THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

WE WISH YOU ALL A VERY MERRIE CHRISTMAS!

Vol. VII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1887. No. 19

THE ACADIAN.

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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 solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

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.

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8 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 5 10 p. m.
Kentville close at 7 15 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.

A. DEW. BARSS, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor——Service every Sabbath at 300 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 9 30 a m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7 30 p m and Thursday at 7 30 p m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev Fred'k Friggens, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 00 a m and 7 00 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7 00 p m.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Services on Sunday next, in the morning at 3, afternoon at 3. All are welcome.

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. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH

THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

—OF—

Every Description

DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNES, AND PUNCTUALITY.

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Percheron Horses and French Coach Horses. Savage & Farnum, Importers and Breeders of Percheron and French Coach Horses, Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Isle, Wayne County, Mich. We offer a very large stud of horses to select from, we guarantee our stock, make prices reasonable and sell on easy terms. Visitors always welcome. Large catalogue free. Address Savage & Farnum, DETROIT, MICH.

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.

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.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

BISHOP, JOHNSON H—Wholesale dealer in Flour and Feed, Mowers, Rakes, &c., &c. N. B. Potatoes supplied in any quantity, barreled or by the car or vessel load. 10

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

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.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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

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

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods 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.

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.

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 Makes, 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.

NO MORE PILLS!

MOTHERS LIKE IT! CHILDREN LIKE IT!!
Because it is agreeable to take.
IT CURES
LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS
PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry
REPAIRED!
—BY—
J.F. HERBIN,
Next door to Post Office.
☞Small articles SILVERPLATED.

COUGHS, COLDS, Croup and Consumption CURED BY ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM 25c. 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

Original Poetry.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

RUTH 2 : 20.

"The man is near of kin,"—words full of gladness
Fell on Ruth's ears, who in want's bitter hour
Valued their sweetness, for they banished sadness
And told of one who could redeem with power.

Great was her need and sad her situation;
To gain her bread she with the gleaners went;
Her kinsman saw her and made proclamation
That to her home with plenty she be sent.

She humbly made her claim on his salvation—
He to redeem alone had power and right—
And in his love and lordly condescension,
Told her that she'd found favor in his sight.

He came from his own place of exualtation
Down to the poor and humble suppliant low;
And bade her change her woeful desolation,
That she might his free gifts so fully know.

Raised her to be forever in his favor,
To know and feel his love so rich and free;
To realize how glorious a saviour
He to her was and would forever be.

We too would come at this great festive season
And seek His favor which our souls will fill,
Hear Bethlehem's hymn, which swelleth rich, by reason
Of "peace on earth" and unto men "good-will."

The song which e'er dispels our fear and sighing,
Which brings "good tidings" of a Saviour dear,
"Great joy" for sorrow and sweet praise for crying
"Beauty for ashes"—"comfort" to hearts sincere.

Our Kinsman, Friend and Savour, Elder Brother,
Has come to bring salvation full and free;
Stoops to poor sinners that he may recover
Them, and His glory they may always see.

"One near of kin"—He has the right and power
To save us from our low and lost estate,
To be our Refuge and our great High Tower,
And show us His salvation free and great.

Let us like Ruth in want and destitution
Humbly present our claims upon His grace,
As suppliants seek His wondrous great salvation
And crave the smile of His own loving face.

Plead, that He came, that He was born, to save us,
To liberate us captives from our chain,
And that His word with promises so precious
Assures us that He'll cleanse sin's every stain.

Let us then seek this loving great Redeemer—
And saved by His own grace from every sin,
We'll sing with joy forever and forevr
Our praises that "This Man is near of kin."

CRŒSUS.

Interesting Story.

The Two Christmas Trees.

Bark was strewn in the street, and the carriages glided like noiseless shadows past the great mansion where the young widowed countess lived. The door-bell was taken off, and the broad steps were covered with thick carpets; for death sat at the head of the bed where lay the widow's only child. It had come so suddenly, so unexpectedly, just at the time of the children's great festival, on the first year the Christmas-tree was to be lighted for the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed boy. Now the tree stood there decked from top to root, bending its bows under the wealth of gifts, but no one thought of lighting the colored candles, for the red cheeks were pale, the blue eyes dim. Just as the Christmas bells were ringing he bent his head with the last sigh; the young widow was childless!

The earth had received what belonged to the dust, the father no longer rested alone in the quiet churchyard behind the iron fence; but she—how lonely she was! How empty was her home and heart! A few days after, the very last day of the whole year, as she sat by the grave, how agonizing it was to think of the past twelvemonth, when every day the child's merry shouts had waked her in the morning.

Wearied by weeping, her eyes wandered over the iron railing: a new grave had been added since she had brought her sacrifice—a poor person's grave, with a plain, wooden cross. Some wreaths of moss lay on the earth, and above the cross hung a home-made garland of pine twigs. When she went away she passed it, stopped and read a very common name; a middle-aged man lay beneath.

A few steps from the mound she met the grave-digger strolling along with a rake in his hand. The young countess stopped him to give him an order, and, as she passed on, inquired who occupied the new grave.

"A poor workman who was drowned," was the reply.

"Drowned?"

"Yes, your ladyship, and leaves a wife and seven children."

"So she still has children with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes; she is richer than I," sighed the widow.

"No, pardon me," replied the grave digger, leaning on his rake, she has pale-faced, dull-eyed children; it's a sad Christmas to the poor people."

The countess went back and took a wreath heavy with flowers, one of many, from her child's grave, but, when she approached the wooden cross to hang it there in place of the pine garland, thu man stopped her.

"No, let it stay; that wreath is most suitable, and it has its story, too."

"Tell me the story."

"Yes, your ladyship, it isn't long. You see the man who lies there had some money left over, for he was sober and diligent, so he bought a little Christmas-tree for the children, which was to have been lighted New Year's eve, but the green branches were put to a different use, because the widow had no means to get a better wreath."

The rich woman silently bowed her head, then rose stately and beautiful, saying:

"Where does she live, sitting in her sorrow among her pale-faced children?"

The way led through narrow streets, high up a dilapidated staircase, and the countess had much difficulty in finding it, but at last she reached the room. A strange, damp odor of wet walls and old clothes greeted her. There sat the mother sewing by the fading daylight, while the children's pallid faces peered out of the corners. The rich and the poor woman gazed silently at each other for a moment, then the countess said slowly and sadly:

"We have graves side by side in the church-yard. You have children and no Christmas-tree; I have a Christmas-tree, but no children. Rise and follow me."

The woman stared irresolutely at her strange guest, but the countess continued:

"Don't you understand me? I am telling you that I have come for you all. Follow me at once, just as you are, you and your children."

So the tree was lighted. It cast a ruddy glow on the children's blanched faces, and their dull eyes began to sparkle. But as the little ones shouted joyously around the two widows, the poor woman flung herself at the countess's feet—she wanted to express her thanks, but could not. The lady raised her, saying:

"You see, I have been thinking so constantly about my boy, he was the light of my eyes and the joy of my heart, and now, to-night, a great sense of consolation has come upon me. When children rejoice, the children's angels rejoice, too, and among them, I firmly believe is my own boy. You have many mouths and I have plenty of bread; come to me and we shall both receive a blessing from what God has given us—the Christmas blessing, for it was the two Christmas-trees that brought us together."

The Bells.

In the happy hours of childhood I heard the entrancing melody of their tones, and when the cares and anxieties of a maturer age had bowed and bent my form, still with an overpowering pleasure I hung enraptured on their mellow utterances—the utterances of the dear old bells! For many a joyful and happy ceremony have they rung out their peal, as if calling the young and the brave to rejoice with the blushing bride and exultant bridegroom. For a new life just begun they wish jey and success; while for the old life just spent, they have tolled a mournful farewell.

Many a heart has beat responsive to the music which issued from the ever-open mouths of those messengers of love; while many an eye has been dimmed with tears, as the echoes were awakened by the lugurbious warning of another mortal having paid humanity's toll to the dread Angel of Death.

Little children have clung affrighted to their mother's knee when, as the evening shadows fell, the hoarse voice of the Alarum proclaimed that the fearful scourge of fire was abroad, desolating the land.

Ever faithful, ever ready, the dear old bells, by night or by day, have ever sounded responsive to the hand that bade them give voice to the ringer's feelings. Sailing away for a distant shore, braving the countless dangers of the mighty ocean, the hardy mariner was cheered, as he looked—for perhaps the last time—upon his native land, by the cheerful notes that the favoring breeze wafted to his listening ears from out the old church tower. To his responsive senses they sounded as an encouragement and a safeguard, bidding him look aloft and trust in the Mighty Captain; for a "Cherub on high looks out for poor Jack." And when returning once again, above the breakers' roar and the elements' strife, sounded the rejoicing bells, foreshadowing the music of the Celestial Choir, when his bark should make her final trip and anchor in the Harbor of God's love!

Ah! how I loved them, those bells of my youth! On the peaceful Sabbath morning, awakening the echoes over hill and dale, they called the young and old—the village patriarch and the winsome lass—all alike, to the House of God.

Listening for the first peal, I stood in the porch of the old farmhouse, and their welcome music was the gladsome accompaniment to my bounding steps across the meadows that lay between the old homestead and the village church. But alas! no bells looked out from the protecting belfry. When the furious gales swept the rock-bound coast, and when the foam of the deadly breakers obscured the long lines of the sandy inner beach, *then* were the warning tones of the church-bells needed to strive and avert the awful calamity of shipwreck. Called from our comfortable beds by their unceasing clangor, we have stood speechless from horror, spell-bound with fright, as we gazed upon the cruel waves leaping upon their prey, grinding into shapeless fragments what had been a few short hours before a thing of life and beauty—a shapely ship. And then on the morrow, when the sea and winds had spent their force, mournfully, sadly, the funeral chimes called us to the "God's Acre," where, reverently, were laid to rest the bodies of those whom the previous day had been full of life and force. And above, 'mid the branches of the mournful pines and the cedars, the remorseful wind sighed and fretted, as if conscious of its inability to wreak more vengeance on the inanimate forms that lay beneath; while the bells seemed softly to make response to the white-haired pastor's murmured prayer: "Give thy beloved rest!"

Yes, ever on my ear and in my memory will live the touching accents of childhood's friends and monitors—the church-bells; and, when tired and faint after the battle of life, I shall lie down to sleep the long, last sleep, may the echoes around my final resting-place be awaked by the solemn, loving tones of the dear old bells, as they seem to repeat over and over again, "He giveth his beloved rest!—*L'Evangeline.*

Dear Old Santa Claus.

Christmas! Ring out you merry bells! All hail the joyful day! Get up, ye youngsters, and look in your stockings. How many thousands of the little creatures live for weeks in anticipation of the annual visit of "Santa Claus." Day after day is anxiously counted, and, oh! how slowly they do seem to move. At last, the eve before Christmas has come. The little boys and girls can scarcely eat their supper. They are in a hurry to get their stockings off and hang them up in the chimney for dear old "Santa Claus," with his beard so long and white, to put something into them. They do so trembling with excitement. And then they hurry into the bed and to sleep. Oh, no! they cannot sleep. Sweet anticipation tingles every nerve, and fills every soul to almost bursting. They are told that "Santa Claus" does not come till the darkest hour of the night, when everybody is fast asleep, and no one can hear him. To sleep, then, they must go if they want their stockings filled. But they cannot sleep. Their busy little minds are in a ceaseless whirl. They think of thousands of things that they would wish "Santa Claus" to leave in their stockings. They think so fast that one-half is forgotten before they can think of the other half. If they could get but a small part of what they want, not only their stockinge but the room itself would be full to overflowing, and the chimney, too, to the very top. They are in one state of delirious joy. The activity of the mind almost makes the head swim. Then all of a sudden, almost like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky, an awful thought seizes them. What if in his hurry Santa Claus should overlook or pass their chimney? For the first time the insignificance and smallness of the chimney becomes painfully apparent, and, mercy, what a horrible thought! it is snowing hard; maybe the chimney will be buried out of sight, and Santa Claus would not see it after all? This last thought is almost too much for them; it sends a cold chill through their little bodies. The most horrible demons of delusion dance with demoniacal delight before their little eyes. They jump hastily out of bed and try to look up the chimney, half expecting to have their worse fears realized.

They can see nothing but impenetrable darkness, when the nipping cold brings them to a realization of their situation and their little feet patter back across the room as fast as they can and they hop again into bed. At last their drooping eyes show how sleepy they are. With a last beseeching prayer to the good Santa Claus not to forget their stockings they fall asleep, thoroughly tired out.

Early in the morning they are awakened by their papa and mamma. With glistening eyes and uncurbed eagerness they almost fall out of bed. What a glad surprise! The stocking filled to the tiptop and almost bursting with its heavy load. Even the floor is covered with things that would not go into the stocking were it a hundred times larger.

Oh! and ah! has been repeated a good many times and still they seem hardly able to comprehend the situation. They see so many things that they are at a loss to know which to take first or which to be most thankful for.

How could Santa Claus be so kind and generous? And above all, how could he know just exactly what was wanted?

Yet the fact could not be denied that right here before their eyes were the very things they most wished for, and had been talking about for weeks in advance. Truly Santa Claus must be a wonderfully clever fellow. He must have direct, though invisible, communication with every childish heart in the land. So extensive and bounteous is his domain that from within its boundless store he can gratify the slightest wish of all the merry little folks that are in existence.

Then all hail to dear old Santa Claus, the jolly fellow, and may he reach every home in the land, and leave behind remembrances of that day that will do its world of good and never be forgotten.

Alcohol's Dangers.

The number of deaths attributed to alcohol in official reports seems sufficiently large, yet it represents but a portion of those really due to that cause. Men whose frames are sodden with alcohol may never die from its direct effects, yet die from alcohol as truly as if they perished in the stupor that follows a prolonged debauch. A slight cut, the sting of a bee or wasp, the bite of a mosquito, may prove fatal to a confirmed drinker. Whatever virus may reside in bite or sting, whatever poisonous germs may enter the system of a disciple of alcoholism, finds in his diseased body a suitable nidus in which to set up processes of decomposition which may end in death. The flesh of a man who abstains from alcohol, even though he may be deficient in muscle and frail of constitution, heals up rapidly after lesions of this kind, and the frame of such will rally from injuries that would be certain to put an end to the existence of the stoutest dram-drinker. What is true of injuries is also true of diseases. When yellow fever prevailed in Memphis it was noted that it found its earliest and most constant victims among those who were habituated to the use of alcoholic drink. During the cholera epidemic in Glasgow in 1832 a physician states that only 19 per cent. of the temperate perished, while 91 per cent. of the intemperate were swept away. In the same year, out of 1,000 persons who died in Montreal, only two were teetotalers. Of the 366 persons above 16 years of age carried off by the cholera at Albany, all but four belonged to the drinking classes, and out of 204 cases in New York only six were temperate, and these recovered, while 122 of the others died. While the general death-rate of all the population of England is 23 per thousand, it has been ascertained that out of 1,000 adult drinkers of both sexes 118 die. To these facts might be added many others, all tending to prove that excessive drinking is the cause of disease and death as well as of misery.

"How do you live?" asked a police judge of a man brought up for loitering. "At present I am living on Hope, Judge," was the reply, which was a fact. Hope was his wife's name and she supported the family by taking in washing.

Money talks, and lots of people like to hear it, so long as it has cents in what it says.

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, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking 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 settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew 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, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes; washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens woolen goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes. Toilet, Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing, &c. Read the directions plainly given on each wrapper and learn the new "Surprise" way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made a pleasure by the use of SURPRISE SOAP and joy and smiles take the place of tired looks. Save 2c Surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. SURPRISE SOAP is sold by all leading grocers. If not obtainable at your home send 5 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.