

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1891.

No. 5.

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Newspapers from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the column must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to DAVIDSON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

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

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WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

POETRY.

Regret.

"It might have been. Ah! yes, it might have been." Her head bowed low and lips with anguish numb, A woman ponders o'er what has become A wasted life, in those sad years between The present hour and what once might have been.

"It might have been." Return, ye wasted years, That I may tread your pathways once again.

To-night my heart is crying in its pain; "Gone, gone forever, useless are these tears When this blank ruin from my past appears.

"It might have been." How those vain words have stung! All which life might have brought now cannot be.

Across the dreary wastes of time I see Those blighted seeds, withered where they were sown, From which such wondrous blossoms might have sprung.

"It might have been." Oh! dull and aching void, That heart and soul and strength once might have filled; Must thou needs linger on till coldly stilled, Are these heart-cravings, by no new hopes allayed, And on so fearful conscience safely buoyed?

It might have been—year in, year out, they ring— Those cruel words which take from me all peace— Torturing echoes—will they never cease To blank despair o'er all my life to bring Blinding the sunshine out of everything!

It might have been. Away! most bitter tone, Mocking my sleepless misery to-night, From life's stern field of battle for the right, Away! my heart shrinks from thee, for alone Must I account for what was once mine own.

It might have been. Remote, so harsh and grim, Heals not the wounded passion. From the Master gently pours His balm of love— "What may be yet." Welcome, sweet echoes dim, What might have been is better left with Him.

SELECT STORY.

The Hero of Beaver Head.

BY ALVA MILTON KERR.

CHAPTER III.

The day went by and the night passed. The Trave Armor awoke. When he came out the door the sun was shining and the earth seemed fresh and new. The children were racing about, and among them little Gale was flying her curls along the pine-wood wind; she could not sorrow, the air was so sweet and the morning was so fair.

Paul was up with the dawn and had caught a big salmon down by the rocks, and his mother was frying it on the stove under the shed. When Armon stole a little unsteady step, came through the low door he caught sight of Gale.

"Ha, there! Where are you flyin' to, little canary?" he cried, and the child ran to him and he tossed her lightly up and down. How big and strong and good-natured he seemed. The children along about his knees when he was washing his face and laughed and shouted when he dashed the cool fluid upon his feverish head and sprinkled them with the bright drops. When he was wiping his trembling hands he inquired for Paul.

"He got his breakfast early and went up the shore with the boat to see if he could get some fish," said the mother.

"He'll be back about noon and take the clean clothes to the mill."

The man looked down. An expression of shame and unworthiness passed across his face. When they were seated he ate but little, but drank great draughts of coffee.

"You see, Lucy, when I dropped down out of sleep I was in a daze," he said, in answer to her inquiry. "I mistake a storm coming. I wasn't very clear in the upper story, I guess, but I thought I could make the bay shore it struck, and I rowed tremendous. But the hurricane came on like a race-horse, and with the first scoop it lifted me and the boat clean out the water. I hung in 'er, though a good many times I thought she was goin' upside down, but she kept on 'er bottom some way and ran on in the darkness an' I lightin' like all pos-

essed. I nabbed hold of the rudder an' kep' rightin' her when the lightning fell, which was about every second. The sea looked white like a kettle of water bilin' over, an' suddenly I see a ship was about to run over me from behind. It was flyin' afore the wind like all creation and jist missed me. I heard things rippin' and breakin' on her an' shouts and screams as she passed; then somethin' come crashin' again the boat and knocked me outen it. The next second I see by the lightnin' that it was a big platform or stagin' of boards an' I climbed up onto it. As soon as I got my breath I heard somethin' cryin' by me and looked around, and lo and behold! this little thing was layin' there tied fast to the platform. I got her loose an' she caught me round the neck and hit me fast, an' do you know, Lucy, in my scare an' confusion I thought it was Bruce? Wal, he continued, after a pause, "I hit her an' she hit to me, an' I thought, my soul and body, we'd be throwed oten the pitchin', rollin' raft, but it went straight for the head, and all of a sudden I looked up and saw the front of the cliff as white an' terrible in the lightnin' as the face of a torse; and the next minute we struck with a crash, and me and the child was shot up one of the pillars, and I elinched hold of it and I got a footin' an' hung there till Paul come with the rope."

A heavy silence fell between them. He longed to speak of the boy's bravery, but in the face of his own shameful life, the words stuck in his throat. Presently he arose.

"I guess, Lucy, I'll go up to the wharf and see Eric Iverson," he said. "Mebby I ken get him to come around this way to-night and talk with the little thing. I'm thinkin' she's Norwegian, an' mebbe he can find out where she's from."

"Yes, Trave," said the woman.

Then he stooped down and said: "Good-by, little canary; I'm goin' to fetch some one that can understand y'r dirlin'." The child looked at him wondering a moment, then put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"Oh, Trave," said the wife, "you won't drink any more, will you? See, it's like as if Bruce had come back from Heaven and was beggin' you with kisses not to be had any more," and she was crying on his breast.

The man gave a groan of wild contrition and helplessness.

"No, Lucy, I won't ever tetch it again," he said. "I'll strive agin it, an' won't ever tetch it no more!" And he went away with elinched fists, swearing in his soul that liquor should never spread through all his being as he stood dumbly watching him. What had it all come to, his saving this man and bringing him back into the world? With a bitter throb he started toward him. The man saw him coming, as he stood leaning about, and started the shore toward home. The boy followed, hoping in some way to turn him aside that his mother might be spared this torturing sight. Suddenly, as the father zig-zagged forward, he turned and confronted the boy.

"Son, you're a trump, and I want the money you got for the washin'," he said, thickly.

Paul gave a cry of horror and sprang back, but in his lameness he stumbled and fell, and the father jumped heavily upon him.

"Gimme the money!" he yelled wildly, as they struggled; but the boy only gave a pitiful cry, and got up with him. Then they began to struggle as they

stood, writhing, reeling, striking, and suddenly they plunged headlong down towards the water. There a cup-like dent in the bank caught and held them, but the boy fell beneath and was partly stunned, and the man got upon him with his knees and held him while he tore the money from his pocket. As he got up, the boy, like one in a terrible dream, clutched him desperately about the knees but the run-crazed father struck him a cruel blow in the face and he fell senseless at the water's edge.

It seemed a long time before consciousness returned to him. The saws sang on at the mills, the clouds blew over, the tide running outward licked softly at his hair, but he lay still with his bleeding face turned back in the sunshine, a mute protest against the ever-cursing evils of the cup.

After a time he moaned like one in a troubled sleep, and turned himself. The cooling water touched his face and he awoke. Then it all came back to him—the struggle and the dreadful hour, and he got upon his feet and staggered up the bank. He looked up the shore to the town, and there his father was, a hatless sot, reeling from the grog-shop by the water-side. The boy's blue eyes began to blaze; his very blood seemed to curdle with hatred and loathing. The man came a little way down the shore where some boats were rocking and tugging at the chains which held them. Evidently he pursued getting into one of them to sleep his drunkenness away.

The boy watched him walk waveringly out upon the landing-plank to a large four-oared boat. The chain hung loosely over the stake at the end of the plank, and the man's foot caught under it, lifting it from the stake, and he fell forward into the boat, giving it a great lurch outward. The wind had been blowing steadily from the land all day, and long crested swells were running westward as far as the eye could reach. The man, from being stunned, or in a stupor, did not rise, and the boat began drifting outward. The oars had been removed, and the boy turned about with a noise in his ears like gurgling water. The sun seemed to get dark to him; the greatest struggle of his life had come.

Continued Next Week.

Recognized by Smell.

I called on a certain portrait painter in Indianapolis. We had gone to school together. Since then he has acquired a national reputation as an artist. I complimented him on his life-like work. "Yes," he replied: "I suppose it is creditable now, but it was not always so. I remember the first job I ever had. A wealthy lady came to see me, and wanted her full-length portrait painted. I did the best I could, but that was nothing to brag of. When the lady came to look at the picture she gave a cry of disappointment.

"Why, that's not at all like me!" she said. "I shall not take it!"

"I assured her it was a perfect likeness and declared that even her little poodle would recognize it. 'I am willing to take that risk,' she said. 'I'll bring my dog this afternoon, and if he recognizes me I'll take the picture.' Later in the day she brought in the canine, and the sagacious little animal, after surveying the portrait for a moment, ran up and licked the painted hand. My lady took the picture without any further objections.

"But the likeness must have been striking," I said to deceive the dog."

"Not necessarily," replied the artist. "I took the precaution of rubbing a piece of bologna sausage over the hand before the dog arrived."

The Drinking Habit.

There is less dissipation among the men at watering places than is generally supposed. In fact, it may be broadly asserted that there is less dissipation among American men than there was in the past and furthermore, it grows less and less year by year.

Intoxication becomes more and more disgraceful. Among the better classes of men the visiting of public saloons and the stand-up drinking at bars is falling more and more into disrepute.

Another strong influence to this end is that the drinking habit, even in moderation, counts sharply against a man

in the business affairs of life.

"Is he a drinking man?" is one of the first and main questions put by one man to another with whom any business relation is proposed; and "Is he a drinking man?" "Is he a married man?" are the two questions always asked by any business man or firm concerning a proposed employe or associate.

This, no doubt, tends to hold many a man to paths of sobriety, who, perhaps has not enough self-respect to do so. They can't indulge because in a business sense, they can't afford to.

In old times drunkenness was not considered disreputable among the "gentry." The great man was the "four bottle man," and the hero of the occasion at a drinking bout was the one who could put all the others under the table. All this has not entirely disappeared—not by any means—for habits and human nature do not change in a day. But there certainly has been a marked alteration for the better. The man who, in an assembly of gentlemen at dinner or elsewhere, gets drunk makes himself obnoxious. He is not applauded; he is not even pitied. He is condemned and his company sought shy of thereafter.

In other respects men's habits are improving as the country gets older and richer, and time is had for travel and cultivation of the amenities.

What is a Flirt.

Somebody wrote and asked me to define a flirt. It seems unnecessary when the dictionary meaning is worded in such terse Saxon terms. There has been some degree of fascination tossed about the world by a perversion of its meaning, but it is quite time to apply it only in its true sense, and the appellation is far from being a complimentary one.

Do you want to act a lie? Then flirt.

Do you care to lose the modest charm of manner which is woman's best heritage and man's too infrequently found attribute. Then play at love.

Do you want your future life embittered which will stab you when your heart is beating with happiness. Then cheat some one into giving you true regard for false ones.

If you would be womanly my woman reader, or manly, my unknown questioner, give your esteem to all who desire it, your friendship to those who are your true friends, and your heart's warm, earnest love to one man or to one woman, and let it be unswayed by the flatterings which many count in triumph on the fingers of both their hands.

Gray's Elegy.

William Winters, himself a poet of high and noble impulse and always of reverent and tender mood, has written of Thomas Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," the appreciative words:

"What a gap there would be in the poetry of our language if this poet were absent from it! By that sublime and tender reverie upon the most important of all subjects that can engage the attention of the human mind Thomas Gray became one of the chief benefactors of his race. Those lines were murmured by the lips of sorrowing affection beside many a shrine of buried love and hope in many churchyards all round the world. The sick have remembered them with comfort. The dying statesman, closing his weary eyes upon this empty world, has spoken to them with his last faltering accent and fallen asleep with this heavenly music in his heart. Well may we pause and ponder at the grave of this divine poet. Every noble mind is made nobler, every good heart is made better, for the experience of such a pilgrimage. In such places as these pride is rebuked, vanity is dispelled and the revolt of the passionate human heart is hushed into meekness and submission."

Bill Nye's Experience.

You can never successfully pick on prosperous people. Now look at Jay Gould. I have always said what I liked about Gould, and yet he and I are just as good friends as ever we were. I don't see any difference at all. He never used to speak to me and he also does not yet.

But if he had been unfortunate, for

instance, and life had been a failure, or the sheriff had made him pay his fine for not serving as a juror last fall, or had secured him and garnished his pay at the Western Union office, Jay would have been ill-tempered over what I have said, and either stopped his paper or refused me the privilege of his rolling stock; but now he and I just go along as we used to. It has made no difference wish either of us. We are above it.

Latest Thing in Dentistry.

A gentleman, with one side of his face several sizes larger than the other, visited a dentist's office the other day. "Ah, good morning, sir. Want another tooth extracted?" said the doctor, cheerfully, as he paused in his work of brightening a diminutive pair of pinocers with chamois. "Yes, it's just as bad as the other one, now," responded the sufferer dolefully. "Take a seat, sir." "But you have forgotten to call your daughter?" "My daughter?" "Yes. She played the piano in the adjoining room the last time you pulled one of my teeth, and that is why I came back to you instead of going to a nearer dentist. I thought it was the regular thing." "It was a mere accident; but do you mean to say you would like to hear her play again while I am operating?" "Of course." "Does her music ease the pain?" "Yes. Nothing brings forgetfulness of a little affliction so much as a greater one."

Moncton's new buildings this season amount to \$89,000.

Good News!

No one who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of these organs to their proper functions. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. No other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained

Freedom

from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andros D. Garcia, C. Victoria, Tamalpais, Mexico.

"My face, for years, was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

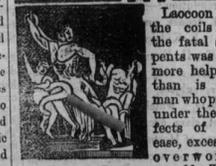
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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of this kind and of less than a year's standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE to any VALUABLE PATIENT on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their names and addresses.

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BE A MAN



Laocon in the coils of the fatal serpents was not more helpless than is the man who pines under the effects of disease, excess, overwork, worry, etc. Rouse yourself. Take heart of hope again and BE A MAN! We have cured thousands, who allow us to refer to them. WE CAN CURE YOU by use of our exclusive methods and appliances. Simple, unobtrusive treatment at home for Loss of Failing Manhood, General or Nervous Debility, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. Improvement seen the first day. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED OR OVER-EXHAUSTED PARTS OF BODY. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

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2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages of time before the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them unclaimed for *in prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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Office hours 8 a. m. to 8:30 p. m. Mails are made up as follows: For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:40 a. m. Express west close at 10:00 a. m. Express east close at 4:50 p. m. Kentville close at 7:25 p. m. Ggo. V. Hans, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m.; Sabbath 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. HOSBOR, {deacons A. & W. BASS

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. B. D. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 9:30 p. m. in Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranwick Jos. A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. B. 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—From Sunday, June 28th, through the month of July, August and September, and up to October 4th in the current year. The regular Sunday Service will be held at 11 a. m. which may be held from time to time. The sittings in this church are free. Strangers and Visitors are always cordially welcomed. 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. F.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m. J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

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

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

How are you? Nicely, Thank You.

Why the inventor of SCOTT'S EMULSION

Which cured me of CONSUMPTION. Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it. Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil. Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer. Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrophulousness, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds. Be sure you get the genuine Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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A first-class grade of family flour. Winter patent, ground from choice Northern wheat. Full weight and of the very best quality. Improves all other wheats and produces the sweetest, finest and most health-giving. It contains the most health-giving and nourishing properties. Guaranteed and warranted to give satisfaction. Sold by J. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Halifax, N. S., or direct from the Mills of HILLSDALE & PELOW, Peterborough, Ont.