

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. IX.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1890.

No. 51.

### 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. ARCADE, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE CHEMIST COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

### The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Notices 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.

News 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.

Newspapers and periodicals from all parts of the world are kept on hand for sale at the lowest prices.

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

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3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for a *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 6.50 a. m. Express west close at 10.35 a. m. Express east close at 1.50 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.

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**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 services 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, {Treasurer  
A. W. BARRS

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 10.30 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. Cranston Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. John W. Turner, Assistant Pastor; Hutton and Wolfville, Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Class Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 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 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 the month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Resident, Horton; Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

**ST. FRANCIS (R. C.)**—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. E.—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 7 o'clock p. m. J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of their Hall 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.

### DIRECTORY

—OF THE—  
Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

**BISHOP, JOHNSON H.**—Dealer in Flour, Feed of all kind, &c.

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

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

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

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**CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & CO.**—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

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**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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**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.

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**ROCKWELL & CO.**—Book sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

**RAND, G. V.**—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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**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 wholly of harmless herbs and accomplishes all the good derived from the use of cathartics, without their ultimate injurious effects.

Ask your druggist for a FREE SAMPLE. For sale by

**Geo. V. Rand,**  
Druggist,  
50 WOLFVILLE, N. S.

OLD PAPERS for sale at this Office.

### POETRY.

#### Death.

We sit like children tired out with play,  
The broken toys and baubles thrown aside,  
Our lovely garlands withered, scattered wide,  
Our white robes tarnished, torn, in disarray;

And as the noontide fades to twilight  
We shrink aghast, for strange shadows glide  
Before the drooping eyes—fain would we hide  
From coming dark, and stretch vague hands, and pray.

Then comes a balm, bright angel, wondrous fair,  
Slow smiling, lily-crowded—to her still breast  
She gathers us, and we forget all care  
And pain, her hand soft on our eyelids prest.

Shading God's light, white shining wings  
Upbear Earth's weary children to the perfect rest.

#### Memory.

The path from me to you that led,  
Untrodden long, with grass is grown,  
Mute carpet that his legs spread  
Before the Prince Oblivion  
When he goes visiting the dead.

And who are they but who forget?  
You, who my coming could surmise  
Ere any hint of me as yet  
Warned other ears and other eyes  
See the path blurred without regret.

But when I trace its windings sweet  
With added steps, at every spot  
That feeds the memory in my feet,  
Each grass-blade turns forget-me-not.  
Where murmuring bees your name repeat.

#### SELECT STORY.

##### His Guardian Angel.

"Fair as a lily, graceful as a gazelle!  
Who is she? I would give a hundred dollars if I might but paint that face!"  
The words were spoken hurriedly, and somewhat too loudly for the time and place. Many bystanders heard them, and looked at the speaker, the lady, then at each other and smiled.

But the lady herself—a young, slight girl, with large blue eyes, golden hair, and a face like a picture of a saint, so fair and pure it seemed—held on her way, leaning on her escort's arm, without a change of expression, or even a startled, sidelong glance to show that the artist's impetuous wish had reached her ear.

Calmly she sat in her box at the concert that evening, with her blue eyes fixed upon the stage. Many an opera glass was turned upon her from below, and in a secluded corner of the stalls sat Gustave Livingston, the artist, gazing at her with his heart and soul in his large, dark, passionate eyes.

"Who is she?" he whispered eagerly to his friend.

"I do not know. The face is a new one!" was the low reply.

"A new one! It looks as if it were but just created—as if those eyes had never looked upon a sinful world! I raved the artist. 'Years ago I knew a boy in the country; I knew a child with a face almost as pure and sweet. She died, as earthly angels always do. Yet, had she lived, she would have been like that girl. Poor little May!'"

Leaning his head upon his hand the artist lost himself in a dream of his boyhood's love. When he looked up again the concert was drawing to a close and the box was empty—the divinity had gone!

Hurrying from the house, he enquired right and left among the attendants at the door; and finally, by a gift of money, so refreshed the memory of one that he said he had seen the young lady drive off in a private carriage before the concert was over, "with a gentleman as might be her father, and they went to the Evans House."

To the Evans House followed the enamored artist, only to be disappointed. The servant whom he fed liberally assured him that no such young lady was stopping there. Some wild impulse, for which he could scarcely account, led the artist to examine the hotel register. He looked for the name of "May Cleveland"—it was the name of his earliest love—and it was not there.

Meanwhile the fair object of his search was speeding from the city as fast as the midnight train could carry her towards Boston. Although the hour was so late she was wakeful, and clasped her hands over her eyes, as

she rested her head on the pillow, in a vain attempt to shut out from mind and memory the picture of a haunting face.

"He did not recognize me," she thought, with a sigh. "And yet I knew him in spite of the change—in spite of the added height, the altered face, the dark mustache—I know him at the moment when his eyes met mine as we entered the door."

And then she looked at the memory of the words he had uttered.

"Lena!" she called softly.

The second occupant of the section stirred on her narrow couch, and answered drowsily—

"What is it, Mary?"

"Are you asleep?"

"What a question! No, not now," replied Lena, stifling a groan. "What troubles you, my May of Mays? You generally drop asleep the instant your pretty head touches the pillow."

"But not to-night, Lena, I cannot sleep. I've been thinking of all you have told me about—"

"About Gustave Livingston?" asked Lena, finishing the sentence.

"Hush! Speak lower. There are so many people near. Yes, I am troubled—deeply troubled by what you say of him."

"It is true, Mary."

"Who told you?"

"My brother, in the first instance. He knows him well—is often in his rooms—and regrets his intemperance more than any of the rest of his friends, I think."

"Does your brother think—does he consider him entirely past reform?"

asked Mary, with a trembling voice. Hearing it and the suppressed sob that followed the question, Lena Danks, who was a kind-hearted little city belle, came out of her nest and sat down beside her friend.

"Dear May, if your brother has often said that if Livingston had a reason—a motive—for reforming, his reform would be a settled thing," she said.

"What motive?"

"I explain myself bunglingly, I fear. James meant that if Livingston could be induced to fall in love, the lady might work his reformation easily if she chose to do so."

"He loves no one, then at present?"

"No one, May. James says that he believes him to be faithful to the memory of a child who died years ago. It is an odd thing to say of such a man but James declares that Livingston really loved that child and that he loves her now."

"If that is true he may yet be saved," said Mary, drying her eyes.

"What do you mean, dear?"

"I mean that I am that child, Lena."

"You! But the child died!" exclaimed Lena in surprise.

"No. My cousin, Mary Cleveland died, and he must have seen the notice of her death, or heard of it, and supposed it to be mine. Just before her illness my Uncle Warburton came to my country home, and finding me a poor and friendless orphan, adopted me as his own daughter, and gave me his name."

"And was it in that little country town that you knew Gustave Livingston as a boy?" enquired Miss Danks.

"Yes. He had been sent to the house of some old family servant for his health, and he remained there for two years while his parents were in Europe. Oh, Lena, he was the noblest, kindest, most generous-hearted boy! If you will only help me now to save him!"

"I!" exclaimed Lena.

"You," replied Mary, caressing and kissing her. "Oh, don't refuse me! Dear papa is stern and unforgiving about such things. He would think that Gustave Livingston wasn't worth saving because of this one fault. It is in vain to hope for help from him. But if you will only assist me, dear, good Lena, I have such a plan."

"Indeed!" said Lena, laughing. "So I am to be bribed with a kiss—well, let me hear your plan for the benefit of Gustave—I mean Mr Livingston—and we will see what can be done."

"I shall need your brother's aid, too, but that you must secure. And both of you must promise to keep my secret from every one," concluded Mary, earnestly.

Then, leaning her cheek against Lena's, in the silence of the midnight, she whispered her innocent plot for the redemption of a bumax soul.

Lena Danks' stay in Boston was but a short one, and on her return to New York it was noticed by her escort that she carried in her own hands, and for the whole distance, a small ebony box mounted with silver lock and key. A jewel box, as he supposed.

On the evening of her arrival at her home in Avenue, after the family greetings were over, Lena sought a private interview with her brother, and after a long explanation left the ebony box in his care.

"May is a trump, Lena, and you are another," was the young man's somewhat undignified exclamation. "Livingston is well worth saving, and the little box shall be in his possession to-morrow night before he sleeps."

"Secretly, James, remember," said Lena. "He must not know from whom the gift comes till he has shown himself worthy of it."

"Trust me for that," replied her brother. "If there were more women like you and May, women ready to use their influence over a man in this fashion, we should be a great deal better than we are, my dear."

So James Danks carried off the prize to his own room.

The next evening a party of gay friends met, as they were often in the habit of meeting, at the artist's rooms. Wine flowed freely, and the pictures on the walls could scarcely be seen for the clouds of smoke that rose from a dozen cigars. When the revel was at its height, James Danks rose from his chair and held out his hand to the host.

"Good-by, Livingston."

"What are you going so soon?" said the artist, surprised.

"Yes, going for good and all, my boy," was the reply.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Danks, seriously, "that there is a time for all things, and the time for reflection has now come to me. We are all on the downward track, boys—you know that as well as I. An angel has warned me and I am going to stop now while I am able. Follow my example if you have any regard for yourselves, or for the mothers, sisters and wives at home who love you. Good-by, boys—Good-by, Gustave, I shall never join you here again."

He left the room. They all sat gazing at each other in silence. His words had struck home to every heart as he had intended them to do. One after another of the now quiet party stole away with some excuse. In half an hour after James Danks had closed the door behind him the artist sat alone by his fireside, leaning his head upon his hand and gazing sadly into the coals.

"The wives, the mothers, the sisters at home who love you," he muttered to himself. "They did well to obey the call I would have obeyed it, too, but who lives now to care for me? My mother and little Mary are now in their graves, sisters I have none—wife I shall not have! Ah, what does it matter? A short life and a merry one for me, and no one will save a tear over its ending. I'll have another glass of wine. What is this?"

In reaching up to the mantel-shelf for the glass he had left there, his hand struck against the little ebony chest, which stood in the place of honor, directly under a little water color sketch made from memory of his long lost child, May. The silver key was in the silver lock.

The artist turned it wondering how the beautiful toy came there without his knowledge. His surprise increased when the lid flew back, displaying a beautiful drinking-cup of gold, elaborately chased, and enriched with rubies beneath the curving brim.

"What a beautiful thing!" exclaimed the artist, lifting the cup from its bed of rose-colored velvet. "Who can have sent me such a gift? Did those fellows bring it secretly with them to-night, I wonder? Any way, it is a perfect gem; I'll fill it to the brim with champagne, and see if I can drive those melancholy thoughts away."

Approaching the table he lifted the flask. Something flashed at that

moment at the bottom of the cup. Turning it towards the light, he saw a picture framed in gems, and, bending nearer, the large blue eyes of the lovely stranger at the concert looking up at him from the depths of the goblet with an earnest, appealing gaze.

He dropped the cup in surprise. Snatching the ebony case from the chimney-piece, he searched it eagerly for some clue to the mysterious gift.

Half hidden in the velvet lining he found a morsel of paper; drawing it forth and holding it to the light, he read:—

"Not dead, but hoping and praying for you ever."

"May! May alive! Alive and remembering me!" he exclaimed. And then, as the full significance of the gift flashed across his mind, the crimson flushed to his temples, and sinking on his knees he laid his head down beside the magic goblet and burst into tears.

These who called at his rooms the next week found them closed. At last it was rumored about that he had sailed for Europe, and a few more days proved the rumor to be true. A year passed by, and at the annual exhibition of the academy of painters, a picture made its appearance which took the world of fashion completely by storm. Every paper noticed it; every person spoke of it; and so numerous and so approving were the comments, that pretty Lena Danks, who in general cared not at all for pictures of any kind, asked her brother to take her to the gallery to see this wonder on a certain day.

James, like a kind brother, consented, but with an odd twinkle in his eye which Lena could not quite understand. When that evening's train from Boston brought Mr Warburton and his adopted daughter, May, for a visit of some weeks, James' eyes seemed to twinkle more brightly than ever; and of his own accord he invited Miss May to join their party on the following day.

May accepted the invitation with a suppressed sigh, hearing which, James smiled so broadly that Lena speedily hunted him into a corner, and demanded a share of his secret, whatever it might be.

But James proved obdurate. She would know all, he said, at the gallery, where the name of the successful artist was to be proclaimed on the following day.

Lena reflected a moment.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and her eyes began to dance in their turn.

But not one word said the little traitress to her friend May. Only she took care that their visit to the gallery, should be paid at a very early hour, before the fashionable world had scarcely risen from bed.

Rarely as it was, however, no gentleman stood before the famous picture, gazing intently at the beautiful, golden haired guardian angel, who, with white, waving wings, sat forward over the shoulder of a dark-browed man, walking headlessly on a flower strewn deck towards a fearful gulf, and drew forth his unwilling hand a golden cup, overflowing with wine.

Lena gave one swift glance at the angel in the picture, and at the solitary gazer. Then she touched her brother's arm, and while Mr W went unsuspectingly forward, the two vanished into an inner room, where a portrait gallery had been recently improvised.

Hearing the light step behind him, the artist turned away, with a crimsoning brow, from the contemplation of his own picture. But, with his first glance at the face of the new-comer, he paused.

May, unheeding him in her haste to see the picture, lifted her eyes to the canvas. She stood rooted to the spot in her amazement, her heart throbbing, her color rising, and, at last, her blue eyes filling with tears.

"O Lena!" she exclaimed, in an agitated tone. "It must be his picture! No one else could have painted it! He is saved!"

"Yes, thanks to you, sweet angel, under God, he is saved!" replied a deep voice.

She turned, and met the dark eyes of the artist gazing at her in worship.

"May—my little May—will you take the life you rescued?" he asked.

With a noble courage she laid her

hand in his. And now no home is happier than that of the famous painter where his sweet "guardian angel" smiles upon his walls, and dwells enshrined within his loving heart.

Don't read! Don't think! Don't believe! Now, are you better? You women who think that patent medicines are a humbug, and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the biggest humbug of the whole (because it's best known of all)—does your lack-of-faith cure come?

It is very easy to "don't" in this world. Suspicion always comes more easily than confidence. But doubt—little faith—makes us think that our "Prescription" is better than your "don't believe."

We're both honest. Let us come together. You try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If it doesn't do as represented, you get your money again.

Where proofs are easy, can you afford to doubt?

Little but active—are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Best Liver Pills made; gently, yet thorough. They regulate and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels.

While in Mexico on my last journey says a writer in a Boston paper, I had my breath taken away when I saw the most magnificently constructed railroad in the world. I refer to the Mexican Gulf road, where the ties are made of the finest mahogany and the bridges built of marble. The waste seems criminal, but the builders are actuated by motives of economy as they have the mahogany and marble along the track side. The road hasn't really cost much to construct, but if the materials were appraised in this country's standard of prices the total would amount up into millions.

There are seven or eight negroes in Texas, most of them ex-slaves, who are worth about half a million dollars apiece. One of them owns a tract of a month toward the support of the widow of his former owner, who has fallen into poverty. A rich negro in Memphis, who was formerly a slave, but now has one of the finest houses in the city, is making the grand tour of Europe with his family. And the "nigger problem" is discussed still unsolved.

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