

THE ACADIAN AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X.

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1890.

No. 13.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Ecolation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, without injurious medication.

The Castoria Company, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFFVILLE, 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 on 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.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited.

Address all communications to DAVISON BROS., Editors & 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 it is mailed or not--is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFFVILLE OFFICE HOURS, 8 A.M. to 8.30 P.M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 8.50 A.M. Express west close at 10.35 A.M. Express east close at 4.50 P.M. Kentville close at 7.25 P.M. Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX. Open from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M. Closed on Saturdays at 12 Noon. G. W. Muzzo, Agent.

Methodist Church--Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor--Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Sabbath 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 the church.

Presbyterian Church--Rev. B. D. Ross, Pastor--Service every Sabbath at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Sabbath School at 9.30 A.M. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 2 P.M. and Wednesday at 7.30 P.M.

Methodist Church--Rev. Cranrick 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. Greenwell 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 services.

St. John's Church--Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 A.M.; other Sundays, 3 P.M.; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in the month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the above schedule, see Pastor, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Wardens, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

St. Francis (B. C.)--Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.--Mass 11.00 A.M. on 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 7.15 O'clock P.M. J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance. WOLFFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Water's Block, at 7.30 O'clock.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFFVILLE The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.--Dealer in Flour, Feed of all kind, &c.

BORDEN, C. H.--Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishings Goods.

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, CHAMBERS & CO.--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.

HILMORE, G. H.--Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

RODFREY, L. P.--Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HAMILTON, MISS S. A.--Milliner and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

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 faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

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

POETRY

The "Printer's Devil." He was the "devil," that boy Jim, Couldn't do nuthin' at all with him; Ragged an' dirty--a gutter snipe-- Pin' the cases, distributin' type; Pellin' the neighbors on their heads; With 'tran new quoin an' slugs an' leads, From early mornin' to evening dim-- He was the "devil," that boy Jim.

Editor cursed him--"I want no good; Head as hard as a piece of wood; Just bust out in a loud howler, An' kept right on in his hard-head way. But once when the train was passin' by, An' the editor's child on the track--Oh, my! Jim he rushed with his same don't care Right in front of the engine there!

Child was saved! \*\*\* But where was Jim? With flamin' lanterns they looked for him While the people trembled and held their breath! "Under the engine crushed to death!" There in the dust an' prime he lay-- Jim! he had given his life away! 'Twasn't no use to weep for him; He was an angel--that boy Jim! --Chicago Globe.

SELECT STORY "A Bold Mocker." "You come right in and wash the dishes, Sally, and stop that hollerin'!" Sally had only been trying to imitate a sparrow. But she ceased her pleasant work at once. Her mother was very tired however, and the girl's obedience did not wholly satisfy her. "You'll forget your natural voice some time," she said. "You're always hollerin' like somethin'. First it's a loon, and then it's a spireel, and then--Be careful that you don't spill that dish water?" "Yes, mother."

"And then it's a cow. And the next that ye know ye'll be imitatin' human voices, and there's no knowin' what ye'll come to you bold mocker." Sally gave a nervous start just as she glanced out of the window near the sink. How glad she felt that her mother was so busy with her ironing that she did not notice her! She knew too, that her mother in her present nervous and worried condition would have uttered a shrill cry if she had seen what she had caught a glimpse of through the great forest tree which grew so close to the west of the log house which was her home. It was an Indian's canoe gliding over the water of a cove. Sally saw no one in it, but she knew quickly that it was moving far more rapidly than the wind would have implied in that sheltered place. She was sure that an Indian was concealed behind it, swiftly pushing it as he swam in his eagerness to get behind a high point as quickly as possible.

Since she could remember she had heard of the artifices of the savages. Her mother's brother had been shot by an Indian the spring before. She would never forget how the wily enemy had concealed himself in a bush which the high wind seemed to blow down on the cornfield where her uncle was at work. Her father had said that very morning, as he started away to get a grist ground at the tide mill up the bay, that no Indians had been seen in the coast settlements for several months. But she knew that he talked bravely to calm her mother's fears. He would hasten home again as soon as possible. As these things flashed through Sally's mind her mother began to scold again.

"I'm lonesome enough to-day with your father gone to the mill without hearin' any of your dismal mimickin'."

"But he'll be back in good season, he started so early," said the girl cheerfully. "What was I tellin' you just now about your voice?" snapped the woman as the baby gave the ironing cloth a sudden jerk. "Your talkin' is an' coarse as a man's. It's all some of your precious time-a-makin' noises like the dumb brutes."

Sally worked on steadily, and her mother's tongue flew faster and faster. "We can't have no idea about your father. If the wind comes blowin' fresh up the bay he'll have a hard time pullin' agin it; and the tide'll hinder him too."

closed so securely. She knew that the glow of his old-fashioned lantern, and then his laugh rang out, "Dead as a stone. Ha! ha! ha!" Before she thought what she was doing for she was growing nervous now that all the danger was past, Sally echoed her father's laughter so perfectly that her mother said "Shame to mimic your own parent!" But it was the last time Sally was ever scolded for her rare powers of imitation, for her father got the whole story from the girl whom he hugged to his heart in admiration. "Say it over again!" he cried, and Sally called out as she had when she wished to make the Indian leap into a good position for her to shoot him through the thinnest part of the door, "Shoot, Robert; Shoot, Howard! Shoot!"

"No wonder he thought I had my brother in ambush here," the man laughed. "But it was a night bird that made me think of it," said Sally modestly, "He flew close to the house with his dreary cry."

On the very lowest slope of the Mount of Olives, deep down and unscen beyond the enclosing wall of the temple area, lies the garden which is so associated with the sacred story--Gethsemane, the scene of the agony. Almost opposite to it, on the other side of the road which traverses the narrow valley, is what is now called the Golden Gate, supposed to have been the Beautiful Gate of the temple. It would be the natural and nearest way by which to reach that sacred retirement. By this gate no doubt the betrayer and his stealthy band would follow the steps of the Lord to his favorite haunt, stealing down under the twilight skies to where the scarce or the pale moon's sheltered his prayers and mysterious anguish, and the troubled dozing of the disciples "sleeping for sorrow" confused by the strange uncomprehended tide of events which was drawing their feet towards something they knew not what. By this path again no doubt they led their prisoner back, avoiding the peeped way, hurrying him into the stronghold of his enemies. It is said that there exists a Moslem tradition that by this gate the Messiah is to ride into the holy place, taking back his kingdom and consequently the precaution has been taken--a curiously ineffeual one considering the greatness of the event--of building up the gate. There is something even in this superstition which is grateful to the imaginative mind. And the singularly touching juxtaposition of the temple gate and the garden gate is still more memorial. Gethsemane itself a site which there is no manner of doubt is now a garden of flowers protected by trim pallings--a garden, orderly and well cared for, which gives a certain shock to the mind, but rather for the first moment than permanently.

"If I only knew on which side of the doorstep he was I would fire at once," thought Sally. But she could not surely tell which was his position, and, if she missed him when she fired the gun, her waiting and hoping might be all in vain. "I believe he is at the left of the door," the girl said to herself when she had listened a little longer. At this she slowly rose to her feet. She aimed the gun. And then a quick stern voice rang through the log cabin. "Shoot, Robert! Shoot, Howard! Indians at the door! Shoot!"

"There was a sharp cry outside, which was quickly drowned in the crack of a gun. Then followed a shriek, and the sound of a body crashing into the midst of the lilac bushes, and then all was still outside but the howling of the gale. But how Sally's mother made the chamber echo with her calls! The girl was by her side quickly, however, for even encumbered as she was with the frightened baby, she could go anywhere about the house in the dark. "The danger is all over, mother. I'm sure that the Indian is dead." "Yes, your father is a good shot," said the woman, growing calm as she heard the girl's steady tones. "And the Indians have always been afraid of him. But he never spent his time like you, holdly mocking birds and dumb brutes. Yes, I hear him now in the yard."

amount if you wish. Your father let me have five thousand once and asked me the same questions. He trusted me, and I will trust you. No thanks--I owe it to you for your father's trust."

A Misspent Life. Dr. DeWitt Talmage says: "Out yonder is a man very old at forty years of age, at a time when he ought to be buoyant as the morning. He got bad habits on him very early and those habits have become worse. He is a man on fire, on fire with alcoholism, on fire with all evil habits, out with the world and the world out with him--Down and falling deeper. His swollen hands in his threadbare pockets and his eyes fixed on the ground, he passes through the street, and the quick step of an innocent child or the strong step of a young man or the roll of a prosperous carriage maddens him, and he curses God. Fallen sinner with no resources he is carried to the almshouse. A loathsome spectacle, he lies all day long waiting for dissolution, or in the night rises on his cot and fights apparitions of what he will be. He started life with as good a prospect as any man on the American continent, but there he is a bloated carcass, waiting for the shovels of public charity to put him five feet under. He has only reaped what he has sown. Harvest of wild oats! "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death. Young man, as you cannot live life over again, however you may long to do so, be sure to have your one life right."

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent medicine--paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery! the golden discovery of medical science! It's the medicine for you--tired, run-down, exhausted, nervous, irritable, women; for you sufferers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver and lungs--its chance is with every one, its season always, because it aims to purify the fountain of life--the blood--upon which all such diseases depend. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The makers of it have enough confidence in it to sell it on trial. That is--you can get it from your druggist, and if it doesn't do what it's claimed to do, you can get your money back, every cent of it. That's what its makers call taking the risk of their works.

Tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, are what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are. The best Liver Pill ever invented; active, yet mild in operation; cure sick and bilious headaches. One a dose.

Many people put up a fancy sign in their parlors asking God to bless their homes, and then they themselves do all they can to curse it. It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other--about 700 miles a second. Fame is a glorious thing to achieve, but a small salary is more negotiable. A man of mighty disposition should never be led by the cashier of a bank.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials conclusively prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a long time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease. An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of 25 cents. Since that time it has been my family medicine, and sickness has become a stranger to our household. I believe it to be the best medicine on earth." --P. F. McNulty, Hackman, 22 Summer St., Lowell, Mass.

FOR DEBILITY, Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Is a certain cure, when the complaint originates in impoverished blood. "I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming finally so much so that I was unfit for work. Nothing relieved that I did for the complaint helped me, until I took a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases." --C. E. Vink, 14 E. Main St., Chilliote, Ohio.

FOR ERUPTIONS. And all disorders originating in impurity of the blood, such as boils, carbuncles, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only Ayer's Sarsaparilla. PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Price 25 cents per bottle. Worth 25 cents a bottle.