THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBUARY 3, 1888. No. 25

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

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.

Newsy 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 same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

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

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 A. M to 8 P M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.50 a m.

Express west close at 10.35 a. m.

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Kentville close at 7 15 p m

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

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Open from 9 a m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.

A. DEW. BARSS, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3.00 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 9 30 a m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7 30 p m and Thursday at 7 30 p m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev Fred'k Priggens, 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 00 p m.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Services on Sunday next at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m.

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 each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Percheron Horses and French Coach Horses. Savage & Farnum, Importers and Breeders of Percheron and French Coach Horses, Maple Home Stock Farm, Grass Lake, Wayne County, Mich. We offer a very large and choice lot of horses to select from. We guarantee our stock, make prices reasonable and sell on easy terms. Visitors always welcome. Large catalogue free. Address Savage & Farnum, Dexter, Mich.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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, Colors 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. 10

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.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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.

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 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 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.

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!!
Because it is agreeable to take.
IT CURES
LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS
PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

Select Poetry,

OVER THE BANISTERS.

Over the banisters bends a face,
Daringly sweet and beguiling;
Somebody stands in careless grace,
And watches the picture, smiling.

The light burns dim in the hall below;
Nobody sees her standing,
Saying good-night again, soft and low,
Half-way up to the landing.

Nobody, only the eyes of brown
Tender and full of meaning,
That smile on the fairest face in town,
Over the banisters leaning.

Tired and sleepy, with drooping head,
I wonder why she lingers,
And when all the good-nights are said!
Why, somebody holds her fingers—

Holds her fingers and draws her down,
Suddenly growing bolder,
Till her loose hair drops its masses brown,
Like a mantle over his shoulder.

Over the banisters soft hands fair
Brush his cheek like a feather;
Bright brown tresses and dusky hair
Meet and mingle together.

There's a question asked, there's a swift caress,
She has flown like a bird from the hall-way;
But over the banister drops a "Yes,"
That shall brighten the world for him alway.

Interesting Story.

The Country Cousin.

Concluded.

In the early part of the day she had occasion to go to Emily's room, where she found her reclining on the sofa, weeping bitterly.

"Why, dear Emily!" she exclaimed, what can be the matter?"

Emily rudely pushed her away, saying, "Leave me alone; I am so tired and unhappy, I do not wish to see you."

"Tired and unhappy! and on your birth-day, too!" interrupted Louisa, compassionately. "Is there nothing I can do to relieve you?"

"If you could, you would not," said Emily, pettishly; "you are so obstinate."

Louisa was grieved but not offended; and in tones of earnestness she sought to assure Emily of her mistake.

"Well, then, supposing I tell you that you are the cause of my trouble."

"I the cause of your trouble? Why, Emily, what on earth can you mean?"

"But you will be angry, and will go to papa with it."

"Indeed, I will not. Who ever saw me angry?"

"Well, then, I am weeping simply because—because—my friends who come to celebrate this day will laugh at your—your old dress."

"But why cry for that? they can't make *me* cry; I don't care for um one cent."

"But you and I differ; and to know that my cousin must be laughed at, will make me miserable all day long."

"O! cousin, what a strangely disinterested girl you are;—but it shows how dearly you love me; and since it is your day you shall have your own way, and I will promise to do everything just as you tell me."

That same night a large and select company was assembled in the splendidly illuminated halls of Mr Howard. Sir Edward Walton was seated between the two Misses Wilmots, when she remarked—

"I really hope that rustic cousin will be here, it will be so amusing to see her manœuvre. And Emily, too, why, she turned nineteen different colors when I happened to meet them at Courtland's.—How hard they try to be genteel, but it's of no use if they allow such visitors. Why, one such encounter must convince every well-bred person of their low origin. I know of several who would have dropped them long ago, but the silly things gave such splendid parties.'

At that moment Emily who had spent many hours in dressing and drilling her cousin, presented her to her guests.

"What a charming woman!" said Sir Edward. "But bless me! 'tis the country girl metamorphosed, truly. How sweetly she looks in that simple white muslin, and that white rose in her beautiful hair!"

Louisa tried (or appeared to try) to make her entrance as she had been instructed; but after making two or three awkward attempts, she sank into an empty chair, saying despairingly—"There, I can't do it, Emily, and it's of no use to try."

A half-suppressed titter ran through the apartment, and all eyes turned crutinizing upon her. Sir Edward sat in pity and admiration; for he saw, or imagined he saw, a painful blush overspread her cheek at her awkward situation.

"I thought you told me she was a gawky-looking country girl," said Miss Wilmot to her sister.

"And so she is, only Emily has been seeking to disguise the fact by rigging her up in her cast-off clothes. How disgusting! But then, what is the use—she has shown out so soon?"

"Why don't you play something or other?" asked Louisa. "Why, up where I live—there 'tis again—pardon me, Emily, I forgot I was not to mention the country; I only meant it was dreadful dull here, sitting stock still, and staring at one another. It's what I call a Quaker meetin', jist no celebration at all."

"Why, Louisa," said Mr Howard, "our friends are enjoying conversation."

"Well, then, I should think they would talk loud enough so I can hear them, for I really begin to think those two young girls there (pointing to the Wilmots) are poking fun at me. If I'd worn my big illegant comb what cost my mother twelve dollars, and my striped gown, I should have been expected to have been laughed at, for Emily here told me so, but now I don't see what you find being as how I am dressed as fashionable as any on you, though, to be sure, I look a good deal prettier in my own clothes. But there 'tis; I love my cousin, and I guess you'd thought she loved me too if you'd seen how she cried and took on, for fear I'd get laughed at, and so I told her to rig me up as she pleased, though I could hardly keep from crying, too, to think how queer I should look."

At that moment Sir Edward who really pitied Emily, who sat like a statue, proposed some music, and prevailed upon a young lady whom he knew to be well skilled to take a seat at the piano. After the conclusion of her admirable performance, Miss Wilmot was invited, who replied in Latin, "Take away that country nuisance and I will."

"I will withdraw, and save him the trouble," said Louisa in the same tongue.

Miss Wilmot started and reddened, while Edward, almost confounded, gazed alternately at the two.

"Please, gentle lady, be a little more careful in future," said Louisa, drily, "some apples are green when ripe."

"Quite disconfited, Miss Wilmot seated herself, and wishing to show off, attempted a very beautiful, but not difficult Italian piece, but not having practised sufficiently, and feeling a little disordered at what had passed, she failed utterly.

"Now," thought Louisa, "is my turn;" and stepping gaily forward, with a musical laugh, she resumed the seat which Miss Wilmot had left. As her lovely fingers swept the notes, every lover of music gathered around her, and when, without apparent effort, she had successfully completed the music on which the now-mortified Miss Wilmot had failed, every voice was earnest in entreating her to continue."

"What a mysterious angel she is!" thought Sir Edward, as he viewed her with a rapturous devotion; "what grace of form and movement! what splendid hair! and above all what accomplishments! I half—yes, quite—suspect her of a plot! Ah, yes, I have it now—she is no rustic—but more than a match for the finest lady here."

At that moment she sang to a plaintive air with a mellow touching voice, and Sir Edward was completely subdued; not that excellent music was a new thing to him by any means—but the conquering little god had aimed a successful dart—that's it."

"Do not again assume your rustic manners," said Mr Howard to Louisa, as she effected a polite escape from the importunities of her admirers; "for by this time Emily understands it all, and I am sure is quite disgusted with the Wilmots.'

While they were speaking, the smiling Emily advanced, and shaking her finger at Louisa, said,

"You are caught at last, my precious cousin!—When you perform your next comedy, I advise you to take the stage, as I have no taste for such cruel theatricals. Do see those insulting Wilmots—how mortified they are. You served them right—and the noble Sir Edward Walton is, I am sure, in love with their country nuisance. But here he comes, laughing right merrily."

"A truly delightful comedy, Miss Dalton," said he; "but I like the closing scene best, and the country nuisance."

Some praised her Latin, others her Italian performance, while peals of merry laughter reverberated through the apartment. The humiliated Wilmots, whose insulting remarks had not been at all private, now saw themselves objects of ridicule, and as early as possible made their escape.

The remainder of the evening was delightful to all parties, especially to Sir Edward, who bestowed an almost indidual attention upon Louisa, becoming more and more pleased with her grace and manners and conversation, so entirely devoid of the artificial. Emily felt no pang of envy at this monopoly, but rather triumphed in her cousin's success—ever and anon whispering to the happy father, "What a sweetly-matched couple—how admirably adapted—how intelligent they look—the invincible Sir Edward is conquered at last—O, charming, charming!" her favorite expression of delight.

After the conclusion of the festivities she assured her father and cousin that this had been the most joyous birthday anniversary she had ever known.

The tears of morning, like showers in April, had been chased away by the beaming sun of happiness, and had left no impress.

On the following day she read with delight a letter from her before-mentioned absent lover, containing intelligence of the success of his expedition, and a promise of speedy return, and withal, couched in such winning affectionate terms, as to awaken the slumbering yet not extinguished flame in her heart. Long she wept over her past ingratitude, in having well nigh forgotten one who for her sake had forsaken home, kind friends, and nobly braved the perils of the ocean, and dangers of a foreign sickly clime, in order to render his fortune equal to her own, since his lofty soul shrank from dependency and burned with impatience to be distinguished from the grovelling fortune-hunters, who ever beset a bountiful heiress—and such was Emily Howard.

And here we leave such minute details, and trust to the imagination of the reader to portray the joyous return, the two happy bridals which followed, the transport of the parents, the travels on the continent, the still-increasing affection of Sir Edward for his bride, and her flattering reception by his English friends; and above all, the entire reform of the now-happy Emily and the delightful seasons passed in pleasant and often remarkable reminiscences among the quiet groves of Mr Dalton't sweet country home.

Interrupted.

The habit which some people have of contradicting and checking and "setting right" others who are talking is very trying even to good-natured men and women. Wives and husbands are sometimes afflicted with this unfortunate habit, which often results in certain little "tiffs" disastrous to home comfort and happiness. Mr B— begins to tell a trifling incident to some friends who have called to spend the evening at his house. He says:

"My wife and I were down town Monday afternoon and—"

"You are mistaken, my dear; it was Tuesday," interrupts Mrs B— mildly.

"Oh, so it was," says Mr B—"Well, we were going down Main street and"—

"No, dear, it was High steeet," interrupts Mrs B— again.

"Well, maybe it was; anyhow, I had a big basket on my arm and"—

"Why, James, how ridiculous to call *that* a big basket!" puts in Mrs B— with calm insistance.

"Well, well!" big or small as you like," says Mr B—, with signs of irritation; it don't make any difference about the size anyhow; so"—

"Of course, but it is just as well to tell it right as wrong."

"Yes, I suppose so; well, we had just gone into Brown & Smith's store, and"—

"Why, James, what *are* you talking about? We didn't go into Brown & Smith's store at all that day."

"We certainly *did*, Mary. I got a handkerchief there, and—"

"Oh, so you did; I'd forgotten. I beg your pardon for interrupting you," she added, as though it had been a first offence.

"Well, it was about three o'clock," proceeded the husband, "when'—

"No, dear, it was exactly half-past two; I remember looking at my watch at the time."

"Well, *well*, Mary, I said it was 'about three,' and"—here he stopped as if he had forgotten about what he was to tell, or did not care to proceed; then he went on and ran, presently, against another snag. "Well, as I was saying, we came out of the store and hadn't gone a block'—

"Oh, yes, we had, James; we'd gone nearly two blocks."

"All right; two blocks it was. I was quite a little distance ahead of my wife, and"—

"Why, James, you're mistaken."

And so it goes on to the end, which is not reached for about an hour, when the whole story might have been told in ten minutes, and Mr B— been saved an outburst of ill-humor after the departure of the guests, if Mrs B— had not been so morbidly resolute that the most trivial circumstances should be reported exactly.

Sleepy.

Sleepiness is not commonly thought of as an especially painful condition, although many people must know something about it as a discomfort, particularly in church. But here is an old soldier, who declares that he never suffered such acute agony from any other cause. The army was on a forced march, and men and horses had been without sleep till nature could bear it no longer.

My eyes would close, do what I could to prevent it; and in order to escape a fall from my horse, I would lean forward and wind my arms about his neck; but the poor brute's head would invariably sink lower and lower, until I found myself sliding head foremost toward the ground, at which, with a desperate effort, I would straighten up sufficiently to make such a tug at the reins and such a poke with my spurs, as to rouse my usually-spirited, but now most docile, beast.

But the next moment my eyelids would drop again, and presently I would feel the exhausted horse begin to waver, his legs trembling as if he were about to fall.

Then again I would dismount and attempt to hold myself up by throwing my arm over the animal's neck; but this plan was no more successful than the other, for down would go his head, or else I would feel his body giving way and myself falling.

Once my adjutant rode up to me with a canteen, containing, as he said, some very poor commissary whiskey. Under other circumstances I should have told him to take away the vile stuff, but now I grasped the canteen most eagerly; but instead of drinking it I poured out as much as I could hold in the palm of my hand, and dashed it into my eyes. Even that did not keep me awake for more than ten minutes.

Half an hour later several men belonging to one of our New York regiments, coming to what appeared to be a marshy place, moved to the side of the road in search of water; but failing to find any, and the column not being in motion, one of them sat down on a fence, and falling asleep, tumbled off and broke his neck.

The surgeon of his regiment being close at hand, hurried to the spot, and after a short examination simply asked, "Who is it?" for it was too dark for him to see, and then pronounced life to be extinct, and moved away. In less than ten minutes from the time the unfortunate man sat down on the fence, his comrades were digging his grave.

The Portrait of Christ.

On the damp and gloomy walls of the catacombs of sepulture and worship, in the monuments of the primitive Christian Church, on the portals and in the aspis of ancient Byzantine basilicas, in stately cathedrals of the middle ages, in the proud galleries of the world's art, and even on the humble walls of the lowliest homes, or in cherished books of the poor, that strange and wonderful face arrests the mind with a celestial thought, and charms the imagination with the hope that we may hereafter see Him as He is.

Whether depicted in the coarse, rude lines of the earliest sketches, or in the finished touches of the master's skill; whether sad and painful with divine and human sorrow, or glorious in heavenly triumph, the same face is always represented. The whole of Christendom is enriched by these memorials of a divine visitation.

With endless variations of liniaments and expression, there has always been preserved a faithful adherence to the general type of some ancient ideal. In the midst of classic art, though about the period of its decline, there suddenly appeared the image of a strange, but complete personality, differing from all pagan ideals. It was the Christ! He had come into the world, and lived and labored among men who cherished His memory; and they desired to leave to the ages to come some picture reminder of his humanity.—*American Magazine.*

A fellow has to be about ten years out of college before he can see anything humorous in the habit freshmen and sophomores have of calling each other "men."

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair.—Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. ✱My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. ✱A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff.—Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain.—William L. Page, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes; washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens woolen goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes, Toilet, Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing &c. Read the directions plainly given on each wrapper and learn the new "Surprise" way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made a pleasure by the use of SURPRISE SOAP and joy and smiles take the place of tired looks. Save 25 Surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. Surprise Soap is sold by all leading grocers. If not obtainable at your home send 5 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.