

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

WE WISH YOU ALL A VERY "MERRIE CHRISTMAS"!

Vol. VI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1886.

No. 19

## THE ACADIAN.

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

New communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The editor 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  
DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. A. Smith, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a.m. and 7:00 p.m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p.m. and Thursday at 7:30 p.m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal). Services next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock at 7. Mr. J. W. Fallerton, of King's College, is Curate.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. F.—Mass 11:00 a.m. the last Sunday of each month.

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J. K. DAVISON, Secretary.

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**Temperance.**  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

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**OUR JOB ROOM**  
IS SUPPLIED WITH  
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**JOB PRINTING**  
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Every Description

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**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 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.**—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.

**BROWN, J. L.**—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.

**HARRIS, O. D.**—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

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

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**KELLEY, THOMAS.**—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

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

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

**PRATT, R.**—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

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

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**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.**

**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.

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WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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Wolfville, Oct. 9, A. D. 1885.  
E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

**CARD.**

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

**L. B. C. S. E., & L. M., Edinr.**

**AND**

**DR. G. H. DEWOLF, M. D.,**  
M. B., C. M., & L. M., Edinr.  
Wolfville, Oct. 8th, 1886 3rd pd

## Select Poetry.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

This happy day, when risen sun  
Shall set not through eternity,  
This holy day when Christ the Lord,  
Took on him our humanity,  
For little children everywhere  
A joyous season still we make,  
We bring our precious gifts to them,  
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.  
—Phoebe Cary.

## Interesting Story.

**DAISY LOVELL'S CHRISTMAS EVE.**

"Mamma," said Daisy Lovell, "may I have the box of water-colors?" Please don't ask what I'm going to paint," she added, quickly.

"You may have them, Daisy," answered her mother, with a smile; "and although I am very curious, I will not ask a single question."

It was Christmas-eve. The room Daisy and her mother occupied was long and low, with great oak beams across the ceiling. The windows had deep sills, and there were cupboards built in the corners. Everything in the room was old and almost worn out, but very neat.

"Where are you going, mamma?" asked Daisy, in some surprise, as her mother threw on her cloak.

"I am going to the village to buy a few things," replied her mother; "and Mrs. King have some business there to-night, and have offered to take me. I shall be away a long time, perhaps two or three hours. You will not be afraid?"

"Oh, no, I shall not, mamma."

"I wish there were some children living near!" said Mrs. Lovell, looking at Daisy thoughtfully.

"So do I, mamma," replied Daisy. "Then I could have a Christmas party, couldn't I?"

Mrs. Lovell passed her hand over Daisy's hair gently without speaking.

"Oh, mamma," said Daisy, suddenly, "I saw Mr. Ashleigh's sleigh go by just before dark. It had four gray horses harnessed to it, and each horse had a plume of white and yellow on a silver thing over its head. How lovely they looked! The silver bells around their necks jingled when they tossed their heads, and the plumes waved backward. The sleigh is large enough to hold ten or twelve people, but there was no one in it but old Mr. Ashleigh, bundled up in the big white fur robes. I was crossing the bridge when they came past, and I watched them go up the steep hill on the other side. Where do you think they are going, mamma?"

"I think he must have been going to Plattsburg to meet the train," replied her mother; "for every Christmas-eve Mr. Ashleigh's children come from all directions to spend the holidays with him."

"Why don't they live at home with their father and mother?" asked Daisy.

"I suppose there are too many of them now," said Mrs. Lovell with a smile.

"Did you ever have any brothers or sisters, mamma?" asked Daisy.

"Yes, dear," replied her mother, moving nearer to the fire, and leaning over her head upon her hand sadly.

Daisy moved closer to her mother's side, and began patting her cheek gently.

"Mamma," said she, softly, "what are you thinking about? You look so very, very sorry."

"I was thinking about my brother Alfred," replied her mother. "He was fifteen years older than I, but we loved each other dearly, and he was my constant companion until one day a friend persuaded him to go to Australia. It was Christmas-eve, twenty years ago, that he left home. The wind blew and howled about the house exactly as it does to-night. He was sitting in this very chair. I remember how I sobbed and cried, and coaxed him not to go. He cried too, poor fellow, as he took me on his knee and kissed me. 'A year will soon pass, Annie,' he whispered: 'I will come back on Christmas-eve; watch for me.'"

"Well, mamma?" asked Daisy, as her mother paused.

"I watched for him, dear, not only the next year, but many more. He never came back."

"Was that before grandpapa died," asked Daisy, softly.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Lovell. "My father and mother died two years after, and I went with my aunt to England, where I was married."

"Then, when papa died, did you come back to your old home because you loved it so?" said Daisy.

"Yes, dear," replied her mother. "Did Mr. King and Mr. Ashleigh live here when you were a little girl?" asked Daisy.

"Mr. King did," said her mother; "but Mr. Ashleigh's house was built only five years ago."

"Here is the wagon, mamma," cried Daisy, running to open the door. But the wind tore it from her hand and dashed it against the wall.

"Almost blown away, Daisy?" said a man's voice in the darkness. "Is your mother ready, dear?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Lovell, hurrying to the door; but I had no idea we should have such weather as this."

"It is rather sudden," replied Mr. King; "the wind rose after sundown. About an hour ago the big elm at the back of my house was uprooted. We have not had such a gale for years."

"Good-bye, Daisy," said her mother. The little girl kissed her fondly. Then she returned to the warm room, and stood for several minutes thinking over the story of her mother's lost brother. Finally, lifting up the pillow of a lounge, she took out a small box which was concealed there.

"This is the first time in my life," said Daisy to herself, "that I ever remember being glad to be alone; but now I can finish mamma's present without hiding it every moment."

She drew her chair up to the table, and opening the box took from it a small but very neatly made needle-book. It was intended for a Christmas gift to her mother, and had cost Daisy many hours of hard work before it was completed.

"Now," said Daisy, examining it carefully, "I have nothing to do but stitch this cover and sew on the ribbon. After that I will print mamma's name on a card, so that she will know it is for her."

The ribbon was soon arranged to suit her, and now came the most difficult part of her work.

Daisy wanted to print the name in different colors, so as to make it look bright and showy. Card after card she tore up and threw away. The letters would not come straight. She was quite warm and tired with her efforts, when she discovered that the card in her hand was the last.

"This will have to do then," said she, with a sigh. "I think mamma can read it, although the letters are all different sizes."

Daisy was just wondering whether a border of red around the card might not improve it, when she heard a strange sound outside. It was something like the roll of heavy wheels or the distant rumbling of thunder.

"Can that be Mr. King's wagon already?" said Daisy, starting up, and hastily thrusting the needle-book into the box. With the card still in her hand, she ran to the door and peeped out.

It was very cold, and Daisy shuddered as she stepped out upon the porch to get a better view of the road, but there was no wagon there. She was about to turn back, when the card she had taken so much pains to print dropped from her hand, and before she could stop to pick it up, the wind caught it, whirled it through the air, and she saw it whirled down the road toward the river.

"I must catch it," thought Daisy, "before it is blown into the water."

"The road was slippery and white with hard snow, and the card slid and hopped over the glassy surface before Daisy as though it were alive, and always just as she thought she had it, the wind lifted it and bore it away from her outstretched hand.

"I suppose I shall have to go without it, after all, but I will try once more."

The overhanging rocks on each side of the road in this place cast such black shadows that Daisy could not see an inch before her. So she moved cautiously until her hand touched the post to which the rail of the bridge was fastened. Then she gave a frightened

scream and clung wildly to the post, for instead of stepping on the planks of the bridge, as she had expected, her foot went down. There was nothing between her and the madly rushing river.

For two or three seconds she struggled hard to regain her footing. At last she succeeded in wedging her heel firmly into the straggling roots of a tree that projected from between the rocks, then with the aid of the post she drew herself once more into safety.

Slightly bruised and very much frightened, Daisy sat still for a moment to recover her breath. What had happened? she wondered. The bridge was gone, and so was the tall maple that used to stand by it.

"That must have been the noise I heard," thought Daisy. "I suppose the tree fell upon the bridge and broke it. I am so sorry! That was a pretty maple, and used to be the first to turn red in autumn. I am glad mamma does not have to come this way."

As she scrambled upon her feet her hand touched something soft. Picking it up she found it to be a long tuft of horse-hair tied at one end.

"I know what it is," she said to herself. "It is one of the tassels I saw swinging from the silver rings over the heads of Mr. Ashleigh's horses. It must have dropped close by me when I saw them pass. I will take it!"

Suddenly Daisy stood perfectly still and looked back toward the broken bridge. Her heart began to beat very fast, and she turned first hot and then cold; for all at once she remembered that Mr. Ashleigh would certainly return by the road that led over the ruined bridge.

"What shall I do?" thought Daisy. "Four horses, too. Even if the man saw the bridge was gone after he began to come down that other side, he could never stop them in time. All Mr. Ashleigh's dear little children will be killed on Christmas-eve. Oh! oh!"

Daisy began to cry and run as swiftly as she could toward home, for she felt if her mother had returned she could help her save them.

It was in reality but a short distance to her home, but Daisy felt as if she could never reach it. She entered the room breathlessly; it was empty. Looking at the clock, she found that it was half past nine, and her mother had said the party could not arrive before ten.

"Only half an hour," thought Daisy. "What shall I do? There is no time to find anyone to help me."

Plan after plan flew through her mind, but none of them was of any use. At last she concluded to build a fire directly before the broken bridge.

Daisy found her little sled, and heaped a large basket upon it, heaped it full of dry chips and small logs of wood. While she was busy she kept wondering anxiously if they would understand what the fire meant, and see it in time.

As Daisy went back to the room for some matches, her eyes fell upon the paints she had been using.

"There! now I know what I will do!" cried she aloud, snatching up a long thin white curtain that hung by the fire to air. She spread it out upon the smooth oak floor, and fastened it down securely with a number of pins from the big cushion on the table.

Then selecting the largest piece of paint, which was a cake of India ink, she dipped it into a glass of water, and with trembling, hurried fingers printed these words upon the curtain:

**DANGER!**  
**THE BRIDGE IS BROKEN.**

Daisy drew each letter more than two inches broad, and full as long as her arm, and she made them very black indeed by passing the paint over the letters a great number of times.

Looking at the clock, she found it wanted only ten minutes to ten. So she pulled up the curtain, and threw it over her basket of wood that stood near the door; then tugging her sled after her, she ran toward the river.

When she reached the broken bridge the wind was lower, but the water roared as loudly as ever. Without wasting a minute, Daisy heaped the chips together on a large flat stone close to the bank, and applied a match to them. Presently a slender flame burst out. She then piled on some small logs of wood, and soon a bright

fire was leaping and crackling, making everything around as bright as day.

The posts which used to support the hand-rails of the bridge were still standing. They were directly before the fire. So Daisy stretched her curtain between them, and pinned it firmly around them with the pins that still clung to it.

The fire shining through the thin muslin made it perfectly transparent, and the great crooked black letters stood out with wonderful distinctness. The fire also lit up the foaming water and the jagged rocks all around, and threw streams of light on the pieces of broken bridge still clinging to the opposite bank and down the road from which the sleigh must come.

Daisy stood near the fire, watching that no spark reached her signal, glancing now and then anxiously toward the road.

Presently she began to tremble, for she heard above the noise of the rushing water a shout and the clatter of horses' hoofs. Then far off up the steep road Daisy saw, coming swiftly as the wind, the four gray horses and a loaded sleigh.

The silver bells and the silver-mounted harness flashed in the fire-light. The driver was standing up, tugging at the reins with both hands, and from all sides of the sleigh protruded frightened white faces.

"It is too late!" cried Daisy, as she saw the leading horses, with their feet planted against the slippery ground, slide down toward the broken bridge.

She covered her eyes with her hand and sank down near the fire. She knew she could not bear to see all the dear little children dashed into the black water.

But instead of hearing screams of fright and horror, Daisy heard a man's voice shouting, "Hallo! hallo! who is that on the other side?"

Peeping through her fingers, she saw that two gentlemen were holding the horse's heads, and all the people in the sleigh were standing up, looking toward her.

"Who are you?" shouted the same voice again.

Daisy sprang to her feet and clapped her hands.

After all they were safe. But she could see no children; the sleigh was filled with grown people.

"Why, it is a little girl!" cried the other gentleman, in astonishment.

Then he pointed to the letters on the curtain, and shouted, "Who did that?"

Daisy motioned to herself, and grew very red, for she felt ashamed of the great uneven words.

"Are you alone?" cried he.

Daisy nodded, and although she knew her voice could not be heard, said, "I must go home now; mamma will be frightened about me."

"As she turned away, the driver called out, 'Is that Daisy Lovell?'"

Daisy nodded her head again and then ran off, for all the ladies and gentlemen took up her name, and cried, "Thank you, Daisy—dear little Daisy Lovell," and waved their handkerchiefs and hats to her.

"Such a fuss!" said Daisy to herself, as she dragged her sled home. "Any one could have done what I did."

As Daisy stepped upon the porch, her mother opened the door, looking very much alarmed.

"Here I am, mamma!" cried Daisy.

"What have you been doing, child?" asked her mother.

"I am afraid, mamma, you will think I have been in mischief," replied Daisy for I have spoiled your clean window-curtain, and left the big basket near the river."

"Come in at once and tell me what you mean, Daisy," said her mother. "Your hands are as cold as ice, and you are trembling all over."

"That is because I am so tired, mamma," replied Daisy.

Her mother closed the door, and sitting down in the rocking-chair before the fire, lifted Daisy upon her lap, and said, "Now tell me all about it, dear."

Then Daisy related her evening's adventure. She had scarcely finished when they heard the jingling of sleigh-bells in the road, and in a moment more a loud knock sounded on the hall-door.

Daisy followed her mother as she opened it. Old Mr. Ashleigh stood on the step, and behind him a number of

ladies and gentlemen.

"How Daisy returned home?" inquired Mr. Ashleigh.

"Yes, she is here," replied Mrs. Lovell, leading Daisy forward.

In a moment she was surrounded by what seemed to her a large crowd of people, and kissed and caressed by all of them at once.

Daisy looked in vain for the boys and girls, but there was none. Soon she began to understand that these grown-up people were Mr. Ashleigh's children, and felt very much disappointed. Presently she heard Mr. Ashleigh invite her mother to their Christmas dinner. "We will try to make it pleasant for Daisy," said he, "although there will be no other little ones. The weather was so severe that my grandchildren remained at home."

While he was speaking, one of the gentlemen, the one that had spoken to Daisy across the river, made his way silently through the group in the hall, and going into the front room, looked around sadly. Then Daisy, who had been watching him, saw him seat himself in his mother's rocking-chair, and cover her eyes with his hand. She thought he must be very cold. But she forgot all about him when Mr. Ashleigh and the others began to bid her and her mother good-by.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried Daisy as the sleigh drove off, "Mr. Ashleigh has forgotten one of his children."

Mrs. Lovell hurried into the room. The gentleman still sat with his eyes fixed upon the fire.

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Lovell, "but the sleigh has gone without you."

"It is of no consequence," said the gentleman, starting up quickly. "I will walk. I am not one of Mr. Ashleigh's family. I met him at the station, and when he understood that I wished to reach Mr. King's home to-night, he offered me a seat in his sleigh."

"I am afraid you will have some difficulty in finding Mr. King's house, it is so very dark."

"Oh, no," replied the stranger. "I lived here years ago and nothing seems changed." He looked around the room slowly as he spoke, first at the tall clock, and then at the other furniture, until his eyes rested on the chair near the fire.

Daisy felt her mother's hand tremble in hers, and looking up into her face, saw that she was very white, and that her eyes were fixed on the stranger's face.

Presently she heard her say, "Alfred! Alfred! is it really you?"

"Who called my name?" cried the gentleman, starting and looking intently at Daisy's mother.

"Don't you remember your sister Annie?" cried Mrs. Lovell springing forward.

"Annie! Annie! have I found you again?" cried he, clasping his sister in his arms.