

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, JANUARY 15, 1892.

No. 20.

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

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Eruptive Eruptions, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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.)

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing application to be made known on request.

Advertisements for 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.

New 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 communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to DAVIDSON BROS., Editors and 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 not pay up all arrears, 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 uncollected for a prime fact evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Orders closed, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7:00 a. m.

Express close at 10:20 a. m.

Express close at 4:30 p. m.

Kentville close at 7:00 p. m.

Geo. V. Rand, Post Master

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 11 a. m.

G. W. Munro, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Prayer meeting after evening service on Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

Wm. W. Ross, } Ushers
A. W. Barnes }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 11:00 a. m. Sabbath School at 2 p. m. and Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. G. S. Clark, 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 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 p. m. Strangers welcome at all services.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday after noon at 2, except the first Sunday in the month, when there will be Morning Prayer with Celebration of the Holy Communion at 11.

ISAAC BROOK, 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 7 o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or 7 meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Water's block, at 7:30 o'clock.

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

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in Water's Hall every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

DIRECTORY

OF THE

Business Firms of

WOLFVILLE

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

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes

Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnish- ing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages

and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker

and Repairer.

BROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse-Shoer

and Farrier.

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots

& Shoes, Furnishings, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace,

Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Pub- lishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent,

Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

GOPFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of

Boots and Shoes.

HARRIS, G. D.—General Dry Goods

and Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—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 fully 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.

DAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy

Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer

in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tin- ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Flow- ers.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Toilet

Artist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and

Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE—Importer and

dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, 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.

POETRY.

The Evening and the Morning.

A little child was reading.

The text was wonderful fair;

"We shall go home at evening

And find it morning there."

"It means, mamma," she prattled

With shining eyes and fond,

"When all the stars are lighted,

That Heaven is just beyond."

Closed, closed that book forever!

To prove that promise fair

My child went home at evening

And found the morning there;

And often when I'm weary,

And often when I'm sad,

Comes back that precious reading,

To make my spirit glad.

And what are years of waiting?

And what are years of pain?

If when the heavens are opened

I may behold again

My gentle little reader

And her sweet promise share?

"We shall go home at evening

And find it morning there."

—Detroit Free Press.

SELECT STORY.

Pretty Miss Smith.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

He shook me warily by both hands,

and I went out of the office nearly as

sorry for him as for Tom, who ran down

the stairs after me and caught me at

the bottom. He had stood by silently

while I told my story for the second

time. I looked up into his face timidly,

as if to ask mutely if I had not done

the best I could for him. I think he

understood, for his eyes looked, and he

spoke to me in a gentler tone than I had

ever before heard him use. He seem-

ed more contrite, more cast down than

one would have thought possible in a

man capable of such conduct as he had

just confessed to.

"Will you let me take you somewhere

to lunch, George?"

I hesitated. I wanted to go with

him dreadfully, but I was rather afraid,

if I saw too much of him just then in

his present mood, that I might con-

done too much and too quickly. The

dog cart standing outside caught my

eye.

"You have an appointment," I said

hastily.

"What's an appointment when a girl

is concerned? And you, of all girls?"

said he, rather more adoringly than I

liked.

For Mr. Liberton was close behind us

on the stairs.

"I'll send the dog-cart away," said

Tom, and he ran out of the door and down

the steps. I blushed crimson with

shame and a kind of terror, for Mr. Lib-

erton stopped and looked straight at me

for a couple of seconds.

"Do you know who is at the bottom

of this business?" he asked abruptly.

"—Oh, no, no. How should I?

How?"

"That will do," said the old man

drily, tightening his lips as if in dis-

you had gone up to town, and I have

been waiting all day for your re-

turn. I must speak to you, I must,

I am miserable, almost mad."

Indeed his appearance confirmed

these words. His handsome face was

haggard and thin, his eyes were wild,

his manner was restless and desperate.

I turned back into the road with him,

half-reluctant, half-afraid, to hear what

he had to say for himself.

"You are Mary's friend, perhaps

you understand her," he began at once.

"Tell me what her treatment of me

means then. She has no right to be-

have to me like this. I write to her;

my letters are returned. I call; she

refuses to see me. What am I to do?

"What does it mean?"

"I suppose it means that she wants

to break off her engagement with you

—I began.

He interrupted me fiercely.

"She has no right to do it, she shall

not do it," he burst out passionately.

"What has she to complain of? I

worship her; she is never out of my

thoughts. She is my ideal, with all

her little faults and caprices. As I

loved her on the night I first saw her,

so I love her still, it is an infatuation

no reason with it. I adore her, and

I will not be flung aside like a

cast-off glove without explanation or

reason."

He seemed so passionately earnest

that my wife was shaken, and I asked

myself if this apparently desperate lov-

er could really have had a hand in a

scheme for turning his fiancée's brain.

And if so, what could his object be?

But then there was that woman with

the long, grey-green eyes! I had not

the courage deliberately to tax him

with the acquaintance of this suspicious

looking lady, but I thought I could

work round to the subject.

"You don't seem to understand the

state of mind poor Mary is in," I said,

looking at him very intently. "She is

really scarcely responsible for her ac-

tions, owing to a series of frights to

which she has been subjected."

Hilary laughed inderfully.

"Of course a girl is never account-

able for her conduct when she treats a

man badly, if that is what you mean,"

he said shortly. "I know that. As

for this story about ghosts, frights, or

whatever it is, I don't believe a word

of it. It is simply an excuse to shake

me off."

"Well, if a girl likes to break her

engagement with a man, there is noth-

ing more to be said, except perhaps to

call her a jilt," said I.

"But there is a great deal more to

be said," cried Hilary, suddenly stop-

ping in front of me and looking down

with a savagery which almost frighten-

ed me. "She is bound by every tie of

common honor to marry me. She does

not understand that I am a desperate

man. She has ruined me; she is bound

to compensate me. She will listen to

you, and you can tell her this; if she

answered incoherently. "Your Uncle

Charles is coming here this evening,

and he's going to find out who has

been frightening you, and he won't go

away until he has found everything out."

"I'm so glad," whispered the girl,

though a shade fell over her face, even

at this reference to the frights she had

experienced. "Oh, George, I don't

know what to say to you! I have be-

gun to live again since you came. You

see, they all look upon me as such a

faucal creature that they wouldn't

pay any attention to what I told them.

I wanted Uncle Charles to come down

here; but he wrote to say he was too

busy; then I went up to see him, and

he roared with laughter when I told

him about the light going out in my room,

—and—and the things flying about in

it."

Her voice sank to a hoarse whisper

on the last words, and she glanced fur-

tively from side to side at the shrubs

and the overhanging trees of the avenue,

as if in the half-light she was afraid of

seeing something unsavory.

Mr. Marshall had told me that he

should not be able to arrive until late,

but Mary began to get very anxious

when dinner, which she had put off,

had to be eaten without him. It was

not until just past nine o'clock that he

drove up in a cab. I noticed then what

a strong effect the disclosures of the

morning had had upon him: he