

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. 7.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1886.

No. 48

THE ACADIAN.

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

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00

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 conducted by 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 familiar signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON 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 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 uncollected for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

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 2:20 p. m.

Kentville close at 7:30 p. m.

Geo. V. BIRD, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

A. NEW BASS, Agent.

Churches.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. H. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 10:30 a. 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 7:30 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 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville, Division Worship is held in the above Church as follows:

Evening and Sermon at 11 a. m. Sunday school commences every Sunday morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.

J. G. Buggles, M. A., Rector.

Edmund W. Budgett, (Divinity Student of King's College).

By FRANCHIS (L. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Insurance.

St. GEORGES LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 8 o'clock p. m.

J. B. Davidson, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

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

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Winter'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

Every Description DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, 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 sent in advance.

DIRECTORY

OF THE

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will see 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.—Carrriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BISHOP, B. G.—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

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.

MONTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

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

DEAT, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

DEDDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

DOCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

DOOD, A. R.—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

DUNDAS, G. V.—Drugs and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, B. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Tobacco.

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 Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Going 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.

B. W. BOGGS, M. D., C. M.

Graduate of McGill University,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Hamilton's Corner, Conard, 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.

WE SELL

CORDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. R.

THE LUMBER, LATHS, CAN-

NED LOUPTERS, MACKER-

ELLY, FROZEN FISH,

POTATGES, FISH, ETC.

Best prices for all shipments.

Write fully for Quotations.

HAIHEWAY & CO.,

General Commission Merchants,

22 Central Wharf - Boston.

Members of the Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

50 Newly imported Verne & Mottis all Chromo Cards, with name and a water pen for 100. 5 packs, 5 pens for 100. Agents sample pads, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a stamp and this slip. A. W. KERRY, Yermouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

MY CHILDREN.

I sit at my work in the afternoon,
When the day is drowsy with dust and heat,
And out of my window I watch the line
Of shimmering sun on the well-worn street.

I mend the jackets and little gowns,
Worn with playing and rent with tears,
And every stitch which my needle takes
Is set with a mother's voiceless prayers.

But after the shadows are growing long,
And the glare fades out of the dusty street,
With happy sighs the children come,
With ringing voices and flying feet,
And my heart leaps up with a sudden bound;

My children are coming home from school:
I rise and watch with an eager hope
The long white road growing dusk and cool.

Guy, and Hobbe, and little Louise,—
I shall see them come through the shady lane
And Claire is away at a higher school,—
Ah! what is it comes with a hidden pain?

I hear my darlings, I see them both,—
Both, I say, when it should be three,
Hobbe, my son, and little Louise,—
Ah! suffer thy children to come to me.

Day after day I cheat my ears
When the children clamor with laugh and shout;
Day after day I cheat my eyes,
Waiting and watching when school is out.

For Claire has gone to a higher school,—
But Guy, my darling, my precious Guy,
With his laughing eyes and his loving heart,
Guy has gone to a school—more high.

Oh for the breadth of a little grave!
Oh that the snow were dug as deep,
And yet, were it sunk through a thousand worlds,
I never could picture him there asleep.

When the snow is deep and the frost lies thick,
And the road is gleaming more coldly white,
I think of my children will all come home,
All—when the school is out to-night.

And when the rush of the wild spring rain
Weakens me with its sobbing deep,
I say, "In the little room up stairs
My boys are dreaming in happy sleep."

How can I think, "in his loneliness grave
My darling is lying so still and white,
With rain-washed grasses and wind-blown flowers
And dripping darkness alone to-night?"

O Father, forgive me my human love!
Its death was bitter, its life was sweet;
But that long white road leading past
The stars

Was best of all for my darling's feet,
And when I watch from immortal heights
For Claire, and Hobbe, and little Louise,
God grant I hear with immortal ears,
"The Kingdom of heaven is such as these."

Interesting Story.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster.

BY EDWARD EGLETON.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—Continued.

By the time the trial opened in the large schoolhouse in Clifty at eleven o'clock, all the surrounding country had emptied its population into Clifty, and all Flat Creek was on hand ready to testify to something. Those who knew the least appeared to know the most, and were prodigal of their significant winks and nods.

Mrs. Means had always suspected him. She saw some mighty suspicious things about him from the word go. She'd allers had her doubts whether he was just the thing, and of her ole man had axed her, likens not he never'd 'a' been hired. She'd seed things with her own livin' eyes that beat all she ever seed in all her born days.

And Pete Jones said he'd allers know'd there warn't no good in seed a feller. Could n't stay axed when he got there.

And Granny Sanders said, Law's sake! nobody'd ever 'a' found him out of it had'n't been for her. Didn't she go all over the neighborhood a warnin' people? For her part, she seed straight through that piece of goods.

He was fond of the gals, too! Nothing was so great a crime in her eyes as to be fond of the gals.

The constable said unwitting tribute to William the Conqueror, by crying Squire Hawkins' court open with an Oyez! or, as he said it, "O yes!"

And the Squire ask'd Squire Underwood, who came in at that moment to sit with him. From the start, it was evident to Ralph that the prosecuting attorney had been thoroughly posted by Small, though, looking at that worthy's face, one would have thought him the most disinterested and philosophical spectator in the courtroom.

Bronson, the prosecutor, was a young man, and this was his first case since his election. He was very ambitious

to distinguish himself, very anxious to have Flat Creek influence on his side in politics; and, consequently, he was very determined to send Ralph Hartook to state prison, justly or unjustly, by fair means or foul. To his professional eyes (this was not a question of right and wrong, not a question of life and death to such a man as Ralph. It was George H. Bronson's opportunity to distinguish himself. And so, with many knowing and confident nods and hints, and with much deference to the two squires, he opened the case, affecting great indignation at Ralph's wickedness and uttering Delphic hints about striped pants and shaven head, and the grating of prison-door at Jeffersonville.

"And, now, if the court please, I am about to call a witness whose testimony is very important indeed. Mrs. Sarah Jane Means will please step forward and be sworn.

This Mrs. Means did with alacrity. She met the prosecutor, and impressed him with her dark hints. She was sworn.

"Now, Mrs. Means, have the goodness to tell us what you know of the robbery at the house of Peter Schroeder, and the part defendant had in it."

"Well, you see, I allers suspected that 'ere young man—"

Here Squire Underwood stopped her, and told her that she must not tell her suspicions, but facts.

"Well, it's facts I am a-goin' to tell."

"It's facts that I mean to tell." Here her voice rose to a keen pitch, and she began to abuse the defendant. Again and again she said something that night a-crossin' over the blue-grass pasture. Didn't know who in thunder was, but it was somebody a-makin' straight for Pete Jones's. Hadn't seed nobody else, 'ceptin' Dr. Small, a short ways behind the Meanses.

Hannah was now brought on the stand. She was greatly agitated, and answered with much reluctance. Lived at Mr. Means's. Was eighteen years of age in October. Had been bound to Mrs. Means three years ago. Had walked home with Mr. Hartook that evening, and, happening to look out the window toward morning, she saw some one cross the pasture. Did not know who it was. Thought it was Mr. Hartook. Here Bronson (evidently prompted by a suggestion that came from what Small had overheard when he listened in the barn) asked her if Mr. Hartook had ever said anything to her about the matter afterward. After some hesitation, Hannah said that he had said that he crossed the pasture. Of his own accord? No, she spoke of it first. Had Mr. Hartook offered any explanations? No, he hadn't. Had he ever paid her any attention afterward? No. Ralph declined to cross-question Hannah. To him she never seemed so fair as when telling the truth so sublimely.

"Did I ever go with your daughter Miranda?"

"No, you didn't," answered the witness, with a tone and a toss of the head that let the cat out, and set the courtroom in a giggle. Bronson saw that he was gaining nothing, and now resolved to follow the line which Small had indicated.

Pete Jones was called, and swore point-blank that he heard Ralph go out of the house soon after he went to bed, and that he heard him return at two in the morning. This testimony was given without hesitation, and made a great impression against Ralph in the minds of the justices. Mrs. Jones, a poor, brow-beaten woman, came on the stand in a frightened way, and swore to the same lies as her husband. Ralph cross-questioned her, but her part had been well learned.

There seemed now little hope for Ralph. But just at this moment who should stride into the schoolhouse but Pearson, the one-legged, old soldier basket-maker? He had crept home the night before, "to see of the ole woman didn't want somethin'," and hearing of Ralph's arrest, he concluded that the time for him to make "a forard movement" had come, and so he determined to face the foe.

"Looky here, Squar," he said, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "looky here, I jest want to say that I kin tell as much about this case as anybody."

"Let us hear it, then," said Bronson, who thought he would nail Ralph now for certain.

Now, with many allusions to the time he fit at Lundy's Lane, and some indignant remarks about the pack of thieves that driv him off, and a passing tribute to Miss Martha Hawkins, and sundry other digressions, in which he had to be checked, the old man told how he'd drunk whiskey at Welch's store that night, and how Welch's whiskey was all-fired mean, and how it allers went straight to his head, and

how he had got a lecture too much, and how he felt kyinder gin aout by the time he got to the blacksmith's shop, an' how he had laid down to rest, and how as he s'posed the boys had crated him, and how he thought it war all-fired mean to crate a old soldier what fit the Britishers, and lost his leg by one of the blamed critters a-punchin' his bagonet through it; and how when he woke up it was all-fired cold, and how he rolled off the crate, and went on towards home, and how when he got up to the top of Means's hill he met Pete Jones and Bill Jones, and a slim sort of a young man, a-ridin'; and how he knowed the Joneses by their horses, and some more things of that kind about 'em; but he didn't know the slim young man, though he thought he might tell him of he seed him agin, kase he was dressed up so slick and townlike. But blamed if he didn't think it hard that a parcel of thieves such as the Joneses should try to put their mean things onto a man like the master, that was so kyind to him and to Shooky, though, for that matter, blamed if he didn't think we was all selfish, accordin' to his tell. Had seed somebody that night a-crossin' over the blue-grass pasture. Didn't know who in thunder was, but it was somebody a-makin' straight for Pete Jones's. Hadn't seed nobody else, 'ceptin' Dr. Small, a short ways behind the Meanses.

Hannah was now brought on the stand. She was greatly agitated, and answered with much reluctance. Lived at Mr. Means's. Was eighteen years of age in October. Had been bound to Mrs. Means three years ago. Had walked home with Mr. Hartook that evening, and, happening to look out the window toward morning, she saw some one cross the pasture. Did not know who it was. Thought it was Mr. Hartook. Here Bronson (evidently prompted by a suggestion that came from what Small had overheard when he listened in the barn) asked her if Mr. Hartook had ever said anything to her about the matter afterward. After some hesitation, Hannah said that he had said that he crossed the pasture. Of his own accord? No, she spoke of it first. Had Mr. Hartook offered any explanations? No, he hadn't. Had he ever paid her any attention afterward? No. Ralph declined to cross-question Hannah. To him she never seemed so fair as when telling the truth so sublimely.

"Did I ever go with your daughter Miranda?"

"No, you didn't," answered the witness, with a tone and a toss of the head that let the cat out, and set the courtroom in a giggle. Bronson saw that he was gaining nothing, and now resolved to follow the line which Small had indicated.

Pete Jones was called, and swore point-blank that he heard Ralph go out of the house soon after he went to bed, and that he heard him return at two in the morning. This testimony was given without hesitation, and made a great impression against Ralph in the minds of the justices. Mrs. Jones, a poor, brow-beaten woman, came on the stand in a frightened way, and swore to the same lies as her husband. Ralph cross-questioned her, but her part had been well learned.

There seemed now little hope for Ralph. But just at this moment who should stride into the schoolhouse but Pearson, the one-legged, old soldier basket-maker? He had crept home the night before, "to see of the ole woman didn't want somethin'," and hearing of Ralph's arrest, he concluded that the time for him to make "a forard movement" had come, and so he determined to face the foe.

"Looky here, Squar," he said, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "looky here, I jest want to say that I kin tell as much about this case as anybody."

"Let us hear it, then," said Bronson, who thought he would nail Ralph now for certain.

Now, with many allusions to the time he fit at Lundy's Lane, and some indignant remarks about the pack of thieves that driv him off, and a passing tribute to Miss Martha Hawkins, and sundry other digressions, in which he had to be checked, the old man told how he'd drunk whiskey at Welch's store that night, and how Welch's whiskey was all-fired mean, and how it allers went straight to his head, and

maintaining that there was enough evidence to justify Ralph's commitment to await trial. But the court thought that, as the defendant had no counsel and offered no rebutting testimony, it would be only fair to hear what the prisoner had to say in his own defence.

All this while poor Ralph was looking about the room for Bud. Bud's actions had of late been strangely contradictory. But had he turned toward and deserted his friend? Why else did he avoid the session of the court? After asking himself such questions as these, Ralph would wonder at his own folly. What could Bud do if he were there? There was no human power that could prevent the victim of so vile a conspiracy as this, lodged in that worst of state prisons at Jeffersonville, a place too bad for criminals. But when there is no human power to help, how naturally does the human mind look for some intervention of God on the side of Right! And Ralph's faith in Providence looked in the direction of Bud. But since no Bud came, he shut down the valves and rose to his feet, proudly, defiantly, fiercely calm.

"It's of no use for me to say anything. Peter Jones has sworn to a deliberate falsehood, and he knows it. He has made his wife perjure her poor soul that she dare not call her own." Here Pete's fists clenched, but Ralph in his present humor did not care for mobs. The spirit of the bull-dog had complete possession of him. "It is of no use for me to tell you that Henry Hanta has sworn to a lie, partly to revenge himself on me for sundry punishments I have given him, and partly, perhaps, for money. The real thieves are fit this courtroom. I could put my finger on them."

"To be sure," responded the old basket-maker. Ralph looked at Pete Jones, then at Small. The fiery calm look attracted the attention of the people. He knew that this look would probably out him his life before the next morning. But he did not care for life. "The testimony of Miss Hannah Thompson is every word true. I believe that of Mr. Pearson to be true. The rest is false. But I can not prove it. I know the men I have to deal with. I shall not essay my state prison. They will not spare my life. But the people of Clifty will one day find out who are the thieves."

Ralph then proceeded to tell how he had left Pete Jones's, Mr. Jones's bed being uncomfortable; how he had walked through the pasture; how he had seen three men on horseback; how he had noticed the sordid with the white left forefoot and white nose; how he had seen Dr. Small; how, after his return, he had heard someone enter the house, and how he had recognized the horse the next morning. "There," said Ralph, desperately, leveling his finger at Pete, "there is a man who will yet see the inside of a penitentiary. I shall not live to see it, but the rest of you will." Pete quailed. Ralph's speech could not of course break the force of the testimony against him. But it had its effect, and it had effect enough to alarm Bronson, who rose and said:

"I should like to ask the prisoner at the bar one question."

"Ask me a dozen," said Hartook, looking more like a king than a criminal.

"Well, then, Mr. Hartook. You need not answer unless you choose; but what prompted you to take the direction you did in your walk on that evening?"

This shot brought Ralph down. To answer this question truly would attach to friendless Hannah Thompson some of the disgrace that now belonged to him.

"I decline to answer," said Ralph.

"Of course, I do not want the prisoner to criminate himself," said Bronson, significantly.

During this last passage Bud came in, but, to Ralph's disappointment, he remained near the door, talking to Walter Johnson, who had come with him. The magistrates put their heads together to fix the amount of bail, and as they differed, talked for some minutes. Small now for the first time thought it best to make a move in his own proper person. He could hardly have been afraid of Ralph's acquittal.

The prosecution here rested, Bronson

maintaining that there was enough evidence to justify Ralph's commitment to await trial. But the court thought that, as the defendant had no counsel and offered no rebutting testimony, it would be only fair to hear what the prisoner had to say in his own defence.

All this while poor Ralph was looking about the room for Bud. Bud's actions had of late been strangely contradictory. But had he turned toward and deserted his friend? Why else did he avoid the session of the court? After asking himself such questions as these, Ralph would wonder at his own folly. What could Bud do if he were there? There was no human power that could prevent the victim of so vile a conspiracy as this, lodged in that worst of state prisons at Jeffersonville, a place too bad for criminals. But when there is no human power to help, how naturally does the human mind look for some intervention of God on the side of Right! And Ralph's faith in Providence looked in the direction of Bud. But since no Bud came, he shut down the valves and rose to his feet, proudly, defiantly, fiercely calm.

"It's of no use for me to say anything. Peter Jones has sworn to a deliberate falsehood, and he knows it. He has made his wife perjure her poor soul that she dare not call her own." Here Pete's fists clenched, but Ralph in his present humor did not care for mobs. The spirit of the bull-dog had complete possession of him. "It is of no use for me to tell you that Henry Hanta has sworn to a lie, partly to revenge himself on me for sundry punishments I have given him, and partly, perhaps, for money. The real thieves are fit this courtroom. I could put my finger on them."

"To be sure," responded the old basket-maker. Ralph looked at Pete Jones, then at Small. The fiery calm look attracted the attention of the people. He knew that this look would probably out him his life before the next morning. But he did not care for life. "The testimony of Miss Hannah Thompson is every word true. I believe that of Mr. Pearson to be true. The rest is false. But I can not prove it. I know the men I have to deal with. I shall not essay my state prison. They will not spare my life. But the people of Clifty will one day find out who are the thieves."

Ralph then proceeded to tell how he had left Pete Jones's, Mr. Jones's bed being uncomfortable; how he had walked through the pasture; how he had seen three men on horseback; how he