

THE ACADIAN

A N D K I N G S C O . T I M E S .

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

Vol. VIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1889.

No. 46.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is well adapted to children, and is recommended by the best physicians. It is superior to any prescription known to me."
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THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.
TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(in advance.)

CLUBS OF FIVE ADVANCE \$4 00

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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.

Newly renovated 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 Acadian will be printed on the envelope, and no communication will be printed unless the name of the advertiser is given.

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

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A. DEW, BARRIST. AGENT.

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WOLFFVILLE, N. S.
J. B. DAVISON, J. P.
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CONVEYANCER,
INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

WOLFFVILLE, N. S.
JOHN W. WALLACE,
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Also General Agent for Fire and LIFE INSURANCE.
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MASONIC.
St. George's Lodge, F. & A. M., meets at 10:30 p. m. on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m.
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.
WOLFFVILLE DIVISIONS OF T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:30 o'clock.

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

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

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

BOIDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.
BOIDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.
BLACKBURN, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.
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CALDWELL & MURRAY.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.
DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.
DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.
DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and Dealers in Maps, Organs, and Sewing Machines.
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SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURRIS.—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.

POETRY.

He Careth.

What can it mean? Is itought to Him
That the nights are long and the days are
dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the
hair?
Around His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms;
And bliss untroubled by any strife;
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me,
While I live in this world where the
sorrows he,
When the lights die down from the path
I take,
When strength is feeble and friends for-
sake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to sobbing
prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who
cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole
day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and
wrong;
When I am not good, and the deeper
shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the heavy world lies too much to do,
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for
me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above.
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakens the song;
The sorrows that bowed me down He
beats,
And loves and pardons because He cares.
Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our house of pain,
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He lends his arm when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for He is right,
Oh, rest in trouble which His doth share?
Can, rest in peace, for the Lord doth care.

STORY.

Auld Robin Gray.

The People's Friend, Dundee.

Concluded.

Poor little Jeannie! Practical details with her uncomprehending presence had driven out all the romance from her heart, and now she longed for the time when her lover should return to help her to carry this weary burden that was getting too heavy for her, "Siller is whies bonnier than love," she said to herself. "I wad that Jamie was tane wi' the croon an' the pund for me!"

But Jamie was far away on the sea, and Jeannie had to bear her load without his help.

Help reached her from another and more unexpected source, however. One of her neighbors, "Auld Robin Gray," as they called him, came to their assistance, and on one pretext or another supplied the wants of the household.

It was long before the meaning of his intentions dawned on Jeannie. He was to give her a little more, so she never gessed that he would think of marriage; least of all, that he could be courting her!

She shuddered as she thought of Jamie, and compared his youth and strength with Robin's age and weakness. Robin courting her! She laughed gaily. "Ye're just a daffiekie lassie, eye bawerin'," she said to herself, severely, "thinkin' 'at a man wi' ano fit 't the grave an' the tither ' heaven aboon would dry to a bit lassie to hae him! Toots!" Yet, in spite of her severity, Jeannie was not quite satisfied, and one day she had to listen with a very heavy heart to Robin's proposal that she should marry him.

It was hard to see everything to him—harder still to resist him when he begged her to consent for the sake of the old people; but she had promised to be faithful to Jamie, and all Robin's pleading could not make her forget her troth.

"Whaur's yer wis, wumman?" her father asked one day; "Are ye fair daff, that aboot the house a' these months only to say him nay? Gin ye're wair't yer hit callant ye'll hae to bid's mair than an' year, I look."

Jeannie looked up brightly, though the tears were not far from her blue eyes.

"Jamie'll win hame sune, ye ken, feyther; an' I dinna lo'e auld Robin Gray."

"Dinna lo'e? dinna lo'e? Gens' yer bawerin' wumman! Fat's lo'e to

do wi' mairings? Fat's lo'e to do wi' kye i' the bye an' sheep i' the fauld? Fat's lo'e to do wi' yer back? Fat's lo'e to do wi' livin' I dinna fash mysel' wi' lo'e wantin' siller!"

"Nay; but ye ken, feyther, I's wantin' siller mysel'!"

"Ay, an' auld Robin's a daff-like creature speerit at a lassie without a bawbee! An' gin ye winna tak' Robin, we man dee!"

"Nay, feyther, I'll work! I'll do aught for ye, but I canna marry Robin. My heart is wi' Jamie, an' some day he'll win hame to tak' care o' us a'."

"Toots! toots! Gin Jamie wins hame, ye'll no be worth the marryin'! But Robin no'll mak' a wumman o' ye, an' gin us a' a help. Noo, Jeannie, ye'll just be a dooce lassie an' hae him!"

Poor Jeannie's heart failed her. How could she disappoint the old man? She thought of Jamie, of his brave young face and trustful eyes, and once more she seemed to hear him saying, "Gin ye lo'e him faithfu' to me, Jeannie, yer heart winna brak'!" Then she thought of Robin, "Auld Robin," with his quiet, time-marked face and dim eyes. She heard his hoarse voice with its feeble pleading—

"Oh Jeannie, for their sakes do marry me," and her heart rose up in proud refusal. No, no, her love was Jamie's, and she would starve sooner than marry auld Robin Gray!

For many weeks her bright courage helped her to keep her resolution. Early and late she worked, until her round face and pretty figure became gaunt and thin; but with all her efforts she hardly succeeded in keeping the wolf from the door.

Every day poverty stared them in the face, and every day actual starvation drew nearer. And then one day the neighbors gazed pitifully at Jeannie, and stopped their gossip when she came near to whisper "pair lassie," with a sigh for the girl whose sweet heart might even then be drowned.

Meanwhile Jeannie was counting the days as they passed, for each one brought Jamie nearer to her; and when she knitted in the long evenings she wove tender fancies of her lover with the stitches on the needles until stockings became storehouses of beautiful thoughts of Jamie.

Then her thin face would glow bright and hopeful, and her sunken eyes shine with a clear light, for in fancy she heard Jamie, away in the summer coast, singing with the sailors as they weighed anchor for the shores of bonnie Scotland.

Oh, but Jamie was a brave lad, and when he came home again she would forget all the sorrows she had to bear since that October morning when he had sailed away down the Tay.

Alas! poor Jeannie, smiling there, little dreamed that the Bonnie Jean was floating, a helpless wreck on the waves of those distant seas!

She learned it all too soon. There came a day when Jeannie lay in the cottage stricken to death by the terrible sorrow that had come upon her. The Bonnie Jean had been wrecked, and all hands had perished with her. Dundee was ringing with the news, and busy tongues had been willing enough to carry the tidings to Jamie's sweetheart.

CHAPTER III.

But wumman must work sometimes as well as weep, and Jeannie had to rise from her bed to take up the old struggle of life. There was bread for her to win, and, in spite of her broken heart, she had to work harder than ever to keep want from the door. But now it was all changed; the hope and the courage that had sustained her before were wanting now. All the best had gone from her task, all the zest from her life; the future, as well as the present, was gray and cheerless, for the cold waves were rolling over Jamie's bright head. She could not escape now from the voice of the sea. Wherever she was the roar of the waves echoed in her ears; and at night when the wind shrieked round the cottage she fancied she heard the wail of drowning men and the dying cries of her brave lad.

She grew pale and spiritless and ghostlike; her strength failed, and

she knew she could not bear up much longer. Auld Robin Gray was still their kindest friend, and he again pressed Jeannie to put an end to their troubles by becoming his wife.

"I canna, canna marry him!" she sobbed, when her father urged her to consent.

"An' wherefore no'?" he asked.

"Ye ken Jamie's drowned, an' noo we're like to dee gin ye winna hae Robin!"

"Oh, feyther, feyther, lat no dee!" she cried, passionately. "Jamie's awa', an' I'm no carin' to live."

The old man sat by the fire stirring a handful of meal in the pot, and he rose angrily—

"Oua! lat ye dee sune enough, ye daff gowl! It's aye wumman an' fules greitin' fur deith that they ken naught about. Wad God Almighty hae made man wi' sie a grip o' life gin it waana guid to live whies, ye fush wumman? But gawg ye ain gate, an' gin ye wad dee ye maun dee. There's na muckle brose i' the pot, an' mair than enough for 'twa, me an' yer mither, an' ye maun gawg wantin'; fur gin ye're to dee I winna thraw awa' guid meal on ye!"

"Dinna be so fashion's wi' the pair lassie," said her mother, "ye ken it's a sair day to her noo—"

"Dinna speir at me," he returned, "Twa Jule's gae to the makin' o' a wumman, an' gin Jeannie winna hae you man she maun gang out o' the house, for I winna hae twa sie pair creatures intil' it."

"Oh mither, mither! fat'll I do?" Jeannie sobbed. "Wad ye hae me marry Robin, an' brak' my heart?"

She turned entreatingly to her mother, but the poor woman was silent; the tears were rolling down her cheeks, and the look she gave Jeannie spoke more eloquently than words.

The girl could not bear it. With a bitter cry for her dead love, and a voice broken with sob's, she promised to do as they wished. Then she fled from the cottage, and away to the cliffs; and only the waves heard her moans as she accepted the cruel lot fate forced upon her. A week or two later she was quietly married to auld Robin Gray. But such a poor, spiritless bride she was when she gave her hand to him! And in her eyes there was a look as if she saw standing in the bridegroom's place the corpse of her lover who had gone down in the Bonnie Jean.

The marriage put an end to Jeannie's troubles so far as the wants of the household were concerned, but it did not bring her happiness; and often she thought sadly of her words to Jamie, "Gin ye hadna siver we wad be wantin' love." This was siver enough now, but this without love would not satisfy her; and in her heart she knew that Jamie himself, without either crown or pound, would have made her happier than auld Robin Gray with all his wealth.

She was sitting before her cottage in the sun one day. It was just a month since she had become a wife, and the shadow that had fallen upon her life still rested on her. The day was bright and warm, and the green buds on the trees, and the tender beauty of spring filled her heart with a sorrowful pleasure.

She watched a little bird hopping on the dusty road before the garden, and was surprised when it rose up and its singing showed it was a lark.

She watched it mounting into the air.

"Eh," she said to herself, wistfully, "yon birdie sings as sweet rinie frae the road as when it mounts frae its bit nestie among the govans. Jeannie wumman, it should gie ye a lesson whies."

So busy was she with her thoughts that she did not hear the click of the gate, nor see a man, travel-stained and weary, come up the path, and stand silently before her.

When at length she raised her eyes she gave a wild scream, for there— in the broad spring sunshine—stood Jamie's wraith. For a moment her heart stood still, and with an awful terror she gazed into the haggard face bent down to her. Then she rose and full of horror put out her hands to thrust the spectre from her.

It was not a spectre that her oold

hands touched, but warm flesh and blood, for Jamie seized them in his strong clasp with a joyous—

"Fat ails ye, lassie? Do ye no ken I'm come hame to marry ye?"

He took her unresistingly into his arms; and Jeannie laid her head on his shoulder and listened, almost dazed, while he told her how he had been rescued from the wreck of the Bonnie Jean.

But when he finished and would have kissed her white lips she recoiled, all that had happened since Jamie sailed away into those unknown seas, and she drew herself away from him with a bitter cry.

"Oh Jamie! Jamie! I canna marry ye, for I am wife of auld Robin Gray. For a moment Jamie stood hild-air'd, then a gray shadow passed over his face, and he caught her hand sharply.

"Fat's that ye tell me? Jeannie say it's not true; ye're no married lassie?"

The pitiful pleading in his voice broke her heart. How could she tell him it was true? In her terrible pain Jeannie wished that Jamie had not lived, but had gone down to his quiet grave believing her faithful to him.

He stood before her, with his white, drawn face and that hungry look in his eyes, waiting for her answer; and how could she give it?—how tell him it was true, that he had come back from the grave to find her dead to him for ever and ever?

She covered her face with her hands and through her sob's the words came— "God help me! Jamie it is true."

He stood white and stunned; then a deep groan broke from him.

"God help me, lassie, for ye hae broken my heart!"

"An' oh, Jamie, my ain heart is broken, for I lo'e ye still, an' I maun think o' ye nae mair!"

"Na, na. Ay, lassie, but it's a sair hamecomin'. An' noo I maun let ye gae."

He took her hands and gazed sorrowfully into her face, till Jeannie threw her arms round his neck, and clung to him, sobbing.

Jamie stooped and kissed her long and passionately; then he freed himself from the clinging arms, and strode resolutely down the garden path; Jeannie sank down again on the stone, weeping bitterly, and when she raised her face Jamie was walking sharply down the road; and across the meadows she heard Robin whistling to his dog.

"Wae's me!" she cried, with a bursting heart. "I maun think no mair o' Jamie. God help me to be a guid wife to Robin."

She rose slowly, and went into the cottage praying for strength to bear her life's burden with patient endurance.

Outside, the garden—the scene of the little tragedy—looked bare and deserted, though the lilies and roses in their green sheaths were preparing for the summer festival.

In the skies the lark's song had ceased, and up the brae came the sound of the waves sobbing on the shore.

An Unhappy Home.

"I wish my wife would get well or— something," said a husband who had been sorely tried with an invalid wife. It seems a heartless speech, but who can tell the discomforts of a home where the wife is always sick. Poor food, crying children! No wonder the man grows desperate. But if he would get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the wife, he would find that the sunshine would return to his home.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppression, profluous or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, "bearing down" sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

One of the reasons why Scott's Emulsion has such a large sale is, because it is the best. Dr. W. H. Cameron, Halifax, N. S., says: "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypo-phosphites, for the past two years, and found it more agreeable to the stomach and have better results from its use than any other preparation of the kind I have ever used." Sold by all druggists, \$0.60 and \$1.00.

The Lady

Who has fine Hair, and desires to preserve its color, abundance, and lustre, should use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and cool, and is by far the most exquisite toilet preparation in the market.

B. M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo., says: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."

Mrs. S. A. Cook, of Anderson, Texas, writes: "At the age of 34, in Monroe, La., I had a severe attack of scamp, or malarial fever. After I got well my hair commenced coming out, and so continued until it had well nigh all gone. I used several kinds of hair restorers, but they did no good. A friend gave me a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before finishing the first bottle my hair began to grow, and by the time I used three bottles, I had a fine head of hair."

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Ayer's Hair Vigor,
Prepared by
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

CATARH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS, HAY FEVER.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.
Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated which merely catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—For catarrhal discharges peculiar to females (whites) this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of ten cents by A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—Scientific American.

Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

A man named Graham was on trial at Digby last week for placing obstructions on the track and sent to Dorchester for 12 years.

A steam saw-mill 95 ft. long is being built at across River, Acadia Co., by Conn. Upham.

A home for old ladies is being erected in Yarmouth.

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