

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1887.

No. 49

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.

Newspaper 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 name may be written in a fictitious signature.

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

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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. Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A. M.
Express west close at 10:30 A. M.
Express east close at 5:30 P. M.
Kentville close at 7:30 P. M.
Gen. V. Road, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

Churches.

FREEMASONS CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 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 9:30 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Fred F. Higgins, 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. 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, F. & A. M., meet at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M. J. B. Davidson, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets every Saturday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH

THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

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 sent in advance.

Relatives inform us that we may expect a visit this summer from the terrible scourge, cholera. West's Pain King is the remedy to keep. Always ready for a sudden attack. 75c. All druggists

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use your 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, Color 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.

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 and Repairer.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

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

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 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!
Remove it is impossible to take.
IT CURES
LIVER COMPLAINT,
BILIOUS DISORDERS,
ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
BILIOUS HEADACHE,
CONSTIPATION OF COSTIVES.

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 BALSAK

25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

Select Poetry.

IN PERFECT PEACE.

Like strains of music soft and low,
That break upon a troubled sleep,
I hear the promise, old and new,
God will his faithful children keep
"In perfect peace."

From out the thoughtless, wreck-strung past,
From unknown years that silent wait,
Amid earth's wild regret there comes
The promise with its precious freight:
"In perfect peace."

Above the clash of party strife,
The surge of life's unending sea,
Through sobs of pain and songs of mirth,
Through hours of toil that flout to me:
"In perfect peace."

It stills the questionings and doubts,
The nameless fears that throng the soul;
It speaks of love unchanging, sure,
And evermore its echoes roll:
"In perfect peace."

"In perfect peace." Oh, loving Christ!
When falls death's twilight gray and cold,
And flowers of earth shall droop and fade,
Keep thou thy children, as of old,
"In perfect peace."

And through the glad, eternal years,
Beyond the seen and blame of men,
The heart that served me here may know
The rest that passeth human ken
"Thy perfect peace."

Interesting Story.

ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

"ACCIDENT.—An extra freight train on the B. & C. R. R. was wrecked last night by a broken bridge just beyond Carlyle. A son of Hon. Carlton Ballou was on the train, but fortunately escaped injury. A brakeman by the name of Marshall was the only person killed."

It was only a short despatch, cast into one corner of the morning paper, and a score or two of others, but it interested me; for I knew the whole brave story so well, and I felt in my heart almost a hatred for the writer who had done such injustice to a noble life and overlooked so grand a deed.

I was only the night operator at Carlyle—not a very exalted position, perhaps, but yet one of considerable responsibility and trust. From seven in the evening till the same hour in the morning I held in the hollow of my hand the lives of almost every man passing over our division of the road.

I remember one night when I was sitting alone in my little cramped-up office, and listening, from mere force of habit to the various messages as they went clicking by to the other stations on the road. The last train for several hours—the freight accommodation from Brighton—had been in for some time, and I had nothing to disturb me but my thoughts.

"Well, Billy, how's number five?" a voice suddenly asked, as the outside door was pushed ajar.

"One hour late," I replied hastily; and then looking up, I saw Tom Marshall, a brakeman on the last freight, filling up the doorway. "Come inside and have a chair, Tom," I added, as I recognized the face of my questioner.

"Only for a moment to-night," he answered me, and sat down at my invitation, and his lantern resting between his feet on the floor. "I have a call to make this evening and must wash and fix up a little first."

"Where away to-night, Tom? Not up on the hill again, surely?" He nodded his head in affirmative, his eyes fixed upon my table, where the instruments were ticking away.

"Of course it's none of my business, my boy; but it seems to me you go to the great white house too often of late. Ballou might object, 'tis said they are engaged, you know." And I looked up at his strong Saxon face from where I lay stretched on a bench by the wall.

"I think they are mistaken about that, Billy; but Ballou has more opportunities than I can enjoy," he replied very slowly. "I only get in here two nights a week, you know; but I do the best I can."

"Then is it serious, Tom?" I asked, for I liked this broad-shouldered, fair-haired fellow, brakeman though he was.

"I'm afraid it is with me, Billy," he replied his eyes resting steadfastly at the lantern between his feet. "But, good night, I must go; will see you again as I come in." And the heavy door closed behind him.

As I sat there alone in my office after he had gone, I thought of all

these things—thought them over again and again. I had known Tom for two years and I liked the boy. I knew, or thought I knew, Kate Carr up in the big white house on the hill. A proud girl in her way—proud of her father's riches, her own beauty, and the dozen suitors who had knelt at her feet. Ever since Tom first sought her society I wondered at his welcome. It seemed so strange a thing to me that one so proud of her position, so thoroughly a slave to society as Kate Carr appeared to be, should so openly encourage the attentions of a mere freight brakeman—a man of whose family connections we knew nothing, and whose only wealth was his monthly pay. Still Tom was a young and good-looking fellow enough, and, perhaps, after all, she was a little vain at having so handsome a suitor, even though so poor, to add to her string of victims. I never could believe that she had the heart to return his great, honest love, and be willing to exchange all her hopes and pride for his sake; and then, besides, rumor had it that George Ballou, the son of a rich banker of a neighboring town, had already gained her promise, and that many things which had fallen under my notice, I began to believe that rumor for once was right. And Tom loved her, and I thought it over all night, when I was not busy, and wondered in my own heart how it would end.

Tom never came back to the depot that night, though I looked for him, and his train left eastward while I was taking my breakfast at the hotel the place afforded, and I caught a glimpse of him as they swung around the curve. I afterwards heard the whole story from his lips, but I can tell it best for myself.

From his car he passed up the long hill to where the lights of the Carr mansion were twinkling among the trees, determined to learn his fate from the owner of his girl that very night. The parlor windows were dark when he ascended the stone steps and rang the bell, and the servant who answered it, recognizing his face, told him he would find Miss Kate in the garden.

In the moonlight, dreaming the evergreen dream of love, he passed with quick step down the gravel path by the well-trimmed flower-beds to where the summer-house, thickly shaded by clinging vines, stood at the further end. This was her favorite resting-place, and many a pleasant hour came flooding his mind, passed there with her—his queen.

As he approached now, he was surprised to hear, borne on the still night air, the tone of voices in earnest conversation. In all Tom's nature there was nothing cowardly, nothing base; but his own name, spoken in a man's deep voice, caused him to halt almost without knowing he did so.

"I naturally supposed from all I saw and heard that you cared for Marshall?"

It was almost a question, and the silent listener outside in the moonlight bent forward to catch the low tones of the reply.

"Oh, George, how could you? Why, he's nothing but a freight-brakeman! What would papa say if he heard that?"

"It was the soft, tender voice of Kate.

"And you truly only cared for me, darling?"

"I only loved you, George."

That was all; and the strong man who listened, whose only crime was poverty, turned back quietly in the darkness—turned back through the low hedge and back into the moonlit road, with a pale face and heavy heart. He had loved her with all the grand strength of his strong, manly nature—he never knew how much before, as he did now, alone in his misery, his suffering, and those cold, heartless, stinging words, "He is only a freight-brakeman," ringing in his ears with every heavy step he took. B was poor, was nothing but a brakeman, had neither wealth nor lineage of which to boast; but after all, he was a man, and like one he suffered his loss—suffered through the long still night, patiently and silently.

As the long summer days faded into the shorter ones of early fall, and his train passed back and forth by the station on its daily trips, I watched

Tom, and knowing so much as I did, I could read his sufferings, though he tried so bravely to hide it all and to appear "outwardly as cheerful and light-hearted as ever. Poor Tom! the blow was a hard one struck by her little hand, and the strong man bent beneath it, whether he would or no.

It was nearly winter when the end finally came, and that ending was indeed terrible.

For several weeks heavy storms had been raging along the entire line of road, and many fears were expressed by the railway officials about the safety of the road-bed between Carlyle and Farmersville, the next station east.

All along those few miles were heavy grades and numerous small bridges and culverts already loosened by previous storms. That night when I went on duty it was raining hard—a blowing, bitter rain, blown here and there by gusts of heavy wind. The night itself was intensely black from swiftly-succeeding clouds, broken now and then by vivid glares of forked lightning that seemed almost to tear them in twain. My instruments were almost unmanageable, owing to the electricity in the air, but about midnight a message came through in jerks from the division superintendent at Bolton:—

"Send Bond with extra east, to report track at Farmersville for number two. Move cautiously."
W. B. C."

Bond was Tom's conductor and I handed the order to him immediately. An engine was ready at hand, and they soon had the short train of ten cars made up in the yard. Just as the engine backed down from the tank and was being coupled on, George Ballou, huddled up to his chin, and holding a small leather valve in his hand, came hurriedly around the edge of the depot building.

"Bond, don't go!" he cried, as with a few rapid blows he cut aside the broken seat which pinned his rival to the floor of the car. "Quick!" for he felt the car settling, and heard the groaning of the timber giving way. "Call, catch him!" and grasped by strong hands, Ballou was pulled to the ground above—then, with lurch and crash of breaking timber, the heavy car plunged downward on to the rocks, splintered on their sharp points and dashed to pieces.

Just as the morning came, they found Tom lying there, crushed out of all shape, between two great timbers.

"She loved him, she loved him!" was all he said; and, as the sun came up over the high bank, he breathed his last in Cal Bond's arms.

They brought him up to the depot and laid him reverently in the great ladies' waiting-room, and as the railroad men bore him by my window, some one in the crowd said,—

"How lucky that only a brakeman was killed."

Some way it seems to me that great-hearted Tom Marshall has gone home to a Father who never looks to the grimy clothes and the weather-beaten faces of his children, but rewards them according to their deeds. If so, his must be an exceedingly great reward.

Hopeless.

"And you don't think anything can be done for me, doctor?"

What a world of pathetic entreaty there was in the trembling voice that spoke the pleading words! One thin, white hand was lifted weakly and laid imploringly on the doctor's arm as he sat by the little white bed in the woman's ward of a city hospital.

"I'll take anything you want to give me, doctor; I'll stand any kind of an operation without a murmur if you'll only try to save me, doctor."

"I will try," said the doctor, kindly, but those who heard him say it knew that there was no hope for the poor young girl who had been brought in bruised and bleeding from the city streets.

"A fuller tearin' down the street with a fast team run over her as she turned the corner," the men said who brought her in and laid her down with just a little spark of life left in her frail little body that had for years been buffeted about on the sea of adversity beneath the waves of which so many human hearts go down.

Her pricked fingers told that she was a seamstress. Her thin and faded garments told that she was poor.

"I'll tell you how it is, doctor," she said, entreatingly, "I don't mind it for myself. If there was only me I wouldn't ask you to try to pull me through, but oh, doctor, doctor, there's mother, and little Jim, and baby Ruthie. I'm all they've got to take care of 'em. Mother hasn't set up a whole day for years, Jim's only five years old, and the baby is just old enough to walk. Father 'died in the

spring, and, as I've said, I'm all they've got, so you see I can't die, doctor; I mustn't die yet. You will save me, won't you, doctor?"

"If I can," said the doctor in that same hopeless tone.

The thin white hand stroked his coat gently; the weak, childish voice ran on.

"I don't know what *could* become of mother and the children if you *couldn't* save me. Jimmie is real good and does everything he can; but he's only five years old and you know he can't do much. Poor little fellow. He'd be so sorry for sister if he knew she'd been hurt. Now, doctor, please get me up just as soon as you can, won't you? You know it's coming Christmas time and I've promised Jimmie a pair of new boots *sure*. I must get them in some way. How soon can I go about my work?"

"Don't think of that now," said the doctor gravely.

"But I *must* think of it, doctor. See, there's only sixty cents in my purse, and that's all there is in the world between us and starvation—that and me. I've got steady work now until January and I *can't* lose a day or Jimmie's won't get those boots. I—"

Her eyes closed wearily. The white hand fell listlessly from the doctor's sleeve. Her mind wandered.

"I'll be sure to get them, Jimmie, dear," she said tenderly. "Be a good boy always when sister is away, and mind mother and baby carefully. You're such a little helper to sister; you—how am I now, doctor?"

He bent tenderly over her, but said nothing. There were tears in his eyes and his bearded lip trembled.

"Is her case quite hopeless?" whispered an attendant, stepping softly toward the bed.

The doctor lifted a finger warningly, and bent closer to the white face. An instant later he lifted his head and said solemnly:

"Yes, quite hopeless; she is dead."
—Detroit Free Press.

"Is there any one hurt, Cal?" Tom asked, anxiously, as he finally found the conductor standing alone in the rain beside the track.

"No; all out safe, I think—close call, though, Tom; awful wreck! I never saw a worse in thirty years!"

"Help me! help!"

The cry rang out shrill and agonizing from the suspended caboose below them.

"Help!" it cried again. "I'm wedged in! Be quick!"

It was Ballou's voice, beyond a doubt.

"Give me the axe!" and seizing the weapon, Tom sprang out into the tottering car and dropped down through a shattered window. He knew the slender, trembling timber could not sustain that weight long. He knew he was going to almost certain death. He knew a moment's delay might rid him of one who had won from him the woman he loved. It was a moment for vengeance, but he forgot it all. He knew a moment's delay and all of George Ballou would be a dead, mangled body. But he never hesitated, never doubted what to do. He was only a brakeman, but he was willing to sacrifice his own life, wreck his happiness, to save the man Kate Carr loved. A martyr, you say—a hero. No; how could he be? You forgot he was but a brakeman.

"Here, quick!" he cried, as with a few rapid blows he cut aside the broken seat which pinned his rival to the floor of the car. "Quick!" for he felt the car settling, and heard the groaning of the timber giving way. "Call, catch him!" and grasped by strong hands, Ballou was pulled to the ground above—then, with lurch and crash of breaking timber, the heavy car plunged downward on to the rocks, splintered on their sharp points and dashed to pieces.

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SCROFULA

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent result than any medicine ever used.—E. H. Hutter, No. 10, Littleton, Colo.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for several years, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary D. Amesbury, Hooksett, N. H.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in a few months was cured. I can now eat and sleep as usual, and feel much better than I did. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Miss Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Catarrh, and Erysipelas, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Miss Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

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