

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., FEB. 3, 1888

A Generous Editor.

The young man who butchers England for the New Star has been caught in a trap of his own setting. In a recent number of his paper he complains that the overseers of the poor for the different townships have not conformed to the regulations of Council as regards tendering for poor's supplies through the county paper. In our last issue we stated, and proved it by a quotation from the statistics of the Province, that in the strict letter of the law the overseers of the poor for Horton had complied with the instructions in full, as the ACADIAN was without doubt the paper referred to in the regulation. Our contemporary, though not attempting to deny the fact, does not appear to relish the idea, to any great extent. "Misery likes company," is an old proverb, and the general editor attempts to make us feel that for company. He therefore indulges in a little pleasantry at our expense. He playfully alludes to us as "the journalistic urchin," a "youthful journal," &c., &c. This may be very smart, but coming from a paper several years the junior of the ACADIAN, it does not appear to us to come with very good grace. The funny fellow thinks that according to the same construction it is wrong for the county jail, court house and other county institutions, including the meetings of the Municipal Council, to be in Kentville. Perhaps he is right, and the time may come when these institutions will be removed to Wolfville or some other town. We confess the matter has suggested itself to us, and are glad that the New Star has been the first to lay it before the public. Evidently our contemporary is not to be outdone in generosities.

How to Stop a Paper.

The following so fully and clearly expresses our views on the subject that we give it without a comment.—"You have an undoubted right to stop a newspaper when you feel disposed, upon payment of arrearages. Do not hesitate to do so on account of tenderness of feelings for the editor. Don't you suppose he would stop buying sugar of you, or meat, clothing, dry goods, &c. if he thought he was not getting his money's worth, or desired to patronize some other concern? And why should you not exercise the same privilege with regard to him? And when you discontinue a paper do so manfully. Don't be so spiteful as to throw it back to the postmaster with a contemptuous, 'I don't want it any longer!' and have the paper returned to the editor. No gentleman ever stops it in that way—no matter if his head is covered with gray hairs that should be honorable. If you do not wish to longer receive a newspaper, write a note to the editor like a man, saying so—and be sure that the arrearages are paid. This is the way to stop a newspaper."

The Poor Star.

The editor of the New Star, whose disinterested (?) concern in all matters pertaining to the county's weal has no doubt been noticed, is not satisfied with the "request for tenders for Horton's poor." We presume he means the supplies for Horton's poor, as the system of letting the poor by tender and contract has, happily, become a thing of the past. He thinks that "to ask that supplies be tendered for so much per cent. above cost and charges is not sufficiently definite." We can assure him that this mode of operation has been pursued in other townships with good results, and see no reason why it may not be followed with like results in Horton. Further, he thinks that contractors might object to making their invoices public to the overseers when there is no certainty of getting the contract. We think if our contemporary had paused to consider he would not have raised this last objection, as he would see that no person would be asked to show his invoice till he had been awarded the contract. We are afraid that it is the loss of the "mighty dollar" after all which has caused our contemporary to criticize so harshly Horton's overseers of the poor and their actions.

In answer to the advertisement of the overseers of the poor for the township of Horton a number of tenders were received up to Saturday last, at which time they were to be opened in the presence of the overseers and a committee of three councillors, but owing to the non-attendance of any of the councillors the overseers did not feel justified in opening them and consequently the contractors' supplies of the township's poor have not as yet been awarded. In connection with the above we learn that Mr. Forrester, one of the overseers, has tendered his resignation. Probably the ungentlemanly attack of the New Star upon them has had something to do with it.

Moral Reform in Wolfville.

An apostle tells us, that "it is good to be always zealously affected in a good thing." There are possibly some in Wolfville who are pleasing themselves just now with the notion that they are acting on that principle. A marvellous zeal has been excited in their bosoms by the discovery within a week or two of gross offences against law and morals, that have been obtruded before their eyes for a number of years past—offences which the whole community have ignored or condoned, though patent to them and to everybody all the time. And yet these same people characterize Wolfville as the village, par excellence, of schools and churches—with its five places of religious worship, each of which by a special agency trains its children and youth in religious principles and of seven other seminaries of learning, high, higher and highest, that are daily throughout the year, as is represented, enlightening their pupils and students in knowledge, virtue and truth.

But all these intellectual and spiritual agencies do not seem to have accomplished much, if we are to believe the testimony of a meeting lately held in the village to consider the state of morals in the community. On that occasion it was publicly declared by more than one speaker that Wolfville was one of the most immoral, if not the very most immoral, place in the Province; as they could testify from their own personal observation, experience and knowledge. One gentleman present ventured to express the opinion that there were other places in the globe as vile; but as he was in the minority, or rather as he constituted the minority, we ought perhaps to take the testimony of the meeting in preference to his as an expression of the sentiment of the community. Without divulging our own private opinion, we may perchance be allowed to compromise the matter. The words of Mrs. Stone in her admirable "Uncle Tom," occur to us just here. "Gals," says she, "is peculiar." And so we would say, Wolfville is peculiar, it is like no place "in heaven above or in the earth beneath."

Well, then, what does the testimony of the meeting referred to mean? It means that the schools and churches of Wolfville have proved a failure; for the community is not enlightened, is not moral, is not religious. Then it follows that the schools and churches need a reformation and that their directors and officers have failed adequately to apprehend what such agencies should be, and what they should accomplish, in other words what churches and schools are in other localities and what they effect in them.

There was a peculiarity about the meeting alluded to, and yet not a peculiarity as regards Wolfville meetings generally. No one had come prepared to act, or to say what he thought should be done to remove the evils that they had professedly assembled to correct and eradicate. The notions of every one were as crude and hazy as was possible. It has been wittily said that "although all our watcher vary, every man believes his own." The case of the meeting was somewhat different; for although no speaker was quite certain that he expressed the needed panacea for the evils by which Wolfville was oppressed, he was positive that no one else was the depository of it; and so the united (?) action of the conference was very much of the nature of a rope of sand.

But there was one thing in which almost all agreed; it was that *extraneous aid* was needed; it might be law; it might be police regulations; it might be a society in Halifax; but no one seemed to think of "putting his own shoulder to the wheel before calling upon Hercules."

One speaker very appropriately remarked that we had abundance of law already to meet the specific case before the meeting and all other cases, as was shown in the ACADIAN some months ago; all that was needed was to enforce the laws; but that as a rule, no laws were enforced in Wolfville but that supreme law by which debts, valid and invalid, are collected with costs.

At one time it seemed as if we were to have a dish of party-politics at the meeting, but we fortunately escaped—not that party politics as such are necessarily an evil, but that the *Wolfville article* in *Wolville* party-politics are a mongrel breed, neither Conservative nor Liberal; neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, though decidedly fishy; but as has been stated, the meeting escaped the nauseous dose.

The appeal to Halifax was the climax of the wisdom of the meeting. Mr. Naylor is, no doubt, a very respectable man, and presumably a very humane one as well; but we have no respectable and humane men in Wolfville? If we have not, one is compelled to recur to the question of our schools and churches and to ask, What have they been doing for the last quarter or half a century? Have they trained no men and women either capable of dealing with a matter that many communities would settle in half an hour; if in no other way, by an appeal to Justice Lynch?

A Sketch or Two.

BY LEE.  
NO. 1.—"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"  
A tipsy French captain from St. Pierre hung himself over my garden fence one early morning last July, and pointing to a scrubby bovine of the gentler sex which was gazing through the palings at my young potato-plants and early peas with a certain melting hangeriness in her eyes, and asked, "Ees that ther cow as named thees town?"

The question was worthy a Gibbon of a Benoit; it certainly deserved an historical answer. After breakfast I sought out the "oldest inhabitant" and laid before him the question of the enterprising Frenchman, and from him information was obtained as follows:

The old man "had heard his father say" that in the early pioneer days, shortly after Wolfe had captured Louisburg, a certain sergeant in the English army was pensioned off with 3000 acres of Government land on the Sydney river, on part of which the old town of Sydney now stands, at that time only marked by an old French barrack and a few delapidated log huts.

The sergeant took to himself a wife and bought a cow, two articles just considered indispensable by all orthodox pioneer settlers, and hiring a man to help him erect his cabin and clear enough of his forest land to get in a small crop, the three shouldered their few household effects and, driving the cow before them, started from Louisburg one lovely morning in early May, to tramp across the trackless wilderness that lay between them and their future home in Sydney.

The first afternoon found them at the southern bank of the Mira river, a stream which should be more properly called an estuary of Mira Bay, being a succession of lakes and narrow streams, and open to the tide for 20 miles into the country. Here they encamped for the night.

In the morning, constructing a raft of logs bound together with withes, they paddled across the river, towing the cow in their wake, and in due time reached the end of their journey. In the hurry and anxiety of getting the logs together and placing the walls of their rude cabin, they forgot the cow which had been allowed to seek forage unattended, and when night came down upon them she was not to be found. There was no help for it, and the cabin must be roofed in at once. But on the third morning the two men left the young wife in the lonely woods and started back on their trail towards Louisburg, in which direction they rightly conjectured the truant cow had wandered. They found where she had come to the bank of the Mira river, but instead of swimming the stream she had turned aside and followed the bank of the river towards its mouth, browsing here and there as she journeyed. The men followed the trail and in the early evening of the second day of their search they looked out upon the rippling waters of the tranquil Mira Bay. The following morning in searching for traces of their cow they found that her trail still led them eastward. After travelling about five miles on the beach they lost the trail but still kept on, not noticing in their eagerness, that at the place where they were there was but a narrow beach between Mira Bay and the head waters of what was then known to mariners as Morien Bay. Another night found them on the beach of Mira Bay with their faces still set eastward. Early in the forenoon of the fourth day these doughty explorers rounded the narrow cape of the "South-east Head," and there for the first time saw Morien Bay and also realized their huge mistake. Another night in the forest and another half-day of tireless tramping, and the foot sore and almost famished cow-hunters (The provisions they had brought with them gave out at the end of the second day, and for the remainder of their tramp they had lived on berries and rabbit-meat roasted on hot rocks) found themselves a third of the way down the northern side of Morien Bay, and here they found the cow; here also ends the tale. But as if to erect an undying monument to this unparalleled cow story, the name of this really picturesque bay, and what is now an interesting town, has been changed, apparently by common consent, on all marine charts and postal guides, from the elegant "Morien" to the commonplace appellation, "Cove."

Cow Bay, C. B., Jan'y 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR.—Having heard so many reports as to the state of the little Spencer by I was led recently to call at the Poor House to see for myself, and thinking perhaps others would like to know as well, send you these few lines. The child is progressing well and in a short time will be entirely recovered, without the loss of any part of his feet or hands. The nurse who has cared for him deserves every praise for her skill and attention. We have been spared a much greater disgrace, which would have accrued through his possible death and mutilation; but in thankfulness for this, let us not forget the creature whose devilish malignity exposed a child of tender years; and to her greater shame be it said, her own too; to such terrible chances, still goes unpunished.

The house, under the efficient management of Mr. F. E. and his wife, certainly is very neat and clean. It however requires repair, both inside and outside, and the roof, on all parts of the roof leaked badly, and in the bed-rooms a great deal of plaster is down and falling, making it trouble some to keep them clean, and in such weather as this, miserably cold. Does this proceed from a negligently spirit of false economy or that, like the renowned Mr. Zeno, anything is good enough for a pauper. Perhaps you, Mr. Editor, can give the required information.

A RATEPAYER.  
Wolfville, Feb. 21, 1888.

Springhill Letter.

SPRINGHILL, Jan. 24th, 1888.—A Dickie or a Boudette might give a picturesque page of the characters that reach this place day-day—to collect, to sell, to gain some end good or bad. There is a legion of them every time. Many are doomed to disappointment.

Trade is rapidly working into regular lines. The men who labor are better established and less readily imposed upon. Messrs. Annand, Taylor & Co. have opened a fine fish market. Mr. Henry Johnson, a general dealer, outstrips any other merchant in his sales; those of Christmas week amounted to nearly \$5000. His popularity is phenomenal. Business friends of King's Co. may be glad to have his name brought to their notice, as there is an increasing traffic across the Basin of Minas. I happened to ask him to-day if I could report his success in the ACADIAN. "Yes," he said, "and I will subscribe for the paper too."

Mr. Beard also informs me he is well known as a fruit speculator throughout the Valley, that he is indulging in putting up in this place a two-story fruit-proof warehouse as a fruit depot for Cumberland county. He has on hand one thousand barrels of fruit.

Why does the municipality of King's Co. or the mounted actors near by allow a pestiferous place on "Mud Bridge" for the reputable dead? In it a lot of the traditional "Scotch Stevens" who some forty years ago established the ram-cask, spile shanties and the devil-bound-bridge rail, that yet the one remains. The paragraph, "A Monster," reads as much of a degrading memento to a resident here as the vague Solomonite item recently in the Halifax Herald may appear to readers outside of this place, where nothing as yet is known of any such occurrence.

A Magnificent Offer.

IF ACCEPTED AT ONCE.  
We have succeeded in making arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer the following unparalleled inducements to new subscribers. No such offer has ever before been made by a country newspaper, and advantage should at once be taken of it by those who desire to secure their own local paper, one of the leading agricultural magazines, a most useful book, and some handsome engravings for a mere nominal sum. Specimens of the *American Agriculturist*, which we consider one of the very best farm journals published, may be seen at this office. Read.

- THE OFFER.—PRICE  
No. 1.—The ACADIAN, \$1.00  
No. 2.—The *American Agriculturist*, postpaid, (English or German), for the balance of this year and all of 1888—thirteen months. Price, per year, 1.50  
No. 3.—Fence, Gates and Bridges, published Oct. 15th, 3-0 illustrations, bound in cloth and gold, 1.00  
No. 4.—OR Farm Appliances, published Nov. 1st, 250 illustrations, bound in cloth and gold, 1.00  
No. 5.—Grant's Rural Life, twelve original illustrations grouped in one magnificent engraving, 18 by 24 inches, published Nov. 17, richly worth, 5.00  
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Subscribers in arrears, by paying up arrears and one year in advance, can take advantage of the above offer.

DRESSMAKING!

The undersigned having taken rooms two doors south of Caldwell and Murray's store, in Wolfville, for the purpose of carrying on the dressmaking business, respectfully inform their friends and the public that they are prepared to wait upon such customers as may give them their patronage. Having recently made themselves familiar with the popular system of cutting by the "Good Magic Scale," flatter themselves that they will be able to please the most fastidious.

Mrs. F. E. DAYTON,  
Mrs. FRANKLIN.  
Wolfville, Dec. 6th, 1887.

BUSINESS CHANGE.

The subscriber begs to notify his friends and the public generally that the business lately conducted by him in Wolfville has been sold to  
MR. E. C. BISHOP,  
who will continue the same. All accounts now due the said business are payable to Mr. Bishop, who will assume all liabilities.

We bespeak for the new Proprietor the same generous patronage that has been given to us.  
F. J. PORTER.  
Wolfville, Feb. 21, 1888.

In Connection

With the above, we solicit a share of the public patronage. Our stock will be found complete in all lines of the general grocery business. We invite you to call and inspect for yourselves.  
Mr. F. J. Porter will continue to conduct the business for us and will use his utmost endeavor to please.  
Our Motto is "Small Profits and Quick Sales."  
E. C. Bishop,  
Wolfville, Feb. 21, 1888.

HUE'S.

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We shall offer the balance of our

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—AT A—  
MERE TRIFLE COMPARED WITH THE COST

As they must be sold no matter what our loss will be.  
Note prices:  
Biscuit Boxes sold at \$1.50, now \$0.95  
" " " " 2.00, " 1.45  
" " " " 3.50, " 2.40  
Flash-covered Brush } 4.75, " 3.90  
Comb and Mirror }  
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Plate, Cup & Saucer 1.50 " 1.20  
Porridge S. ts, 1.65 " 1.30

TO THIS GREAT Marked Down SALE

We add, rather than carry over to next season, the balance of our stock of  
ALL WOOL BLANKETS, ULSTERINGS & BED COMFORTERS  
At 20 Per Cent. Discount, or in other words at 80c. on \$1.

We are bound to lose money by this sale, but, having overstocked ourselves, we must do so, and thereby learn a lesson for future guidance.

J. E. HUE.

Webster Street, Kentville, Jan. 1, '88

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Wolfeville, Dec. 2d 1887

BURPEE WITTER.

Wolfeville, Dec. 2d 1887

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