THE ACADIAN

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, JANUARY 2, 1891. No. 19.

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.

(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance $4 00.

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 real name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

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

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or 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 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. MUSSO, 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, } Ushers
A DEW BANKS }

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. Cranswick 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 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 administered on the first Sunday in each month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or other particulars see 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 Tower'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 FAYZANT & 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.

The Greeting of the New Year.

The snow lies stiff and white
At the gate of the glad New Year;
Her face with hope is bright,
Though the wintry world is drear.

She smiles with welcome sweet,
She speaks in accents mild:
"Enter, with willing feet,
And the heart of a little child.

So shall you treasures find
Better than lands or gold;
Friends that are true and kind,
Love that is wealth untold.

Humbly my lessons learn,
So shall you wisdom gain;
Deep peace your soul shall earn
Through the discipline of pain."

Hark to the New Year's voice,
With its promise of hope and cheer;
"Courage, brave hearts, rejoice!
For God is always near.

Skies may be dark with storm,
While fierce the north wind blows.
Yet earth at heart is warm,
And the snowdrift hides the rose."

--Celia Thaxter in Cottage Hearth.

SELECT STORY.

A Daughter of the Dunne.

BY ALLISON BROOKS.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

Mrs Craig protested, at first, against lending herself to a purpose of which she wholly disapproved; but Robert plead patiently until she so far yielded as to say that Rachel might come to her for a visit of a month or two. If at the end of that time she had faith in her as even in a small degree as any of being her nephew's wife, she would consider his proposition. She would begin by reading history and literature with her.

"Language and the 'use of globes' will be extra," she concluded with her little, odd smile, at which Robert laughed again, and then remarked—

"Don't imagine that it is a case of [illegible] mind. Rachael has more mind, more character, more natural ability than any woman of her age I ever met."

"You never met any," quoth his aunt sharply, Her settled conviction was that Robert was a victim to the first woman he had ever seriously looked upon.

A week later, in the same room, Robert Craig introduced Rachel to his aunt, who stood erect and dignified in her rich satin dress, surrounded by elegance and luxury—of which the girl had never dreamed—to receive her. Afterwards Mrs Craig owned freely to her nephew that she laid down her arms and surrendered at discretion the moment Rachel entered the room. The pure face, refined by sorrow; the stately figure, the noble simplicity and gravity of her manner surprised the clear-headed old lady into instant admiration, soon to be followed by love; this was no giggling, showy-village beauty--this calm, thoughtful woman with her crown of fair hair and her sweet gray eyes.

"I must introduce her at once," thought the old lady, "to the Prowells and the Hollingsworths; her manners have *more* ease and dignity than the repose

'Which makes the cast of Vere de Vere.'

CHAPTER V.

THE PITCHER BROKEN AT THE FOUNTAIN.

A year has passed and more since Rachel Genell left Broad Bar for Nassau. Rev. Robert Craig still cares for the parish there, doing the work honestly, as unto the Lord, and not unto men. But the old order is soon to change. It is May now. In June he and Rachel will be married; the summer is to be spent travelling abroad, and the autumn, it is expected, will find them in another parish, no less needy than Broad Bar, but of wider extent.

It has been a year of happy toil to Robert. His love has not been a feverish distraction, but an inspiration and support to him.

Love must be one thing to a man who has fretted away his heart's strength and purity in a hundred flirtations, and another to a man who loves once and loves forever one woman and who cleaves to her with the whole strength of his manhood, Robert Craig's love was such as this; it mastered him completely; it terrified him at times by its overwhelming power. Thus far it had acknowledged no obstacles, but sometimes the thought had come to him, "What if God should take Rachel from me suddenly? Could I still serve and trust him? The revelation of his own heart which such questions brought him was almost more than he could bear, he had lived heretofore in so simple, so unvexed an allegiance to God.

On this May evening when the air was full of suggestions of all sweet things which summer brings; when the sea lay quiet in opaline tints meeting the quiet sky at the far horizon, and the small waves broke in musical plashing along the beach, Robert returned from a long walk on the shore, called at the little post-office for the letter from Rachel which never failed him on this night of the week, found it awaiting for him, and hastened on with eager anticipation to the manse.

Her letters seemed wonderful to her lover. They revealed her love to him in a thousand delicate, womanly expressions, and yet were never "too fain;" they were full of bright discussion of the books she read, the pictures she saw, the music she heard; of the people who "were kind to her," of the new world in which she had been received with an enthusiasm which surprised, while it never confused or dazzled her. Her true instincts and fine mental balance helped her to meet every occasion

"Straight as a line of light."

[illegible] lover gloried in all the glory which [illegible] all in the beautiful w[illegible] but most of [illegible] could bear sorrow and yet harden[illegible] ing of favor and flattery.

It was dusk when he reached the manse. He lighted the study lamp, and sat down near an unshaded window and read his letter. It was not difficult for a person standing in the shadow of the garden trees to watch the face through the reading.

A knot of rough fellows from the lower village, the worst men in the neighborhood, were strolling up and down the road near the manse, now laughing boisterously, again whispering, or breaking out in some coarse song, the words of which, had they reached Robert Craig in his study there, would have brought him to his feet in an instant. But he was too much absorbed in his letter to hear the sounds which floated in through the open window. Having read the letter once he was about to read it again, the joy of it in his eyes and in the half smile on his lips, when a sudden knock, overloud, upon the door of his study, surprised him.

With a question in his mind as to who would be likely to enter the house thus unceremoniously, he stepped to the door and opened it. The light fell upon the form of a man in rough sailor's dress, his hat pulled down over his eyes. Robert thought him a man he knew from the lower village, at first, but after he had asked him to come in and handed him a chair, which the man took awkwardly, at the same time removing his hat, he saw that he was a stranger, a man whom he had never seen in Broad Bar before. Of that he was certain. He was less than thirty years old, apparently, but showed in his weather-beaten face the effects of long exposure on the sea; a short, high-shouldered man, with coarse, tattooed hands, a meanly shaped head, with receding forehead; small, restless eyes, and a peculiarly ugly mouth, with a stain of tobacco juice about its corners; the mouth of a bad-tempered, passionate man. This much Robert Craig read at first glance. But he was often brought into contact with men of this type in his work in Broad Bar, and he turned from the pure delight of his communion with Rachel through the letter which he had thrust into his breast pocket now, to the heavy task of working with the debased soul of this man, whatever his need might be, with the readiness of one who worked for his fellowmen in the name of the Man of Nazareth.

"You are a stranger in Broad Bar, I think," said he in a friendly tone, as the man sat silent and ill at ease before him.

"Not so much of a stranger as you think, may be," replied the fellow, crossing his right leg over his left, with an unsuccessful effort to appear at ease. There was an overt insolence in the tone and manner which puzzled the parson. He was wont to be treated with respect even by the roughest men in Broad Bar. They all liked him for his manliness, his muscle, and his unpretentious willingness to work for his people.

Thinking of nothing better to say he remarked, "Indeed." This was followed by a question which surprised him exceedingly.

"Who was that there letter from you was a readin' in the window just now? I seen you readin' it—you may as well own up. From yer sweetheart wa'nt it?"

A dark flush mounted to the clergyman's cheek and brow.

"I think my letter can hardly be of interest to you. Have you been drinking, my friend?"

The fumes of bad whiskey were poisoning the air of the room, and Robert began to see in the ill timed visit, the tokens of an act of drunken bravado.

"I don't know it's any of yer business whether I've been drinkin' or not. Ef you say much I'll drink all the whiskey in Broad Bar before mornin', and pay for it too." This was said with a jingle of money in his pockets, and a coarse sneer. He was growing more ugly and dangerous with every word, while the man opposite him grew only calmer and more courteous.

"You had better not drink any more to-night. What is your name, please? You have not told me, I think. I think you are acquainted with [illegible]

"Know yer name. I don't know no good of it, either. Do you want to know mine? Mebbe you won't be so mighty pleased to hear it. Perhaps if you knew more you wouldn't [illegible] laughed in a most hideous manner.

"I do not understand you," replied Robert, who now began to feel a strange agitation.

"Well then, parson, you pay strict attention, and I guess you will. My name is *Corry Genell*. Ever heard of that chap before? How does the name strike you? Do you like the sound of it?"

Every vestige of color left Robert's face at the sound of that name. He did not speak.

"Hit right between the eyes that time, didn't I?" sneered the other. Then rising, he added, "I've been directed to you as the man who can tell me where to find my wife. You fetch her here about as quick as you can make tracks, wherever you've got her hid away. You understand? I'm gettin' in a hurry to see her. I've knocked about the world a considerable since they thought I went to the bottom there on the Banks. I didn't stay drowned worth a cent. A little inconvenient, I'll allow. Yes, I got fished off from a boat I stuck to, next mornin' by a brig bound for Gibraltar an' I've been round the world pretty much since then; I ain't been in no hurry to get back neither. I ain't been so bad off as you might think, for Jack has a sweetheart in every port as you may hav heard, but now I've got back to Broad Bar, and I want my woman. She's as likely a one as I've seen. Ef you don't believe my story you ask in any of the taverns if Corry Genell's got back."

By this time he was in the hall, and only stopping to call back—

"You get her here mighty quick now, parson. No foolin'." He left the house and joined the group of men who were waiting for him.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Man's Best Friend.

First and foremost, woman is a man's best friend.

Because she is his mother.

Second because she is his wife.

Because she is patient with him in illness, endures his fretfulness and "Mothers" him.

Because she will stick to him through good and evil report, and always believe in him, if she loves him.

Because without her he would be rude, rough and ungodly.

Because she teaches him the value of gentle words, of kindly thoughts and of consideration.

Because she can with him endure pain quietly and meet joy gladly.

Because on her breast, he can shed tears of repentance, and he is never reminded of them afterwards.

Because when he is behaving like a fretful boy—and we all do you know at times—with no reason in the world for it, woman's word, touch or glance will make him ashamed of himself as he ought to be.

Because without her as an incentive he would grow lazy; there would be no noble books written, there would be no beautiful pictures painted there would be no divine strains of melody.

Because she has made for us a beautiful world in which we should be proud to live and contented to die.

Because—and this is the best reason of all—when the world had reached an unenviable state of wickedness, the blessed task of bringing it a Saviour of all mankind was given to a women, which was God's way of setting his seal of approval on her who is mother, wife, daughter and sweetheart, and, therefore, man's best friend.

The Local Paper.

Did you ever think what a tireless letter writer a good local paper is? Week after week, reaching into year after year, it goes on telling of the marriages, births, deaths, and the coming and going of the people of your town, business success or failure, accidents, crops and improvements, meetings, in fact, events of all kinds. All is grist that comes to the hopper of a good local paper. Why, if you were to undertake to write a letter every week you would soon give up in a month and tell [illegible] pleasure would become [illegible] the letters would grow shorter, [illegible] apart, and finally quit. Why the difference? Because with a newspaper it is business. People in a live town recognize this, and take pleasure in giving the editor news items the public would not otherwise learn.

We're not waiting for the bats and moles but for men and women who have eyes and use them, who have brains and reason! There's a new world for them—suffering and sickly as they are—a new world created from the brain of a skillfull physician—a discovery—the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Years ago Dr Pierce found out that the secret of all scrofula, bronchial, throat and lung trouble lay—in the beginning at least—in impure blood and the weak tone of the system; that the way to cure these effects was to remove the cause, that human nature being the same, the same results might be looked for in nearly all cases. So confident was he that the exceptions were uncommon that he took the risk of giving the medicine to those it didn't benefit for nothing, and the results have proved that he was right.

And "Golden Medical Discovery" is the remedy for the million! The only *guaranteed* Liver, Blood and Lung remedy. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

INDUSTRY.—Men must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain a brier or thorn which divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

Careful experiments go to show that, for the maximun efficiency of mind and body of the working population in the northern countries of Europe and in the United States meat or animal products of some kind should constitute at least two thirds of the total supply.

Minard's Liniment [illegible] Burns, &c.

Minard's Liniment [illegible]

K. D. C. is Guaranteed To Cure DYSPEPSIA

[illegible] EDMONSTON, [illegible] Nova Scotia

FOR DYSPEPSIA,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials conclusively prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a long time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease. An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of $5. Since that time it has been my family medicine, and sickness has become a stranger to our household. I believe it to be the best medicine on earth." —P. F. McNulty, Hackman, 29 Summer st., Lowell, Mass.

FOR DEBILITY,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is a certain cure, when the complaint originates in impoverished blood. "I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming finally, so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases." —C. Evick, 14 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

FOR ERUPTIONS

And all disorders originating in impurity of the blood, such as boils, carbuncles, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

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

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, quickly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new leading business. Wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Many little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bone, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Fulton unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

GET A FLAG

FOR YOUR

SCHOOLHOUSE

The movement for hoisting the Canadian flag on the schoolhouses on anniversaries of noted events in our history is spreading rapidly throughout the Dominion and evoking the hearty approval of all patriotic citizens. Already

The Empire

has done its share in helping on this movement, by awarding a handsome flag to one school in each county of Ontario, but the number of enquiries from all parts of the Dominion as to how flags can be obtained by other schools has determined the publishers of THE EMPIRE to offer a handsome

CANADIAN FLAG

of bunting, 12 feet long (regular price $15), as a premium for 30 new yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY EMPIRE at $1.00 or eight new yearly subscribers to THE DAILY EMPIRE at $5 per annum, or a proportion of each, one subscription to Daily counting for FOUR Weeklies.

Every school in the Dominion ought to have a national flag, and this offer presents an opportunity for each obtaining it without cost, and with little trouble. Let those who are interested in getting a flag for their schoolhouse join in getting up a club, and while subscribers get full value for their money in the best newspaper in the Dominion, the school obtains its flag FREE OF COST.

The WEEKLY EMPIRE has recently been enlarged to twelve pages, and is now, without doubt, the best weekly newspaper in Canada, while the reputation of THE DAILY EMPIRE as the leading morning journal of the Dominion is well known.

Send for sample copies and special clubbing rate, and go in for a flag for your school.

ADDRESS THE EMPIRE, Toronto.

$6666.66 a year is being made by John E. Gaudin, Troy, N. Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, PERMANENTLY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

Building Lots!

Parties wishing to secure desirable building lots in Wolfville cannot fail being suited in the block of land adjoining the Presbyterian church, which has recently been laid out into good-sized lots and will be sold at reasonable rates. The situation is a most desirable one and the land is of an excellent quality. Information concerning the same may be had and plan of lots seen, on application to.

B. O. DAVISON,
AGENT,
WOLFVILLE N. S.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry REPAIRED!

-BY-

J. F. HERBIN

Next door to Post Office