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, OCTOBER 3, 1890. No. 6.

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 trancient 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 comunications 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 he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, 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 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.
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. MUNRO, 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. 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. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranswick 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. Greenwich 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 the 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 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, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, 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. D. Chambers, 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.

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.

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

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.

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

GODFREY, 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.

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.

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 Tobacconist.

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.

Garfield Tea.

A NATURAL REMEDY!

Potent and Harmless!

RESTORES THE COMPLEXION!

CURES CONSTIPATION!

THIS REMEDY is composed *wholly of harmless herbs* and accomplishes all the good derived from the use of cathartics, without their ultimate injurious effects.

Ask your druggist for a FREE SAMPLE. For sale by

Geo. V. Rand, *Druggist,*

50 WOLFVILLE, N. S.

OLD PAPERS for sale at this Office.

POETRY.

Burdens.

We all must bear them. Vain regret,
Love's longing for some dear lost face
Which even sleep cannot forget,
Nor yet the coming years replace;
The disappointment all must know,
When hope's mirage proves but a dream,
The finding Marah's waters flow
Where tempting wayside fountains gleam.

We all must bear them. Some may smile,
And hide their burden in a song;
And others may be silent, while
They learn to suffer and grow strong.
We find no balm in Gilead's vale,
No recompense for pain and loss,
And oft our weary efforts fail
To lift the pressure of the cross.

We all must bear them. Why despair?
The wine press is not trod alone.
The promise is, that he will care,
As doth a father, for his own.
Our burdens may become our wings,
For underneath his arms will be;
And through our sighing sweetly rings,
"Sufficient is My grace for thee."

SELECT STORY.

An Unloved Wife.

Pansy Garland was the most heartless little flirt in the world. I have it on good authority—a dozen authorities for that matter—each of which has sought for the missing organ of Miss Garland's anatomy, but all in vain. Either they were right and no such member had entered her composition, or, not relishing their method of vivisection, Miss Garland had carefully placed the said member beyond the reach of the istruments that had threatened it.

Whichever the case, it was certain that the young lady had herself performed this same operation of vivisection many times, and she might have been an embodiment of that fabled and horrible monster who feasted on the hearts of his victims so mightily did she thrive on these tidbits.

But one or two circumstances put an end to Miss Garland's innocent pastime.

The first was the sudden death of her mother, followed soon after by that of her father, leaving the girl alone in the world—for there were no lateral branches of either family—and absolutely unprovided for. Her father died insolvent, having got his affairs in such a tangle, not to say snarl, that there had been only one way to cut the Gordian knot, which he did by breathing out his life in his daughter's arms, commending his soul to the clemency of Heaven, his debt to his creditors, and Pansy Garland to the guardianship of his executor and heaviest loser by his death, Donald Howard Marshall.

Mr Marshall knew far more about the necessities of the brute dependent on his bounty than the requirements of a woman's heart, yet his own nature was so pure, so deep, so tender, as almost to touch on the womanly; so strong and noble that the very helplessness of the small hazel eyed child appealed to it irresistible, as weakness must always appeal to its opposite.

He had had his romance. Outside the city limits yonder, under a green mound, his heart lay in the coffin of a woman he had once thought to make his wife. For ten years it had lain there "in solemn salvatory," sealed forever, as he believed, with the inviolable seal of death; but Winfield Garland's daughter must be provided for, protected and cared for, and it was for Donald Marshall to do it; there was no one else. If she had been rich and surrounded by friends there would have been no trouble. A thousand solutions to a perplex problem would present themselves where now was but one. That one he accepted.

He went to her, offered her his hand and his name, and she from the moment she looked up into his grave, quiet eyes knew that she had found her master; and the various authoritics unlike the common run, were correct; her heart had long ago been given all unconsciously into the keeping of Donald Marshall. She never questioned his love, although she knew the green mound where Mary Bains slept her long sweet sleep.

Petted and spoiled, with a wealth of many noble hearts poured out at her feet, she could not have understood perhaps that the treasures of this one were withheld from her, and he did not tell her. The grief that brooded over his life had grown to seem like something real—tangable; he could not tear away the silence of ten sorrowful years, and reveal it even to this woman. Yet he knew that he could be loyal, true to her; that nothing but Mary Bains' green grave could ever come between them. His wealth, home, social position, his protection and his name, all were hers, but no his love. He was making a dangerous experiment, but she did not realize it.

And they were married. One bleak cold day they turned from the altar and passed out the church man and wife. The stray handful of snow that had been falling at intervals since dawn, suddenly ceased; the gray clouds rent themselves from zenith to horizon, a glory of crystal sunshine poured down on the head of an unloved wife, and it snowed no more that day; the rift never closed, but widened and broadened until it took in the whole blue shining dome of heaven; the sun went down in a pure mellowed sky. She called him to see it, and he, bending from his grand height, gently kissed her brow.

"Thus shall your life always be as bright and cloudless to the setting heaven willing."

She smiled, well content, without fear for the future she had given him to keep, while the twilight fell and softly shut them in.

Yes, they were married, he with a woman's heart in his possession, she—ah! pity is a sad exchange for the rich living love moman craves. For a time the strength of her affection mesmerised into artificial vitality the dead body of his, and she was happy. But it could not be so always; the truth came crashing down upon her at last.

It does not matter how she found it out, it does not matter how the heart comes into its bitterness, how the soul claims its heritage of woe. The greatest question is how to learn to accept it, endure it, and live.

Live! That had to be. She would have died of mortification, grief and pain; but pain grief and mortification, rarely kill. She must live and bear her trouble. This was the hardest of all.

What was to be done? He was an every day prosaic sort of a man, with little romance about him. He saw but one remedy.

"We must accept it and live it down together,' said he sadly.

"But you will go away and let me learn to bear it alone."

"My dear, that is impossible. I can not give up my business, drop everything and set out in vain wanderings after happiness which could not be obtained in any such fashion, said the curious young man, opening his eyes.

His creed held that the obligations of life imposed a higher duty than to follow the erratic guidance of an imperfect emotional nature.

"Then let me go, this is killing me."

"You wish to get a divorce?"

He had a fierce internal struggle before he could bring himself to utter that word. He had failed, signally, then, in the effort to make her happy, since she could submit to the disgrace—yes, he was old fashioned enough to call it disgrace—of a divorce suit, and the uncertain position she must occupy in society afterwards, in preference to an honorable place at the head of his house.

"A divorce? Yes, anything—anything!

"Poor child! Poor miserable child!" he said compassionately. "Forgive me—I cannot grant your request. You do not understand what it involves. No, dear, we can never rectify one mistake by plunging into another. No court in the land can break in the sight of heaven, the ties that bind us until death to each other. Space itself cannot absolve us of the vow which we took upon ourselves in the sight of all high heaven. There is but one way as I have said; we must live it down together, not apart. A woman's rightful place is by her husband's side, under his protection nowheere else can she live out her full life. Anything so unnaturalizes a separation cannot be attended with blessings.

"But I at least may find peace" said the girl wearily.

"Peace comes from the honest discharge of duty. Pansy, if we deliberately shirk the one how can we hope to obtain the other. Neither peace nor even contentment can be founded on willfully broken laws. It is only here—here, where our lots have been cast, our lives united, that we can ever hope to obtain either."

His words were tenderly spoken, but their hard philosophy fired her. It was all duty with him; what cared he that all her happiness was changed by the flood of bitterness that flowed through her little world?

But she must save the shattered remnants of her life; away from him somewhere, she might not be wholly despised. She would go away; it would be better for them both. But he had always been kind to her—yes very kind; she could not think of the tender compassionate way in which he had sought to help her after she had made her cruel discovery, without tears. Perhaps after all, they could learn to bear it, to live it down, better together as he had said. He was strong, and so very, very patient and tender; close at his side, her weakness hidden in his strength, she might grow contented. But, no, his heart was dead, and she loved him; there was no contentment in the thought she must go.

She waited feverishly until night then stole into the library and laid her good-bye note on his desk. There was the book he had been reading yonder, not far off her own desk, her sewing-chair and her work basket. She did not touch anything; she had forfeited the right; she would go now, the room was too much for her. He had preached duty, not love, and her heart cried out for love; and yet he was kind—she would always remember his kindness.

So she stole away out of the house. On the terrace she paused one moment to take her courage more firmly in hand and then, to her dismay, it suddenly evaporated, wholly and without warning. She could not go. She dared not. She was afraid. It was a humiliating confession to make, but it was true. The sight of the big, silent world, although it shimmered in the moonlight struck terror to her soul. What might not lurk yonder in those gray, sinister-looking shadows? No, no, no. She could not go alone, not alone!

She crept into the house, a miserable little coward, for whom there could be no apology; it was cool and sweet there and safe. Long feathers of silver light were strewn over the carpet; the fragrance of honeysuckle, her favourite flower, came sweeping in at the window on the fresh night air.

There was the faint, far off odour of a cigar, somewhere, too, dark!"

He was coming, her husband. She could hear him whistling softly as he came up the path. He was not wholly miserable then. She hurriedly found the note and destroyed it, and was ready to face Donald when he entered though trembling in every limb.

"Pansy, is it you, dear, and in the dark!"

He always called her his dear; he was very tender with his little wife; his one desire was to repair the wrong he had done.

"Where are the matches, I will light the gas?"

"No not yet, Donald, please—I—I do not wish any light, it hurts my eyes I think."

"Are you sick, dear?"

"I am well, but I have something to tell you. I would rather say it in the dark.—Donald, with a preceptible effort—I tried to leave your house just now, desert you, that's what they call it don't they?"

"But you did not go," he said slowly, "why dear?"

"I was afraid, the world was so big so solitary."

"Poor little coward—poor little unhappy Pansy, I want you to promise me never to try to desert me any more."

He had not spoken immediately. When he did his voice had not been very steady; but there was something under its quiet that made it shiver.

No convert treaty, only that the gentleness without which he never addressed her; and yet seemed throbbing with pity and regret that was almost passionate in its intensity.

"I will promise you if you wish it, Donald, but if a time should ever come when I cannot endure my life you will let me go somewhere?"

"I will let you come and tell me about it, dear, and we will devise a better remedy," he answered, drawing her into his arms. As she laid her head against his shoulder he felt an odd thrill of pleasure. It could not be that his heart had awakened for that was lying dead in Mary Bains' grave "We must bear our trouble bravely, Pansy, this world is full of grief and pain, you know."

Then he kissed her and sent her away but he sat up all that night thinking.

After that Pansy spoke of her sorrow no more, but fell in the way of entertaining such company as she had done when a girl. Donald looked on quietly glad that she was happy he told himself; yet he missed the quiet hours they had spent together and winced at the sound of her gay laughter when men paid her homage.

He had never observed how pretty she was until she blushed and dimpled at the homage showered upon her. And how well she talked. Mary Bains had been sweet and gentle, but Pansy was a more charming and aimable woman of the world.

Donald Marshall for years had been true to an ideal. Now he awoke to the real and discovered that he loved his wife as he had never loved that other woman. And she, he bitterly told himself, had learned to do without him.

For Pansy was unfeignedly happy in those brighter and gayer days and seemed well content to take up her girlrhood's pastime just where she had dropped it. To Donald she was sweet and gracious and nothing more; her eyes were no longer raised to his in mute, beseeching for the love he withheld; indeed, they sparkled with happiness and health and looked at all the world, except him.

It was one soft, sweet June day. Pansy had been walking and came home through the dewy meadow. The twilight had fallen and Donald went to meet her.

"I thought you might be afraid," he said, as a sort of apology for the intrusion.

"Oh, no," she returned smiling, "People whose lives are full have no room for cowardice I think."

"Then your life is full?"

"Yes."

"And you have no room for my love? You have discovered it to be quite useless—it has come too late."

She looked at him and the sweet face brightened as she put her hand in his.

"No Donald, it has not come too late. Dear, did you think me blind? I knew you loved me before you knew it yourself. That is why my life is so full—why I am so happy. Not value love: Did you think I could live without it?"

And Donald was satisfied.

The Newspaper Puff.

The newspaper puff is something that makes men feel bad if they don't get. The groundwork of an ordinary newspaper puff consists of a moral character and a good bank account. Writing newspaper puffs is like mixing sherry cobblers and mint juleps all through the summer months for customers and quenching your own thirst with rainwater. Sometimes a man is looking for a puff and dont't get it, then he says the paper is going down hill, and that it is in the hands of a monopoly and he would stop subscribing if he did not have to pay his bill first. Writing a newpaper puff is like taking the photograh of a homely baby. If the photograph does not represent the child with wings and halos and harps, it shows that the artist does not understand his business. So it is with the newspaper puff—if the puff doesn't stand out like a bold and fearless exponent of truth, and morality, it shows that the puffer doesn't understand human nature. It is more fun to see a man read a puff of himself than to see a man slip on an orange peel. The narrow-minded man reads it over seven or eight times and then goes around to the different places where the paper is taken and steals what he can. The kind-hearted family man goes home and reads it to his wife, and then pays up his bill on the paper. The successful business man who advertises and makes money starts immediately to find the newspaper man, and speaks a word of gratful acknowledgement and encouragement. Then the two men start out of the sanctum and walk thoughtfully down the street together, and the successful business man takes sugar in his, and they both eat a clove or two, and life is sweeter, and peace settles down like a turtle dove in their hearts, and after a while lamp posts get more plentiful and everybody seems more or less intoxicated but the hearts of these two men are filled with nameless joy, because they know just where to stop and not make themselves ridiculous.

Charming people these exceptional people! Here's a medicine—Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for intance, and it's cured hundreds, thousands that're known, thousands that're unknow, and yet yours is an exceptional case! Do you think that that bit of human nature which you call "I" is different from the other parcels of human nature? "But you don't know my case." Good friend, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, the cases are the same—impure blood—and that's why "Golden Medical Discovery" cures ninety-nine out of a every hundred You may be the exception. And you may not. But would you rather be the exception, or would you rather be well? If you're the exception it costs you nothing, you get your money back—but suppose it cures you?

Let the "Golden Medical Discovery" take the risk.

There can be no such thing as a quarrelsome, revengeful Christain, It is a contradiction of terms. . . .There can be no such thing as a proud Christian. Humility lies at the foundation of the Christian character. . . . There can be no such thing asan unkind, unfeeling Christian. There can be no such thing as an exclusive, censorious Christian. There may be the *form*, indeed, but the *spirit* is not there.—*Charles Lowell.*

A man's best help is himself, his own heart, his resolute purpose—it cannot be done by proxy. A man's mind may be aroused by another, but he must mould his own character. What if a man fails in one thing? Let him try again—he must quarry his own nature. Let him try hard, and try again, for he does not know what he can do till he tries.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc,

The Use Of

Harsh, drastic purgatives to relieve costiveness is a dangerous practice, and more liable to fasten the disease on the patient than to cure it. What is needed is a medicine that, in effectually opening the bowels, corrects the costive habit and establishes a natural daily action. Such an aperient is found in

Ayer's Pills,

which, while thorough in action, strengthen as well as stimulate the bowels and excretory organs.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels became regular and natural in their movements. I am now in excellent health." —Wm. H. DeLaucett, Dorset, Ont.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more

Effective

than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"For years I have been subject to constipation and nervous headaches, caused by derangement of the liver. After taking various remedies, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time; and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried."—H. S. Sledge, Weimar, Texas.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

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