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, OCTOBER 24, 1890. No. 9.

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.

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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 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 ficticious signature.

Address all comunications to DAVISON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions

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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 uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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.

Express west close at 10.35 a. m.

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, 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 Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cransvick 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.

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.

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.

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, 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.

OLD PAPERS for sale at this Office.

POETRY.

Departure.

Art thou fled, my companion? No echo
remains in the shadow,
Sombre and still in the wood, of thy
warblings tender and strong.
Where, by the lakes and valleys; where,
in the forest and meadows,
May the lost singer be sought, without
the monition of song?

Peace and its pleasure remain from thy
lay of the eve and morning,
Given unasked, as the perfumes that
flow and go wafting unknown,
Haply, some soul has received it, darkened
with pride and with scorning,
Sweetening the spirit forever, in a way
that may never be shown.

Beauty is swept from the flowers, and
grain from the stalks that are
broken;
Chill is the breath of the breeze, tho'
the sun shone a summer through.
Yet, there is place in the heart for a
word so long ago spoken;
Remembrances stay when the days go
not back nor their labors undo.

Harsh is the voice of the sea; and the
fog on its face set with frowning,
Rolls away from the shore as with
courses, not to return.
Well thou art silent and gone, here calm
in the tumult is drowning;
Tenderness lost like childhood in manhood,
sullen and strong.

Where have the cadences gathered, thick
from thy happiness falling?
Into some heart like a bird that flits
by and is lost in the wood?
Why is the ear like a dreamer, unknowing
the voice that was calling;
Waiting the fragment unheard of the
fragment understood?

Southward thy wing and thy warble flit
among branches and flowers,
Born with a passion not dead, nor to
sleep with the end of a song;
Never to pause while the seasons garner
the minutes and hours,
Frailest, and shyest of singers, shunning
the dissonant throng.

Art thou forever gone, or soon to return
to my hearing?
Never were fields and woods like the
floor of our summer skies.
Teach me once more in the spring, teach
me to utter unfearing.
Pure as thou singest, the songs that
may often rise.

J. F. HERBIN.

SELECT STORY.

Last Strike at Ophir.

Ophir was the most prosperous mining camp on the western slope of the Sierra, and Wash Bonner was the most prosperous miner it contained. His claim, the "Blue Juniata," was paying enormously, and Wash had become very popular, for he gave away his money as fast as he made it. Wash was a tall, good humored Missourian, lean, light haired and sleepy. No one gave him credit for much energy or ambition, and the accident by which he had stumbled upon his claim when the camp was first settled was told far and wide as a case of "fool luck."

It happened this way: The camp began as a placer camp, and all the "claims" along the stream or on the flat were taken up, when Wash, a tall greenhorn of a new comer, drifted in without a dollar to his name, and stood watching the sailor company of runaways from ships in San Francisco bay as they took out their "ounce to the man" from the best washings in the camp.

"What are you lookin' at, young fellow?" said the captain of the company.

"Why don't you stake out a claim?"

"All taken," said Wash slowly.

"Go up on the top of the hill by them oaks," said the man, winking at his comrades. "More there than here."

Wash borrowed a pick, went to the place indicated and in an hour developed the most famous mine of the district. It was a curious pocket mine in a loose, broken formation, and though every one rushed to the place and staked out the whole hillside, no other claim ever paid a tenth part as much as the "Blue Juniata."

In the course of time, as the region became settled and men with families came in, Wash fell in love with the pretty daughter of a farmer in the Sacramento valley. He reviewed the past, a hundred thousand dollars had come out of his mine, and he had nothing left to show for it. He resolved that if the girl would have him he would never waste another cent. He went to the claim, worked all day, struck a "pocket," and took out more than a thousand dollars, the largest yield of a single day in the history of the mine. Then he quit work, went to the town, "spruced himself up," drove down into the valley, called on the girl, proposed and was accedted.

"Jennie," said Wash, "you've got to take me, ef you want me, just as ef I hadn't any mine and wasn't worth a picayune."

"I do," said Jennie; "it's you I care for, Wash."

A month later they were married, and began housekeeping in a little house of white pine built near the mine. Then Wash began the regular development of his claim. For six months he kept up his courage, though not a dollar had come from it in all that time. They lived on what was left of the $1,000 after the wedding expences were taken out. Then one day Wash said: "Jennie, the boys think the old mine is played out, but I don't. I'll never give it up while I live. I'll find a bigger pocket in that mountain side than any man ever yet struck in California."

He climbed the hill and began work on a tunnel which should strike the broken, gold bearing ledges at a lower point than he had yet reached.

Months more passed over the heads of the miner and his wife. One after another their friends deserted them. Their credit gave out, and they lived on game, fish and berries, so that the little money they had could all be spent for blasting powder. Every morning at daybreak Wash, gaunt and silent, went to his work, every night at dark he stumbled home to his cabin.

"Jennie," he said, "I know there is gold there. We will find it soon. I never before worked a month in the old mine without taking out something. This deadlock has lasted more than a year. It can't last always. I will find the lead again, and then we will let the rest go, and buy a farm in the valley, where we can forget about this fight."

She believed every word, for she was a loving, loyal woman, and she knew that this great awkward Missourian was a man among thousands. The very boys in the town hooted after him and called him crazy, but she knew better. Her family had once urged her to leave him and come home, but they never ventured to suggest it again. Old miners passing by looked at the claim, and said there was no gold left. Men who had thousands of dollars from her husband, and owed their entire fortunes to him, at last refused to give him credit for a sack of flour or a side of bacon.

"You stick by the mine, Wash; I'll stick by you," was all that Jennie said.

She never told her husband that she had gone to her brother, who was rich, and asked him for a little money to carry them through the winter. "Not for that spendthrift Missourian to waste," was his answer. "He can clerk in my store if he will gave up his foolishness."

Wash's hair grew gray and thin. He stooped lower and lower. Deep lines were graven in his face, and his eyes became fierce and terrible. Men met him in the gulches trapping game, or down in the streams with his fish nets, and passed him by without a word. Prospectors, climbing over the hills, heard the sound of his pick as he toiled in his tunnel, and laughed him to scorn. "Because he found a few pockets he is boring right into the granite. Crazy as a loon, and his wife as bad. Her relations have done everything to help them—offered them a farm and the best kind of a show down in the valley."

It was an afternoon in October. The saloonkeeper sat on the bench by his door reading a newspaper. He heard a noise at the head of the street; the village boys were shouting. "Here comes the crazy Missourian miner!" Wash, ragged and miserable, came in sight, and after a moment's hesitation spoke to him.

"Evening, Mr Riley."

"I can't do anything for you."

"Mr Riley, listen to me. I hain't a cent in the world. We've sold all our goods and worked in the mine together this month. Jennie's held the drill while I druv it. I can't get a pound of powder, but the holes are all set in the face, ready. Something tells me this time it will touch gold. I can feel it just ahead. I've felt it all along, but now it's right thar, within reach of one more blast. I tell you, Riley, I know it's thar."

"You're crazy, Wash."

"Riley, you've got money. Give me one keg of powder an' I'll make you a rich man. I'll give you half I take out. You don't know how I've worked this year. I've hammered from daylight to dark, gone hungry and slept cold, an' fell down in a dead faint time and time over. Put your hand thar!" He seized the saloonkeeper's hand and held it on his breast. The man felt Wash's heart sway several inches, as if it had torn loose from its place, and its wild, loud throbbing was like the beating of a mighty engine. "Thar," said Wash, "you see I ain't for long, That mine's for my wife. She's stayed with it and with me. I ought to have dropped it and put my pride down long ago, but now it's too late. Riley, will you let me have the powder?"

"No."

Wash looked at his old enemy and turned away.

No one in all that camp understood the proud, unyielding soul that had set itself to wrestle with nature and her secret: The afternoon wore on into night, and night into morning, and morning, noon and afternoon built up another day. Wash did not come back.

Some boys climbed the hill and went into the tunnel. There lay Wash, dead, at the further end of the tunnel, his pick in his hand. He had gone back to break his own way into the treasure house, but his heart had burst in the midst of a giant stroke, and he had fallen across his own weapon. There his wife had found him, and she, too, weak and sick and heartbroken, lay in a faint over his body.

Ophir camp woke with a start to some dim sense of its crime. Tender hands carried Wash and his wife out of the tunnel, and did all that could be done for the poor woman.

A dozen men went back into the tunnel from which they had taken the dead man, and looked at the place where his last faltering shock had glanced off the flinty rock.

"Boys," said one, "I'll never forget that I told Wash he couldn't have any more powder, not if he died in his tunnel. We'll set off them last blast holes jest as he wanted, and then we'll bury him there where he dropped."

There was plenty of blasting powder now to be had for the asking, and in a few minutes the face of the drift was ready for the blast, the fuses set and lighted, word had got around the camp and every man was gathered at the mouth of the tunnel. A few women were in the old cabin caring for the dying wife. A long silence followed the lighting of the fuses, and suddenly the dull noise of the shock, and the fall of heavier masses of rock than usual startled the miners outside.

They ran into the tunnel with their lights. The blast had opened a wide path into an irregular cazern gleaming with gold. Above, below and on all sides was the shining, precious metal. The blast for which Wash had struggled so bravely had revealed a fortune. The excited miners rushed out again with a wild shout. A woman met them with flushed and frightened face.

"How can you make such a noise?" she said. "The poor thing's gone, crying like a baby for her dead man."

The miners drew close together, ashamed and profoundly effected. After a little a few of them went back to the tunnel and secured Wash's pickaxe, which had been lying against the wall.

"We can't bury them here, now," said one, "the mine will be worked again. They must lie on the hillside where all his old friends of twenty years ago are laid."

Wash had no relatives. His wife's brother came up and took possession of the claim, which the miners had protected against all intruders. In a few weeks it became generally understood in the region that the wealth of the "Blue Juniata's last and greatest pocket" was estimated by conservative miners at a quarter of a million.

But from the day that Wash fell dead in his tunnel a blight seemed to fall on the little camp of Ophir. Mine after mine gave out; miner after miner moved away. A land slide swept off the cabin where Wash had lived, and though as I have said, the "Blue Juniata" yielded all that was expected and even more, and founded one of the great Pacific coast fortunes, none of its treasures brought happiness to those who worked it. To-day the camp is deserted and its very name a memory.

A Level Head.

During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out.

In an interview, Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first great strike with which he had had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head; the only point at which there had then been serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy-sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter.

The strike continued several weeks, and there was riotous action at various points along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia.

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind, maintains his equipoise and exercises sound discretion at such critical junctures, is to be relied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the staying qualities which do not falter in the face of danger. Otis A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was feeling very ill. I consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would not stand in my shoes for the state of Ohio." But he did not lose courage or give up; he says: "I saw the testimonial of Mr John Coleman, 100 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an answer, stating that the testimonial that he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year."

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

Wise Words.

Going in debt—Accepting presents from people.

Would we be happier if all our hopes were realized?

Doubt is that which makes man suspicious of all his kind.

The fairest faces are those which we have never too closely scanned.

After spending an hour with a pretty fool how refreshing homely people are.

The meanest man in the world is the man who is good because he has to be good.

A willingness to divide with his captor has protected more thieves than the law has protected honest men.

Our wisest thought is the one which we always lack words to express. Foolish thought finds easy expression.

When you feel that you can't get acquainted with a man it is a sign that he does not like you, and never will.

One way of congratulating a young man who is to marry a girl with money is to let him have anything he wants on credit.

Yesterday he prayed to be delivered from evil speaking, lying and slandering. To-day he proceeds to speak evil, lie and slander.

A woman's idea of a perfect man is a man like the man she likes best; a man's idea of a perfect woman is a woman unlike any he ever knew.

When a man tells you that salary is no object to him you have found one of two things—either a man who is a fool or a man who takes you for one.

It was Mr Emerson who said "the first wealth is health," and it was a wiser than the modern philosopher who said that "the blood is the life." The system, like the clock, runs down. It need winding up. The blood gets poor and scores of diseases result. It needs a tonic to enrich it.

A certain wise doctor, after years of patient study, discovered a medicine which purified the blood, gave tone to the system, and made men—tired, nervous, brain-wasting men—feel like new. He called it his "Golden Medical Discovery." It has been sold for years, sold by the million bottles, and people found such satisfaction in it that Dr Pierce who discovered it, now feels warranted in selling it under a *positive guarantee* of its doing good in all cases.

Perhaps it's a medicine for you. Your's wouldn't be the first of scrofula or salt-rheum, skin disease, or lung disease, it has cured when nothing else would. Money refunded if it don't do you good.

Scientific and Industrial.

A pump chamber weighing 6000 pounds has just been cast at Pittston, Penn.

Chicago is preparing to send great quantities of milling mahinery to China to be used in the gold mines.

A horse power is a power capable of raising 33,000 pounds avoirdupois through the space of one foot in one minute.

A Frenchman has invented portable tablets, by nibbing at which one may sustain life indefinitely, without the use of any other food.

An English engineer proposes making double shell boilers, maintaining a pressure between them. By these means he calculates that a much higher pressure can be carried than is possible even with the coil boilers already in use.

Mustard oil is being manufactured in Germany for lubricating purposes. It is said to be unaffected by cold above a temperature of about fifteen degrees Fahrenheit, and does not readily become rancid or form fatty acids likely to attack metal.

Lampblack.

Lampblack is made in much the same way as charcoal, only no wood is used. Heavy oil or tar or natural gas is burned in a close chamber, at the top of which is a tight fitting iron dome. The oil is lighted, and burns with a smoky flame, giving off small particles of carbon, which are condensed on the sides of the chamber into lampblack. When the process is finished, the dome descends and the lampblack is scraped off. It is tolerably pure, is very black and permanent, and can be advantageously used in making paint, blacking, etc.—*Boston Cultivator.*

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 originate in Scrofula. It is supposed to be the primary source of many other derangements of the body. Begin at once to cleanse your blood with the standard alterative,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For several months I was troubled with scrofulous eruptions over the whole body. My appetite was bad, and my system so prostrated 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 less than one bottle

Restored My Health

and strength. The rapidity of the cure astonished me, as I expected the process to be long and tedious."—Frederico Mariz Fernandes, Villa Nova de Gaya, Portugal.

"For many years I was a sufferer from scrofula, until about three years ago, when I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, since which the disease has entirely disappeared. A little child of mine, who was troubled with the same complaint, has also been cured by this medicine."—H. Braudt, Avoca, Nebr.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by Druggists. $1, six $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

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

For the laundry and general household uses.

Ask your grocer for SURPRISE Soap and take no other.

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