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THE ACADIAN.

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Office Hours, 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Mail is made up as follows:
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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.

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Sunday, Matins and Sermon at 11 a. m. Evensong and Sermon at 7 p. m. Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Sunday evening at 7:30.
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"GRIPHUN" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Child-Hovey's Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

Temperance.
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ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

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NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND
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DIRECTORY

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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.

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Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
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English gait Stock a Specialty.
WOLFFVILLE, N. S.
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Write fully for Quotations.
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Select Poetry.

RIDE.

"In the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven."—Matt. xxiii: 30.
"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. ii: 9.
Gently touch, softly lay
Scam and fold, and drapings gay,
Then in gladness—lingering eye—
Wait the happy wedding day.
When will robes for me be brought?
Bridal robes that perchance
Are the angels, day by day,
Weaving now the bright array?
Keeping choicest gold and gem,
Till we shall be one with them?

Darling, speak, I've waited long;
Turn once from the mystic throng,
Tell me, are the thoughts of earth,
All forgot at Heaven's birth?
Are the joys the soul shall know,
Better than the hopes below?
Hush! thou earth-worn spirit—hide
Till the rest at eventide.
Then in "Light" supernatural
Thou shalt see, and taste of—Heaven.
Wolffville, June, 1886.

CRADLE QUILTS.
Only a quilt for a cradle bed
The mother is piecing link by link;
Baby colors—bright green and red—
Only white and the palest pink.
Dimpled with knots of ribbon fair,
Blue as the light in the laughing eyes—
"Gold embroidered to match his hair,"
And her smile is a ray of paradise.
Over my heart is the hush of prayer;
Ah! me! but this gossamer robe is thin—
I, too, have a coverlid—fair, so fair—
Where green is heavily folded in.
Spring is tenderly piecing mine—
The pattern is one of long ago—
Fringe of myrtle and ivy vine,
And fairy lilies as white as snow.

Interesting Story.
The Hoosier Schoolmaster.
BY EDWARD EGLESTON.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.
"I declare," said Mrs. White, descending suddenly from her high moral standpoint, "I declare that boy has tumbled right on the threshold of the back-door," and she thrust her white handkerchief into her pocket, and took down the floor-cloth to wipe off the imperceptible bluish left by Ralph's boot-heel.

And Mr. White followed his nephew to the stable to request that he would be a little careful what he did about any body in the poor-house, as any trouble with the Joneses might defeat Mr. White's nomination to the judgeship of the Court of Common Pleas.

CHAPTER XXIII.
A CHARITABLE INSTITUTION.
When Ralph got back to Miss Nancy Sawyer's, Shockey was sitting up in bed talking to Miss Nancy and Miss Semantha. His cheeks were a little flushed with fever and the excitement of telling his story; theirs were wet with tears.

"Ralph," whispered Miss Nancy, as she drew him into the kitchen, "I want you to get a buggy or a sleigh, and go right over to the poor-house and fetch that boy's mother over here. It'd do me more good than any sermon I ever heard to see that boy in his mother's arms to-morrow. We can keep the old lady over Sunday."

Ralph was delighted, so delighted that he came near kissing good Miss Nancy Sawyer, whose plain face was glorified by her generosity.

But he did not go to the poor-house immediately. He waited until he saw Bill Jones, the Superintendent of the Poor House, and Pet Jones, the County Commissioner, who was still somewhat drunk, ride up to the courthouse. Then he drove out of the village, and presently hitched his horse to the poor-house fence, and took a survey of the outside. Forty hogs, nearly ready for slaughter, wallowed in a pen in front of the forlorn and dilapidated house; for though the commissioners allowed a claim for repairs at every meeting, the repairs were never made, and it would not do to scrutinize Mr. Jones's bill too closely, unless you gave up all hope of a remuneration to office. One curious effect of political aspirations in Hoopole county, was to shut the eyes that they could not see, to close the ears that they could not hear, and to destroy the sense of smell. But Ralph, not being a politician, smelled the hog-pen without and the stench within, and saw everywhere the transparent

fraud, and heard the echo of Jones's cruelty.

A weak-eyed girl admitted him, and as he did not wish to make his business known at once, he affected a sort of idle interest in the place, and asked to be allowed to look around. The weak-eyed girl watched him. He found that all the women with children, twenty persons in all, were obliged to sleep in one room, which, owing to the hillslope was partly underground, and which had but half a window for light, and no ventilation, except the chance draft from the door. Jones had declared that the women with children must stay there—"he warn't goin' to have the brats a-running over the whole house." Here were vicious women and good women, with their children, crowded like chickens in a coop for market. And there were, as usual in such places, helpless, idiotic women with illegitimate children. Of course this room was the scene of perpetual quarrelling and occasional fighting.

In the quarters devoted to the insane, people slightly demented and raving maniacs were in the same rooms, while there were also those utter wretches which sat in heaps on the floor, mumbling and muttering unintelligible words, the whole current of their thoughts hopelessly muddled, turning around upon itself in eddies never ending.

"That 'ere woman," said the weak-eyed girl, "used to holler a heap when she was brought in here. But pap knows how to subdue 'em. He slapped her in her mouth every time she hollered. She don't make no fuss now, but just acts down their a-way all day, and keeps a-whisperin'."

Ralph understood it. When she came in she was the victim of mania; but she had been beaten into hopeless idiocy. Indeed this state of incurable imbecility seemed the end toward which all travelled. Shut in these bare rooms, with no treatment, no exercise, no variety, and meagre food, cases of slight derangement soon grew into chronic lunacy.

One young woman, called Phil, a sweet-faced person, apparently a farmer's wife, came up to Ralph and looked at him kindly, playing with the buttons on his coat in a childlike simplicity. Her blue-drilling dress was sewed all over with patches of white, representing ornamental buttons, and the womanly instinct toward adornment had in her taken this childish turn.

"Don't you think they ought to let me go home?" she said, with a sweet and a wistful, longing, homesick look, that touched Ralph to the heart. He looked at her and then at the muttering crones, and he could see no little for any better fate for her. She followed him round the barn-like rooms, returning every now and then to her question, "Don't you think I might go home now?"

The weak-eyed girl had been called away for a moment, and Ralph stood looking into a cell, where there was a man with a grey red flame in his hat and a strip of red flannel about his waist. He strutted up and down like a drill-sergeant.

"I am General Andrew Jackson," he began. "People don't believe it, but I am. I had my head shot off at Buena Vista, and the new one that grew on 'ent nigh as good as the old one; it's tater on one side. That's why they take advantage of me to shut me up. But I know some things. My head is tater on one side, but it's all right on 't'other. And when I know a thing in the left side of my head, I know it. Lean down here. Let me tell you something out of the left side. Not out of the tater side, mind ye. I wouldn't 'at told you if he hadn't looked me up for nothing. Bill Jones is a thief! He sells the bodies of the dead paupers, and then sells the empty coffins back to the county agin. But that ain't all!"

Just then the weak-eyed girl came back, and, as Ralph moved away, General Jackson called out: "That ain't all. I'll tell the rest another time. And that ain't out of the tater side, you can depend on that. That's out of the left side. Sound as a nut on that side!"

But Ralph began to wonder where he should find Hannah's mother, and saw everywhere the transparent

eyed girl, as Ralph was opening a door. "Ole Mowley's in there, and she'll cuss you."

"Oh! well, if that's all, her curses won't hurt," said Hartsok, pushing open the door. But the volley of blasphemy and vile language that he received made him stagger. The old hag paced the floor, abusing everybody that came in her way. And by the window, in the same room, feeling the light that struggled through the dusty glass upon her face, sat a sorrowful, intelligent English woman. Ralph noticed at once that she was English, and in a few moments he discovered that her sight was defective. Could it be that Hannah's mother was the room-mate of this loathsome creature, whose profanity and obscenity did not intermit for a moment?

Happily the weak-eyed girl had not dared to brave the curses of Mowley. Ralph stepped forward to the woman by the window, and greeted her.

"Is this Mrs. Thomson?"

"That is my name, sir," she said, turning her face toward Ralph, who could not but remark the contrast between the thorough refinement of her manner and the coarse, scant, unshaped paper-frock of blue-drilling.

"I saw your daughter yesterday," "Did you see my boy?"

There was a treacherousness in her voice and an agitation in her manner which disclosed the emotion she strove in vain to conceal. For only the day before Bill Jones had informed her that Shockey would be bound out on Saturday, and that she would find that goin' agin 'n warn't a payin' his moutness, so much as some others he most mented.

Ralph told her about Shockey's safety. I shall not write down the conversation here. Critics would say that it was an over-tought scene. As if all the world were as cold as they! All I can tell is, that this refined woman had all she could do to control herself in her eagerness to get out of her prison-house, away from the blasphemies of Mowley, away from the insults of Jones, away from the sights and sounds and smells of the place, and above all, her eagerness to fly to the little shabby-head from whom she had been banished for two years. It seemed to her that she could gladly die now, if she could die with that flax 'n head upon her bosom.

And so, in spite of the opposition of Bill Jones's sort, who threatened her with every sort of evil if she left, Ralph wrapped Mrs. Thomson's blue drilling in Nancy Sawyer's shawl, and bore the feeble woman off to Lewisburg. And as they drove away, a sad, childlike voice cried from the gratings of the upper window, "Good-by! good-by!" Ralph turned and saw that it was Phil, poor Phil, for whom there was no deliverance. And all the way back Ralph pronounced mental maledictions on the Dorcas Society, not for sending garments to the Five Points or the South Sea Islands, whichever it was, but for being so blind to the sorrow and poverty within its reach. He did not know for he had not read the reports of the Boards of State Charities, that nearly all almshouses were very much like this, and that the state of New York is not better in this regard than Indiana. And he did not know that it was true in almost all other countries, as it was his own, that "Christian" people do not think enough of Christ to look for Him in these lazarus-houses.

And while Ralph denounced the Dorcas Society, the eager, hungry heart of the mother ran, flew toward the little white-headed boy.

No, I cannot do it; I cannot tell you about that meeting. I am sure that Miss Nancy Sawyer's tea tasted exceedingly good to the pauper, who had known nothing but cold water for years, and that the bread and butter were delicious to a palate that had eaten poor-house soup for dinner, and coarse poor-house bread and vile molasses for supper, and that without change, for three years. But I cannot tell you how it seemed that evening to Miss Nancy Sawyer, as the poor English lady sat in speechless ecstasy, rocking in the old split-bottomed rocking-chair in the fire-light, while she pressed to her bosom with all the might of her enfeebled arms, the form

of the little Shockey, who half-sobbed and half sang, over and over again, "God hasn't forgot us, mother; God ha'n't forgot us."

CHAPTER XXIV.
THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

The Methodist church to which Mrs. Matilda White and Miss Nancy Sawyer belonged was the leading one in Lewisburg, as it is in most country-seat villages in Indiana. If I may be permitted to express my candid and charitable opinion of the difference between the two women, I shall have to use the old Quaker locution, and say that Miss Sawyer was a Methodist and likewise a Christian; Mrs. White was a Methodist, but I fear she was not likewise.

As to the first part of this assertion, there was no room to doubt Miss Nancy's piety. She could get happy in class-meeting (for who had a better right?), and could witness a good experience in the quarterly love-feast. But it is not upon those grounds that I base my opinion of Miss Nancy. Do not even the Pharisees do the same? She never dreamed that she had any right to speak of "Christian Perfection" (which, as Mrs. Partington said of total depravity, is an excellent doctrine if it is lived up to); but when a woman's heart is full of devout affections and good purposes, when her head de- vices liberal and Christianlike things, when her hands are always open to the poor and always busy with acts of love and self-denial, and when her feet are ever ready to run upon errands of mercy, why, if there by anything worthy of being called Christian Perfection in this world of imperfection, I do not know why such an one does not possess it. What need of analyzing her experiences *in vacuo* to find out the state of her soul?

How Miss Nancy managed to live on her slender income and be so generous was a perpetual source of perplexity to the gossips of Lewisburg. And now that she declared that Mrs. Thomson and Shockey should not return to the poor-house, there was a general outcry from the whole Committee of Intermediaries that she would bring herself to the poor-house before she died. But Nancy Sawyer was the richest woman in Lewisburg, though nobody knew it, and she herself did not once suspect it.

How Miss Nancy and the preacher conspired together, and how they managed to bring Mrs. Thomson's case up at the time of the "Sacramental Service" in the afternoon of that Sunday in Lewisburg, and how the preacher made a touching statement of it just before the regular "Collection for the Poor" was taken, and how the warm-hearted Methodists put in dollars instead of dimes, while the Presiding Elder read those passages about Zach- eus and other liberal people, and how the congregation rang

"He dies, the Friend of Sinners dies," more lustily than ever, after having performed this Christian act—how all this happened I cannot take up the reader's time to tell. But I can assure him that the nearly blind English woman did not room with blasphemous old Mowley any more, and that the blue-drilling pauper frack gave way to something better, and that grave little Shockey even danced with delight, and declared that God hadn't forgot, though he'd thought that He had. And Mrs. Matilda White remarked that it was a shame that the collection for the poor at a Methodist sacramental service should be given to a woman who was a member of the Church of England, and like as not never soundly converted!

And Shockey slept in his mother's arms, and prayed God not to forget Hannah, while Shockey's mother knit stockings for the store day and night, and day and night she prayed and hoped.

CHAPTER XXV.
BUD WOOLING.

The Sunday that Ralph spent in Lewisburg, the Sunday that Shockey spent in an earthly paradise, the Sunday that Mrs. Thomson spent with Shockey instead of old Mowley, the Sunday that Miss Nancy thought was "just like heaven," was also an eventful Sunday with Bud Means. He had long adored Miss Martha in his

secret heart, but like many other giants, while brave enough to face and fight dragons, he was a coward in the presence of the woman that he loved.

Let us honor him for it. The man who loves a woman truly, reverences her profoundly, and feels abashed in her presence. The man who is never abashed in the presence of womanhood, the man who tells his love without a tremor, is a heartless, shallow egotist. Bud's nature was not fine. But it was deep, true, and manly. To him Martha Hawkins was the chief of women. What was he that he should aspire to possess her?

And yet on that Sunday, with his crippled arm carefully bound up, with his cleanest shirt, and with his heavy boots freshly oiled with the fat of the raccoon, he started hopefully through the fields white with snow to the house of Squire Hawkins. When he started his spirits were high, but they descended exactly in proportion to his proximity to the object of his love. He thought himself not dressed well enough. He wished his shoulders were not so square, and his arms not so stout. He wished that he had book-learning enough to count in nice, big words. And so, by recounting his own deficiencies, he succeeded in making himself feel weak, and awkward, and generally good-for-nothing, by the time he walked up between the long rows of hol'hooks to the Squire's front door, to tap at which took all his remaining strength.

Miss Martha received her perspiring lover most graciously, but this only convinced Bud more than ever that she was a superior being. If she had sighted him a little, so as to awaken his combativeness a little, his bashfulness would have disappeared.

It was in vain that Martha inquired about his arm and complimented his courage. Bud could only think of his big feet, his clumsy hands, and his slow tongue. He answered in monosyllables, using his red silk handkerchief diligently.

"Is your arm improving?" asked Miss Hawkins.

"Yes, I think it is," said Bud, hastily crossing his right leg over his left, and trying to get his fits out of sight.

"Have you heard from Mr Pearson?"

"No, I ha'n't," answered Bud, removing his right foot to the floor again, because it looked so big, and trying to push his left hand into his pocket.

"Beautiful sunshine, isn't it?" said Martha.

"Yes, 'tis," answered Bud, sticking his right foot up on the rug of the chair and putting his right hand behind him.

"This snow looks like the snow we have at the East," said Martha. "It snowed that way the time I was to Bostoning."

"Did it?" said Bud, not thinking of the snow at all, nor of Boston, but thinking how much better he would have appeared had he left his arms and legs at home.

"I suppose Mr Hartsok rode your horse to Lewisburg?"

"Yes, he did," and Bud hung both hands at his side.

"You were very kind."

"This set Bud's heart a-going so that he could not say anything, but he looked eloquently at Miss Hawkins, drew both feet under the chair, and rammed his hands into his pockets. Then, suddenly remembering how awkward he must look, he immediately pulled his hands out again, and crossed his legs. There was a silence of a few minutes, during which Bud made up his mind to do the most desperate thing he could think of—to declare his love and take the consequences.

"You see, Miss Hawkins," he began, forgetting boots and fits in his agony, "I thought as how I'd come over here to-day, and"—but here his heart failed him utterly—"and—see—you."

"I'm glad to see you, Mr Means."

To be continued.

It is asked how editors pass their leisure moments. Bless your dear soul, they don't pass them. They never catch up to them. An editor is usually from ten to forty years behind his leisure moments, and he always dies before he gets within gunshot of the rear-most of them.—Tud-Bie.