

# 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 24, 1891.

No. 35.

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is prescribed by the most eminent physicians in every part of the world. It is a safe and reliable medicine for the treatment of all the ailments of infancy and childhood, such as Colic, Constipation, Worms, Diarrhoea, Indigestion, and all the ailments of the bowels. It is also a powerful and reliable medicine for the treatment of all the ailments of the chest, such as Croup, Whooping Cough, and all the ailments of the lungs. It is also a powerful and reliable medicine for the treatment of all the ailments of the head, such as Headache, Neuralgia, and all the ailments of the nerves. It is also a powerful and reliable medicine for the treatment of all the ailments of the skin, such as Eczema, Scabies, and all the ailments of the skin. It is also a powerful and reliable medicine for the treatment of all the ailments of the system, such as Fever, Chills, and all the ailments of the system. It is also a powerful and reliable medicine for the treatment of all the ailments of the system, such as Fever, Chills, and all the ailments of the system. It is also a powerful and reliable medicine for the treatment of all the ailments of the system, such as Fever, Chills, and all the ailments of the system.

### 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 notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will

be made known on application to the

office, and payment in advance is

guaranteed by some responsible

party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian Job Department is

constantly receiving new types and material,

and will continue to guarantee satisfaction

on all work turned out.

Ready communications from all parts

of the county, or articles upon the topics

of the day are cordially solicited.

The name of the party writing for the Acadian

must invariably accompany the communication,

although the same may be written

over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Editors & Proprietors,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly

from the Post Office—whether directed to his

name or not—is responsible for the contents

of the same.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued

and does not 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 a period

of ten days, is an offence.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

### POETRY.

If We Knew.

If we knew the cares and crosses  
Crowded round our neighbor's way;  
If we knew the little losses,  
Sorely grievous day by day,  
Would we then so often chide him  
For the lack of thrift and gain—  
Leaving on his heart a shadow,  
Leaving on our heart a stain?

If we knew that clouds above us,  
Held by gentle blessings there,  
Would we turn away all trembling,  
In our blind and weak despair?  
Would we shrink from little shadows,  
Lying on the dewy grass,  
While 'tis in only fairs of Eden,  
Just in mercy lying past?

If we knew the silent story  
Quivering through the heart of pain,  
Would our womanhood dare doom them  
Back to haunts of vice and shame?  
Life has many a tangled crossing,  
Joy has many a break of woe,  
And the checks, tear-washed are whitest,  
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms  
For the key to other lives,  
And with love to erring Nature,  
Cherish good that still survives;  
So that when our cherished spirits  
Soar to realms of light again,  
We may say, dear Father, Judge us  
As we judge our fellow-men.

### SELECT STORY.

Why She Refused Him.

She drew up her horse at my gate,  
"Mr. Landon!"

I laid down my book and went down  
the path to her. She was always beautiful  
in her riding habit, and the opal  
tint of her cheek was a little lovelier  
than usual, I thought, that morning.

"How do you do?" she said soberly.  
"Are you very busy?"

"Not very," I answered, glancing  
back at Valentine Vox turned upside  
down on a piazza chair. "What is  
wanted? Can I be of service to you?"

"Not to me. But papa wished me to  
ask you if you would come in and direct  
Tom about trimming our paper trees."

"The row by the south wall, you know.  
He knows nothing about it, and spoiled  
them five years ago."

"Certainly. I will be at the Three  
Elms in an hour or two, Miss Vattie."

She gave me a dainty military salute  
and galloped away. That, and all her  
little tricks and ways were indescribably  
pretty.

Before I came to Baywater, my  
sister had warned me how beautiful  
Miss Vattie Somers was. She begged  
me not to fall in love with her, and I  
had promised not to, I believe. But  
after my horse was built, and I had  
settled at Baywater—for the sake of  
being near my manufactory—I got in  
the way of spending my evenings very  
often at the place where she lived, called  
the Three Elms for the trio of trees that  
stood before the door.

The family consisted of Mr. Somers,  
who was aged and infirm; Vattie, as  
she was called; two younger sisters of  
12 and 14, and their governess, Miss  
Stowell. Mr. Somers had taken quite  
a fancy to me, and entertained me with  
the garrulousness of old age; and the  
children were pretty pets, and Mrs.  
Stowell was a sensible lady. All this  
goes to say nothing of Miss Vattie's  
personality, made her sitting-room an  
attractive place for a solitary old  
bachelor. My sister, who was plain,  
old-fashioned and practical, would have  
suffered untold anxieties had she known  
it. Being one of the working bees of  
this world, she could see no use or virtue  
in such a pretty, dainty being as  
Vattie Somers. The bare suggestion  
of her becoming my wife would have  
shocked her as a plain-fraught with  
most disastrous consequences.

But I don't know that I really ever  
thought of such a thing until the morning  
that I went up to superintend the  
trimming of the poplars.

Vattie had returned from her ride,  
she had replaced her habit by a wrapper  
of some colored gauze, and was sitting  
on the lawn, attended by a  
gentleman. He was a stranger. He  
was young and handsome. I saw him  
lift her basket, I saw her smile in his  
face, and—well I was madly jealous.

It was a revelation of my own heart  
that I was not prepared for, therefore  
I did not go forward to greet her. I  
turned up a side path and went round  
to the side door. Two little girls, who  
were there studying came forward to  
meet me.

"Mr. Landon," said Rose, "has Vattie  
come home from her ride?"

"I believe she is in the garden," I  
answered.

"Then she is with Mr. Louvois said  
Lilly. "He came while she was gone.  
He is very handsome. Mr. Louvois is,"  
primly, "and sister Vattie is going to  
marry him."

Rose who was younger and not ro-  
mantic, laughed at her.  
"Lilly thinks he is so nice," she  
said.

I smiled at the children, but my heart  
ached. But I was not fond of being  
miserable, and strove to throw off my  
depression. I called Tom, trimmed the  
trees, received Mr. Somers's thanks, and  
went home. I think I went home about  
my business as usual, but everything  
seemed changed. I had a strong dis-  
position to run away from Baywater  
and everybody I had ever known.

I did not go near the Three Elms for  
more than a month. This was unusual  
and I knew would attract more attention  
but I could not help it. The more I  
thought of Vattie Somers's marriage the  
more deeply miserable I was.

So I staid at home. I spent whole  
evenings with a book without reading;  
I took long rides over the country  
coming home dull and dazed. Or I  
invited a few guests to my house, en-  
tertained the company, and bored myself  
excessively.

But one night, as I tossed on my pillow  
tormented by my disappointment, a  
thought occurred to me, I would pro-  
pose to Vattie; put myself out of misery  
or plunge myself into darker despair.

I am aware that I was not a very  
brave lover from the first, for I wrote my  
momentous question instead of de-  
livering it by word of mouth. I shut  
myself up in my chamber and spent the  
evening writing letters to her. The one  
which I finally dispatched was in-  
vited with the briefness of desperation:  
"MISS VATTIE SOMERS—I love you.  
Will you marry me?"

AUBREY LANDON.

Then I rested from my labors. He  
reply came back the next night.

"MR. AUBREY LANDON—I think you  
are mistaken. No?"

VATTIE SOMERS.

Then of course, there was nothing  
for me to do but forget her. This I did  
not succeed in doing.

But time waits not for miserable  
lovers more than for happier men. The  
summer went, and it chanced that I  
never saw Vattie Somers's face until a  
certain day about Christmas.

During the hot weather I drove to  
my counting-room. But on the fine  
winter days I preferred to walk. The  
road lay along the edge of a large sheet  
of water called Swan's pond. This by  
the middle of December was frozen  
over.

But one morning I was rather late  
to my business, and wishing to make a  
short cut, I started to go across the  
pond on the ice. I had proceeded but  
half way across when the brittle sub-  
stance gave away and I was plunged  
into the cold blue beneath.

At first I went under the ice, but  
though I could not swim I struggled  
back to the aperture and laid hold of the  
edge of the ice. It was thin, however,  
and kept breaking in my grasp, and a  
numbness began to come over me. I  
felt myself grow pale and my heart sank  
as I struggled.

Meanwhile I was half conscious of  
shouts and confused voices. I did not  
realize that they had any connection  
with me, however, with a slender figure  
in scarlet bounded like a redbud on the  
ice above and beside me, and at the  
same moment a rope splashed into the  
water.

My brilliant preserver was away like  
the wind, but I had the means of escape  
in my hands and I clung to the rope,  
breaking the ice before me until I was  
drawn by unseen friends upon the bank.  
Then a dozen hands reached to my as-  
sistance, and I found myself surrounded  
by a crowd of men.

I was in a very exhausted condition.  
They put me into a carriage, and I be-  
lieve it was Mr. Somers's Tom who drove  
home with me.

At any rate, it was Tom who assisted  
in putting me to bed, and dozed my  
hot compounds until I felt as if I should  
explode.

"That will do, my good fellow, that  
will do," I said, at last. "I can't drink  
any more of anything. Just put away  
that glass, if you please, and tell me  
what that was the rope."

"Who should it be but Vattie Somers?"  
demanded Tom, who was but six years  
from Cork. "What other skater is there

in Baywater like her? Sure, no man  
could have ventured on that thin ice  
and it was as much as her life was worth  
to go; but she did it—bless her party,  
flying feet!"

The hot tears came into my eyes. I  
went asleep very happy.

They kept me in bed two days, but I  
got out of their hands on the third  
and drove to the Three Elms.

Vattie faltered and turned a little pale  
as she gave me her hand. But I took  
both little hands and drew her aside,  
though Rose and Lilly were looking on  
wonderingly.

"Darling, it is very noble in you to risk  
your dear life for a man you despise."  
"But I do not despise you."  
"For a man you dislike."  
"But I do not dislike you."  
"For a man you do not love."  
"But I do love you!" sobbed Vattie,  
yielding to my embraces.

Then she tried to release herself and  
talk of other things, but I had been de-  
ficient too long to permit this, and I held  
her close kissing lips and hands and  
honey hair.

"Vattie, why did you refuse me?"

"Because I thought you were crazy  
to ask me in such a strange way, after  
shunning me for six weeks. Why did  
you do so, Aubrey?"

"I was troubled about Mr. Louvois  
sister said you were to marry him."

"That was only a child's story. Mr.  
Louvois has married my cousin, Mar-  
garet."

The rest of my happiness I shall keep  
to myself.

The Impressions of Childhood.

The impressions of childhood last  
through life, and go much further to  
wards influencing children for good or  
bad than most mothers imagine. One  
of the sweetest and loveliest women we  
ever knew was reared by doating parents  
with the idea that nothing would or  
could harm her; that every one loved  
and wished to please and serve her.  
Her whole nature was a reflection of  
the sunshine that had been shed around  
her beautiful childhood, yet many people  
would have supposed such a course  
would have spoiled the child.

A wise mother will see that her  
children know nothing of fear, and that  
all subjects that will distress them or  
in any way sadden their little lives are  
avoided.

Superstitions and false ideas of many  
things which cling to people always, and  
cause them lives of unhappiness, can  
often be traced to the teachings of a  
thoughtless mother or ignorant nurse.

"There are many things so mixed in my  
brain with the stories heard from my  
old Negro nurse in childhood, that it  
often troubles me to distinguish truth  
from falsehood—light from darkness,"  
said a very intelligent woman, some  
time since in our hearing, thus showing  
how early impressions prevented even  
the proper cultivating of the mind  
lightening the understanding as it should.  
Then try to give children every  
day of happiness in your power by  
loving kindness and tender care, and  
above all, let no long remembered false-  
hood of ghost, hobgoblin, or bear  
from mother's lips destroy their love  
and respect for her who should be so  
dear to them.

"If there is no radiant sunshine in  
the days of mud pies, dolls, tea parties  
and hobby-horses, let us ask when there  
will be?" says a wise writer on the  
subject.

No lovelier love is given parents than  
to brighten the lives of the little ones  
intended to their care, and give nothing  
but brightness to their childhood's mem-  
ories is a blessing that will go far to  
lighten the burdens and sweeten the  
bitterness of after life, let its trials be  
what they may.

Temperance Longevity.

An endeavor has been made to show  
that total abstinence do not live so long  
as those who consume alcohol in  
moderation; also, strange to say, that  
those who often drink to excess outlive  
the teetotalers. Statements purporting  
to come from the medical profession in  
England were adduced in support.  
The facts were evidently cooked, but so  
skillfully as to deceive unwise people.  
All persons possessing common sense  
are aware that an excessive consumption  
of alcohol leads to ill health and a high  
rate of mortality. But many are not  
convinced that even what is called

moderate indulgence tends to lessen the  
duration of life. The United Kingdom  
Temperance and General Provident  
Institution, London, England, has two  
classes of insurance, one of total  
abstinence, and another for temperance  
people who are not total abstainers. All  
insurance offices carefully avoid insuring  
the lives of drunkards, of those whom  
they suspect to be inclined to over in-  
dulgence. That of itself is sufficient to  
show that the universal experience of  
the life officers is that alcoholic excess  
means a high rate of mortality. The  
directors of the before mentioned in-  
stitution at their annual meeting for  
1880, reported that for the total abstin-  
ance section on the whole number of equal  
numbers of every 100 claims estimated  
to fall due by the actuary tables there  
had been only 50 deaths, but that in the  
general section—that is among  
those who drank in strict moderation—the  
deaths amounted to 86 out of the  
expected 100. Therefore out of equal  
numbers of two lots of insurers—total  
abstainers and temperate men—the  
abstainers show 12 per cent better than  
the temperate drinkers.—Toronto  
Mail.

A Future Full of Hope.

Look where we may, the future seems  
full of hope. The great world, slowly  
and reluctantly it may be, is still open-  
ing its eyes to the appalling spectacle  
of wretchedness, degradation and sin  
that lies so close to us on every hand.  
The cry of the afflicted and down-  
trodden is heard in last. We refuse to  
acquiesce in what selfishness and  
cowardice assure us to be inevitable.  
The few who have taken upon their  
shoulders the burden of suffering  
humanity are beginning to find not only  
sympathy but help in their efforts to do  
battle with the evil power which now  
desolates so vast a portion of mankind.  
The struggle must be long. No matter  
how glorious, no devotion, how-  
ever generous; can win a sudden  
triumph; for at the best human progress  
cannot be measured from year to year;  
its movements, though sure, are imper-  
ceptible; only by generations can  
loss or gain be reckoned. But when a  
new spirit enters into the world; when  
the ideal of the few becomes the en-  
thusiasm of many, and the vision once  
seen only by lone watchers on mountain  
heights is revealed in its glory to the  
tollers of the plain; when a faith once  
dim and faint begins to stir with a new  
fire and a new life, we cannot for long  
be unconscious of such a change. And  
such a change is surely coming on.  
The long night, with its darkness and  
silence, is passing away, and though  
the awakening world rings the trumpet  
sound, "Let the King reign!"

Experience of Advertisers.

Upon the death of Mrs. Lydia E.  
Pinkham, four years ago, her sons who  
took charge of the business, considered  
it so enormous that they could get along  
without advertising, and thus save the  
\$300,000 which their mother spent  
annually for that purpose. For three  
years this attempt was kept up but ex-  
perience showed that it meant the failure  
of the business, so this year they are  
advertising on a more extensive scale  
than formerly. In other places, such as  
Detroit, large firms who thought them-  
selves well enough known have found  
that by not keeping their names before  
the public they have lost business.  
What is true of the wholesale is also  
true of retail business, it must be ad-  
vertised. That "Judicio" advertising is  
the keynote of success," is de-  
monstrated by an investigation of the  
record of any successful business man;  
and if another example besides that  
given above is wanted, one need only  
refer to the world's greatest showman,  
F. T. Barum. The man who arrests  
the attention of the public by a well  
worked advertisement, and just what he  
advertises will outstrip any and all com-  
petitors who do not place so much stress  
on gaining the public eye.

Men and Marriage.

Many men have married only a face.  
It was enough for them in the first in-  
stance to have their imagination satisfied  
by what they could see of a beauty.  
As a matter of fact, where there is only  
a face, beauty is simply impossible. In  
such a case beauty is not a question of  
form, or outline, or colour; the deepest  
beauty, the truest and most abiding

beauty can only be secured in associa-  
tion with mental and moral qualities.  
The form itself may be destitute of  
beauty and yet in the very form and  
figure there may be strange and happy  
fascination because of the energy of the  
intelligent and all directing life. To  
imagine that face beauty will last, sup-  
posing it to be nothing more, is self  
deception of the most vexatious kind.  
Where face beauty is associated with  
mental beauty so much the better.  
Never forget the old proverb, however,  
which says "Handsome is that hand-  
some does." Beauty of character will  
outlast beauty of form and beauty of  
color. The latter may be pleasant  
enough for a few days or a few years  
but can avail nothing in the night of  
darkness, in the hour of sorrow, in the  
pain and need of growing weakness.  
Under such experiences we need moral  
qualities of the very highest kind.  
Look out, then not for mere beauty of  
a facial or superficial kind, but for  
beauty of soul, which shows itself in  
benevolent thinking, religious aspiration,  
readiness to help and sympathize with  
all mankind.

Talking of patent medicines—you  
know the old prejudice. And the doc-  
tors—some of them are between you and  
us. They would like you to think that  
what's cured thousands won't cure you.  
You'd believe in patent medicines if they  
didn't profess to cure everything—and so,  
between the experiments of doctors, and  
the experiments of patent medicines that  
are sold only because there's money in  
the "stuff," you lose faith in everything.  
And you can't always tell the prescrip-  
tion that cures by what you read in the  
papers. So, perhaps, there's no better  
way to sell a remedy than to tell the  
truth about it, and take the risk of its  
doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary  
Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y.,  
does with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical  
Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-  
scription.

If they don't get their money any  
other way, you get your money.

Handie Colts Kindly.

A colt's education should begin at  
weaning time. Kind treatment and  
care in handling and breaking to the  
halter are essential. He should be  
made thoroughly halter wise and not  
afraid of those who are to handle him  
at an early day. There will not be the  
trouble or danger usually attendant at  
breaking time if he be broken gradually  
thus. When he is first driven it should  
be with a steady, gentle animal, but  
he should not be taught to drive beside a  
slow horse. If he is to walk beside a  
slow horse, and a slow walking horse on  
the farm loses much money and pro-  
fiteous time.

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.

Energy will do anything that can be  
done in this world; and no talents, no  
circumstances, no opportunities will  
make a two-legged animal a man without  
it.

The man who haunts the first load of  
sand used in building the Polk County  
Jail, penitentiary has just been sen-  
tenced to that institution for six months.

Minard's Liment cures Dietsemper.

A Great Event

In one's life is the discovery of a remedy for  
some long-standing malady. The poison of  
scrofula is in your blood. You inherited it  
from your ancestors. Will you transmit it  
to your offspring? In the great majority  
of cases, both consumption and catarrh origi-  
nate in scrofula. It is supposed to be the  
primary poison of many other derangements  
of the body. Begin at once to cleanse your  
blood with the standard alternative.

Ayer's  
Sarsaparilla

"For several months I was troubled with  
scrofulous eruptions over the whole body.  
My appetite was lost, and my system so  
weakened that I was unable to work. After  
trying several remedies in vain, I resolved  
to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and did so with  
such good effect that I feel this one bottle  
restored my health."

Restored My Health

Many men have married only a face.  
It was enough for them in the first in-  
stance to have their imagination satisfied  
by what they could see of a beauty.  
As a matter of fact, where there is only  
a face, beauty is simply impossible. In  
such a case beauty is not a question of  
form, or outline, or colour; the deepest  
beauty, the truest and most abiding

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY  
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,  
Sold by Druggists. 61, 63 & 65, North 3d St., Boston.

### DIRECTORY

Business Firms of  
WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will  
be glad to receive your orders and  
send you our most enterprising business  
men.

JORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes,  
Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnish-  
ing Goods.

JORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages  
and High Tops, Repaired, and Paint-  
ed.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Mak-  
er and Repairer.

BROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse Shoe  
and Farrier.

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

JAYSON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace,  
Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.