

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, APRIL 17, 1891.

No. 34.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is superior to any other medicine. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of infants and children. It is sold by all druggists and grocers.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:

\$1.00 Per Annum.

(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4 00.

Local advertising at low rates per line

for every insertion, unless by special ar-

rangements for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will

be made known on application to the

office, and payment on receipt of advertising

order, and no return of any kind will be

made until the bill is paid.

The Acadian Job Department is con-

stantly receiving new styles and material,

and will continue to guarantee satisfaction

on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts

of the county, or articles upon the topics

of the day are cordially solicited. The

names of the party writing for the Acadian

must invariably accompany the communi-

cation, although the same may be with-

out a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVIDSON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-

larly from the Post Office—whether direct-

ly to his name or another's or whether

he has authorized or not—is responsible

for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-

tinued, he must pay all arrearages, and

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 refu-

sing to take newspapers and periodicals

from the Post Office, or removing or

having them recalled for *prima facie*

evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Mails

sent out as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor at 6:50

a. m.

Express sent close at 4:50 p. m.

Express sent close at 7:25 p. m.

Geo. V. Bazo, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on

Saturday at 12 noon.

G. W. Mowbray, 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. Prayers meeting on

Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30.

Members and friends welcome. Ministers

will be called for by

Geo. W. Bazo, 140

St. W. Bazo, 140

St. W. Bazo, 140

St. W. Bazo, 140

St. W. Bazo, 140

DIRECTORY

OF THE

Business Firms of

WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will

use you right, and we can safely recom-

mend them as our most enterprising business

firms.

BORDEN, G. H.—Boots and Shoes,

Plates and Caps, and Gents' Furnish-

ing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages

and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Paint-

ed.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Mak-

ing and Repairing.

BROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse Shoer

and Farrier.

CADWELL, CHAMBERS & CO.—

Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furnitures,

etc.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace,

Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Pub-

lishers.

DR. FAZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent.

Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life

Association of New York.

GOLDFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of

Boots and Shoes.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods

and Gents' Furnishings.

HEWITT, J. P.—Watch Maker and

Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Deal-

er. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS—Boot and Shoe

Maker. All orders in his line filled

promptly. Repairing neatly done.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and

Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer

of all kinds of Carriages, and Team

Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers,

Stationers, Picture Framers, and

dealers in Pens, Organs, and Sewing

Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy

Goods.

SLEEP, B. R.—Importer and Dealer

in General Hardware, Shoes, and Tin-

ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plow.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobac-

conist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and

Retail Grocer.

WITTEP, BURPEE—Importer and

Dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, and

Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Fur-

nishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is

still in Wolfville where he is prepared

to fill all orders in his line of business.

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POETRY.

My Love of Long Ago

There are faces just as perfect,

There are hearts as true and sweet,

There are hearts as strong and tender

As the heart that's ceased to beat,

There are voices just as thrilling,

There are souls as white as snow,

As hers was when she went from me—

My love of long ago.

New lips are ever telling,

The tale that we've grown old;

Life's joys are always changing

For someone into gold,

But amid the shine and shadow

Amid the gloom and glow,

She walks with me and talks with me—

My love of long ago.

When I think of all the changes

That the changing years have

brought,

I am glad the world that holds her

Is the world that changes not—

And the same as when she left me,

She awaits for me I know—

My love on earth, my love in heaven,

My love of long ago.

—M. Halderside *Brevin* to *Chamber's*

Journal.

SELECT STORY.

The Two Orchards.

Solomon Watts and Stephen Green

were two well-to-do farmers, and they

both owned good orchards. Their

fruit was mostly of a choice kind, and

not only found a ready market, but

commanded a high price. One thing

was a constant source of annoyance. No

sooner did his fruit begin to ripen on

his trees than nocturnal and diurnal

marauders commenced petty depredations

on his choicest fruits.

"It is very strange," muttered Green

to his wife, "that those scamps will

continue to rob my orchard. Only

night before last old Towser tore the

clothes nearly off one of the

villains, and from the marks of blood

that I found on the fence, I should

think somebody must have got pretty

severely bitten; yet last night some-

one was in the orchard again. I de-

clare, it's enough to make one run-

mad."

"It is curious," answered the wife,

"and I'm sure I can't see into it.

How is it with neighbor Watts' orchard?"

"That's just what puzzles me. They

don't trouble his fruit at all, and he

hasn't got any dog, either; and what's

more, his fruit is some of it better than

mine, and more exposed, too. Just let

me catch one of 'em, that's all."

"It's too bad, certainly," uttered

Mrs. Green for she knew not what else

to say.

"Father," exclaimed one of the boys,

"Towser's dead. Just as stiff as a

log!"

"Dead!"

"Yes,—out in the shed."

An oath escaped from Green's lips,

as he leaped from his chair and hasten-

ed to the shed. There he found his

dog—a real bulldog, that he had

bought on purpose to bite those who

troubled him—dead, to use his own

expression, "as a door-nail." This was

"I'll teach ye!" he growled, shaking

the crying boy.

"O don't! I only picked up a few.

O, I won't—"

"You won't, won't ye? No, I'll be

bound ye won't. There, take that,

and that, and that—"

Before the next word escaped his

lips, Mr. Green felt himself hit in the

side by a stone which had been thrown

from the road by the boy who had

escaped. The excited man let go his

hold and sprang for the wall, but he

failed to catch the nimble urbin

who had assaulted him, and in the

attempt he lost the one he had caught.

When the farmer reached his house

he was not only enraged but he was

really miserable. The ill feeling he

had cherished had poisoned every

fountain of feeling and his soul was the

very gall of bitterness. Before he

went to bed that night, he had sworn

that he would get a bear trap and set it

in his orchard.

"Can I have a few of your apples,

sir?" asked a traveler, of Mr. Green.

The applicant was way-worn and

weary, and he sat down upon a stone

near the orchard wall, where the farmer

was at work.

"No," returned Green. "I don't

rais' apples to give away."

The traveler arose from his seat

and kept on his way. A little further

he came across the orchard of Mr

Watts. He stopped and looked over

the wall. There were many apples

lying upon the ground, and he got over

to pick up a few, not noticing that the

owner was near at hand.

"Good day, sir," said Mr. Watts

approaching the spot. "Are you

traveling, sir?"

"Yes, sir," returned the stranger.

"I suppose a little good fruit must

be cheering such a day as this, especial-

ly when one is weary. Just step this

way, sir. Here are some apples much

better than those." And as he spoke

Watts picked up his two hands full

and extended them to the traveler.

"You are too generous, sir," ex-

claimed the man, as he thankfully took

the proffered fruit.

"O no, sir, I can never see a person

want for a little fruit while I have an

abundance. That is one of the great

sources of enjoyment my abundance

gives me—to minister to the wants of

others."

"Then yours must be a happy heart."

"It is, sir."

The traveler soon resumed his

journey, and the farmer again turned

to his work.

That evening Watts and Green met

it was in a small shed belonging to the

former, standing at some distance from

the house, and used in time of washing

sleep, there being a large brook run-

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