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, APRIL 3, 1891. No. 32.

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.)

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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 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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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 6.50 a. m.

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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 meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COLIN W ROSCOE, ANDREW 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.

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.

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

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

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

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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, S. 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.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

POETRY.

"The Invisible."

The red men, whom we so despise
And proudly try to civilize,
Are wiser in some ways by far
Than we and all our teachers are.

We preach the after-life, and range
Through nature's round of ceaseless change,
And search the hopes and fears of men
To prove that we shall live again.

We only half believe; at best
Our faith stands not the greatest test,
For when our friends depart, we weep
More than those who do but sleep.

And on each marble slab we write
Some legend of the spirit's flight
Lest, passing by, we might forget
That he who died is living yet.

The Indian, with a single phrase,
The ghost of doubt and terror lays,
And lifts the viewless curtain spread
Between us and the so-called dead.

He knows no "dead;" just for a space
His friends have faded, form and face,
Through Nature's strong and subtle spell
They have become "invisible."

We are too fine and wise; we need
Much less of logic and of creed.
Oh, let the untaught forest child
Teach us his credence undefiled!

Let us no longer say "Our Dead,"
Nor think that those we love have fled,
They are "Invisible," as we
Shall close our eyes some day, and see.

—*George Horton, in Chicago Herald.*

SELECT STORY.

The Master of Pennraven.

"This is Mr Gaylord's residence, sir," said the driver of a carriege, as he checked his horse before the carved iron gates and high stone wall that shut in a handsome modern mansion, standing in the midst of park-like grounds

His passenger alighted, paid the fare and walked away up the avenue of elms without speaking.

The driver noticed that he limped badly, and leaned heavily for support on an ivory headed cane.

His heart was full, and his mind was busy with the day, now just ten years ago, when he and Walter Gaylord parted. Both were poor—both were ambitious. And here was the end of all their dreams and aspirations of that bygone time!

Walter was a wealthy man among the magnates of the city, and the husband of a fashionable woman, who had inherited from her dead father a large fortune in her own right.

John Weston sighed and shook his head, looking down at his shabby clother and crippled foot.

"We are first cousins, and we were like brothers in the dear old days. Will he be glad to see me now? and like this?" he wondered.

The question was soon answered. Down the avenue towards him came his cousin. A lady leaned with an air of rightful appropriation on his arm. A few paces behind the pair walked a slight, graceful girl of seventeen, plainly dressed and carrying a superb Indian shawl.

"Walter himself looks more than ten years older, and far less happy than he used to look," commented the new comer. "His wife, of course. Handsome, if she did not seem so naughtily conscious of her dowry of half a-million. And who is that pretty, timid girl? She seems to be actually afraid of madam. And madam looks at her as if she were her white slave! Ugh! how sharp her voice is!"

"Margaret, give me that shawl! why do you fall behind so? One would suppose that you might feel the air grow sharp and bring it to me without being told!" said the lady in a peevish tone.

The pretty girl started nervously forward and arranged the shawl upon Mrs Gaylord's shoulders, without receiving a word of thanks.

"Pray, who are you, sir," continued Mrs Gaylord, addressing the new comer. "Do you not know that these are private grounds, and and that you are commiting a trespass in entering?—a very impertinent one, too?"

The visitor removed his hat with a murmured "pardon."

They saw a frank, open, sunburned face, with a white forehead, shaded by curling, dark hair, and a pair of fine, dark eyes, that looked through a suspicious moisture at his boyhood's friend.

"John Weston! dear old Jack!" cried Mr Gaylord, dropping his wife's gloved hand unceremoniously from his arm and seizing upon the stranger, "My dear boy!" How gird I am to see you safe at home once more!"

They held each other's hands in silence. Neither could speak as the sad and tender memories of the past rose up around them.

Margaret Gaylord looked on sympathizing with their emotion, and loving her cousin Walter better than ever for his hearty greeting of one to whom fortune evidently had not been too kind. But Mrs Gaylord stood apart, swelling with indignation, biting her thin lips, and scanning every atticle of the stranger's shabby, worn attire with her deeply set black eyes.

"I'll go back to the house with you, Jack," said her husband, still utterly forgetful of her presence. "You'll want luncheon now, for we dine late—half-past seven. Where is your luggage? Margaret you'll send it up to the cedar room as soon as it comes. Now, old fellow, tell me where you have been, and how you have got on and all about it."

"The cedar room Mr Gaylord?"

The sharp imperative tone recalled Mr Gaylord to his senses, reminding him that he was a husband, and a bitterly henpecked one to boot.

"Yes, my dear," he said apologetically as he hastily drew her aside. "I beg your pardon for forgetting to present John to you. Jack Weston, you know, Julia—my oldest, dearest friend. I have spoken of him to you more than a hundred times."

"You have indeed!" Her tone and look spoke volumes. "But I beg you to remember, Mr Gaylord—and you too, Margaret—that the cedar room is to be reserved for my friends, General and Mrs Molyneux, who are to be here next week in time for my birthnight party."

"All right, all right, my love. But you'll let me introduce Jack to you? I must ask him to stop with us, Julia. The best friend I have in the world."

"It is excessively inconvenient, Mr Gaylord—just when every room is wanted for the night of the party. If he must stay, as you say, I suppose I can put up with it. But I wish people would choose a better time for coming. He is not to have the cedar room, you will remember, I cannot possibly allow that."

"Any room you choose to assign to him, my dear. Now, shall I bring him to speak to you?"

"I can see him at dinner, Mr Gaylord," was the ungracious reply.

Mr Graylord turned as his wife swept away, her head held high, her eyes ignoring the very existence of the new comer. The latter stood meekly aside and lifted his hat. But his eyes followed the girlish niece of the imperious lady, and his face was as serene as if every rude word his unwilling hostess had uttered had been Greek or Chaldaic so far as his understanding was concerned.

"Women are the strangest creatures," said his friend, irritably. "At any other time than this, Jack, Julia would have been pleased to see you, but just now every one within seventy miles is raving about the Master of Pennraven, and Julia is as bad as the rest. You must excuse her, Jack, for my sake!"

"Of course," said John Weston, with most aggravating indifference to the magnificent Julia's moods. But Walter, tell me—who is that pretty girl?"

"My cousin Margaret, the only child of my uncle George, who broke his heart over his failure in business during the last panic, and died. He made my fortune, Jack, by taking me into the firm on equal terms when I was very young. Margaret seemed like my own little sister when she was born; and so when my uncle died, leaving her without a penny, it seemed to be no more than my duty to offer her a home here. But Julia does not like it and Margaret is not happy," he continued, sadly. "I suppose it will end in her going out as governess, unless the master of Pennraven should have the good taste to fall in love with her. If you had only come home rich, John, what a wife you might have had!"

"Rich or poor, she is the only girl that I will ever marry," said John Weston. "I'm not quite a pauper, though I am a cripple for a time. If I can prove to you that I am able to offer your cousin a comfortable and respectable home if she can bring herself to care for me in time, even lacking a large fortune, will you give me your consent to marriage?"

"With all my heart, Jack. You have but one fault—that you are not rich. But if Margaret don't object to that, I am sure no one else need do so. Make her happy, Jack, whatever her home may be, and I will give her to you with my blessing, and with a small purse for housekeeping expenses to boot. And now come up to the house old fellow, and for this one week we will take what comfort we can and may."

The "week of comfort," as Walter Gaylord called it, soon passed. General and Mrs Molyneux arrived, and were duly installed in the cedar room; and from morning till night conversation turned entirely upon two subjects—the master of Pennraven and the birthnight ball.

John Weston troubled himself very little about either. In his shabby brown suit he pervaded the house and grounds, generally contriving to keep close to Margaret Gaylord's side.

The lonely, unappreciated girl felt very grateful to him for the pains he took to interest and amuse her. Before the week ended, she had grown to look upon him as a very dear and confidential friend.

So that when he found her one evening sitting by herself in the drawing room and sobbing as if her heart would break, it seemed quite natural that he should sit down beside her and gently draw the handkerchief away from her eyes, while he asked what caused her grief.

"So foolish you will think it, Mr Weston, she said. "But I did so wish to go to that party. I was never at one in my life."

And why don't you go? asked Jack.

"Mrs Gaylord does not wish it; she just now told me so."

"Why?"

"I am very poor," said Margaret, looking down and blushing "While my father lived, I had every luxury; since his death I have had no money except what cousin Walter has given me. He would give me some now readily if I should ask him, but I cannot bear to do that. It is quite enough that I have a home here with him."

"But what has money to do with the birthnight ball, my dear Miss Margaret?" asked Jack Weston.

She looked at him smiling. He had evidently known all the shifts and miseries of poverty, and she had no hesitation in confiding in him.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A Discovery Important to Ladies.

The political battle is over, but the battle with disease must be constantly and unceasingly waged else the grim reaper will come out victorious, and loved ones will be gathered to their long home. On all sides may be seen pale and listless girls who should be enjoying the health and glow of rosy youth. Everywhere we are met with women young in years, yet prematurely old, who suffer in silence almost untold agonies, the result of those ailments peculiar to the female system. To all such, Dr Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing. They restore wasted vitality, build up the nervous system, enrich the blood, and transform pale and sallow complexions into glowing, rosy cheeks that alone follow perfect health. In a word they are a certain cure for all these distressing complaints to which women and girls are peculiarly liable. A trial of these pills will convince the most sceptical of their wonderful merit. For suffering men Dr Williams' Pink Pills are equally efficacious. For overwork, mental strain, loss of sleep, nervous debility, and all those diseases that lead to broken down manhood, they are a certain specific, stimulating the brain, reinforcing the exhausted system and restoring shattered vitality. Dr Williams' Pink Pills are nature's restorative and should be used by every weak and debilitated person. For sale by all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Great Guns.

The forging of the immense guns is a most interesting process. The rifled guns of the present are made by reenforcing the tube with rings and repeated layers of steel called jackets which are fitted one over the other over the original tube or barrel of the gun. The jackets or hoops must fit as closely to the gun as if forming an integral part of its composition. The only way to get them on is, of course, by heating, and thus enlarging them. When they cool they fit snugly. It is evident that the exact size of the jacket and ring when heated so that it can be put in its place must be a matter of the nicest mathematical calculation. The course powder now used makes such a havoc with the rifling of the largest guns that one hundred charges are about all that can be expected from them. The jackets and rings can then be removed, and fitted to another tube.

The various parts of a gun are not put together at Bethelem, but are sent to Washington, to a department of the arsenal called the assembling-room, where the tube is rifled and the gun is finally completed. A steel gun of the largest calabre costs about $100,000. The ordnance of our modern navy is therefore one of the most costly items for which Congress is expected to display a patriotic generosity.—*Am. Ex.*

On Child Life.

"Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind hearted man who showed him a kindness in the days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment, as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, where, with longing eyes, he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a woodcutter by trade, and spent the whole day at work in the woods. He was coming into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, which was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver said a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now, here at a distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

Wasted Advice.

"I want you now to be very frank with me, and tell me my faults, and i you see anything adverse to my work or myself, I am especially anxious to know about it." How often is such a remark made by one who is just beginning his career. It is a curious remark to make, and it is received by him to whom it is made almost cautiously; but how seldom it is that one avails himself of the right that is thus given, and also, how seldom it is that one who makes the remark would receive with grace and gratitude the suggestion of any criticism! A man said to me, "My old friend coming to work near me asked me to be free in telling him his faults and mistakes. After six months I had reason to believe he was drifting in a wrong direction. I ventured to indicate to him this tendency. The result was the same that occurred to a man who lent a friend money. He lost his money and his friend. I lost my friend and my advice was wasted."—*Chicago Advance.*

A Prayer that is Needed.

"Keep the door of my lips" is a prayer which most people need to offer continually, if they would be free from sin in this regard. Save in the few instances when duty clearly requires one to make criticism upon the character and conduct of others, it is a good rule to talk of those who are absent in the same manner as though they were present. No doubt such a rule would lock up many tongues at times when they have most to say, but this is just what many a man and women needs who is now creating heart burnings and even quarrels, by uncalled-for, untimely unjust and slanderous gossip and criticism of others in the neighborhood around. Let all such pray to God to keep the door of their lips, and determine, with the help of God, to answer their own prayers.

Over fifty cases of Liver, Stomach Kidney and Blood diseases have been cured the past year in this Province by using Dr Norton's Dock Blood Purifier after doctors and all other remedies failed.

Accidents will happen in all families. Use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; it act promptly.

Language of the Moustache.

Do you know, gentle reader, that a moustache is a great index of character? As the form of the upper lip and in the regions obout it has largely to do with the feelings, pride, self-reliance, manliness, vanity and other qualities that give self control. When the moustache is ragged, or, as it were, flying hither and thither there is a lack of self-control. When it is straight and orderly the reverse is the case, other things of course taken into account. If there is a tendency to curl at the outer ends of the moustache there is tendency to ambition vanity or display. When the curl turns upward there is a geniality, combined with a love of approbation; when the inclination is downward there is a more sedate turn of mind, accompanied with gloom. It is worthy of remark that good natured men will in playing with the moustache, invariably give it an upward inclination, whereas cross-grained or morose men will pull it obliquely downward.

A recent issue of the London *Times* contains Dr Dawson Burns' usual annual statament of the national drink bill. According to it, the people of the United Kingdom spent for intoxicating liquors in 1890 the enormous sum of £139,495,470. In the period 1881-90 the expenditure on strong drink was £90,726,087 less than in the previous decade, but the figures for last year are larger by £7,282,194 than those for 1889, larger than the annual average in 1871-80, and larger than those of any year since 1878. The average expenditure per family of five persons was £18 5s. Next month the House of Commons will be called upon to pass a local option bill.

CHILDREN

Are always liable to sudden and severe colds, to croup, sore throat, lung fever, etc. Remedies, to be effective, must be administered without delay. Nothing is better adapted for such emergencies than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, relieves coughing, and induces sleep. The prompt use of this medicine has saved innumerable lives, both of young and old.

"One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it

Strangling.

It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicine it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."—C. J. Wooldridge, Wortham, Texas.

For colds, coughs, bronchitis, asthma, and the early stages of consumption, take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

SEND 50c. In stamps [simply as a guarantee of good faith] to us, and we will send you by express, C.O.D. this elegant watch which you can examine, and if you do not find it all and even more than we claim for it DO NOT TAKE IT, but if perfectly satisfactory, pay the Express Agent OUR SPECIAL CUT PRICE OF $5.35 and take the watch. Such a chance to secure a reliable timepiece at such a ridiculously low price is seldom, if ever before, offered. This is a genuine COLD FILLED WATCH, made of 2 plates of SOLID GOLD over competition metal. It has solid bow, cap and crown, hunting case, beautifully engraved and is dust-proof. The works are Waltham style, richly jewelled, with expansion balance, is regulated, and we warrant it an accurate timekeeper. It is suitable for either a lady or gentleman. A guarantee is sent with each watch. Address GEO. W. WYATT & CO., Watchmakers, Peterborough, Ont.

SEND US $1.00 and a slip of paper the size of your finger, and we will send you postpaid this elegant ELDORADO DIAMOND SOLID GOLD FILLED RING. These rings are now worn by ladies and gentlemen in the best society, and have the same appearance as a ring costing $25.00. We guarantee a perfect fit and satisfaction.

Address
Geo. W. Wyatt & Co.
Jewellers
Peterborough, Ont.

$20 to $50 a year is being made by John R. Gordon, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $20 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.