

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1886.

No. 2

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.
TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)
CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00
Local advertising at ten cents per line
for every insertion, unless by special ar-
rangement for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment on transaction 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 writer for the ACADIAN
must invariably accompany the com-
munication, although the same may be written
under a fictitious signature.
Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-
larly from the Post Office—whether di-
rected 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 discon-
tinued he must pay up all arrears, 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 refus-
ing to take newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
leaving them uncollected for a prima facie
evidence of intentional fraud.

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Office Hours, 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Mails
are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A.
Express close at 5 20 P. M.
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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 12 30 P. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7 30 P. M. and Thursday at 7 30 P. M.
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St. FRANCIS (R. C.).—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. E.—Mass 11 00 A. M. the last Sunday of each month.

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St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M. meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 45 o'clock P. M.
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary

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"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F. meets in Caddell'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 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 paid in advance.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—
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.

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DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

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

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

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

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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.

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Graduate of McGill University,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Hamilton's Corner, Canard, Cornwallis.

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

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WE SELL
CORDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. R. TIES, LUMBER, LATHS, CANNED LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH,
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Best prices for all Shipments.
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Newly imported Verse & Motto all Chromo Cards, with name and a water pen for 10c. 3 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for \$1.00 in advance. A. W. KINNEY, 35, stamp and this slip. A. W. KINNEY, York cut, N. S.

Select Poetry.

THE LEGEND OF THE BELLS.

Sweet and low a sunlit legend of the bells comes into me.
From the far-off isle of beauty by the border of the sea;
Quaint, it is, and aye 'full olden, but its rapture never fades.
As the sunlight does in joyance at the sound of vesper hymns.

Of the people of the island sitting by the sounding shore
Tell it to the wandering stranger 'mid their wealth of treasured lore,
And methinks the air grows sweeter and the heart more wondrous glad
When they echo long the legend with its story sweet and sad.

Years ago a dark-eyed peasant with a master-magic hand,
Formed a set of bells whose throbbings thrilled the dwellers of the land.
More were they to him than kindred, more than joy or earthly pride,
As their music swelled in gladness o'er the waters far and wide.

But one day the war-cloud lowered and amid the wail of strife
Forth the bells were gently carried by the solitaires of the isle,
When the tumult had subsided and fair Peace had dawned again
He was but a sad, exiled 'mid the haunts and homes of men.

For he weared of the city with the bells no longer there,
And his longing for their music grew to be his eager prayer;
Hence thro' countless lands he wandered, trusting ever he should hear
Once again the rapturous ringing that he held so strangely dear.

'Mid the Moorish courts and castles and the lofty hills of Spain,
'Mid cathedral old and new, and towers to the heavens keen,
'Mid the Swiss-loved Alpine mountains, snowing high like monarchs grand,
'Mid the dikes of sunken Holland and the song-famed German land.

And at last when lone and dying, sailing slowly down the bay,
Knowing well the sun just setting ne'er on him again should shine,
Lo! he heard the bells—'mid the music of the sea,
Of his bells in gladness ringing forth the vesper of the day.

O'er the vine-decked hill and valleys long the music floated low,
And in ecstasy exquisite came they to him soft and slow.
Leaning from the bow to leeward with his ear above the wave,
Listened to the hymn of shadows as they gave the day a grave.

Friendly voices called him gently, loving hands his forehead prest,
But they found that he had left them for the realm and joy of rest,
And the bells had rung his mourning and his requiem low and high,
As he passed 'mid tones of beauty to the portals of the sky.

Interesting Story.

A NEWSPAPER FILE.

It was two days after Aunt Priscilla's funeral, and Sue and I were sitting together by the kitchen fire, which that hush over our spirits still which follows a death and a burial.

All the afternoon we had been busy in getting the house to rights, not meddling with the things which had been hers, and were now ours, but by dint of open windows, sunshine, and furniture dusted and re-arranged, trying to restore to the rooms the familiar look which they had lost during these weeks of anxiety and trouble. A few days more, and we must face a future which was full of terrors. Meanwhile a brief respite in which to think of her who was gone, and of each other, with the clinging fondness of those whose lives, never before parted, were about to separate.

Sue sat on a low stool, her head against the chimney jamb. It was the chimney of Aunt Priscilla's youth; she never would alter it—one of the old-fashioned kind, with pot-hooks, and blazing logs, and a bake-oven at one side. The soot-blackened bricks and faint red glow made a background for my sister's head, with its great twist of fair hair, and lily-like slender throat. Sue is very pretty, prettier than anybody I ever saw. I recollected a picture as I looked at her—a picture of Cinderella sitting in just such an attitude by the chimney-side. She was equally picturesque at that moment; so far as looks go, equally worthy of a prince; but alas! no fairy godmother was likely to emerge from the fireplace for her benefit. Aunt Pris, who in a small way had enacted that part toward us, was gone, and her big rocking-chair, which we had no heart to sit in, swung empty in its accustomed place, type of a like emptiness of which we were conscious in other things, and would feel for a long time

to come. Neither of us spoke for a while. We were tired and spiritless, and John Slade was coming presently to talk over things, so we saved our words.

Dr Slade—John—was Sue's lover. Their poor little engagement had been formed two years ago. How many years it was likely to last, nobody could guess; but they held onto it bravely, and were content to wait. Pretty soon, as we sat waiting, his step sounded without on the gravel, and with a little tap—courtous but unnecessary, for the door was never locked—he entered, gave Sue a gentle kiss, me another, and sat down between us in aunt's rocking-chair. It was a comfort to see him do that. The house seemed less forlorn at once.

"Well, children, how has the day gone?" he asked.
"Pretty well," replied Sue. "We have been busy, and tired to-night, I think. I'm glad you are come, John dear. We are getting lonely and dismal, Cree and I."

Lucretia is my name; but Sue and Aunt Priscilla always called me "Cree." John adjusted a stick on the embers, and with one daring poke sent a tongue of bright flame upward before he answered. Then he took Sue's hand in his broad palm, and patting it gently, said, "Now let's talk over matters. We ought to decide what we are to do, we three."

That "three" was very comforting to me, but John always is a comfort. He was "made so," Aunt Pris said. And he certainly carries out the purpose of his creation.

Did your aunt leave any will?" he went on.
"Only the usual bequest from between the leaves of the big Bible, where we had found it, a half sheet of note-paper, on which dear aunt had stated, in her own simple form, that she left all she had to be equally divided between her two nieces, Susan and Lucretia Pendexter. Squire Packard's name and Sarah Brackett's, our old washer-woman, were written below as witnesses."

"Very well," said John. "That's good in law, I fancy; or if not, you are the nearest relations, and it's yours anyway. What property did your aunt own besides this house?"

"She had an annuity of two hundred and fifty a year, and fifty dollars more from some turn-pike stock. That's all, except the mortgage and furniture, and there is a mortgage of three hundred dollars on that. Squire Packard holds it. The annuity stops now, doesn't it?"

John looked as though he wanted to whistle, but refrained.
"Your aunt was a clever manager," he said—"a capital manager. She made a little go a great way, didn't she? I don't know any one else who could live so nicely on three hundred a year, with mortgage interest taken out. You have always seemed cozy and comfortable."

"We always have been. But we had the garden, you know, and the cow; that gave us two-thirds of our living. Aunt Sus was a wonderful house-keeper, though. Isn't it a great deal cheaper to feed women than men? She always said so."

"I suppose it is. Men are carnivorous. A diet of tea and vegetables don't suit them very well; they are apt to grumble for something more solid. Well, my dear girls, our summing up isn't very satisfactory. Even without the mortgage, you couldn't live on fifty dollars a year."

"No. And I've been thinking what we could do. So has Cree, though we haven't spoken to each other about it. I might teach a district school, perhaps. And Cree—"

"I could take a place as plain cook. There isn't anything else I can do so well. Plain cooking, with dripping and soap-fat by way of perquisites; and I gave a laugh which was meant to be merry."

"It is hard," said John, with a moody look on his face which was foreign to its usual frank brightness. "How much a little money would sometimes do for people who can't get it, and how little it is worth to other people, who fling it away without a thought of its value! A thousand dollars, now! Any rich man would consider it a mere bagatelle in his

expenses; but if I could command the sum, it would make us three comfortable in life."

"How do you mean? What would you do with a thousand dollars if you had it, John?"
"I'll tell you. Langworthy is going to sell his practice."
"Oh?"

"It is a large practice, for the country, you know. It brings him in six or eight hundred a year—sometimes more. He has a chance to go into partnership with his brother out West somewhere, and he'll sell for a thousand."

"But, John, some people like you better than they do Dr Langworthy."
"Yes, some people do. But the question is, Will they like me better than the other man who buys Dr Langworthy out? If I were that man I should command both practices. It is a chance, don't you see? But a new man coming in has his chance to cut me out."

"I see. What can be done?"
"Nothing," with a rueful laugh. "That's the worst of it. I can only keep on and hope for the best. But it is hard, when with this miserable thousand dollars I could double my chances and make a nice home for you too. Sue darling, don't cry."

She had laid her cheek down on his arm, but she wasn't crying, only looking sadly into the fire.
"If we sold everything—all this which aunt left us—the home, everything—couldn't we get the thousand dollars?" I asked, desperately.

John shook his head. "I couldn't let you do that, Cree, in any case. You'll want your share some day for your own; it mustn't go into buying a practice for me. But, apart from that, houses sell so badly now that this wouldn't realize much over the value of the mortgage at a forced sale. And the furniture, though worth a good deal to keep, would go for nothing at an auction. That plan wouldn't do at all for any one of us."

"Still there is no harm in thinking about it, and seeing what we have, and what it is worth." I urged, loath to give up any ghost of a chance. "We may do that, mayn't we, John?"

"Of course. That is a thing you must do sooner or later. Look over the house, and make a list carefully, and we'll consult and fix on approximate values. Don't hurry about it, though. Next week is time enough and I know you need rest."

"Rest is the very thing I don't need and can't take," I cried, impetuously. "Something to fill up the long days and keep us from thinking and getting blue is what we want. We'll make the list to-morrow, John."

A little more talk and he rose to go.
"Did you stop at the post-office, John?"
"Yes. There was nothing for you."
"Not even the *Intelligencer*?" asked Sue, languidly.

"I forgot to tell you. There has been a great fire in New York, and the *Intelligencer* is burned out. Abernethy brought the news over; it was telegraphed to the junction. They say the building is a total loss, so I suppose there won't be any publication for a while—for some days at least."

"Poor aunt! I how sorry she would be!" sighed Sue. "Aunt took the paper ever since it began, forty-five years ago. She never missed a number. There it is, upstairs—stacks and stacks of it. She was so proud of her file. It's no use at all now, I suppose, is it, John?"

"The ragman will give a penny a pound for it," I suggested; "that's something."
"We'll weigh a lot one of these days, and see what we can realize," said John. "Good night, children."

It was a ghostly task which we set out to do next day. The past itself, the faint, fragmentary past, seems to be wrapped up and inclosed in those bundles of time-worn articles which elderly people encumber their store-rooms and closet shelves. Some air of antiquity exhales as you open them, and, mingling with our modern air, produces an impression half laughable, half sad. Aunt Priscilla had been a born collector. She loved old things because they were old, apart from use or value, and instinct and

principle combined had kept her from ever throwing away anything in her life. Had she been richer, her garret would indeed have proved a mine of treasures for the bric-a-brac hunter. No tin peddler would have laid eyes on her andirons; her claw-legged tables would have held their place, her Spode and Worcester wares sat undisturbed upon their upper shelf, century in and out. But Aunt Priscilla had no claw-legged table, no bric-a-brac or old china. Instead we found vast stores of odds and ends—bits of by-gone dresses, rolls of faded chintz, papers yellow with age, pamphlets which no mortal had ever read or would read, old books, coverless or with pages torn away, scraps of rusty iron, egg-ends without heads, and nails without points. The furniture, though neat and unaltered, was of the plainest. Even our unpractised eyes could see its lack of value. Who would want to buy the old-time dimity curtains, with ball fringes sewed along their edges, or the counterpanes, made by Aunt Priscilla's own hands out of the calicoes of her youth? Our list was a very short one. A few chairs and tables, a dozen thin spoons and a small teapot in silver, the huge newspaper heap which I had appraised at a penny the pound—these seemed the only salable things; and we looked comically and grimly into each other's faces as we sat them down.

"I wish it was possible to cat *Intelligencers*," said I.
"They say newspapers make excellent counterpanes," replied Sue—"warmer than blankets."

"Yes, and they say that a teaspoonful of Liebig's Extract gives as much nourishment as ever so much beef," retorted I. "It seemed to me when I tried it, that except for a taste in my mouth as if I had swallowed an old sloop, I shouldn't have known that I had eaten anything at all."

John came as usual in the evening. "Here's enterprise!" he called out as he came in.
"The *Intelligencer*! Behold it, large as life, and looking just as usual, only forty-eight hours after the fire! That's what I call pluck."

"Isn't it?" cried Sue, admiringly, as she drew the paper from its wrapper, and held it to the blaze that she might see the familiar page. Meanwhile I took from my pocket our melancholy little list.

"You were right, John. Sue and I have searched the house over to-day, and this is all there is of any value—the furniture, a little silver and those wretched *Intelligencers*."

I was interrupted by a startled cry. Sue was gazing at the newspaper in her hand with large, dilated eyes. Her cheeks had flushed pink.

"What is it! What's the matter?" both of us cried in a breath.
"Just read this! Oh, John, I don't believe it! Read!"
She thrust the paper in his hand and he read:

\$1000—THE OFFICE FILE
OF OUR PAPER having been destroyed by fire on the evening of the 13th inst., we offer the above price for a complete and perfect set of the *Intelligencer* from its first number, March 4th, 1830, to present date. Any persons able to supply a set as stated will please communicate with the publisher, P. O. Box 2351, New York.

"A thousand dollars! Oh, Sue! oh, John! what a piece of good fortune! Dear aunt—think of her file turning out such a fortune. It is too wonderful to be true. I feel as though it were a dream; and I danced up and down the kitchen floor.

John and Sue were equally excited.
"Only," premised the former, "we must not forget that some one else may have a file of the *Intelligencer*, and get ahead of us."

This wet blanket of a suggestion kept me awake all night. My thoughts kept flying to New York, anticipating the letter which we had written, and John had posted overnight for the early stage. If it should be lost in the mails! When morning came I was too weary and too fidgety to employ myself in any way. But about noon John walked in, comforted in his eyes.

"Why, John, how funny to see you here at this hour. Why do you look so? You have not heard yet; you can't, for the letter is only half way there."

"But I have heard. I got ahead of the letter—drove over to the junction, telegraphed, paid for the answer, and here it is."

"Blessed John! This was the telegram!"
"Send file at once. Check ready to pay your order."
P. HALLIDAY.

How we cried and laughed and kissed each other! How much that message meant! To John and Sue, the satisfaction of their love, life spent together, the fruition of deferred hopes; to me, the lifting of a heavy weight home, security, the shelter of my sister's wing, the added riches of a brother who was brotherly in every deed. And all this for a thousand dollars! Oh, how much money can do sometimes! And at other times, how little! We had grown somewhat calmer, though. Sue still kept her sweet face hidden on John's shoulder and quivered and sobbed now and then, when I turned emotion into a new channel by seizing a tumbler of water and proposing this toast, "To the memory of the late Samuel F. Morse."

John seized another, and added, "The *Intelligencer*—may it rise like a phoenix from its ashes!"

I leave you to guess if we did not drink this heartily.

Little Tot.

The old people had talked it over for a long time. After the boys went to the city to grow up with the noisy place they had Mary left to make the old home bright and joyous. Then the young minister came; when he went away to answer a call from Iowa he took Mary with him. Then the old folks were all alone. A lonely house on the farm where visitors are few and visits far between is indeed a place of desolation. The old gentleman made confidants of the cows and horses, and they turned their great big soft eyes toward him as he trotted them all about his troubles. And the old lady, she told her troubles to the house-log and the chickens. By the lamplight, across the table and upon the porch at twilight they talked about it. They were lonesome and wanted company. The wanted little feet to trample up and down the old stairs and to and fro across the bare, painted floors. Finer flocked the two old heads and wrinkles samed the cheeks; but the old, old hearts wanted the music of a fresh young voice to echo through the rooms whose walls had encompassed no young face for years and years.

And so little Tot was brought home from the orphan asylum.

They laid a little tin plate for her and told her to eat. But Tot couldn't eat. They tucked her up in a pretty white bed and told her to sleep. But Tot couldn't sleep. All night long she lay awake with her great blue eyes wide open watching the moonlight sifting through the curtains and painting wavering, sitting pictures against the wall back of the bed. In the morning Tot's eyes were very heavy and red. She had not slept a wink all night long. The two old people showed their wealth of love upon the little orphan and told her to play and be happy. But Tot didn't play; and Tot wasn't happy. Day after day her face grew more and more thin and white. Her little limbs were scarcely strong enough to drag her small body about. After a few more weeks had passed they buried Tot under the apple-tree in the garden and cried over her grave as though she were of their own flesh and blood, and the old folks are alone once more.

Mrs. Arrp.

Bill Arrp gives a bit of domestic life that will be appreciated by other husbands:

The children lose their pocket knives and Mrs Arrp scolds and declares they shall never have another, never! And sure enough she buys another before Saturday night. I wonder where she gets all her money. She always has money. I go to bed first every night and an asleep in two minutes, but she don't come in until away in the night. She is reading a love story in the parlor and my money slips away just as easy. She always did have an idea that it was my business to keep her money, and I reckon it is. She gave me a pair of shoes the other day. She is mighty good to me.