

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

No. 11.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1885.

Vol. V.

THE ACADIAN.

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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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 to be made in advance. The Acadian is not responsible for the contents of advertisements inserted in its columns.

The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day, are cordially solicited. The names 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 arrears, 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 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 5:30 p. m.
Kentville close at 7:30 p. m.
Geo. V. Ross, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12, except on Bank Holiday.

Churches.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. B. D. 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. Wilson, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a. m. Sabbath school at 10:30 a. 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 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 10:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

B. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville. Division Week-day is held in the above Church as follows:
Sunday, Mattins and Sermon at 11 a. m. Evening and Sermon at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school commences every Sunday morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.

JO BINGLES, A. B. Rector, (Divinity Student of King's College).

By GEORGE LOUGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 8 o'clock p. m.
J. B. Davison, Secretary.

Masonic.

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Oddfellows.

"CORBETT'S" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., 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

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.

JORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

JORDEN, 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.

HEBBIN, 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, G.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

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

PRATT, 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.

ROOD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Briages. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

DAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLIPP, B. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Groceries, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Baker and Tobacco Dealer.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WESTON BOOK & NEWS CO.—Booksellers, Stationers, and News-dealers.

WITTER, BURRUP—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAB.—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.

B. C. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative
PAINTER.
English Paint Stock a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 29. Sept. 19th 1884.

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

W. B. SELL,
CORNWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. B. THES LUMBER, LATHES, CAN-
NED LOBSTERS, MACKER-
EL, FROZEN FISH,
POTATOES, FISH, ETC.
Best prices for all Shipments.
Write fully for Quotations.
HATHAWAY & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.
Members of the Board of Trade,
Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

50 Newly imported Verre & Mottos 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 a 3c stamp and this slip. A. W. KIRBY, Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

The Three Fishers.

Three fishers went out sailing into the west—
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to keep.
Though the harbor bar be moaning—
Three wives sat up in the light-house tower
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall and they looked on
And the night-track came rolling up,
ragged and brown;
But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning—
Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down
And the women are weeping and wringing
their hands,
For those who will never come back
To the town;
And men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning—
—Charles Kingsley

Child-Nature.

A man may be noble and great,
And a woman tender and pure,
But their knowledge, if deeper, is less divine
Than childhood's innocent lore,
Ah! why should we wonder at this?
For God on the little ones smiled,
And we often lose with the lapse of years
The flawless faith of a child.
A man may be gallant and gay,
And a woman joyous and bright,
But they seldom keep through the waning
years
The position of pure delight,
Ah! why should we wonder at this?
For God on the little ones smiled,
And a harmless lightning of laughter plays
Round the gleamings of a child.
Then happy are those who cherish
Youth's hopes and its floating tears,
And soon clear signs of their childhood
Keep
Through a circle of changeful years.
Ah! why should we wonder at this?
For God on the little ones smiled,
And the heads of the Wise Men bent
above
The cradle that held a child.
—William H. Payne.

Interesting Story.

Rachel.

A TRUE STORY OF WESTERN FARM LIFE.

It was the middle of a short December afternoon. From the scholars in the little log schoolhouse in the Stillman district rose a buzzing sound as they bent over their desks, intent on looks or mischief, as the case might be. The teacher, a good-looking young man of twenty or thereabouts, was busy with a class in arithmetic when a shrill voice called out:
"Teacher, Rachel Stillman's reading story book."
"Bring the book to me, Rachel," said the teacher quietly, and the delinquent, a girl of about fourteen, slowly rose, and walking to him placed a much worn, ancient-looking volume in his hands. "Why," he said, glancing at the open page, "it is the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' No wonder you are interested, Rachel. But you must not read it during school hours."
The child lifted to his face a pair of large blue eyes, beautiful with their timid wisdom, as she replied:
"I know I oughtn't, sir, but I wanted to see how they got out of Doubting Castle so bad."
He smiled. "I will give you the book," he said, "after school, then you can read it to-night at home."
"Oh, no," she whispered, "father won't let me read story books."
"He surely would not object to this book," answered the young teacher, "but I will keep it until recess to-morrow morning, and never fear! Christian and Hopeful will outwit the old giant yet."
The wistful eyes lighted, and with a grateful smile Rachel returned to her desk.
"First class in spelling, take your places," called the teacher. Rachel belonged to this class, as did all the larger scholars, among whom was her brother Thomas, two years older than

herself. The teacher had promised a prize at the end of the term to the member of the class obtaining the greatest number of head-marks, and consequently a good deal of interest was taken in the lessons. Rachel had been at the head of the class the evening before, therefore she now took her station at the foot. Tom, her brother, was "head," and for some time no change in position was made, but finally "somebody blundered," and Rachel, who was one of the good spellers, went up in the long line. Presently another hard word was missed, and this time Rachel walked to the head. Tom gave her a spiteful push. "Another mark, Rachel," said the teacher, "for that is the last word." The class resumed their seats, and in a few minutes school was dismissed for the day. "Good evening," said the teacher as Rachel and her sister, a pretty, delicate-looking child of ten, passed him at the school room door, "now don't worry about Christian, Rachel."
"I won't," she answered, laughing. "I guess he'll get out. Didn't he stand up to old Apollyon?"
"Like a good one," said the teacher. "Hope I'll come off as well."
She looked at him inquiringly, but he turned to his desk again, and the sisters set out on their half-mile walk home. Let us precede them and see what manner of home it is to which these children belong. The farm is a large one; the buildings substantial, and everything has a prosperous, well-to-do look. Mr. Stillman, the owner of these broad acres, and father of these three, Tom, Rachel, and Susy, as well as of three more girls and another stalwart son, is a stout, comfortable-looking man of forty-five or fifty years; comfortable to look at, but a glance at his close, thin lips and keen gray eyes, would convince an observant person that he could and would make it very uncomfortable for any person in his power who might differ from him in opinion or venture to dispute his authority. Just now he is chatting pleasantly about to-morrow's work with his hired man, and pays no attention to the children who pass him on their way to the house.
Indoors Mrs. Stillman, a slender, fair-haired woman who looks as if she owed the world an apology for being in it, is preparing supper, being assisted by her two daughters, Elizabeth, a sad-faced woman of 24 and Margaret, a girl of 18, with her father's determined mouth and chin and her mother's large blue eyes and fair hair.
The clock struck four as the school girls entered the kitchen, a large room, which in winter did duty as both dining room and kitchen.
"Run in the room, girls," said the mother, "and get 'em; supper is about ready."
"Oh, we're not cold, mother," said Rachel. "Let me hang up your things, Susy. Mother I got another head mark."
The mother smiled. "I hope you or Tom will get the prize," she said, "where is he?"
She was interrupted by a stamping of feet as the door was thrown open and the men, followed by Tom, entered the kitchen.
"Supper is ready," said Mrs. Stillman. "We were just going to call you."
"Well, I guess I'll keep till we're ready," said Mr. Stillman, roughly. "Rachel, bring some water. The bucket is empty, of course. Margaret, where's the washbasin? Pity there wasn't two or three more girls lay 'bout."
Nobody answered this tirade. The hired man picked up the basin, Margaret handed a towel, Rachel came with the water and soon the family gathered about the well-spread table.
"I tell you," remarked Mr. Stillman, after a few mouthfuls of savory food had put him in apparently a better humor, "I think we'll have fine weather for hog killing by next week, and I never had a letter lot of hogs, either."
"Oh, father," said Margaret, "detected butcher next week. Friday is Christmas and—"
"Christmas," interrupted her father. "Well, don't we always butcher then?"
"Yes, I know," answered the girl, her lips trembling in spite of her effort to control herself, "but, father, we never enjoyed the holidays and I thought maybe this year—"
"We will do this year as we always have," broke in the father angrily. "I suppose," with a look at his wife that made the poor woman shrink as from a blow, "this is some of your plans. You and the girls want to go gadding around the country."
"Mother never said anything about it," said Margaret her temper rising. "But nobody else takes Christmas time to do their hardest and dirtiest work."
"Will you hush?" thundered the father. "What do I care how anybody else does; I am master here."
Nobody spoke again. The assertion was not to be disputed. He was master and well his wife and daughter knew it. Poor Mrs. Stillman. Two fortunate baby girls had died a few weeks after their birth and the tears the mother shed over the little coffins were not half so bitter as those that fell on their innocent faces when first they were laid on her bosom.
When on this evening the father had proved his authority his two elder daughters rose from the table and taking a couple of large buckets, went quietly out of the house, and going to the barnyard, proceeded to milk the half-dozen cows awaiting them. It was pretty dark and cold, but no words were spoken except to the animals, as the girls hurried through the milking and hastened back to the kitchen where Rachel and the mother cleared away the supper things and made needful preparations for next morning's breakfast.
When the milk had been put away and all things were in order, Mrs. Stillman and her daughters entered the large room adjoining the kitchen, which was used as a bedroom by the parents, and sitting-room for the family, Mr. Stillman not permitting a fire kept in any other room in the house.
Mrs. Stillman sat down, knitting in hand, as close to the corner as possible. Elizabeth and Margaret brought out a huge basket of rags and went to work mending and sewing carpet balls. The younger children were busy with their lessons at the table, where the father sat reading his newspaper. All were silent, for to have spoken while father was reading would have brought a torrent of wrath on the head of the offender. At last, however, Mr. Stillman laid down his paper, and addressing Tom, said:
"Well, how did you get along at school, to-day?"
"Oh, first-rate," said the boy, in whose mind that lost head mark rankled; "but Rachel was called up."
"How was that, Rachel?" said the father, sharply. "Poor girl! deep in the mysteries of 'long division,' she did not answer."
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Nobody spoke again. The assertion was not to be disputed. He was master and well his wife and daughter knew it. Poor Mrs. Stillman. Two fortunate baby girls had died a few weeks after their birth and the tears the mother shed over the little coffins were not half so bitter as those that fell on their innocent faces when first they were laid on her bosom.
When on this evening the father had proved his authority his two elder daughters rose from the table and taking a couple of large buckets, went quietly out of the house, and going to the barnyard, proceeded to milk the half-dozen cows awaiting them. It was pretty dark and cold, but no words were spoken except to the animals, as the girls hurried through the milking and hastened back to the kitchen where Rachel and the mother cleared away the supper things and made needful preparations for next morning's breakfast.
When the milk had been put away and all things were in order, Mrs. Stillman and her daughters entered the large room adjoining the kitchen, which was used as a bedroom by the parents, and sitting-room for the family, Mr. Stillman not permitting a fire kept in any other room in the house.
Mrs. Stillman sat down, knitting in hand, as close to the corner as possible. Elizabeth and Margaret brought out a huge basket of rags and went to work mending and sewing carpet balls. The younger children were busy with their lessons at the table, where the father sat reading his newspaper. All were silent, for to have spoken while father was reading would have brought a torrent of wrath on the head of the offender. At last, however, Mr. Stillman laid down his paper, and addressing Tom, said:
"Well, how did you get along at school, to-day?"
"Oh, first-rate," said the boy, in whose mind that lost head mark rankled; "but Rachel was called up."
"How was that, Rachel?" said the father, sharply. "Poor girl! deep in the mysteries of 'long division,' she did not answer."
"Rachel," he repeated, "what were you called up for in school to-day?"
She glanced up respectfully at Tom. "I was reading in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' just a little, father. It's not a story, it's—"
"Never mind what it is," interrupted the father; "I send you to school to study your school books, and I don't want to hear of your touching any others."
"May I bring it home?" faltered the child.
"Bring it home, indeed! No, ma'am. I guess you can find enough to do at home. 'Not a word now,' as he saw her about to speak, 'or you stay home for good."
The child bent over her slate, but her tears would fall, and at last a sob burst forth in spite of her.
"Close out to bed this minute, Rachel," said her father, "I want no snivelling here."
Upstairs in the cold, dark room, what bitter thoughts surged through the childish brain.
Mr. Stillman loved his wife and children, although you may not think so. He wanted them to be happy, but in his way. He must choose their pleasures. If they could not find pleasures in the things that pleased him it was not his fault. It was their own fault. And as no two souls are alike, the attempt to fit a number of them by the same pattern necessarily caused a good deal of pain to the souls undergoing the trying operation. Mrs. Stillman's sensitive organization was completely crushed by her eldest daughter's nearly so. Martha, the second

daughter, refusing to be shaped, had escaped by marrying a clever young hired man, who pitied and then loved the pretty daughter of his employer, and persuaded her that by eloping with him she would be more happily situated at all events than she was at home. The mesalliance angered Mr. Stillman greatly, and since the marriage, which had taken place a year ago, all intercourse with the disobedient daughter had been forbidden.
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