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, SEPTEMBER 19, 1890. No. 4.

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 solisited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the comn unication, although the same may be writt n over a ficticious signatnre.

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 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.

Two Singers.

I.

"Come, thou fount of every blessing!"
'Twas a maiden sang the hymn,
And she sang it without ceasing,
With a voice that had a ring
Like the clear note of a bell—
Yet of feeling—not a trace.
"Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!"

Yes, the face was fair to see;
But it gave not the impression
That the words which come so free
Were the heart's sincere expression.
"Teach me some celestial measure
Sung by ransomed hosts above";
But she longed not for the treasure
Of her Lord's unchanging love.

II.

"Come, thou fount of every blessing.
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!"
'Twas a woman, old and feeble,
Sang the words so full of praise.
Tho' the notes were cracked and broken,
And the eyes with age were dim,
Yet the eager face gave token
Of the faith that was within.

Ah, she trusted in Him wholly,
For she felt the need of Him;
And her spirit was but lowly
As she crooned the blessed hymn.
So she sang, in happy measure,
Of the joys that were to come;
For she hoped, by his good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Ever to the Fore.

It doesn't matter where you go,
In your ears its ringing—
"She's my Annie, I'm her Joe"—
This Rooney business don't you know
That everybody's singing.
Everybody knows the thing;
Everybody's spooney—
Save the small minority
That's being driven luny.
Organs grind it on the street;
Mr Dennis Mooney
Keeps awake upon his beat
To whistle Annie Rooney.
In the woods the plebe birds
Sing the song without the words;
Cats upon the garden fence
Render it with stress intense;
Even young Babooney
Now and then removes his cane
From his mouth, adjusts his brain,
And, in accents full of pain,
Hums "Miss Awnie Wooney."

SELECT STORY.

AIMEE.

They were poor. They lived on the lonesome, malarial swamp lands that border Bayou Brun, their house was a two-roomed log cabin—"double pen," as they call it down South. But this was a big enough nest for them. They were only three in number—he, she and it. *He* was Herbert Gray—fair, well-made, and twenty-eight; *it* was the baby girl—a tiny image of her father; *she* was his wife and the mother of the blue-eyed baby, though she was only a child herself—not yet seventeen.

She had been his pupil in the school he had taught for two years on the banks of the river. He boarded around among his patrons, and it chanced that while he was an inmate of the Widow Lereau's home a malignant fever broke out in the neigborhood. Herbert Gray was forced to disband his school; then he was taken ill, and was brought back from Death's door by the careful nursing of the widow and her one child—pretty, curly-haired, brown-eyed Aimee.

He recovered, but his good nurse took the fever from him, and died, leaving Aimée alone in the world, homeless, and with no means of support, for the place they had lived npon was mortgaged for its full value to their commission merchant in the city.

It was inevitable, though terribly unwise, that the school-teacher should marry his young pupil. She was left in his charge by her dying mother, who had lost her life through caring for him; she was so heart-broken, so friendless and forlorn that pity took possession of Herbert, and pity soon grew into a tenderer feeling for the sweet, clinging child.

He married her, as the only solution to the problem—what to do with her; and giving up his school that had dwindled sadly, he leased a little farm at a very small cost, because it was back in the swamp, and took his child-wife there, together with three cows, the two horses, and a few sheep that were all her possessions.

They had been married nearly three years—years of hard work aud privation, but also of happiness. The two were happy in their logcabin home, on the lonely, murky bayou, in the heart of the sombre wood; for they had youth, love and hope.

It was a great hope that built its nest in this humble home. A hope of fame and fortune, that should come when the world had read the book the young ex-school-teacher was writing in the intervals of clearing land and plowing in the fields of corn and cotton.

Ever since his college days, Herbert had been scribbling essays, poems, sketches—some of which were published in the local papers. Soon after his marriage he began to write something on a larger plan At first he meant only to write out a strange, half-weird conception, born in his brain on a misty, melancholy day of autumn when he was picking cotton on the banks of the bayou.

He began to write it at noon that day as he was resting, after his frugal dinner, eaten beneath a great, yellowing pecan-tree that overhung the bayou.

That evening by the light of the little candle Aimee had moulded, he read what he had written aloud to her, and her praises induced him to go on with his story. Every evening he read to her what he had been able to write in the interval. It was decided that the story should be a book, so fast had it grown in the imagination of its creator.

Aimee was so interested in it, so anxious to have it perpect, that she forgot her natural timidity and made suggestions and criticisms, out of her own instinctive sense of art, which helped the young author more than he realized.

At length the book was finished; the last page was read by the light of the candle made of wax of the wild bees, taken from the hollow of a poplar-tree. Then Herbert made a journey of a day on horseback to the nearest town, that he might send the precious manuscript by express to a well-known publisher in New York.

It went, freighted with many hopes and anxious fears. Aimee felt as though she was sending out her own darling baby to find favor in the eyes of some one who alone could give it leave to live.

Every character in the book was a real flesh-and-blood being to her. She had read few books. Nature and her own quick instincts and strong fellings had been her teachers. She thought Herbert's story the finest thing that had ever been written. She was sure no publisher could refuse to take it.

Herbert was not so certain. He knew more of the world than his child-wife, and doubt mingled strongly with his hopes. He was thrilled with joyful suprise when, after weeks of anxious waiting, the letter came, announcing that the book had been accepted, and would be published at once.

It was the something new that the *blase* public is always craving. Its plot was unique; the style, though crude, was vigorous; the humor fresh; the creole and negro *patois* happening to hit the rage for dialect, while the local flavor gave a spice of realism to the story.

In due time a small package for Herbert Gray found its way to the post office of the little riverside village in which he had taught school. It was his book, just from the hands of the binders. What a source of awe and pride and perennial delight it was to Aimee to look at it, to handle it, and read it! It seemed even more wonderful to her now when she read it in print. Herbert, too, was elated. His brain was full of dreams of success and distinction. These were fed by the flattering newspaper notices of his book which the publisher sent him from time to time. It was succeeding; it had paid for its publication already; it had pleased the capricious public, and soon he could hope for a check.

The check came presently. It was only for five hundred dollars, but that seemed a small fortune to the pair, in the double-pen cabin. Besides, this was only the beginning; there was more money to come; and, what was sweeter, more fame in the future.

Later on came an invitation to Herbert from the publisher to pay him a visit. He wanted to talk witr him about a second book.

Herbert's heart beat with happy anticipation, then he looked at Aimee. He had not parted from her longer than a day since their marriage; he must take her with him, though she had not been included in the invitation. She read his thought.

"Of course you will go. I can manage very well until you come back. Old Mrs Craven will stay with me; her grandson can help Ben pick out the cotton and feed the horses. I couldn't get ready to go. Women have to have so many little things; and if I did not look nice I would shame you, dear. I know I could never be made to look like the beautiful women in the fashion book they sent yon. I suppose all the ladies in the city look like them. No you must go by yourself. Write at once, and say that you will come, and don't bother about me and baby."

Herbert did go, and Aimee was left behind. He would be back in two weeks, he said. It was seven weeks before his tall shadow fell across the cabin threshold, and then he was a changed being.

His wife saw the change that had come over him the moment her eyes rested upon his face. She felt it the instant his lips met hers in the kiss of greeting. He had escaped from her possession. Her instinct told her so. He was dissatisfied with her; he was ashamed of her. She was looking badly. Sunburn and malaria had made her skin shallow and shrnken, her lips pale, her hair dry and harsh. She had worked very hard while he was gone, looking after everything—milking cows, feeding chickens, and even helping to get out the cotton when old Ben prophesied that the bright spell of October weather was sure to end in a storm which would spoil the white fleeces hanging from the balls. Her hands and face had sufered from weather as well as from the "dumb chill" that visited her every day. Moreover, the baby had been sick and was cross ann wakeful.

She sighed as she felt what a contrast the poor cabin and she herself must be to Herbert, who had been seeing so many elegant drawing roms, so many beautiful women in lovely, flowing robes, with white bare arms and bosoms, and hair piled in some wondeful way upon their dainty heads.

She could never, never be like them, she thought, as she looked down in despain at her ill fitted calico gown and her feet in thick common shoes.

She dared not look at herself in the little cracked mirror. It made her hears-sick to see her image there and contrast it with the pictures in the fashion book.

Herbert continued to be changed. His home, his wife, his child seemed hopelessly ugly and common and backwoodsy, after the glimpse he had had into the elegance and refinement of society in the city. He had been the guest of a popular publisher; he had written the successful book of the season; he was fine-looking, intelligent impressible—above all, he was new. He had brought with him some of the wildness and roughness of his native woods, and this gave a piquant charm to his manner and a freshness to his talk for the fair society women thirsting for a new sensation and coveting the *eclat* of chaining the literary lion of the hour to their chariot wheels.

They plied him with subtle flatteries; they dazzled him with the display of their seductive beauties and the luxruy of their toilets, their habits, their boudoirs.

He was intoxicated—he gave himself up to the spell of the presant. He was like one in a dream, and his first awakening had been when he came in sight of his cabin home, and saw his poor little sallow wife in her faded calico frock and sun-bonnet come flying to meet him with the baby in her arms.

To do Herbert justice, he tried to suppress his feelings of bitter discontent and to keep them from finding vent in words. But one day he said to his wife:

"Belters offered me a place on his magazine and aregular salary if I would come to New York."

She looked at him timidly, not venturing to say anything. He went on:

"New York is the place for literary workers who wish to get on. The very atmosphere and the contact with other minds is inspiring. Then a man meets with actors and managers who want plays, and editors and rival publishers who give him orders for stories. Then—the life there! It is life worth living!"

He sighed deeply.

Aimee spoke up then:

"You ought to go," she said. You ought to go at once."

He looked at her, then at the child fretting and hanging to her skirts.

"What would I do with you, and that young one? he said, in a sudden cruel impulse, his sneer giving emphasis to his words.

She did not answer. A faint tinge came into her poor, pale cheeks, and she caught up the baby and bent her face to its yellow head to hide her tears. She scarcely heard when he tried to smoothe over what he had said by adding:

"I don't think either of us three would be ornamental to New York society. I am going to move away from this sickly swamp, but we will not go to the city. I'll give that up."

Presently he took his gun and went off into the woods. Then Aimee proceeded to carry into effect a purpose that had drifted into her mind and fixed itself there—rooted in her despair and her self-sacrificing love for the man whom she believed she was hampering in his career. When Herbert returned late that afternoon, he found his dinner on the table, but Aimee and the child were nowhere to be seen. Beside his plate he found a note in Aimee's school-girl writing:

"DEAR HERBERT," it said,—"We are gone, baby and me. I have taken one hundred dollars from the money-drawer; the horses and cows that were mine will pay you for it. Don't try to find us; don't be angry or feel badly. We must never come back. It is best so. We would only be a clog to you. I love you too well to do that. You are ashamed of us. I don't blame you I am only sorry. Go to New York and make a big name for yourself. I will hear of you far off, if I am living and be glad and proud. Good-bye, and may God bless you.

"AIMEE."

Herbert was conscience-stricken. He got on his horse and hurried to the river, but the boat that Aimee had known was due that day had been gone three hours, and Aimee and her child were on it

He took the first boat, which came twenty hours latter, and went down to the city. But he failed to find the object of his search. No one could tell him what had become of Aimee and her child after they left the boat. He was free now to sell his lonesome place in the cypress swamps of Bayou Brun, and go to the bright, beautiful, intoxicating city, there to feed on the smiles and praises of fair women, there to lay the foundation of fortune, fame, and happiness.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

About the Hollyhock.

Of all summer flowers none can compare in statliness with the hollyhock. If the rose is queen, then this dignified and commanding plant is her chief marshal in the border. Rising each year from its green base, it attains early in July a height of from six to eight feet, and begins to open along its fine rosette stem the beautiful flowers which add so much to the brightness of our gardens. Their colors are very pure, ranging all the way from white to the darkest crimson, and including some fine shades of yellow. On the whole the single and half double ones are the most picturesque as they are the most delicate, though the massive blossoms of the very double ones convey more fully the idea of masculine strength. When full grown, in strong soil, the plant will reach the height of eight or nine feet, and is of a royal appearance indeed.

The hollyhock, as everyone knows, says the Boston Transcript, is one of the oldest inhabitants—our grandmothers knew it well. It has, in fact, been in use in Europe since 1573, when it was introduced in occidental gardens from its old home in China. Though strictly speaking, a biennial, the hollyhock (althœ rosea) may, by attention to drainage, winter covering, etc, and especially by the division of the root, be made to continue indefinitely. It needs deep soil to do its best, for it is a strong feeder and does not mind all the sunshine you can spare, so long as you keep its feet cool and moist. The greatest enjoyment of the flower comes probably to those who raise it from the seed of blooms fertilized and crossed by the bees in their own gardens.

The innumerable surprises which come from such seed are a source of interest which few perhaps comprehend who have not tried the experiment. Those proposing to do so should lay the foundation by sowing the best seed procurable—both single and double. Chater's strain of the latter is still unrivalled. Sown in garden loam in March or April, the young plants will be large enough to transfer into permanent positions by September. A shovelful of sand placed around them before winter closes is of great benefit, preventing a tendency to rot about the stem in early spring. The plant will flower the second year from seed. The seeds from these first blooms being carefully ripened and planted in the same way, will afford a great many novelties if the collection is at all numerous.

Racing With Wolves.

Many a thrilling tale has been told by travelers of a race with wolves across the frozen steppes of Russia. Sometimes only the picked bones of the hapless traveler are found to tell a tale. In our own country thousands are engaged in a life and death race against the wolf consumption. The best weapons with which to fight the foe, is Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This renowned remedy has cured myriads of cases when all other medicines and doctors had failed. It is the greatest blood-purifier and restorer of strength known to the world. For all forms of scrofulous affections and (consumption is one of them) it is unequaled as a remedy.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc,

WHEN THE HAIR

Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequaled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color-glands of faded, gray, light, and red hair, changing the color to

A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like 'the freiful porcupine' should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—*The Sunny South*, Atlanta, Ga.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations, it being perfectly harmless."—From *Economical Housekeeping*, by Eliza R. Parker.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

TWENTY DOLLARS CASH!

—GIVEN FOR—

AN OLD USED POSTAGE STAMP.

$20 will be given to any person who will send me, (for the collection I am forming for exhibition purposes), a 12 PENNY STAMP OF CANADA.

Or I will give $5 to $10 for any **Old Shilling Stamps of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.**

You ought to find lots of these stamps as well as those of 1d., 3d., 6d., values in old office papers or letters in warehouses, between the dates 1850–1866.

☞ *Now is the time to hunt them up.*

I will buy for cash all OLD used or cancelled postage or bill stamps. Send on all you have, leaving them on the original envelope preferred. I also want ½ stamps, cut values, on the entire letter, for which I give higher prices than anyone. G. HOOPER,

559 King St., Ottawa, Canada.