THE ACADIAN
AND KINGS CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. IX. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1889. No. 3.

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

THE ACADIAN.

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

TERMS:

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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.

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.

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DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

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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 by

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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, R. Prat and Frank A. Dixon, 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. 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.

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

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

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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.

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POETRY.

Written for the Acadian.

Memories.

They surge and murmur like the waves
That break upon the shore,
Receding, but to come again
And revel as before.
Oh, summer sky! in vain your smile,
Earth hath not beauty—no,—
The strand is weeping ocean's tears,
As billows come and go.

The glad, bright earth is left behind,
Worn feet must press the sand;
Come hither, Peace! while twilight falls
Upon the "border land."
Beyond the night, the storm, the cold.
There—spirits shall be free;
Hush, murmurs, hush! soon troubles cease,
—"AND THERE WAS NO MORE SEA."

—*K.*

The Song of the Scythe.

Mowers, weary and brown and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass and below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something still they say as they pass;
What is the word, that over and over,
Sings the scythe to the flowers and grass?

"Hush hah, hush!" the scythes are saying,
"Hush, and heed not and fall asleep;
"Hush!" they say to the grasses swaying,
"Hush!" they sing to the clover deep.
"Hush?" 'tis the lullaby Time is singing,
"Hush, and heed not for all things pass.
"Hush! ah, hush!" and the scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass.

STORY.

A Summer Shower.

"So you will not forgive me, Cosy?" George Wharton asked, as he stood in the garden path below, looking up at her as she leaned out of the old library window of Ashley Manor House.

"No, I will not."

"And we are to part forever?"

The unforgiving maiden, whose soft, clear voice was in itself a contradiction of the very words it gave utterance to, was looking away with her tearful blue eyes to the distant hills, which were already enveloped in the evening mist, and trying not to look where her lover stood anxiously waiting and watching for a sign of forgiveness.

The window almost reached the ground, and was shrouded in blossoming roses. Suddenly Cosy turned and broke off a large spray, and directed all her attention to the task of smoothing out every leaf and peeping mysteriously under every petal, a warm flush gathering on her face.

"Darling, forgive me! I'll never vex you again—I swear it! And, Cosy, I was so awfully cut up, too."

The spray was thrown down at his feet, and the blue eyes regarded him with a scornful flashing anger in their troubled depths, and the rose bloom deepened into passionate crimson.

"You mean that you sat for an hour and a half smoking, for Daisy saw you—smoking those hateful cigars, whilst I was waiting for you, and wondering why you did not come, and fretting myself about you. And you were enjoying yourself all the time, and never thinking or caring what had become of me; and you call that being awfully cut up. I—"

"Cosy—" with one hand laid on the edge of the window.

"Don't call me by that name again, sir! I am no longer 'Cosy' to you. Our engagement is at an end, and the sooner that is known the better."

She drew herself away from the caressing hand that sought to touch her, and stood silent and passive by the curtain.

George Wharton stepped back from the window and threw away the end of a cigar he had held concealed all this time in his hand. He looked perplexed and angry, although he lifted his straw hat with a profound bow, and said pleasantly and carlessly enough—

"I have the honor of bidding you a good evening, Miss Middleton."

George walked away to the very same spot where he had already spent the greater part of the evening—a little summer house called the Bower, built under one of the fine cedar trees that spread their dark arms over the grassy lawn. It was a favorite spot of his, perhaps because he was free to smoke there to his heart's content.

He threw himself down by the side of the summer house, and, as a matter of course, in his disturbed state of mind, he took his pet meerschaum out of his pocket, filled it to the tune of "The day you'll forget me," tilted his hat on the back of his head, and commenced to puff huge clouds of smoke into the fragrant but cool night air.

The rustle of a white dress, the gleam of an exquisite face shrouded in soft satin and lace, a laugh clear and musical as the song of a bird and Cosy had passed right through the cloud of objectionable smoke, leaning on Percy Wynyard's arm and apparently quite unconcious of any need of anger or regret.

"I will sing to you to-morrow; and perhaps I will tell you then," the sweet, soft voice was saying.

Percy bent lower over the fair speaker, and whispered something that George did not hear; but the reply to those low, tender words came back to him suddenly, painfully like a knife thrust into his heart. He sprang to his feet and stood by the little green bower trembling with excitement.

"Yes, I care for you a little—only a very, very little."

Was it really Cosy who was taken into Percy's arms and kissed once, twice, under the cedars, with the fragrance of the Portugal laurels around, and the moonbeams shining through a rift in the dark boughs overhead—Cosy, the dear little girl of his hopes and dreams, the sweet little love for whose sake he had travelled many thousand miles, and resigned willingly all the advantages that might have accrued to him from a longer stay in the land of pagodas and pig-tails? Could it be that the gay trifling girl whose merry laugh had roused him from his reverie was his own sweet Cosy, who, despite her hatred of smoking and her passionate temper, had so often timidly confessed her love for him, and in whose pure eyes he had read nothing but truth and honesty? Oh it was impossible—he could never have been so deceived!

For a few moments he stood thus in miserable, anxious thought; then he stepped from under the cedar boughs into the soft, clear moonlight and drew a deep breath. Looking down, he saw something glittering at his feet. He stooped and picked up a jewelled snake—Cosy's bracelet! He recognized it at once, for he had taken a great dislike to seeing it on her arm, and had begged her several times not to wear it, Cosy had been very proud of it as being the most valuable present she possessed; but she had very prettily yielded to his wishes once strongly urged, and had not worn it for many weeks. But the finding of the bracelet now was the only thing George Wharton wanted to prove that he was neither mad nor dreaming in thinking that it was Cosy who had passed but a few moments before.

"False and cruel as the emblem she wore!" murmured George. "And I would have staked my life on her goodness and faithfulness!"

He went into the little bower, and sitting down on the rickety wooden table, strewn with fancy work and books belonging to Cosy and her sister, he leaned his head upon his arms, and a few great sobs struggled upward from his proud wrung heart. All the years before him were a long desolate blank.

He must never see her again, the false deceitful girl! He must take up the duties he had resigned so gladly only a few months before, and away in a far country, without home, wife or child, his days would henceforth be passed in a routine of dull, monotonous work for his country's service. Such was his outlook for the future—a future uncheered, unlighted by one ray of coming joy or one smile or kiss.

A shadow darkened the doorway, and, with a sudden desparate effort, he went out and faced the intruder. It was Cosy, without the satin hood, and looking very pale, with swollen red eyelids, and her pretty evening dress of delicate cashmere wet and draggled through trailing it over the damp grass and paths. She started back upon seeing her lover's face, and shivered a little as she drew her clinging dress about her.

"This is your bracelet, I believe," began George, struggling to preserve a dignified reserve and coldness of manner. "I found it only a few moments ago."

Seeing the pale face, with the eyes no longer glowing and bright with anger, but full of sorrowful pleading and remorse he could say no more. For several moments there was profound silence; then George Wharton aroused himself, and offering her the bracelet was about to pass by her, when she laid her hand gently upon his arm and so detained him.

"Cosy," he said almost despairingly, turning to her, wondering what her conduct could possibly mean, "how could you do it, when I loved you so?"

"I am sorry, dear," returned Cosy, trying not to cry again. I know it was very wrong of me to get into such a rage; but I had waited for you so long, and of course I thought Daisy had given you my message—you know it's really her fault, after all. I had something to tell you—something to tell you—something very important; and when you never came, I naturally thought you preferred to smoke rather than listen to me, and I was very angry—I confess it. But you need not believe everything I say at such times.

"Cosy, what are you talking about? Have you taken leave of your senses? Don't you know it is not five minutes since I picked up this proof of your heartless conduct—the bracelet you now have in your hand?"

"The bracelet! Why what have I done now? I thought you hated it, so I gave it to Daisy. I'm sure you used to say you hated it. It is you who have taken leave of your senses."

"But did you not pass here five minutes ago with Wynyard?"

"Daisy did. That is what I wanted to tell you—Daisy and Percy."

"But she had your hood on."

"Had she? Oh, very likely! We do wear each other's things in the most shameful way."

"My darling," whispered George, folding her tenderly in his arms, "will you, can you ever forgive me?"

"Why, what is the matter George? I thought I was altogether wrong this time; but you did not really believe I did not love you?"

"I did, my sweet one. Heaven forgive me? I wronged you to that extent for a few moments, but, Cosy I will never do it again—never, never darling?"

"It was very wrong if you really did," she said, smiling, "and I don't know of any punishment great enough for the offence. Suppose you had gone on thinking so, how miserable we should have been all our lives!"

"Don't let us speak of it any more," George answered gravely. "Cosy, I will do anything in the world to prove how much I love you. I will give up smoking from this moment. Does that please you?"

Cosy laughed merrily.

"George," she said, looking down at her wet feet, "don't you think we had better go in doors? You can come into the library if you like, and smoke, just for once, to please me, the proverbial pipe of peace, while I promise on my part never to lose my temper again."

"Cosy, you are an angel, and I—well I will give up smoking when we are married, and pipes of peace have become superfluous things?"

Honor Thy Father and Mother.

Young men who come from the country to the town, and who get on in the world, are often ashamed of their parents, of the rustic dress they once wore, and of the simple but honest and kindly way of their childhood. And too often when they assume the fashionably ways of their new friends they leave behind them the religion of their childhood and forget the piety which they learned at a mother's knee. They have out-grown the priestly dress in which their mothers dedicated them to God, and think her religion old, fashioned and worn out. This is a false shame. It is a sin against the dearest and most sacred instincts of our nature. So far from being manly, it is mean and dastardly.

Depend upon it, the man who will have most of the esteem of his fellow creatures and of the favor of Heaven will be he who keeps unchanged all through life the mantle of heavenly devotion with which his mother clothed him. He who makes the religion of his youth the habit of his life—his garment and way of acting all through—will come to honor and will enjoy the proud blessings of cosistency. His wife will be a gracious reality, like that of Samuel; it will have one steadfast puspose running through it all. The outer life will be one of peace with the inner; one part will not reproach the other; and what he seems, that he ever is.—*Good Words.*

Emphasis in Life.

Some people find fault because a few have so much influence in politics in business, in society and even in church. They seem to forget that it is inevitable and applies even in childhood and in youth. In every playground a few dictate the policy, and lead in fun and hard work, in thought and action, because of the emphasis they place upon what they say and do. It is skill in emphasis that usually determines success. If it is known how any one emphasises in life it is easy to estimate the probabilities of success. Emphasis in life is much like emphasis in reading. The first principal in each case is to emphasize ideas, not words. There is a radical difference between the two. Superintendent George Howland of Chicago read "Evangeline" to one of the grammar schools of that city on Friday afternoon a year ago, and I chanced to be present when the pupils read their compositions on the reading. A bright little foreign boy wrote: "I thought so great a man would read very loud, but he didn't. I thought he would emphasize its lots, but he never emphasized a word; but oh, my didn't he picture the story though! I shall see it as long as I live." This is a vivid illustration of emphasis upon ideas rather than words. This principal holds in life. Success depends upon magnifying essentials. Some people tire us in their talk because they dwell upon minor details about which we care nothing, while others fascinate us by giving the pitch of a story so that we do not wish a word omitted. This is a land and age of progress. A man's life must show on the face of it that every word and act tells, and that he has not done the best he will ever do.—*Rev. A. E. Winship, in Golden Rule.*

Too Good Hands.

When I was a boy I became especially interested in the subject of inheritances. I was particularly anxious to know what my father's inheritance was; so one day, after thinking about the matter a good while very seriously, I ventured to ask him. And this was his reply:

"My inheritance? I will tell you what it was; two good hands and an honest purpose to make the best use in my power of my hands and of the time God gave me."

Though it is now many years since, I can remember distinctly the tone of my father's voice as he spoke, with both of his hands uplifted to give emphasis to his words. They had a great effect on my career, and if I attained any eminence or was able to do anything for God, I owe it to my father's example and counsel.

Many a boy does not receive a large inheritance of money or lands; but every one has a pair of good hands which are better than thousands of dollars if dilligently used. And the good purpose to make the best use of them is also in every boy's power. Remember this wise injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

The average boy's life on a farm is not altogether an enjoyable one. He rises early, works hard all day, finds himself too tired at night to enjoy reading or other intellectual pastime, goes to bed, rises early again, and drudges on in the same routine, usually with no pecuniary interest in the enterprise. Set apart a few acres of fruit growing and give the boy sole charge of it, with all or a share of the profits. If this does not brighten the boy and tie him to the farm try him on poultry or fancy cattle. Every boy has a leaning towards some pursuit, and it is the father's duty to give him an opportunity to develope his peculiar faculties.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker-Mouth. Sold by George V. Rand.

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.

The Boy Had the Best of It.

The master of a school in a certain village bore the reputation of being a clever calculator; upon one occasion he almost forfeited his reputation. The rector of the parish and some friends paid a visit to the school to note the progress of the children.

A little rogue of whom no question had been asked and who had therefore missed the opportunity for distinguishing himself, which he greatly desired, made up his mind to question since he was not questioned, "Master," he said, "will you do me the kindness to answer me something?" "Ask whatever you please," replied the master; you know I always tell you to ask anything you do not know. He who asks makes no mistakes." "My father is three times my age. Will the time ever come when he will be double mine?" "That is not a question," said the master; it is a je[illegible] to bring that about the clock m[illegible] for him and go on for you." "[illegible]at it is quite possible," contin[illegible] the boy; "I will prove that what [illegible]y is true. I am twelve years old; [illegible]y father is thirty-six. In twelve years I shall be twenty-four and my father forty-eighty. Consequently my father who is now three times my age, will then only be double." The visitors laughed heartily.

The growth of the British mercantile marine is one of the marvels of the present age, and illustrates beyond doubt that "there is life in the old land yet." England stands supreme as a commercial and maritime power. She owns more than one half of the ocean tonnage of the world, the exact figures being 51.4 per cent. The increase of the steam tonnage of the world in 1888 was 633,948 tons, and half of this increase was built by British owners. In the same year the United States added to her tonnage only twenty-seven steamers and 10,274 tons. Japan beat the United States that year by upwards of 25,000 tons. The shipping laws of the United States need revision very badly. With its wealth and population and the extent of its imports and exports, the United States should not allow itself to be so badly outstripped in one of the most important elements of national greatness.

The mullen weed, so often a nuisance in our pastures, is cultivated in England in private gardens and very much admired, under the name of "The velvet plant of America."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

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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

SURPRISE

☞ Ask your Grocer for SURPRISE Soap and take no other.

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