of the way of a chap like you because she knows precious well you'll run after her," said Bill, sententiously. "Now if it was me she'd never let me alone, because if she did I let her alone. That's all the difference. Girls know, bless you!"

And having succeeded in restoring the calmness of his chief somewhat, Bill left the storeroom, swinging his lantern, and Hopkins, after a few minutes' hesitation, slowly followed him.

After this there was a long period of dead silence but for the night-noises, which seemed to grow louder as the darkness came on, and the wind blew colder through the cracks and crevices. Every bone in my body ached with the strain of remaining so long in a cramped position. I felt at last that I must come out of my hiding place and move about a little, when suddenly I thought I could distinguish sounds of voices in the distance. They came nearer. I distinctly heard "All right; thank you, sir," in Hopkins' voice, and then, after a short pause, the door at the further end of the storeroom opened quietly, and I heard a man's tread along the creaking boards.

TO BE CONTINTED.

A Cheerful Face.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunney smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us ont of the mists and shadows, into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, yet cannot express, and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for very joy. Ah! there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the souless beauty that ever graced the farest form on earth. It may be a very little face, but somehow this cheery face ever shines, and the shining is so bright the shadows caonot remain, and silently they creep away into dark corners. It may be a wrinkled face, for that, and none the less cheerful. We linger near it, and gaze tenderly upoh it, and say: "God bless this dear happy face! We must keep it with us as long as we can; for home will loose much of its brightness when this sweet face is gone." And even after it is gone, how the remembrance of the cheerful face softens our way! —*Ex.*

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of appetite, Dizzziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

Wise Words.

The poorer a man is the oftener he goes to law.

A rolling stone gathers headyay, but it doesn't moss.

Love may laugh at locksmitht, it it shudders at janitors.

When a woman hates a man it is a sign she once loved him.

It is usually the case that the man who is most willing is least able.

Time is a sort of money which brings in something more than small change.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but it usually arouses supreme contempt

Women will love men they cannot respect; but with men their respect must go far in advancee of their affection.

If a man is good it is either because he has to be or because he enjoys it. No man was ever good from a sense of duty.

There is one good thing that may be said about faults; it is always the man you dislike most who has the most of them.

When a woman cannot reform a man his salvation is impossible. When she cannot destroy him his destruction is not possible.

The reputation you have been a life time in earning you can throw away in a moment—unless it happen to be a bad reputation.

It is often the case that a pretty man has more women fall in love with him than a homely man; but he does not have any one stay in love with him so long.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

Garfield Tea is sold by all druggists.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—**August Flower the Remedy.**

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey U. S. A.

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

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For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of BODY AND MIND, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK UNDEVELOPED ORGANS and PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from fifty States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) FREE. Address
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