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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.

Newspapers 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 under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

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Select Poetry.

What Recompence?

He might have sung a song the world should hear,
Whose clarion notes had rung so loud and clear
That mer had listened and been made
The better for the fray,
The toil and care of every day;
Stronger to bear the heavy burdens laid
By life on toilers in the outward way;
But Fate said nay!

She might have had the right to say "My own,"
The joy of being loved she might have known,
Had wrapped around her as a shield
From every stinging, poisoned dart
Of envy, hatred or malicious art.
The mantle of a love that would not yield
To any foe, but die to save her heart!
But Fate said nay!

She wept her vanished hopes, yet sweeter
The path of self denial that leads up to
God;
He did his work in the small sphere
That God had given, and labored well;
The future world alone can tell
What recompence shall come to those
who here
Bow meekly and work on, nor curse the
knell
That sounds Fate's nay.
—Sara Palmer in Boston Journal.

Interesting Story.

DAD'S JO.

Just noon of a warm, bright day at Block Island. On the broad, shady piazza of the great hotel there is an unbroken stillness. The roses clambering over the railing nod lazily in the breeze; the lace curtains at the long windows sway gently to and fro; the parlors beyond are silent and deserted. Up at the beach the waves are sleepily lapping the glistening sands, while the bright-colored suits drying in long lines behind the bathing-houses are the only reminder of the merriment which existed less than half an hour ago. One or two ox-teams are slowly creeping along the road, loaded with trailing sea-weed of variegated hues; here and there is a group of bronzed fisherman mending their nets. These are the only signs of life.

Everybody is down on the pier. The "Block Island" is overdue twenty minutes, and the rickety boards creek and tremble as the anxious crowd press to the very edge, each one eager to catch the first glimpse of the steamer as she rounds Clay Head.

The excitement increases. The fishing-boats huddle closer together behind the breakwater, the hackmen, growing impatient, vociferate loudly; the Marine band in the pavilion on the hill strikes up; and yet—

"Here comes Jo!" some one shouts. "Depend on't the boat'll be in soon, now," says a grizzled, old fisherman standing close by. "Jo's a sure sign. Nigh onto a year since she's watched that boat come in every day, and I never knew her to round the Head unless Jo was here."

All eyes turned toward the road. An antiquated specimen of a carriage is coming down the hill rapidly as the lean and bony horse in front can drag it along.

It draws up on the wharf beside the more pretentious vehicles, a young girl jumps out, ties the horse, lays her arms lovingly around his neck a moment, then hurriedly pushes her way through the throng to the end of the pier.

A tall, angular girl, clad in a home-made dress of the coarsest material, scant and patched, yet very clean, with a rough straw hat tied down over hair which is long, straight and decidedly red. A girl with nothing pretty about her, but there is such a brave, pathetic look in her great, blue eyes, that one involuntarily turns and looks at her again and again.

Swiftly and silently she passes along to the farther end of the pier, and lifting one hand to shield her eyes from the sunlight, gazes steadfastly at the

distant horizon.

"I know he will come to-day," she says, seemingly unconscious that she is speaking aloud. "Just a year ago to-day he went over there, dad did. He went to get some fixin's for me, and he promised to come back soon, but it has been so long. Oh! he will surely come to-day, won't he?" she asks, turning to a weather-beaten old sailor who is gazing at her with just a suspicion of moisture in his eyes.

"Aye, lass, that he will," he answers.

"I've got extras for dinner to-day," she goes on, brightening up, "cause he'll have a mighty appetite after being at them furrin' places so long, and I've a cushion for his chair that sits by the window. I brushed up the team, too, and old Bess seemed to know he was coming, for she brought me over in no time."

"Quite likely he'll come to-day," says the old skipper, "and he'll bring you so many smart things that I'm afraid you won't be Jo any longer."

"Yes, I will," replied the girl. "I'll always be Jo to dad anyway. Dear, old dad. He's told me many a time how he picked me up out of the water that dreadful night; and when no one seemed to want me he took me home with him; me, a helpless baby, with nothing in the world but a ring on my finger with 'Jo' scratched on it. Oh, I wish I could do something big for him, so he would know."

"Well, cheer up, lass; he's waiting for some good reason. P'raps he can't find what he wants for you just yet."

"Oh, I know now; that's it. He was going to get me a blue gown with a big collar on it and a great gold star in each corner, but I begged him to try and get a white one; white is so pretty like, and I never had a white dress in all my life," glancing ruefully down at the homespun cotton. "May like he had to go and go, 'fore he could get it."

For a few moments she gazed earnestly over the water. Is it smoke—that long, thin line of gray? Yes! just around the headland something white is coming into view. A few more minutes and the great steamer gaily bedecked with flags and pennants burst into sight. Slowly, too slowly for Jo, the boat ploughs along through the blue water, until all dripping with foam and sparkling in the sunshine, the huge wheels cease revolving and the "Block Island" is in at last. The ropes are fastened, the plank is thrown out and the passengers come ashore.

Into every face Jo peeps eagerly. He might have changed in a year so very much that she must watch closely. One by one they come; friends are greeting friends; they are all off now, and—where is Dad?

With one despairing cry she bounds down the plank and searches for him in the cabins.

"Come, come, move along, my girl," says the captain, roughly. "What do you want here?"

"Oh, I want Dad," she sobs; "he was comin' to-day, I know. Tell me, haven't you seen him?"

"How should I know him?" he answers, gruffly. "Move along! We are late to-day and can't be bothered."

Jo turns slowly away and mechanically passes up over the gangway. What does it matter to her that the sun is shining, that the band is playing its sweetest music? All the brightness of the day is gone for her. Calmly she walks along, slowly unfastens Bess, and climbing into the wagon, silently drives away.

But her face is very pale, and there is such a strange, strange look in her great blue eyes that more than one honest-hearted sailor draws his brown hand across his eyes and murmurs: "Poor little gal!"

It is evening. A sudden and fearful storm is raging. The sea has arisen, and with a roaring sound rush-

es inland to dash itself against the rocks. Up at the great hotel the huge drops of rain dash against the windows, and the guests gathered together in the splendid parlor shudder and tremble at each returning flash and deafening peal. Down on the beach the angry surf is rolling in, mountains high, and the fishermen are anxiously gazing out upon the dark waters as if fearful of what such a storm might accomplish.

Suddenly there comes a vivid flash, a terrible reverberating roll, and in the silence that follows, the group of waiting men gaze with horror in each other's faces. Then comes another flash close by, and on the outer edge of the breakwater—they see a ship is going to pieces. There comes the sound of a signal gun, once, twice. All is confusion now. The life-boat is manned, pushed out and beaten back. Above the angry shrieking of the wind can be heard the shouts of those on the beach, the faint, despairing cries of those on the doomed vessel, and the sobs of the women who are endeavoring to keep back their loved ones from seeking death in those terrible waters.

And it is death. Six stalwart forms, so full of life only a few moments before, are stiffening on the damp sand. It is of no use; no boat can live in such a storm, and hundreds of lives must perish while they stand there, unable and powerless to help.

The storm redoubles its fury. One sharp shaft of lightning and a cry goes up from the terrified women. A figure can be seen near one of the dismantled masts; a figure with gray hair and beard flowing in the wind.

It is Jo's Dad.

They must try again. They cannot let him die when she expects to see him so soon. Five pairs of hands are ready. Can they have one more? In another moment it will be too late.

But, see! Some one is hurriedly advancing towards them through the darkness and mist; a slender figure, wrapped in a shawl, with pale face, and eyes that burn like coals in the darkness.

It is Jo.

She springs into the life-boat beside them. Her presence nerves them on, and they push off into the seething waters.

They have come back, and have laid her unconscious on the damp sand. Some beam had struck her, and she had not spoken since. The blue eyes had closed, but there is a smile on her still, white face, and the small hand is firmly clasped in the grasp of a trembling old man, who is stooping over her, and smoothing back the thick masses of hair from her pale forehead.

A hush falls upon them all. Tenderly they took her up, and, with her hand still clasped in his, sadly wind their way to the little cottage where she had waited for him so long.

It all happened only last night. The storm had gone down soon after they had carried her home, and the sun is shining brightly, lovingly, as though there is no sorrow, and never a storm or wreck.

They had laid her on the white bed in her chamber, from which the harbor could be plainly seen, and save for one or two kind-neighbors, had gone away and left them together; she, lying so still, with closed eyes—he, bending over her, silent and un-mindful of the presence of others.

Just before noon she slowly opens her eyes and gazes at him in silence. Then, with a little sigh, she says feebly: "I knew you'd come, Dad; I knew you'd come." 'Twas a hard voyage you had, Dad, and a pretty rough landing; but you didn't mind it, 'cause your little gal was there."

She is silent for a few moments, and then raising her head, she asks:

"The white dress? You didn't for-

get it? The white dress with the gold stars on the corners, that you were going to get for your little gal?"

"Oh, Jo!" The tears are streaming down the old man's cheeks. "I bought the prettiest one for ye; all soft and white, with stars on't, and a great, long sash; but I—lost—it—in the wreck—Jo!"

"And a great, long sash!" This is very slowly. "Oh, Dad, if I only could see it! But don't cry; I guess I don't want it; I'm going to leave you a little while, just a little while. I'm going up there where they've lots of white dresses, all shining and pretty; and soon you'll come, too, won't you, Dad? I'll watch for you, just as I did here, and there won't be any storms—Dad—the vessel will sail—right in on the blue water—an' I'll be looking out for you. I'll have 'em give me—a dress—with a big, shining star on it—an' you'll know me, sure—I knew you'd come!"

One last feeble pressure of his hand, one little smile, and Jo wails and watches no more on earth.

A strange calm falls upon the old man. They cannot persuade him to leave her for an instant. He is utterly deaf to their entreaties and, kneeling by the bed, he presses, from time to time, her ice-cold hand to his lips. All through the long night he keeps his silent watch, and when another morning breaks they find him still there.

Mechanically he watches them robe her for the last resting-place, in pure white garments that a kind-hearted neighbor had brought; unmoved he sees them place a few snowy buds in her hands.

Presently the door opens slowly; a rough-looking fisherman comes in, and, bending over the coffin, his tears fall like rain upon the face within.

"The little gal was so happy yesterday," he says turning to the old man who, even now, will not remove his gaze from her. "I'll never forget her standing there and saying as how she wished she could do something big for Dad; and she has, she has, poor little girl."

Covering his face with his horny hands, he breaks into bitter weeping, and turning, leaves the room.

The old man leaves the room. His whole frame changes. The terrible calm has broken up, but no tears come.

Only a look of unutterable gladness and joy.

"I know'd it, Jo; I know'd it. Somethin' big for Dad! Dear, little gal! Wait just a minute, Jo; I'm comin'!"

His head falls forward upon the coffin. Some one comes in presently and finds him there. He is quite dead.

They bury them side by side, in one grave, close by the murmuring sea; at the head they placed a simple white wooden shaft, with just these two words roughly inscribed upon it—"Dad's Jo!"

Long distance makes close friends.

The sunshine of life's highway comes from happy hearts.

Be kind, be good, be noble,
Each day some kindness do,
Run well the race before you,
To each, to all be true.

Goldsmith says that he who best knows how to conceal his necessities and desires is the most likely person to find redress. Labor may be noble, but those who claim the highest stamp of that article don't care about adding to their stock by doing any of it.

The light-heartedness of the young has in it something great and noble; it is the conquest of nature over circumstances, the triumph of truth over hypocrisy and imposition.

He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.