

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1885.

No. 13.

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

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 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. News 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 is not invariably accompanied by the initials, although the same may be written in over a fictitious signature. Address all communications to
DAVIDSON 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.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 7 A. M. TO 9 P. M. Mail is 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 3.30 p. m.
Geo. V. RARE, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on
Eve day at 12 noon.
A. DEW. BARRETT, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. B. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. Sabbath School at 11.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST 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. and 7.30 p. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:
Sundays: Mattins and Sermon at 11 a. m. Evensong and sermon at 7 p. m. Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9.30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7.30.
J. O. Baggles, M. A., Rector.
Robert W. Heston, Organist.
(Divinity Student of King's College).

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 7 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 8 or T meets every Monday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday 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

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 Gen's Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

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

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

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

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

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

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

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

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

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.

PRATT, R.—Fine Groceries, Cookery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

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

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sealers, 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.

SLEIGH, S. B.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Saws, and Tools. 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 Gen's 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.

B. G. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative
PAINTER.
English Paint Stock a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 23. SECT. 10th 13.

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

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

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

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 3c stamp and this slip.
A. W. KIRBY,
Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

SELF-RESPECT.

What though but as a pebble by the sea!
A single leaf in all the leafy wood!
Respect thyself, and thou must worthy be
For such respect can dwell but with the good.

No virtue lives that God will fail to find;
Of all thy censures make thy heart the chime;
If leaf or pebble, be among the kind
A credit to the pebble or the lime.

WHICH WILL IT BE?

Which will it be? As the day declines,
And two souls walk together,
And look at the spot where the sun still shines,
In the beautiful autumn weather.

They talk of their lives since love began,
And the two walk on together,
A tender woman; a robust man;
In the beautiful autumn weather.

Alone they wander as night shuts down,
And held by a mystic tether,
One path they walk, as they leave the town,
In the beautiful autumn weather.

And the morning dawns on a new grave,
In the beautiful autumn weather.
In the sand, on the withered heather,
And one is away, and one is bereft;
In the beautiful autumn weather.

And the bright sun shines, as his face looks down,
And the cold world cares not whether
It be two, or one, that returns to town,
In the beautiful autumn weather.

But the lonely soul, that is left, well knows,
Of the unseen mystic tether,
That holds its gaze, where the love light glows,
In the beautiful autumn weather.

Interesting Story.

WINNY.

A STORY OF ONTARIO.

Stranger to Canada, I think you said? First visit to Ontario? Well, you've heartily welcome to Indian Creek. Take a chair on the piazza till dinner's ready—we dine early in these new world parts.

Fine farm? Well, yes; Indian Creek is a nice place, if I do own it. All, as far as you can see—grassland, cornfields, woods and creeks—all belong to it. Stock too—they call it the best stocked farm in Ontario, I believe, and I dare say they're right. All mine; and yet I came to Canada twenty years ago, without even the traditional half-crown in my trousers pocket. You look surprised. Would you like to hear the story? There's a good half hour to dinner yet and its a story I never tire of telling, somehow.

I began life as the son of a village carpenter in the south of England. You know that class pretty well, I dare say, and what a gulf was fixed between me and the vicar of the parish. And yet—and yet—from the time she was seven years old and I eleven, and she fell down in the dusty road outside the carpenter's shop, and cried, and I picked her up, and smoothed the little crumpled pinafore, and kissed the dust out of the golden curls, I loved but one girl in the world, and that was the vicar's daughter, Winny Branscombe.

Madness you'll say. Well, perhaps so, and yet a man is but a man, and a woman a woman; and love comes what ever one may do. There's no class distinction recognized by childhood, and we were playmates and friends till she went to boarding school. If Miss Winny had had a mother, no doubt things would have been very different, but we were alike in never having known a woman's care, and the old vicar was kind to everything but his theological treatises.

But when she came back from her London boarding school, a beautiful young lady, all smiles and laces and little lovely ways—then I knew, I had tried my best to study and work, and make myself more like the man she would meet; but what can a lad in an English village do? I just had enough education to make every other lad in the place hate me; and beside the men of her world, I suppose, I cut rather an astonishing figure. Yet the love of her was so beyond all else to me, that mad, hopeless as I felt it, I had no power over myself, and the first time I caught her alone in the woods—she avoided me, I saw, and I had to watch for a chance, I told her the whole story, and waited for her answer: She grew scarlet, a rush of color that dyed her fair sweet face, then

deathly white.

"Dick," she said, and she was trembling from head to foot, "you know you are wrong even to dream of such a thing. Some girls would think it an insult—I know you better; but if my father heard of this, he would say you had abused his kindness to you; he would never forgive, he would never forgive you. Forget your madness," and she ran from me.

I let her go. I had seen the blush and the tremor, and I guessed that if I had been Mr Loftus, the young squire, instead of Dick Hawtry, the carpenter's son, her answer might have been different. A great resolve sprang up in my soul, and I took a solemn vow in those June woods. That very night I sold the old shop (my father was dead, and I had taken to the business), and with the money I bought an outfit and started straight for Canada. It was pretty tough work at first, but I worked like a gally-slave—starved, and pinched, and saved, and never spent a penny on myself except for the books I set up half the night to read and study. Well, in this country the man who works and does n't drink is sure to get on; and I had a mighty purpose in my head. By-and-by I bought some land dirt-cheap, and sold it for three times what I gave for it, then I began to make money fast, I should call luck wonderful if I believed in luck, and didn't prefer to think I was helped by a power far abler than my own. At last, ten years to the very day a set foot on Canadian soil, I bought Indian Creek Farm and began to build this house. All the neighbors thought my good fortune had turned my brain, for I fitted it up and furnished it for a lady, down to a little rocking-chair by my study-table, and a work-basket with a tiny gold thimble in it. And when all was finished, I took the first ship for Liverpool.

Ten years builds a city over here. It doesn't make much change in a Devonshire village. The very gates were still half off their hinges, as I left them, only the people were a little older, and a trifle more stupid; and there was a new vicar. Old Mr Branscombe had been dead six months, died very poor, they told me; there was nothing left for Miss Winny. My heart gave one great leap when I heard that. And Miss Winny? Oh, she had gone governessing with some people who were just off for Canada, and the ship sailed to-morrow from Liverpool.

The Liverpool express never seemed to crawl more slowly before. I got there to find every berth taken on board the *Antarctic*, and the captain raving at the non-appearance of two of the crew. Without a second's pause I offered for the vacant place. I was as strong as a horse, and active enough, and though the captain eyed me askance—I had been to a West End tailor on my way through London—he was too glad to get me to ask any question. So I sailed on the ship with my girl, little as she knew it. I saw her the first day or two looking so pale and thin that she was like the ghost of her own self, yet sweeter to my eyes than ever before. The children she had charge of were troublesome little creatures, who worried and badgered her till I longed to cuff them well. But there was a gentleness and a patience about her quite new to my idea of Miss Winny, and I only loved her more for it. After the second day out the wind freshened, and I saw no more of her.

We had an awful passage. It was late in November—an early winter, and the cold was intense. It blew one continuous gale, and some of our machinery was broken—the screw damaged—and we could not keep our course. As we drew near this side of the Atlantic, we got more and more out of our bearings, and at last the logs told us we were somewhere off the banks of Newfoundland, but where, no one was quite sure. It seemed to me it had all happened before, or I had read it, or dreamed it. At all events, it was hardly a surprise to me when on the tenth night, just after midnight, the awful crash and shock took place—a sensation which no one who has not felt it can imagine in the least—and we knew that the *Antarctic* had struck.

It's a fearful thing if you come to think of it, a great steamer filled with living souls in the full flow of life and health, and in one moment the call coming to each of them to die. Before you could have struck a match the whole ship was in a panic—cries, terror, confusion, agony—O, it was awful! I trust never to see such a scene again. I made my way through it all as if I had neither eyes nor ears, and got to the stateroom I had long ago found out the one which belonged to my girl. I knocked at the door with a heavy hand; even at that awful moment a thrill ran through me at the thought of standing face to face with her again.

"Winny!" I cried, "come out! make haste! there is not a moment to lose!"

The door opened as I spoke, and she stood just within, ready dressed, even to her little black cap. The cabin light had been kept burning, by the doctor's orders, and it fell full on me as I stood there in my sailor's jersey and cap. I wondered if she would know me. I forgot the danger we were in—forgot that death was waiting close at hand—forgot that the world held anyone but just her and me.

"Dick!" she cried "Oh, Dick, Dick!" and she fell forward in a dead faint on my shoulder.

All my senses came back to me then; and I threw her over my arm and ran for the deck. A great furled cloak had been dropped by the door of the ladies' cabin. There was no light now, but I stumbled over it as I ran, I snatched it up and carried it with me.

Up above, all was in the wildest chaos; the boats over-filled and pushing off; the ship settling rapidly; people shouting, crying, swearing. One hears tales of calmness and courage often enough at such times, which makes one's face glow as one reads them; but there was not much heroism shown in the wreck of the *Antarctic*. The captain behaved splendidly, and so did some of the passengers, but the majority of them and the crew were mad with terror, and lost their heads altogether.

I saw that there was not a chance for the over-owed boats in the sea, and I sprang for the rigging. It was not a second too soon. A score of others followed my example, and with my precious burden I should not have had a chance two minutes later. As it was I scrambled to the topmast, and got a firm hold there. Winny was just coming to herself. I had wrapped her round like a baby in the fur cloak, and with my teeth I opened my knife to cut a rope that hung loose within reach. With this I lashed her to me, and fastened us both to the topmast. The ship sank gradually; she did not keel over, or I should not be telling you the story now, she settled down, just her deck above water, but the great seas washed over it every second and swept it clean. The boats had gone!

One or two of her crew, floating on loose spars, were picked up afterward—no more. The rigging was pretty full, at least in the upper part; down below the sea was too strong. The captain was near me. I felt glad to think he had been saved—he was not a coward like some of the others.

How long was the longest night you ever knew? Multiply that by a thousand and you will have some idea of that night's length. The cold was awful. The spray froze on the sheets as it fell; the yards were slippery with ice. I stamped on Winny's feet to keep them from freezing. Did you notice that I limped a little? I shall walk lame as long as I live. Sometimes there was a splash in the black waters below, as some poor fellow's stiffened limbs relaxed, and he fell from his place in the rigging. There was not a breath of wind—nothing but the bitter, bitter fog. How long could we hold out? Where were we? How long would the ship be before she broke up? Would it be by drowning or by freezing? We asked ourselves these questions again and again, but there was no answer. Death stared us in the face, we seemed to live ages of agony in every minute—and yet, will you believe me, all that seemed little in comparison to the thought that after the struggles and sorrows, after all

those ten weary years, I held my girl in my arms at last!

She had pulled one corner of the cloak around my neck (I stood on a level just below her), and her hand lay there with it—it was the hand that warmed me more than the cloak—and her cheek rested against my own. Often I thought its coldness was the coldness of death, and almost exulted in the thought that we should die together. And then I would catch the murmur of the prayers she was uttering for us both, and knew that life was there still, and hope—lived too.

Well, well! Why should I dwell on such horrors, except to thank the mercy that brought us through them all? Day dawned at last; and there was the shore near by, and some rocks were fired and ropes secured, and one by one the half-dead were drawn from their awful suspension between sky and sea, and landed safe on shore. They had to take Winny and me together, just as we were, and even then they had hard work to undo the clasp of my stiffened arms about her. I knew nothing then, nor for long after; and it is wonderful that Winny was the first to recover, and that it was she who nursed me back to life and reason.

And how did I ask her to marry me? Upon my word, now you ask, I can't remember that I ever did. That seemed utterly unnecessary to me, somehow. Casto distinctions look small enough when you have been staring death in the face for a few hours, and words were not much needed after we had been together in the rigging that night. Somehow I was glad it was so; glad my girl had taken me in my cap and jersey, for a common sailor, and yet loved the old Dick through it all; glad she never dreamed I was the owner of Indian Creek Farm, and the richest man this end of Ontario, and had wealth and position higher than Mr Loftus, the young squire at home. The people she was with had all gone on that awful night, she had no one in the world but me. We were married in Montreal—the captain of the *Antarctic* gave her away—and then I brought her home to Indian Creek. To see her face when she saw the rocking-chair, and the work-basket, and the thimble! Heaven bless her!

There she comes with her baby on her shoulder. Come in to dinner and you shall see the sweetest wife in the new country or the old; and the girl I won amid the ocean's surges.

A Half-dollar did it.

They stood talking in front of the Soldiers' Monument yesterday. They had been warm friends for years. If one wanted to borrow, the other was glad to lend, and they voted the same ticket and attended the same church. As they stood talking one of them suddenly stooped down and picked up a half-dollar from the flagstone.

"Look here!" he chuckled as he held it up.

"What! You found it!"

"Yes."

"Well, by George! We are in luck!"

"We?"

"Of course. We'll take it in cigars."

"Not much we want!"

"Then give me half."

"Oh! no! What I find belongs to me."

"Do you mean that you want my?"

"Of course I want!"

"Then, sir, you are no friend of mine, and you can go to Halifax! I'll never speak to you again!"

"The better for me! I always knew you were a hog!"

And the two separated never to speak again until they wear the wings of angels.

—A Buffalo paper has been asking its readers to name the ten most important inventions of all time. The most votes were cast for the telegraph, printing press, steam engine, telephone, mariner's compass, gunpowder, sewing machine, telescope and photography. Most of these, it will be observed are comparatively recent inventions. Strange to say, none of them mention the lucifer match. Its utility to the human family is far in the lead of the telephone, the sewing machine, or photography. The fellow who would

have to walk half a mile for a shovel of coals, with the mercury below zero, would likely acknowledge the fact. The value of inventions cannot always be estimated by the amount of dollars and cents they yield.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

She had pulled one corner of the cloak around my neck (I stood on a level just below her), and her hand lay there with it—it was the hand that warmed me more than the cloak—and her cheek rested against my own. Often I thought its coldness was the coldness of death, and almost exulted in the thought that we should die together. And then I would catch the murmur of the prayers she was uttering for us both, and knew that life was there still, and hope—lived too.

Well, well! Why should I dwell on such horrors, except to thank the mercy that brought us through them all? Day dawned at last; and there was the shore near by, and some rocks were fired and ropes secured, and one by one the half-dead were drawn from their awful suspension between sky and sea, and landed safe on shore. They had to take Winny and me together, just as we were, and even then they had hard work to undo the clasp of my stiffened arms about her. I knew nothing then, nor for long after; and it is wonderful that Winny was the first to recover, and that it was she who nursed me back to life and reason.

And how did I ask her to marry me? Upon my word, now you ask, I can't remember that I ever did. That seemed utterly unnecessary to me, somehow. Casto distinctions look small enough when you have been staring death in the face for a few hours, and words were not much needed after we had been together in the rigging that night. Somehow I was glad it was so; glad my girl had taken me in my cap and jersey, for a common sailor, and yet loved the old Dick through it all; glad she never dreamed I was the owner of Indian Creek Farm, and the richest man this end of Ontario, and had wealth and position higher than Mr Loftus, the young squire at home. The people she was with had all gone on that awful night, she had no one in the world but me. We were married in Montreal—the captain of the *Antarctic* gave her away—and then I brought her home to Indian Creek. To see her face when she saw the rocking-chair, and the work-basket, and the thimble! Heaven bless her!

There she comes with her baby on her shoulder. Come in to dinner and you shall see the sweetest wife in the new country or the old; and the girl I won amid the ocean's surges.

A Half-dollar did it.

They stood talking in front of the Soldiers' Monument yesterday. They had been warm friends for years. If one wanted to borrow, the other was glad to lend, and they voted the same ticket and attended the same church. As they stood talking one of them suddenly stooped down and picked up a half-dollar from the flagstone.

"Look here!" he chuckled as he held it up.

"What! You found it!"

"Yes."

"Well, by George! We are in luck!"

"We?"

"Of course. We'll take it in cigars."

"Not much we want!"

"Then give me half."

"Oh! no! What I find belongs to me."

"Do you mean that you want my?"

"Of course I want!"

"Then, sir, you are no friend of mine, and you can go to Halifax! I'll never speak to you again!"

"The better for me! I always knew you were a hog!"

And the two separated never to speak again until they wear the wings of angels.

—A Buffalo paper has been asking its readers to name the ten most important inventions of all time. The most votes were cast for the telegraph, printing press, steam engine, telephone, mariner's compass, gunpowder, sewing machine, telescope and photography. Most of these, it will be observed are comparatively recent inventions. Strange to say, none of them mention the lucifer match. Its utility to the human family is far in the lead of the telephone, the sewing machine, or photography. The fellow who would

C. A. PATRIQUIN

HARNESS MAKER.
Carriage, Cart, and
Team Harnesses.
Made to order and kept in stock.
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO!
None but first-class workmen employed and all work guaranteed.
Opposite People's Bank, Wolfville.

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE

AND
HOME MAGAZINE
Circulation over 20,000 Copies.

The *Farmer's Advocate* is published on or about the 1st of each month, is handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most practical, practical and reliable information for dairymen, for farmers, gardeners or stockmen, of any publication in Canada.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM \$1.00
Address—
FARMER'S ADVOCATE,
360 Richmond St., Toronto, Ont.