

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1886.

No. 14

VI

THE ACADIAN.

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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 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.

Newspapers from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the copy, and must be in full, although the same may be written in a fictitious signature.

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DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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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 5.20 P. M.
Kentville close at 7.30 P. M.
Geo. V. Rans, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.
A. DEW, BARRS, AGENT.

Churches.

FRESHYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. L. 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 2.30 P. 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 7.00 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 7.45 o'clock P. M.
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

"ORPHANS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock P. M.

Temperance.

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

DISHOP, B. G.—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

DISHOP, 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. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

DAVISON, J. E.—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.

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.

MARSHALL, W. J.—Practical Watch Maker. Watches, Clocks and Sewing Machines cleaned and repaired with durability and dispatch.

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

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

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

DRAKE, 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 Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

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 Tobacco-Scout.

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.
E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

Carriages & Sleighs
MADE, PAINTED, and REPAIRED
At Shortest Notice, at
A. B. ROOD'S.
Wolfville, N. S.

Select Poetry.

CONSIDERATION.

If he were dead, the friend that now
You treat so harshly and unkind,
Would you not put aside the grudge,
And say you had been weak and blind,
That you were wrong as well as he,
And smooth it over when too late
To bring to him the peace he craved—
The simple boon you thought too great!

O, friend, treat not less kindly now
The near and living than the dead!
When hearts are cold they will not need
The words for which they sorely bleed;
Be patient with the erring one;
Chide not his fault—help him instead;
Wait not to love him and forgive
Till aid is vain, and he is dead.

WHITE AS SNOW.

From morning until evening
He sought for peace and rest—
Rest for a weary spirit,
Peace for a troubled breast;
But vain was all his seeking
From dawn till set of sun;
His sins lay heavy on him,
And comfort there was none.

Then, in the gathering twilight,
He knelt him down in prayer,
And the stars shone in upon him,
And smiled upon him there;
And while he told his Father
Of sin as black as night,
The pure white snow fell softly
And hid the carb from sight.

And when, in bitter sorrow,
He looked into the night,
Behold, the earth shone brightly,
Wrapt in its robe of white!
And the promise came to cheer him
And bring him peace: "Although
Your sins may be as scarlet,
Yet shall be white as snow!"

Interesting Story.

Little Tim.

He had been born in a shameful place, and heir to unkindness and evil days. There were few other legacies, but many gifts were thrust upon him—sneers, snarls, neglect, and severance from the luckier born—and these seemed fatal. It may be through a law and love inseparable, to us proved not so, that to the Great Father's heart the stains, and wrongs, and sorrows thrust upon the boy, as to an earthly parent's made but the dearer; but measured in the cold, hard, human way, his fate was sorrowful indeed.

The region where he first took up the burthen was a low one, a sunken, noisome quarter, the foul and squalid accretion of many sad conditions. Here a day of fat, red skies, and a blinding, quarrelsome winds, that ended by a wet fog driving in upon the great city and settling upon the filthy quarter like a death-cloth, had filled the neighborhood with unusual gloom. The spirit of insanity, the promptings of crime and abandon, always exhaled by such diseased, unhappy surroundings, seemed to increase and multiply with oppressive darkness. In at the doorways of the low, half-lit saloons the steaming, pitiable populace jostled and crowded; from the thick, throbbing medium that filled the reeking, slippery streets, to the tongue-scalding, brain-maddening potions of the bar; from distempered elements without and within to mental ruin and forgetfulness.

In one of these haunts of evil, a place of shame, villainous music and dancing, were negroes, Poles, Italians, and men and women, drunk and ruined, from Heaven knows what other quarter of the compass. What animalism! What faces! What swallowing of fire!

By midnight the backroom was a mumbering whirlpool of delicious feeling; heat, sweat, rage, music, liquor, profanity, the beat and shuffle of feet, cries, the maudlin laughter. Look at the roads along which these lives had come! threads running from under this lecherous roof to every quarter of the globe! to cradles over the sea, to mother-bosoms north and south, east and west!

Did God, seeing it all, grieve that life had been made a thing so capable of ill? or was the fault, somehow, society's?

At three o'clock in the morning they began to fight. In many the chords of sensation seemed then too raw for further pleasure. Then some one was struck down, and the reeling, half-blind concourse seemed suddenly full of tigers. Men sprang upon each other; two were killed; and a woman dividing the polluted atmosphere with shrieks, was thrown, jumped upon,

kicked, and dragged into a dark side room for dead. Then, when too late, the law stepped in, the place was cleared, and the undiscovered woman, drunk and battered with the coming of the dawn, yielded little Tim to the world, and her own debauched spirit to the mystery of death. Of such stuff are some realities! Out of such elements was fashioned little Tim!

It seems well-nigh a pity, into what shadow soever the mother had gone, that he had not followed her. But he lived; a drunken negro saved him from death to a sadder fate. Into a nest of evil even more hateful than that wherein he saw his first glimmering, doubtful dawn, she carried him, and all his earlier years were passed in gathering rags and bones, in stealing, and being kicked and cuffed and beaten. Somehow his spine was weakened; I know not if from that first dreadful hour, or blows given afterward by those who used him much as one might the boat's toe to drive into and loosen garbage with. One could not easily have told how old he was, if the number of his years were eight or twelve, so cowed and deformed a spirit looked out of his blighted face. The yellow and green and putrid pools and gutters seemed settled in his skin, leaving it a pallid olive, and his blue eyes had a cringing, frightened, furtive look.

At one side of the roaring city, and in a leprous hovel at the river's edge, was where the first years went over him, merciless, crushing, slow-moving in their passage. Upon he turned sick when digging in the slimy, stinking slime, and all his base surroundings swam before him; by times he fainted in his loathing and weakness, and was burned back to life again with fiery liquor. The negro held his poor life as in a vice, and her home was a place of cursing, of theft, of fighting, of drunkenness. The child, like a weak worm under foot, used often to fight for his life, only to be the harder cursed. Oh! it was pitiful! Yet here were thousands no better off than he; some worse; and there beyond in the beautiful city were other thousands, clothed silkily, fed richly, and bearing no heavier burden than time and, perhaps, too much happiness! Down into which region were the mournful eyes of the pitying Christ turned most often, think you?

But little Tim could not go on unchanged; mutation, which makes unmake, but yet is nature's saviour, opened at least a little fissure in his life, gave him one fatal glimpse of heaven, and he sprang up and ran, but was struck by a cane and wavered and fell. But ere the officer's fat paw could secure him he was gone.

The next avenue seemed fairer than the first, and was alive with beautiful humanity flowing on toward the churches. Down this with a little thread of blue-trickling from among his matted curls, he ran like a hunted human animal, and coming to a larger park hid himself again, and lay there sobbing while the shadows began to gather and huddle and group, and the clear stars swarmed into the voiceless deep above him. Then in a little time he crept away and came into the broad avenue again, going he knew not whither. A huge church was just beyond him, radiant with light and colored glass, and he drew back with fear. But at that a great wave of music went mellowing up through all the glowing structure, and the child's breath stopped and his grimy hands came together with a chuckle. He had never heard other music than the banjo, and drunken, ribald song, save at long intervals the far-away playing of a band, and the soft thunder of this, the level, roll, and swell, and melting fall, drew him like a turning world.

Clinging, but palpant, he crept into the shadows by the wide arching entrance and listened. A stream of people, jeweled, satiated, and prim under the showering light, were passing in, but he could hardly see them, his blood was throbbing so. Suddenly there was a sweet melody; a wave of human voices, strong, smooth, harmonious, that swelled and sank under the undulating organ flood and charged the air with sympathy.

It was stronger than the ragged child; with lips parted and eyes hungry he uttered. Oh! what a beautiful place! Music, light, color, and fragrance! He stood bewildered. Then suddenly he felt himself softly pushed and heard a low, menacing voice bid him quit the place, and he looked up at the stately, odorous usher and shrank out of the great doorway into the shadows again.

Then the music fell away into silence, and odors delicate and faint, and sounds subdued and restful floated out into the splendid doorway past the child. Then a voice came with odors—deep, even, mellow, and handled like music. The minister was praying, but prayer to little Tim was something all unknown. Like words that were flowers it drifted by him, a long train of soft melodious clauses. He could not understand it, but he felt its beauty. The thrill of humility running through it, the tender pleading, the pathos, and gentle adoration sent a great wave of loneliness across him; a kind of clear, thick darkness, an isolation that was plain, crushing medium like heavy enveloping iron. Ah, how widely he was isolated from every heart and every good! He could not comprehend why, but his condition crushed in upon him like descending death, until quailing and moaning he sank beneath it and crumpled in the shadow on his bare knees, with his face against the cold wall of the Father's house, he wept and struggled. Suddenly a great peal of music swept up—voices and organ-chords in a lifting, joyous flood, and the child, as if God's voice had called him, leaping in at the doorway and stood straining and wavering in the light. Only a moment he stood there, while with a thirst for comfort, quivering to be saved; then that musky presence rose again before him, and the usher's big white hand grasped and led him to the entrance. There the stately presence unuttered something, pushed him a little and turned away, and ragged Tim, lame, and all but blind with fright and feeling, tripped and plunged heading down the flight of granite steps, glanced from the curving base with a pain, rolled into the shadow, and lay still.

The anthem flowed on, but the child did not hear it. "We thank thee, O Lord, that thou art merciful," it paled; "that thy strong arm doth save the righteous and confound the wicked!" and it swelled and died away. Then the pastor's lingual music came again, mellow, pleasant, perfect; round edged words that wove like velvet shuttles a dissolving beautiful fabric before his people. For an hour it rose and fell, science and revelation, linked and interwoven with poetry and fine allusion; but ragged Tim, lying there in the shadow with his oozing temple on uncushioned granite, gave no heed.

The pastor's sermon melted into silence, the glinting organ-pipes drobbled and trembled with their freight of melody, wave after wave of bent, harmonious voices floated out upon the benediction bell, and out of the arching entrance rustled the throng, with smiles and salutations, flash of jewel and eye, soft speech and happy laughter; but the little rag-heap in the shadow made no sign.

The doorway to the Father's house was closed; sleep lapped the pastor and his people in its dream-engendering flood; dew gathered on the wall above the fallen child, and crickets in the grass-fringe round the flag-stones rasped the silence.

The moon rode slowly over, the stars strove to take it in their silver net but lost it to the dawn; the east took fire with morning.

A light that was alien to the face of little Tim slowly began to illumine his pinched and pallid features; then he wavered and went back; then that look of strange delight came into his eyes again, and he hurried on as if he were entering the borders of Paradise.

Glimmering carriages were rolling softly along the smooth pavement, and hundreds of women and children, clad in satin and velvet and flower-like fabrics, drifted with mingling hues along the avenue. The child forgot his rags, and bare feet, and crooked spine; the look of delight began to deepen in his eyes; then he saw that some started at him, that others scowled and pressed back their costly clothing to let him pass, and the light died out of his face, and he shrank from side to side and turned into a little park and hid.

It smelled as sweet as heaven there among the blossoms, and he lay quite still on the soft grass with his poor heart fluttering. Up above him he could see the deep, serene summer sky, hung here and there with filmy loops of lace that seemed to burn with pink and crimson from the far-off sunset. It seemed to him he had never noticed it before; that his hungry eyes had always been peering into ditches and holes and filth, or blind with tears. How calm and sweet it was here where the rich dwelt!

He could hear voices here and there from vine-wound porches fronting on the little park, and one, limp and engaging, was saying near by, "Oh, I shall go to Dr. Easman's church. Do you not think his delivery beautiful! It rests me just to look at him; he is so handsome, too!"

"Yes," said a silvery, affected voice in reply, "and he is so genteel. He is quite unreasonable about his salary though, they say; will accept but seven thousand! It's too bad, he's so pleasant and handsome; he could surely do better than that!"

Then little Tim saw a form garbed in blue, and capped and belted, come between him and the peaceful azure of heaven, and he sprang up and ran, but was struck by a cane and wavered and fell. But ere the officer's fat paw could secure him he was gone.

The next avenue seemed fairer than the first, and was alive with beautiful humanity flowing on toward the churches. Down this with a little thread of blue-trickling from among his matted curls, he ran like a hunted human animal, and coming to a larger park hid himself again, and lay there sobbing while the shadows began to gather and huddle and group, and the clear stars swarmed into the voiceless deep above him. Then in a little time he crept away and came into the broad avenue again, going he knew not whither. A huge church was just beyond him, radiant with light and colored glass, and he drew back with fear. But at that a great wave of music went mellowing up through all the glowing structure, and the child's breath stopped and his grimy hands came together with a chuckle. He had never heard other music than the banjo, and drunken, ribald song, save at long intervals the far-away playing of a band, and the soft thunder of this, the level, roll, and swell, and melting fall, drew him like a turning world.

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The moon rode slowly over, the stars strove to take it in their silver net but lost it to the dawn; the east took fire with morning.

But little Tim slept on. No friend was there, no word of pity; only a cricket singing at his ear, and the dew trickling down in the cold wall upon his piteous face, as if the very rocks shed tears for their dead.

No Light in the Window.

As the train sped along in the night, with drowsy passengers outstretched upon the seats, the conductor was observed frequently peering out of the frosty window into the darkness. The night was black and nothing could be seen but a sheet of snow over the shadowy landscape, and yet the conductor shaded his eyes with two thumbs and held his face—a weary-looking face it was, too—close to the window-pane.

"Looking to see if your girl is awake yet?" inquired the inquisitive passenger, with a coarse laugh. The conductor looked around and shuddered, as with a husky voice he replied simply, "Yes."

And then the inquisitive passenger became garrulous and familiar. He sat down beside the conductor and poked him in the ribs as he lightly said: "Ah, I see. Going to get married and quit the road. Going to marry a farmer's daughter. Worth much?"

"She's worth a thousand to me." Further remarks in a similar vein did the passenger make, but the conductor declined no replies. Suddenly the whistle of the locomotive gave a long, low moan, the conductor stuck his eyes still closer to the window, seemed to listen his gaze upon some object in the darkness, and then fell back in his seat with a cry of despair upon his lips.

The passengers gathered round him to inquire the nature of the trouble, when the brakeman assisted his chief to rise and led him into the baggage car. The conductor's face was as white as the snow-banks which fringed the iron roadway, and in his eye was a look of fearless grief.

"Poor Sam!" said the brakeman, upon his return; "it's a bad night for him. Four weeks his little girl had been ill. Night after night he was at her bed, but then she got better and he came back to his train. He arranged with his wife that if all was well with the little one she'd display a lighted lamp right in the window of the sick-room. The boys all knew it, and every night we all looked for the light almost as eagerly as Sam himself. He lives by the side of the track back here a few miles—and to-night there was no light in the window for Sam."

Canadian Progress.

Having taken stock, the cities and towns over the border find that great progress has been made during the past season; and also that the surplus is larger this year than for many years past. A large amount has been spent in the erection of new buildings of one kind and another, and capital has flowed freely into enterprises that promise fair returns, all efforts tending towards the expansion of the material interests of the Dominion. People, especially Canadians, who are inclined to be conservative—do not build handsome blocks of stores; move out of old houses into new abodes erected with their own money; grant large bonuses for the construction of new and extension of old railways; assist manufacturing enterprises with generous loans; establish new lines of manufacture; increase their deposits in the government savings bank; approve of the expenditure of large sums of money in public works, such as parliament buildings, customs and post office; organize themselves into banking and other financial institutions, thus adding to the banking capital of the country; further the cause of education by subscribing liberally towards the erection of universities and colleges; vote for by-laws designed to largely increase the facilities for common school education; transform high schools into collegiate institutes; build costly church edifices; develop iron, coal and copper mines, and do a hundred and one other things unless they are comparatively "well-fixed," contented with their condition and satisfied that the outlook is good. Our neighbors are engaged in all this work. They have gone into it heartily and with the belief that it will pay in more respect than one. Had the small group of grumblers and pessimists that the Dominion is afflicted with, denominated the actions of the rest of the community, there would have been no progress to record—no awakening to a new life or to the possibilities within the reach of both people and nation. The pessimist cannot stay the current of progress, and if he will not go forward with the rest he is more to be pitied than feared.—*American Paper.*

Let our fainting hearts take courage, when with grief and sorrow-bowed, remember ever there is always glorious light beyond the cloud.