

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

WE WISH YOU ALL A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Vol. V.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1886

No. 20

THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The 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 country, 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 communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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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.

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Office Hours, 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A. M.
Express west close at 10:35 A. M.
Express east close at 5:20 P. M.
Kentville close at 7:30 P. M.
Geo. V. RAIN, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX

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

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. BOSS, 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. BIGGLES, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 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 7:30 P. M. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. and Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows: Sunday at 11 A. M., Sunday, Matins and Sermon at 7 p. m. Sunday-school commences every 8th day morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.

J. O. RUGGLES, M. A., Rector.
Robert W. Hedges,
(Divinity Student of King's College).

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. DALY, P. P.—Mass 11:00 A. M. Last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & M. S., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.
J. B. DAVIDSON, 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 S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Thursday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

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.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

Every Description
DONE WITH
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND

PUNCTUALITY.

DIRECTORY

OF THE
Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE.

The undersigned firms will use you 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.—Carrriages 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.

HEBBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweler.

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.

MCINTYRE A.—Boot and Shoe Maker and Repairer.

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.

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

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

ROOD, A. B.—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. E.—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.

WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.—Booksellers, Stationers, and News-dealers.

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.

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

B. C. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative PAINTER.
English Paint Stock a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 20. Sept. 19th 1884.

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

WE SHALL
COLDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. B. 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 a water pen for 10c; 5 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a 3c stamp and this slip. A. W. KIBBY, Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Gone at last, and gone forever,
With the solemn midnight chime,
Gone—with all its spring-tide blossom,
And the fragrance of its prime;
Faint we hear its parting footsteps
Down the echoing aisles of Time,
"Was he—"

In the hushed and solemn moments
While the night to morning clings,
Comes a vision and a silent angel
With a rattle of soft wings—
"Nath its flowing vesture holders,
Unknown gifts to all he brings—
What they are—in vain we wonder,
All in vain we question now;
Well the angel keeps the secret
"Nath his calm, impassive brow;
But we know Love plans our future,
So we are not careful how!"

If there come not what we hope for,
If there come the things we dread,
Yet we will not faint nor falter—
One hath marked the path we tread.
Blest, in gladness or in sorrow,
Following where His will hath led.

But the stately, silent angel
Bears a volume, blank and white—
What within it shall be written,
Mainly it is ours to write—
May it show a fairer record
Than the one that closed last night!

Where dark lines of wrong and hatred
Marred the record as it ran—
This year stand, in golden letters,
Love and truth to God and man,
So our perverse human passions
Mar not the Designer's plan.

Yet, oh Life's Recording Angel!
Take each blured, imperfect line,
Dip, in Love's cleansing fountain
"Till all fair and pure it shine,
And, as glow the pages forward
Lift us nearer the Divine!

Interesting Story.

A CHRISTMAS IDYL.

CHRISTMAS EVE.
Concluded.

When Paul enters the house they all glance at his changed face, and the story is told without words. Cecilia stands up, straight and tall, fair as an Easter lily; but her face is firm, not a weak line in it.

"We have lost," she says, "I could bear the tidings much better on some other night."
"Oh!" cries Mabel, with a quick pang.

They sit down before a sleepy grate-fire, and he tells them with a brave, albeit faltering voice, of the sin of grandfather Sherburne. And they are glad now that their father—the strict, upright, honorable Ward Sherburne—is not here to feel the stain, to know the loss.

Over their tears and sorrow the Christmas bells ring out the midnight hour—joyous peals, solemn peals, soft caroling chimes.

"Unto us a child is born," Alma Caryll hears them as well. She made no pause in the greenroom, but came in a close coach with her maid. It is a silent ride for neither liked to try their voices amid the din of rattling wheels. There is a respectful greeting at the hotel though they can scarcely get a glimpse of the lovely face, as she goes to her room with the air of a princess. Then throwing off her wraps, she consults Margery's face, which puzzles her somewhat.

"You have heard no tidings of them?" she says with a gasp.
"Oh! yes. The very same family. Mr Paul Sherburne is an artist. The father is dead. There are two sisters, Cecilia and Mabel!"

"Cecilia and Mabel," she murmured softly. "And what about the lawsuit?"
They are likely to lose it, I believe. Some new evidence came to hand, and Mr Paul withdraws and gives up everything."

"Margie, I saw him to-night, I am quite sure. He did not know me?—how should he?" and she laughs as she draws up her slender figure with pride. He was puzzled; I saw that in his eyes, and I played for him—right to him, in truth—and he may guess. If I were not so weary, I should want to go this very night. And if they are in any sorrow or trouble, I will pay back their tender care a thousand-fold. They were so good to me. I can scarcely wait! A blessed Christ, man morning it shall be for all of us! But what makes you so grave, Margie?" and the sweet, earnest eyes study the older and now troubled face.

"I!" and she flushes while her eyes droop. "He has been here?"

"He!" Alma Caryll gives a cry of despairing pain, and throws herself into the armchair, wringing her slender hands. "Oh, Margie, after all his promises!"

"I knew that he would not keep them," the companion replies bitterly. "You cannot trust him in anything!"
"Was he—"

Alma shudders over the word. It has a nameless horror for her, although she had seen many actors under the influence of liquor. But that any one whose blood ran in her veins should so demean himself as this man has, and then come to her—all that is horrible!

That is the sad secret of her life! She has known want and poverty and toll; she has been homeless and creeping into the friendly shelter of the stoop to sleep; she has been a servant and heard sharp words, she has begged for a mouthful of bread when she was near starving. After this came care and tenderness, appreciation and training, scope for the genius that was her birth-right, her mother's gift to her. She does not like to linger over the hard phases, still she is not ashamed of them; but when this man, who has the lawful right to claim her as his child, comes to her with his eyes and maudlin speech, and begs for a little money, the very light and joy seems to go out of everything. The world might only smile over it with tolerant pity; she is the genius, the actress whom they adore; the drunken father is an accident of fate that she is not answerable for.

She goes over this reasoning often, and yet it does not satisfy her fine pride. Suppose she was in someone's drawing-room, a little queen of social life, and this man stood at the threshold to beg money of her as she came down the steps. No promise holds him, no money buys him, no pleading changes him. He begs and cries, and she—ah! she cannot but pity. Yet it is all of no use.

She breathes a long, dreary sigh. "Did you give him anything, Margie," she asks in a hard, strained voice.

"Yes. He promised to go back to the city to-night, but what is his promise worth? Oh, my dear, dear child, listen to reason. The money you give him only makes him worse. Place him somewhere in partial confinement with a keeper. Support him and let him alone. Why should he blight your young, sweet life?"

"Margery, I wonder how children feel who love their fathers? From the first moment he came to me, I have loathed him and shrank from him with such a feeling of repulsion that—that—I have much ado to keep from hating him. I cannot judge rightly. Is it my own selfish pride—my fear of being ashamed? Ought I to grudge him money? I cannot tell which is right," and the fair head dropped wearily.

"If you would let me decide, dear; you are such a very child," and the soft hands take the unresisting in a clasp as fond as that of a sister. No friend could have been truer or more tender than this quiet Margery, who worships her young mistress.

"Something must be done," and she chokes down a sob. I meant to be so happy here in the quaint old town, where—but oh, Margie, all my life has been sad. I wonder if it will ever be like those other women? And yet they envy me, bright and happy women, who have homes and love, who are shielded from every care.

They were praying her in many a home, this Christmas Eve—they would have showered treasures and gifts at her feet if she would have allowed, and wondered to find her cold and distant, little dreaming of the burden she carried, shadowing the natural gaiety of youth.

As she lies on her pillow, listening to the midnight bells that usher in Christmas, she thinks of some bygone childish days, when she was happy with Cecilia and Belle, and Paul was her champion—her true knight, even to the fateful moment when his father had surprised them in a sudden forbidden enjoyment, and would have struck her, save that Paul took the blow. Did they remember? Would they be glad to see her, or would they fear she might bring contamination into their peaceful home? Misfortune might

make them tenderer.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

The pretty little town was astir early with its holiday joy. Children ran wild with new sleds, blowing their horns and greeting one another with merry wishes. The sun shone and the sky was clear. Out in the suburbs or untravelled places the streets were still white with snow.

The Sherburnes had to look their sorrow bravely in the face. It had taken the pleasure out of their wishes. Everything, even to their food, belonged to another. The taste was like ashes to their mouths.

They sit over the late breakfast, heavy-eyed and pale, and glance at each other questioningly. Cecilia wonders if she cannot find music pupils, or she might sing in a church, for Paul is not to do everything while she sits at home with folded hands. She wonders what the new house will be like—stripped of the pictures, the ornaments, and the easy chairs that have been here ever since she was born and long before. Her whole life seems to be wound about them. Can she live elsewhere?

The streets are divided between sleighs and wagons, but now and then some merry bells dash past their windows, or a group of children go singing carols. Once Paul raises the sash and throws them a handful of money, then he remembers, with a flush, that it is scarcely his money. Now a coach halts, and the driver opens the door. Two ladies alight.

"I don't know," says Cecilia, with quick tears in her eyes, "how I can welcome any friend to-day. We should be alone in our sorrow."
The tidy maid has opened the door and ushers the visitors into the drawing-room. The elder of the two enters; the other stays in the hall.

"The family are all in there?"—with a slight imperious wave of the hand.
"Yes," answers the maid in amazement, and the radiant being walks in upon them. There is a subtle perfume about the velvet and furs; there is a kind of dazzle as if the sun had suddenly illumined and gloried the room. And oh, the tender, appealing beauty of the fair young face, the soft, entreating, pathetic dark eyes that seem to question mutely from face to face, reading but surprise.

"Then you do not know me? you have forgotten?" says the old, sweet voice, with a struggle of bravery perceptible in it.
Mrs Sherburne turns as if she were striving to remember if over this vision crossed her path before. Paul, who had been leaning his elbow on the mantel, comes forward with a strange awed face.

"You are Alma Caryll," he answers, his eyes fixed on her by some far-reaching spell. "I saw you last night, but not for the first time, I am sure," and the radiance of joy crosses his face.

"Not Alice—our own sweet, pretty, lost Alice!"
Our own! How comforting the words sound. She half kneels at Mrs Sherburne's feet, and clasps the thin hand lying in her lap, but Paul is beside her, and takes one of her hands, so fair and soft, in his, in a wondering, incredulous way.

"This is what puzzled me so last night—this shadowy resemblance. I had a cloud of care and perplexity on my mind, or I must have remembered Alice!" Then he takes a step back and studies her face again. This is the wonderful actress who moves her audience at will, and yet about whom the world seems to know nothing.

"Yes," she answers, "I am Alice Calderon, whom you all befriended in her hour of need, and whom—and they all think of that last scene."
"Forgive him!" begs Mrs Sherburne, with a tremulous voice. "Remember that his father's whims and follies made him severe in the extreme, and he has gone to rest. He was honest and upright, and would not have swerved from the truth, to save his own life."

"I forgive him long ago," and she smiles through tears. "After all, it sent me out into the world to try my strength and do my best. I have not shamed you, my best be, dearest friends!" yet she gives a quick glance around.

"Shamed us!" cried Paul, with triumph in his tones. "You should have seen her last night, Cecilia!"
"But all these years?" said Mrs Sherburne. "Where did you go?"
A wavering color fits about her face. She will not pain them by detailing the weeks of pain and want that came between.

"I persevered," she answers, with a smile. "I went to New York, and at last found some one who would listen to my wants. I went on the stage in children's parts, and then abroad with a variety troupe. In London, an old Englishman who had been connected for years with the opera took a fancy to me. He was not rich, but he adopted me and gave me a musical education, but decided, before that was finished, that acting rather than singing was my forte. He was so good, so proud of me, that I tried my best for his sake. Two years ago he died. Last March I returned to America with engagements on every hand. I did not know—" and she pauses.

"He was very sorry," explains Paul. "I think he softened at the last. But he has been dead five years."
"I could not come and sow discussion between you," and now she rises in her old imperious way. "A month ago I made an engagement to come here Christmas Eve, and resolved to see you. I was quite sure, last night, that you were Paul Sherburne," and she turned her lovely face to him.

"How strange!" exclaimed Cecilia. "Yet you always were an actress. And that night's work would have been amusing if its results had not proved so sad. Since the genius was given you, why not use it?"
The one thing Mr Sherburne had resolutely set his face against was theatre-going. His father had half ruined himself in the infatuation. Mrs Sherburne in the rounds of her tender charity, had one day found a deserted wife, a refined and accomplished woman, dying of consumption. Her child, the little Alice, was unusually beautiful, and after her bereavement, Mrs Sherburne brought her home. She would fain have adopted her, but Mr Sherburne had a nervous objection to placing the little waif on an equality with his own children. So she remained for some months until the ill-fated evening when she had arranged a little play for their amusement. Paul, Cecilia, and herself were the actors. In the midst of it, to their great dismay, Mr Sherburne entered.

Alice had the small stage to herself at that moment, and valiantly took the blame upon her own shoulders; but Mr Sherburne went into a towering rage and would have struck the little girl but for Paul's interference, although he declared she would not stay in his house another hour. Alice took him at his word and disappeared that very evening. All Mrs Sherburne's efforts to find her proved unavailing, though she would not have dared to bring her back in the home circle. Kind and indulgent in most other matters, he was right in this. His children should not be corrupted by a stray waif.

"Yes, I had the genius," Alma Caryll utters proudly. "I think some old play acting blood runs in my veins. I want that night, child as I was, to achieve a success, and come back to you a pure, proud woman, and I have done it. Margery there, in the other room can tell you. She has been mother, sister, friend."

Mrs Sherburne rises and kisses the fair brow. "My child," she says, with a great tremble in her voice, "my dear, lost child! You are a Christmas gift just when a bitter misfortune overwhelmed us. Thank God for this!"
Cecilia and Mabel hung about her. Deft hands disrobe her of her wrappings and sent her in a cosy armchair. She is theirs now, for a few hours at least. The great world cannot claim her between, and if the hours are fleet they shall be golden. They do not even want to talk about the loss, but she will, and the fond, sympathizing heart is pained at their ruin, and yet—now she can reward them for that old-time love, that goodness to her mother. She can read the fine delicate picture in each face, and she will do nothing to wound it, but this mother shall be hers, these sisters dear to her as if they were her very kin; then she pauses suddenly in her dreams of the future, and her face is scarlet with some new emotion that is not shame or fear; but Paul's eyes are fixed upon hers with such a strange, steady gaze, that every pulse starts and trembles.

"I forgive him long ago," and she smiles through tears. "After all, it sent me out into the world to try my strength and do my best. I have not shamed you, my best be, dearest friends!" yet she gives a quick glance around.

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