

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1887.

No. 27

Vol. VI.

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

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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 same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a. m.
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Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.
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Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. U. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 3:00 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. J. A. Smith, 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 7:00 p. m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal), Services next Sunday morning at 11 a. m. at 7. Mr. J. W. Fullerton of King's College, is Curate.

St. FRANCIS (R. O.)—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 7:30 o'clock p. m.
J. B. 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 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 Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

Every Description
DONE WITH
NEATNESS, CHEAPNES, 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.

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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.

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.

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.

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

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

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, Groceries, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

STANW, 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.
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Merchant Tailor,
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Watches, Clocks,
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Small articles SILVERPLATED.

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Edin'r.
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AND
DR G. H. N. DEWOLF, M. D.,
M. B., C. M., & L. M., Edin'r.
Wolfville, Oct. 8th, 1886 3m pd

Select Poetry.

EASY TO SAY.

'Tis easy to say, "Be brave, be strong!"
When the tides of trouble run swiftly along,
And the blackest of clouds obscure the sun,
Ere yet the coveted prize is won.
'Tis easy to say, "Forget, forgive!"
We hear it often each day we live;
A Christian's duty—but, oh, how few
But find it a difficult thing to do.

'Tis easy to say, "Another might
Have conquered in an unequal fight."
But were we fated his foes to meet
We might have suffered a worse defeat.
'Tis easy to say we would not yield
A single point on the battle-field;
But though a hero we may admire,
The courage with us may not stand firm.

Brave words are easy enough to say;
Brave deeds, however, will win the day;
And the stoutest heart may its owner fail,
Though well protected by coat-of-mail.
If weak or strong, when put to the test,
He does his duty—who does his best,
And finds each day—it's sad but true—
That easy to say has been hard to do.

Interesting Story.

IN THE EARTHQUAKE.

He was a bookbinder in the city of Charleston, carrying a precarious livelihood, and oft a hungry and cold.

But neither hunger nor cold ever seemed to affect his sanguine, happy nature. He gave as sunny a smile to the man who gruffly refused a shine, as to his regular customers. Every one knew him as "Tommy Bookbinder."

Of course he had another name, but besides himself and the dear old mother in Georgia, to whom he sent every cent he could spare from his scanty earnings, no one knew or cared if he had another name or not.

"A fellow like me aint got use for a name," he would say, laughing. "Bookbinder's my bizness, and 'Bookbinder' is as good a name as I want."

Of course he was a favorite with his customers. A frank face, smiling eyes, and a cherry manner got pretty far in this care-seeking world of ours, but one of his patrons, Mr. Beauchamp, had a special liking for him. Mr. Beauchamp was a wealthy merchant, and Tommy's stand was near his warehouse, so not a morning passed without a shine on one side, and kind words and substantial dimes on the other.

"Do you know," said Mr. Beauchamp, "it actually cheers me to look at that boy. I don't care how much I may be worried by business or anything else, as soon as I drop into his chair, and he begins his work, I find myself wondering if I wouldn't rather be Tommy than myself. The fellow does his work too in such a conscientious manner. He won't slight it, even if there are three customers waiting for a shine, and he knows they'll go elsewhere if he doesn't hurry."

"That's Tommy all over," said the gentleman he addressed. "He'll tell you, 'No custom to-day, sir,' or 'Had my hands full all day,' with the same bright smile. Nothing casts him down."

"He often runs errands for me when work is slack," said Mr. Beauchamp, and there never was a more reliable messenger. I've made up my mind to employ him in my warehouse, but I haven't said anything yet to him."

A few hours after that, Mr. Beauchamp hurried to Tommy's stand.

"You'll have to do something for me this morning, Tommy," he said. "Never mind your work; I'll make good your losses. I've just got a telegram calling me to A—, and I must take the noon train. Go to my house, and tell my wife I haven't time to go home, but to put a change of clothes in my valise, and send it to me by you. I'll be back early to-morrow if possible. Here's your car-fare, and don't forget to ask how Elsa is. I left my little girl sick."

It was always a treat to Tommy to go to Mr. Beauchamp's house. Mrs. Beauchamp was kind to the poor boy, and with Elsa, lovely little Elsa, he was a prime favorite. She would put her arms around his neck and kiss him, and the little waif, who had never known a caress, for his poor mother was more given to tears than to kisses, would wonder if the angels in heaven could be kinder than this little three-

year-old darling, who called him "her Tommy."

"It was quite a ride to Broad Street, where the handsome house of the merchant was situated, and when he reached there and told his errand, Mrs. Beauchamp looked troubled.

"I'm sorry Mr. Beauchamp is obliged to go to-night," she said. "I'm uneasy about Elsa; she's feverish and complains of her throat. I wish you would come back here to-night, Tommy. My servants are from the country, and new to the city, and if I need to send for medicine or anything, they would not know where to go."

"Course I'll come, ma'am," he answered, promptly. "I'd go from here to Halifax for little Elsa. What is she?"

"Asleep, or she would have cried for you to take her. Go to the kitchen and tell the cook to give you some breakfast, while I'm packing the valise."

"I'm sorry I have to go," Mr. Beauchamp said, when he received Tommy's report. "I hate leaving that child sick, but this is the 29th of August, and my business must be settled before September the 1st. Go to the house as soon as you can, Tommy, after dark, and if Elsa is worse I must have a telegram. Here's your fare, and here's something for yourself, slipping a dollar into his hand.

"Thankee, sir, but a dollar's a pretty high price, aint it, for gittin' a nice car-ride and havin' a splendid breakfast?"

"Let it go into the travelling-box," smiling at the boy.

Mr. Beauchamp had found out that Tommy was putting up a fund to buy a ticket to visit his mother in Georgia. Very little had so far found its way into the old-box, but the poor, worked mother, who knew of the "travelling box," was always praying some lucky chance would increase its treasure, and gladden her by a sight of her boy's bright face.

"And look here, Tommy," continued Mr. Beauchamp, "if you are any use to my family during my absence, I'll see that you pay that visit to your mother next week, so you needn't shake the travelling-box to see if it's heavier."

The boy's face flushed, and his laugh was hysterical as he tried to thank his kind friend. The rest of the day seemed to pass in a happy dream. He plied his brush as usual, but all the time he was thinking of how he would steal through the little white gate, and into the two-roomed cottage where his mother sat at work.

At first, he dreamed, she would not know him, but push her spectacles up and take another look. Then she would cry "Tommy!" and he would be in her arms, and her tears would fall on his face, and at that moment a big tear fell from his own eye on the customer's boot he was polishing. Ashamed of himself, Tommy brushed it off, and tried to whistle and laugh, but the whistle wasn't as clear as usual.

Night found him hurrying to Broad Street.

"Aint goin' to take that tar creepin' car," he said, viewing the car creepingly as it passed. "It stops at every street-corner. Nor that one with the balky mule. I'll foot it through the cross-streets, and I bet I git that 'fore these slow-coaches, anyhow."

As he walked along, he noticed how sultry and close the atmosphere had become.

"It's hot as blue-blazes!" he muttered. "There aint a mite of air. Hotcat night I ever knowed. And not is that?" He paused and listened.

"It aint thunder, but it sounds like guns goin' off 'way yonder. Maybe it's baby thunder 'fore it's quite manifested in the skies. Well, here's the house, and aint I glad!"

He stopped a few moments in the spacious front yard to cool off, but the still atmosphere was like a hot furnace, and his keen ears heard the strange reverberating sounds in the west. As soon as Mrs. Beauchamp learned he was below, she sent for him.

"I think you'd better go for Dr. Sefton, Tommy," she said. "I'm afraid Elsa's fever is rising, but it maybe the sultry night."

"I want my Tommy!" the child cried, sitting up in her mother's lap, and stretching out her little arms. "I want to go out in the patty yard where it's cold. Elsa's so hot."

Tommy was advancing to take her, when suddenly the floor seemed to rise, and he staggered against the wall. A low roar was distinctly heard.

"What is it?" cried Mrs. Beauchamp. "Oh, my baby! my baby!"

Another shock, and a noise like tremendous thunder. The house swayed and rocked, the walls split, and the great portico fell with a crash. Outside, shrieks and the fall of buildings, and inside the house a cloud of dust, and the house still quivered, and swayed with the shock. A glance showed Tommy that the walls were bending in.

"L-t us git out, Mrs. Beauchamp!" he cried. "Them walls is goin' to tumble in."

He was faint and dizzy, from the strange movement of the earth, and for a moment Mrs. Beauchamp was dazed, but she was a woman of nerve, and holding Elsa tightly to her bosom, she flew down the staircase, following Tommy. They were in the lower hall, at the door which had been forced open by the fall of the portico, when there came another fearful, sickening roll, which threw Tommy violently forward among the ruins of the portico, and with a roar and crash the building collapsed and fell in, leaving only the outward walls standing.

For a moment the boy, hurled violently to the ground, was stunned. But he recovered and sprang to his feet. He could see nothing, for the night seemed suddenly to have become black, and he could feel the clouds of dust enveloping him.

He eluded on Mrs. Beauchamp, but he felt a horrible certainty that she lay crushed among the ruins. But he heard nothing beyond the fearful screams and shouts in the streets outside. By an effort he collected his scattered senses.

"She must have been struck down right here," he said, as he made his way through the fallen timber. "She was just ahead of me by this wall. And then he shouted again.

"I'm here," said a faint voice, "just against the wall, but I'm jammed in by something, and I can't move. For God's sake, get me out! I think my child is dead, for she doesn't cry or move. Oh, hurry, for all will fall in on us!"

Tommy knew that unaided he could do nothing.

Keep 'em, ma'am!" he shouted out cheerily. "I'm a-goin' to run for help. Jest a few minutes, and you'll be out."

He flew down the carriage-drive, and out on the street. Where was he to find help where all needed it? No one paid the least attention to his words—no one heard them; for each had his own dead or wounded; all were seeking shelter for their homeless families. He stumbled almost over a negro man who was sitting on the ground, swaying his body and shouting. He was a porter in one of Mr. Beauchamp's warehouses.

"Oh, Tony, is that you?" he cried. "Far God's sake, come help me! Mrs. Beauchamp and Elsa is under the fallen house. Come quick!"

The man laughed wildly.

"Wat's de use?" he shouted. "Who kin scape? My kin's down, and my wife and darter is scershed. But we gwine to glory, Hallelujah!"

Tommy saw he was dealing with one demented, but it was his one sole chance. He implored, he reasoned, and at last Tony rose, and still leaping and shouting "Glory!" followed him to the Beauchamp place.

By this time the spacious grounds were filled by people who had fled from spacious walls, and out of them Tommy enlisted more help. They tore the heavy beam from the spot indicated by Mrs. Beauchamp's faint voice. They had to be careful, for the beams were tottering, and a sudden movement would have precipitated them upon the hapless lady.

"I can see your lights," she called out at last; "you will so reach me."

"Their lights! They had none. The burning houses at some distance were their only illumination. One of

the men looked round, and called out "Fire!" at the same time scrambling out of the ruins as fast as he could. From overturned lamps the fallen timbers of the house had taken fire, and flames shot up from different directions. With the exception of Tony and the boy, the help, as if from the danger. The crazed man did not see, or notice anything but the work he was doing. He was unconscious of peril; but Tommy took in the whole dreadful situation.

How fast the flames were gaining on them! They could see Mrs. Beauchamp now, prisoned by a heavy beam, and with all their might they tried to move it. The fire had almost reached them, and the hot, scorching air was suffocating. One powerful effort, the beam was moved, and Tony's strong arms had drawn the lady out, and carried her into a place of safety.

He turned back to see Tommy stagger and fall backward in the track of the advancing flames. He got him out, but not before the poor boy was fatally burned.

Mr. Beauchamp, called back by the news of the earthquake, reached the devastated home by daylight the next morning. His child was dead, and on some spreads and blankets under the shelter of a tree in the grounds lay the poor boy who had given his life for his friends.

"This is dreadful!" he groaned, taking poor Tommy's hand. "You have saved my wife for me, and I can do nothing for you."

"I couldn't save little Elsa, sir," he said, feebly. "I did try, but I couldn't."

"You will see my darling soon. And, Tommy, is there anything in the world I can do for you?"

The boy tried to smile even then.

"My travellin'-box, you know. Send it to mother, and tell her I reckon I'm goin' on a longer journey than to Georgia. Tell her I aint scared a bit. Folks has always bin friendly ter me here, and I guess they'll not treat me bad up thar."

Before the day closed Tommy had set forth on that journey which each mortal travels alone. He was an ignorant boy, knowing little or nothing of religious creeds, or where he was going. But I think he whose name is Love welcomed him at the end of his journey.

Protected by High Prices.

Several years ago there was in the book and stationery business at Kalamazoo a gentleman named B—, who has since retired, and whose name is not infrequently seen attached to very creditable pieces of verse and humorous anecdotes which appear in print and are usually widely copied. B— had a local reputation for asking just a little more for his goods than any of his competitors. There came to the classic shades of Celeryville in those days an ambitious but impecunious youth to sit under the teachings of President Gregory and his band of professors in Kalamazoo College. Intense thirst for literature and an empty pocket were too much for the youth's moral backbone. He was caught one day stealing a book from a Main street store. On account of the disgrace it would bring to the name of education the matter was hushed up, and the young man let off under promise of making full restitution of the purloined volumes. He led the way to his room and pointed out a long row of books which he had acquired through a systematic course of shop-lifting. It was a choice collection; he had stolen with rare taste.

The books were taken down, identified by the dealers' marks and sorted into piles. It was noticed that though every other store in town had been touched for one or more tomes, B—'s stock was not represented in the plunder.

"Now," said a grave professor, turning to the misguided student, "now that it is all over, tell us why you have never stolen any books from Brother B—."

"Well, I'll tell you. Whenever I took down one of Mr. B—'s books and looked at the price it scared me out; I didn't dare to steal so much."

The man who commits outside by hanging, dies of his own free will and a cot.—Boston Transcript.

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After using two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

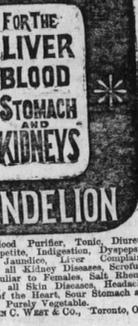
Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and which I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who know me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, N. Y.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price 25¢; six bottles, \$2.

Hunters & Trappers

Send for Price List of Raw Furs and Skins, to **W. Gouldtee,** Boston, Mass. Jan. 7th, '87



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The regular price of this paper for Three Months is 25¢, yet we offer it to you for Four Months, with the *Free Press* thrown in, for 40¢. Can you ask for anything better than this? The *Detroit Free Press* is famous the world over as the most original, piquant and entertaining of American newspapers. Its humorous character sketches and witty sayings are universally copied.

"*Harpers Monthly*" for August says C. B. Lewis (M. Quad) is perhaps the most unique and genuine humorist this country has produced. * * * He is natural and spontaneously funny, * * * is of universal relish, as is witnessed by the wide popularity of the *Detroit Free Press*. As a family paper, the *Free Press* cannot be excelled.

THE ACADIAN speaks for itself. It is a necessity to every resident in this section who would keep himself posted on local affairs.

Subscriptions under this offer will be accepted only a limited length of time.