# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

WE WISH YOU ALL A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Vol. VII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1887. No. 20



THE ACADIAN.

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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.

Newsy 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 arrearages, 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, 8 A. M TO 8 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6 50 a. m.

Express west close at 10.35 a. m.

Express east close at 5 10 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 15 p m

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

A. DEW. BARSS, Agent.

### Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 2 00 p. 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 9 30 a m Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7 30 p m and Thursday at 7 30 p m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev Fred'k Priggens, 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 00 p m.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Services on Sunday next, in the morning at 8, afternoon at 3. All are welcome.

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 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.30 o'clock.


OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH

THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

—OF—

Every Description

DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Percheron Horses and French Coach Horses. Savage & Farnum, Importers and Breeders of Percheron and French Coach Horses, Island Home Stock Farm, Grass Lake, Wayne County, Mich. We offer a very large stock of horses to select from, we guarantee our stock, make prices reasonable and sell on easy terms. Visitors always welcome. Large catalogue free. Address Savage & Farnum, Dexter, Mich.


## DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

**Business Firms of WOLFVILLE**

The undermentioned firms will use 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.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

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. 10

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.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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.

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

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 Tobacconist.

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 Makes, 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

NO MORE PILLS!

MOTHERS LIKE IT!
CHILDREN LIKE IT!!
Because it is agreeable to take.
IT CURES
LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS
PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

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 BALSAM
25c. 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.


## Select Poetry.

### THE DYING YEAR.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of paltry strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Tennyson.*

## Interesting Story.

### Slave or Wife.

"Ten o'clock, and the lunch-basket not ready to take to the field—as usual!" grunted Farmer Brewster, as he threw himself into the rocking-chair in the kitchen and fanned his flushed face with his straw hat. "A quarter of an hour wasted very likely, waiting here. Right in the midst of as fine a hay day as any man would wish to see. Now, my mother used to have her lunch ready to the minute whenever we came for it, and I don't see why"—

His remaide was checked by the appearance of his wife, who came out of the pantry, tugging along the great lunch-basket, almost too heavy for her strength.

Farmer Brewster was a young man in spite of his steady grumbling. Only twenty-three, tall, straight, healthy, with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, fair, curly hair—and handsome face when it was not darkened, as now, by a scowl of discontent.

An only son, he had inherited a large and handsome farm, clear from mortgage and debt, which supplied all the wants of his household most liberally and gave him a nice little sum of money to deposit in the bank each year.

There was no reason why he should be mean, and yet miserly habits were gradually growing upon him far faster than he knew.

Nor was there need of grumbling over the household arrangements, since the wife of his choice was a farmer's daughter who knew well how to work, and who had taken delight in setting her home in faultless order when she first came as a bride to the pleasant Brewster place.

The same order reigned still, from garret to cellar of the square old house, but Mrs Brewster went through her task mechanically now, or with nervous haste and hurry that made them almost unendurable sometimes.

The constant drop of water will wear away a stone; and the constant fault-finding in which her husband saw fit to indulge had nearly worn the patience, the hope, and the endurance of the young wife's heart.

The comfort and happiness of that home hung upon a thread, which frayed more and more, hour by hour, under the pain of unmerited blame.

Yet, George Brewster saw nothing of this until the morning of which I write.

"There is the lunch, and it is exactly five minutes past ten," said Mrs Brewster, setting the basket down with some emphasis at his feet. "I was delayed that much with the butter. It had to be seen to before the sun got too high."

My mother always churned before breakfast," observed George, rising slowly to his feet.

His wife said nothing, but the color rose hotly in her cheeks till the last bloom of her girlhood seemed to come back again, and she raised her eyes to his with a look that startled him.

Very handsome eyes they were—dark, soft and velvety, with a world of love and tenderness in their depth.

Yet, now they met his own coldly and sternly, with such an expression that he exclaimed,—

"Good gracious! Letty. You look as if you hated me!"

"I'm afraid I do," was the reply.

And with a swift glance at the clock Letty hurried down into the cellar with a knife and a pan to make her preparations for dinner for six hungry hay-makers.

"Afraid she hates me! My wife! She that was Letty Glover!" muttered he to himself in his bewilderment. "Why, what on earth!— She must be going crazy or something or other."

"Letty!" he called at the cellar-door.

"It is ten minutes past ten," she answered from the depths of the cellar. "If I don't see about the dinner now it won't be on the table at twelve to the minute, as your mother used to have it. I can't come."

"Well, if this don't beat all," said he to the white and maltese cat which ascended from the cellar and rubbed herself against his legs.

A shout from the hay-field roused him to the recollection of the day's business.

He went out and dispensed the treasures of his basket among the hungry men, who praised Letty's excellent cooking with every mouthful they swallowed.

"It's enough to make an old bachelor like me sit down and cry to eat such raspberry short-cake as that," said Solomon Wyse, wiping the crumbs of the feast from his lips before he drank hard cider from the jug. "Tell you what it is, George, you drew a prize when you went courting."

"So he did. And here's her good health," chimed in another mower as he took up the jug.

George assented vaguely.

They were talking of his wife—his wife who was afraid she hated him.

Never had the two hours between lunch and dinner dragged so slowly.

And as he rode round the field with a sharp rattle of the mowing-machine he guided in his care, his mind was continually busy with Letty's looks, and her words, and his eyes turned often toward the cream-colored farm-house, behind whose spruce-green blinds his wife was very busy preparing dinner.

"I used to think how happy I should be if I ever persuaded her to come here," he thought. "It is two years—why, I declare it is two years this very day that we were married! I wonder if she remembers it! But it isn't very likely when she says she is afraid she hates me."

Did she remember? Ah, in that remembrance lay the sting!

All that morning, while she got breakfast at five o'clock, and washed the dishes, swept the rooms, made the beds, churned butter, and prepared a lunch for six men, her heart turned back to that morning twenty-four months ago, when the bright-eyed country maiden rose at four o'clock for her wedding-day.

How good, how kind, how handsome, her George was then. How his eyes followed her; how his love blessed her.

Was it all her fault that the bloom of life had departed in two short years?

Looking back, she could see no day in which she had not at least tried to do her duty.

And looking in the glass, she saw the light and glow of youth had passed from her face, while accomplishing the task uncheered by the approval of the one she loved.

"George has kept his color and his good looks, because his work lies out of doors," she mused, "but I have worked in this old kitchen until I look old enough to be his mother"—she paused with a bitter laugh—"I almost wish I was his mother, then he would be satisfied with what I did."

Noon came. The twelve o'clock whistle sounded sharp and clear from the factory in the village a mile away; and before the whistle ceased, a little figure stepped out on the side porch of the Brewster house and blew a horn.

"There's a woman for you," said Solomon Wyse, admiringly. "Dinner to the minute—and what a good one."

The dinner was indeed a success; every dainty of the season and the farm was there, skilfully cooked and neatly served on a table in the cool dining-room—a table covered with snowy cloth fresh from its fold, and glass and china.

In the centre of the table stood a great china bowl of red roses that perfumed the room. Her eyes shone dark and bright, and her words and smiles were ready for everyone save George.

As she sat grave and silent at the foot of the table, he looked at her wonderingly.

She wore a dress of silvery gray alpaca, that had been her travelling-dress when they were first married.

A large white apron with a bib shielded the glories of her costume. And why did she put it on? Surely she could not think of "going visiting" that afternoon, with six hungry hay-makers to get tea for and the milk of eight cows to attend to afterwards.

But he finally went out without asking. The wife, who was afraid she hated him, seemed almost like a stranger, although she looked so much on this occasion like the little girl he married just two years ago.

As George neared the door of the woodshed, where the men were lounging away the rest of their nooning, he heard his own name uttered by Solomon Wyse in tones of anger. Involuntarily he stayed his steps.

"Yes, I knew George from a baby up, and I always said he'd make a likely man. But, I vow, it is a shame to see how he treats that poor little creature! Such a lunch this morning, and such a dinner this noon, in such a nice cool room, with the red roses and all the rest of it; and she's just as pretty as a picture, with red cheeks and bright eyes, and her wavy hair, and dressed as neat as a pink, too, and he sitting there as glum as a man of ninety. I was ashamed of him."

"I've heard he does nothing but find fault with her all day long," said a second voice. "My wife says if I threw my mother in her teeth, as he does in Letty's, she'd run away from me before she was a day older.'

"And serve you right," chimed in a third. "I'll tell you what my wife says. She says it's confounded mean and small of George not to keep a woman here to help his wife. And when I saw the dinner to day the pretty little thing had got for all us alone I thought so too. Hang me, if I hadn't half a mind to stop here this afternoon and help her wash up that great pile of dishes, and let the haying go to thunder. It's enough to kill the woman to have all that work to do. And George is rich. What on earth is he thinking about! But he'll be sorry for this in a year or two hence, when we have to come here on a far different errand."

"To carry her out in a coffin?" said Solomon Wyse. "Yes, I suppose it will come to that if some of us don't talk seriously to George. She don't look at all strong now, and her hand trembled as she changed my plate. It's a burning shame and if none of you will talk to George about it, I will."

But when George Brewster joined them Solomon Wyse deemed it prudent to defer the proposed "talking," for his brow was dark as night, and he had no more to say to his neighbors now than to his wife at the dinner-table.

This, then, was the way in which they spoke of him behind his back, these men who labored beside him, and took their wages from his hand, and pretended to be his friends. And his wife was afraid she hated him.

To whom could he turn for comfort—from whom could he expect true friendship, if she who should have been nearest and dearest was an enemy in disguise? Lost in moody reverie, he paid little attention to his work.

And at last, at three o'clock in the afternoon, there was a sudden uproar in the hay-field—a trampling of hoofs, a rush of terrified men, a confusion of voices, and among them all George Brewster lying on the ground beneath the mowing machine, his right arm and leg broken by the wheels, his head cut and bleeding with his heavy fall.

Meanwhile, Letty, in the cream-colored house, had not been idle.

Tying on a great calico apron in place of her white one, she had quietly washed and put away the dinner dishes and reduced the dining-room to order.

Tea was easily arranged, since it was to consist of cold dishes, with glasses of fresh milk for the men.

She threw a clean table-cloth over the whole as soon as it was finished and went upstairs to pack her trunk.

Yes, Letty had made up her mind at last. She was going away.

Life had degenerated into slavery, unbrightened as she fancied, by a ray of love.

"And slavery will support one anywhere," thought Letty, as with trembling hands she locked and strapped her trunk and fastened her few lines to George upon the lid.

At the porch-door she paused for one last look around the house that might have been so pleasant and happy.

She did not intend to glance toward the hay-field. Yet, in spite of her resolution, her eyes turned that way to single out the tall figure that guided the rattling, clinking mowing-machine.

"I wonder if he will miss me a little—just at first?" she mused. "He can get a divorce, I suppose, if I desert him, and then he will marry again. I hope he will be kinder to his next wife than he has been to me!"

With tears, that rose at the thought of her successor, blinding her eyes, Letty failed to see the figure that she sought.

"I am foolish to look at him again. I have never been more than a housekeeper to him from the very first," she thought, stumbling blindly on toward the gate and opening it, to find herself in the centre of an excited group.

"There, don't ye take on like that!" said Solomon Wyse, who came first and saw the tears upon her cheeks, before she could wipe them away. "Were you coming out to meet us? We were in hopes you didn't see anything of it. It's a bad accident, but George is so strong and hearty that he will be up and around again almost before you know it. We've sent Ben Hill off on one of the colts for the doctor, and if you will only be kind enough to tell us where to carry him"—

"Carry him?" repeated Letty.

Solomon stepped aside. She saw beside him a litter roughly made of hay-rakes and covered over with coats, and on that litter George was lying pale and bleeding, with his eyes closed.

"Oh, Mr Wise, is he dead?" she asked, turning even paler than George.

"Not a bit of it! Worth twelve dozen dead men yet! Only a bit of a break in one arm and one leg and a little knock on the head when he fell. The horse didn't kick, and he'll be all right as soon as the doctor sees him. Shall we take him upstairs or where?"

"Bring him here," said Letty, quickly recovering herself.

She led the way to the bedroom on the ground floor and helped to shift the maimed figure from the litter to the bed.

Her soul was dying within her for fear, yet not a word passed her lips.

When the doctor came, he found a capable nurse, dressed in dark pink, who listened intelligently to his directions and promised to carry them out precisely.

And so it happened that as George Brewster returned to life, the first words that fell upon his ear were uttered by the doctor outside the window as he mounted his gig.

"Yes, he will pull through, Mrs Wyse; he will pull through nicely, if his wife nurses him. And she can do so nicely if some of you will send some one to take charge of the house. She is a woman in a thousand, I hope he knows how to value her."

Letty, bending over the bed, absorbed in the invalid did not hear him.

"What is it, dear?"

"The doctor is right. You are a woman in a thousand! I always knew it, Letty, if I never said it. So I tell you now before I die," going off into another faint.

"It was all that Letty's sore heart needed. Beside the bed of suffering she spent two of the happiest months of her life. The first act of George Brewster, on his recovery, was to secure help for his wife, so that she now has plenty of time to get back her lost color and plumpness. They are now one in heart, as one in name and home. And Solomon Wyse has never seen occasion to administer the "talking to."

"Somehow or other," drawls Solomon, "getting run over by that mowing-machine was the making of George Brewster."

And Letty and George think so, too.

### A Distinguished Family.

"So your sons are all through college, are they?" asked Mrs Smiley of Mrs Lofty.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs Lofty. "The dear fellows! I am so proud of them! Each of them made his mark. Only think of it! George won the gold medal for being the best polo player in his class!

"Oh, yes, and Harry was never beaten once in Lawn Tennis during the last two years he was in college. He has ever so many badges and medals."

"How gratifying to you!"

"Indeed it is! And my son Will went ahead of his whole class at base-ball and is regarded as the most promising first base the college ever turned out. We are all so proud of him! But all our hopes are centred in our son Leo, who graduated two years ago. He has come out winner in every boat race he ever rowed, and only think of it, we used to really fear that it was a waste of time and money to send him to college at all.

"He seemed so indifferent about a college education. But he has turned out grandly! We are so proud of all our boys."


For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

**AYER'S** Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of this Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair. —Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

**HAIR** that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. **My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

**VIGOR,** youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. **A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff.—Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain.—William L. Page, Richmond, Va.

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

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes; washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, extracts woolen goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes, Toilet, Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing, &c. Read the directions plainly given on each wrapper and learn the new "Surprise" way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made a pleasure by the use of Surprise Soap and for and smiles take the place of tired looks. Save 25 Surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. Surprise Soap is sold by all leading grocers. If not obtainable at your home send 6 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.