

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

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THE ACADIAN.

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, and by special arrangement for standing notices.
Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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

Newspapers 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 name may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors and Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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Office Hours, 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Mail made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A. M.
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Geo. V. Rans, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.
A. deW. Banns, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. L. Fox, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 10.30 P. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. and Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:
Sundays, Mattins and Sermon at 11 A. M. Evensong and Sermon at 7 P. M. Sunday-school commences every 8th day morning at 9.30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7.30.

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, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M.
J. R. DAVISON, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week at 8 o'clock P. M.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or 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 7.00 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

OF
Every Description
DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

The ACADIAN will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

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.

BISHOP, B. G.—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

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

GODFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

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

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

KEELLY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

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

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness, Opposite People's Bank.

DRAT, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

DEBLEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

DOCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROOD, A. E.—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

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 Tobaccoist.

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.

Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

CARDS.

G. W. BOGGS, M. D., C. M.
Graduate of McGill University,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Hamilton's Corner, Canard, Cornwallis.

JOHN W. WALLACE.
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFVILLE N. S.

J. WESTON
Merchant Tailor,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

WE SELL
CORDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. R. TIES, LUMBER, LATHS, CANNED LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH,
POTATOES, FISH, ETC.
Best prices for all Shipments,
Write fully for Quotations.

HATHEWAY & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
22 Central Wharf - Boston.
Members of the Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

50 Newly imported Verse & Motto all Chromo Cards, with name and water pen for 10c. 5 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for 3c. stamp and this slip. A. W. KIRBY, Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

God never would send you the darkness
If he felt you could bear the light,
But you would not cling to his guiding hand
If the way were always bright,
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true he has many an anguish
And the furnace of sevenfold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to his feet;
For 'tis always easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low,
And well, if your lips do quiver,
God will love you better so.

THE POET PRIEST.

His weary feet no longer roam,
No more he questions what is best;
Within the Master's Post's home
His longing soul is now at rest.
What though the thorns did pierce his feet
And rough the pathway which he trod?
He made the passing moments sweet
And held communion with his God.

Ah, well we know the songs he sang
From out a bleeding heart were wrung;
But sweeter far the music rang,
Because his heart was in his tongue.
That sorrow was his lot we know—
He tells his story in his song;
He drank the bitter cup of woe
And learned to suffer and be strong.

God rest him in a brighter clime,
Beyond the reach of grief and care;
Beyond the touch of ruthless time,
Beyond the dying of the year.
God rest him well, and Heaven grant
That we who loved him here below
May some day join him in the chant,
Around the throne of spotless snow.

Oh, ye who bend above his grave
And deck it o'er with roses sweet,
Make room for one whose heart doth crave
To lay a tribute at his feet.
Spurn not this offering of mine,
A little spray of Southern pine,
From one who loved the Poet Priest.

Interesting Story.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

A fair, fragile-looking boy, of apparently some fourteen years, stood looking over the railing in the counting-room of Glendon & Co., the great importers and merchant princes of the city of Boston. There was a look of piteous pleading in his soft brown eyes, and his pale, sad face spoke more than words could tell of the fear and anguish with which his young heart was so cruelly rent. "It is not myself that I care for," he sobbed, gazing at the hard-featured man who was writing at one of the desks, "but it's my mother, sir—this shock will kill her!"

"Young man, you ought to have thought of that before," replied the hard-featured man, in a cold harsh tone.

"But I'm innocent, sir. Indeed, sir, I never took the money."
"How, then, do you account for the possession of part of the bills?"
"I can account for them in no other way, sir, than I must have received them in change."
"But where?"
"I cannot tell where."

The stern merchant, for it was Mr Glendon himself, looked up, while an ugly light beamed from his merciless eyes.

"William Sanderson," he exclaimed, laying his watch upon the desk, while the hard lines around his face became still harder, "I will give you just five minutes to reveal what you have done with that money. If at the end of that time you are silent, I shall give you in charge of the officer." And he resumed his writing. The boy leaned still farther over the mahogany railing and the great sob which shook his frail form, it would almost seem, would have moved a heart of adamant. But the merchant was made of even sterner stuff and did not once look up until the five minutes had expired.

"Now, sir," he said, taking up his watch with an important gesture and glancing at the boy.

"I cannot tell, sir, for indeed I did not steal it, sir. I came honestly by those bills."

"Enough said," was the merchant's quiet rejoinder, as he stamped his foot

upon the floor.

"Oh, spare me, sir—spare my mother!" pleaded the boy, tears of anguish and shame streaming down his cheeks. "Be merciful, and Heaven will reward you. Oh!"

"Enough said!" repeated the merchant, with stern emphasis. "Not another word from you, sir—not another word!"

"Officer," he added, as a policeman entered, "there is the culprit—do your duty!"

And, half dead with terror, William Sanderson was dragged away to prison.

"Only a woman fainted, your honor," said the sheriff, in response to the interrogatory of the judge, next day, in the crowded police-court room.

But, with one wild spring, William Sanderson cleared the prisoner's dock and was beside the inanimate person.

"Oh, mother, speak to me!" he cried, as kneeling down he placed his cheek to hers. "Oh, I am not guilty—indeed I am not—my innocence will be proved. Oh, will some one bring a glass of water—anything—quick!" and he glanced around wildly upon the array of pitying faces.

A medical gentleman who chanced to be present stepped forward. Giving her a hasty glance, he knelt beside the boy and placed his hand quickly upon her heart. Then an expression of awe stole over his grave face, and he turned sorrowfully to the almost as pallid figure at his side.

"Be brave, my boy," he said, as he placed one hand on the youth's head. "I can do nothing for her; she is past all mortal help. In a dazed sort of way the lad rose and looked around him.

"Make ready for an important witness," called the crier from the extremity of the court-room near the door.

There was a hurried consultation on the bench, and then Thomas Elsie was called to the stand. His testimony was straightforward and conclusive. He had received the bill from Glendon himself in change for a draft. Mr Glendon having called his attention to the fact that they were marked at the time. And he had paid them out to William Sanderson, never expecting to hear from them again. But having just at that moment read a paragraph in the morning paper relating to the case, he hastened to the court-room to prevent any injustice being done. Mr Glendon admitted now that he recollected the circumstance of the payment, which had slipped his memory. With a strong reprimand to Mr Glendon, the judge ordered the discharge of the prisoner. Utterly humiliated, the stern merchant approached William Sanderson. Even his hard heart was melted.

"Forgive me, William," holding out his hand; "I will give you back your old place, and double your pay also in consideration of my error."

Then, for the first time, did the poor fellow arouse from his lethargy.

"Will you give me back my dead mother?" he demanded, fixing his eyes, in which now glittered a steely light, upon those of his employer.

"No, I cannot do that," replied the merchant, still proffering his hand, "but I will repair, so far as lies in my power, the wrong I have done you. Let us be friends."

"Never!" exclaimed the youth, the steely glitter increasing to a glare.

"Never will I be friend with my mother's murderer. There is a grave between us—a grave that I will some time avenge."

And he brushed by the merchant and was lost in the throng.

Twenty years had passed away, bringing its usual vicissitudes and changes. The great house of Glendon & Co. had gone down in the midst of a terrible financial panic such as frequently sweep over the country, and Mr Glendon was a poor man, dependent for his daily bread upon the labors of his son, who held a clerkship in the rapidly rising establishment of Sanderson & Allan. But suddenly his support to his declining years seemed about to be taken away.

Roger Glendon was accused of forgery. "It cannot be true," the old merchant repeated to himself; "yet I will go and see." And he hastened to the counting-room of his son's em-

ployer.

He found the senior partner of the firm alone.

"I have called," he said, "in relation to the reported accusation against my son. Tell me, is it true?"

"The gentleman gave a great start of surprise when he began to speak, but when he had concluded, arose and handed him some papers without a word.

In them he discovered ample evidence to convict his son.

"Spare him," he pleaded, as he returned the papers. "Spare him, for I am sure he never meant to wrong you, and he will some time pay you to the uttermost farthing. Be merciful to my gray hairs, sir—he is the only support and dependence of my declining years—and not let them be brought in sorrow to the grave."

"Not another word, sir," was Mr Sanderson's reply. "I wish to hear no more. Your son shall not suffer unjustly, as I once did."

Something in the speaker's tone arrested the old man's attention, and he gazed at him fixedly.

"Do you know me, sir?" inquired the rich merchant.

"I think I have seen you somewhere," remarked his petitioner, "but where I cannot recall to mind."

"Don't you remember that scene in the court-room years ago when the mother of an innocent boy, who had been falsely accused by you, fell dead with surprise and horror at beholding her son in such a place? Don't you remember Will Sanderson?"

The old man uttered a gasping cry and tottered back against the wall.

"Heaven help me!" he moaned, "for your hour of vengeance has come at last."

"Can you call on Heaven for help?" demanded the merchant. "The book says, 'With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again,' does it not?"

His visitor answered not a word, but appeared entirely overcome with his weight of agony.

William Sanderson rested his head upon his hand a moment in thought.

Then he grasped the papers, and walking to the old man's side passed them into his hand.

"Take them," he said, the steely glare in his eye giving place to a softer light; "take them and destroy them. They are the only evidence of your son's crime."

The old merchant gave a joyful gasp.

"Do you mean it?" he cried, clutching them firmly.

"I mean so," replied William Sanderson nervously.

"Then you forgive your vengeance?"

"Yes, I will restore your son to you free from every taint upon his name. I will keep him in my counting-room. I am not afraid to trust him now, for he will be as grateful to me as I should have been to you had you chosen to spare me. Good day."

And William Sanderson had completed his revenge!

T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.

Behold the orator, imposing in stature, beaming in countenance, aroused in heart, aglow in mind, and far-reaching in voice. Behold a hushed multitude, each face of the old and young bent upon the speaker, each beating with him in noble sympathies, and each intelligence quickened with new ideas and convictions. Such is the striking scene during the sermons of the Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

His command of language is boundless, and without effort or hesitation, he uses words and composes sentences which have both elegance and strength. His imagination at one moment is perfectly gorgeous in color, reaching the lofty climaxes of eloquence, and at another his language is plain, and aimed as directly at its mark as the shot at a target. He makes people weep and he makes them mad. In one sermon he said in touching tones: "Oh! what a time it will be for you when the gate-keeper of heaven shall say: 'Take off that rough sandal, the journey's ended. Put down that sabre; the battle's won. Put off that iron coat-of-mail and put on the robe of the conqueror.'" Another sermon has

this passage, delivered with stern emphasis: "Scores of men have lived highly, and when they died left their families to the cold charities of the world. The death of such men is a grand larceny. Their bones should be sold to furnish bread for their children. I know it hits. I didn't know but some of you in your dungeon would get up and go out. You stand it well."

No pulpit speaker has sought and obtained so much practical observation of the world and the motives and habits of men. Quick to mingle all this with the powers given him by nature and education, he is clothed with an effectiveness as a speaker which has given him a foremost place in modern oratory. He moves great multitudes as do trumpet blasts to action; he beats down the waves of sin in the heart and in the world with the appeals of religion; and he grapples with iniquity with the sinews of a moral giant.

Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage was born near Bound Brook, N. J., January 7th, 1832. He is the son of David Talmage, who at one time was Sheriff of Somerset Co., and was a most estimable man. Four brothers entered the ministry, and another was a well-known rice merchant of New York.

T. DeWitt Talmage was graduated at the University of the City of New York in 1853, and at the Theological Seminary, New Brunswick, in 1856. He was ordained and installed at Belleville, N. Y., in the summer of 1856, where he remained about three years. In 1859 he was called to the Second Reformed Church of Philadelphia, where he labored seven years. He was installed as pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, in April, 1869, where he has since remained, a period of fifteen years.

This is one of the oldest churches in Brooklyn, but has only grown in power under the ministry of Dr. Talmage. When located in Willoughby street the Rev. Mr. Duffield was the pastor, and on the 13th of February, 1851, the Rev. Dr. J. Edson Rockwell was installed. In December, 1854, a new edifice on Schermerhorn street was dedicated. Dr. Rockwell remained some fourteen years, and in 1869 Dr. Talmage was called from his very successful ministry in Philadelphia.

The congregation immediately entered upon a career of prominence and prosperity which it had never before known.

The church became crowded at every service to its utmost capacity. All the pews were taken at increased rentals, and the pastor was paid a large salary. In 1870 it became necessary to erect a larger structure on a site of six lots on Schermerhorn street, not far from the old church. This was called the "Tabernacle," and was crowded at each service with thousands.

It was totally consumed by fire just before service on a Sabbath morning in December, 1872. Services were conducted at the Academy of Music until the completion of a new and still larger edifice on the same site. The cornerstone was laid with impressive services on the 7th of June, 1873, and bears the following inscription:—"Brooklyn Tabernacle, Built 1870; destroyed by fire December 22d, 1872; rebuilt, 1873." The completed edifice was dedicated on Sunday, February 22d, 1874, before an immense congregation. On the following Sunday three hundred and twenty-eight new members were received, and partook of the sacrament. The services were witnessed by an assemblage of five thousand people. This structure is one of the largest public buildings in Brooklyn, and at every service it is filled to its utmost capacity. The Sunday-school is also large, and all the work of the church is on a grand and effective scale.

Dr. Talmage has always been a popular lecturer, and has visited all parts of the United States. He has also traveled abroad, and been received with much distinction. He early became a contributor to the literary press, then the editor of a religious paper, and he is now the editor of a popular religious magazine. He has published various books. He is a polished, original, and entertaining writer.

From the very outset of his career

as a minister he attracted attention, until in the conspicuous field of Brooklyn he has become a preacher of world-wide fame. He preaches on a wide range of topics, and always on those which for the time have possession of the public mind.

Here is a more detailed description of his style of speaking: "At one time he will indulge in a strain of the most gouching pathos, and then suddenly introduce some humorous and grotesque illustration that will almost set the audience in a roar. His language is chaste and beautiful in the expression of the more sentimental passages, and it is most pungent and overwhelming in criticism and denunciation. He has sarcasm, irony, and ridicule at his tongue's end, not less than words of exquisite poetic beauty and tenderness. All this is so mingled together, and so altered in surprises, that his audience find themselves spellbound by the novelty of style as well as the eloquence of the orator. His voice is powerful and flexible. He can in an instant change it from tones that ring out to the capacity of the largest building to accents that float in soft whispers to the ear. His gesticulation is somewhat marvellous. . . . His face, too, has great mobility, and the changing expressions of eye, mouth, and brow are vivid accompaniments to his fervent words."

In a sermon on the text "The Time of the singing birds has come," is this characteristic passage: "Could the universities of the earth explain the mystery of one grain of corn? O, the shining firmament in one drop of dew! O, the untraveled continents of mystery in a crystal of snow! O, the gorgeous upholstery of one tuft of mountain moss! O, the triumphal arch in one tree branch! O, the God in an atom! Where is the loom in which He wove the curtains of the morning? Where is the vat of beauty out of which He dipped the crimson and the gold, and the saffron, and the blue, and the green, and the red? Where are the moulds in which He ran out the Alps and the Pyrenees? Where is the harp that gave the warble to the lark, and the sweet call to the robin, and the carol to the canary, and the chirp to the grasshopper? It is the same God who has all your affairs and mine under his care and guidance."

Speaking of Christ as "the royal exile," he said: "Herod hated Him, the high priests hated Him, the Pharisees hated Him, Judas Iscariot hated Him, Gosses, the dying thief, hated Him. The whole earth seemingly turned into a detestable to watch His steps. And yet He faced this ferocity. Notice that most of Christ's wounds were in front. Some scourging on the shoulders, but 80% of Christ's wounds in front. He was not on retreat when He expired. Face to face with the world's ferocity. Face to face with the world's sin. Face to face with the world's woe. His eye on the raging countenances of His foaming antagonists when he expired. When the cavalry officer rowled his steed so that he might come nearer to the tortured visage of the tortured exile, Christ saw it. When the spear was thrust at His side, and when the hammer was lifted for His feet, and when the reed was raised to strike deeper down the spikes of thorns, Christ watched the whole procedure. When His hands were fastened to the cross, they were wide open still in benediction. Mind you, His head was not fastened; He could look to the right, and He could look to the left, and He could look up and He could look down. He saw when the spikes had been driven home, and the hard round, iron heads were in the palms of His hands; He saw them as plainly as you ever saw anything in the palms of your hands. No ether, no chloroform, no merciful anesthetic to dull or stupefy, but wide awake. He saw the obscuration of the heavens, the unbalancing of the rocks, the countenances quivering with rage and the cabinations diabolic. Oh! it was the hostile as well as the barren island of a world."

Dr. Talmage is above the medium height. He has a large frame, but is naturally thin in flesh. His eyes are light, clear, and good natured. His whole expression is one of mingled intelligence and amiability. His manners are cordial and unaffected with all, and his conversation is readily adapted to every person or scene. Esteemed in private life for the most sincere and manly characteristics, he is zealous and fearless in his public ministry. Grasping every text and every topic with high intellectual power, he is able also to present them with the best graces of oratory.