

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

No. 11.

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

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 must be made by order of the advertiser, or 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.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day sent to the ACADIAN, must be accompanied by the name of the contributor, and it is not responsible for the return of articles, unless accompanied by a return address.

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 is *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 5:30 p. m.
Kentville close at 7:30 p. m.
Geo. V. East, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

Churches.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. B. D. Ross, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 8:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

WESLEYAN CHURCH.—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. and on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

B. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:
Sunday, Matins and Person at 11 a. m. Evensong and Person at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school commences every Sunday morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.
J. O. Higgins, M. A. Rector.
Robert W. Hudgel, (Divinity Student of King's College).

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

Oddfellows.

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

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION OF T. M. S. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8 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.

GOFFREY, 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.

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

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

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

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

DAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

NEPPE, 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 Newsdealers.

WITTEK, BURPPE—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,
CORWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. B. TIES, LUMBER, LATHES, CANNED LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, 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.

Newly imported Verre & Motta all Chrome Cans, 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 at the sun went
down;
Each thought of the women who loved
him best,
And the children stood watching them
at the shore;
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
at the shore;
And the night 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;
For 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 love,
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 wan-
ing years
The passion 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 gleaming lips of a child.
Then happy are those who cherish
Youth's hopes and its fleeting tears,
And some dear signs of their childhood
Keep
Through a circle of changing 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.

The clock struck four as the school
girls entered the kitchen, a large room,
which in winter did duty as both din-
ing-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, Susan. 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, en-
tered the kitchen.
"Supper is ready," said Mrs. Still-
man. "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 buck-
et 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, Marg-
aret 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 fried
buck had put him in apparently a better
humor, 'I think we'll have five wash-
ers for leg killing by next week, and I
never had a letter lot of hops, either."
"Oh, father," said Margaret, "detest-
able butcher next week. Friday is Chrus-
mas 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 repress 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 mas-
ter and well his wife and daughter knew
it. Poor Mrs. Stillman. Two fortune-
telling baby girls had died a few weeks
after their birth and the tears the moth-
er 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 tak-
ing 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 break-
fast.
When the milk had been put away
and all things were in order, Mrs. Still-
man 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. Still-
man laid down his paper, and address-
ing 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 reproachfully 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
unrulying 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
the same, the attempt to fit a number of
children into 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 daugh-
ter'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,
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mesalliance angered Mr. Stillman great-
ly, and since their marriage, which had
taken place a year ago, all intercourse
with the disobedient daughter had
been forbidden.
"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 mas-
ter and well his wife and daughter knew
it. Poor Mrs. Stillman. Two fortune-
telling baby girls had died a few weeks
after their birth and the tears the moth-
er 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 tak-
ing 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 break-
fast.
When the milk had been put away
and all things were in order, Mrs. Still-
man 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. Still-
man laid down his paper, and address-
ing 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 reproachfully 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
unrulying 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
the same, the attempt to fit a number of
children into 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 daugh-
ter's nearly so. Martha, the second