THE ACADIAN
AND KINGS CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. VIII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1889. No. 44.

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 account of 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 fictitious signature.

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

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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.

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A. DEW. BARSS, Agent.

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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, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

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.

METHODIST CHURCH—Revs. D. W. Johnson and G. F Day, Pastors. Services every Sabbath at 11 00 a m and 7 00 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7 30 p m.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a m and 3 p m; other Sundays, 3 p m; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in month. The sittings in this church are *free*. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Wardens, R. Prat and Frank A. Dixon, 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. W. Caldwell, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. 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
—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, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted

BISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc, etc.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY,—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

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

DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

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GODFREY, L. P—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

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KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

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SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

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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.

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STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, CONVEYANCER, INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

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Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

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Campbell's Cathartic Compound

IT CURES LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

BRANDON, Man., 21st Oct., 1886.—I find Campbell's Cathartic Compound the best article I have ever used for costiveness or biliousness, and easy to take. I am, yours truly A. N. McDONALD.

Sold by dealers in family medicines everywhere. 25c. per bottle

Select Poetry.

In The Dark.

O, in the depths of midnight,
What fancies haunt the brain,
When even the sigh of the sleeper
Sounds like a sob of pain.

A sense of awe and wonder
I may never well define,
For the thoughts that come in the shadows
Never come in the shine.

The old clock down in the parlor,
Like a sleepless monarch grieves,
And the seconds drip in the silence
As the rain drips from the eaves.

And I think of the hands that signal
The hours there in the gloom,
And wonder what angel watchers
Wait in the darkened room.

And I think of the smiling faces
That used to watch and wait
Till the click of the clock was answered
By the click of the opening gate.

They are not there now in the evening—
Morning or noon—not there;
Yet I know that they keep their vigil
And wait for me somewhere.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Interesting Story.

The Mysterious Trunk.

The first night in the new house—how ineffably dreary it was!

The day had dawned with blue sky and winds full of treacherous balminess, but long before noon it had clouded over, and, with the dusk, a fine, needle-pricking sort of rain had set in, which, without making much outward show, had yet contrived to drench us girls through and through, as we made our way along the streets with the parrot's cage, the music box and the duplex lamp with the jeweled glass shade, the three household treasures which for the life of us we dare not trust to the tender mercies of the truckman, in spite of his manifold vows and declarations that he had moved "the very best families in New York, and some of 'em every May day for tin years."

The reader must not for a moment think that we were rich people because we chanced to own these three treasures; on the contrary, we were poor enough to be blood relations to Job's turkey of poverty-stricken memory.

The parrot we had possessed—poor Chico!—ever since we could remember. He was a profane parrot and an ill-tempered parrot, and a parrot with a voracious appetite; but still he was our Chico, and we never sought to break the bonds of slavery to his standard.

The music box had been given us by an old aunt, who left all the rest of her money to a Home for Indigent Widows; and the lamp was all the rent we had been able to collect from a defaulting lodger who had occupied our best room for a year and a half.

For we eked out our painful-insufficient income, Beulah and I, by letting lodgings, and we did not always have luck in the business.

To speak paradoxically, the new house was an old house, and not in the best of repair. The yard gate was off its hinges; one window blind banged distractingly against the north side whenever the wind took a lurch in that direction, and as Beulah endeavored to warm a can of cold tea above our flickering gas jet, we could distinctly hear the rain leaking through on the floor above our heads with a "drop-drop" like the ticking of a clock.

As for me, I cut my fingers trying to open a box of sardines, and was doloroously endeavoring to stanch the blood with a far from immaculate pocket-handkerchief, when the last load came.

The truckman and his assistant were tired and cross, and a little the worse for beer; the old horse was played out; the rain drove harder and harder, and the wind blew out the shadeless gas in the hall just as the little old assistant dropped the basket that contained the best crockery with a crash. And we were glad enough when at length the last bundle of disorganized stovepipe was flung into the basement hall, and the truckman vanished like an ugly dream into the mist and parkness.

It was not until the next day that we discovered the trunk.

There it stood up against the wall, just exactly as if it belonged there—a snug, square box, neatly covered with canvas, and bearing innumerable hotel ables, foreign and domestic, pasted on it, while the one initial "C" faced us at either end, in black paint.

"Gracious me!" said Beulah. "What's this?"

"Perhaps it belongs to one of the lodgers," said I.

"They don't any of 'em begin with "C," reasoned Beulah. "I mean, their names don't."

"It's a mistake then," said I. "Some one will be sending for it directly."

But day after day overlapped one another, and no one sent for the trunk.

"The truckman ought to know," said Beulah.

"We haven't got the truckman's address," said I.

"No to-be-shure," sighed Beulah.

"I wonder what is in it, anyway," said I. "Do you know Beulah? I almost think that one of the bunch of rusty keys we found in the basement pantry would fit it."

"We oughtn't to think of such a thing," said Beulah, severely.

"Why not?" said I. "Suppose the contents are perishable?"

"It would be equal to highway robbery," remonstrated Beulah.

"No, it wouldn't," said I. "And the old thing is so dreadfully in one's way! If we could only get it up into the store-room before the new lodgers come."

"Let's try," said Beulah.

So between us we hoisted the trunk up two flights of stairs and put it away in the angle of a chimney.

"It's awfully heavy," said Beulah, "and there's something rattles inside of it."

"I've heard of dead bodies being cut up and packed in trunks sometimes," said I, in a whisper.

"Letty, don't talk nonsense," said Beulah, with a shudder.

We had the trunk about a week in our possession, when I went back to the old house that we had left, to get a little bed-key which had somehow been overlooked, on the top shelf of a corner cupboard.

Mrs Dawson, the old lady who had moved in, was disconsolate.

"I've lost my boarder," said she, "already."

"Dear me!" said I, "that's a pity!"

"As nice a young doctor as ever you set eyes on," said she, "as wanted the front room for an office and back parlor for a bed-room. Was to pay weekly in advance, with extra for attendance on the bell, and meals sent in from a restaurant."

"That would have been very nice," said I.

"And all because he couldn't find his bones!" said Mrs Dawson.

"Couldn't find his bones?" echoed I.

"Surgical things and anatomies, you know," explained Mrs Dawson. "He as good as intimated as I'd stole 'em. Now what sort of use could I make of a lot of bones all wired together? Is it likely I'd steal 'em?"

Mrs Dawson was so solemn and plaintive, and the idea so supremely rediculous that I went off into a spasmodic fit of giggling.

I could not help it, standing there on a chair, with half my head and shoulders in the closet. I hope she didn't hear me!

However, I found my bed key and departed, and when I got home I told the story of the young doctor and the bones of Beulah; and even grave Beulah laughed.

"But I'm sorry that the poor old lady has lost her boarder," said Beulah, gently.

"So am I!" I cried, overwhelmed by a sudden remorse; "And I wouldn't have laughed if I could have helped it, Beulah. But I couldn't help it!"

Half an hour afterward I heard Beulah calling me. But I did not answer for the very good reason that at that especial moment I was a martyr to curiosity.

To speak truth, I was on my knees before the mysterious trunk, trying to fit one of the equally mysterious bunch of keys to it, and I had just reached that most aggrevating stage when a key had been got in, and absolutely declined either to turn the lock or to come out again.

So I kept very quiet, and presently my sister got tired of calling, and I could hear her go out and close the door behind her.

How I worked at that stupendously obstinate key! how I got a feather and lubricated it with machine oil! how I pushed and pulled, and turned and twisted, and resolved over and over again never more to muddle with what was no business of mine!—until, all of a sudden, without the slightest notice, the key gave a little spasmodic quiver in the lock and the lid flew up.

Over I fell, with a shriek like those of Bluebeard's wife.

At the same time the door behind me opened, and in walked my sister Beulah, old Mrs Dawson, and a tall, fine-looking young man, with a silk-brown moustache and dark eyes, that, in one glance I got of them, seemed full of suppressed laughter.

I scrambled awkwardly to my feet and backed into the nearest corner, heartily wishing myself a mouse, a beetle, a buffalo-moth, or any of these conveniently constructed creatures that can disappear in the crack of the floor and hide from human sight.

"Gracious me, Letty! what's the matter?" cried Beulah. "And how came the trunk open?"

"This is the very trunk," said the tall young man. "Initialed 'C'—for Carson, you know."

"And I hope no one'll never accuse me of stealing human bones no more," said Mrs Dawson, unfolding a prodigious white, pocket handkerchief, as if prepared to burst into tears on the shortest notice.

"It's—it's full of bones?" I gasped.

"Certainly," assented the young man. "It would be decidedly awkward to carry my office skeleton through the streets on the top of a load of furniture, so I dis-articulated it and packed it into this trunk. But how it came to be delivered here I cannot imagine, unless it was through the stupidity of the truckman."

Then I began to giggle anew.

"What would Mrs Dorchester have said, Beulah," I whispered, "if she had known that there was a skeleton over her head for all this week? Or old Mrs Dussaude?"

The young doctor exchanged amused glances with me; *he* laughed low. But Mrs Dawson stared steadily into her pocket handkerchief, and Beulah looked as grave as a tombstone. I knew I was behaving badly, but what could I do?"

"I'm sorry I opened the trunk," said I, "but I was so dreadfully, awfully curious to know what was in it."

"Believe me, Miss Barry," said the young doctor, "I shall not prosecute you."

"It was very wrong of Letty," said solemn Beulah.

"I'm always doing something wrong," said I, disconsolately.

"But it was so very thoughtful of you," said the doctor to Beulah, "to remember that this trunk might possibly belong to me. It sets all the little complications at rest at once."

"And you won't give up Mrs Dawson's rooms now?" said Beulah—who was always thinking of other people.

"Most assuridly not," said Doctor Carson.

But after they had gone away, I went up into my room and cried.

The idea of being caught—I a grown-up young woman—opening trunks with a bunch of false keys on the sly!

And I could not be comforted until Dr Carson laughed me out of my scruples and mortification.

He came often to the house to call afterward. He said he owed so much to Beulah!

I suppose the skeleton was valuable, but he needn't have made so much fuss about it, I thought.

And one day when I was feeling very cross and miserable, Beulah came to me.

"Letty," said she, "guess what Dr Carson asked me to-day."

"It would require no fortune-teller to guess," said I. "He asked you to marry him, and he has made a wise, wise choice!"

And I hugged and kissed her tenderly.

"What nonsense!" said Beulah—"and I five years older than he at the very least. No, dear little Letty; He asked me if I thought you would be willing to endure the trials and privations of a young doctor's wife."

"And did you say yes?" I cried coloring like a rose.

"No," said Beula. "I left that for you to say yourself."

Stabbed to Death at His Mother's Table.

As the terrible effects arising from the use of strong drinks can often be more effectually brought home to the heart of individuals by a single picture than by any general statements that can be made, I shall present the reader with one that came under my own observation.

J. W.—, one of my school companions, was born under the smile of fortune, and received the best education money could procure. He was endowed with aimable and social affections; at school he had no equal; in the village debating club he was unrivalled in composition and declamation. These emblems of greatness excited the hopes of his friends, who imagined that he would leave a name that would be registered among the great ones of earth—an example worthy to be copied by the world.

In the bloom of manhood he led a lovely young woman to the altar—her heart swelling with all the delusive hopes of inexperience—and entered into connubial life with prospects as bright and unclouded as the morning sun.

A few years later, and you find sitting in a tastefully-furnished room of a neat cottage a young woman. Her head leans upon her hand, and her eyes rest on the floor in an anguishing and strange gaze. She is the picture of unutterable woe. Her lips move, but her words are only meaningless ravings. Around her is a group of little children, who cry piteously on account of their mother's sadness and sorrow. They know not that anything terrible had happened—as yet they scarcely understood what.

Look here! Around an opened grave a band of mourners are assembled—a coffin is lowered, and the dirt is hurriedly shovelled over it. That young man was the husband of that lonely wife—father of those weeping children.

How came this tragedy of woe? A word will tell the sad tale. That young man learned to drink wine at his mother's table, and when he entered society he had nothing to restrain his genial heart from partaking of the social glass, which he learned to love, and which he drank freely.

One night returning home his brain filled with the wine cup, his horse shied, and drink having rendered him incapable of managing the spirited animal he was thrown violently to the ground, where some time afterward he was found a corpse.

That young widow, with her children by her side, may be seen sitting in the sanctuary, the furrows of time ploughed deep in her grief-stricken countenance. Ask the cause of her distress, and the answer will be, "O, my lost, my ruined husband!"

Young man, beware how you tamper with the foe of genius, the foe of man—strong drink.—*Selected.*

Read This.

Dr Geo. A Pickles, a very eminent doctor of Mahone Bay, N. S., says: "I knew a man on this Bay who has been sick for a long time. All the medicine we tried or could think of did not reach his case. He tried Canadian Bitters and other Patent Medicine, all failed and he was gradually growing worse. At last he tried a bottle of Dr Norton's Dock Blood Purifier. Imagine my surprise that in less than a week he was much improved in health, and by the time he had finished the second bottle he was a well man. I now have great call at my Drug Store for DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER which in the case mentioned proved itself far superior to any Bitters or Blood Purifier that I have ever known.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

J. B. NORTON, Proprietor, Bridgetown, N. S

Teach Your Boys.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

Teach them that honesty is the best policy, that 'tis better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of "crooked whiskey," etc., and point your precept by the examples of those who are now suffering the torments of the doomed.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

Teach them that God is no respector of sex, and that when He gave the seventh commandment, He meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

TAKE NOTICE.—If your razor is dull, take it to J. M. Shaw's Barber Shop, and he will put it in first-class order for the small sum of 15c. 10

There is a reason for all things, and the small boy always wants to know it

There are more promises made every day thad could be fulfilled in a century.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Dyspepsia

is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Few persons have perfect digestion. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, or a dose at night before retiring, never fails to give relief in the worst cases, and wonderfully assists the process of nutrition. As a family medicine, Ayer's Pills are unequaled.

James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn., testifies: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."

Lucius Alexander, of Marblehead, Mass., was long a severe sufferer from Dyspepsia, complicated with enlargement of the Liver, most of the time being unable to retain any food in his stomach. Three boxes of Ayer's Pills cured him.

Frederic C. Greener, of East Dedham, Mass., for several months troubled with Indigestion, was cured before he used half a box of these Pills.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Send 25 Surprise or Sea Foam wrappers to us and get either the beautiful picture or 1 doz. Surprise lead pencils

A marvel of economy, in time, labor and money.

For the laundry and general household use.

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Ask your grocer for SURPRISE Soap and take no other.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Only Genuine System of Memory Training. Four Books Learned in one reading. Mind wandering cured. Every child and adult greatly benefitted. Great inducements to Correspondence Classes. Prospectus, with opinions of Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the world-famed Specialist in Mind Diseases, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the great Psychologist, J. M. Buckley, D.D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*, N. Y., Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judge Gibson, Judah P. Benjamin, and others, sent post free by Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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Canada's Leading Paper.

THREE MONTHS FREE

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Three Months Free

to every subscriber paying for one year in advance before 1st of January, 1889.

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR $1.

Now is the time to subscribe.

Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto.