THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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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 trancient 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 ficticious signature.

Address all comunications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N S.

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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.

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 300 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 2 30 p m Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7 30 p m and Thursday at 7 30 p m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev T. A. Wilson, 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).—Rev. J. O. Ruggles, Rector.—Service every Sunday at 3 p m. Sunday-school at 10 a. m.

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. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I O O F, meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S 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 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.—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. 10

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.

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.

MARSHALL, W. J.—Practical Watch Maker. Watches, Clocks and Sewing Machines cleaned and repaired with durability and dispatch. 9

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

tf E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

Carriages & Sleighs

MADE, PAINTED, and RAPAIRED

At Shortest Notice, at

A. B. ROOD'S.

Wolfville, N. S.

Select Poetry.

AUTUMN.

The Autumn winds are sighing
Among the crimson trees;
Fair summer's children dying
Before the northern breeze.

No more the fields are smiling
In nature's robe of green,
The joys of sight beguiling
With their ambrosial sheen.

The leaves are thickly falling,
Painted in Autumn's hue,
The weakness of age recalling,
And days of youth how few!

No longer notes are pealing
Among each summer grove;
No more the music's stealing
O'er mankind's hearts with love.

The days are swiftly flying
When winter's snowy robe
Shall on the earth be lying
From Boreas' drear abode.

The child of the North is coming
With its stern icy breath;
Soon earth shall be assuming
Its robe of life and death. E. B.

Wolfville, Oct. 22.

Interesting Story.

The Minister's Wife.

"Always just so. Raining just as hard as it can pour, Deacon Graves. And this Sunday too of all Sundays. It's strange why the world is full of contraries!"

"It's bad, Philury, bad enough. John's first Sunday, too! But maybe 'twill clear up before meeting time. 'If it rains before seven 'twill quit before 'leven.'"

"It's just our luck, deacon. I'm not one bit afraid to say that it won't stop. And there's Pillsburys, and the Kents, and the Simmonses, all in town, besides the city boarders and Miss Catlin, and they won't one of 'em hear our John preach. The first spatter on the window-pane woke me up. The wind is east, too. My sakes!"

"Well, Philury, we can't change the weather, nohow; that's beyond our jurisdiction; it's in the hands of a higher power."

"But what'll we do, deacon?"

"We can't do anything, Philury, as I see, only submit to it."

"We've had such gorgeous weather all along, deacon, not a bit of rain, and such warm, sunny days, that I can't understand why it should rain the very first day John's home. And the very first day he is going to preach, too!"

"The crops need the rain the worst way, Philury. It will be counted as a great blessing to the whole country, only I wish it had held off a day longer."

"It might have begun this afternoon, deacon, just as well as this forenoon. I wouldn't cared if it had rained the rest of the week, but this morning of all times, when I've been counting on John's preaching in our old meeting-house and praying for it ever since he was born. How does it look now?"

The deacon had arisen and gone to the bedroom window and was looking toward the sky.

"To tell the truth, Philury, it's set in for an old-fashioned rain, and we'll just have to acquiesce in the ways of Providence and his dealings with us this day, if they are disappointing and completely different from what we calculated on."

Mrs Deacon Graves had consecrated her eldest son, John, to the Lord in his earliest days. It had been her one great ambition to have him a minister. A great many other mothers have felt just as Mrs Graves did, but their ambition had been gratified, and although she had consecrated Joe unreservedly, yet the weakness of the flesh would assert itself. Hadn't she calculated that all the world of Aroostonook should hear her son preach in the meeting house that particular Sunday? Had n't she had a black silk dress made for the occasion, and her bonnet all trimmed over? How could she wear all these new things in the rain? And then, too, folks wouldn't be apt to go out in the storm to meeting. They went everywhere else, but rains on Sunday were quite apt to keep Aroostonook folks at home. The mother was fond of John, her John, who had just been licensed.

"It's too bad, John," she said as she gave him a good-morning kiss, "too bad—such a rainy day! Your first Sunday, too. I'm so sorry about it. The folks are all home this month, and the city boarders and Miss Catlin."

"I'm not sorry at all, mother," her son answered cheerily as he sat down to breakfast. "We must take things as they come. Old Dr Bellamy had a class of theological students to examine before the days of seminaries. They had all met at his house. After he had satisfied himself that they were all thoroughly orthodox and had pronounced them sound in doctrine, he told them there was one point more he wanted them to remember. It was a very important one, too, and would be of the greatest value to them in their ministerial life. All the students were anxious to know what this point was that had escaped their attention so long. After the reverend doctor had deliberated for a few moments, he drew himself up to a height of dignity peculiar to himself, and in a very solemn manner said, slowly and impressively, 'Young gentlemen, when it rains, let it rain! Good morning'; and he bowed himself out of the room. So, mother dear, when it rains, we'll let it rain. It's a strong theological point, you know, to be satisfied with our present condition when it is ordered from heaven, and quite beyond our power to change it."

"Maybe they'll all go if it does rain," the mother ventured to remark. "It's a warm rain, and most of the women have gossamers nowadays."

John smiled.

"Did you ever think, mother, what an ordeal it might be for a young man to preach in his own town, where he has always been known, his boyish pranks remembered, his youthful unfledged acts all set down against him. To get up in the pulpit and preach to all the fathers and mothers, who only look on me as Deacon Graves's boy John, takes away all the enthusiasm, the glory, as you might call it. Have you considered that I may disappoint you, and not come up to the standard?" he said, laughingly—"and you be ashamed of your preacher son, my dear good, ambitious mother. Perhaps you will have occasion to thank the Lord devoutly that he sent rain upon the thirsty earth this particular morning."

When the first bell sent forth its music the clouds really seemed to be moving off. If the wind could only be coaxed to shift into the northwest it would be sure to be clear. But the obstinate weather-cock on the top of the barn, with his proud head, would not be induced as much as to look sideways toward the point of the compass sure to indicate a clearing up.

When the second bell rang it was raining hard. Mrs Graves put on her second best dress, and her every-day bonnet, and told the deacon she felt as if she had had cold water poured over her. But the Pillsburys, and the Kents, and the city boarders, and even Miss Catlin came in, one after another, with dripping umbrellas and wet gossamers. Everyone wanted to hear Deacon Graves's son John preach his first sermon in the old meeting-house. The girls who had known him all his life, had decorated the church with flowers, and the choir had been drilling all the preceding week.

Rev. John Graves seemed perfectly self-possessed in the pulpit, beneath whose drooping he soothingly slept in his mother's arms when a little child, and later heard his name read off among those who were to join in the "profession of their faith." The good old silver-haired pastor had introduced the new disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ as "one of the children of the covenant." The sermon was far beyond what the people who had always known John Graves had given him credit for. So often did the loving mother find herself thinking of the temporal glory, instead of the spiritual, that she offered up a silent prayer that she might be kept from spiritual pride, and receive this mark of God's kindness to her in an humble manner.

But her eyes would stray to the corner of the pew in which Miss Catlin sat. She watched that young lady's face; she noted the interest with which she listened. For Mrs Graves had only arrived at one of the heights of her ambition; although she would scarcely acknowledge it to herself, she had another ambition to which, as yet, she had not attained unto. She wanted John to marry Miss Catlin. Miss Catlin was just her idea of a minister's wife. She had tact to get along with all the different kinds of members.

Mrs Graves firmly believed that if a minister got a good wife it was half the battle won. She was going to invite Miss Catlin, with some other friends, to tea the very next day—she was sorry such thoughts would intrude themselves during meeting time, and when her son John was preaching, too. And she leaned her head down in the closing prayer, and begged the Lord to forgive her for them. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was so weak. While John Graves was pronouncing the benediction, just as he was saying, "the Lord make peace," a ray of sunshine suddenly came through the window and rested on his young face.

"Hasn't mistaken his calling, that son of yours, deacon," whispered the old farmer in the back pew. "Promising young preacher," said a city gentleman, so near Mrs Grave's second best meeting that the words penetrated through it. Everybody who knew him in his younger days crowded around the pulpit stairs to give him a welcome. Everybody congratuled the deacon and his wife, and Miss Catlin with them.

When the family arrived home the proud, fond mother put her arms around her son's neck and kissing him over and over again, said: "My dear John, this is the happiest moment of my life. Make yourself worthy of the Master who has called you." And John replied: "Dear mother, that shall be the aim of my life."

After Mr and Mrs Graves had been left alone in the evening, John's mother said:

"Deacon, don't you think Miss Catlin would make a good wife for our John?"

"I don't know; I never thought of it, wife. You can't always arrange such matters according to your own ideas. Probably John'll want to select his own wife."

John won't have much time to hunt up a wife, and it's such a hindrance to a minister to get a poor wife. You know it would be such an easy thing for him to be imposed upon. You remember Dr Bently's wife, and how she hindered him in his work by her worldly mindedness and her feathers and flowers, and all the puffs and ruffles on her children's clothes. And there was Mr Mason, as good a man as ever there was in the world—one of the Lord's own chosen, but his wife could n't adapt herself to the situation. She was always in hot water with some of the members. She would speak out her mind. Minister's wives can't speak out their minds when it's going against the grain with their husband's parishioners. You know the church felt sorry enough to dismiss Mr Mason. He was a powerful preacher, but his wife was the stumbling-block in his way: John might get caught just that way, and his usefulnes hindered. Miss Catlin knows how to take all sorts of folks, ond she's one that won't be run over, either, by those women in every church who want to be captains and and have their own way, like Mrs Deacon Jones and Abner Whitney's second wife. I'm going to invite Miss Catlin with the Pillsburys to tea tomorrow night."

The deacon was nodding in his chair when his wife finished speaking, and she was left to her own thoughts.

When John was informed the next morning by his mother that she had invited a young lady to take tea with him, and told him she was just the one for a minister's wife, John smiled, but only said that he would be pleased to see his mother's idea of a prospective minister's wife. It was evident when the visit was over that John was not very enthusiastic over his mother's guest. The deacon told his wife that it was his opinion that John wasn't over and above pleased with Miss Catlin. "It is in vain you spread a net in sight of any bird." But John was only going to be home for a few days, and if his mother could only bring about meetings enough with Miss Catlin to guarantee John's asking to correspond with her, she was sure the matter would be adjusted to her satisfaction.

There was something evidently on John's mind—"something that weighed heavy," his mother said. If it was because he feared he could not get a church she was certain he was worrying for nothing. Of course, with his talents, he wouldn't have to preach around as a candidate long. But that was not what was on John's mind at all. He was pondering how to tell his mother that his wife had already been selected; and that he had had the pleasure of making his own selection.

It was not after his mother's pattern, however, as the petite Annie Woodruff was exactly the opposite of Miss Catlin physically, and, he was sure, mentally as well. He was sorry his choice had not come up to his mother's standard, for her sake. All he knew about it was that Annie just suited him. Whether she would suit his mother or his parishioners was quite another question. But why should ministers have a prescribed type of wives different from other men? A good wife was a good wife anywhere.

"Mother, dear," said John one morning, when his mother was rolling out the crust of his favorite pies, "I hope I shall find a wife who can make as good a pie as you can."

"Miss Catlin will make a splendid housekeeper, and just the wife for you, John, in every particular. She can lead the missionary meetings and the women's prayer meetings, and can cut out anything at the sewing society without any pattern, and she's the most discreet person I ever knew."

"A high recommendation, surely. But what will you think when I tell you that I have already engaged my wife, mother, and that she is just the opposite of Miss Catlin, as far as I can judge?"

"Why, John Graves?" exclaimed the astonished mother, laying down her rolling-pin, which fell upon the floor with a tremendous noise, "when did you have time, with all your theological studies, to hunt up a suitable wife?"

"I didn't spend much time hunting for her; the Lord placed her, in his good providence, in my way. I hope you will love her for my sake, mother."

"I'm sort of overwhelmed, John, and you must excuse me if I don't say enough in favor of it just now," and she stooped down and picked up her rolling-pin.

"That rainy Sunday was sort of a shadow of coming events all around, deacon," she said, as John passed out of the door and the deacon came in. "John's got his wife all picked out and secured, and she is just the opposite of Miss Catlin."

"Didn't I tell you, Philury, that mothers can't pick out wives for their boys? If I'd married Marthy Stone, as my mother wanted me to, I wouldn't have been half as well off as I am now."

"Well, deacon, I suppose you are right, John!" she called, "it's all right. Whoever you bring home for a daughter, "I'll receive and do the best by her I can."

"I guess John's got judgment enough to pick out a suitable companion," said his father. "You are wise, my son, to make your bargain in that direction before you get a call and settle down in your field of labor. An unmarried minister isn't the one a church wants to settle. We never wanted one of 'em. There will be more or less talk among the women folks, you know."

Six months later, when Rev. John Graves received a call to settle at Burbanksville, he and Annie Woodruff were married; and when he brought her home to make a visit with his father and mother, the deacon said:

"Well, Philury, let John alone for picking out a wife. He didn't need any help; such a pretty, bright little creature as she is. To be sure she doesn't look stout enough to hold her own against a lot of unruly sheep, pushing and pulling against her, but maybe John won't have many such members. Sometimes such little women get along better than the big ones. Folks handle 'em kind of softly, and don't jostle against 'em, because they are so small there's no danger of stepping onto 'em."

Years afterwards, when the old deacon and his wife visited their son John after he had been installed over the largest church at Drawford City, they heard so much of their son's wife's popularity among her husband's parishioners, they felt sure that he owed his success in a great measure to his good wife.

"The truth is, Philury," said the deacon, "a minister's wife needs to have plenty of good common sense; what we say in New England, 'good sound horse talk,' and John's wife's got it. That's one of the Christian graces, just as much as charity and long-suffering and meekness and all the rest of 'em are."

"I don't see how she stands it at all," said his wife. "It's ring, ring, ring from morning until night. That girl doesn't more than get down-stairs before she has to go up again. There isn't many girls in our town would put up with such a sight of tramping. Half of the callers had better stay at home and tend to their own houses, such a fool's errand as some of them come on. Taking her time from her housework and the children, telling long stories without head or tail to 'em, making complaints about their neighbors, and trying to get her name on all sorts of society papers, and she has to be so careful about signing them, because she is John's wife and her name misplaced would injure his cause. But she manages them all so well, and doesn't even disturb John when he is in his study, to ask what he thinks about 'em all. I ask her sometimes if she isn't tired nearly to death, but she always looks so cheerful and says, 'O, no, mother.' I don't believe Miss Catlin would have done as well."—*Interior.*

The Universality of Inventions.

We do not often stop to think how little man has or enjoys that is not the fruit of invention. Things which man has long had we have ceased to think of as inventions, and we are apt to apply that term only to modern things—to things the origin of which we know. Yet it will be hard for any one of us to name anything we use or enjoy which is not an invention, or the subject of an invention, in its adaption to our use.

The air we breathe and the water we drink are provided by nature. But we drink but very little water except from a cup or vessel of some kind, which is a human invention. Even if we drink from the shell of a gourd, we are using a thing which, in the shape we use it, is a human contrivance, and the contrivances which man has devised for obtaining water and distributing it have been among the most wonderful and ingenious of any which have occupied the human mind. Bountifully as nature has provided water and placed it within the reach of man, yet we do in fact get or use but little of it except by the aid of inventions.

The air surrounds us at all times; and we cannot help using it if we would; but, if we want it either hotter or colder than we find it, we must resort to some invention to gratify our want. If we want it to blow upon us when it is still, we must set in motion by some contrivance, and fans among other things havs been invented for that purpose. A large amount of human ingenuity has been expended on devices for moving air when we want it moved, upon fans, blowers and ventilators.

How small a part of our food do we take as animals do, in the form provided by nature, how very large a share contrived by man! We drink infusions of tea or coffee without thinking that the compounds are human inventions. How large a place the milk of the cow has in the food of man, but, how little of it could he have but for a multitude of contrivances! We think of butter as we do of milk, that it is a production of nature; and so it is, but its separation from milk is an invention which has been followed by a host of inventions to effect the separation easier and better.

Sugar is a production of nature, but little known a few hundred years ago. Separated from the plants in which it is formed, it is an invention of man. The savage who first crushed some kernels of wheat between two stones, and separated the mealy interior from the outer skin, invented the flour, and the human mind has not ceased to be exercised on the subject of its improvement.—*Popular Science Monthly.*