

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1886.

No. 16

Vol. VI.

## 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 ar-  
rangement for standing notices.

Notices of standing advertisements will  
be made known on application to the  
office, and payment on receipt of advertising  
must be guaranteed by some responsible  
party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian Job Department is con-  
stantly receiving new types and material,  
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction  
on all work turned out.

Newspapers 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 contribu-  
tion, 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 regu-  
larly from the Post Office—whether it be  
in his name or another's or whether  
he has subscribed or not—is responsible  
for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-  
tinued, he must pay up all arrears, of  
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 sub-  
scribing to newspapers and periodicals  
from the Post Office, or removing and  
leaving them uncollected for a *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 5:20 P. M.  
Kentville close at 7:30 P. M.  
Geo. V. HARD, Post Master.

### PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX

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

### Churches.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Rev. B. H. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 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, F. & A. M.**, meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock p. m. J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

### Oddfellows.

**"ORPHEUS" 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. M. 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

DOING 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 undersigned 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 and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

**BISHOP, JOHNSON H.**—Wholesale Dealer in Flour and Feed, Mowers, Rakes, &c., &c. N. B. Flour 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, &c.

**DAVISON, J. B.**—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

**DAVISON BROS.**—Printers and Publishers.

**FULLMORE, G. H.**—Insurance Agent. Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York.

**GOFFREY, L. P.**—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

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

**HUGHES, 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.

**MONTYRE, A.**—Boot and Shoe Maker.

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

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

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

**REDDEN, A. G. 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. E.**—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

**RAND, G. V.**—Druggist 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 Tobacconist.

**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.

**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.

### Salt Water.

**THE FIRST SNOW.**

Fitting Polly through the air  
Comes the first snow,  
Covering meadows brown and bare,  
Making spots every where,  
As the snow so white and fair  
Settles low.

On the house-tops they alight—  
Little crystals flake;  
What an odd and pretty sight  
Billowing with soft delight,  
Tiny flakes of crystal white,  
Falling make!

Gaily do they fit among  
Beneath orchard trees,  
Where the rosy apples hung,  
And the pears and peaches hung,  
As the thrush and robin sung  
Melodious.

How the huddles disappear  
As the snow-flakes fly!  
Winter-time is drawing near,  
Soon the sleigh-bells we shall hear,  
Jingling in the noon-day clear,  
Dashing by.

Falling, falling through the air,  
Always falling so,  
Drifting, drifting here and there,  
Blowing snowing everywhere,  
Telling us we must prepare  
For the snow.

Nov. 26th 1886.

**THE DOCTOR'S HOME.**

We were having afternoon tea out on the lawn, I remember. Charlie and Polly were hay-making in the next field, and they came and leaned over the palings, and had their cups handed to them. All we others were under the lime that grew close to the rails on the garden side. So we chatted and laughed together, and made a good deal of happy noise, I suppose, for persons passing outside in the lane looked up; and I heard an old woman remark—

"Doctor Achery has a merry lot in there."

Yes, we were a merry lot. I do not suppose one of us on that June afternoon had ever had a serious trouble. We were all in the golden morning of light, with the skies clear in front. Harry and Tom were home from Corpus-dear, light-hearted fellows, who like life they gave to the house—and Charlie had a fortnight's leave from his regiment—so he was there, too—and Ada and Dora Richtie were staying with us for a week.

Ada was lying among the cool, gray shadows of the lime; she was always delicate, and liked to rest a good deal. Wicked little Dora was flirting with Tom and Harry and Charlie. Hand come Charlie leaned over the palings, with his cup in his hand, teasing them all. I was sitting at the little table with the teapot, enjoying the fun, and looking at all my darlings' happy faces.

An elder sister has somewhat the feelings of a mother for the younger ones; and these brothers and sisters of mine had had so mother's love. That was lost out of our life when I was five, and Charlie four, and the twins, Tom and Harry, ever two, while Polly, dear little Polly, had just drawn her first fluttering breath.

That was twenty years ago. No other woman had come to take our mother's place. I often think that it might have been better for us if the Doctor had married again. He never seemed to care for us himself, or to be proud of us. He was never cross, we did just as we liked in the house, and grew up in a rough, scrambling fashion, all of us together, quarrelling and hating and loving each other with all the strength of our wild little hearts.

The boys were sent to school in the town, and we two girls had a governess, a daily one; but she never learnt much. The only thing Polly could do decently was to play and sing; she had a glorious voice. "I was the dumb of the family; the boys always told me that, but it never affected my spirits."

What a glorious, lawless, happy life we lived! Little Charlie went into the army, and Tom and Harry were sent to college! Two could not make as much noise as five, so the house was quieter; but Polly and I showed no intention of calming down, as our relatives had prophesied we should, when the boys had gone.

This was the second day of our being all together again. Dora and I don't know what I should have done

but for Polly. She had followed me into the house, and now she pushed me into the nearest chair, and went to my father's side herself.

The dressing of the wound took a long time; but Polly was calm and helpful through it all, though her cheeks were as white as-dirty-petals when it was over.

The Doctor left us for a moment to order a room for the wounded man; and in that moment he opened his eyes, and saw Polly gazing pitifully at him.

I often wonder what he thought of her that first time. A strange, odd little figure she was, in her blue gown, with her handkerchief over her head, and her hair about her like a lustrous veil. But before he had time to speak the Doctor came back, and the stranger was carried to the best bedroom, a pleasant apartment with two big windows looking out to the garden.

We were quieter outside after that. A nurse was telegraphed for from London, and later in the evening the Doctor sent for a London physician; but it was not till the next day that we knew more than that the poor fellow had been thrown from his horse just before our door.

We were having breakfast in the schoolroom. It was far enough from the best room to allow us to make a good deal of noise; but the consciousness of somebody being ill in the house kept us pretty quiet.

We were just wondering what had become of Polly, when she came in, finger on lip, and an extremely saucy look in her great eyes.

Charlie jumped up to give her a chair, upsetting his coffee-cup over Tom's plate. Tom was in no wise discomposed; such little trifles were commonplaces of everyday life with us. With a theatrical gesture Charlie dragged the big leather chair into the middle of the room.

"Not a word—not a word! Polly has something to tell us."

"Fire away, Polly!" put in Harry.

"Silence!" commanded Charlie.

"The communication is one to be received with due respect."

"You don't know!" exclaimed Polly, sitting down in the big chair.

"I do; and I haven't told them. There now!" said Charlie.

"I don't believe you do know. What is it?"

"Ah, my little lady, it won't do! I believe you know nothing about it."

"Tell us!—tell us!" came from the breakfast table.

"Listen!" cried Charlie, striking an attitude. "The sister of the wounded here up-stairs is sent for, and arrives to-day."

"That isn't the news! Whom do you think we have upstairs? Vincent Castleden?" cried Polly.

That was news indeed! Which of us had not talked of the owner of the long-deersted, beautiful old house on the hill? We had made him the hero of a thousand girlish fancies, for rumor credited him with beauty, and the faults necessary to make a man interesting to very young girls.

He had lived a wild, reckless sort of life. Numberless were the stories told of his extravagances and vices. For a year or two he had been lost to society, wandering in Asia. We never knew that he had returned to England; and now Fate had thrown him at our very threshold.

Though we had heard much of Vincent Castleden from the old servants at the Hall, we knew very little of his sister. She had lived with her uncle and on the day after the accident of Vincent they all came down, uncle and aunt and sister, and a large family of cousins, and took possession of the Hall, and made the house seem full of life again.

Miss Castleden came to her brother directly, and made herself very much at home with us. She was petite, shorter than little Polly even, and a perfect beauty.

On the second day that she came to see her brother we were in the schoolroom, sitting round the open window, laughing and talking. A merry party we appeared, I dare say; and Florence Castleden must have heard us laughing as she came down the stair, for she opened the door and stepped across the threshold with a winsome, pleasant

look.

She had her dark-blue riding-habit tucked over her arm, and carried her hat and whip in her hand. What a perfectly beautiful face she had—clear cut, delicately outlined, exquisite in coloring from the vivid scarlet of lips and cheeks to the rich Auburn of her drooping hair!

"May I come in?" she asked, in a voice as clear and sweet as a silver bell; and in a moment she was one of the group, as much at home as Dora Richtie.

After that she came constantly, and we showed her all our favorite walks, and rowed her out in our boat; and Tom and Harry taught her to fish and to row, and we made her one of us.

Her brother soon got better; but the Doctor would not let him leave the house. He came down to the drawing-room, and Charlie played chess with him, I believe, and he read a good deal. But we girls avoided him, till one day he heard Polly singing; and then he told the Doctor music was the one thing that did his head good.

The Doctor always humored his patients—it was his pet way of curing—so Polly was told off for duty in the drawing-room, while we others went about with Vincent's sister.

Polly grumbled a good deal at first; but somehow we missed her altogether very soon, and the answer was always the same—Polly was amusing Mr Castleden.

He was about ten days at our house and then he went to the Hall. The uncle and aunt had gone back to town when the danger was over, and the brother and sister lived together. It was a grand old house, built on the brow of the great hill that arose above our village.

Mr Castleden was a very rich man. The land all round—fertile valleys and uplands—belonged to him, and in the next county he owned a large extent of coal country. I do not think he ever thought much of his wealth. He was a very proud man—proud of his ancient name and beautiful ancestral home—but he never cared for riches—I always felt sure of that; and he was very fond of us all. He fancied that he owed the Doctor some great debt of gratitude, and tried to pay us by having us all at the Hall on the footing of intimate friends.

That was at first; but afterwards he got to like us for ourselves, and he and his sister were never happy unless some of us were up at their house. And it was very delightful for us all, though our own pretty garden and pleasant rooms looked dull and bare after the terraced grounds and vaulted chambers at the Hall.

It made more impression on the younger ones than on Charlie and me; for I had John to think of, and it was just then that Charlie became engaged to Ada Richtie.

Dear little Ada! she was too good for this rough world! All knew that Ada and Charlie loved each other, and their engagement made us very happy.

Ada came to stay with us again in August, but Dora would not come. I drove over to their house to ask her, but Dora kept her determination.

"I shall be *de trop*," she said pettishly. "I won't come and be snubbed by your friends at the Hall."

I understand now. Poor, tender-hearted Dora! I don't think she ever made up her mind which it was, Harry or Tom; but it hurt her with a double pang to know that she was nothing in their thoughts in comparison to Florence Castleden.

Dora therefore stayed sulky at home, and Ada and Charlie had a fortnight of unalloyed bliss. Ada was too delicate to walk far; so they stayed mostly in the garden; and I sprained my ankle in shrimping one day, and was confined to the house for a month.

I did not mind it much. I wrote a good deal to John, and did the household sewing. The others did not mind either. They were out all day, up to the Hall mostly. I learned afterwards that the party had been divided into Polly and Vincent, and the twins and Florence; but I always thought of them all together. How blind I was!

It is painful to look back in the light of experience, and see so plainly what one never saw when some good could have been done—though I do not see what good I could have done, even if I had seen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight alums or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St. N. Y. (13-11-85)

**CENTS 40 CENTS**  
WILL DO IT!  
**DO WHAT?**  
Pay for two favorite newspapers  
**FOR 4 MOS.**

On receipt of above amount we will send  
**THE ACADIAN**  
AND THE  
**Detroit Free Press**  
To any address for Four Months  
on trial  
**Two Papers For**  
little more than  
**The Price of One!**

The regular price of this paper for Three Months is 25c, yet we offer it to you for Four Months, with the *Free Press* thrown in, for 40c. Can you ask for anything better than this? The *Detroit Free Press* is famous the world over as the most original, piquant and entertaining of American newspapers. Its humorous character sketches and witty sayings are universally copied.

"*Harper's Monthly*" for August says  
C. P. Lewis (M. Quad) is perhaps the most unique and genuine humorist this country has produced. He is natural, and spontaneously funny, and is of universal relief, as is witnessed by the wide popularity of the *Detroit Free Press*. As a family paper, the *Free Press* cannot be excelled.

THE ACADIAN speaks for itself. It is a necessity to every resident in this section, who would keep himself posted on local affairs.

Subscriptions under this offer will be accepted only a limited length of time.

**SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE!**  
Send order to THE ACADIAN  
Wolfville, N. S.

**ONTARIO MUTUAL**  
**LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**  
DOMINION DEPOSIT \$100,000  
HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

The following example of a Ten Year Endowment Matured and Paid will show the advantage of insuring this Company;

No. 1149. JAMES FORBES, Guelph.  
\$1000. Age 42. Annual Premium \$2.04  
In the following statement the premiums are such as were paid after being reduced by surplus. The right hand column gives the interest compounded at 5 per cent till the day the Policy was paid.

1st prem \$2.04	to yrs complete \$7.88
2d " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "
3d " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "
4th " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "
5th " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "
6th " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "
7th " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "
8th " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "
9th " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "
10th " " " " " "	" " " " " " " "

Total \$733.33 Interest \$256.90  
Frem's \$990.23  
Amount of Policy paid \$1,000.00  
" of 10th yr's surplus paid 27.57

Total paid to Mr. Forbes, \$1,027.57  
Prem's pd by Mr. Forbes \$733.33  
Comp int on same at 5% 256.90 990.23

\$17.33

As an investment Mr. Forbes's Policy returned \$37.33 more than all premiums paid by him, with compound interest at 5% added, in addition to his risk, or assurance of \$1,000, for ten years from age 42 to 52.

Full information at Avonport, N. S.

**J. B. Newcomb,**  
General Agent for Nova Scotia  
Avonport, July 6th, 1886  
Rev. J. B. HEMMICK, Special Agent,