

# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. IV. No. 5.

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1884.

Only 50 Cents per annum.

## The Acadian,

Published on FRIDAY at the office,  
WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:  
50 CENTS Per Annum,  
(IN ADVANCE.)  
CLUBS of five in advance \$2.00.

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.

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

Address all communications to  
DAVISON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolffville, N. S.

### POST OFFICE, WOLFFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a. m.  
Express west close at 10.50 a. m.  
Express east close at 5.30 p. m.  
Kentville close at 7.30 p. m.  
Geo. V. RAY, Post Master.

### PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.  
A. B. W. BARRS, Agent.

**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 2.30 p. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

**METHODIST CHURCH**—Rev. M. Burgess, 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. FRANCIS (R. O.)**—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

**St. JOHN'S CHURCH (English)**—Rev. J. O. Ruggles, Rector—Services every Sunday at 8 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.

**St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M.**, meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.15 o'clock p. m.  
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

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

**WOLFFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T** meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

### CARDS.

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

**J. B. DAVISON, J. P.**  
CONVEYANCER,  
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE  
AGENT,  
WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

**B. G. BISHOP,**  
House, Sign and Decorative  
PAINTER.  
English Point Block a Specialty.  
WOLFFVILLE, N. S.  
P. O. BOX 32. Sept. 19th 1884.

### DENTISTRY!

**H. N. PAYZANT, M. D.,**  
DENTIST.  
WOLFFVILLE.

Dr. P. will remain in Wolffville during OCTOBER to wait upon patients in Dentistry.  
Sept. 8th, 1884

### To a Dandelion. FOR "THE MATER."

You little modest golden flower,  
Bright as the summer sun;  
How is it spite of the wind and rain,  
You blossom out one by one.

You grace the beautiful fresh greenfields  
You grow by the laughing rill,  
And e'en in the streets of the shadowed town,  
I can sometimes gather you still.

The little ones pluck your yellow blossoms,  
With ruthlessness yet loving hands,  
And grasp you tightly in their tiny fists,  
Or press you into their hands.

Your stalks they make into wonderous omelets,  
Fit, they think, for the neck of a queen,  
Their fingers stain with your milk-white juice,  
And yet no harm they mean.

Oh, dear little dandelion, loved by all,  
The rich as well as the poor,  
You shall not be harmed by yellow petals,  
You can blossom here close by our door.

June 7th '84. E.

### LADDIE.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Third-class forward! Here you are, mum. Plenty of room this way! Now then! that ain't third, that's first. Come, look alive! All right behind there?"

Doors bang, a whistle—and the train moved off.

The guard had thrust into a third-class carriage, already nearly full, a handbox with a blue spotted handkerchief round it, and a bunch of Michaelmas daisies, southernwood, and rosemary tucked under the knot at the top; a market-basket, one flap which was raised by a rosy-checked apple emitting a powerful smell; a bundle done up in a handkerchief of the same pattern as that round the handbox, only bright yellow; a large cotton umbrella of a pale green color, with a decided waist to it, and a pair of pattens. Anything else? Oh yes, of course! there was an old woman who belonged to the things, but she was so small and frightened and overwhelmed that she appeared quite a trifle beside her belongings, and might easily have been overlooked altogether. She remained just where the guard had pushed her, standing in the carriage, clutching as many of her things as she could keep hold of, and being jerked by the motion of the train, now against a burly bricklayer, and now against his red-faced wife who sat opposite, while her dazzled eyes followed the hedges and banks that whirled past, and her breath came with a catch and a gasp every time a bridge crossed the line, as if it were a wave coming over her. Her fellow-travellers watched her, in silence at first having rather resented her entrance, as the carriage was already sufficiently full; but when a sudden lurch of the train sent her violently forward against a woman, from whom she cannoned off against the brick-layer and flattened her drawn black-satin bonnet out of all shape, the man found his tongue, which was a kind one, though slow in moving.

"Hold hard, Missus!" he said, "we don't pay nothing extra for sitting down, so maybe you could stow some of them grapes of yours under the seat, and make it a kind of more comfortable all round. Here, mother, lend a hand with the old lady's things, can't you? That's my missus, mum, that is, my better arf, as the saying is, and no chap needn't wish for a better, though I say it as shouldn't."

This remark produced a playful kick, and a "Get along with you!" from the red-faced wife, which did not show it was taken amiss, but that she was pleased with the delicate compliment, and she helped to arrange the various

baskets and bundles with great energy and good nature.

"Now that's better, ain't it? Now you can just set yourself down. Lor' bless the woman! whatever is she frightened at?"

For the bustling arrangements were seriously alarming to the old woman, who was not sure that a sudden movement might not upset the train, or that, if she let go of anything in an unguarded moment, she might not fall out and be whirled off like those hurrying black-berry bushes or patches of chalk on the embankment, though, indeed, it was only her pattens and umbrella that she was clutching as her own protection. The first thing that roused her from her daze of fear was the brick-layer's little boy beginning to cry, or, as his mother called it "to beller," in consequence of his mother's elbow coming sharply in contact with his head; and, at the sound, the old woman's hand let go of the umbrella and felt for the market-basket, and drew out one of the powerful, yellow apples, and held it out towards the sufferer. The "beller" stopped instantaneously at such a refreshing sight, even while the mouth was wide open and two tears forcing their way laboriously out of the eyes. Finding that she could accomplish this gymnastic feat without any dangerous results, the old woman seemed to gain more confidence, seated herself more comfortably, straightened her bonnet, smiled at the brick-layer, nodded to the little boy, and, by the time the train stopped at the next station, felt herself quite a bold and experienced traveller.

"This ain't London, I take it?" she asked in a little, thin, chirrupy voice.

"London? bless you! no. If you're bound for London you'll have another five hours to go before you can get there."

"Oh yes, I know as it's a terrible long way off, but we seemed to be coming along at such a pace as there wasn't no knowing."

"You ain't used to travelling, seemings?"

"Oh! I've been about as much as most folks. I've been to Martle a smartish few times when Laddie was there and once I went to Bristol when I was a gal keeping company with my master; but that ain't yesterday, you'll be thinking."

"Martel's a nice place, I've heard tell?"

"So it be; but it's a terrible big place, however."

"You'll find London a pretty sight bigger."

"I know London pretty well, though I haven't never been there, for Laddie, he's been up there nigh about fifteen year, and he's told me a deal about it. I know as it's all rubbish what folks say about the streets being paved with gold and such like, though the young folks do get took in; but Laddie, he says to me, 'Mother,' says he, 'London is paved with hard work like any other town, 'but,' he says, 'good, honest work is worth its weight in gold any day; so it's something more than a joke after all.'"

The old woman grew garrulous as the train rushed along. Laddie was a subject, evidently, upon which her tongue could not help being eloquent.

"An old hen with one chick," the brick-layer whispered to his wife; but they listened good-naturedly enough to the stories of the wonderful baby, who had been larger, fatter, and stronger than any baby before or since, who had taken notice, begun teething, felt his feet, run off and said "dady" at an incredibly early period.

Mrs. Bricklayer nodded her head and said, "Really now!" and "Well I never!" inwardly, however, reserving her fixed opinion that the infant bricklayers had outdone the wonderful Laddie in every detail of babyhood.

Father Bricklayer could not restrain a mighty yawn in the middle of a prolonged description of how Laddy's gums were lanced; but at this juncture they reached the station which was the destination of the bricklayer and his family, so the old woman was not wounded by the discovery of their want of thorough interest, and she parted from them with great regret, feeling that she had lost some quite old friends in them. But she soon found another listener, and a more satisfactory one, in a young woman whom she had hardly noticed before, as she sat in the opposite corner of the carriage with her head bent down, neither speaking nor being spoken to. She had a very young baby wrapped in her shawl, and as one by one the other passengers left the carriage and she was left alone with the old woman, the two solitary creatures drew together in the chill November twilight, and, by and by, the wee baby was in the old woman's arms, and the young mother, almost a child herself, was telling her sad little story and hearing Laddie's story in return. There never had been such a son; he had got on so wonderfully at school, and had been a favorite with everybody—parson and schoolmaster; "such a headpiece the lad had!"

"Was Laddy his real name?"

"Why no! he were christened John Clement, after his father and mine, but he called himself 'Laddie' before ever he could speak plain, and it stuck to him. His father was for making a schoolmaster of him, but Laddie he didn't take to that, so we sent him to Martel to the chemist there, to be shop-boy, and Mr. Stokes, the gentleman as keeps the shop, took to him wonderful, and spoke of him to one and another, saying how sharp he were, and such, till at last one of the doctors took him up and taught him a lot, and when he went up to London he offered to take Laddie, and said as he'd take all the expense, and as he'd make a man of him. He come to see me himself, he did, and talked me over, for I was a bit loth to let him go, for 'twas the year as the master died; he died just at fall and Laddie went at Christmas, and I was feeling a bit unked and lonesome."

"Were that long ago?"

"Yes; 'twere a goodish time. Fifteen year come Christ'as."

"But you'll have seen him many a time since?"

"Well, no, I ain't. Many's the time as he's been coming down, but something always come between. Once he had fixed the very day and all, and then he were called off on business to Brighton or somewhere. That were a terrible disappointment to the boy; my heart were that sore for him as I nearly forgot how much I'd been longing for it myself."

"But he'll have wrote?"

"Bless you, yes! he's a terrible one for his mother, he is. He've not written so much of late, maybe; but then folks is that busy in London they hasn't the time to do things as we has in the country; but I'll warrant he've written to me every time he'd a spare moment; and so when I sees old Giles the post-man come up, and I says, 'Anything for me, master?' and he says, 'Nothing for you to-day, wum' (for I were always respected in Sunnybrook from a girl up), I thinks to myself, thinks I, 'it ain't for want of the will as my Laddie hasn't wrote.' And then the presents as he'd send me, bless his heart! Bank-notes it were at first, till he found as I just paid 'em into the bank, and left them there; for what did I want with bank-notes? And then he sent me parcels of things, silk gounes fit for a duchess, and shawls all the colors of the rainbow, till I almost began to think he'd forgot what sort of an old body I be. To think of the likes of me in such fine feathers! and blankets; and then he sent tea and sugar, I don't know how many pounds of it; but it were good and no mistake

and I'd like a cup now for you and me my dear."

"And have he sent for you now to come and live with him?"

"No, he don't know anything about it, and I mean to take him all by surprise. Old Master Heath, as my cottage belongs to, died this summer, and the man as took his farm wants my cottage for his shepherd, and he gives me notice to quit. I felt it a bit and more, for I'd been in that cottage thirty-five year, spring and fall, and I knows every crack and cranny about it, and I fretted terribly at first; but at last I says to myself, 'Don't you go for to fret, go right off to Laddie, and he'll make a home for you and glad; and so I just stored my things away and come right off.'"

"He've been doing well in London?"

"Well? my Laddie's a gentleman! He's a regular doctor, and keeps a carriage, and has a big house and servants. Mr. Mason, our parish doctor, says as he's one of the first doctors in London, and that I may well be proud of him. Bless me! how pleased the boy will be to see his old mother! Maybe I shall see him walking in the street, but if I don't I'll find his house and creep in at the back door so as he can't see me, and tell the girl to say to the doctor (doctor, indeed! my Laddie!) as some one wants to see him very particular. And then—the old woman broke down here half-sobbing, half-laughing, with an anticipation too tenderly, ecstatically sweet for words. "My dear," she said, as she wiped her burning eyes. "I've thought of it and dreamed of it so long, and to think as I should have lived to see it!"

The expectations of her travelling companion were far less bright, though she had youth to paint the future with bright hopes, and only nineteen winters to throw into the picture, dark shadows of forboding. She had been well brought up and gone into comfortable service, and her life had run on in a quiet, happy course till she met with Harry Joyce.

To be continued.

### NO OTHER REFUGE.

"Say, boy," remarked a tall, mustached gentleman, in a hoarse voice, "isn't there any place on this train where I can get away from the drinking men? In the palace car there are some men drinking wine, in the day coaches are drummers filling the air with the smell of whiskey, and in the smoking car here there are some Germans passing their bottles of beer and smoking strong pipes. I tried the baggage car, but that is full of stinking beer kegs."

The train boy, with a leer on his fiendish young face, looked the fastidious passenger over and inquired:

"Where do ye come from?"

"I'm from Kansas. Perhaps you don't know me. My name is St. John."

"The same what's the Prohibition candidate for President?"

"Yes."

"I've got just the place for you. At the next stop you come with me. I'll show you a seat that will suit you nicely, sir."

"Where?"

"Up ahead on the water tank."

Fashion is the great governor of this world. It presides not only in matters of dress and amusement, but in law, physic, politics, religion, and all other things of the gravest kind. Indeed, the wisest of men would be puzzled to give any better reason why particular form in all these have been at certain times universally received, and at other times universally rejected, than that they were in or out of fashion.

A flatterer is said to be a beast that biteth smiling. But it is hard to know them from friends, they are so obsequious and full of protestations. For as a wolf resembleth a dog, so doth a flatterer a friend.

THE ACADIAN,

INDEPENDENT.

FEARLESS.

PUBLISHED AT—

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

DAVISON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors.

the interests of the people of the County in particular and the Province in general.

give its readers a condensed summary of the Local and General News of the day.

to offend the taste of the most fastidious is found in its columns.

ing a large and rapidly circulation, it offers special is to advertisers. No Adver- any but thoroughly reliable be received. Our rates are low and advertisements ticular attention and

ASTY DISPLAY.

extreme low price,

TY CENTS

ER ANNUM,

within the reach of all and have it.

B WORK

a speciality of all kinds of

COMMERCIAL

PRINTING:

Heads,

Heads,

Heads,

Statements,

Receipts,

Business Cards,

Checks,

Envelopes

Shells,

alogues,

irculars,

illets,

Flyers,

Tags,

Programmes,

etc. etc.

ETY PRINTING,

INK WORK!

el assured that we can give itification. All orders will in BEST STYLE and at EST RATES.

address—

adian" Office.

Wolffville, N. S.