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The Acadian,

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P. O. BOX 30. Sept. 19th 1884.

DENTISTRY!
E. N. PAYZANT, M. D.,
DENTIST.
WOLFVILLE.

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

"Angels Unawares."

They come to us in simple guise,
In common garb. In sooth
They are not lovely in our eyes,
Though fair in love and truth.
We greet them coldly; after years
We call them "Angels Unawares."

There is no halo round their brow,
As pictured saint may bear;
Nay, rather, sorrow marks them now
With stain of grief or tear.
And wit and satire scarcely shares
These mournful "Angels Unawares."

They have no eloquence of speech
For us, with fluent flow;
And yet their lovely lives might reach
The heights which angels know.
We scarcely note the beauty theirs,
Till lost—these "Angels Unawares."

Or some we scorn! How strange it is
That looks should vex us thus!
That we should spurn, because we miss
Some manner dear to us!
When Memory sings her tender airs,
She calls them "Angels Unawares."

We deem 'twere easier far of old
Some scalded saint to greet,
On tented plain, when skies were gold,
And orient airs were sweet. (Cares,
Saints meet us now 'mid thronging
Pass on—are "Angels Unawares.")

Sweet songs they sing, brave words
They say,
Unheeded though they be,
Until the singer caught away,
We learn their mystery:
Then, singing up the golden stairs,
They beckon—"Angels Unawares!"

O would we pause, with Christ-like
grace,
To aid our fellow-men,
Be not too busy in life's race
To love as brethren:
Across life's wastewould blow soft airs,
While angels walk, not "Unawares,"
CLARA THWAITES.

The Fisherman's Story.

I saw him so often sitting beside the door of his little house, quite alone. It was a pretty home, and there was a little vegetable garden.

Once there had been flowers; only the hardier sorts, that live for years without care, now grew in a wild and straggling fashion over the fences and against the walls.

Once passing him, he looked up with a smile and a sailor-like bow, and I spoke to him.

"You are looking at the sea," I said; "do you see any signs of change of weather? No doubt you can read them better than most people. I have heard that sailors always can."

He smiled and nodded. "Aye, ma'am," he said. "No doubt there'll be a storm; but I wasn't thinking of the weather. I've a way of watching the sea, a habit, that's all."

"Perhaps you expect something of it?" I said. He sighed and shook his head again.

"No, ma'am," he said. "I expect the sea has brought me all it ever will. Ned was drowned, and Dan hasn't been heard of for five years; the other boys are dead. Middle-aged men when they went. And Rose, you didn't know Rose, ma'am. No, no; nor Nelly, my wife. But as I sit here watching the sea it seems only a little while since I was a young sea-faring fellow, coming home from my long voyages with birds and shells and comical foreign things for her.

"Coming home to marry her at last, and live here, just by this shore, with babies one after the other, climbing my knees, and I turned fisherman and stayed at home.

"But it all comes back as I talk. I've had good luck along the shore and bought this home, and I think I am as happy a man as lives, with such a wife and boys like those, and a home for them, and no fear of poverty; but one after the other they sail away, this one to the east, that one to the south—and Ned is dead—and we don't know whether Rob is living or not; and there are only the wife and me at home,

and little Rose—Rose was Ned's child; we've taken her.

"Yes, years and years ago. Years and years—then I was a man with a grey beard, and Nell was an elderly woman; and we'd sit and talk over the boys—and Rose was our great comfort. Oh! but she was pretty—pretty and sweet and good.

"And so she grew up. We had her taught, and we dressed her well. We were rich enough to do that for Ned's girl—poor Ned's girl—and she loved us, and we thought, as she grew older, that maybe she'd marry, as one might say, above her station; for there was the minister's son, a fine young man, in love with her; and he to be a minister himself one day; and his parents willing, because our girl was as sweet and fine as any lady in the land, and well taught, too; and for her good we rather laid commands on the child to say 'yes' when she was asked.

"I wish we hadn't. I wish we hadn't. Maybe she might have told us more of what went on.

"It was no harm at first, only a young fellow who came to fish by the sea, and spoke to Rose, asking the way somewhere, and so they grew acquainted. But she, having said 'yes' to the minister's son, was afraid of being scolded, and she met the young man without our knowledge; and the young heart is hard to train, and if love and duty do not go together, Heaven help any girl.

"How he did it we never knew; but one day we could not find Rose. We knew some terrible accident had happened to her, and we searched the country through, and all who knew us helped us, but in vain; for in a few days there came a boy who said a lady had given him a letter for us; and it was from Rose.

"GRANDMOTHER AND GRAND-FATHER DEAR"—she wrote—"I've done a wrong thing—I've gone off to be married. I was engaged to Mr. Glenn, I know, but I did not love him, and I do love Arthur. When I come back you'll have to forgive me, for there'll be no help, and Mr. Glenn will have another wife better than I. He is cold and stern with me. I never please him; and you will like Arthur. He says his mother will like me. And we shall be married at her house. And oh, you must forgive your own love, who always loves you."

"That is what she wrote to us." "The grandmother cried and said: 'Perhaps it would be well; but I knew men better than she.'

"I did not expect the girl back as she did, and I was right. Days passed and weeks and years. She never, never came.

"Nelly hoped for a long while; when she gave up hoping, her heart broke. She died, and I was alone. The boys were far away or dead. I sat by the house-door, as I do now, an old man, with white hair, whose work was over, but I watched the sea. It seemed to me that it would bring me something one day, and it did.

"Over there, sir, where you see something black rise, like a great dolphin's back above the water, are dreadful rocks, on which many a good ship has gone to pieces.

"I've seen more than one wrecked there in my time; and there, one night, drifted a French steamer, in such a plight, that every sailor knew there was no hope for her.

"Perhaps some of the poor souls on board her could be saved, but no one could tell certainly. There was a terrible storm, and very few boats could live in such a sea.

"However, as I said, they did the best they could all through that dreadful night, and when day broke they had saved some; but many a dead body lay along the beach, and I walked there, looking at them, and thinking of Ned and Ben both drowned as these poor sailors were, when I came upon a woman's body lying on the side.

"It was a young woman, and her

hair was long and black, and somehow her hands were folded together under her cheek as if she had been sleeping. I looked and looked, and the more I looked the more I felt that the face was like one I knew; and suddenly it all came back.

"This dead woman looked like Rose, and suddenly the truth came—it was Rose. And I cried out, and the people gathered about me. I was trembling so that I could hardly speak; but I managed to tell them what I thought, and they lifted the body and brought it to my house here, and the women dressed it for the grave; and in its bosom they found a little bag, sewed up in oil silk, so that the water had not harmed it; and they brought it to me.

"If it is your Rose, and we think it is," said one of the good souls, 'you should look at this.'

"And I cut the silk, and there I found a letter, and on it was written my name, and a prayer, that if she did not live to reach England, some good soul would send it to me:

"GRANDFATHER DEAR"—it began—"I am coming to you as fast as I can; but there is a dread upon me that I shall not reach you. I heard from you a while ago. A sailor from our old home says that you are alive and I know, if ever I get to you, you'll forgive me. There is a great deal to forgive, but I've suffered; I've been punished.

"He with whom I went was a very bad man. I think he is dead, but I'm not sure; and I'm coming home, poor and sad, and ashamed to tell you all, and live with you if you'll let me. Oh, I know you will; I haven't any fear. Just as He forgives sinners you'll forgive me. But if I don't come, then you may know I'm dead. I kiss the paper. Good-bye. Your poor, wretched little

"Rose."

"That was all, ma'am. But it was enough. The sea has brought me all it can. Ned is lost, and Ben dead, and Dan hasn't been heard of for years. The other boys—yes they are dead too. The sea cannot bring me anything, ma'am—no, no."

So he shook his head and walked away.

That was a year ago. Yesterday, going to that sea-side place again, I passed the house of the old sailor.

He was sitting at the door but he arose and came to meet me and smiled.

"You're the lady I spoke to a year ago," he said. "I remember I told you the sea could not bring me anything, but it has. My Dan has come back—my Dan. He's been on a desert island for years, but he's hale and hearty, and he's married to a girl that waited for him, and never gave him up all this while. That's her inside, and I feel young again, they are both so fond of me, and she makes it such a home."

And then I saw that the garden had been weeded, and that the windows were bright, and from one of them peeped just then a comely, middle-aged woman's face, and a pleasant voice called:

"Father, when you are ready dinner is."

"That's my daughter-in-law," said the old man, cheerily. "Good-bye, it sort of seems as though you brought me luck, asking if the sea was going to send me anything. I shan't forget you. Good-bye, and good luck."

Effects of Alcohol.

The power of alcohol to cause either temporary or permanent insanity is well known to all of us. I have been told that one single visit to the padded room of the London Hospital, where those suffering from *delirium tremens* are confined, is amply sufficient to shake the faith of the most confirmed alcohol worshipper in his mistaken creed. As regards its relation to permanent insanity, we have the statement of a former Bishop of London, who has informed

us that out of 1,271 maniacs whose previous histories were investigated, 649 recked their reason by excessive drinking. But the most terrible results of this list of evils have yet to be considered. Even suppose we grant that from the moral point of view it is allowable that, for the gratification of a mere animal desire, we may risk both our own health and reason, there can be no doubt that, to risk the entailment of the above terrible afflictions upon those who are to come after us is among the most wicked and unjustifiable of deeds. Yet this is the guilt of all who indulge in the fatal vice of drink. Many diseases are well known as being capable of transmission by inheritance so that the wickedness of one individual may literally cause the "iniquity of the fathers" to be "visited upon the children, and upon the children's children," even "unto the third and fourth generations," entailing such result *in futuro* upon the innocent unborn, that even the most hardened sinner may turn with horror from the prospect of such a crime. To give one instance, Dr. Howe, in his report on idiocy to the legislature of Massachusetts, says: "The habits of the parents of 300 of the idiots were ascertained, and 145, or nearly half, are reported as known to be habitual drunkards." In the social world alcohol is equally a source of which many evils flow. But a short time since a medical man who had had large experience among the workhouses of the metropolis, and who, though not himself a total abstainer, has taken great interest in this question, assured me that he had never known a teetotaler to apply for parish relief. In Edinburgh, out of 27,000 cases of pauperism, 20,000 were traceable to drunkenness, and in London it is estimated that two-thirds of our paupers owe their condition to the same terrible evil. This is no matter for wonder when we consider the amount of money which is squandered in drink, coupled with the unprofitable and unproductive nature of the trade to the community at large. During four years, up to 1879, the amount spent in the United Kingdom upon intoxicating liquors amounted to £574,000,000, a sum within £18,000,000 of the total of our export trade with the whole world during three years! And judging from the number of workmen in proportion to the money value of the various liquors sent out at the large Caledonian Distillery in Edinburgh, the drink money spent in the country would, if more productively applied, employ nearly 2,000,000 instances of 250,000 of our population.—*Science Monthly*.

There can be no true home or happy family where there is not a just recognition of the rights and vast possibilities of childhood. The children are the kings and philosophers of coming days.

The great sorrows of life are either a curse or a blessing to us. Even the open grave may be a doorway into the heaven of a larger faith or the open way into a life of solemn despair.

Energy will do everything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged animal a man without it.—*Goethe*.

When things seem at their worst there may be a sudden turn in the road that will reveal to you help just at hand.

Evil habits are webs, which are too light to be noticed until they are too strong to be broken.

Every noble activity makes room for itself. A great mind is a good sailor, as a great heart is.

Self-interest rules the world; but it makes as many purblind, as it does others farseeing.

Abuse is the argument of a bad heart—calm reasoning is the logic of a good head.