

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, AUGUST 28, 1891.

No. 1.

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. ACRES, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Killis Worms, gives sleep and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office

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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.

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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.

Newspaper 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.

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

DIRECTORY

OF THE-

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POETRY.

The Pean of Peace.

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With self ever seeking for place,
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His torchlight has fearlessly cast,
He shows us tribes warring in legions,
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Forgetting her birth right from God,
Set nation to war, and with nation
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Fair faith has bred hate and despair,
And brother has battled with brother
Because of a difference of prayer.

But earth has grown wiser and kinder,
For man is evolving a soul,
From wars of an age that was blinder,
We rise to a peace-grilled goal,
Where once man would murder in treason
And slaughter each other in horde,
They now meet together and reason,
With thoughts for the weapons, not sword.

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And the spark of Divinity kindles
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Strong men of a godlike existence,
Unarmed, and with war banners furled.

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SELECT STORY.

A Grist From God's Mill.

"Hugh! Hugh! come quick! something is the matter with grandpa."
A small child figure stood poised on one bare foot, her brown hand shading her eyes from the sun, that should make the golden threads of her hair, fair in spite of the tangles. One sun-kissed shoulder peeped coquishly out from a rent in her calico dress, which writhed as it was, could not hide the grace and symmetry of the exquisitely moulded form. The great grey eyes so full of fright and pleading, were raised to the face of Hugh Weston, while her lips trembled with emotion.

Hugh Weston, a boy of seventeen, was seated by a little artificial lake-tossing pebbles at the graceful swans and wishing most heartily that he had something to amuse himself with. He fully realized how tiresome it was to be rich, and too much of an aristocrat to mingle with the poorer children of his own age. At the sound of that tender, pleading voice, and the sight of that comical figure, he burst into a cruel laughing and, indifferently tossed a stone at the author of his memory.

"Hello, Fritzihead! What are you standing there for with eyes as big as saucers? Want anything?"
"Oh, Hugh, there is something wrong with Grandpa. He is bringing in a basket of potatoes and fall down and I cannot make him speak a word, Hugh."

"Let him lay, Brush heap, it won't hurt him; I can find better business than picking up a dirty old vagabond like Dick Wilson. If he is really dead the community will not lose a really valuable citizen. You had better go back and give him a drink of whiskey—he is used to that—it will bring him around all right."

The slight form seemed to grow suddenly two inches taller, the large grey eyes lost their look of pleading and grew purple black with anger as she took a step near the boy.
"You mean, hateful, Hugh Weston! You shouldn't touch grandpa if you would get down on your knees and beg to help me. I hate you, and I will pay you this back some day. You are a rich boy, and I am only Fritzihead and Brush-heap now, but it won't be always. There will come a time when you will want something of me. Then I will pay you back. You are low and mean, if your father does live in a fine house."

With this parting shot, she sped the little girl ran down the hill to the wretched hut she called home, followed by a mocking laugh of Hugh. As she neared her home she met one more charitable than wealth, who, at her request, turned back to her side. One glance at that cold rigid form told the girl tales.

Death had claimed his own, and the

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