THE ACADIAN
AND KINGS CO. TIMES.

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

Vol VIII WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1889. No. 35.

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 for 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.

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 fictitious 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 P. M. Mail are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.50 a m.

Express west close at 10.25 a. m.

Express east close at 5 10 p.m.

Kentville close at 7 15 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.

A. DEW. BARSS, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 2 30 p 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, A DEW 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 Wednesday at 7 30 p m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Revs. D. W. Johnson and G. F. Day, Pastors. Services every Sabbath at 11 00 a m and 7 00 p m. Sabbath School at 1 00 p m Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7 30 p m.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND:—Parish of Horton. ST JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville. Services: Sunday 3 p m; H. C. on the 1st Sunday in the month at 11 a m; Thursday (during Advent and Lent), 4 p m.—ST JAMES CHURCH, Kentville. Services: Sunday, 11 a m and 7 p m; H. C. on the 2d Sunday in the month at 8 a m, on the 4th Sunday at 11 a m; Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Strangers provided with seats by the Wardens, or other members of the Vestry. Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Rector, Residence, Rectory, Kentville. E. S. Crawley and R. Prat, Wardens of St John's Church. F. A. Masters and S. E. Hue, Wardens of St James Church.

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. W. Caldwell, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets 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.

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

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

BISHOP, E. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc, etc.

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

BROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

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.

HAMILTON, MISS S. A.—Milliner, and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

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

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.

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, C. 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.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, CONVEYANCER. INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE N S

Campbell's Cathartic Compound

IT CURES LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

Fredericton, N.B., 9th Oct. 1888.—I find Campbell's Cathartic Compound the best article I have ever used for costive bowels, biliousness, and easy to take. I am, yours truly A. N. McDONALD.

Sold by dealers in family medicines everywhere. 25c. per bottle

Select Poetry.

A Prayer.

Teach me, O God, when sorrow weighs me down,
And on my pallid brow does sickness press,
Resignation, prayer, and patience sweet,
Stifling sad murmurs at my sore distress.

Teach me to feel that others too, have pangs
Much deeper than it is my lot to bear;
That others, too, have sorrows more than mine;
Yet sink they not beneath their deep despair.

Teach me to know that life was never made
To be one calm, unruffled, blissful scene;
But that grief mingles with its waters smooth,
And pain and sorrow shadow its pure stream.

So knowing this, I may not cast down-be,
But learn, by faith, to lean my hopes on Thee!

Choice Miscellany.

The Voices of the Sea.

One time a sobbing, grieving child went down to the shore of the sea and stood upon the white sands and listened to the murmur of the wavelets as they lapped on the beach. And their murmur soothed his wounded heart and dried his tears. And the wavelets whispered to him as he sank down on the soft sands:

"Sorrow and grief must come in every life. Sleep, oh! child, and in your sleep you will forget your heart-aches."

And the child slept, and the soft lapping of the wavelets soothed and rested him, and when he awoke he laughed again in childish glee and remembered not that he had ever wept.

One time a youth, whose spirit had been hurt, and in whose breast there rankled a fierce and dangerous thirst, stood upon the shore and looked far over the blue waters as he meditated revenge. Each wave as it rolled at his feet bore a crest of foam, and the foam was so white and pure, and the waters were so limpid and sparkling, that little by little the hate went out of his soul. And by and by the surf-beats became words, and a voice gently said:

"Life is full of disappointments and vexations, oh! youth, but let not hate nor revenge creep into your heart. It is divine to forgive—it is blessed to forget."

And the youth listened and his heart grew softer, and by and by he went away whispering to himself that the world was full of sunshine and goodness.

One time a man in the zenith of life, who had been so troubled that he cursed his God and declared that all men were against him, walked by the shore and meditated his own death. This time the breeze was strong and the waters troubled. The waves rushed in with swift pace and flung the foam-patches at the feet of the man who waited. From out of the troubled waters came a gentle voice, and said to him:

"Make your heart brave and try again. He who succeeds in life must not grow weary and become faint of heart. The sea may be troubled to-day and its waters lashed to foam; to-morrow its placid surface shimmers in the sunshine."

And little by little the fire was drowned out of the man's heart, and his spirit grew calmer, and hope came back to his soul, and he went back to the world with new courage and a greater determination.

And one time an old, old man, whose hair was snowy white, and whose limbs were weak and trembling, stood upon the shore and stretched out his arms and called:

"I am weary with my life, oh, sea! I am old and broken and sad, but death does not come."

And the tide was going out, and there were swirls and eddies and soft lappings. And a soft voice replied:

"Rest has come at last. Your soul shall go out into the sunshine and the tide—through the limpid waters—through the shimmering and the foam—through the daylight and darkness to the golden shores of Heaven."

And those who found him dead upon the sands whispered to one another:

"Ah! the voices of the sea have been called him from earth!"

His Noble Wife.

Ah, as you say, I've had two wives—I married very young—and many years have passed since my wedding bells were rung. My first wife was a slender girl with braids of silken hair; no creature ever walked the earth more beautifully fair; her voice was like the murmur of a softly flowing rill, her cheeks were like the flowers that grow upon the hill. Too fair was she for this cold world, and so one summer day she smiled at me a smile of love and gently passed away. My second wife—you've heard of her? She's famous now, you know, and if God spares her to her work her fame will brighter grow; a stately woman, filled with thoughts too grand for her to stay at home and wear her life away. Oh, I am proud of her. She is the grandest of all wives, a martyr who devotes herself to rescue other lives from all the bondages women know, to show them the true sphere, emancipate them from their bonds, and give them freedom dear. Her pictures printed every day in North and East and West, her speeches printed are at length, and they are of the best. But sometimes in the twilight hour when I sit here alone, I dream of one whose sleeping now beneath the sculptured stone; I seem to hear again the voice I loved long years ago, to clasp again the little hand as softly white as snow; to see the gentle eyes again, to stroke the silken hair, to hear the tripping of her feet down the cottage stair. And then the old songs she used to sing come trooping through the years, and I repeat them o'er again, half blinded by my tears; and then I take and kiss and kiss the gloves she used to wear, the ring that once her finger held, the lock of golden hair; and thus I sit through silent hours which have like minutes sped, forgetting all the new who live in dreaming of the dead.

* * * Ah yes, my wife returns next week, she's had a lengthy tour; she's made some speeches that I know will through the years endure. It is a pleasant thing to me to see her sitting here and telling me of triumphs that she witnessed far and near; to hear her speak in golden words about the glorious day, when all the bonds of womankind will be severed away. To see how people honor her as one above the rest—I tell you that it makes me glad and fills with pride my breast. I love to see her home—to have here by my side a woman so renowned her name is known the country wide. But sometimes when the darkness falls and drives away the day, to one lone grave out on the hill I take my silent way; and there I kneel and think of days, happy days of yore; and hear old songs that once were sung by lips that are no more; and see sweet eyes that used to look in mine with trust and love, that still look at me here below from splendor up above; and hear a voice sound in my ears, and hear the little feet, that now on paves of glowing gold in rhythmic gladness beat. But how I'm talking! I've near made a burden of your life; come around next week; I'll introduce you to my noble wife.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

Free Rum or Cider—Which?

Whether the proposed constitutional amendment in Massachusetts against rum is also against cider, is being, as it ought, well agitated. We believe fruit-growers feel about manufacturing a home beverage somewhat like the woman who the learned Dr Abernethy once remonstrated with for mutilating her husband's face and head with her finger-nails in a family jar. Said the worthy doctor,—"Madam, are you not ashamed, treating the head of this family thus?—in fact, your head, madam." The virgo retorted fiercely, "Well, doctor, if that be true, haven't I a right to scratch my own head?" It seems to us, prohibition advocates should reflect that, so long as humanity is unfitted for its surroundings and conditions of life, so long evil will exist, and human beings foolishly try to "drown misery" with strong drink. But increase human happiness by every possible means; lessen that mother's burden that she may bear more healthy children; then ameliorate their hunger, disease and pain by better physical as well as moral training, and you will have plucked out the most deadly fang of the monster—intemperance, while farmers and fruit-growers are left to pursue an honest calling. Acting upon this precept, we would go further and proclaim that thousands of families are now suffering with troubles that scores of persons have repeatedly tried to relieve with strong drink. "Hot lemonade with a stick," "rock and rye" are familiar receipts. Temperance people should teach others to find some better remedy for hacking coughs, bronchital irritations, catarrhal inflammation, rhumatism, and neuralgia than whiskey. Said a well-known Boston merchant, recently, to a party of friends; "I used to resort to whiskey when attacked with rheumatism and neuralgia; I could get drunk, but I couldn't cure neuralgia. But I know a remedy—Johnson's Anodyne Liniment—that will fix it for me every time." Truly, it is the most certain remedy known for any pain or inflammation. It is used internally as much as externally. Many people do not know this. The manufacturers, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to any one a pamphlet telling how to use it. A teaspoonful, *properly* used, will accomplish wonders.

A Quaint Couple.

It was seven long years since Jonas Harris had begun to "keep company" with Hannah Bell, and yet in all that time he had not mustered courage to propose a certain important question. His house was lonly and waiting; her's was lonely enough to be vacated, and still Jonas could not bring himself to speak the decisive words. Many a time he had walked up to her door with the courage of a lion, only to find himself a very mouse when she appeared. He had never failed in dropping in to cheer her lonliness on Christmas evening, and this year he presented himself as usual. The hearth was swept, the fire burned brightly and Miss Hannah was adorned with smiles and a red bow. Conversation went serenely on for an hour or so, when they both sat parting redechecked apples with great contentment, Jones began to call upon his recollections.

"It's a good many years, ain't it, Hannah, since you and I sot here together?"

"Yes, a good many."

"I wonder if I shall be sittin' here this time another year?"

"Maybe I shan't be at home. Perhaps I shall go out to spend the evening myself," said Miss Hannah briskly.

This was a blow indeed, and Jonas felt it.

"Where?" he gasped.

"Oh, I don't know," she returned, beginning to quarter her apple. "I might be out to tea—over to your house, for instance."

"But there wouldn't be anybody over there to get supper for you."

"Maybe I could get it myself."

"So you could! so you could!" cried Jonas, his eyes beginning to sparkle. "But there wouldn't be anybody to cook the pies and cakes beforehand."

"Maybe I could cook 'em."

At that moment Jonas' plate fell between his knees to the hearth and broke in two, but neither of them noticed it.

"Hannah," cried he with the pent up emphasis of seven long years, "could you bring yourself to think of gettin' married?"

A slow smile curved her lips, surely she had been given abundant time for consideration.

"Maybe I could," she returned, demurely, and Jones has admired himself to this day for leading up to the subject so cleverly.

Men and Women.

Sex traits open up a curious study. Men are influenced by opinions of their own and of the other sex. Women are largely indifferent to the views of men and are sensative to the last degree about their own kind. They are willing men should admire their beauty, and they will marry on occasion; but here the preference to masculine sentiment pretty much ceases. The opinion of a half dozen women on a mooted point weighs more with a woman than the judgement of a whole community of men. Women dress for each other, suit their manners for each other, copy each other, and yet distrust each other, whilst they have confidence in and respect for the very men whose desires and views they substantially ignore. It is a singular phenomenon. It shows how much more fully rounded the mental life of a man is, since he takes in both sexes, whilst woman mainly confines herself to one, viz., her own. A woman has one great advantage in her dealings with a man. She understands a man; but no man ever understood a woman. The knowledge is all on one side. The amusing part of the social relations between the sexes is that men are oblivious of the fact that women are always adroitly playing a part, whilst men, good, stupid souls, are clumsily honest and in earnest. If they were permitted to listen to the comments of the women on them they would be disagreeably enlightened. Man, too, emancipates himself often from slavish deference to the opinion of his own kind, but woman never frees herself from slavery to her own sisterhood. They rule men and make one another everlastingly uncomfortable. It is a comedy of errors.

The Born Orator of Kentucky.

One Kentucky gentleman meets another Kentucky gentleman, and they address one another with that solemn earnestness characteristic of Southern high life:

"Good morning, sah! Hope you are well, sah! Whar have you been this morning?"

"I have just come f'om the court house, sah; Sen'toh Blackbu'n has been making a speech—the finest speech I have heard since the wah. He is a bawn awter, sah—a bawn awter!"

"Excuse me, sah, but what do you mean by 'a bawn awter?'"

"A bawn awter? Don't you know what a bawn awter is? Why, sah you and I would say, 'two and two make fo', but a bawn awter wouldn't say that; a bawn awter would say, 'When in the coase of human events, it becomes nec'sa' or expedient to coalesce two integers and two other integers, the results—I declare it boldly and without feah or favah—the result, by a simple arithmetical calculation called addition, is fo!' That's a bawn awter, sah."

Transplanting Shade Trees.

There is not a shrub, vine, plant or tree to be found in our fields and forests, that is not susceptible of a high degree of improvement, if taken up late in the fall or early in the spring, properly trimmed and transplanted in good rich soil near our dwellings. Their change for the better soon becomes apparent. Take, for instance young chestnut trees from the mountain, lop off as much of their tops as you have off their roots; set them up as you would your apple trees, not deeper in the soil than they have stood. They have a growth, and if well preserved will spread prolifically, producing a nut three times as large as those generally brought to the market, and of better flavor. The hickory tree will do the same. All will bear graftings as well as a pear tree. Experiments in this line will cost but little.

Were I a lawgiver in this land, I would enjoin upon the cultivation of shade trees wherever there was a cluster of houses—a severe penalty should be inflicted on all who injured or dispoiled them, and the destruction of a tree should be a capital crime. I would choose for my trees, those of my own country—the maple, the ash, the hickory and the elm, should hold the first rank. I would plant them at the roadside at convenient distances, so that the traveler may enjoy the shade. I would rear them about every church and school house, that the aged might rest their limbs, and the young indulge their sports beneath them.—*Ex.*

It is figured out that the railroads of the world are worth nearly $300,000,000,000, or nearly one tenth of the wealth of the civilized nations, or more than a quarter of their invested capital, and that all the ready money in the world would buy only about one-third of them.

An Englishman has invented a bonnet which can be taken off in the theater, folded up and used as a fan.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

Impure Blood

Is the cause of Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Eczema, and cutaneous eruptions of all kinds. There can be no permanent cure for these complaints until the poison is eliminated from the system. To do this thoroughly, the safest and most effective medicine is **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** Give it a trial.

"For the past twenty-five years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."—G. C. Brock, Druggist, Lowell, Mass.

"My wife was for a long time a sufferer from tumors on the neck. Nothing did her any good until she tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made a complete cure."—W. S. Martin, Burning Springs, W. Va.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? The growth of intelligence in medical matters has given rise to a demand for a class of genuine, reliable medicine. The opportunity of the ignorant quack, who grew rich curing everything out of a single bottle has passed. To supply satisfactorily this demand this list of remedies has been created They are the favorite prescriptions of the most famous medical practitioners of the day, gathered from the hospitals of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Prescriptions which cost the patients of these specialists from $25 to $100 are here offered prepared and ready for use at the nominal price of *one dollar each.* Not one of them is a cure all; each one has only the reasonable power of curing a single disease, and each one keeps is contract. Sufferers from Catarrh, Diseased Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Fever and Ague, Neuralgia, Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa or Nervous Debility, should send stamp for descriptive catalogue to Hospital Remedy Co., 303½ West King St., Toronto, Canada. If your druggist does not keep these remedies remit price and we will send direct.

"After a varied experience with many so-called cathartic remedies, I am convinced that Ayer's Pills give the most satisfactory results. I rely exclusively on these Pills for the cure of liver and stomach complaints."—John B. Bell, Sr., Abilene, Texas.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Send 25 Surprise or Soap Foam wrappers to us and get either the beautiful picture or ½ doz. Surprise lead pencils

A marvel of economy in time, labor and money.

For the laundry and general household use.

Ask your grocer for SURPRISE Soap and take no other.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

MARVELOUS

MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Only Genuine System of Memory Training. Four Books Learned in one reading. Mind wandering cured. Every child and adult greatly benefitted. Great inducements to Correspondence Classes. Prospectus, with opinions of Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the world-famed Specialist in Mind Diseases, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the great Psychologist, J. M. Buckley, D.D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Dr. Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Thos. A. T. Astor, Judge Gibson, Judah P. Benjamin, and others, sent post free by Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

THE

WEEKLY EMPIRE

Canada's Leading Family Paper.

THREE MONTHS FREE

THE EMPIRE, since its establishment has met with unprecedented success, and stands in the proud position of Canada's Leading Journal, but in order to place THE WEEKLY EDITION in the hands of every family in the Dominion this fall, the publishers have determined to give the Weekly

Three Months Free

to every subscriber paying for the year in advance before 1st of January, 1890.

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR $1.

Now is the time to subscribe.

Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto.