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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1889.

No. 31.

Without injurious medication

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

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(IN ADVANCE.) CLUBS of five in advance \$4 00

The Acadian Job DEPARTMENT 18 con

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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 writin
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over a factions signature.

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

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DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace,
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PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX. en from 9 a m, to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.
A. DEW. BARRS, Agent.

### Churches.

METHODIST CHURGH—Reva D. W., solohnson and G. F. Day, Pastors. Services every Sabbath at 11 09 a m and 700 p m. Sabbath school at 100 p m. Frayer Meet-ing on Thursday at 7 30 p m.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Parish of Horton. St Jone's Cuencu, Wolfville. Services: Sanday 3 p m; 4H C. of the 1st Sunday in the month at 11 a m; Thursday (during Advent and Lent), 4-p m. St James Curnen, Kontville, 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 7:50-p. m. Strangers provided with sental yithe Wardens, or other members of the Vestry. Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Rector, Residence, Rectory, Kentville, E. S. Crawley and R. Pat, Wardens of St John's Church. F. A. Masters and S. E. Hue, Wardens of st James Church. CHURCH OF ENGLAND Parish

RT FRANCIS (R. G.) -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, Sectetary

### Temperance.

WCLFVILLE DIVISION S or T meets evaly Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7:30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets o ery Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7,30 o'clock

DIREC OY Business Firms of

WOLFVILLE undermentioned firms will us ou right, and we can safely recommend hem as our most enterprising business

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.

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

BORDEN, CHARLES H:—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painteet Property prior to its insertion.

BORDEN, CHARLES HE Carriage and Paint ed BISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc. BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Mak Ber and Repairer.

HE PAYZANT & SON Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H. Insurance Agent Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life

GODFREY, L. P. Minufacturer HAMILTON, MISS S. A. Millite HARRIS, O. D. General Dry Good

HIGGINS, W. J .- General Coal Deal-

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Sho

The Battle of Life. To forth to the battle of life, my boy,

And the troops march steadily on, To the army gone before:
You may hear the sound of their fall Going down to the river where Worlda meet ;

here's a place for you in the ranks, my And duty, too, assigned.
Step into the front with a cheerful face
Be quick, or another may take your And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the my boy,
That you never can tread again— Work for the loftiest, lowliest men-Work for the plow, plane, spindle Work for the hands and the brain,

The serpent will follow your steps, my To lay for your feet a snare;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus fle

The wreathing her golden hair, Temptations will wait by the way, boy—
Temptations without and within;
And spurits of cvil, with robes as fair
As those which the angels in her

might wear, May lure you to deadly sin. Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet and breastplate and
shield,
And the sword the feeblest arm may
wield

In the cause of right and truth. And go to the battle of life, my boy, With the peace of the gospel shod, And before high beaven do the best ye

For the great reward and the good of man, For the kingdom and crown of God. —The Congregationalist.

Interesting Story, The Rumseller's Dream.

over his past life. "I have been very successful in my business," he thought,

the runseller, sitting among the co-tly answered, "but 141 take you to your moss-grown roof, as though they loved home, for no murdever can inherit the his rum had paid. "I have probably kingarm of God." "Murdever!" the fined and imprisoned."

his eyes. Suddeuly an impulse to himself alone with a black object, clovently cared little for the companionship of humanish his eyes. Suddeuly an impulse to himself alone with a black object, clovently cared little for the companionship of humankind, if we may except the STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE,
CONVEYANCER,
INSURANCE AGENT, ETC,
WOLFVILLE, N.S.

STORM OF THE WOLFVILLE, N.S.

INSURANCE AGENT, ETC,
NOTARY CONVEYANCER, ETC
Also General Agent for Fireman bands believed by the was a look of the found by the work of the was a look of the road, cast a deep by the was one common the same bands by the work of the foundation of the work of

rumseller saw a bright ray of light, ahead of him, and pressed onward toward it with quickened step. The figure ahead of him, was now almost suppling, and its head which had be forebeen bowed on its breast was raised forebeen bowed on its breast was raised the light. The rumseller vety grass, a cluster of fragrant flowers; and artistic bit of pebble-coloring, or artistic bit of pebble-coloring, or artistic bit of pebble-coloring, or artistic bit of pebble-coloring. towards the dight. The rumseller could not see the figure's face and wondered who it could be,

It seemed ages since he had started on that walk, but row it was near comon that walk, but for it was used in just as brightly as ever, some sparkfor dull waters with the same sparkfor gate shining with precious stones and radiance, as when it lingers on the radiant with glory. His eyes were bosom of the placid lake. dazzled by the splendor, and he had to shade them with his hand before he could distinguish the figure that had come all the way ahead of him. It was a man, and he now stood at the gate and, knocked upon it for admittance. Soon the door was opened a of pure white, stepped just outside the gate. "Who art thou," the rumseller

heard him ask of the man at the gate. Quiet, reticent and unobtrusive, how I am Peter Jones," the man answered. Why do you knock at Heaven's than to others, who marvelled not a gate? Do you wish to enter here? little as to how he managed to exist. None but the rightcous enter Heaven." Old, bent, and misshapen, with a for-Sir," the man replied, "I come in the bidding countenance, and a gruff, un name of Jesus Christ. In His righteousness I plead. "Come in!" the angel said. And swinging wide the golden gate, poor old Peter Jones loved him. Every one called him entered Heaven, leaving the rumseller "Old Grumpa" even these tiny one outside, alone. He remembered how he had laughed at old Peter's religion. There had been a time when Peter would come to the rumseller's bar and give his money for that which kills both body and soul. But that time was long past, and Peter had spent the large open fire-place. It was built of

gate, the romseller said to himself, door hung with leather hinges. Why may not I enter Heaven's gate? who had admitted old Peter again opened the door and stepped out. The and kept in perfect order, and the tiny opened the door and stepped out. The right of the step of the step

The runseller sal in his cory divan, said: "Why comest thou here? Knowby the side of a cheerful coal fire, with his feet resting on an easy footstool, and the smoke of his fragrant Havans and the curling up to the ceiling, thinking seek admittance." "On what plea?" liberally, so he gave away nore flowers over his past life. "I have been very the angel asked. "None but the right than he sold. cous enter here." "Sir," the rumseller Murphy, J. L. Caldier Miker and Repairer.

DATHOUR. C. A. Manufacturer of all kinds of a trings, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

DOCK WELL. & CO.—Book, seller, Bistioners, Electure Frances, and dealers in Plances, and "Seeing and my wealth". This mused my wealth," "Nay, nay," the angel and imprisoned," Thus mused my wealth," "Nay, nay," the angel with a difference of the recommendation of the second of the s "He is so ungracious," they said, yet accepting his free will offerings with a decepting his free will offerings with a conter here." "What was your busted of the here." "What was your busted frees when on earth?" the angel asked.

BAPTIST CHURGH—Rev T A fligging from and dealer am and 7 pm is winday School at 2 90 a m an and 7 pm is winday School at 2 10 in ray medius; Thurs day ev. ning at 7 30.

Mession Hall Services,—Sunday School and 1 7 30.
PRESENTELIAN CHURGH—Rev I School and D So as prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7 30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURGH—Rev D, Wednesday at 7 30 p. m.

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METHODIST CHURGH—Rev D,

perhaps the trill of a bird sounds sweeter there; at least the sun shines

One of Nature's incongruities, apparently, was "old Grumps." The oldest inhabitants in Ferndale could not re member when he came among them, neither could it be remembered that he tance. Soon the door was opened a sittle space, and a lovely being in robes of pure white, stepped just outside the appeared to have reached a certain age, and then, for him, time stopped. he lived was a mystery to himself, more

It was strange how little children "Old Grumps," even these tiny ones, whose sweet voices softened it, and the wee birds and squirrels fluttered and scurried about his weather-beaten old ut, as though quite at home there.

The hut was a rough, homely little affair, consisting of one room, with a last years of his life in serving his logs and plastered with mud; there Maker. But now, alone, outside the was one tiny window, and a ramshackle

The room contained several boxe I have money and surely that will gain One he used for a table, the two smaller me admittance, even to heaven." So ones fer scats, and the long one for a he advanced, and knocked. The angel couch or bed.

"He is so ungracious," they said, yet

Thus mused my wealth." "Nay, nay," the angel leafy branches toyed and caressed the

but on he went. At length the way next time he knocks at Heaven's gate the low door proved that no footstep of grew lighter, and raising his head the let us hope the angel will admit him.

Wading through the white drifts, apped gently. No answer, no soun

Again, more loudly. Nought but he sighing of the wind through the eafless branches of the great trees greated my listening car. Unlessitatingly I lifted the frail latch; the door creaked noisily.

Beautiful flowers hung shr.velled, wilted, drooping-dead.

A pile of lifeless gray ashes in the open fireplace.

Involuntarily I lifted my eyes from the floor, and they rested upon two fathomless blue eyes, gazing into mine with the innocent sweetness of a little child. The beautiful eyes of "old

Grumps." There was no dimness, no blu -nge had certainly passed them by-and apparently resting calmly, he lay upon his hard box bed. The horny, toilworn hands lay helplessly, touchingly, upon the thin coverlet.

There was no movement, and as

he touch of a master hand, who sealed with His sanction the dumb, smiling

Clasped tightly in the dead old hand, withered flower (where a frost deepe than winter's cold had blight d) and the laughing picture of a fair, girlish

"Ethel-my brother's wife," these were the significent words underlined, revealing only too well, a living sacri fice ended at last-a love lost on earth to find perhaps in heaven.

Some Healthful Hints.

The common practice of raising faintng persons to a sitting or upright sition is often sufficient to destroy the spark of life which remains.

Many parents seem to think that sameness in food is identical with simplicity, and pride themselves on the rirtue of course of action which is noth ing less than murderous.

Let no one torture himself with th thought that he could have been twice

are to those employed. No one can do

Minnard's Liniment felloves Neuralgia.

## When You Need

"For a rash, from which I had saf-fered some months, my father, an M. D. recommended 'Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It effected a cure. I am still taking this medicine, as I find it to be a most pos-erful blood-putifar."—J. B. Cocks erfol blood-purifier." L. E. Course, Denton, Texas.

"C. H. Hut, Druggist, Evansville, Ind., writes: "I have been selling Ayer's Sarsaparilla for many years. It maintains its popularity, white many other preparations, formerly as well known, have long been forgotten."

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

There was no movement, and as I stepped nearer, with that subtle awe creeping over me, I caught a glimps of the infinite, through the kindling expression of those dying eyes. Nought but a life free from stain, a life that had suffered and grown strong, could those windows of the soul wear such a fight, showing a nature loving, true and kind, unappreciated, misunderst ed.

Grand in the nobility of a rugged endurance.

Only a fleeting glance! Almost instantly the light faded softly, the weary lids drooped—he had drifted out with the tide.

Reverently, with bowed head and clasped hands, "for the place I stood was holy ground," and then I gently drew the faded covering over the face that had suddenly been transformed into wondrous beauty and dignity—the touch of a master hand, who sended with the state of the state of the same transformed into wondrous beauty and dignity—the touch of a master hand, who sended with the state of the state of the state of the state of the same transformed into wondrous beauty and dignity—the touch of a master hand, who sended with the state of the state of the same transformed into wondrous beauty and dignity—the touch of a master hand, who sended with the state of the same transformed into wondrous beauty and dignity—the touch of a master hand, who sended with the state of the same transformed into wondrous beauty and dignity—the touch of a master hand, who sended with the same transformed into wondrous beauty and dignity—the touch of a master hand, who sended with the same transformed into wondrous beauty and dignity—the touch of a master hand, who sended with the same transformed into wondrous beauty and dignity—the touch of a master hand, who sended with the same transformed into wondrous beauty and dignity—the touch of a master hand, who sended with the same transformed into wondrous beauty and dignity—the touch of a master hand, who sended with the same transformed into wondrous beauty and dignity—the touch of a master hand, who sended with the same transformed in the same trans

E. v tor boy to fat old lady; 'Goin' up, mum r Old lady 'Yes. I'm going up but sakes idive, a little boy like you can't pull me up in that thing.'



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