

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1887.

No. 28

Vol. VI.

## THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out. New 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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**BAPTIST CHURCH**—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 2:30 P. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

**METHODIST CHURCH**—Rev. J. A. Smith, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

**St. JOHN'S CHURCH**, (Episcopal), Services on Sunday morning at 11, evening at 7. Mr. J. W. Fullerton of King's College, is Curate.

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### Masonic.

**St. GEORGES LODGE, F. & A. M.**, meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock P. M.  
J. B. Davison, Secretary.

### Oddfellows.

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

### Temperance.

**WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T**, meets every Saturday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

**ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F.**, 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 rights, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

**BORDEN, C. H.**—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

**BORDEN, CHARLES H.**—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

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

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**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.

**HARRIS, O. D.**—General Dry Goods and Jeweller.

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

**MINTYRE, A.**—Boot and Shoe Maker.

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**WALLACE, G. H.**—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

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**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.

**JOHN W. WALLACE,**  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,  
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.  
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.  
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**Watches, Clocks,  
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**J. F. HERBIN,**  
Next door to Post Office.  
Small articles SILVERPLATED.

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**DR J. R. DEWOLF, M. D.,**  
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**DR G. H. N. DEWOLF, M. D.,**  
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Wolfville, Oct. 8th, 1886 3m pd

**Agents Wanted!**  
To sell the NEW HOME PARALLEL HORSE—the best published. Splendid opportunity for the right man. Write for particulars. Address—  
**G. P. RATHBUN,**  
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### Select Poetry.

BEST OF ALL.

The world has very little it can give  
To make us happy: all its precious things—  
What men call precious, and for which they live—  
To a sad heart are worthless offerings.  
For what are gems? and what is ivory gold,  
And rarest spices from sweet Indian blooms,  
And silken fabrics shimmering fold on fold,  
The costliest products of the Eastern looms?  
They cannot save the soul a single pain,  
Or to the weary heart bring hope again.

What is the flash of wit, the salon's glow?  
The wine may flush, and leap, and sparkle up  
From marble tables white as wintry snow;  
And brim-blood-red the gold-encrusted  
cup;  
The airy language, filled with perfume  
sweet,  
Etruscan vases burn with roses red;  
And velvet carpets, sinking 'neath the  
feet,  
Give back no echo from the staidest  
tread:  
But human hearts crave something more  
than this—  
Splendor alone can never give them bliss.  
Far more is prized a gentle, kindly touch;  
The mute caress of fingers on the hair;  
A low "good" spoken. Ah! how very  
much  
These little tokens do to lessen care!  
It matters little if our home be bare  
Of luxury, and what the world calls  
good,  
If we have only one true spirit there.  
By whom our better selves are understood.  
Where deepest heart-wholes swell for us  
alone,  
With whom in thoughts and wishes we  
are one.

### Interesting Story.

#### A SIMPLE KINDNESS.

"Well, Edith May, if you're not the meekest-spirited creature I ever see! Why didn't you tell her to take her dress and go to Jerusalem? I wonder they don't get out patent elastic shoes that will pull out long when you stretch your arm, an' shrink up short when you bend it! How you can stand such old fash' budgets I don't see! Don't you think the waist is a little too tight? (When she a mile large!) And this collar comes close under my chin, when I sit down! (When anybody knows that a collar always does ride up!) If you sit down easy-like. Though I do suppose the present style is only a speck for them that's prettily allowed the piker an' therefore can't sit down a heap comfortable-like.)

"An' then the way she ordered you round! 'Now, Miss May, I am going away Monday morning and I must have my suit Saturday without fail.' 'An' you takin' it all as meek as Moses in stead of tellin' her it was her own fault—this drive—and if she come to be fitted on we could have got through nicely!

"An' then there's you, my mother frettin' an' fussin' an' fussin'—

"We you're discussin' mother," said Edith, despatching up rudely with a light spot of color appearing in either cheek. "And you know, Sara, that Miss Carrot has a complexion which she suffers a great deal, and perhaps she wouldn't be my most patient than she if we were in pain all the time—

Yes, mother"—to a voice from the adjoining room. And dropping the fish-skin she disappeared.

"What are you two making such a clack clacking for?" exclaimed an irritable voice. "I tell you I can't stand it! My head is splitting and every bone in my body aches. I think you neglect me shamefully! And I hate the sound of that everlasting sewing-machine! Oh, dear, to think that I should ever come to this—to be a helpless, neglected invalid, with the rheumatism all over me and my daughter thinking no more of me than if I were a cat!"

"Now, now, mother darling, you know I love you! I am now turn your pillows—the! And now let me bathe your head—No?—And we'll move the machine into the farther room so the noise won't disturb you again. And I'll bring my work in here and sing to you!"

"No, I don't want you! I hate the rustle of the satin! And the swish of the scissors drives me wild. What do you do dressmaking for anyway? I ain't there anything she can do? Money enough was spent on your edu-

cation, I'm sure."

"No, mother, not without taking me away from you. And you know the rent-day is coming and we want the money for that and other things."

"Oh dear! dear! If your father hadn't failed and—"

"Mother!" said Edith with sudden sternness, "don't speak of father in that way! You know he failed honorably; and for the deed done when suffering from brain-fever he was not responsible. Father was the best and kindest and most honest—"

Her voice broke in a sob.

Mrs May turned uneasily and turned from her daughter. She knew so well what a tender-hearted man Duncan May had been; giving her everything that heart could desire, until Edward Smith, for whom he had given his note, decamped. Then his all had to go, and with it his business. For his business had needed just that backing with money which he could have given it but for the note.

Well Mrs May remembered the day he had told her they must move into a smaller house and begin all over again.

"But with you, dear, and Edith!"—

And then she had poured upon him such a storm of indignation and reproach for bringing them to poverty, that he had quivered as if beaten with rods; then turning on her one white, wild look of anguish, had staggered like a blind man from the room.

Next came the fever. Then the death.

Edith, guessing the torture of her mother's remorseless soul, was always most patient and tender out of very pity; save when her father's name was spoken in this way.

She had been present at that scene, and forever photographed upon her brain were two pictures—ones of her father's face as he entered the room that day, with brave and noble purpose shining in his eyes, and that look of blank despair as his last prop of wifely love—his former hope—had failed and broken.

"Now, mother," said Edith a moment later, "let me give you this soothing drink." She spoke with utmost tenderness after her momentary sternness.

Mrs May raised and drank with eagerness, knowing that for a while at least, she would be enabled to forget.

Then Edith went back to Sara, and together, very quietly, they moved the machine and their work into the farther and smaller room.

Sara looked up at Edith after they were settled as if she would like to relieve her mind again, but something in the girl's face made her close her lips and put her righteous indignation into her overcasting, which accordingly got done at an extra rate of speed.

And now the work was rushed along. Scissors whished, needles flew, and pins dropped on the floor, until a long shrill whistle told them it was noon.

A bit more color flashed into Edith's face. Unconsciously she arranged her hair in the glass and straightened the bow at her throat. Then brushed the threads from her dress.

And then she hovered about the kitchen setting the table for dinner, till a quick step sounded on the walk.

He was a broad-shouldered, large-framed, plain-looking working man who the next moment had gathered her in his arms.

"You don't look down upon a carpenter?" he asked a moment later, and she answered: "How could I when he's six feet tall?" Then softly and gravely: "The Lord Jesus was a carpenter."

"I'm not worthy of you," he returned, with the rare humility of great love. "I know you, with your education and—everything ought to look higher than me. There's the doctor now; he loves you, and he's got position and education and money. Why don't you take him?" (A bit of jealousy in this.)

"Because I don't want him! And, Bert"—standing before him with hands dropped into his—"you are growing and rising all the time. You are earning money honorably and gaining an education as you go along. You have the trust and confidence of people. And for what you are, and for what you will be, and just for your

own true self, I love you."

Her eyes were shining and looking up straight into his. A momentary passion shook him.

"Why don't you come to me now, darling?" he asked eagerly. "It would be better than this"—glancing around. No man could ever love you better," he ended, with a tremble in his voice.

"Not while mother lives. Now—there!—go!"

Just a few moments of blessedness each day. But they sweetened the whole of life. All the tiredness was gone from heart and body, and back had come the old elasticity of motion she had known before these days of work.

Sara saw and smiled as she entered the kitchen for her dinner. Sara was not a bit crabbed in her heart if she was an old maid, and if she did let her tongue run like a wind-mill sometimes.

"Bless you!" she would say, "I believe in love! It's the most beautiful thing in the world. I'd be ashamed of myself if I didn't believe in it! An' I hope I'll believe in it when I'm eighty!"

"Then why don't you marry?" people would ask.

"Oh because!" Sara would answer with a tantalizing gleam in her bright, brown eyes. And so one could get more out of the plump little body who must have had lovers enough.

"I don't do kindnesses for money," returned Edith trying to smile, but with the spots very bright in her cheeks. "Baker St. is the first to the right. Good morning."

"Not by a long shot! I'll pay yer fer yer trouble. I've not so poor but I kin do that. An' it isn't often a body goes outen her wa' to do an old woman like me a turro. Them that does me a turro I do a turro fer likewise. What! Not take it! Why, money's what folks lives on! Put yer pride i' yer pocket an' take it! I kin see 'at ye need it."

"I don't do kindnesses for money," returned Edith trying to smile, but with the spots very red again in her cheeks and a choking sensation in her throat. Then seeing the disappointed, non-plussed look in the old face, her anger faded entirely and her own sunny smile broke forth.

"I am very glad indeed to have been able to help you," she said. "The pleasure of it is payment enough. It does me good when I can do something for others. Don't thank me! Indeed you're very welcome!"

"What might yer directions be?" catching her dress as she would have turned away.

"No, 8, Ewell St., Highlands."

"Thank! thank! Put ter the right? Thank! Good day."

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"An' her mother's the trial till her," soliloquized the old woman as she went on her way. "But she—she's her father's own image. He done me so many a good turro, 'specially when the old man he was sick, an' the lan'lord threatenin' fer him, an' then ter set me, a widder, up i' business; payin' for all th' apples an' oranges an' bull's-eyes an' peppermints an' ooc'-cakes; hilpin' me 'long till I was a dead sure thing ov a success! Well, th' Irish has warm hearts an' remembers a good turro as long as th' next one. An' if I don't hilp her, my name's not Bridget McGinnis!"

III.—GOD'S HAND BENEATH.

"I've seen that old woman before," thought Edith, as she trudged homeward; but cudgel her memory as she would, it would not carry her back to the charwoman who had kept her father's offices clean when she was a little child, who had disappeared for a while and then appeared with an apple-stall just over the way. So she gave it up and turned to the old harassing care about how to make both ends meet. Sara could not be paid. She—Edith—must bear as best she could her mother's fault-finding. And—worst—she must beg her landlord to wait again. The dull season was at hand. Some customers had refused to wait till Miss Carrot's work was done and had gone elsewhere. Others had been annoyed because her mother called her away when they were talking over styles. True, they acknowledged that she fitted them beautifully and had exquisite taste. But so true it is that nothing succeeds like success and falls like poverty.

No wonder the child, worn with working and walking and thinking and poor living, broke down when she reached home and had a good cry on the friendly Sara's shoulder.

"Don't mind, da-darling," said Sara, crying too, "it wi-will all come out right, and behind the cloud is the sun still shining."

"I'm just a baby," said the girl, sitting up, "and tired, and—"

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## AYER'S

Sugar-Coated Cathartic PILLS

—If the Liver be clogged, the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henterson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

### Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do every effort to cure the eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

### The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my bowels began to move, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Durbin, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Easing, Richmond, Va.

### Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

### SURPRISE SOAP

BEST ON EARTH

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of economy and economy, quality, and purity. The purest and best for all uses. It is a marvel of economy and economy, quality, and purity. The purest and best for all uses.

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