

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1887.

No. 24

## 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 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.

Sendy 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.

### Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, or 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 refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Mails are 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. Rand, Post Master.

### PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

### Churches.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Rev. R. L. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 11 a. 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. 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 next Sunday morning at 11, evening at 7. Mr. J. W. Fullerton, of King's College, is Curate.

**1878 FRANCIS (R. C.)**—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

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

**Oddfellows.**  
"GOTHIC" 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. 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.

### OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH  
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

**JOB PRINTING**  
—OF—  
**Every Description**

DONE WITH  
**NEATNESS, CHEAPNES, 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. G.**—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**PATRICK, C. A.**—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriages, and Team Harness, Opposite People's Bank.

**PRAT, 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.

**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 Tobaccoist.

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

**WITTER, BURFEE.**—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.

### CARD.

**DR J. R. DEWOLF, M. D.,**  
Edin'r.  
L. R. C. S. E., & L. M., Edin'r.  
**AND**  
**DR G. H. DEWOLF, M. D.,**  
M. B., C. M., & L. M., Edin'r.  
Wolfville, Oct. 6th, 1886 3m pd

## Select Poetry.

### OPTIMUS.

There is a deep and subtle snare  
Whose sure temptation hardly fails,  
Which, just because it looks so fair,  
Only a noble heart assails.

So all the more we need be strong  
Against this false and seeming right;  
Which none the less is deadly wrong,  
Because it glitters clothed in light.

When duties unfulfilled remain,  
Or noble works are left unplanned,  
Or when great deeds cry out in vain  
On coward heart and trembling hand—

Then will a seeming Angel speak:  
"The hours are fleeting—great the need—  
If thou art strong and others weak,  
Thine be the effort and the deed."

"Deaf are their ears who ought to hear;  
Idle their hands, and dull their soul;  
While sloth, or ignorance, or fear,  
Fetters them with a blind control."

"Sort thou the tangled web aright;  
Take thou the toll, take thou the pain;  
For fear the hour begin its flight,  
While Night and Duty plead in vain."

And now it is I hid thee pause,  
Nor let this Tempter bend thy will;  
There are divinest, truer laws  
That teach a nobler lesson still.

Learn that each duty makes its claim  
Upon one soul: not each on all.  
How, if God speaks thy Brother's name  
Dare thou make answer to the call?

The greater evil in the strife,  
The less this evil should be done;  
For as in battle, so in life,  
Danger and honor still are one.

Arouse him then;—this is thy part:  
Show him the claim; point out the need;  
And nerve his arm, and cheer his heart:  
Then stand aside, and say, "God speed!"

Smooth thou his path ere it is trod;  
Burnish the arms that he must wield;  
And pray, with all thy strength, that God  
May crown him Victor of the field.

And then, I think, thy soul shall feel  
A nobler thrill of true content,  
Than if presumptuous, eager zeal  
Had seized a crown for others meant.

And even that very deed shall shine  
In myriads of eyes, divine and true,  
More wholly and more purely thine,  
Because it is another's too.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

### Interesting Story.

#### Clara's Way.

Hazelton farm was at its prettiest when Clara Field came to live there. The old house with its square, old-fashioned porch, vine-covered gables, and newly-painted green blinds, glistened white through the emerald freshness of the maple-trees; the grass was purpled all over with wild violets, and the dim old woods on the mountain side were embowered with a thousand flowers. And the pretty young bride standing on the rustic bridge that spanned the brook, looked up at the rising moon and drew a long sigh of contentment.

"Oh, John, how beautiful this is!" she said softly. "How happy we shall be. We can walk in the woods and gather wild flowers and ferns, and we can row on the river, and have readings on the lawn, and sketch all these exquisite bits of scenery, and life will be like a beautiful dream."

John Field whistled rather dubiously. "Of course it will, my dear," said he. "And I am rather glad you like the old place. But I rather think there'll be something to do besides read and row and sketch."

The next morning, when Clara came down to breakfast in a white bunting dress, with cherry ribbon bars all over it, Aunt Keziah looked at her in oiled-eyed surprise.

"My dear," said she, "if you and John expect to go on in the world you'll have to keep earlier hours than this."

"Why, Aunt Keziah, it's only seven o'clock," said Clara, artlessly glancing at the clock.

"Humph!" remarked Aunt Keziah, as she placed the boiled ham on the table, each slice surmounted by the golden disk of a delicious boiled egg. "John's brother of William lives on the next farm, and his wife has been up since daybreak, I'll go bail."

"Since daybreak," echoed Clara.

"Why, what can she possibly find to busy herself with?"

"Just exactly what you ought to busy yourself with," said Aunt Keziah, taking a pan of butter-milk biscuits out of the oven, and filling the crocheted-handled pitcher with thick, clotted cream. "A farmer's wife can't sit down and fold her hands, unless she

### der, Alice"—

"Don't wonder at what?" said Mrs Will Field, in surprise.

"That Will's first wife died at twenty-six, and that you at thirty-six are following as rapidly in her footsteps as can be," cried Clara.

"If you were made of iron or India rubber you couldn't accomplish all this drudgery without being worn out. I am going straight home to abdicate my position as reigning sovereign. And the spirited young wife left Mrs Will wrapped in amazement and hurried on her way."

John Field was standing at the old well in his working costume, drinking from the bucket as Clara tripped up the path. He looked up with a smile.

"Well, pet, where are you going?" he asked.

"To pack my trunk," said Clara, with mischief sparkling in her eyes. "I've been investigating matters, and I don't like my situation."

"What situation?"

"That of maid of all work, laundress, cook, house-keeper, and lady all in one at the salary of my clothes and feed."

"But, my dear," said John, with a puzzled face, "you are talking nonsense. Nobody expects all that of any woman."

"Don't they, though, that's where you are mistaken. It is precisely what Will's present wife has been doing for him all these last years—what his first wife were herself out in doing, and what you are preparing yourself to demand of me."

Aunt Keziah advises me to take Will's wife for a model; but I shall do nothing of the sort. I had a deal rather go back to teaching."

"I never heard such talk in my life," said Aunt Keziah, who from the kitchen threshold had overheard Mrs John Field's declaration of independence.

"Very likely," said Clara. "You see I've no idea of committing suicide, whatever Will's wife's opinion may be. Oh, John, how blind you men are. Look at poor, worn-out Alice, a type of every farmer's wife in the neighborhood. Look at her now, and then try and remember her as she was when she first came here. You may call it good housekeeping. I call it killing herself by inches!"

"Well," owned John, "she does look feeble."

"And do you wonder at it, when you see all she accomplishes?" flashed Clara. "Why, blackboard himself eventually killed off his New England farmer does."

"I'll tell you what, John, if you will provide me all the servants I need, and let me live in my home as a ruling spirit, not as its drudge, I'll remain here. Otherwise I shall leave to-day."

"She's not so far wrong," said Aunt Keziah, who had a shrewd, rugged consciousness of her own under all her prejudices.

"She's right," said John Field. "Stay with us, pet, and you shall see that we know how to appreciate you as you deserve."

So Mrs John Field stayed, the head of an efficient establishment of stout servant girls, who officiated as hands to her own active brain, and no place in the neighborhood flourishes more than Hazelton farm.

"It's extravagance—ridiculous extravagance!" exclaimed Will Field when he heard of his brother's new administration of affairs.

"We'll see how the bills add up at the end of the year," said John, quietly.

And at the year's end Will was unable to imagine how it was that his brother's account had swelled to nearly a third more than his own.

"We have lived more economically than you," he said. "We have kept no lazy, shirking help."

"Ah," said Clara, "but you didn't count the doctor's bills while poor Alice lay sick with rheumatic fever brought on by scrubbing the cellar floors herself, nor the expenses of the nurse who took care of her. To be sure little Alice and Jane did the work of the house between them while their mother was ill, but neither of them will be strong for a year so heavy was the strain. And next you will prob-

### ably have undertaker's bills to pay into the bargain."

"No, I won't," said Will, resolutely. "I'll try John's way, and see if it will brighten Alice and the children up a little."

"Call it Clara's way," said John Field, laughing, "for she is the originator of the whole thing."

"It's a sensible way, anyhow," said Will, "whenever it may be."

Clara had converted them both.

### A Word to Young Men.

I want to say a word to the young men. It is a grand thing to be a young man; to have life before you. Life is behind me. My record is pretty nearly done; yours is to make. I can't change my record to save my life. I can't undo a deed I have done or unsay a word I have spoken to save my life. No more can you. You are making your record. We old men have our record nearly made, and can't change it. It is an awful thing when a man is sixty-five years of age to look upon a stained, smeared, smudged record, and know he can't change it.

Thank God, there is a man who can wipe out the iniquity sufficient to save us, as a school boy wipes his sum off the slate. Even if a man is forgiven, it leaves a mark upon him he will never recover from—never.

Young man, you have your life before you, and you will have to map out which direction you will take. They tell us that eight miles above us no animal can exist. It is death to all animal life eight miles in that direction. It don't depend upon the distance you travel, but on the direction; and when a man takes a wrong direction, he knows it. Young men, you need not tell me when you are doing wrong you don't know it. You do.

There is not a young man that is breaking his mother's heart by dissipation, but knows it; knows that every glass he drinks will be a thorn in the way of him.

I would say, then, to young men, stop drinking and help us fight it. Fight this evil; it rests with the young men of our country to fight it, and to win the victory. Fight it! Fight it!

JOHN B. GORON.

### Reign of the Woman.

Man never appreciates his inferiority to woman so thoroughly as when he stands before the altar in the presence of an audience of friends and friends of the clergyman make him husband. Ninety out of ten men in such a position tremble as if they were about to be arrested for murder, while nine out of ten women go through the ceremony as gracefully as if they were an everyday occurrence. And it is this timorous creature in a dress suit that promises to protect the calm and placid angel whose orange blossoms are here aureole. What delicious sarcasm there is in the thought! And in after life, when the husband gets torn up by care and when a little trouble comes to steal away his peace of mind, how is it then? The woman whom he promised to protect becomes his protector. She sees sunshine through the clouds. She smooths out the wrinkled brow of care. She props up his flagging spirits. She puts new life into his bosom, new hope into his soul, and he goes forth in the morning with new strength and new zeal to wrestle with life and its responsibilities. Woman may be the weaker vessel, but she isn't broken up, and doesn't go to pieces as soon as man.

*Baltimore American.*

### Gentry.

Once at a little dinner party, one of the guests, the younger brother of an English nobleman, expressed with commendable freedom his opinion of this country and its people. "I do not altogether like the country," said the young gentleman, "for one reason, because you have no gentry here."

"What do you mean by gentry?" asked another of the company. "Well, you know," replied the Englishman—"well—oh, gentry are those who never do any work themselves, and whose fathers before them never did any."

"Ah," exclaimed his interlocutor, "then we have plenty of gentry in America. But we don't call them gentry; we call them tramps." A laugh went round the table, and the young Englishman turned his conversation into another channel.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

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 alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,** 105 Wall St., N. Y. (13-11-85)

**Dr. E. C. West's**  
**FOR THE LIVER BLOOD STOMACH AND KIDNEYS**  
**DANDELION**

Infallible Blood Purifier, Tonic, Diuretic, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Pyrosis, Biliousness, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, all Kidney Diseases, Scrofula, Diseases peculiar to Females, Salt Rheum, Eczema and all Skin Diseases, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Bore Stomach and Heart Burn, Purify Vegetable.

**POPULAR FEMALE PILLS**  
WILL CONQUER!

OVER 80,000 WOMEN

Are using them monthly with grand results. They are safe, pleasant, effective and warranted purely vegetable. Their use will improve the general health; no female regulator equal to them in the world. Ladies! take no substitute (Correspondence solicited.) Ask your druggist for the POPULAR PILLS, or inclose postage stamp for sealed particulars. Price \$1.00 per box, sent on receipt of price. Letters of inquiry are answered by an experienced female correspondent. Address—THE REMEDIAL COMPOUND CO., "Inquiry Dept.," Derby Line, Vt.

**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 25¢, yet we offer it to you for Four Months, with the *Free Press* thrown in, for 40¢. 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.

"*Harpers Monthly*" for August says C. B. Lewis (M. Quad) is perhaps the most unique and genuine humorist this country has produced. \*\* He is natural and spontaneously funny, \*\* is of universal repute, 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 accounted only a limited length of time.

**SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE!**

Send order to THE ACADIAN, Wolfville, N. S.