

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1887.

No. 17

THE ACADIAN.

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

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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.

New communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The day of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written in a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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PORT OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Mails 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. Bass, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. B. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 10.30 A. 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 10.30 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 H. Prigden, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 10.30 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 next Sunday morning at 11 A. M. Rev. C. H. Fullerton, of King's College, will conduct the services.

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 o'clock P. M.
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

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 Wednesday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

—OR—
Every Description
DONE WITH
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND
PUNCTUALITY.

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered
Ferdinand Horses and
French Coach Horses,
Savage & Farnam, Improved
and Standard Bred
Cattle, Sheep, and
Swine. We also
have a large stock of
all kinds of farm
implements, and
are prepared to
supply you with
all that you may
require. Write for
Circulars and
Catalogues to
Island Home Stock
Farm, Wolfville,
N. S.

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.

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 and Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. P.—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.

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

REDDEN, A. C. O.—Dealer 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, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Flowers.

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.

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!
It is the only safe and reliable
CATHARTIC
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.

Select Poetry.

THE GIFT.

The gates were held by an angel, with
flaming relentless sword;
And out of their wondrous whiteness—
from the Garden of the Lord—
Sweet Eve had stepped with trembling,
bowed head and quivering eyes,
Into the night of endless life away from
Paradise!

She could hear the song of the river, its
tender banks between;
She could almost see the sunlight that
flashed on its rippling sheet;
And the scent of a thousand spices filled
all sweet Eden's air.

Never before had the Garden of God been
to her eyes so fair.

Never before had bird note such wondrous
tune be sung.
Never before had the lilies such silvery
censers swung.

Never before were the palm boughs so
grand against the sky,
And never again would she enter them,
the Gates of Paradise.

Shut out from their glow and beauty,
closed from their glory away,
Only a look she would turn and give,
where the heart of Eden lay,
And trembling with passionate longing,
she lifted her tear-blind eyes!

To the sorrowful face of the angel, at the
Gate of Paradise.

Only a breath of the sweetness she craved,
ere 'twas lost for aye,
And the angel—bending in pity—broke
from his odorous spray

One rose—that shone in whiteness as the
light on his gleaming sword,
And threw it wide where she stood—out-
side—the Gates of Paradise!

Swift thro' a mist of sunlight, she caught
with rapturous hand
And drew for a kiss on its golden heart
one breath of her fair lost land;

But not for her its purity; and kneeling
with streaming eyes,
She shed it down, a fallen crown, at the
Gates of Paradise!

When lo, as the sun mist touched its
subtle petals through
A change there came, unto blood red
flame, and dyed it of crimson hue,
Royal as monarch's purple—where East-
ern splendor glows.

For the passionate throbbing of a woman's
heart had entered into the rose!

Silently, then, the angel lowered his
gleaming sword,
And tenderly bore the flame-like flower,
to the Garden of the Lord;

And even yet to the woman, waiting
with yearning eyes,
There stealeth a breath from its red rose
heart, through the Gates of Paradise!

Interesting Story.

MISSING.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Your contempt need not touch him, Mr. Derham, because I deserve it so much more. When I left my home here, for his sake, I knew that he could not marry me. You understand?" she questioned again, as calmly as if she did not hear Rex Derham's panting breath. "I am ready to go now. I will never presume on my cousinship with Angel;" the words were addressed to Rex, whose eyes in all their misery and passion never left her face, while he battled fiercely with the truth. "I had a childish longing to see her face once more, and I have seen it; and to know her perfect happiness, and I now shall know it. I am glad I have told you the truth, at last. You know now what I have done, but you will never know how I was tempted. Angel, dear, don't cry. You will forget this all soon in your husband's love. No, I cannot refuse your kiss, dear, though I would never have asked you for it. Good-bye."

She had stooped for Angel's clinging, fearless kiss, and when she raised her eyes Angel sat at the table with his head buried on his arms; and so, with one lingering glance round the familiar room, and with a wonderful, quiet courage in her face, she went.

In the wisdom of her love, Angel let three long hours pass before she entered her husband's study. Then she went herself to summon him to dinner, just as she would on any other day, brightly and naturally. But his greeting for her was different; as she knew and felt at once, and just what she had often longed that it should be. His eyes met hers without the want that had been there so long, and her own heart told her, in its first throbbing gladness, that that want never sadden them again. With a new silent tenderness he folded her in his arms.

"You have been long away from me, Rex," she shyly said.

"Yes; I have been busy breaking up old dreams—pitiful old dreams. Now I want you, Angel."

But she was silent, in the new delicious consciousness that he had taken her into the place coveted, and where a memory had reigned so long.

"Angel, dear wife, I have something I must say to you to-night." But he paused then for so long a time, looking down into her candid, truthful eyes, that her question came involuntarily.

"You like me to be here, Rex?"

"I wonder what I shall ever like better."

"Better to-day than usual?"

"Better to-day than ever before, and to be better day by day through all the time to come."

"O, love, she whispered," trembling in her gladness, "I thought that it would come."

"Yes, it has come."

"But, Rex," she said, when he was silent once again; his voice sad in its entreaty; "you will not be cruel—in your thoughts to Theo?"

"Cruel!" He spoke quickly in his pain. "Has she been cruel? But you cannot understand, my darling. I am thankful that you cannot understand. Yet I wanted to tell you just this once how I loved her. And then—"

"I know it, dear."

"No; you could not know, for I myself did not know until to-day. No words of mine could tell you how I loved her; how I have cherished her memory and longed to rest my eyes upon the face I thought so pure and perfect. To be near her once again—that has been the longing I have fought with, while in my own heart of hearts I should have held my own true wife alone, as I can do to-night. O! love, O! wife, forgive me."

"And now, Rex!"

"Now she has passed from my life, and my only brightness for me ever will be my wife's affection."

"And is that sufficient, Rex?"

"More than sufficient. It is all," he said; and there was truer, deeper meaning in the tone than in the words; "but can it be mine? Can you love me after this day?"

CHAPTER XVI.

"WITH HEART AND HAND."

"And you have believed this? For more than a year you have believed this of Theo; you who knew her?"

Captain Leslie asked the question with a passion he tried in vain to subdue, as he stood facing Angel Derham in her own drawing-room a week after Theo's visit to Brighton.

"There was nothing else we could believe," Angel answered, sadly, "and it was Theo herself who told us all—I've told you."

The one hour which Angel had so long been dreading had passed now, and the "Jack" whose return she had apprehended ever since Theo had left her—had she known he would be her cousin's flight. She had always hoped it would be her husband Captain Leslie would see, yet now through the misery of that hour she had been grateful that Rex was in London.

"Theo herself?" echoed Jack. "She—but do you know her so little? Why, I must feel every man and woman around me mad, before I can dream of such a wrong of Theo."

Angel sighed and turned to look from the window, though sea and shore, and sky were all confused to her. It was so hard to deceive anyone who took the truth as Captain Leslie did. Surely, surely he must know how pitifully true was all she said, yet he had denied it fearlessly, and even once laughed, a curious, half-contemptuous laugh. And how ready, and even eager, he looked to go at once and prove his own thoughts true, and here—a dream. Ah! if it were but all a dream. How much more unnatural and almost untrue her story seemed since she had told it to this confident, bearded officer, who not only had laughed once, but had never, had one shadow of doubt and mistrust in his heart. He had apologized for the laugh; he could not help it, he said, in his simple, straightforward way, because she had told a fable as the truth. "I can see," he added, in the same confident way

Death from Drink.

What of it? That is a common occurrence, more than four thousands of such deaths occur every hour, six days every minute, one every second, in these United States. We are used to seeing them, hearing of them, reading about them, why should we be startled at the announcement that another has occurred? If it had been death from cholera or yellow fever, it would be startling and fill us with alarm; but it is not from these; it is only death from drink. It is true that drink slays more than cholera, more than yellow fever, more than both combined; but it slays more deliberately, and selects its victims more extensively, and it is an every-day occurrence. We have become familiar with slaughter by drink by seeing it going on constantly in our midst. It ceases to fill us with surprise, and only attracts our special attention when it occurs in our own families or is a specially aggravated case among our own neighbors.

More than this: We are so accustomed to death from drink, and have so lost our horror of it, that we give hosts of men legal permits to slay men by drink. For a few pieces of silver—or equivalent greenbacks—we authorize men to sell drink to their fellow-men, knowing that the result will be death, and death, too, in its most aggravated forms, and we do this as Christian men, followers of Christ; and it after rising from prayer in which they prayed, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;" do it with professed love for God and humanity on our lips! The very souls for whom Christ died, we devote to premature death by drink, for the sake of a little revenue and that, too, when the word of God assures us that no drunkard—no man slain by drink—shall enter the kingdom of heaven. We do all these things as Christian men in a Christian nation; do them with pious twang to our word, and a sanctimonious smirk on our faces.

How, then, can we expect to be startled by the announcement that another of our fellowmen has died from drink? It is only an event we have already sanctioned by our votes and provided for in legal enactments. Murder generally starts us, but not when it is committed by our legalized sanction. The assassin is apprehended, tried, punished for his crime; but not when he kills with drink according to the legal permission we give him. Oh! no; death by drink, assassination by legal and run, is all right—at least, we say it is when we give license to the liquor traffic; for we know that liquor sold will produce every crime in the catalogue of crimes, death included. Don't come to us, citizens, then, with your tales of death from drink, expecting to startle us with a tale of horror, for we are familiar with such scenes; we complacently tolerate them; we even vote to continue that which produces them; and we do it with the professed fear of God before our eyes and love of humanity in our hearts. Go tell such tales of death to the winds; mean out your sorrow to bats and owls; we want the revenue from strong drink; we want the political power which the saloon furnishes; we want the spoils of office which whiskey buys for us; what are a hundred thousand souls, anyway, sent down annually to perdition by the liquor traffic, in comparison with the triumph of party and the control of office spoils? We are politicians. Hurrah for party!

night, and when he felt he had searched every nook of Paris and its suburbs, he went on to other French cities, meaning to take them one by one; and even then never for one hour losing the steadfast expectation that would only die with his death. Once or twice an old acquaintance met him, would start and pause, and turn; yet fear to betray a mistake, if he addressed this pre-occupied, haggard-looking gentleman as general fillow-officer, Jack Leslie. So weeks passed on, and Jack had just arrived in Rouen, and was standing thoughtfully looking along the street before entering his hotel, thinking—as he ever was—"If I could meet her here," when he saw her!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Women as Burden-Bearers.

In Stockholm woman is almost exclusively employed as a hod-carrier and brick-layer's assistant. She carries brick, mixes mortar, and does all the hardest work about a building. She is paid for a day's work, which is fully twelve hours, the sum of one kronor (equivalent to one shilling and three pence). The women do all the street cleaning, hauling the rubbish in hand-carts over the cobblestones and out upon the hills, unload the boats at the quays, do the gardening, and run the ferries. They take the places of horses and dogs in much of the carrying business, bringing the large and heavy milk-cans from the dairies and distributing the milk. In many other parts of Europe it is scarcely better. You can see women in highly civilized England employed day by day in the coal-pit, at the forge, and in brick-yards. In France she fills furnaces, and tends great coke-ovens, and does the greater part of the market gardening, besides tending a large part of the shops. In Germany she is often hitched with a dog to draw a heavy cart, and this is also done in other European countries. In Germany she does more agricultural labor than in almost any other land; but this is not quite so hard and debasing as work in mines and coal-pits, although sufficiently destructive of all the finer qualities of womanhood. In Belgium young woman and even little girls work continuously in the coal-mines, and there are bent and crippled old women about these pits who have worked in them since childhood. In Holland they work on the canals with a rope over their shoulder, and do a large part of work on the dikes which hold the sea at bay. In all other laborious occupations they also take a large part, and their coarse and sunburned faces retain hardly a trace of womanly softness, nor their broad and muscular forms a trace of womanly lightness and grace.

Day and Night

During a severe attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

Without Relief, I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure.—G. Stovell, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases.—M. A. East, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my lungs. My night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Salsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine a short time, and was cured.—Ernest Colton, Loganport, Ind.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. six bottles, \$1.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality of material, and the method of its manufacture, are such that it cleanses without harsh rubbing, and without the use of hot water. It is the only soap that will clean the most greasy and soiled articles, and make them as bright as when first made. It is the only soap that will clean the most greasy and soiled articles, and make them as bright as when first made. It is the only soap that will clean the most greasy and soiled articles, and make them as bright as when first made.

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