

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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

No. 9.

Vol. V.

THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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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 receipt of advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly 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 fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.
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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
OFFICE HOURS, 7 A. M. TO 9 P. M. Mail 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. HARRIS, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.
A. DE W. BARRIS, Agent.

Churches.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath 4:30 P. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Prayer Meetings 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 9:30 A. 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 9:30 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:
Sundays, 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 Saturday evening at 7:30.
J. O. BURGESS, N. 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. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 8 o'clock P. M.
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

Oddfellows.
"SORBETS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' 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, Witter'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.

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.

OUR JOB ROOM
IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING
—OF—
Every Description,
DONE WITH
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND
PUNCTUALITY.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE.

The undermentioned firms will use your 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, F. L. & CO.—Dealers in Groceries, Crockery, and Glassware.

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.

CODREY, 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.

MINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Maker and Repairer.

MURPHY, 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 Frames, 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, 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.

B. C. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative PAINTER.
English Point Block a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 30. Sept. 19th 1884

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

W. SELL
COLDWOOD, SPILLING, BARR, R. B.,
TILLY, LUMBER, LATHES, CANNED LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH,
POTATOES, FISH, ETC.
Best prices for all Shipments,
Write fully for Quotations,
HATHWAY & 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 pens, 5 pens for 30c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a cent stamp and this slip. A. W. KINNEY,
Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

Sealed Orders.

Out she swung from her moorings,
And over the harbour ran,
As the moon was slowly rising,
She faded from sight afar—
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whether her cruise would be;
Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery;
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from moorings,
Gone drifting into the night,
Darkness before and round them,
With scarce a glimmer of light;
They are acting beneath "sealed orders"—
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty
Through fog and evil report,
They shall ride the storms out safely,
Be the voyage long or short;
For the ship that carries God's orders
Shall anchor at last in port.
—Eden Chaucery in *Sailors' Magazine*.

For the ACADIAN.

Comfort in Hard Times.

Never give up though troubles surround thee,
Although thou hast drunk of bitterness' cup;
Though thou art destitute, homeless, forsaken,
Child of misfortune, never give up.

Dark though the clouds above thee are rolling,
And the sun hides its face in a mantle of care,
Still he is shining; cease thy weeping,
N^o despair—never despair.

Never give up, industrious student;
Toil on—keep struggling—the victory's thine,
Though thou art harnessed with care and vexation,
Still bring thy jewels from learning's deep mine.

Though destiny on thee a burden imposes,
And thistles and thorns fill thy pathway with care,
Still pluck, on life's journey, the lilies and roses,
And list to Hope's whispering: "Never despair."

Sometime.

A. W. KATON

Sometime, sometime,
The clouds of ignorance shall part asunder,
And we shall see the fair blue sky of youth,
Spangled with stars, and look with joy and wonder
Up to the happy dreamlands of our youth,
Where we may climb—
Sometime.

Sometime, sometime,
The passion of the heart we keep dissembling
Shall free herself and rise on silver wings,
And all these broken chords of music trembling
Deep in the soul our lips shall learn to sing,
—A strain sublime—
Sometime.

Sometime, sometime,
Love's broken links shall all be reunited,
But not upon the ash-heap of pain;
The full-blown roses dead, the sweet buds blighted,
Shall bloom beside life's garden walks again,
In fairer clime—
Sometime.

Sometime, sometime,
The prophet's unsealed lips shall straight deliver
The message of eternal life, uncurse;
Wind-swept, the poet's soul with joy shall quiver,
And from his trembling lyre at length shall burst
Immortal rhyme—
Sometime.

Interesting Story.

Thankful Blossom.

BY BRET HARTE.

PART IV.—Continued.

Of course he was in an instant at her side, and holding her cold little hand. Then she managed to say, between tears, that she had been wanting to make an apology to him; that she had wanted to say ever since she arrived that she had been rude, very rude, and that she knew he never could forgive her; that she had been trying to say that she never could forget his gentle forbearance; "only," she added, suddenly raising her tear-fringed brown lids to the astonished man, "you would not ever let me!"

"Dear Mistress Thankful," said the major, in a conscience-stricken horror, "if I have made myself distant to you, believe me it was only because I feared

to intrude upon your sorrow. I really—dear Mistress Thankful—I—

"When you took all the pains to go round the hall instead of through the dining-room, lest I should ask you to forgive me," sobbed Mistress Thankful, "I thought—you—must—hate me, and preferred to—"

"Perhaps this letter may mitigate your sorrow, Mistress Thankful," said the officer, pointing to the letter she still held unconsciously in her hand. With a blush at her pre-occupation, Thankful opened the letter. It was a half-official document, and ran as follows:—

"The Commander-in-Chief is glad to inform Mistress Thankful Blossom that the charges preferred against her father have, upon fair examination, been found groundless and trivial. The Commander-in-Chief further begs to inform Mistress Blossom that the gentleman known to her under the name of the 'Baron Pom-pom,' was Excellency Don Juan Morris, Ambassador Extraordinary of the Court of Spain, and that the gentleman known to her as the 'Count Ferdinand,' was Senor Godoy, Secretary to the Embassy. The Commander-in-Chief wishes to add that Mistress Thankful Blossom is relieved of any further obligation of hospitality toward these honorable gentlemen, as the Commander-in-Chief regrets to record the sudden and deeply-to-be-deplored death of His Excellency this morning by typhoid fever, and the possible speedy return of the Embassy.

"In conclusion, the Commander-in-Chief wishes to bear testimony to the truthfulness, intuition, and discretion of Mistress Thankful Blossom.

"By order of His Excellency,
Gen. GEORGE WASHINGTON.
Alex. Hamilton, Secy.

"To Mistress THANKFUL BLOSSOM, of Blossom Farm."

Thankful Blossom was silent for a few moments, and then raised her abashed eyes to Major Van Zandt. A single glance satisfied her that he knew nothing of the imposture that had been practised upon her—knew nothing of the trap into which her vanity and self-will had led her.

"Dear Mistress Thankful," said the major, seeing the distress in her face, "I trust the news is not ill. Surely I gathered from the sergeant that—"

"What?" said Thankful, looking at him intently.

"That in twenty-four hours at furthest your father would be free, and that I should be relieved."

"I know that you are a weary of your task, major," said Thankful bitterly; "rejoice, then, to know your information is correct, and that my father is exonerated—unless—unless this is a forgery, and Gen. Washington should turn out to be somebody else, and you should turn out to be somebody else!" And she stopped short, and hid her wet eyes in the window-curtains.

"Poor girl!" said Major Van Zandt to himself. "This trouble has undoubtedly frenzied her. Fool that I was to lay up the insult of one that sorrow and excitement had bereft of reason and responsibility! 'Twere better I should retire at once, and leave her to herself," and the young man slowly retreated toward the door.

But at this moment there were alarming symptoms of distress in the window-curtain; and the major paused as a voice from its dimity depths said plaintively, "And you are going without forgiving me!"

"Forgive you, Mistress Thankful," said the major, striding to the curtain, and seizing a little hand that was obscured from its folds,—"forgive you? rather can you forgive me for the folly—the cruelty of mistaking—of—of—"

and here the major, hitherto famous for facile compliments, utterly broke down. But the hand he held was no longer cold, but warm and intelligent; and in default of coherent speech he held fast by that as the thread of his discourse, until Mistress Thankful quietly withdrew it, thanked him for his forgiveness, and retired deeper behind the curtain.

When he had gone, she threw herself in a chair, and again gave way to a passionate flood of tears. In the last twenty-four hours her pride had been utterly humbled; the independent spirit of this self-willed little beauty had met for the first time with defeat. When she had got over her womanly shock at the news of the sham baron's death, she had, in fear, only a selfish regret at his taking off; believing that if living he would in some way show the world—which just then consisted of the headquarters and Major Van Zandt—that he had really made love

to her, and possibly did honorably love her still, and might yet give her an opportunity to reject him. And now he was dead, and she was held up to the world as the conceited plaything of a fine gentleman's masquerading sport. That her father's cupidity and ambition made him sanction the imposture, in her bitterness she never doubted. No! Lover, friend, father—all had been false to her, and the only kindness she had received was from the man she had wantonly insulted. Poor little Blossom! indeed, a most premature Blossom; I fear a most unthankful Blossom, sitting there shivering in the first chill wind of adversity, rocking backward and forward, with the skirt of her dimity short-gown over her shoulders, and her little buckled shoes and clocked stockings pathetically crossed before her.

But healthy youth is re-active; and in an hour or two Thankful was down at the cow-shed, with her arms around the neck of her favorite heifer, to whom she poured out much of her woes, and from whom she won an intelligent sort of sobbing sympathy. And then she sharply scolded Caesar for nothing at all, and a moment after returned to the house with the air and face of a deeply injured angel, who had been disappointed in some celestial idea of setting this world right, but was still not above forgiveness—a spectacle that sick Major Van Zandt into the dark depths of remorse, and eventually sent him to smoke a pipe of Virginia with his men in the roadside camp; seeing which Thankful went early to bed, and cried herself to sleep. And nature possibly followed her example; for at sunset a great thaw set in, and by midnight the freed rivers and brooks were gurgling melodiously, and tree and shrub and fence were moist and dripping.

The red dawn at last struggled through the vaporous veil that hid the landscape. Then occurred one of those magical changes peculiar to the climate, yet perhaps pre-eminently notable during this historic winter and spring. By ten o'clock on that 3d day of May, 1780, a fervent June-like sun had rent that vaporous veil, and poured its direct rays upon the gaunt and haggard profile of the Jersey hills. The chill soil responded but feebly to that kiss; perhaps a few of the willows that yellowed the river-banks took on a deeper color. But the country folks were certain that spring had come at last; and even the correct and self-sustained Major Van Zandt came running in to announce to Mistress Thankful that one of his men had seen a violet in the meadow. In another moment Mistress Thankful had donned her cloak and pattens to view this firstling of the jagged winter. It was quite natural that Major Van Zandt should accompany her as she tripped on; and so, without a thought of their past differences, they ran like very children down the moist and rocky slope that led to the gurgly meadow. Such was the influence of the vernal season.

But the violets were hidden. Mistress Thankful regardless of the wet leaves and her new gown, groped with her fingers among the withered grasses. Major Van Zandt leaned against a bowlder, and watched her with admiring eyes.

"You'll never find flowers that way," she said at last, looking up at him impatiently. "Go down on your knees like an honest man. There are some things in this world worth stooping for."

The major instantly dropped on his knees beside her. But at that moment Mistress Thankful found her poises, and rose to her feet. "Stay where you are," she said mischievously, as she stooped down, and placed a flower in the lapel of his coat. "That is to make amends for my rudeness. Now get up."

But the major did not rise. He caught the two little hands that had seemed to flutter like birds against his breast, and, looking up into the laughing face above him, said: "Dear Mistress Thankful, dare I remind you of your own words, 'that there be some things worth stooping for?' Think things worth stooping for? Think of my love, Mistress Thankful, as a flower,—mayhap not as gracious to you as your violets, but as honest and—and—and—"

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The major instantly dropped on his knees beside her. But at that moment Mistress Thankful found her poises, and rose to her feet. "Stay where you are," she said mischievously, as she stooped down, and placed a flower in the lapel of his coat. "That is to make amends for my rudeness. Now get up."

But the major did not rise. He caught the two little hands that had seemed to flutter like birds against his breast, and, looking up into the laughing face above him, said: "Dear Mistress Thankful, dare I remind you of your own words, 'that there be some things worth stooping for?' Think things worth stooping for? Think of my love, Mistress Thankful, as a flower,—mayhap not as gracious to you as your violets, but as honest and—and—and—"

to her, and possibly did honorably love her still, and might yet give her an opportunity to reject him. And now he was dead, and she was held up to the world as the conceited plaything of a