

THE ACADIAN

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Vol. VI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1886.

No. 18

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 as 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.

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

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

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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.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. V. Ross, Pastor—Services 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 9.30 A. 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.

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 of each month at 8 o'clock P. M.
J. B. Danvers, Secretary.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

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DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use your right, and we can safely recommend them as our best advertising business men.

DORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gen'l. Furnishing Goods.

DORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

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

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DROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

DAVISON, J. R.—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.

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.

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MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

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

PRAT, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

REDDEN, A. C. O.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

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ROOD, A. R.—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tin-ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

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

Select Poetry

DREAMS.

If dreams were sold in the market place, What kind of a dream would you buy? The market buzzed with pleading faces, And the love-light in the eyes.

"I would buy a dream of a gallant knight, Coming down over the foam, Of her captain bold in his stave of gold, And her sails all set for home."

If dreams were sold in the market place, What kind of a dream would you buy? "I would buy a dream," said a happy youth, "Of honor and purpose high, Wrought into the work of the coming years."

A dream of a loving bride; Of work well done and home well won, And my children by my side."

If dreams were sold in the market place, What kind of a dream would you buy? And the mother lifted a tender face, And said with a longing sigh: "I would buy a dream of my absent boy, For what would be sweeter bliss Than to clasp his hand in the land of dreams, And give him a mother's kiss?"

If dreams were sold in the market place, What kind of a dream would you buy? And the man lifted his calm, still face, To the light of the Western sky: "I would buy a dream of my childhood's days, A dream of household care, the vales and dales, Of my own dear native land."

So ever and so the soul will dream, From the first hour to the last; Backward and forward in search of good, In memory and wishing cast. But oh, the joy when we shall awake, In that land we are going to, And find that the good and the beautiful dreams Of our hearts have all come true.

Interesting Story.

THE DOCTOR'S HOME.

(CONTINUED)

We waited in vain for the twins to come home. The morning passed, and the hot, shadowless noon went by.

"Will they never come home?" I said to Ada, in weary waiting.

Yes, they came—my boys, my darling boys! They came home once more, over the threshold they had crossed with happy feet so often. They came home, not bounding in as of old, with glad greeting of voice and eyes—never more would they come like that.

Oh, that bitter, bitter last home-coming! How can I write of it? The Doctor heard the news first. Coming home from the round of mid-day visits, he was met and told.

Harry, in that moment of madness when Florence had left him, had gone to the sands about a mile from the house. Perhaps he thought a swim would cool his blood—perhaps he hoped death would take him; for the currents were swift and dangerous just there. However, he went out some distance from the land, and was swimming back slowly when Tom caught hold of him.

The rest was seen from the houses on the cliff above. Harry was a good swimmer, but the tide was strong, and he must have been weakened by the excitement of the days before, for the waves swept him away. Tom, seeing his brother's danger, plunged after him. But Tom never could swim well; and, before help could reach them, they were both beyond earthly help.

They were brought home next morning side by side, united in death as they had been in life. Ah, my dears, your graves are green now; but it is hard still to say "Heaven's will be done!"

They were brought home, and we buried them, side by side, under the churchyard trees, a step or two from our garden walks.

Everybody was sorry for us. The local newspapers were full of the sad accident to two promising undergraduates. Out there in the dew, and the rain, and the sunshine were two graves instead of two bright faces, the rings of two happy voices! Oh, it was hard, hard to bear!

Yes, it was very hard to bear; but we lived to get accustomed to our trouble, to the empty chairs, and to the graves in the churchyard. Polly took to study—it was something to fill up her life; and she went in for all kinds of hard mental work. Our old merry, saucy, Polly was gone forever.

We had a patient, white-checked woman in the house, who rarely smiled, who never laughed.

I got to like her again very soon, for there was John to think of; but Polly had only a dead love in her heart, or, rather, a love that she sought to kill and that would not die.

In the late autumn we heard of Florence's marriage to Lord Vane; but we never spoke of it—we never mentioned the past in any way.

The next summer was a strange, sad time. I was nursing Ada Rightie. She came to stay with us, for her home was uncomfortable and noisy; and all that summer she was dying. She knew it, and Charlie knew it, too; and it was very sad and sweet to see them together.

She died in October. Polly and I had scarcely left her for a week; but only Polly was with her when she died.

It was evening, and I had just gone down to send off for Charlie and Dora, thinking Ada was worse, and when I came back, she was gone. Polly was kneeling by the bed, with Ada's hand in hers.

THE DOCTOR'S HOME.

(CONTINUED)

"Don't mind leaving me alone," said Polly. "I shall be quite happy with my books."

Quite happy! Ah, dear, I know better than that! But I let Polly think I believed her.

We began to leave off our heavy mourning as the hot weather came. The grass was thick and green on the twins' graves. They had been lying there nearly two years; so we put off our craps and wore a little white in our bonnets.

One day in July I heard that a large party of visitors was coming down to the Hall; and we had a list in the paper that week. Mr. Castledean was about to entertain Lord and Lady Vane and a distinguished party of visitors in his beautiful residence.

Polly must have seen the news; but there was no change in her face or manner—she merely exhibited a certain nervous shrinking from going out.

At last one day about a week afterwards—we had been making some afternoon calls at the other end of the village, and were going home—we met Vincent. He was riding with a couple of ladies.

I hardly looked at Polly or at him; and he was past in a moment, lifting his hat and bowing very deeply. We walked on down the lane; but, before we reached the gate, Polly caught hold of me.

"I am faint, I think; I can't stand," she said.

And she fainted—went off into a dead swoon in my arms.

I managed to get her to the hedge-side, and laid her down on the soft grass. Just as I was thinking what I had better do, I heard a horse's feet, and Vincent came riding back at a canter along the lane.

I do not know to this day how he got rid of his companions; but he came riding back, looking as handsome as mortal man could look, with the low sunlight on his face.

The heat is too much for anyone!" he exclaimed, looking at Polly's white face, lying on the grass.

Ah, Vincent's eyes were always tender! What a look they gave little Polly! It almost made me trust him. But I was very angry.

"Don't talk of the weather, Mr. Castledean, but ride on to the house and send a servant to me! And don't come back, Polly and I never wish to see you nor your sister again. You have done us evil enough."

He never answered, but hastened down the lane; and in a few minutes Sarah had brought some water and salts, and we got Polly around. I did not see Vincent again, but I believe he waited to learn how Polly was.

Next morning I was sewing in my own room, and Polly was busy with her books down-stairs. I wonder how much she read of them that day?

THE DOCTOR'S HOME.

(CONTINUED)

I went down to her at once. She was not a bit changed—was as beautiful and winsome as ever.

She held out her hand, but I did not touch it. I stood before her, straight and stern.

"What can you want under this roof, Lady Vane?"

"Ah, I see," she said—"you think it was my fault. You will never know how grieved I was—"

But I interrupted her.

"There can be no talk of grief between us, Lady Vane. What you have done, you have done. You have earned your punishment, and it will come to you as surely as there is justice in heaven!"

Ah, she loved her child, this woman loved him wildly.

"May Heaven make your child your punishment!"

Am I sorry for the words? I do not think I am.

She caught hold of me in a kind of shuddering fear.

"Don't—don't speak like that! I did wrong—I know it was wrong; but I have come this morning to make atonement. I have come to warn you."

She stopped;—her lips were quivering with agitation.

"Go on!" I exclaimed, with the old fear strong at my heart.

"Vincent has not forgotten your sister," she resumed. "If you love her, keep her close to you, watch over her as a mother would. I was cruel to your brother; but Vincent can be crueler still. If you knew him as I do, you would rather see Polly dead than in his power!"

"That is enough. You have no need to warn me against your family. Your brother must needs be a villain, Lady Vane. Polly can guard her own honor."

And I left her without any remembrance of leave-taking.

I was fearful about Polly. She was gone from her room. Her books were lying on the table, and I turned them over to see if I could find anything that would guide me in her absence.

Yes; there was a note! Vincent's crest was on it, and I read it without scruple. It was very short.

"I am waiting for you in the lane, my darling. Come to me for one moment. After two years you can surely give me that, Polly—only one moment."

Three hours before Polly had gone out into the lane. I went to the gate, and looked up and down, but no one was in sight.

Shall I ever forget the hour that followed? It was the worst of all. I do not dare to think of it; I must have been mad, I fancy. To this day I cannot bear the smell of mignonette, for the air was full of it that morning as I walked up and down the garden path.

At last—it was only an hour, though it seemed a hundred at least—I heard voices in the lane, and then the garden gate opened. Polly was there—a new Polly with scarlet cheeks and beaming eyes,

THE DOCTOR'S HOME.

(CONTINUED)

—and Vincent Castledean. I went forward blindly, and then I felt Polly's arms about my neck, and her soft lips on mine.

"You must give me a better welcome than you did yesterday," said Vincent Castledean, "for Polly's sake."

I gave him my hand then, and he went away.

"I shall come and see the Doctor this evening," he said to Polly, and left her with me.

We went into the house, Polly and I, and had a long talk. But Polly said nothing of that other summer; of her present happiness only could she talk. Vincent was going to make no secret of their engagement. He would tell his sister and friends that day; and the Doctor was to be told that night.

"He wants us to be married soon," said Harry Polly.

She could see no faults in her handsome lover; her love made him perfect; and Vincent loved her dearly. I knew that when I saw them together afterwards.

They were married in October, and in the following month I sailed for India, leaving my father's sister to keep house for him. I do not think he missed us much.

I have been in India ten years now. My eldest boy is at school in England, and he spends his holidays with Polly. She has half a dozen children; and she and Vincent are happy still. She knows how to keep his love, and he is very proud and fond of his little wife.

Charlie has married Dora Rightie; and they live only a few stations from us, so we see them often.

Polly never mentions Florence Castledean, or rather Lady Vane, in her letters. I believe she was recognized by her sister-in-law soon after her marriage; but they were never friends.

One bit of news I had from my own boy Harry, in his last monthly letter.

"Such a sad thing happened yesterday! Percy Vane was drowned! You have heard me speak of Percy, mother? He was drowned in bathing. I cried a little."

Percy Vane was Florence's only child.

THE END.

A Cool Woman.

It was once not uncommon in England for a gentleman, travelling in his own coach, to be stopped on the highway and robbed of his purse and watch. Lord Derby, an ancestor of the present Earl, and Mr. Thomas Grenville, while crossing a common at night, were attacked by several highwaymen. Their servants, being paid to wait on their masters, and not for being shot in defending their property, ran away.

The two gentlemen popped away at the highwaymen until their ammunition gave out, and then surrendered.

"What scoundrels you must be," exclaimed the leader of the robbers, as he perceived the purses of his victims, "to fire at gentlemen who risk their lives upon the road!"

As the man looked at the matter, it was unfair that gentlemen who took the chances of death upon the galleys by engaging in the profession of highway robbery should also be obliged to risk death from a pistol.

Another highwayman showed not a little humanity, when appealed to by a woman whose carriage he had stopped. Lady Wind was journeying from London, with two daughters and a maid-servant. When the man demanded their money, her ladyship's anxiety was that the girl should not be robbed of the wages she had just received.

Handing over her own money and trinkets, she said to her daughters, "My dears, give up your purses and watches at once." Then turning to the highwayman, she said—

"I suppose, sir, you are too much of a gentleman to think of stealing the hard-earned wages of a poor servant-girl."

The robber immediately declined to receive the girl's money, and the cool old lady continued, in her steepest manner—

"And now, sir, I trust that you will withdraw that pistol, as I have noticed that your hand shakes very much."

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

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Amount of Policy paid \$1,000.00
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J. B. Newcomb,
General Agent for Nova Scotia
Avonport, July 6th, 1886
REV. J. B. HEMMERS, Special Agent.