

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1891.

No. 41.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as a superior to any prescription known to me. H. A. Acheson, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Worms, Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Wind, Worms, gives sleep and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

The Acadian.

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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 ADMAN JOE DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

News 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 should be given, although the name will not 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.

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' Furnishing 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.

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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.

POETRY.

Patient In Well Doing.

BY SUSAN TEALL FERRY.

She rested her foot on the treadle,
The click of the needle was stayed;
The long seam was finished and round
her
White garments, like snow-drifts, were
laid.

She lifted her face to the window—
A face where deep furrows were
shown;
But the tracks were well filled and
wholesome,
For 'twas winter wheat she had sown.
Always working, wearing for others;
Life's burdens her woman's heart
knew,
For gleanings were oftentimes scatt'ring,
The kernels so many times few.

For years she had struggled on bravely;
'Twas sacrifice all her life long,
For others she had to be gatherer;
For the weak ones she had to be
strong.

Now, weary and worn with the striving,
She'd stop for a moment to ask,
If life like hers was worth living,
Worth trying to finish the task?

The sunbeams came into the window,
And they fell all on the Book;
She took it and opened the cover,
Then turned o'er its pages to look.

"To them," she read—"who are
patient,
Continuance—Ah! whispered she,
I've lost heart, grown weary, and surely
These words were not written for me.

"In well doing"—Does that mean, I
wonder,
The work I'm trying to do?
I've most times been patient and faithful
And run up the seams strong and true.

"I'll give glory and honor"—The tears
dropped
Came into her eyes as she read—
"What glory, what honor, can ever
Come from this garment?" she said.

"Not here, but beyond in that city
The King in His beauty will wait
To crown the well-doer, who patient
Continuance, e'en up to the gate."

Then her foot pressed hard on the
treadle,
Her task must be finished, she knew,
And her life was well worth the living,
With such glory and honor in view.

SELECT STORY.

SALLY.

BY ALBERT FLEMING.

Continued.

Five years had rolled by. They had passed lightly over Kenneth, only changing the youth of 22 into a man of 29. They had brought a few more grey hairs to Aunt Mattie, a few more wrinkles to Aunt Hannah; but they had absolutely transformed Sally. During the first two years Kenneth had stayed at home, then he had accepted an appointment at Buenos Ayres, where he had to stay for five years. When he left England, Sally was a promising girl of 14, and he was easy about her future, for step by step she had won her way into the household, first gaining the hearts of the servants, then Aunt Mattie's, and then by slower degrees Aunt Hannah's. Sally as a child, a woman was unchanged in one thing—the little wild heathen heart had gone out to Kenneth when he was fought for, and remained his always. Her love had grown with her growth—education and refinement were as sunshine and dew to it, fostering and feeding. At first it was arranged that she was to be trained for service, but her wonderful development altered their plans. Then she was to be apprenticed to some first-rate shop; and, lastly, trained as a teacher. So she was sent to Kensington high school, and spent her holidays at Bedford Lodge. She was gardening one June morning soon after Kenneth's departure, and Aunt Hannah watched the tall, lithe figure moving about among the flowers.

"Who," she exclaimed, "would ever have believed that the dirty child Kenneth brought home that memorable evening would ever look like that?"

"She might be Flora amid her own flowers," said Mattie, gently. The very sight of the girl seemed to bring gladness into the hearts of the two old spinners. Aunt Hannah had softened wonderfully under Sally's pretty influences, and, as for Mattie, Sally was embraced in her heart next to her own dear Kenneth.

"Sister," said Hannah, abruptly, leaving the window, "we ought to think seriously about Sally. We love her dearly, but—"

"But what?" asked Mattie, anxiously.

But, of course she comes out of the gutter. Our first duty is to Kenneth—we must let him run no risk."

"He has no thought of that; besides he won't be back for five years."

"She must go to a good boarding school and be trained as a governess. She is pretty now; what will she be when she has outgrown the awkward age?"

"But Hannah, don't let us lose her altogether."

"Men always make fools of themselves over beauty, and always will." At this moment Sally came to the open window with two posies in her hand. Her cheeks were flushed with a tender rosy glow, her eyes sparkled with happy life.

"This is for you," she cried, pinning a posy in Aunt Mattie's dress.

"Flowers are for the young, dear, the old never want them till the end comes." Nevertheless, Mattie tucked them in prettily and glanced at the mirror. Then Sally made a rush at Aunt Hannah, but was repulsed with: "Be off with your trifles, Sally! Put your flowers in water and go and practice." But Sally coaxed till she gained her point, and the servants stared to see Aunt Hannah's unpromising left shoulder daintily adorned.

After lunch Mattie tried to look stern, though tears stood in her loving old eyes.

"Sarah, my dear," she said (Sally started at the unusual "Sarah"), "you are 14 now and we have determined to send you to a good boarding school."

"What! leave you all!" cried Sally, turning pale.

"You will spend part of your holidays here, perhaps," said Aunt Hannah. "Remember, you have to earn your living. My nephew can't always keep you in idleness." Sally's dark eyes flashed, as she answered:

"He has done so much; you may trust me to do the rest. They said at school I had a fine voice. If I worked hard I might—"

"You'd have to toil for years to earn even your bread, but I'll see to it."

She did so and speedily. The very next day Aunt Hannah walked Sally off to a professor to give his opinion of her singing. Aunt Hannah sat upright, umbrella in hand.

"You will understand, professor, my opinion is there's been no real singing since Malibran died, and I'd have half your modern screeching women gagged. This girl thinks she has a voice, so let her sing to you and have done with it."

When Sally had finished one verse of a ballad, Aunt Hannah ejaculated: "Goodness gracious, bless the girl!"

"At the end of the second, the professor said: "The voice is a real contralto of great beauty, but it needs training and years of hard study."

"It shall have both," said Aunt Hannah.

Five years afterward, when Kenneth returned from Buenos Ayres, Sally was still at school. Almost the first thing he said was:

"What have those years done for my little Sally?"

"That style of talk won't do," said Hannah. "When Sally scrubbed floors it didn't matter; she is a pretty young lady now, and things are different."

"There was nothing pretty about Sally when I left but her eyes. I shall never forget how frightfully sharp her elbows were."

"She's the best and dearest and prettiest girl in the world," said Mattie.

"I hope she is unchanged in some things," said he.

If he could have looked into Sally's heart he would have seen one thing unchanged. It still seemed as rights and natural to her to love Kenneth as to love God; both had been so good to her. Sometimes she recalled the dark vision of Cow court, but even that caught a glory from the thought that there Kenneth first found her. There was one black memory connected with those days that nothing could brighten, but that she kept hidden in the depths of her heart.

"There's a letter from Sally," cried Kenneth, one day at breakfast; and then he said, "she has had an offer of marriage. Her music master has proposed to her—of course she has refused him."

"And why of course?" asked Aunt

Hannah, sharply.

"For the best of all reasons—she doesn't love him."

"Fiddlestick! The man's honest, I suppose, and can give her a good home. She sprang from the gutter, and can't expect to pick and choose."

"She had better go back to the gutter than marry without love," answered Kenneth.

Sally wrote simply and straightforwardly. The trouble of it was there had been some talk that Miss Addison thought she must leave at once, and had (subject to Kenneth's approval) obtained for her the post of pupil teacher in a school at Streatham. Then came a pretty little bit, in which Sally said she hoped she had acted in a way that Kenneth approved.

"She's a brick!" he said, emphatically. "She must come here for a week before going to Streatham," said Mattie.

VI.

Sally was to come at five. Kenneth wondered what she was like. He expected to find her neat, orderly and well-mannered. At five he went into the drawing room and waited. Five fifteen and no Sally—five thirty and she came. For a moment he stared much. She stood with outstretched hand—her great, soft eyes sought his. He noticed in a stupified way that she moved with exquisite grace and lightness. He would have liked to kiss her, but that was clearly out of the question, so he warmly grasped her hand in both hands.

"Why, Sally dear, my little girl grown into a tall young lady!"

Deep as any "famest heart of rose" the young blood flushed into Sally's cheeks.

"Yes," she answered, "but still the same Sally." Then Sally took sweet count of him in one quick, shy glance. Her heart told her that never had she seen anything so goodly as this bright young Englishman, as she stood before her with gay, glad eyes. Half playfully half tenderly, he led her to a sofa and said:

"Now, Sally, tell me everything."

"Where shall I begin?"

"From the moment I left England. When I left you had high shoulders and wore short frocks, and called me 'sir.'"

"I must call you 'sir' still. But look at the dear old room—it isn't a bit changed. I wonder who has dusted it since I've been away!" Then she went to seek the aunts.

"To think that she came out of Cow court the hall," and that weeds can grow into such sweet flowers! But I won't make a fool of myself."

"And now, Sally, sing to us," said Aunt Hannah after dinner.

This was the supreme moment Sally had looked forward to for years. She knew she had a superb voice—knew exactly what her powers were, and felt in full possession of them. When she sat down to the piano a soft flush came to her cheeks and a light to her eyes. She chose an old Scotch ballad—a simple, tender thing, that needed perfect style and expression. Kenneth started as his first notes fell on the air. Hers was one of the thrilling, deep contraltos, soft as velvet, rich and rounded, with the strange power to stir and move that good contralto has. The spell of her voice fell upon him, tears came to his eyes; he moved forward to see her sweet impassioned face as she sang, dewy, eyes and a great awe and love arose in his heart. The song ended in a deep solemn chord, like the cello of an amen.

Sally turned to Kenneth.

"Did you like it? I have labored so hard for your praise."

He did not speak at first, but when she raised her eyes to his she saw there a look so eager, so ardent and sweet that she almost wished she had not spoken. He caught her hand in his.

"Am I pleased? Oh my dear, surely you know; it is too beautiful for praise of mine."

Sally sang no more that night, but felt she was rewarded. That song had changed the world for Kenneth. Could a man's heart be sung out of him in such fashion? Were the days of magic still with us, and had this sweet witch of 19 summers made him forget all prudence and wisdom?

Next morning he was full of content, bathed in the brightest mental sunshine

joy was in his heart, love ruled his life. Sally was in the house. Sally was his—surely all his; had he not fought and conquered for her? He sang as he dressed, breaking off to laugh at the contrast of his rough baritone with Sally's velvet tones, and it was not till he saw his aunts—the very models of family propriety—that he realized the difficulties of his position.

But little sleep had come to Sally that night. Love has divine insight and when their eyes met after her song she knew that he loved her. But he should never marry her. Her valiant heart screwed itself up to the sticking point and settled that forever. The consciousness of his love came on her as a bitter-sweet surprise. When finished with her song, she looked into his eyes and saw love there radiant and enthroned, her difficulties were at one stroke doubled. When her own heart was her only foe she had buckled on her armor and gone down into the fight; but now she had to face another foe, before whom she felt powerless. Flight was her only chance. At 6 she rose and packed, at 7 she went to Aunt Hannah.

"I am going away," she said. "I ought never to have come." Aunt Hannah's honest eyes searched her face in silence. "I shall never come back; it is the only way. I thought I was strong, and I was, still be weak." Aunt Hannah took her in her arms, kissed her, and said, "honor and respect you, Sally. I saw it all last night. You are a good woman."

"A grateful one, I hope. After all your and his kindness, can I let him run any risk?"

"But it is terrible for you, my child."

"I can bear my own grief. I have loved him for so long my heart has got used to its ache. It is harder now, but still I can bear it."

At breakfast Aunt Hannah said Sally had slept ill and could eat no breakfast. All Kenneth's inquiries got nothing more out of her than that.

At 12 Sally went quietly out of the back door, her eyes full of tears, her heart like lead.

At lunch Aunt Hannah said: "Sally has gone, Kenneth—for your good as well as her own. She has saved us a terrible trouble by acting so nobly."

Then Kenneth lost his head, but Aunt Hannah presented a front of iron.

"It was the right thing to do, and so you will own in time. Be patient. My heart is sore for you both; but you are young, and life with its duties is before you. At any rate don't let a girl of 19 beat you in self-sacrifice."

But Kenneth flung family pride to the winds, and said: "You may say what you like; I'll marry her to-morrow if she'll have me."

After an hour's hot debate he agreed to wait a month.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Society Youths as Tipplers.

Said the manager of a well known cafe, yesterday: "The heaviest drinkers we have are young men not far from 20 years of age, who come here after the opera or dance, arrayed in dress suits. They drop in to chat for an hour and spend their time in drinking liquors and wines, meanwhile smoking cigarettes. Of course they do not consume as much as the toper of 50 years, but these fresh faced young fellows drink much more than the average business man who comes here. They spend a great deal of money this way and I am very sorry to see it."

The manager of another cafe, in speaking of the same subject, remarked: "Some time ago we had the same class come here—sons of rich men and society women. But we got rid of them. Their patronage was lucrative, but undesirable, and I am glad they go elsewhere now. There can be no doubt but the swell young men here drink very often, and large quantities, too. I don't like to see it, of course, and wish that their mothers and sisters and sweethearts would try to break them of the habit."

How to Preserve Health.

One of the best ways to keep in good health, says the Monthly Bulletin, is not to think or worry too much about it. If you feel strong and well, don't imagine that some insidious disease may be secretly attacking your constitution. Many people are like the inexperienced

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name as author or whether he has subscribed 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, 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 *in prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. Mail made up at 4 p. m.

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.50 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.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.

G. W. McLean, Agent.

Churches.

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; Prayers on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7.30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COLIN W. BASSON, } Ushers
A NEW BOSS.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 10 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 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 month. The Mittings 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, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

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. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or 9 T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

Garfield Tea.



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Potent and Harmless!
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