

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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No. 21

THE ACADIAN.

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Notices for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment in advance is required. Advertisements must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to their insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will furnish to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Neat 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 in a fictitious signature.

Addresses all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
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Wolfville, N. S.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 A. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Haines, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 11:30 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Haines, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 11:30 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:
Sunday, Morning and Sermon at 11 A. M. Evening and Sermon at 7 P. M.
Sunday-school commences every 5th day morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.

J. O. Buzelle, M. A. Pastor.
Robert W. Hinchell,
(Divinity Student of King's College).

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. & M. M. meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 10 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 No. 8 meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

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IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

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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 see 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. C.—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

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.

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WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker. I will in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Going 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.

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Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
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Select Poetry.

WHAT THE OLD YEAR BROUGHT.

He came in the hush of a midnight hour,
With a wonderful innocence in his face;
Our hearts were sad with a parting scene,
But we smiled at sight of his winsome grace.

He brought us visions of coming good,
A high resolve, and a deeper prayer;
A tender pity for others' needs,
And a stronger courage to do and bear.

He brought us mornings of golden light,
And stary splendors his nights unroll'd,
With snows inwoven, and suns, and dews,
And all of his treasures manifold.

He called the birds from their winter home,
He woke the spring from her death-like sleep;
"And never," we said, "was a fairer year!"

And our love for his beauty grew strong and deep.

All summer we revel'd amid his bloom,
In Autumn we sat at his bounteous board;
He heaped it high with his lavish hand,
And well for our future needs he stored.

He has served us well, and our hearts are glad,
As we think of the months we have walk'd with him;
Of the painful failures we've often made,
And the visions of hope that have grown so dim.

We have passed through troubles and sudden storms,
As we followed his footsteps, day by day;
He could not shelter us—dear Old Year!
Nor give us forever the sweets of May.

He has brought to many the sign of peace,
From many the burden of life has rolled;
To the weary and sick he has brought release,
And led to the pathway of pearl and gold.

He has brought to many their dreams fulfilled,
And glad surprises and sudden bliss;
And with lives full-crowned they have truly said:
"There was never a year so fair as this!"

We shall think of him often—dear, dear year!
Though we follow the steps of a fairer new King;
And his memory safe in our hearts shall lie,
While joyous bells for the New Year ring.

—Cottage Hour.

Interesting Story.

The Man Who Spoiled The Music.

There was no doubt about it, he did, and yet it was the last thing he was likely to believe. He loved music; his voice was often heard ringing out a rickling song in the tap-room. And now it kept coming to him, in at least a score of different ways—he himself was the man who spoiled all the music!

He was not in the brightest possible condition for an argument, and certainly not in a humor to be convinced of a truth that he did not want to believe; and yet convinced he was, and every minute added to the conviction. Every right about him, and the silence, if not the sounds, forced it upon him, so that there could not possibly be any mistake.

It was Sunday afternoon about four o'clock. He was leaning against the wall by the dirty fire-place, unwashed and in his shirt sleeves. The room looked as wretched as the man himself, and as blackened and broken, and window panes either plastered over with paper or stuffed out with rags. Seated on the other side of the fire-place was a white-faced and slatternly wife, holding a tiny bit of mortality at her breast, and breathing a heavy sigh that told of a burden there a great deal heavier than the baby.

One word summed up the whole reason of her wretchedness—drunk. Not a bad sort of a man but for this one thing; able to earn good wages and to have a comfortable home; yet no idle miscreant ever dwelt amid greater squalor or kept all about him her joy, now sitting a broken-hearted wife, the home with its dainty bits of furniture, and all about it so bright and clean, gone for this; the children often wanting clothes and bread, yet dreading no want so much as they dreaded their father's presence—it was only the curse of drunkenness.

So it was that on this Sunday afternoon Jack stood as cross as cross could be, ready to let out his misery upon the first victim he could find, as if anyone were to be blamed for it sooner than himself. Then it was that the door opened suddenly with a bang, and

in burst two little maidens singing merrily; eyes and faces, hands and feet, all were full of music. They had come from the Mission Sunday-school, and the last hymn was in their ears, and came cheerily ringing from their lips—

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven Tells of His love in the Book He has given."

They had just got to the first line of the chorus, "I am so glad," and it came in at the open door with such a bounding gladness as they lifted the latch and felt that they were in the freedom of the home—"I am so glad!"

—then suddenly they came near enough to see their father. Instantly the voices were silenced, the sunshine died out of their eyes; with a fright, each look filling their faces they shrank outside the door again and shut it noiselessly.

The silence that followed was unbroken by a sound. The wife sat mournfully looking at the blackened ashes of the fire-place, with the little one asleep in her arms. That abrupt and sudden silence smote Jack's heart; those changed faces and the little frightened maidens looked like that—he felt that he had done it all. He seemed to hear again the happy burst, "I am so glad," and then that dreadful stopping. He was going to ask with an oath why they didn't go on singing, but they weren't there, and so it was no use to do that; besides, he knew well enough, too well, why they had stopped; so it came about that he lifted himself from the wall and thrust himself fiercely into his jacket, and went slouching toward the door. He strode out of the court and away on, anywhere, until he got outside the streets and into the more quiet and pleasant roads; there he blackened his pace. The fierceness had turned to grief, and at last there came the words muttered to himself, "That's what I am always doing; I spoil all the music."

It was dreadful to think of it, as he turned it over. How much it meant! He thought of his wife, and of the sweet voice she had long ago, and how back in the old time they had sung together. And now to think of her sitting there, so white-faced and silent! She never even sang the baby off to sleep—only kept on sighing. "Anybody, now when I am there," said Jack; "I spoil all the music."

It was dreadful to think about it, of the places he had been in as a carpenter and the chances he had had, and how one after another he had lost them all through the drink; and now the first to get notice to quit, the last to be offered a job, was he who had prided himself on his work. "Oh, dear, I've been spoiling all the music for years," sighed Jack.

"I spoil all the music," said Jack again, "everywhere." And at every pause and interval there came again the sight of those merry faces darkened and those glad voices silenced at the sight of him. "I, their own father," sighed Jack again. "Poor little dears, to go spoiling their music, too!"

Jack's troubles seemed to grow bigger every minute, until at last things began to get desperate. Awful temptations flew about him. He would soon end all; the wife and little ones couldn't be much worse off than they were, and he, at any rate, would not be spoiling other people's music when he was dead. But before the grim thought had well got hold of him he seemed to see again the sunny faces and to hear the merry voices singing and to hear the merry voices singing and to hear the merry voices singing.

And with the thought of them this time there came a softer feeling and gentler tone. "Poor little things," he sighed again. "It wouldn't mend their music either if I was gone. Nor hers either," he said to himself a little while afterwards, as he thought of the white-faced wife and the little bit of mortality at home there.

So it came about that poor Jack, so burdened and helpless, stopped there and then, and put his face into his hands and said, "God help me!" He had gone on, never thinking where he was going, until now he found himself outside the long stretch of the houses and was under the green trees and in the midst of the fields. The lark sang overhead, the thrush and the blackbird rang out their richest notes,

in the branches above him a crowd of sparrows met and chirped the very loudest, merriest music they had ever learned. And there, in the sunset, Jack leaned on a gate and let his soul flow out to God in helplessness, sorrow, and longing.

It was quite dark before he passed in at the equalized court where he lived, and turned with a sigh into his wretched home. Poor Jack, his heart was very sore through that night, and very sore awake, again and again the words came sadly to his lips, "I spoil all the music."

The next day he was up and off at daylight. Vexed and desperate as he was, he went at his work with a grim fierceness, without a word for anybody. His moods were used to his moods, and did not care to interfere with him at times like these. "Jack is out again about some't," said they with a j-rk of the thumb in his direction. They might stop for dinner, but Jack snatched at a bit of bread and worked on; they might pack up at strike of the clock, but so long as the light lasted Jack would stick at it. "This is not spoiling anybody's music, anyhow," said he fiercely to one man who ventured to hint that he had done enough that day. He came home and sat at his supper, with wife and children creeping noiselessly and frightened about the house. Poor Jack! a tear came gathering in the corner of his eye and fell on his cheek. "I do wish they'd sing a bit, but I expect I've spoiled all the music forever," he muttered to himself. He longed to get them about him, wife and little ones, and to take the sleeping babe from its poor little rags, and tell them all what was in his heart; but somehow he couldn't manage it, and so he just crept off to bed.

Jack's fit was on the next day-much to the surprise of his mates—the brow knit the lips tight and the work flying on at a tremendous pace. "Why, Jack, lad," cried one, "art thou putting a week's work into a day, that thou mayest go on a spree all the rest of it?"

"No," said Jack so gruffly that no body had a word for him again; and so it lasted Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. All that was strange enough and set workmates wondering; but strangest of all was it that when Saturday afternoon came and Jack took up his wages without a word, just walked right away from them. "Jack's mad," said they. "Never knew his fit last so long as this."

When he came home he evidently was not expected, indeed, was scarcely wanted. There was not very much to be tidied up, and his wife, poor thing had not much heart to do that little. But, much or little, she was now in the middle of the process, and so the "bits of sticks," as they were called, were put on one side while the good wife knelt and scrubbed away at the floor with the handle of a brush on which a few straggling hairs remained as if it kept up the name. The wife lifted her face in surprise, and went on with her scrubbing. Whatever this coming home meant, nothing ever brought her any good.

Poor Jack, he seemed to hear it all. "Spoiled her music too," he sighed. He hung up his bag of tools on their peg and took of the apron that was rolled about his waist, and then he caught sight of that very venerable and hairless scrubbing-brush. "It will help to bring back the music," said Jack to himself, purposing to bring his wife there and then a new one, but the purpose was somewhat delayed. Just then, from some corner of the room, came the cry of the baby. The wife was rising up to get it when Jack dived in after the little bundle of rags and fetched it out.

"I'll hold her a bit," said Jack rather shyly.

Jack's wife would like to have said "Thank you," but she felt shy too. "Now, Jack, try and mend the music," said he to himself, and that time he really did smile, for the baby was unused to strangers, and no one was a greater stranger to it than his own father, so it just cried out lustily. The good wife scrubbed on. There were times when she had to let it cry a bit, and this should be one of them. Jack took it tenderly into his arms and chirped to it, and chirped louder,

but still it cried. It was wonderful that such a poor little wizened frame could make such a noise. Then Jack put the baby on the other arm and whistled, whistled fast and shrill. No it just cried on as loud as ever. Then Jack took it up in his hands and held the little one aloft, and danced it to and fro and began to sing, softly and low at first as a man who was feeling his way. But still the baby cried. And the good wife rose from her scrubbing to take it herself. Jack would try once more; it really was not pleasant to be beaten like this, so he sat himself resolutely, and then rang out an old song of long ago with all the force of his voice. The effect was magical. The baby stopped as if it were charmed; it opened its mouth in imitation of the father's; it laid hold firmly of the whiskers with little tangled fingers as if it would keep him at it, and then it laughed and crowed with delight. The poor wife looked on and smiled; it was a strange smile, as if she had got out of the way of it, but it stayed longer than you might have thought.

"Eh, Jack, it is good to hear thy music again," she said very quietly.

Poor Jack, it almost put him out. He did stop for a moment, but instantly the face puckered and wrinkled into all sorts of lines, the eyes closed, the nose was squashed together, and the lips began to quiver with the coming cry. Then Jack had to strike off again, only to find the effect as magical as before, and to hear the baby laughing and crying once more. And in the midst of it all there came in the little maidens to find the father leaning against the wall, making music like this.

"Why, we couldn't think whoever it was, father," said they, wondering, and without the merit fading from their eyes this time.

They sat at tea, silent and shy, everyone of them wondering except the baby; that kept stretching out its arms to the father and found a new delight in pulling at his whiskers.

Poor Jack, he wanted all his thoughts about him to say what he found it so hard to say, but words wouldn't come; and the most eloquent would find it hard to talk when a tiny hand was being thrust in one's mouth and another tugged at the beard. So Jack had to content himself with putting his hand into his pocket, and, taking out one sovereign and one half-sovereign, he gave them to his wife.

"What's this, Jack?" she asked, going to the window, for it was getting darkish, and she feared the first glance had deceived her.

"Wages," said Jack, getting it out as well as he could.

The poor wife looked at the money and then she looked at him. She bit each of the coins, and then looked as if she would like to apply her lips at least to Jack's. But she put the money in her pocket, and felt that if this thing went on she would have to sing too.

"I'll stay and take care of the little ones if you want to go out, wife," said Jack. True, it was spoken with some interruption, and more than one word was bobbed back into the mouth by that little hand. But it went down into the good wife's heart and stirred music she had not heard for many a long day.

"Bliss thee, lad! it is good of thee," said the wife, and then she blushed like a maiden that she should have said so much.

"'Tis all thine, wife, so don't be afraid," said Jack as the wife went out at the door.

She turned back with a great stare. She had taken the half-sovereign and put the other in the mysterious depths of her dress.

"All this!" said she. "Why, Jack, what must I do with it?"

"Buy thyself a new scrubbing-brush, and get the baby a new frock for Sunday," and this time Jack did smile.

The wife came nearer; she couldn't help it; she stood for a moment plucking up courage, then she put her hand on his shoulder and stooped down and kissed the baby, and took a long time over it too.

"I should like to give thee one too," she said as shy as possible; and she did it splendidly, and then hurried away.

Concluded on fourth page.

Clubbing Offer.

Having made special arrangements with the publishers of a number of the leading periodicals of Canada and the United States we are enabled to make a large discount to subscribers. We will send any of the publications named and the ACADIAN one year for the following "Clubbing Prices," which will be seen in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders.

Publication	Regular Price	Clubbing Price
Farmer's Advocate	\$1.00	\$1.75
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American Agriculturist	1.50	2.00
do with Cyclopaedia	1.50	2.40
Toronto Weekly Globe	1.00	1.75
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NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that HARRIS O. McLATCHY, Physician, has this day by deed conveyed all his Property, Estate, and Effects to me in trust for his creditors. By the provisions of said deed all creditors wishing to secure their claims must execute the same in 30 days from date thereof. The said deed lies at the office of the Registrar of Deeds for King's Co., and a duplicate of the same can be seen and signed at the office of H. O. McLatchy, Wolfville.

All persons owing H. O. McLatchy are requested to make payment as soon as possible.

JAMES H. DILL,
Assignee.

Lower Horton, Oct. 9, 1885.

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For particulars apply to
JAMES WILSON,
Jan'y 29th. on the premise

NOTICE.

All Persons having Legal Demands against the Estate of Anderson G. Martin, of Horton, King County, deceased are requested to render the same, duly attested to the undersigned within three months from date hereof. And all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to settle their accounts immediately with

JAMES B. MARTIN } Admrs
JOHN L. MARTIN }
Wolfville, Oct. 16, 1885. if

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NOTICE.

All persons having legal demands against the Estate of Sarah Davison, late of Long Island, in the County of King's widow, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to</