

# 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, MARCH 4, 1892.

No. 27.

## 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.

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## The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S 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 in advance is required.

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

Legal Decisions

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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

Order Locals, 8 a. m. to 3 p. m. Mail is made up as follows:

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

Express west close at 10 30 a. m.

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Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.

G. W. Munro, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 2 30 p. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7 30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranston, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. E. Turner, Assistant Pastor; Horton and Wolfville. Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a. m. Greenwald and Avonport services at 7 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 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 BROOK, D. D., Rector of Horton.

St. FRANCIS (R. O.)—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 00 o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISIONS of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, W. B. Block, at 7 30 o'clock.

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

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in W. B. Block every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

## DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriage 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, Furniture, &c.

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

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

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

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

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRQUIN, 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.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.

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

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.

## POETRY.

What We Want.

All hail the dawn of a new day breaking, When a strong-armed nation shall take away

The weary burdens from backs that are aching, With maximum labor and minimum pay;

When no man is honored who hoards his millions, And God's poor suffering, staving billions

Shall share his riches of sun and soil. There is gold for all in the earth's broad bosom,

There is food for all in the land's great store, Enough is provided if rightly divided;

Let each man take what he needs—no more. Shame on the miser with unused riches,

Who robs the toiler to swell his hoard, Who beats down the wage of the digger

And steals the bread from the poor man's board. Shame on the owner of mines whose cruel

And selfish measures have brought him wealth, While the ragged wretches who dig his

Are robbed of comfort and hope and health. Shame on the ruler who rides in his carriage,

Bought with the labor of half-paid men— Men who are shut out of home and marriage

And are herded like sheep in a hovel pen. Let the clarion voice of the nation wake him,

To broader vision and fairer play, Or let the hand of a just law shake him

Till his ill-gained dollars shall roll away. Let no man dwell under a mountain of plunder,

Let no man suffer with want and gold; We want right living, not mere aims-giving.

We want just dividing of labor and gold. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox

## SELECT STORY.

Pretty Miss Smith.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"MARY! MARY!" I walked out, as I

bank on the floor of the gallery, over-

come by the awful sound of a woman's

death-cries.

For I knew there was no hope. One

glance down into that tossing, seething

liquid, at the rows of shining steel fangs

that crossed the great tan floor side to

side, up and down, and down, never

pausing an instant in their work, told

me that no human being, falling in

there, could live. My thoughts now

turned to the wretch who had murdered

her. There he stood, still leaning

over the little railing, looking down at

the body of his already silent victim,

and dead, as if already, to my cries.

Suddenly he seemed to remember

where he was; and springing erect, he

turned with a staggering step towards

the ladder, on the top rung of which I

was crouching.

"Murderer!" I shrieked with all the

force of my lungs, as I lunged to him

like a tiger, hanging with the whole

weight of my body on one of his arms

in the wild hope of detaining him till

someone should hear me and come to

seize him. He did not utter a word,

but struggled to free himself from my

dealing blows on my head and arms

with his disengaged hand. But I clung

on like a leech, still uttering my cries,

my voice ringing above the sound of the

roaring mass in the tin, and echoing in

the rafters overhead. Then, while I

struggled, some sound or some move-

ment recalled to me the touch of the

man whom I had found in the attic,

and whose face I had seen and failed

to recognize.

"Who are you? Who are you?" I

cried frantically. "Is it Hilary Gold?

Who is it?"

The man made no answer. Renew-

ing his efforts to free himself with

greater violence than ever, he struck

me a blow on the head which had

stunned me, and then, when I relaxed

my hold a little, tore my hands off his

arm and fung me down. Luckily for

me, we had got further along the gal-

lery during the struggle, so I was not

thrown down the ladder, but only on

to the boards. I heard the man's rapid

footsteps as he ran down the steps, and

then for a few moments my head got

confused, and although I did not faint,

I forgot where I was.

There was a dreadful singing in my

ears when at last I staggered up to my

feet and remembered the horrible tra-

gedy I had just witnessed. I crawled

down the wooden steps with tottering

feet and aching head; my brain seemed

to be spinning round and round, and

everything I touched seemed to be slip-

ping away from me. And all the while

one horrible memory possessed me, tor-

turing, maddening me. My Mary was

dead, lying there in that hissing, seeth-

ing mass a few yards from me. The

thought suddenly spurred me on to

quicker movement. Groping, blunder-

ing, obliged to step from time to time

to remember which way to turn, I got

at last to the top of the iron staircase

which led to the principal entrance of the

distillery. I heard voices below, men's

voices, and I saw the gleam of a lantern

swinging in somebody's hand.

"Help!" I called out feebly, and the

voices ceased. "Help!" I repeated.

"Come quickly, quickly. Miss Smith

—has been—murdered!"

There were shouts and the noise of

men's footsteps as they raced up the

iron staircase, to the rail of which I

was clinging, still dizzy and half blind.

Hopkins, the night-watchman, was the

foremost man. He supported me, say-

ing in an agitated voice:

"You don't mean it, miss, surely you

don't mean it!"

"It is true, true. The tin-room—

the great tin!" I gasped. "Go, I am

all right; go!"

Without another word Hopkins and the

under watchman who was with him

left me and ran off. When I had re-

covered a little, I dragged myself back

to the tin room, which had now

become a ghastly fascination I could not resist.

Hopkins and three other men were

there, crowding round a shapeless object

on the floor. Hopkins heard my step,

and, springing at me, gently led me

away. The machinery which worked

the tin had been stopped, and there

was now a dead silence in the place,

broken only from time to time by a

hushed, awe-struck whisper from one of

the men standing round the dead woman.

Hopkins wouldn't listen to either my

questions or my explanations; I wasn't

well enough to talk then, he said; and

would all have to be examined into to-

morrow.

"But, Hopkins," said I, "you must

tell me one thing. Did any man pass

out of the building while you were down

stairs near the door?"

He would give me no answer at first,

trying to put me off with promises to

"talk it out" next day. But I insisted

on having just this one reply.

"Well," he admitted reluctantly,

"nobody passed out except just Miss

Smith's intended, Mr. Gold."

"Ah!" I almost shrieked.

"Why, you don't go for to suspect

him sure—ly!" said the watchman.

But I said nothing. This informa-

tion gave me more truth to the fantastic

kaleidoscope of horrors which had shifted

before my dazzled eyes since my

arrival at the distillery.

I let Hopkins lead me back into the

house, where all was quiet. Not an

inkling of the tragedy had yet reached

the household. Mrs. Camden had re-

turned to her room; the servants were

all in their own wing. I crept to Mr.

Marshall's door and knocked, at first

softly.

There was no answer, and I repeated

my knock more loudly, and yet a third

and fourth time. At last he answered

from the bed, in the half-stirred, half-

stupid tone of one roused suddenly from

sleep.

"Eh! What! What is it?"

"Come, come! Something dreadful,

horrible has happened," I said in a

hissing whisper.

I heard him get out of bed, and in

another minute he was at the door in

a dressing-gown, evidently not yet half

awake.

"Something happened!" he echoed

sleepily.

But the next moment he caught sight

of my face.

"Why, child, what is the matter with

you? You're hurt yourself!" he said

with concern, as I leaned, trembling,

against the wall.

"It isn't that, it isn't that. I don't

know how to tell you!" I stammered.

"But oh, you would have to hear to-

morrow, and it's better you should hear

it from me. Poor—Mary—"

I broke down, Mr. Marshall was

aggravated sleep on the instant.

"You don't mean to say they have

been playing those tricks on her again!"

"Oh no, no. Worse, much worse

than that! How can I tell