

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1896.

No. 44

THE ACADIAN.

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Local advertising at ten cents per line

for every insertion, unless by special ar-

angement 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 con-

stantly 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 communi-

cation, although the same may be written

over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

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1. Any person who takes a paper regu-

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for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-

tinued, he must pay up 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 refu-

sing to take newspapers and periodicals

from the Post Office, or removing and

leaving them uncollected for *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 5.20 p. m.

Kentville close at 7.30 p. m.

Geo. V. HARD, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on

Saturday at 12, noon.

A. deW. BARRS, Agent.

Churches.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. R. H. Jones, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 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 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sabbath School at 2.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. and on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. T. A. Wilson, 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. John's Church, Wolfville, Division Worship is held in the above Church as follows:— Sunday, Mattins and Sermon at 11 a. m. Evening and Sermon at 7 p. m. Sunday-school commences every 3rd day morning at 9.30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7.30. J. O. Ruggles, M. A. Rector. Robert W. Huddell, (Divinity Student of King's College).

Masonic. By GEORGE LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the first Friday of each month at 7.4 o'clock p. m. J. R. Davison, Secretary

Oddfellows.

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

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or 7 meets every Monday evening in G. T. Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in G. T. Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

OF 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 said in advance.

DIRECTORY

OF THE Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use 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.—Carriages 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.

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Maker. Coal always on hand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.—Booksellers, Stationers, and News-dealers.

WITTER, BURFEE—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.

CARDS.

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

B. C. BISHOP, House, Sign and Decorative PAINTER. English point Block a Specialty. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

P. O. BOX 39. Sept. 19th 1894

J. WESTON Merchant Tailor, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

WE SELL CORDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. R. TINS, LUMBER, LATHS, CANNED LOGS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH, POTATOES, FISH, ETC. Best prices for all shipments. Write fully for Quotations.

HATHEWAY & CO., General Commission Merchants, 22 Central Wharf - Boston. Members of the Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

50 Newly imported Verse & Motto all Chromo Cards, with name and a water pen for 10c. 5 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for 3c. stamp and this slip. A. W. KIRBY, Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

DAISIES.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Rippling and tossing at every breath

Of the random zephyr that passes by,

The daisies sway like a sea beneath

The deep-blue vault of the cloud-flecked sky;

Over the billows of gold and white

Flicker the shadows and fall the light.

There's never a daisy in all the host

Was here in the summers of long ago,

And still the fancy which charms us most,

Is a haunting whisper sweet and low,

Stirring our hearts with a tender strain,

"Here are the daisies back again."

The same dear daisies we used to cull

When hands were tiny and hearts were gay.

Gathering them till our laps were full,

Many and many a summer day,

Softly repeating a magic rune,

Fruiting the petals to time the tune.

And here, in the midst of the white and gold,

Old as Eden yet ever new,

Is the same sweet story of gladness told

Under the sky so wide and blue,

Her face on the daisies shyly bent,

His eyes on her with a proud content.

There may be, far from this hushed retreat,

Din and tumult and sordid care;

Somewhere, perhaps, is the drum's harsh beat,

And women kneeling in tearful prayer;

There is only peace where to and fro

In the silent meadow the daisies blow.

There are always dreams in this toilsome world,

Pure as heaven and true as God,

Who sends us dawns with the dew's imperiled,

And scatters the glory of bloom abroad.

May the story that's ever both old and new

For the lovers here be a dream come true!

Interesting Story.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster.

BY EDWARD EGLESTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

Shokey, whose feet had flown as soon as he saw the final fall of Pete Jones, told the whole story to the wondering and admiring ears of Miss Hawkins, who unhappily could not remember anything at the East just like it; to the frightened ears of the rheumatic old lady who felt sure her old man's talk and stubbornness would be the ruin of him, and to the indignant ears of the old soldier who was hobbling up and down, sentinel-wise, in front of his cabin, standing guard over himself.

"No, I won't leave," he said to Ralph and Bud. "You see I just want. What would General Winfield Scott say if he knew that one of them as fit at Lundy's Lane backed out, retreated, ran for fear of a parcel of thieves? No, sir; me and the old finklock will live and die together. I'll put a thundering charge of buckshot into the first one of them scoundrels as comes up the hollow. It'll be another Lundy's Lane. And you, Mr Hartsook, may send Scott word that ole Pearson, as fit at Lundy's Lane under him, did a-fighting' thieves on Rocky Branch in Hoopole kyounty, State of Injenny."

And the old man hobbled faster and faster, taxing his wooden leg to the very utmost, as if his victory depended on the vehemence with which he walked his beat.

Mrs Pearson sat wringing her hands and looking appealingly at Martha Hawkins, who stood in the door, in despair, looking appealingly at Bud. Bud was stupefied by the old man's stubbornness and his own pain, and in his turn appealed mutely to the master, in whose resources he had boundless confidence. Ralph, seeing that all depended on him, was taxing his wits to think of some way to get round the old man's stubbornness. Shokey hung onto the old man's coat and pulled away at him with many entreating words, but the venerable, bareheaded sentinel strode up and down furiously, with his finklock on his shoulder and his basket knife in his belt.

Just at this point somebody could be seen distinctly through the bushes coming up the hollow.

"Halt!" cried the old hero. "Who goes there?"

"It's me, Mr Pearson. Don't shoot me, please."

It was the voice of Hannah Thomson. Hearing that the whole neighborhood was rising against the neighbor of Shokey and of her family, she

had slipped away from the eyes of her mistress, and ran with breathless haste to give warning in the cabin on Rocky Branch. Seeing Ralph, she blushed, and went into the cabin.

"Well," said Ralph, "the enemy is not coming yet. Let us hold a council of war."

This thought came to Ralph like an inspiration. It pleased the old man's whim, and he sat down on the doorstep.

"Now, I suppose," said Ralph, "that General Winfield Scott always looked into things a little before he went into a fight. Didn't he?"

"To be sure," assented the old man.

"Well," said Ralph, "what is the condition of the enemy? I suppose the whole neighborhood's against us."

"To be sure," said the old man. "The rest were silent, but all felt the statement to be true."

"Next," said Ralph, "I suppose General Winfield Scott would always inquire into the condition of his own troops. Now let us see. Captain Pearson has Bud, who is the right wing, badly crippled by having his arm broken in the first battle." (Miss Hawkins looked pale.)

"To be sure," said the old man. "And I am the left wing, pretty good at giving advice, but very slender in a fight."

"To be sure," said the old man. "And Shokey and Miss Martha and Hannah good aids, but nothing in a battle."

"To be sure," said the old basket-maker, a little doubtfully.

"Now, let's look at the arms and accoutrements, I think you call them. Well, this old mucker has been loaded."

"This ten year," said the old lady.

"And the lock is so rusty that you could not cock it when you wanted to aim at Hannah."

"The old man looked foolish, and muttered 'To be sure.'"

"And there isn't another round of ammunition in the house."

"The old man was silent."

"Now let us look at the incumbrances. Here's the old lady and Shokey. If you fight, the enemy will be pleased. It will give them a chance to kill you. And then the old lady will die, and they will do with Shokey as they please."

"To be sure," said the old man, reflectively.

"Now," said Ralph, "General Winfield Scott, under such circumstances, would retreat in good order. Then, when he could muster his forces right-ly, he would drive the enemy from his ground."

"To be sure," said the old man.

"What art I to do?"

"Have you any friends?"

"Well, yes; there's my brother over in Jackson kyounty. I mout go there."

"Well," said Bud, "do you just go down to Spring-rock and stay there. Them folks won't be here till midnight. I'll come for you at nine with my roan colt, and I'll set you down over on the big road on Buckeye Run. Then you can get on the mail-wagon that passes there about five o'clock in the mornin', and go over to Jackson county and keep shady till we want you to face the enemy and to swear agin some folks. And then we'll send for you."

"To be sure," said the old man, in a broken voice. I reckon General Winfield Scott wouldn't disapprove of such a maneuver as that thar."

Miss Martha beamed on Bud to his evident delight, for he carried his painful arm part way home with her. Ralph noticed that Hannah looked at him with a look full of contending emotions. He read admiration, gratitude, and doubt in the expression of her face, as she turned toward home.

"Well, good-by, ole woman," said Pearson, as he took up his little handkerchief full of things and started for his hiding-place; "good-by. I didn't never think I'd desert you, and of the old finklock hadn't 'a' been rusty, I'd 'a' staid and died right here by the ole cabin. But I reckon 'tain't best to be brash." And Shokey looked after him, as he hobbled away over the stones, more than ever convinced that God had forgotten all about things on Flat Creek. He gravely expressed this

ojinion to the master the next day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Spring-rock, or, as it was sometimes, by a curious perversity, called, "the rock in-spring," was a spring running out of a cavellike fissure in a high limestone cliff. Here the old man sheltered himself on that dreary Christmas evening, until Bud brought his roan colt to the top of the cliff above, and he and Ralph helped the old man up the cliff and into the saddle. Ralph went back to bed, but Bud, who was only too eager to put in his best ticks, walked by the side of old John Pearson the six miles over to Buckeye Run, and at last, after eleven o'clock, he deposited him in a hollow sycamore by the road, there to wait the coming of the mail-wagon that would carry him into Jackson county.

"Good-by," said the basket-maker, as Bud mounted the colt to return. "EF I'm wanted just send me word, and I'll make a forard movement any time. I don't like this 'ere thing of running off in the night-time. But I reckon General Winfield Scott would 'a' ordered a retreat if he'd 'a' been in my shoes. I'm lots obliged to you. Accordin' to my tell, were all of us selfish in everything; but I'll be dog-on'd if I don't believe you and one or two more is exceptions."

Whether it was the fact that Pete Jones had got considerable shuck up demoralized his followers, or whether it was that the old man's flight was suspected the mob did not turn out in very great force, and the tarring was postponed indefinitely, for by the time they came together it became known somehow that the man with a wooden leg had outrun them all. But the escape of one devoted victim did not mollify the feelings of the people toward the next one.

By the time Bud returned his arm was very painful, and the next day he went under Dr Small's treatment to reduce the fracture. Whatever suspicions Bud might have of Pete Jones, he was not afflicted with Ralph's dread of the silent young doctor. And if there was anything Small admired, it was physical strength and courage. Small wanted Bud on his side, and least of all did he want him to be Ralph's champion. So that the silent, cool, and skilful doctor went to work to make impression on Bud Means.

Other influences were at work upon him also. Mrs Means volleyed and thundered in her usual style about his and her father's treatment of the man who had been so kind to reduce the fracture. Whatever suspicions Bud might have of Pete Jones, he was not afflicted with Ralph's dread of the silent young doctor. And if there was anything Small admired, it was physical strength and courage. Small wanted Bud on his side, and least of all did he want him to be Ralph's champion. So that the silent, cool, and skilful doctor went to work to make impression on Bud Means.

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