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, APRIL 1, 1892. No. 31.

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The Acadian.

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on trancient 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 name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

Address all communications to

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

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METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cransick 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 at 7 30 p m; at Horton on Friday at 7 30 p m. Strangers welcome at all the services.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday afternoon at 3, except the first Sunday in the month, when there will be Morning Prayer with Celebration of the Holy Communion at 11.

ISAAC BROCK, D. D., Rector of Horton.

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. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

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

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 3 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.

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, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent,

DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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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.

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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.

The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold.

The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in

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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.

The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WASTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. *Take no other. All Druggists, 50c., $1.00.* SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

TRY OUR CELEBRATED NEW BRAND OF

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A first-class grade of family flour, Winter patent, ground from choice Northern wheat. Full scale weight and of the very best quality. Supersedes all others wherever put upon the market. Honest and reliable. It contains the most health-giving and nourishing properties. Guaranteed and warranted to give satisfaction.

Dealers supplied by J. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Halifax, N. S., or direct from the Mills of HILLIARD & PEPLOW, Peterborough, Ont.

JOB PRINTING of every description done at short notice at this office.

POETRY.

"Just Common Folk."

A hundred humble songsters thrill
The notes that to their lays belong,
Where just one nightingale might fill
The place with its transcendent song.
And thus fame comes and with its smile
A soul with lasting greatness cloaks,
And leaves a thousand else the while
To be for aye just common folks.

If only sweetest bells were rung
How we should miss the minor chimes!
If only grandest poets sung
There'd be no humble little rhymes.
The modest, clinging vines add grace
Unto the forest's giant oaks,
And mid earth's mighty is a place
To people just with common folks.

Not they the warriors who shall win
Upon the battlefield a name
To sound above the awful din,
Not theirs the painter's deathless fame,
Not theirs the poet's muse that brings
The rythmic gift his soul invokes;
Theirs but to do the simple things
That duty gives just common folks.

They are the multitudes of earth
And mingle ever in the crowd
Elbowing those of equal birth,
Where none, because of caste, is proud.
Bound by the meshes of a fate
That sometimes a decree revokes;
Above the lowly, 'neath the great,
Are millions of just common folks.

Fate has not lifted them above
The level of the human plain;
They share with men a brother love,
In touch with pleasure and with pain.
One great, far reaching brotherhood
With common burdens, common yokes
And common wrongs and common good,
God's army of just common folks.

SELECT STORY.

QUIXARVYN'S RIVAL.

BLOODY SEDGEMOOR'S battle had been fought and lost. Night had come again, and in the old gray church at Weston Zoyland 500 of the beaten rebels lay imprisoned.

The scene inside the church was awful in its wierd impressiveness. The lurid glare of a few torches which were struck at intervals against the pillars revealed the forms of men sitting and lying on the seats and floor in every attitude of dejection and despair. Up and down the aisles the iron shed heels of the sentries rang upon the pavement. The greater part of the prisoners were silent, or only moaning with the pain of recent wounds; some were praying; one was raving mad with terror. And in truth he and his companions had good cause for fear, for their conqueror was Feversham, the General of the Royalists, whose only mode of dealing with a rebel was to hang or shoot him without more ado, and who was only waiting for the daybreak to begin the work of slaughter. A few only kept their resolution—among them two were sitting together in the shadow of the pulpit steps. Both of these men had been conspicuous in the fight, and both knew well that they must die at daybreak.

The elder of the two was a man of about thirty-five, with powerful thick-set frame, and strong and rugged features; a bad man to have against one, one might say. He was by trade a horse breaker, and a great part of his business was to break in the wild colts of the marsh. His companion was some six or eight years younger. His figure was tall and slight, but finely made, and his face was singularly handsome. He was the swiftest runner in the West of England, perhaps in the whole kingdom. His name was David Dare; that of the elder man John Quixarvyn. Both were natives of the town of Axbridge, but, until the day before, they had been strangers to each other. Chance had made them comrades in the contest, where they had fought side by side and where the same troop of Royalists had seized them both.

The two were silent. Quixarvyn had pulled out a short black pipe, had filled and lighted it and was now smoking tranquilly. His companion had also pulled out something from his breast but it was not a pipe; it was the portrait of a beautiful young girl. He took a long look at the lovely face, a look which said farewell.

Quixarvyn watched him. In the dim light in which they sat he could not see the features of the portrait, but he guessed how the case stood.

"Poor fellow!" he said, with more tenderness than would have been expected from his looks. Then, after a minute's silence, he went on, as much to himself as to the other. "And yet my case is harder. I was in love—I am in love, God help me!—and I also have her portrait in my breast. What would I give if I could look on it as you can look on yours!"

Dare looked at him with interest.

"What!" he said, "have you also the same trouble—a poor girl who will go distracted when she hears of what has happened to you?"

"No," said the other bittetly; "she will not go distracted; she has had enough of me, and I shall have the pain of dying unrevenged upon the knave who robbed me of her."

It was strange to see how in a moment his eyes had grown ablaze with passion. The young man looked at him in astonishment.

"Who was it?" echoed the other. "Do you think if I knew that I should now have cause to writhe at dying without crying quits with him? No, I do not know him. I only know she loved me; then she cooled toward me; that when I asked her plainly whether she had found a younger and better looking man she confessed that it was true and threw herself on my generosity to set her free from our engagement. I did so—in a frenzy of mad passion. But when I asked for his name she would not tell me, fearing, I dare say, that I might twist his neck. I should have found him, but then this war broke out and in my rage I could not keep myself from rushing to the fight to cool my blood with blows. And so here I am, going to be shot at daybreak. But I swear to heaven if I only had that fellow in my power for one brief minute I could die contented."

"You are right," said the other; "I should feel the same."

Quixarvyn drew a portrait from his breast and held it out to his companion.

"Look," he said, "is this the face to jilt a man? though it is one to drive him crazy. Let me look at yours—it is not more innocent than this one, I dare swear."

The young man took the portrait and at the same time handed him his own. Each looked in silence at the portrait in his hand—in a silence of amazement, of stupefaction. The two portraits represented the same person!

Quixarvy was the first to break the silence.

"What!" he said, drawing a deep breath and bursting into a low laugh, which was both fierce and glad, "you, was it? To think that I have found you after all! Fate is kinder to me than I fancied."

The other returned his gaze.

"Well," he said, "it was I, it appears; though I never knew it, nor suspected it. And" he added simply, "it has been no one's fault."

"No one's fault?"

"No, no one's. Mary Seldon liked you, but she did not love you, and when we met she found out her mistake. You frightened her with your mad humors. Without mentioning your name she told me the whole story. You could not make her happy, and I could; that's the whole case. Do you blame her?"

"No," said Quixarvyn, thrusting the portrait back into his breast, "I don't. But I have sworn to be equal with the man who turned her mind against me—I will never believe he acted by fair means—and I am going to do it. Defend yourself; I give you warning."

Both men sprang to their feet at the same instant, and stood glaring at each other. At that moment there was heard outside the church the rattle of a drum.

Only the rattle of a drum. But the sound struck them motionless as figures turned to stone. Nor was the effect on their companions less remarkable. There was a moment's silence of the church, deep as the silence of the dead; then a movement—a long thrill of horror. That summons meant that day was breaking, and that their hour was come.

The guards set instantly to work to prepare the first batch of prisoners to be led out of the church. Dare and Quixarvyn were among the first seized. With about a dozen others they were marched into the open air. The gray dawn was scarcely giving way to the first streaks of sunrise as they passed out of the churchyard gates; but the whole village was wide awake and in a tumult of excitement: indeed, there had been little sleep that night. Every window was alive with terror-stricken gazers as the party of doomed men, surrounded by a band of soldiers, were hurried through the narrow streets and out upon the open moor.

At the border of the moor sat an officer on horseback, surrounded by a troop of soldiers. Here the party halted and the guards saluted. The officer was a man of about forty, whose dandified appearance, which was as trim as that of a toy soldier newly painted, showed oddly in the midst of soldiers stained with battle. This was Lord Feversham—a man in whose nature vanity, callousness and love of pleasure were about equally combined. His face was gay with pleasant expectation as the rebels were drawn up before him.

"Good!" he remarked. "These were all ringleaders, were they? Sergeant John, draw up your firing party and shoot down every man of them."

The order was instantly obeyed. The party was drawn up; the prisoners were ranged in line at a few paces distance. At one extremity of the line David Dare and John Quixarvyn found themselves once more side by side.

An officer who sat on horseback at Feversham's right hand observed them.

"I know those two," he said pointing to them with his finger. "Pity two such fellows should be done for. One of them is the best runner in the country side, and other the best rider."

"Eh? What?" said Feversham, standing up in his stirrups. "Hold there a moment, Sergeant; I spy a chance of gallant sport. What say you, Major?—a race between these two across the moor, the one on foot, the other mounted. Will you back the runner?"

The Major was a man of some humanity. He reflected for a moment.

"Agreed!" he said. "And to insure that both shall do their best let the winner have the promise of his life."

Feversham received this proposal with by no means a good grace, for to spare a rebel hurt him to the soul. But the delightful prospect of seeing two men racing for their lives and of being able, after all to shoot the loosers at length reconciled him to the scheme. He gave his orders and the two prisoners were led out of the line.

Out upon the moor, about a quarter of a mile away, stood a solitary tree. This was selected as the starting point. A double line of troopers was drawn up stretched from the tree to the spot where the General was stationed, leaving a space between them like a race-course some yards wide. At the end of the course Feversham and the Major sat opposite each other. Which ever of the two competitors should pass between them first would be rewarded with his life and liberty.

And what were the sensations of the pair while these preparations were in progress?

David Dare, standing before the muskets of the firing party, had heard the strange proposal with a sudden thrill of hope, so keen that it was almost like a pain. Then for a moment his heart fell again. He knew his own speed of foot, but he knew also that against a fleet horse urged by a skilful rider spurring for dear life his chance was likely to be small. Still there was hope again and he could do his best. More he could not do, though success meant life—and life with Mary Seldon.

In the meantime a trooper had dismounted, and Quixarvyn, armed with whip and spurs, having taking his place in the saddle, the horse was led by a couple of soldiers to the starting point. Unlike his rival Quixarvyn's face showed no elation. For one moment, on hearing the proposal, a gleam had come into his eyes, but now he rode with down bent head, as if lost in thought. A sentence seemed to be constantly running in his head—the sentence used by Dare in the church—"You could not make her happy, and I could." He muttered the words over twenty times. It was not until the tree was reached and the horse was halted with his head toward the spot where Feversham, discernable far off between the lines, sat waiting that he started, roused himself, and looked about him.

David Dare was standing on his right, stripped to the waist and without his shoes, ready for the starter's signal. Quixarvyn's guards dropped the horse's bridle; and Sergeant John, who stood between the two competitors, drew a pistol from his belt to give the signal.

The excitement at that moment was intense. Not a sound was heard in the still morning air, but all down the double line were faces fixed intently on the two competitors. Feversham and the Major, with glasses at their eyes, sat motionless as statues.

The Sergeant raised his pistol. The report rang out.

At the same instant horse and man shot out together from the mark. At first the runner, practiced at flying from the start, and having less momentum than the horse, drew out in front. In a few seconds he was some twenty yards ahead. Then the gap between them ceased to widen; then it was seen to be decreasing; the horse was gaining—slowly at first but gaining surely stride by stride. When half the course was covered the horse had drawn up level—and then came such a race as had never yet been seen. For a hundred yards and more the two ran locked together side by side, the runner almost flying over the crisp turf, the horse stretched out in a fierce gallop, with the rider standing in the stirrups. And now the goal was only fifty yards away: but the gazers drew a deep breath as they saw that now the horse was gaining—was drawing out in front. For one instant it seemed that all was over; the next, to their amazement they were conscious that the horse was failing. Then they saw a gallant sight; they saw the runner nerve himself for a last effort and close upon the goal, dash past the horse and past the judges and fall headlong on the turf.

At that scene, in spite of discipline a frantic cheer broke forth along the line. Even Feversham himself smiled grimly, as one who, though he had just lost a bet, had gained its full equivalent in pleasurable excitement.

The winner, who had fallen panting and exhausted, was raised into a sitting posture by two troopers, and in a few seconds he was able, though still week and dizzy, to stand upon his feet and look about him.

A few paces off his beaten rival stood beside his horse. Dare looked at him, and their eyes met. Quixarvyn's face bore an almost imperceptable smile; but it was not this, but something in the look which the other could not have defined, which struck him backward like a shock. He staggered back a pace or two, bewildered by the light which broke upon his mind. Then he stepped up to his rival's side, and the guards, who saw no cause to interfere, falling back a little he put his mouth close to Quixarvyn's ear:

"You pulled that house," he said.

Quixarvyn looked at him, but answered not a word.

"You let me win," the other went on, his voice breaking. "For her sake you did it."

Quixarvyn drove his nails into his palms; he had acted, he was acting, not without a bitter cost.

"Make her happy," he said, briefly.

As he spoke he turned away and strode swiftly to his old position at the head of the line of prisoners, before which the firing party was again drawn up.

Dare turned his back upon the scene and thrust his fingers in his ears. Nevertheless, he could still hear with horrible distinctness the Sergeant's loud, clear voice with an interval between the words—

"Ready!"

"Present!"

"Fire!"

Almost before the word was given came the crash of the report. Moved by an impulse which he could not conquer he turned around with a shudder. The soldiers were lowering their smoking muskets, and a thick white cloud hung above the line of the prisoners stretched upon the ground. At the extrimity of the line Quixarvyn lay upon his face, with his right hand clenched upon a portrait which he had taken from his breast, and a bullet through his heart.—*The Strand Magazine.*

The Man Who Laughs.

The man whose ha! ha! reaches from one end of the street to the other may be the fellow who scolded his wife and spanked the baby before he got his breakfast, but his laughter is only the crackle of thorns under the pot. The man who spreads his laughter through his life—before a late breakfast; when he misses a train; when his wife goes visiting and he has to eat a cold supper; the man who can laugh when he finds a button off his shirt; when the furnace fire goes out in the night and both of the twins come down with the measles at the same time—he's the fellow needed. He never tells his neighbor to have faith. Somehow he puts faith into him. He delivers no homilies; the sight of his beaming face, the sound of his happy voice and the sight of his blessed daily life carry convictions that words have no power to give. The blues flee before him as the fog before the west wind; he comes into his own home like a flood of sunshine over a meadow of blooming buttercups, and his wife and children blossom in his presence like June roses. His home is redolent with sympathy and love. The neighborhood is better for his life, and somebody will learn of him that laughter is better than tears. The world needs this man. Why are there so few of them? Can he be created? Can he be evolved? Why is he not in every house, turning rain into shine and winter into summer all round the year until life is a perpetual season of joy.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken "sick, and suffered as no one but a "dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time "I was a great sufferer. Everything I ate distressed me so that I "had to throw it up. Then in a "few moments that horrid distress "would come on and I would have "to eat and suffer "again. I took a "little of your medicine, and felt much "better, and after "August Flower my "Dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I "have never had the first sign of it. "I can eat anything without the "least fear of distress. I wish all "that are afflicted with that terrible "disease or the troubles caused by "it would try August Flower, as I "am satisfied there is no medicine "equal to it."

For that Horrid Stomach Feeling.

$3,500 IN REWARDS

The Canadian Agriculturist's Great Winter Literary Competition.

The Fifth Half Yearly Literary Competition for the winter of 1892, of THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, America's old and reliable Illustrated Family Magazine, is now open. The following splendid prizes will be given free to persons sending in the greatest number of words made out of letters contained in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." ☞ Everyone sending in a list of not less than 100 words will receive a valuable present of silverware.

1st Grand Reward.....$500 in Gold
2nd " " .....Grand Piano, valued at $500
3rd " " .....$250 in Gold
4th " " .....Organ valued at $300
5th " " .....$100 in Gold
6th " " .....Gent's Gold Watch full Jewelled
7th " " .....Ladies' Gold Watch full Jewelled
8th " " .....$50 in Gold
9th " " .....$25 in Gold
10 Rewards of $10 each.....$100
Next 20 prizes,—20 Silver Tea Sets, quadruple plate, warranted.
Next 50 prizes,—50 Silver Dessert Sets, warranted heavy plate.
Next 100 prizes,—100 Silver Butter Dishes, &c., warranted heavy plate.
Next 500 prizes consists of Heavy Plated Silver Kettles, Butter Dishes, Fruit Baskets, Biscuit Jars, Sugar Shells, Butter Knives, &c., &c., all fully warranted, making a total of 689 splendid rewards, the value of which will aggregate $3500.

This grand Literary Competition is open to everybody everywhere. The following are the conditions:

1. The words must be constructed only from letters in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST," and must be only such as are found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, in the body of the book, none of the supplement to be used.

2. The words must be written in rotation and numbered 1, 2, 3 and so on, for facilitating in deciding the winners.

3. Letters cannot be used oftener than they appear in the words "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." For instance, the word "see" cannot be used as there is but one "e" in the three words.

4. The list containing the largest number of words will be awarded first prize, and so on in order of merit. Each list as it is received will be numbered, and if two or more tie, the first received will be awarded first prize, and so on, therefore the benefit of sending in early will readily be seen.

5. Each list must be accompanied by $1 for six months subscription to THE AGRICULTURIST.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as judges: J. G. MACDONALD, City Clerk, Peterborough, Canada, and COMMODORE CALCUTT, Peterborough.

OUR LAST COMPETITION.—Got $1,600 prize all-right."—M. M Brandon, Vancouver, B.C. "Thanks for $500 prize."—G. W. Cunningham, Donald, B. C. "Prize received O. K."—J. D. Baptie, West Superior, Wis., "$300 prize received. Thanks."—G. Y. Robertson, Toronto; and 300 others, in United States and Canada.

This is NO LOTTERY—merit only will count. The reputation for fairness gained by THE AGRICULTURIST in the past is ample guarantee that this Competition will be conducted in the same manner. Send 3c stamp for full particulars, to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough Canada

REWARDS FOR BIBLE READERS.

Great Winter Competition of The Ladies Home Magazine.

QUESTIONS.—Where does the following words first appear in the Old Testament: "KNOWLEDGE," "WIFE," and "DOVE?" Where does the following words first appear in the New Testament: "JUDEA," "FAME," and "KING?"

WEEKLY PRIZES.—Every week throughout this great competition prizes will be distributed as follows: The first correct answer received (the postmark date on each letter to be taken as the date received) at the office of the LADIES HOME MAGAZINE (each and every week during 1892) will get $300; the second correct answer, $100; the third $50; fourth, a beautiful silver service; fifth, five o'clock silver service, and the next 50 correct answers will get prizes ranging from $25 down to $1. Every fifth correct answer, irrespective of whether a prize winner or not, will get a special prize. Competitors residing in the southern states, as well as other distant points, have an equal chance with those nearer home, as the postmark will be our authority in every case.

RULES.—Each list of answers must be accompanied by $1 to pay for six months subscription to one of the best HOME MAGAZINES in America.

REFERENCES.—"THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE is well able to carry out its promises."—Peterborough (Canada) Times. "A splendid paper, and financially strong."—Hastings (Canada) Star. "Every prize winner will be sure to receive just what he is entitled to."—Norwood (Canada) Register. Money should be sent by post office order or registered letter. Address, THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE Peterborough, Canada.