

THE ACADIAN

AND KINGS CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1899.

No. 7.

Vol. IX.

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for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended in all cases of colic, constipation, flatulence, biliousness, indigestion, and all the ailments of infancy. It is a safe and reliable medicine, and its use is recommended by the highest medical authorities."—*Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.*

THE ACADIAN

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

Every communication from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names of the party writing for the ACADIAN will invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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Editors & Proprietors,
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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 service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for.

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By 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 altars in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Pastor, Rev. Canon Brock, R. D. Beaudette, Rectory, Wolfville. Wardens, R. Prat and Frank A. Dixon, Wolfville.

By FRANCIS (R. O.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P. Mass 11:00 A. M. on the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

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J. W. Caldwell, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

DIRECTORY

OF THE
Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE

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

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

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

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DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

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POETRY.

The Light at Eventide.

The day had been lonely and dreary,
And my spirit partook of its gloom,
And restless, and sad, and unquiet,
I wandered from room-to-room.

For the mists in the early dawning
Had risen, and heavily lay
Like a shroud on the face of the pallid sun
And darkened each straggling ray.

And the clouds grew darker and darker,
And the stars shone in the falling rain,
Came borne like leaves by the wailing wind
Or the sob of a soul in pain.

And vainly I watched and waited,
As the hours dragged wearily by,
Not a rift in the sombre darkness,
That hung like a pall o'er the sky;

Till just as the day kissed the evening,
Ere he sank on her bosom to rest,
A flood of such wonderful glory
Illumed and lightened the west.

That, breathless I gazed at its beauty,
As broader and brighter it grew,
And it seemed like the gateway of heaven,
With the glory of God shining through.

And the beautiful vision thrilled me
As I gazed, for I seemed to see
How God in that scene was revealing
His way and his dealings with me.

For over my heart came rushing
Their meaning all glorified,
The words of the beautiful promise,
Of the "light at the eventide."

And peace such as passeth all knowledge
Just flooded my tired heart then,
Till it seemed that I never could intrude
Or rejoice at my lot again.

What though the mist and the shadows,
Lay dark o'er the room of my day,
And I've struggled through storm and
Each sorrowful step of my way?

I shall rest at the nightfall, and o'er me,
From the gates by an angel swung wide,
Will burst with a glory eternal
The "light at the eventide."

STORY.

ALICE'S PACKAGE.

"Good morning!" said the new station agent.

"Good morning!" said Alice.

They had parted at 11 o'clock last night, having strolled home from the concert together, and they had found enough to talk about then. But here under the bantering gaze of the ex-station agent, who haunted the scene of his former labors previous to his departure for Iowa, they were tongue-tied.

"Is there a package for me?" said Alice, formally.

"I'll see," said Cary Loomis, exploring with slowness.

But Mr. Stark dived into a corner before him, bringing forth a large, square bundle.

"This it?" said he. "There was a twinkle in his eye. 'Miss Alice Lyman,' said, too. But, see here, now—'Pittsburgh!' Who's sending you presents from Pittsburgh, Ally? His twinkle was luminous.

"It's not a present," Alice retorted.

But the ex-agent was not satisfied. "Pittsburgh," he mused, "seems to me that surveyor fellow hailed from Pittsburgh, didn't he, Ally?"

"Shall I sign here?" said Alice to Cary Loomis over the entry book.

"And boarding next door, too," said Mr. Stark, "xy, yes—it's natural—natural!"

"Oh, no, it isn't heavy, thank you! Why, lift it," Alice was saying to Cary, with as laughing frown for her tormentor.

"Good-looking fellow, too," said Mr. Stark. "Wal, Ally, you've got my consent for one."

"Thank you!" Alice laughed, but vexedly.

She had meant to say something to Cary Loomis over and beyond the conversation about the package—for had not the pleasant young new station agent seemed already quite attentive to her?—but now she could not summon a word or a syllable. If Mr. Stark were at the bottom of the sea!

"I don't know how Pittsburgh'll suit you, Ally," Mr. Stark persisted, mercifully. "They say it's snaky. But I s'pose smoke won't interfere."

Alice was gone, and Cary closed the ledger with a bang.

"Were you joking Stark?" he demanded, "or is that so?"

Stark eyed him. He had a strong sense of humor, and he read the new agent's secret.

Without absolute statements, he convinced his young successor that

Alice Lyman had flitted outrageously with the Pittsburgh surveyor; that he had been most devoted; that they were undoubtedly engaged, and that the big package from Pittsburgh was proof of it.

Cary had grown a little pale during the process, but so strong was Mr. Stark's humorous sense that he strolled away finally with a widened grin.

Cary found his dinner saved warm for him when he returned to his boardinghouse somewhat late, and Mrs. Davis, large and cheerful, waiting to serve it to him.

But to-day neither his dinner nor Mrs. Davis cheered him. He ate one and responded to the other glumly.

"Well, now; maybe you ain't feeling just smart. I've known change of air and water to make folks real sick," she hazarded in concern.

"Oh, I'm all right," said Cary, sardonically smiling.

"Maybe you need living up. You've been to the socials and concerts, to be sure; but maybe something livelier—Well, there," she broke off with motherly interest, "there's the music in the park to-night. I guess you'd like to hear that. You better step over to-night," said his landlady inspiringly.

He had no intention of going. He decided, with a certain inconclusive satisfaction, that he would spend the evening in his room, and without a light, that would be the fitting situation for him and his dejection. She would be in the park, and perhaps the Pittsburgh surveyor would follow his package, and be there with her.

All the same, for such is the power of pretty eyes and red lips, eight o'clock found him at the park. He would not go near Alice Lyman. He strolled about gloomily. All the town appeared to have assembled. The band was on by and on, moaning to the hand stand.

"Oh, Mr. Loomis!" somebody exclaimed with a pretty laugh, "I had almost run over to you!"

It was Alice—Alice with a loose knot of young men and maidens, not yet paired off, but well connected.

He joined them, or course; there was no other way.

And a few minutes later, when they had paired off, and the band had struck up, he found himself on a bench beside her—they two alone.

"Home, Sweet Home!" said Alice.

"Dear me, Mr. Loomis, couldn't they have found something a little newer?"

"It seems not," said Cary, unsmilingly.

"But how they fit!" cried Alice, clasping her arms. "And that second horn is a bar behind."

She was in a good mood. Her derisive words were mirthful.

"And they've been prattling all the spring. Well, I could do better with a comb and some tissue paper."

A whiff from the strings she wore was wafted to him.

Her face, in the dusky light, was bright and yet soft.

She was thinking about her surveyor, probably, and laughing in her sleeve at him. Well, let her.

Poor Cary felt suddenly weary of his anger. He was in love with a pretty girl who did not love him—that was all. She could not be blamed—he would not blame her. He could hate the man she did care for, but he could not hate her.

So, while the band labored unsmilingly on, he bent toward and talked to her gently.

He told her of the really fine open air concerts he had heard at Brighton Beach. He described the odd, varying scene—the mass of people who thronged the walks; the long, crowded hotel piazzas; the circular pavilion from which the music poured forth, and which he found it all, the great still water.

He found Alice looking up at him, as he ended, with a keenness in her eyes and a softer smile.

"I have never been anywhere," she said, almost in a whisper. "I don't know anything. I wonder, Mr. Loomis—I've wondered more than once—that you care to talk to me! I—"

But she said more than she meant to. He knew that her cheeks were hot and her eyes confusedly lowered.

His heart throbbled hard. He got up abruptly.

"That remarkable march they're murdering is driving everybody away," he remarked. "Shall we follow, Miss Lyman?"

"I think so," said Alice.

Her fingers pressed his offered arm. A man, who had been listening to his halted buggy, wheeled about as they stepped into the road.

He was driving a colt, and a frisky one.

Was it the marvelously bad music which made his horse jump as he turned?

Alice was on the point of asserting it, but he swerved so close that she sprang back with a scream.

Somewhat the whirling buggy struck her. It flew down the road the next instant, but Alice lay in a prone heap in the dusty road.

Cary Loomis groaned as he bent over her.

"Alice!" he cried. "Alice, darling, are you hurt?"

He raised her to her feet, his arms about her.

"No, no!" she protested. "That back wheel struck me as it flew around—that's all; it didn't even bruise me. Only I'm dusty enough," she added, laughing.

"I am so sorry!" he murmured. "You sprang away from me so quickly that I could not save you. You must be hurt."

"I haven't a scratch," she retorted. "I—I think I will take your arm, Mr. Loomis."

In a bewildered way he withdrew and offered it. Then—

"I owe you an apology, Miss Lyman," he said, stiffly, as they went. "I—I called you something. I was so startled that I called you, perhaps you did not hear me?"

"Yes, I did," she murmured, with head averted.

"Well, he burst forth, desperately: 'an apology, did I say? Well, I apologize, Miss Lyman. But I only said what was in my heart—I said what I couldn't help, Miss Lyman. Try not to blame me! You will have a right to tell the man you are promised to, if you choose, and he will have the right to horse-whip me—but I couldn't help it! I try to forget it!'"

"I don't understand you," said Alice, turning toward him at last and squarely.

"What can you mean, Mr. Loomis? The man I'm promised to? I'm promised to nobody!"

But she was promised to somebody soon and in short order.

"Stark," said Cary—he was too happy to be sharply discerning and he regarded Mr. Stark with bland eyes—"Stark, you know, let me inform you about Miss Lyman and that surveyor from Pittsburgh who boarded next door to her. She is not engaged to him. She never was, and never will be."

"She, now?" Mr. Stark's long countenance beamed forth an almost infantile blankness.

"Wal, I'm beat!"

"He was fifty or so, Stark, and Alice hardly exchanged a dozen words with him."

"Now pahaw!" said Mr. Stark, with a wide gaze of incredulity.

"No, sir, not a dozen words! And that package—he was going to Pittsburgh, you know, and he heard her telling the lady he boarded with that she wanted a lot of worsted, and some she couldn't get here, and he offered to get them for her when he got home. And he did. That's what that package was, Stark."

"Wal," said Mr. Stark, stroking his stubby chin, "how I got it into my noodle I dunno—don't for the life of me! I haven't been so took back, I dunno when!"

But he coughed queerly as he walked away.

Mr. Stark's sense of humor was abnormally developed.—Saturday Night.

What a Woman Can Do.

A student of the sex exalts woman and covers man with contempt thus:—

She can come to a conclusion with out the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first-rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She is cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to a woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's head before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a baseball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can sharpen a led pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband 75 years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and, in some rare instances, can give you some faint idea of what the text was. She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can—but what's the use? A woman can do anything, and do it well.

She can do more in a minute than a man can in half an hour, and do it better.

She can drive a man crazy for 24 hours, and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply kicking him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.

Mr. Stackhouse at Springhill.

Rev. Mr. Stackhouse, who has temporarily filled the pulpit of the Baptist church during the summer vacation, preached his farewell sermon Sunday evening. The pews were all filled and a few chairs placed in the aisles to accommodate the large congregation. The service began with the singing of hymn number 3 and 703. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Rowe, of Berwick. After reading the 24th Psalm, Mr. Stackhouse preached from the words of the 17th verse—"Depart from evil and do good"—an eloquent discourse. To depart from evil, implied a consciousness of evil or guilt, and a knowledge of that which was good. He pointed to Christ as the true and living way. To depart from evil, involved on the part of the individual persecution in this world, in fact crucifixion to the world, because Paul had said "he was crucified to the world." He spoke feelingly of his departure. Although his stay in Springhill had been pleasant yet he felt a burden of responsibility resting upon him. The work done did not seem fruitful. He spoke of the growing evil of the town—the drinking and vice so apparent, and called upon his hearers to crush it out, for the sake of their children. At the conclusion of the sermon, the choir sang most appropriately "Shall we gather at the river."

Mr. Stackhouse is a young man of promise. He made many warm friends during his brief stay here, who deeply regret his departure. He returns to Acadia College, Wolfville, to pursue his studies. In the opinion of many a bright future awaits him.—Springhill News.

A Quaker Printer's Proverbs.

Never send an article for publication without giving thy name, for thy name often secures publication of a worth less article.

Never inquire of the editor the news, for hehold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may concern thee not, for that is in the sight of good breeding.

"Used Up,"

"Tired Out," "No Energy," and similar expressions, whenever heard, indicate a lack of vital force, which, if not remedied in time, may lead to complete physical and nervous prostration. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to vitalize the blood, build up the tissues, and make the weak strong.

"For nearly three months I was confined to the house. One of the most celebrated physicians of Philadelphia failed to discover the cause of my trouble or afford relief. I continued in a bad way until about a month ago when I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It acted like a charm. I have gained flesh and strength and feel ever so much better. Shall continue using the Sarsaparilla until completely cured."—John V. Craven, Salem, N. J.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time."—E. L. Foster, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

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