THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VI. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1887. No. 23

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.

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 fictitious 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.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 7 A. M TO 9 P M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a m.

Express west close at 10.35 a. m.

Express east close at 5 20 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 30 p m.

GEO. V. 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 L 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 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 9 30 a m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7 30 p m.

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

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. 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 OF 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

—OF—

Every Description

DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, 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 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.—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

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. 1o

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.

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

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

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

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.

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.

WOLFVILLE N. S

J. WESTON

Merchant Tailor,

WOLFVILLE, N. S

Money to Loan!

The subscriber has money in hand for investment on first-class real estate security. Good farm properties in Horton and Cornwallis preferred.

Wolfville, Oct 9, A. D. 1885.

tf E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

CARD.

DR J. R. DEWOLF, M. D.,

Edin'r,

L. R. C. S. E., & L. M., Edin'r.

AND

DR G. H. H. DEWOLF, M. D.,

M. B., C. M., & L. M., Edin'r.

Wolfville, Oct. 8th, 1886 3m pd

Select Poetry,

PUZZLED.

You ask me whether I'm High Church,
You ask me whether I'm low,
I wish you'd tell the difference—
For I'm sure that I don't know.
I'm just a plain old body,
And my brain works pretty slow:
So I don't know whether I'm High Church
And I don't know whether I'm Low.

I'm trying to be a Christian
In the plain old-fashioned way
Laid down in mother's Bible,
And I read it every day;
Our blessed Lord's life in the Gospels,
Or the comforting Psalm of old,
Or a bit from the Revelation,
Of the city whose streets are gold.

Then. I pray, why, I'm generally praying,
Though I don't always kneel or speak out,
But I ask the dear Lord, and keep asking
Till I fear He is all tired out,
A piece of the Litany sometimes,
The Collect, perhaps, for the day;
Or a scrap of a prayer that my mother
So long ago learned me to say.

But now my poor memory's failing,
And often and often I find
That never a prayer from the Prayer Book
Will seem to come into my mind;
But I know what I want, and I ask it,
And I make up the words as I go;
Do you think now, that shows I ain't High Church?
Do you think it means I am low?

My blessed old husband has left me,
'Tis years since God took him away;
I know he is safe, well and happy,
And yet when I kneel down to pray,
Perhaps it is wrong, but I never
Leave the old man's name out of my prayer,
But I ask the Lord to do for him
What I would if I was there.

Of course he can do it much better;
But he knows and he surely wont mind
The worry about an old husband
Of the old woman left here behind.
So I pray, and I pray for the old man,
And I am sure that I shall till I die,
So maybe that proves that I ain't Low Church,
And maybe it shows I am High.

My old father was never a Churchman,
But a Scotch Presbyterian saint;
Still his white head is shining in Heaven,
I don't care who says that it ain't.
To one of our blessed Lord's mansions
That old man was certain to go,
And now do you think I am High Church?
Are you sure I ain't pretty Low?

I tell you it's all just a muddle,
Too much for a body like me,
I'll wait till I join my old husband,
And then we shall see what we'll see.
Don't ask me again if you please, sir;
For really it worries me so,
And I don't care whether I'm High Church,
And I don't care whether I'm low.

Interesting Story.

NIXIE.

Nobody would take little Nixie Markham for a heroine, nor would one suppose that little quiet figure possessed nerve enough to save hundreds of lives by her prompt actions; but this was the way of it.

It was a hot summer afternoon, and the most absolute quiet reigned over the little railroad station at Parkerstown, up in northern New England, on these sweltering July days. Not even the customary loafers were around, and only at train time was there any show of life.

The down train was due at 5:20, but until then, as the sensational writer says, "all was as quiet as the grave."

Nixie was the station agent's daughter and only child. She was fifteen, although so small she looked some three years younger, and was as quiet as a mouse—"not much zip to her," as the country folks said. In spite of the current opinion, however, she had, except the small portion of time which the little country town set apart for the school season, spent nearly all of her time in the ticket office with her father, picking up letter by letter and word by word, the sounds of the Morse instrument; and finally one day she astonished her father by taking a telegram by sound, giving him a "neat" copy.

From that day Nixie was installed telegraph operator, and the indulgent father often said, "Nick could run that office just as well as he could himself"—which, considering that Mr Markham was considered by the boys "a plug operator," might be called a doubtful compliment to Nixie.

Well, on this particular afternoon we are talking about, the aforesaid "plug" sauntered into the depot with trouble enthroned on his majestic brow.

"Nick, I'm summoned on a jury case up to the Centre village this afternoon. It's too late to get anybody here, even s'posing there was anybody to get. What are we going to do about it? S'pose you can 'tend the concern alone until I get back—probably by six?"

"I guess so, father," replied Nixie. "There won't be much of anything to do. Likely there won't be many passengers for the down train this hot day, and I hope I know enough to sell a ticket if there are."

"Well, see that those boxes go by express. The waybills are ready and in the drawer—guess you'll get along all right"—and off he went, leaving Nixie mistress of the situation—which phrase meant more than you might imagine on that very particular day.

At first she felt her newly acquired importance somewhat and stepped briskly around, dusting the musty little office and watering the few plants in the window; but there being absolutely nothing to do and no one coming near, she dropped into inactivity and listened to the click of the telegraph instrument, which to her was as companionable as the talk of near friends would be. As the afternoon passed drowsily along, the heat and stillness overcame her, and dropping her flaxen head on the desk before her, she was soon—as one of the good ladies of Parkerstown was wont to express it—"in the arms of Morphine."

Afterwards, the first thing she could remember about it, a voice seeming to come from her dreams said: "Taint likely she is left here alone, and asleep too."

"No," responded another evil voice, "the old man's prob'ly around somewhere—but," in a lower tone, "come on, let's go 'long. The down train'll be along, and we'll just lay them out."

Nixie was wide awake enough now, but she had presence of mind in her small body, and realized that safety lay in keeping still.

"How fur is it up there?"

"Sh! Keep mum. Do you want to knock the hull thing in the head, and yerself too!" and then the girl's quickened hearing caught the sound of heavy footsteps passing by the window and on up the track.

Nixie waited until she couldn't hear the footsteps and then cautiously turned and looked out of the window. There they were—two miserable-looking tramps hastening up the track. She recognized them at once as two men who had been discharged from a construction train that had been at work down the road. What should she do? Oh, if she could send for her father! But there was no one anywhere near, and besides, by the time he could get home it might be too late, for it was evident that the desperate wretches were bent upon revenging themselves of their fancied wrongs upon the innocent.

She looked at the clock. Half past four! She ran out and looked around the lonely station. No living being in sight. She called once feebly, but what was the use. If she sent for her father she had no tangible explanation to give or real reason to make him hurry home, only she was sure there was some harm coming to the down train, that long crowded express filled with mountain tourists. But she must do something.

The men had disappeared around a slight bend in the track. Nixie ran in, locked up the office, snatching a hat from a nail in the corner, and then hurried up the track until she arrived at the slight curve. Then she "made haste more slowly," for there were the men. Stopping behind a clump of bushes she watched them. They had stopped and were doing something, she could not at first see what, to the track. Pretty soon up came a rail, and in a minute more it was thrown down a steep ledge within four feet of the track—where the whole train must be precipitated in less than an hour if something could not be done to warn them. Nixie saw it all now, and for a moment stood, her eyes dilated with horror, while she saw the scoundrels shake their fists toward her way and heard an imprecation. Then they passed on, and Nixie, growing cold in the sudden extremity, turned and sped towards the depot.

The rail had been removed on a curve which was shaded on the west side by a high bank so that at half past five it was quite dusk there; and as the train always came in on a down grade, they came at full speed. So Nixie thought to herself, "I'm so glad I came, for now I'll hurry and telegraph to Stratford before the train comes by, and then we'll see, Mr Tramps, how your little scheme comes out."

She reached the office and looked at the clock. Five minutes to five! and the train left Stratford at 5:03. Well, eight minutes was more than plenty of time if she could "raise" Stratford. She grasped the key. "Sd–Sd–Sd," clicked the instrument. Never before was there so impatient an operator on that line. With her eyes on the clock, which seemed then, if ever, to say "Never—never—never—forever," she kept up the call. Somebody on the other side "broke her" twice, but she gave all the danger signals she could think of and kept on. The moments kept on—one, two, three, four, five—slowly pealed the old clock—each stroke an agony to the girl.

Meanwhile the agent at Stratford could not operate at all, and the boy who could and who served as general chore-boy about the place, had gone for the cows, and there was no one to answer the call on which so much depended.

A few minutes and it was too late, and Nixie was in a new dilemma.

Nixie closed the key in despair. She did not know the train signal, but seized the red flag under the old desk and ran for dear life—literally for the dear lives of her fellow creatures. Not until she got to the wrecked rail did she remember that she must go beyond the curve to stop them or she would be of no use. Already she heard the approaching train rumbling in the distance. Faster, faster she sped around the curve straight on up the track. She could see them now coming in. On they rushed, the great engine bent on destroying its precious freight. Nixie stopped in the midst of the track and frantically swung her red flag, but still the monster rushed toward her, showing no abatement of speed.

Meanwhile the engineer and fireman had seen the slight form of the girl, and the fireman stood aghast to see the engineer so utterly regardless of her.

"Stop, man!" he shouted, "don't you see the girl?"

"Yes," said the half drunk engineer "Why don't the little fool get out of the way? I'll teach her," and made no movement to stop.

Nixie waited with a shrinking heart—Oh, why did everything go against her? Was it the will of God that this dreadful thing must happen? The engine was close upon her and she ran up on a jutting rock by the railroad still waving her scarlet flag—but just as the engine came alongside of her she heard the sharp click of the call-bell in the engine and saw the fireman push the engineer aside and reverse the engine. The conductor, who had just seen her and excitedly pulled the bell-rope, jumped off and came towards her. But the reaction was too much for poor Nixie, and she could only gasp out, "Round the curve," and then she was a white heap with no sense of anything.

Passengers rushed out, and, after some had been at the curve and seen what the little girl had saved them from, no lady in the land could be so royally waited upon as she was when she had been lifted into the car and told modestly her little story. It was some time before the track was ready for the train to proceed, and, when Nixie got out at her own station, many kind hands pressed hers in farewell, and the conductor left something in her hand too, just as the train left saying, "You are the bravest little woman in the States."

Not until she had been in the office a good half hour with her father, who had got home from his lawsuit and wondered what made the train late and where Nixie had gone to—and told him all the story, did Nixie think to look at the packet: "Will Miss Eunice Markham accept the accompanying from the friends she so bravely saved August 23, 1880?"

The note was wrapped around $500 in bank notes.

"Oh, papa! now you can pay off the mortgage on the house," cried Nixie, and the father said:

"I declare, Nick, you get higher wages as agent than I do!"

The superintendent of the Q. & L. Railroad Company came down to Parkerstown that week, and soon after there was a vacancy in one of the best offices in the company in a neighboring city, and Mr Markham was tendered the situation. He accepted, "so Nixie can have the schooling she wants so much," he said, and to-day Miss Markham is one of the most promising pupils in the high school of that city. But more than ever is she the pride of her father's heart, who never tires of telling of the afternoon "his girl was station-agent.

But, after all, you would never take her for a heroine.

Farm and Garden

WOOD ASHES AS A FERTILIZER.—Wood ashes is the best fertilizer for the vegetable garden. They contain all the required elements of plant nutrition except nitrogen. One hundred pounds of wood ashes contains sixteen pounds of potash, three and a half pounds of soda, sixty-seven pounds of lime and magnesia, and five and a quarter pounds of phosphoric acid. No other fertilizer keeps fruit trees in such a healthy state as wood ashes.

RAISING LARGE POTATOES.—A superb lot of potatoes which was lately exhibited at a French exposition, and considered worth a gold medal, attracted a great deal of attention. The cultivator gave the following as his method of increasing the size of the tuber: When the young stems have attained about four inches in height, all of them excepting two of the central ones are cut away, and these two only allowed to grow. By means of this simple precaution the tubers become much larger than they are in ordinary cultivation.—*Vick's Magazine for December.*

OVER-ESTIMATES IN POULTRY.—Because poultry is claimed to pay large profits in proportion to the amounts invested therein, it does not follow that all who venture in the poultry business will get rich or make money. It requires capital to conduct great enterprises, and if large amounts are expected, large sums must be invested. It is a mistake to mislead persons into the belief that there are numerous profits in poultry. But few persons have large sums invested, and a test has never yet been made as to what could really be accomplished. Those who succeed know that it is the man or woman, and not always the birds that make it a success. Like any other business, one must thoroughly understand. Keeping a few flocks of fowls, and venturing upon the management of thousands, are different operations. A small flock can be well kept where thousands could not exist. Yet there are no impossibilities, and as we progress in the art of poultry-raising, the business becomes easier and more perfectly understood.—*American Agriculturist for January.*

CONTENTMENT ON THE FARM.—The farmers of to-day, as a rule, are as intelligent and independent as any other class of people, and there is no reason in the world why they should not be content with their lot, or why they should envy the professions, or even the gentlemen of leisure of the cities. The city people have their troubles and heartaches that the farmer knows not of. Many of them can scarcely get along, and their pride leads them to imitate their more wealthy neighbors, so they pinch and stint at home so they can appear well when they go out in company or on the street; yet at heart they suffer and hope on and on, but their hopes are seldom realized. The merchant and manufacturer watch the crops as anxiously as does the farmer, and if there is a failure they get the blues as badly, if not worse, than the farmer. They depend upon the crops of the farmer for their success in trade. If the crops fail, there are long faces all around in every branch of business. The minister, and the lawyer too, have their troubles; if the flock fail to give support or the client fails to come around, there are care and anxiety, if not worse. But the farmer who is fortunate enough to own a small farm is sure of enough to eat for himself and family, and of the best, too, if he desires. He may not become wealthy; but so sure as the sun shines and the rains and dews come down from heaven in their good time, he need not suffer or even want. We believe in the country, we believe in the farm, and the farmer that is wise will be content with his condition and stick by his farm, and let no other notion drive him from it to the store.—*City and Country.*

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economonical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St. N. Y. (13-11-85)

ONTARIO MUTUAL

LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

DOMINION DEPOSIT $100,000

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

The following example of a Ten Year Endowment Matured and Paid will show the advantage of insuring this Company;

No 1149. JAMES FOREST, Guelph.

$1000. Age 42. Annual Premium $92 04

In the following statement the premiums are such as were paid after being reduced by surplus. The right hand column gives the interest compounded at 5 per cent till the day the Policy was paid.

1st prem	$92 04	10 yrs	comp.	int	$57 88
2d "	92 04	9	"	"	50 74
3d "	92 04	8	"	"	43 94
4th "	76 30	7	"	"	31 94
5th "	69 34	6	"	"	23 58
6th "	66 30	5	"	"	18 31
7th "	57 36	4	"	"	12 36
8th "	57 34	3	"	"	9 03
9th "	66 12	2	"	"	6 77
10th "	64 47	1	"	"	3 23

Total Prem's $733 33 Interest $256 90

Amount of Policy paid . $1,000 00

" of 10th yr's surplus paid 27 57

Total paid to Mr Forest, $1,027 57

Prem's pd by Mr Forest $733 35

Comp int on same at 5% 256 90 990 25

$37 32

As an investment Mr Forest's Policy returned $37 32 more than all premiums paid by him, with compound interest at 5% added, in addition to his risk, or assurance of $1,000, for ten years from age 42 to 52.

Full information at Avonport, N. S.

J. B. Newcomb,

General Agent for Nova Scotia

Avonport, July 6th, 1886

REV. J. B HEMMEON, Special Agent.

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"Harpers Monthly" for August Says

C. B. Lewis (M Quad) is perhaps the most unique and genuine humorist this country has produced. * * He is naturally 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.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE!

Send order to THE ACADIAN

Wolfville, N.S.