

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1886.

No. 42

Vol. V.

## THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

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Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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### 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.  
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### PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

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A. de V. Barnes, Agent.

### Churches.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Rev. R. G. Lee, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 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. T. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 11:00 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

**S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.**  
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:  
Sunday, Mattins and Sermon at 11 A. M. Evensong and Sermon at 5 P. M. Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.

J. O. Duggles, M. A., Rector.  
Robert W. Hudgell,  
(Divinity Student of King's College).

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 A. M. the last Sunday of each month.

### Masonic.

St. GEORGES LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on Friday of each month at 8 o'clock P. M.  
J. B. Davison, Secretary.

### Oddfellows.

"ORPHEUS" 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 their Hall, White'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 paid in advance.

## DIRECTRY

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.**—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

**DISHOP, 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.

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

**PRATT, R.**—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

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

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

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

**SHAW, J. M.**—Barber and Tobaccoist.

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

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

**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.

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.

### CARDS.

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

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House, Sign and Decorative  
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**J. WESTON**  
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## Select Poetry.

**JUNE.**  
All green and fair the summer lies,  
Just budded from the bud of spring,  
With tender blue of wistful skies,  
And winds which softly sing.  
—Susan Coolidge.

**BLOSSOM TIME.**  
Nature's sepulchre is breaking,  
And the earth, her gloom forsaking,  
Into life and light is waking.  
Rise, my soul, then, from dejection:  
See in Nature the reflection  
Of the dear Lord's resurrection.  
—Phoebe Cary.

**Interesting Story.**

## The Hoosier Schoolmaster.

BY EDWARD EGLESTON.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

What surprised Ralph was to see that Flat Creek went to meeting. Everybody was there—the Meanses, the Joneses, the Bantas, and all the rest. Everybody on Flat Creek seemed to be there, except the old wooden-legged basket maker. His family was represented by Shockey, who had come, doubtless, to get a glimpse of Hannah, and to hear Mr. Bosaw preach. In fact, few were thinking of the religious service. They went to church as a common resort to hear the news, and find out what was the current sensation.

On this particular morning there seemed to be some unusual excitement. Ralph perceived it as he rode up. An excited crowd, even though it be at a church-door on Sunday morning, can not conceal its agitation. Ralph deposited Miss Hawkins on the stile, and then got down himself, and paid her the closest attention to the door. This attention was for Bud's benefit. But Bud only stood with his hands in his pockets, sewing worse than ever. Ralph did not get in at the door. It was not the Flat Creek custom. The men go in outside, while the women clattered within. Whatever may have been the cause of the excitement, Ralph could not get at it. When he entered a little knot of people they became embarrassed, and the group dissembled itself, and its component parts joined other companies. What had the current of conversation to do with him? He overheard Pete Jones saying that the blamed old wooden leg was in it anyhow. He'd been seen going home at two in the morning!

But it was best to clean out one at a time. And just then there was a murmur: "Mexit's took up!" And the masculine element filed the empty half of the "howed-log" church.

When Ralph saw Hannah looking utterly dejected, his heart smote him, and the great struggle set in again. Had it not been for the thought of the other battle, and the comforting presence of the Holy Spirit, I fear Bud's interests would have faded badly. But Ralph, with the spirit of a martyr, resolved to wait until he knew what the result of Bud's suit should be, and whether, indeed, the young Goliath had prior claims, as he evidently thought he had. He turned hopefully toward the sermon, determined to pick up any crumbs of comfort that might fall from Mr. Bosaw's meagre table.

In reporting a single specimen passage of Bosaw's sermon, I shall not take the liberty which Thucydides and other ancient historians did, of making the sermon and putting it into the hero's mouth, but shall give that which can be vouched for.

"You see, my respective hearers," he began—but alas! I can never picture to you the rich red nose, the sawing gestures, the nasal resonance, the sniffs, the melancholy minor key, and all that. "My respective hearers-ah, you see-ah how-ah my text-ah says that the ox-ah knoweth his owner-ah, and-ah the ass-ah his master's crib-ah. Ah-ah! Now, my respective hearers-ah, they're a mighty sight of resemblance-ah atwext men-ah and oxen-ah!" [Ralph could not help reflecting that there was a mighty sight of resemblance between some men and asses. But the preacher did not see this analogy. It lay too close to him.] "because-ah, you see, men-ah is mighty like oxen-ah. For they's a tremen-

## CHAPTER XIII.

A STRUGGLE FOR THE MASTERY.

The school closed on Monday evening as usual. The boys had been talking in knots all day. Nothing but the bull-dog in the slender, resolute young master had kept down the rising storm. Let a teacher lose moral support at home, and he can not long govern a school. Ralph had effectively lost his popularity in the district, and the worst of it was that he could not divine from just what quarter the ill wind came, except that he felt sure of Small's agency in it somewhere. Even Hannah had slighted him, when he called at Means' on Monday morning to draw the pittance of pay that was due him.

He had expected a petition for a holiday on Christmas day. Such holidays, as deducted from the teacher's time, and it is customary for the boys to "turn out" the teacher who refuses to grant them, by barring him out of the schoolhouse on Christmas and New Year's morning. Ralph had intended to grant a holiday if it should be asked, but it was not asked. Hank Banta was the ringleader in the disaffection, and he had managed to draw the shrewy Bud, who was present this morning, into it. It is but fair to say that Bud was in favor of making a request before resorting to extreme measures, but he was overruled. He gave it as his solemn opinion that the master was mighty part, and they would be beat anyhow some way, but he would lick the master for two cents if he wasn't a slim that he'd feel like he was fighting a baby.

And all that day things looked black. Ralph's countenance was cold and hard as stone, and Shockey trembled where he sat in front of him. Betsy Short, who sat still on one of the benches which leaned against the door, "I don't know how, but they's lots of ways of killing a cat besides choking her with butter. It'll come in—of he don't blow us all sky-high!"

Ralph's voice was now heard, demanding that the door be opened. "Let's open her," said Hank, turning livid with fear at the firm, confident tone of the master. Bud straightened himself up. "Hank, you're a coward. I've got a blamed mind to kick you. You got me into this blamed mess, and now you want to flunk. You just tell one of these 'ere fastenings, and I'll lay you out flat of your back afore you can say Jack Robinson."

The teacher was climbing to the roof with the board in hand. "That 'ere won't win," laughed Pete Jones outside. He saw that there was no smoke. Even Bud began to hope that Ralph would fall for once. The master was now on the ridge-pole of the schoolhouse. He took a paper from his pocket, and deliberately poured the contents down the chimney. Mr. Pete Jones shouted "Gun-powder!" and started down the road to be out of the way of the explosion. Dr. Small remembered, probably, that his patient might die while he sat there, and started on.

But Ralph emptied the paper, and laid the board over the chimney. What a row there was inside! The benches that were braced against the door were thrown down, and Hank Banta rushed out rubbing his eyes, coughing frantically, and sure that he had been blown up. All the rest followed, Bud bringing up the rear sulkingly, but coughing and sneezing for dear life. Such a smell of sulphur as came from that schoolhouse!

Batsy had to lean against the fence and giggle.

As soon as all were out, Ralph threw the board off the chimney, leaped to the ground, entered the schoolhouse, and opened the windows. The school soon followed him, and all was still.

"Would he thrash?" This was the important question in Hank Banta's mind. And the rest looked for a battle with Bud.

"It is just nine o'clock," said Ralph, consulting his watch, "and I'm glad to see you all here promptly. I should have given you a holiday if you had asked me like gentlemen yesterday. On the whole, I think I shall give you a holiday, anyhow. The school is dismissed."

## CHAPTER XIV.

A CRISIS WITH BUD.

Ralph sat still at his desk. The school had gone. All at once he became conscious that Shockey sat yet in his accustomed place upon the hard, backless bench.

"Why, Shockey, haven't you gone yet?"

"No—sir—I was waitin' to see if you warn't a-goin', too—I—"

"Well?"

"I thought it would make me feel as if God warn't quite so fur away to talk to you. It did the other day."

The master rose and put his hand on Shockey's head. Was it the brotherhood in affliction that made Shockey's words choke him so? Or, was it the weird thoughts that he expressed? Or, was it the recollection that Shockey was Hannah's brother? Hannah—so far, far away from him now! At any rate, Shockey, looking up for the smile on which he fed, saw the relaxing of the master's face, that had been as hard as stone, and felt just one hot tear on his hand.

"Praps God's forget you, too," said Shockey in a sort of half-soliloquy. "B-tter get away from Flat Creek. You see God forgets everybody down here. Cause 'most everybody forgets God, 'cept Mr. Bosaw, and I 'low God don't no ways keer to be remembered by sich as him. Leastways I wonder n't if I was God, you know. I wonder what becomes of folks when God forgets 'em? And Shockey, seeing that the master had resumed his seat and was looking absently into the fire, moved slowly out the door.

"Shockey!" called the master. The little post came back and stood before him.

"Shockey, you musn't think God has forgotten you. God brings things out right at last." But Ralph's own faith was weak, and his words seemed hollow and hypocritical to himself. Would God indeed bring things out right?

He sat musing a good while, trying to convince himself of the truth of what he had just been saying to Shockey—that God would indeed bring things out right at last. Would it all come out right if Bud married Hannah? Would it all come out right if he were driven from Flat Creek with a dark suspicion upon his character? Did God concern himself in these things? Was there any God? It was the same old struggle between Doubt and Faith. And when Ralph looked up, Shockey had departed.

In the next hour Ralph fought the old battle of Armageddon. I shall not describe it. You will fight it in your own way. No two alike. The important thing is the End. If you come out as he did, with the doubt gone and the trust in God victorious, it matters little just what shape the battle may take. Since Jacob became Israel there have never been two such struggles alike, save in that they all end either in victory or defeat. It was after twelve o'clock on that Christmas day when Ralph put his head out the door of the schoolhouse and called out: "Bud, I'd like to see you."

Bud did not care to see the master, for he had inwardly resolved to "thrash him" and have done with him. But he couldn't back out, certainly not in sight of the others who were passing along the road with him.

"I don't want the rest of you," said Ralph in a decided way, as he saw that Hank and one or two others were resolved to come also.

"Thought maybe you'd want somebody to see fair play," said Hank as he went off sheepishly.

"If I did, you would be the last one I should ask," said Ralph. "There's no unfair play in Bud, and there is in you." And he slung the door.

"Now, looky here, Mr. Hartsook," said Bud. "You don't come no gun games over with your safe soddie and all that. I've made up my mind. You've got to promise to leave these 'ere diggin's, or I've got to thrash you." "You'll have to thrash me, then," said Ralph, turning a little pale, but remembering the bull-dog. "But you'll tell me what it's all about, won't you?"

To be continued.

## CHAPTER XV.

A CRISIS WITH BUD.

Some of the parents came along, accidentally of course, and stopped to see the fun, sure that Bud would thrash the master if he tried to break in. Small, on the way to see a patient, perhaps, rained up in front of the door. Still no Ralph. It was just five minutes before nine. A rumor now gained currency that he had been seen going to Clifty the evening before, and that he had not come back, though in fact Ralph had come back, and had slept at Squire Hawkins'.

"There's the master," cried Betsy Short, who stood out in the road, shivering and giggling alternately. For Ralph at that moment emerged from the sugar camp by the schoolhouse, carrying a board.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Hank, "he thinks he'll smoke us out. I guess he'll find us ready." The boys had let the fire burn down, and there was now nothing but hot hickory coals on the hearth.

"I tell you he'll come in. He didn't go to Clifty for nothin'," said Bud, who sat still on one of the benches which leaned against the door. "I don't know how, but they's lots of ways of killing a cat besides choking her with butter. It'll come in—of he don't blow us all sky-high!"

Ralph's voice was now heard, demanding that the door be opened. "Let's open her," said Hank, turning livid with fear at the firm, confident tone of the master. Bud straightened himself up. "Hank, you're a coward. I've got a blamed mind to kick you. You got me into this blamed mess, and now you want to flunk. You just tell one of these 'ere fastenings, and I'll lay you out flat of your back afore you can say Jack Robinson."

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