

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1886.

No. 40

Vol. V.

THE ACADIAN.

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

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new types and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.
Newspapers 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
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 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.
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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.
G. W. Ross, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.
A. W. B. Bann, Agent.

Churches.

Presbyterian Church.—Rev. R. H. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 10:30 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 9:30 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 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:
Sunday, Morning and Sermon at 11 A. M. Evening 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. Bugles, M. A. Rector.
Robert W. Huggell,
(Divinity Student of King's College).

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & M. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M.
J. B. Davidson, 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 of T. M. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8 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.

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 Shaver 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.

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

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

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

REIDEN, 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 kinds of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

DAND, 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, 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 pattern Sticks a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 50. Sept. 19th 1884

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

WE SELL
CORNWALL, SPILING, BARK, R. R. TINS, LUMBER, LATHES, CANNED LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH,
POTATCES, 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.

Newly imported Verre & Motto all Chromo Cards, with name and a water pen for ice, 5 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for 25c. stamp and this slip. A. W. KINER, Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry,

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no dew left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons they know no better;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You was bright! ah bright! but your light is falling—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bed, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O cuckoo! tell me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with its young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me linnet,
I am seven times one to-day.

—JEAN ENGELOW'S Songs of Seven.

Interesting Story.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster.

BY EDWARD EGLESTON.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Ralph had forgotten that there was to be another spelling-school. It seemed to him an age since the orthographical conflict of the past night. This remark of Mirandy's fell upon his ear like an echo from the distant past. He had lived a lifetime since, and was not sure that he was the same man who was spelling for dear life against Jim Phillips twelve hours before. But he was sorry to hear that Hannah had a cold. It seemed to him, in his depressed state, that he was to blame for it. In fact, it seemed to him that he was to blame for a good many things. He seemed to have been committing sin in spite of himself. Broken nerves and sleepless nights often result in a morbid conscience. And what business had he to wander over this very road at two o'clock in the morning, and to see three galloping horsemen, one of them on a horse with a white left forefoot and a white nose? What business had he watching Dr. Small as he went home from the bedside of a dying patient near daylight in the morning? And because he felt guilty he felt cross with Mirandy, and to her remark about Hannah he only replied that "Hannah was a smart girl."

"Yes," said Mirandy, "Bud thinks so."

"Does he?" said Ralph, pricking up his ears.

"I should say so. What's him and her been a courting for for a year of it didn't think she was smart? Marm don't like it; but of Bud and her does, and they seem to, I don't see as it's marm's look-out."

When one is wretched, there is a pleasure in being entirely wretched. Ralph felt that he must have committed some unknown crime, and that some Nemesis was following him, was Hannah deceitful? At least, if she were not, he felt sure that he could supplant Bud. But what right had he to supplant Bud?

"Did you hear the news?" cried Shockey, running out to meet him. "The Dutchman's house was robbed last night."

Ralph thought of the three men on horseback, and to save his life he could not help associating Dr. Small with them. And then he remembered the sorrel horse with the left forefoot and muzzle white, and he recalled the sound he had heard as of the lifting of a latch. And it really seemed to him that in knowing what he did he was in some sense guilty of the robbery.

CHAPTER VII.

OMINOUS REMARKS OF MR. JONES.

The schoolmaster's mind was like ancient Gaul—divided into three parts. With one part he mechanically performed his school duties. With another

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE DARK.

It was a long, lonesome, fearful night that the schoolmaster passed, lying with nerves on edge and eyes wide open in that comfortable bed in the "furddest corner" of the job of

CHAPTER IX.

HAS GOD FORSAKEN SHOCKY?

"Pap wants to know of you would spend to-morrow and Sunday at our house?" said one of Squire Hawkins' girls, on the very next evening, which was Friday. The old Squire was thoughtful enough to remember that Ralph would not find it very pleasant "boarding out" all the time; he was entitled to spend at Pete Jones's. For in view of the fact that Mr. Pete Jones sent seven children to the school, the "Master" in Flat Creek District was bound to spend two weeks in that comfortable place, sleeping in that occupied bed, in the "furddest corner," with insufficient cover, under an insufficient roof, and eating floating islands of salt pork fried out of oceans of hot lard.

Ralph was not slow to accept the relief offered by the hospitable justice of the place, whose principal business seemed to be the adjustment of the pieces of which he was composed. And as Shockey travelled the same road, Ralph took advantage of the opportunity to talk with him. The master could not dismiss Hannah wholly from his mind. He would at least read the mystery of her life, if Shockey could be prevailed on to furnish the clue.

"Poor old tree!" said Shockey, pointing to a crooked and gnarled elm standing by itself in the middle of a field. For when the elm, naturally the most graceful of trees, once gets a "bad set," as ladies say, it can grow to be the most deformed. This solitary tree had not a straight limb.

"Why do you say 'poor old tree'?" asked Ralph.

"Cause it's lonesome. All its friends is dead and chopped down, and there's their stumps a-standing 'jes' like grave-stones. It must be lonesome. Some folks says it don't feel, but I think it does. Everything seems to think and feel. See its nodding its head to them other trees in the woods, and a-wanting to shake hands! But it can't move. I think that tree must 'a' grown in the night."

"Why, Shockey?"

"Cause it's so crooked," and Shockey laughed at his own conceit; "must 'a' grown when they was no light so as it could see how to grow."

And then they walked on in silence a minute. Presently Shockey began looking up into Ralph's eyes to get a smile. "I guess that tree feels just like me. Don't you?"

"Why, how do you feel?"

"Kind o' had and lonesome, and like as if I wanted to die, you know. Felt that way ever since they put my father into the graveyard, and sent my mother to the poor-house and Hanner to ole Miss Means's. What kind of a place is a poor-house? Is it a poorer place than Means's? I wish I was dead and one of them clouds was a-carryin' me and Hanner and mother up to where father's gone, you know! I wonder if God forgets all about poor folks when their father dies and their mother gets into the poor-house? Do you think he does? Seems so to me. May be God lost track of my father when he come away from England and crossed over the sea. Don't nobody on Flat Creek keef for God, and I guess God don't keef for Flat Creek. But I would though, ef he'd git my mother out of the poor-house, and git Hanner away from Means's, and let me kine my

CHAPTER X.

THE DEVIL'S SILENCE.

Ralph had reason to fear Small. They were natives of the same village of Lewistown, though Small was five years the elder. Some facts in the doctor's life had come into Ralph's possession in such a way as to confirm his long suspicion without giving him power to expose Small, who was firmly entrenched in the good graces of the people of the county-seat village of Lewistown, where his cross-roads of Clifty, and of the little creeks of Clifty, where his "shingle" now hung.

Small was no ordinary villain. He was a genius. Your ordinary hypocrite talks cant. Small talked nothing. He was the coolest, the steadiest, the most silent, the most promising boy ever born in Lewistown. He made no pretensions. He set up no claims. He uttered no professions. He went right on and lived a life above reproach. Your vulgar hypocrite makes long prayers in prayer-meeting. Small did nothing of the sort. He sat still in prayer-meeting, and listened to the elders as a nod-stung young man should. Your commonplace hypocrite boasts. Small never alluded to himself, and thus a consummate egotist got credit for modesty. It is but an indifferent trick for a hypocrite to make temperance speeches. Dr. Small did not even belong to a temperance society. But he could never be persuaded to drink even so much as a cup of tea. There was something sublime in the quiet voice with which he would say, "Cold water, if you please," to a lady tempting him with smoking coffee on a cold morning. There was no exultation, no sense of merit in the act. Everything was done in a modest and matter-of-course way beautiful to behold. And his face was a neutral tint. Neither face nor voice expressed anything. Only a keen reader of character might have asked whether all there was in that eye could live contented with this cool, austere, self-contained life, whether there would not be somewhere a volcanic eruption. But if there was a sea of molten lava beneath, the world did not discover it. Wild boys were sick of having Small hold up to them as the most immaculate of men.

Ralph had failed to get two schools for which he had applied, and had attributed both failures to certain abuses of Dr. Small. And now, when Sanders, the centre of intelligence as well as of ignorance for the neighborhood, he trembled. Not that Small would say anything. He damned people by a silence worse than words.

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