

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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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.

Newspaper 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 communications, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

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For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A. M.
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PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon. A. W. BARRS, Agent.

Churches.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 P. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Prayer Meetings 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 P. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Fredk. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:00 P. M.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Services next Sunday morning at 11 A. M. evening at 7. Canon Brock, L. D., President of King's College, will conduct the services.

St. FRANCIS (C. O.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. M.—Mass 11:00 A. M. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M.
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T meets every Monday evening at their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, L. 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, 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.

West's Pain King excels all other remedies in promptly curing dysentery, diarrhea, cholera, cholera morbus, and all diseases of the stomach and bowels. Price only 25c. All druggists.

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.

DISHOP, E. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Color Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

DISHOP, 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.

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.

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

DR. PAYZANT & SON.—Dentists.

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 and Repairer.

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

REIDEN, 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.

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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.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Perry Davis' Pain-Killer
FOR CHOLERA
CRAMPS AND PAINFUL COLIC
DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY
CHOLERA MORBUS AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

**Watches, Clocks,
and Jewelry
REPAIRED**
—BY—
J. F. HERBIN,
Next door to Post Office.
Small articles SILVERPLATED.

**COUGHS, COLDS,
Croup and Consumption**
CURED BY
ALLEN'S LUNG BALM
25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

Select Poetry.

THE TWO LIVES.

Two babies were born in the self-same town,
On the very same bright day,
They laughed and cried in their mother's arms,
In the very self-same way.

And both seemed pure and innocent,
As falling flakes of snow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town,
And the children both were fair,
But one had curls brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair.

The children both grew up apace,
As other children grow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town,
And one was wedded and loved,
The other saw time's curtain's part,
The world where her sister moved.

And one was smiling, a happy bride,
The other knew care and woe,
For one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,
And one had tender care,
The other was left to die alone,
On her pallet so thin and bare.

One had many to mourn her loss,
For the other few tears would flow,
For one had lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

If Jesus, who died for rich and poor,
In wondrous holy love,
Took both the sisters in His arms,
And carried them above;

Then all the difference vanished quite,
For in heaven none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house,
And which in the street below.

Interesting Story.

ANDRE THERIOT.

It was an old French Chateau on the banks of the Loire; and when it was first built, or conquered, by the ancestors of the Comte de Maupassant, no one knew. But the beautiful domain of Beaujolis had descended to the Maupassants for centuries in one unbroken line.

The present owner Count Guy, was perhaps the wealthiest and proudest of his race, as he was also the last. His only child, Blanche, a little girl about ten years old, was the sole heir of that once numerous and powerful family, and what affection her father had lavished upon her. But, like all the Maupassants, he was old-hearted and haughty, and when his wife, whom he had married from motives of interest, drooped, faded, and died, in the ungenial atmosphere of the old chateau, he gave her scant mourning.

As for the little Countess, she had her governess and her *bonne*, and, being extremely willful, was allowed to do pretty much as she pleased. Her father who spent the greater part of his time in Paris, was quite content, on his visits to the chateau, to see his beautiful little daughter healthy and happy, and the greatest little despot in the household, which was wholly submissive to her wildest whim.

What a life she led that little Countess! She rebelled against the constant watchfulness of governess and maids, and nothing delighted her more than to run away from them, and pass long hours in wandering alone through the deep forests and broad fields of Beaujolis. Her governess, a good, indolent woman, was in utter despair at these escapades.

"But, mademoiselle, I forbid you to go alone!" she cried. "It is not *commode* for the Countess de Maupassant to wander about alone, like one of the common peasant children."

"Then I wish I was a common peasant child!" the little lady cried stamping her feet angrily. "They have got children to play with them, and I've got nobody but you and *Bonne Marie*; and you are old, old, and you can't jump and run and play. I will go by myself; and if you watch me, or try to follow me, madame, I will go outside the gate and run away to Paris. There now!"

Poor Madame Duloc shook and shivered at this threat. She knew the child would keep her word, and then what would happen? As for punishing her refractory charge as she deserved, that she knew was utterly impossible, and would cost her an easy

and lucrative situation. So she weakly tried to compromise.

"If you would only take Céline, mademoiselle, then you might stay out as long as you please."

"But I am running away from Céline and everybody!" she cried, impatiently. "I hate to be watched, and if you will do it, I will run away. I will go where I choose."

Poor Madame Duloc raised her hands and eyes in despair, but before this will go she knew she was powerless. She did what she could; she exacted a promise from Blanche that she would never go beyond the park gates. Willful and ungovernable as the little Countess was, she had never broken her word, so Madame Duloc was forced to yield the point. She would climb laboriously to the high tower, and watch the child through the fields, and until she was lost in the recesses of the forest. But after a time, when Blanche came in regularly, glowing with health and ready to study more sedulously than she had ever done, she ceased her espionage.

The lonely little girl found her life full of interest now. She made friends with the birds and squirrels, and all wild things of the field and forest. She was a warm-hearted, loving little creature, though her best impulses had been repressed by her artificial life, and it was her greatest pleasure to stop and chat with old Theriot, the gardener, and his assistants, who were always busy about the grounds.

One beautiful spring morning, in her wanderings through the spacious gardens, Blanche came to an arch twisted with the fragrant *Povence* rose, then in full bloom. They were high above her reach, not far there, a foothold on the arch where she could climb. She looked around. No one was in sight but a tall lad, who was weeding one of the beds.

"Here, *garçon*, come and get me some roses."

He came obediently, and gathered her a large cluster.

"You are very tall," she said, "to reach up there. Where do you live, and how old are you?"

"I am sixteen," he said, "and, mademoiselle, I live here. I am Andre Theriot."

"Ah, you are the gardener Theriot's son. I like him," nodding her head gravely. "He is a good man. He lets me pick the nectarines myself. Do you want a rose, Andre?" holding out one, with the air of a young girl, when she drew it back, with a mischievous laugh.

"Come now, I'm going to treat you as madame does me, when she gives me *bonbons*. You must spell 'rose' before you get it."

The lad's handsome face flushed crimson.

"But, *mamselle*," he stammered, "I can't spell. I don't know my letters."

"Don't know your letters, you, a big, strong boy of sixteen! Oh, you must be very lazy! Why don't you learn?"

"But, *mamselle*, my father is too poor to send me to school. I wish I could learn. Ah, *mon Dieu*, if I could only learn to read, I would be too happy!" clasping his hands, with the big tears in his eyes.

"You shall learn to read, Andre!" pity and sympathy were at work in that warm little heart. "I will teach you myself. Meet me to-morrow morning at the summer-house on the lake. I will bring books, and I will teach you."

"You, *mamselle*!" Andre cried, stupefied. If an angel from heaven had offered to teach him, he could not have been more astonished than at this condescension from his beautiful little *chateleine*.

"And why not? Of course I shall not tell Madame Duloc or anybody, for they would make such a fuss. But be in the summer-house to-morrow."

Of course Andre did not fail to obey. He never dreamed of disputing her orders, and the lad was wild to learn. Blanche was an exacting and impatient little teacher, but Andre was so bright and eager that in five months he had almost reached the limit of Blanche's own small acquirements. She had grown extremely fond of the handsome lad, so ready and willing to amuse her; and as for him, he was her abject slave

All distinctions of rank were forgotten in this pleasant companionship so soon to cease.

One morning the count returned unexpectedly from Paris. "Where is Blanche?" he asked Madame Duloc.

"Mademoiselle is out on the grounds," she said, tremulously. "I have sent Céline for her."

"Without you, Madame Duloc!" he said, sternly; "do you tell me my daughter is allowed to wander about alone?"

"Ah, *mon Dieu*, but she will let no one follow her?" the poor governess cried, desperately.

"Since you cannot control the Countess, madame, allow me to tell you, your services are no longer needed at Beaujolis." The Count strode off in search of his daughter in a terrible fury. It did not lessen when, after a half-hour's search, she was not to be found. When near the lake, he heard voices and laughter in the little summer-house.

Pushing open the door, he saw a sight which nearly struck him dumb. Side by side on the bench sat the representative of the Maupassants and a peasant boy. They were bending over the same book, and the golden curls of Blanche mingled with the black hair of her companion.

"Blanche!" cried the Count, in a voice of thunder.

The little girl sprang to her feet, turning pale, but she did not tremble.

"What are you doing here with that boy?"

"I am teaching him to read, papa."

The little girl's tones did not falter, though she was horribly frightened.

"Teaching him to read!" the Count gasped so furious that his voice trembled.

"Back with you to the chateau, you wicked child, and I will settle with you later. But you, you base-born, in-olent peasant, I will lash you like the hound you are!" He raised his riding-whip, but Blanche seized it, and confronted him with a pale face and flashing eyes.

"You shall not strike him, papa!" she cried. "I made him come. He dared not refuse. If you strike anyone, strike me, for I did it."

Andre through his whole life never forgot that picture. The man with his face convulsed by fury, the little girl looking up with her brave eyes, ready and willing to suffer in his stead.

After a minute the Count seemed to recover himself.

"Go away from here, boy," he cried, "for if ever I meet you again I will cut off your ears and tongue! You to out to learn! Bah!"

This was no idle threat at that time in France. The grand Seigneurs had the liberty of mutilating, or even killing their vassals at their own free will, and the boy knew that his father's house was no longer safe for him. But his thirst for knowledge, begun by the lessons of his little mistress, led him to a Jesuit college, where his uncle, a priest, was one of the professors. There he remained for six years, while the thunders of the great Revolution were growling in the distance.

When Andre left college, the guillotine had already cut of many of the greatest and noblest names in France. His education and ability and hatred of aristocracy soon secured him a position of confidence with Petion, one of the Revolutionary leaders.

Andre shuddered at the bloodshed and violence which had turned France into a butcher's shambles, but then he dreamed that the outcome would be liberty.

He had heard that the Chateau of Beaujolis had been burned to the ground, and the Count and his daughter had escaped. Where the Count had gone he knew not, and cared less; but he knew that Blanche had been concealed by old Theriot, his father, who had been loyal to his young mistress in her hour of peril. He had never seen her since that fateful day when they had been surprised by her father, but his gratitude and almost adoration had never lessened. One day, in Petion's office, he overheard a few words which made his heart beat fast.

"So that old man, De Maupassant, is in the last batch of prisoners? They will all 'kiss the locket' at noon today."

"Good!" Petion answered; "has the viper any brood?"

"One daughter, as handsome and insolent as an aristocrat can be. She is hiding, they say, with one of her old servants; but that bloodhound Carreze goes in search of her to-morrow. He never fails, Carreze does not, and she will be in La Force before twenty-four hours."

As soon as the visitors left, Andre presented himself before Petion.

"General," he said, "I want to pass to absent myself for several days, and to go where I wish. Give me one, too, at the same time, for my sister."

"Aha, Theriot, of course, my boy!" Something for the good of the State, *hein?* Good patriot that you are! Describe your sister, and let Nicol there draw up the passes."

I have no space to tell of Andre's journey to Beaujolis, and how, in disguise, Blanche escaped with him to the nearest seaport, where he took passage for her in a vessel bound for Maupassant was going.

"Farewell, mademoiselle," said the young man, as they stood together on the deck of the vessel. "You have money for your present wants, and I will forward more to you. Perhaps, too, I may come and see you."

Blanche raised her face, streaming with tears.

"Come with me now, Andre!" she cried, in her old impetuous manner.

"How can I go alone, alone to a strange land?"

He went. Two years after this, the young Countess married the gardener's son, and their union was a happy one. Their descendants are numerous now on the Teche, and you can hear this story more graphically told by them than in this short sketch. In their graves the Countess Blanche and her devoted husband lie side by side, on a green knoll near the silver waters of the Teche.—*Youth's Companion.*

Christianity and Infidelity Compared.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

There stands Christianity. There stands Infidelity. Compare what they have done. Compare their resources. There is Christianity, a prayer on her lips, a benediction on her brow, both hands full of help for all who will help; the mother of thousands of colleges, the mother of thousands of asylums for the oppressed; the mother of missions for the bringing back of the outcast; the mother of thousands of reformatory institutions for the saving of the lost; the mother of innumerable Sabbath-schools, bringing millions of children under a drill to prepare them for respectability and usefulness, to say nothing of the great future. That is Christianity.

Here is infidelity. No prayer on her lips, no benediction on her brow, both hands clenched—what for? To fight Christianity. That is the entire business. The complete mission of infidelity is to fight Christianity. Where are her schools, her colleges, her asylums of mercy? Let me show you down a whole realm of foolscap paper that you may fill all of it with the names of her beneficent institutions, the colleges and the asylums, the institutions of mercy and of learning, founded by infidelity, and supported alone by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, and yet in favor of making the world better. "Oh," you say, "a realm of paper is too much for the names of those institutions." Well, then, I throw you a choir of paper. Fill it all up now. I will wait until you get all the names down. "Oh," you say, "that is too much." Well, then, I will just hand you a sheet of paper. Just fill up the four sides while we are talking of this matter with the names of the merciful institutions founded by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet in favor of humanity. "Oh," you say, "that would be too much room; you wouldn't want so much room as that." Well, then, suppose you count them on your ten fingers. "Oh," you say, "not quite so much as that." Well, then, count them on the fingers of one hand. "Oh,"

you say, "we don't want so much room as that." Suppose, then, you halt and count on one finger the name of any institutions founded by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet tending to make the world better. Not one! Not one!"—Address at Anniversary Virginia Bible Society.

Use for Old Washstands.

The old pine washstand, now tramped away in the garret, but so common a few years ago, the one with the hole in the top for a wash-bowl, bars for towels, and a drawer and shelf below, is a treasure not to be despised. If you want a pretty Queen Anne table, for books or music, remove the back piece and bars, and nail a smooth board over the top to cover the hole.

An one of shellac dissolved in a pint of alcohol, with enough lampblack added to make it the desired dark shade, will supply enough varnish to transform the pine table into a fashionable ebony one, as the legs only require to be varnished. Then cover both shelves with dark blue or olive plush or velvetone, which can now be purchased very cheaply, and put a straight valance of the same round the lower shelf. Finish the top one with a worsted chenille fringe, in bright Persian colors, and edge the valance with the same. It will take only about 1½ yards of plush, and three yards of fringe; and your table will be the admiration of all who see it. If it is to stand against the wall, three sides of the lower shelf only need to be trimmed, and the drawer left for use at the back. For a bedroom these tables are pleasing, if simply varnished and covered in the same way with a pretty, cheerful cretonne, edged with a full ruffle of the same. Such a stand is a useful gift for an invalid, when placed by the couch to hold bottles and glasses.

AYER'S Sugar-Coated Cathartic PILLS.

If the Liver be clogged, if 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 to perfect health.—W. T. Brightness, Henderson, 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 their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Atholborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Danversville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this 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 food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, 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, Darden, Ala.

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 Kelling, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT TUB WASHES TRY IT

A marvel of economy and economy. Quality guaranteed. The greatest and best soap ever made for washing and cleaning without injury to delicate fabrics, and for all purposes of the household. It is made of the finest materials, and is the only soap that will