

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

Vol. XI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1892.

No. 18.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is superior to any prescription known to us."
—I. A. ANKER, M. D.,
115 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Spasms, Stomach Distress, Flatulence, Worms, gives sleep and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

The CHRYSLER COMPANY, 17 Murray Street, N. Y.

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 low rates per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.
Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the publisher and payment on receipt of advertising card be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.
New communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The same 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.

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 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 *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office hours, 8 a. m. to 3 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 10 a. m.
Express west close at 10:30 a. m.
Express east close at 7:00 p. m.
Geo. V. Raso, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.
G. W. Measo, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. T. A. 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 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by
CHAS. W. ROSSCOE, } Ushers
A. DEW BARRIS

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. R. O. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 11:00 a. m. Sabbath School at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Cranwick 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. Greenwald and Avoonport services at 2 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.—Service every Sunday afternoon at 2, except the first Sunday in the month, when there will be Morning Prayer with Celebration of the Holy Communion at 11.
ISAAC BROCK, D. D.,
Rector of Horton.

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 7:45 p. m.
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 8 meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Winter Block, at 7:30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.
CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in Wiltter's Hall every Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

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. L.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL, J. W.—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.

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

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

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

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders done 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.

PAND, 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.

A New Year's Wish.

I wish you a happy New Year! May roses strew your way,
And paths be glad and peaceful on which you start to-day,
May golden shafts of sunshine bring just a little rain,
And gracious gifts of pleasure hold just a shade of pain.
For skies are fairer which the clouds may sometimes overcast,
And pleasures are the best which come when grief and pain are past,
And if among your roses the ivy is entwined,
Your heart will beat the nearer to the heart of all mankind.
I wish you a happy New Year! Ah! who could wish you less;
May all the tender charities that heal and soothe and bless
Be scattered at your feet like flowers, and may you'er impart
To all the weary souls of men that joy within your heart.
For hearts that hold no love know not the joy it is to live;
Our lives are measured by the joys which we give to others;
May charity and kindness lengthen your life and mine imbue,
My joys shall be the brighter for the joys I wish to you.
—Chicago Herald.

SELECT STORY.

Pretty Miss Smith.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER XI.

I suppose I fainted or went out of my mind for a short period, overcome by the excitement of my chase of the mysterious man, and by the excitement I felt on discovering him to be a stranger.
At any rate, when I came to myself I was sitting on the hard stone floor, propped up against the bottom step of the front staircase, and Hopkins was standing over me, fashing the light of his lantern on my face, with a rather malignant expression on his own features.
"Oh, he's your' come to, hev' you?" said he drily, before I remembered much.
I sat up and put my hands over my face, trying to recollect.
"So you've been playing the spy, and a workin' of yourself into a fever all about nothing?" continued the watchman, jeeringly. "Now I suppose you're not a servant at all, but hev' come here with some kind in your eye, most likely a man. But I tell you, whoever you are, it won't wash. I ain't goin' to hev' this place made a 'untin' ground for young women that have grievances against their young men, and so I tell yer."
I listened very quietly, a good deal impressed by the serious, earnest manner of the little Cockney, who gave me strongly the idea that he would be above a bribe.
"That doesn't apply to me," I said at last, "but I think it applies to the woman whom you shut in that room." And I pointed to the door he had locked upon her, which now stood open.
"What has become of her?"
"There's not much to choose between yer, I expect, if the truth was known," said Hopkins bluntly. "However, she was able to give a better account of herself than what you've done, and what's more she had some one to back her up; so she's gone. But as for you, I mean to take yer back into the 'ouse myself and complain about yer. And if ever you set foot in the works agin, be liest if I don't set the watch-dog at yer. So now yer know."
I listened to this harangue quite unmoved, if indeed I could be said to listen at all with my mind full of the mystery which I had so utterly failed to solve.
"Tell me," said I abruptly, "who was that man?"
Hopkins began to chuckle a little and to look mysterious.
"Oh, he's a pal o' mine, that's all," said he.
"And what was your 'pal' doing in the attics over the house?"
"That's my business. I put my friends where I like," answered Hopkins doggedly.
"And do you find out how they employ themselves when they are left alone? Did you ever hear of night frights suffered by the lady of the house? And did it ever occur to you to connect your precious 'pal' with them?"
The opinion I had conceived of the watchman's integrity was strengthened

by the way in which he took these questions. He stared at me at first blankly, then curiously, and finally his little ferret face assumed an anxious inquiring look.
"Bless my soul, no!" he murmured at last, evidently taken aback at my suggestion.
I followed up my advantage, speaking in very decided tones.
"Well, perhaps, now that I have put you on the watch, you'll be a little less obtuse. If your 'pal' should come again to-morrow night, which I tell you is in the highest degree unlikely, just follow him as he goes to the attics, and find out how he passes his time there."
By this time I could see that Hopkins was as much impressed by my seriousness as I had been by his. He stared at me out of the corners of his eyes for some moments, and then asked bluntly:
"And who the dickens are you?"
"There was no further use in concealing my identity, in fact it must be known the next day in all the household, as I intended to go up to town and bring Mr. Marshall back with me, if I could."
"I was a schoolfellow of Miss Smith's and her dearest friend," I said. "And I am intimate with Mr. Marshall and all his family. I pretended to be a servant to gain admittance here, because I was sure something was wrong with his friend. Now I have found out what it is, and I shall bring Mr. Marshall down to put things right."
Hopkins looked at me with something like consternation on his face.
"Mr. Charles Marshall, that is, ain't he?" he said dubiously. "I don't know; he's never been down here as I know of, in all the years I've been here. Well," he went on after a pause, in a great burst of indignation, "if anything wrong's happened it's no fault of mine. But as for it's being the man you saw to night shut-in at the bottom of it, why it's all my eye; for he's a government detective sent to keep his eye on the excitement!"
"He brought this explanation out triumphantly, and I confess it was what Tom Marshall would have called a 'staggerer' to me. What object could a government detective have in frightening poor Mary out of her wits?"
"Are you quite sure he's a detective—that man I saw?" I asked much more humbly.
Hopkins laughed contemptuously.
"As sure as I am that my name's 'Opkins, that's all. Why, he's been on his lay for weeks."
"And the woman? Who is she?"
"I don't know. I never see her before. He's been after her 'man,' it seems, who's 'wanted' for obtaining goods under false pretences, or something. So she's been following him to try to bribe him of."
"That's not what she said," observed I doubtfully.
"Of course not. Trust a woman not to tell the truth, specially when there ain't nothin' to be got by lying. Now this, Miss, if you're ready, I'll take you back," he finished bluntly.
He escorted me back into the house, as if I had been a prisoner; and as we met Mrs. Camden in the corridor, he delivered me up to her with the brief expressed hope that whoever I was should be good enough to keep out of the works. Then, with a curt salute, he walked off, leaving me to face the chaperon's ire.
For there had been a little scene in my absence. Poor Mary had been running about, crying for "Georgie!" "Georgie Oliver!" and had incoherently let fall words which betrayed me. The rumor had then spread quickly through the household that I was a spy in the camp. I had, therefore, not only to run the gauntlet of Mrs. Camden's fretful questioning, but to bear the hostile and suspicious glances of the servants, a knot of whom, with staid vivacious Emily at their head, stood watching me from the end of the corridor as Mary, hearing my voice rushed from her bedroom and threw her arms round my neck.
It was nearly one o'clock. My absence, and the mysterious rumors that had followed kept the whole household out of their beds. Telling Mrs. Camden briefly that I would give her any explanations she wanted on the follow-

ing day, I took Mary back into her room, where she insisted on my passing the rest of the night.
Next day I told both Mrs. Camden and my poor girl that I believed that the latter had been the victim of a trick, which, however, I did not think she would suffer from again. When, however, they both pressed me to say who it was who had played the trick, I had to own myself at a loss; and this fact I could see laid my evidence open to suspicion, especially as I did not think it necessary to relate my adventures of the night. These I was reserving for Mr. Marshall's ear. Ho, a shrewd lawyer as well as a sympathetic friend, was, I knew, the proper person to go to for advice in the matter.
Mary would not let me start for the City as early as I wished being nervous, depressed, and anxious to keep me with her. When at last she reluctantly permitted me to get ready, she insisted on following me to my room and remaining while I put on my hat. My dressing-table was in front of the window, which was open. I was glancing out at a big barge, laden with straw, slowly making its way up the river with the incoming tide, when my attention was caught by a female figure on the river-path below. A second look told me that it was the woman who had got into the distillery on the previous night. She was keeping so closely under the shadow of the wall that I did not once get a full view of her, but yet I knew her without the possibility of mistake. The sight filled me with dismay. Who was she? What could her object be in haunting this place? In the present almost childish state of Mary's mind, when she was hardly able to think or care for herself, I did not like to leave her, even for a couple of hours, exposed to the chance of an interview with a jealous or revengeful woman.
As I stood considering what I should do, the door of the maids knocked at the door.
"If you please, is Miss Smith here?"
Mary, who was easily startled, sprang up and ran towards me.
"What do you want?" she asked, in a trembling voice.
"If you please, ma'am, Mr. G. and young Mr. Marshall are at the door, asking if they can see you. I didn't know whether I was to let them in and so—"
"No, no, no!" cried Mary vehemently. "Tell them I can see no one. I am not well." "I—She stopped and turned to me in great excitement. "Georgie, you see them; tell them to go away."
I did not try to persuade her to accord the young men an interview, since no good could come of her meeting Hilary in her present state of mind. I was anxious too to clear up certain suspicions of my own concerning the young man's conduct, before exerting myself to heal the breach between him and Mary. So I left her and ran down to the front door, not without agitation on my own account, since I had not been able entirely to overcome my weakness for that Tom.
When I opened the front door, it was Tom alone whom I found outside.
I suppose we girls are all alike. Because my heart beat very high at sight of him, my manner was very cold.
"Oh, it's you, is it? I thought Mr. Gold was here," I said, holding out my hand a very little way.
Tom, who never took a snub, pressed my fingers effusively. It flashed through my mind as strange that he did not seem surprised to see me.
"He couldn't stand being insulted," he said. "I can. So he's gone to wait for me on the bridge while I talk to you. Suppose we take a walk round the garden, as I'm not considered good enough to come indoors?"
Well as I knew him, his quiet assurance surprised me. He did not a bit mind walking about in full view of the servants, who knew he had been refused admittance to the house. He drew my hand under his arm with a quiet air of proprietorship and began to drag me toward the fruit trees.
"It's too hot to stay out here in the sun," he explained coolly. "Besides, I like trees."
And he gave my hand another

squeeze.
"But you can't stay in the garden when Mary won't let you into the house!"
"The very reason why I should stay in the garden," he retorted calmly. "Besides, why should I be so particular about respecting the orders of a crazy girl, who is just keeping me out of the property which will be mine some day?"
I was spalled by this cold, brutal frankness.
"What are you saying?" I panted out at last. "Have you no heart, no sense of decency?"
"I hope I have a little of both," said Tom composedly. "But not enough to make a hypocrite of me. If Mary's out of her mind, I'm very sorry for her; but I can't pretend to feel much sympathy for a girl who loses her wits without any provocation, especially when she treats my friend badly, and when her insanity will help me to fortune."
"A pretty pair—you and your friend!" I burst out indignantly. "All you care about is the poor girl's money. I think, in the circumstances, you might have the decency to stay away from the place."
"Perhaps I should if you were not here," said Tom, knocking down an apple from the tree under which he was passing.
"Don't dare mention me, sir, in the same breath with—with—anything, in fact," I finished lamely, unable to express my indignation in well-chosen words. "I would never have anything to do with such a heartless creature as you have proved yourself to be, if you were an emperor!"
"Quite right," said Tom. "An emperor is hedged round with all sorts of restrictions which you would never stand. You'd be always wanting to go down to the kitchen to see whether the cook's ways were clean."
"What was the use of showing so passionate indignation on this creature?"
"How did you know I was here?" I asked abruptly and rather suspiciously.
Hilary met me coming down here, and I guessed that, finding something wrong, you would be quick enough to stay."
I had purposely led Tom towards the river, in the hope that we might see the woman on the path below, and that Tom might be able to give me some clue to her identity. We did see her, walking as before close under the shadow of the wall; her back was towards us, and Tom's eyes glanced at her retreating figure with no sign of recognition. He turned his face with more interest towards the bridge on the left.
"There's Hilary," he said.
I followed his glance and saw Mary's discarded *fiance* leading moodily against the side of the bridge. Suddenly, however, as we looked, a great change came over him. He sprang up, alert and eager, gazing out before him with a face full of interest. Then he ran back off the bridge at a great rate, and disappeared for a few moments from our eyes; the next glimpse we caught of him showed us his figure getting over the wall of the garden. A few steps more and he was on the river-path below us, walking very quickly, with a flushed face. I watched him breathlessly; Tom, curiously; he was in pursuit of the woman. She turned at the sound of his rapid footsteps, and held out her hand with a smile. After the interchange of a few words, they walked on together, still talking earnestly.
I turned sharply to Tom. For once he looked disconcerted as he tried hastily to draw me away.
"Tom," I said, "who is that woman?"
"I don't know," said he shortly.
But I laughed in his face. For his assurance had forsaken him.
TO BE CONTINUED.
REV. W. A. NEWCOMB, Thomaston, Me.—Suffering from Indigestion when in Nova Scotia a year ago, a package of K. D. C. was given me and I cheerfully acknowledge that the effect was very marked and prompt as well as lasting.

Must be Educated.
The boy who is wanted in the business world of to-day must be educated, says Russel Sage in an article on "The Boy that is Wanted," in the November Ladies' Home Journal. If his parents can not afford to give him a high school or college education he must learn to study without the aid of a teacher, in the early morning before business begins and in the evenings after business hours.
It can be no longer truthfully said that an education is out of one's reach. Our splendid school system, where one can study by day or in the evening, has put the priceless treasure of an education within the reach of all. The main thing, in the beginning, that I would impress upon boys is one of the great Commandments, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The boy who respects his father and mother, who treats his sisters and brothers with loving-kindness, has laid a good fortune for a successful career. You will do as your parents tell you and that, certainly, will be a study.
Don't be in a hurry to get away from your school books. The cares and responsibilities of business life will come soon enough. Go to school as long as you can, and remember every hour spent in study in your youth will be worth money to you in after life. Read good books—the Bible above all. Make yourself acquainted with history. Study the progress of nations and the careers of men who have made nations great. Study religion, science, statecraft and history. Learn to read intelligently, so that you may turn to practical use in after life the readings of your youth. Be sure you begin right. Do not waste time in reading trashy books.
SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.
Gasslick Tea restores the complexion.

"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.
A Germ Disease. The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. They get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expels them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.
BE A MAN!
WEAK MEN FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY.
VIGOR and STRENGTH! For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, GENERAL AND NERVOUS DEBILITY, WEAKNESS OF BODY AND MIND, EFFECTS OF ERRORS or EXCESSES in OLD or YOUNG. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK undeveloped ORGANS and PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unflinching HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a Day. Men testify from fifty States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) FREE. Address: ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.



Children
always
Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCE! It is indeed, and the little ones who are thin and feeble, may be proved so, by taking SCOTT'S Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Source of substantial and nutritious food.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Baltimore.

TRY OUR CELEBRATED INGA FLOUR

A first-class grade of family flour. Finest wheat, grown from choice and of the very best quality. Superior in all respects to other flours on the market. Kept and packed under all sanitary precautions. Guaranteed pure and wholesome. Sold in all stores and flour-mills.

Bakers supplied by I. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Halifax, N. S., or direct from the Mills of HILLIARD & PELOW, Peterborough, Ont.