

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1886.

No. 9

## 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 notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will  
be made known on application to the  
office and payment on transient advertising  
must be guaranteed by some responsible  
party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian Job Department is con-  
stantly receiving new types and material,  
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction  
on all work turned out.

New 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 contribu-  
tion, 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 regu-  
larly from the Post Office—whether di-  
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for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-  
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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-  
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from the Post Office, or removing and  
having them recalled, is *prima facie*  
evidence of intentional fraud.

### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Mails  
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.

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Gen. V. Ryan, Post Master.

### PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on  
Saturdays at 12 noon.

A. deW. Barnes, Agent.

### Churches.

**PREBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Rev. R. H. 12  
Pastor—Services every Sabbath at  
10.30 A. 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.  
Wilton, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at  
11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School  
at 12.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday  
at 7.30 P. M.

**St. JOHN'S CHURCH**, (Episcopal),  
—Rev. J. O. Hughes, Rector—Services  
every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday-school  
at 10 A. M.

**St. FRANCIS (R. C.)**—Rev. T. M. Daly,  
P. M.—Mass 11.00 A. M. on the last Sunday of  
each month.

### Masonic.

**St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M.**,  
meets at their Hall on the second Friday  
of each month at 7.45 o'clock P. M.  
J. B. Davidson, Secretary

### Oddfellows.

**WOLFVILLE LODGE, I. O. O. F.**, meets  
in Davidson's Hall, on Tuesday of each  
week, at 8 o'clock P. M.

### Temperance.

**WOLFVILLE DIVISION B. O. T. M.** meets  
every Monday evening in their Hall,  
Wilton's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

### ACADIA LODGE, T. 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 sub-  
scriptions 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' Furnish-  
ing Goods.

**ORDEN, CHARLES H.**—Carriages  
and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Paint-  
ed.

**BISHOP, 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 Pub-  
lishers.

**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 Deal-  
er. Coal always on hand.

**KELLEY, THOMAS**—Boot and Shoe  
Maker. All orders in his line faith-  
fully performed. Repairing neatly done.

**MCINTYRE, A.**—Boot and Shoe Mak-  
er.

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

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

**DRAT, 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 Framers, 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 spe-  
cialty.

**RAND, G. V.**—Drugs, and Fancy  
Goods.

**SLEEP, S. R.**—Importer and dealer  
in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tin-  
ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

**SHAW, J. M.**—Barber and Tobac-  
conist.

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

**WITTER, BURPEE**—Importer and  
dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,  
Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnish-  
ings.

**WILSON, JAS.**—Harness Maker, 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 wish-  
ing their names placed on the above list  
will please call.

### CARDS.

**G. W. BOBBS, M. D., C. M.**  
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.

### J. WESTON

**Merchant Tailor,**  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

### Money to Loan!

The subscriber has money in hand  
for investment on first-class real estate  
security. Good farm properties in  
Horton and Cornwallis preferred.

Being naturally a genial, friendly  
fellow, the thought of the four long,  
lonely years to some sickened him.

He threw up his hands presently,  
and put his head out to catch a glimpse  
of the street into which the alley opened.

A young man on horseback passed  
at the moment. It was Jourdan  
Mitchener, one of his class. He rode  
a blooded mare, and was fully equipped  
in corugated coat and knickerbockers,  
orange-colored leggings, and gaiters.

"A regular swell!" thought Ker-  
shaw, laughing good-humoredly. He  
had noticed this Orestes of the college  
before. "He has a good, strong face,  
Well, luck's evenly divided in this  
world!" taking up his book with a

### Carriages & Sleighs

**MADE, PAINTED, and  
REPAIRED**

At Shortest Notice, at  
**A. B. ROOD'S.**  
Wolfville, N. S.

### D. W. Meady's Tailor System for

**DRESS CUTTING.**  
Price of one system with instructions  
\$5.00, or \$2.00 and one month's work  
at dress making. For particulars  
apply to  
**E. Knowles.**  
Wolfville, April 21st

## Select Poetry.

**A GIRL'S STORY.**

Jenny and I were girls together,  
As in a little country town,  
Headless of dark or sunny weather,  
Headless of fortune's smile or frown.

Blithe as birds when the flowers are many,  
We lived our life of frolicsome glee;  
Never a secret had I from Jenny—  
Never a secret had she from me.

Once we stood where the corn was glow-  
ing,  
Flushed by the kiss of the setting sun;  
We heard the cows in the barn-yard low-  
ing,  
And felt that the gladness of day was  
done.

And through the fields came the figure  
stately  
The neighbors called him handsome  
Bob.

Jen's fair head just then bowed sedately,  
And somehow my heart gave a re-  
petuous throbb.

Looks for me he had scarcely any—  
Was ever passion like mine so sad?  
For Robert had eyes for only Jenny,  
And Jenny would hardly notice the lad.

But a stranger touched me on the shoul-  
der,  
And Jenny loved him I well could see;  
And his whispered words but made me  
sadder—  
Alas, he had words for only me!

At our path would be fair with flowers  
luscious—  
The birds would sing and the skies  
would shine—  
If Will was only your lover, Jenny,  
And handsome Bob was mine, not  
mine!

But since that night—the years are many  
And almost a pair of old maids are we;  
Still I've a secret I keep from Jenny,  
And she has a secret she keeps from me!

## Interesting Story.

**THE PAWNED WATCH.**

"Taking the line 3, 4 as the base,"

David Kershaw's eyes wandered  
from the book to the window. There  
was nothing to be seen there but a red  
brick wall, about three feet distant.  
Then they travelled wearily over the  
walls of his room, with their soiled red  
and yellow paper, the bare floor, the  
cheap pine table piled with books, the  
coal-burn in the corner.

"If one had even a fire or a stove!"  
he muttered, kicking at the black  
grating of the register, through which  
a feeble supply of warm air crept into  
the room.

He took up his book, reading im-  
patiently.

"If I take 3, 4 as the base"—and  
again the book dropped on his knee.

"Four years of this! Four years of  
voyage! You've taken too big  
a contract, Dave! You can't go  
through with it!" and he fell to star-  
gling gloomily at the bricks outside of  
the window.

David Kershaw was a country boy,  
used to a free, outdoor life, to a big  
house, with roaring fire, and to a large,  
gay family of young people. He had  
been working for years for the money  
to carry him through college, and had  
come up to begin his course three  
months ago.

He had not an acquaintance in the  
great city. He rented this attic room,  
bought his dinner for ten or fifteen  
cents at a cheap eating-house, and ate  
crackers and cheese for breakfast and  
supper. His clothes, made by a coun-  
try tailor, were coarse and ill-fitting,  
and he was painfully conscious of it,  
and held himself haughtily aloof from  
his fellow-students. College lads are  
not apt to break through any shell of  
pride and silliness to find the good  
fellow beneath. They simply let David  
alone, with a careless indifference  
more galling than dislike.

He dodged silently from the college  
to his bare room, and thence to the  
miserable eating-house day after day.

Being naturally a genial, friendly  
fellow, the thought of the four long,  
lonely years to some sickened him.

He threw up his hands presently,  
and put his head out to catch a glimpse  
of the street into which the alley opened.

A young man on horseback passed  
at the moment. It was Jourdan  
Mitchener, one of his class. He rode  
a blooded mare, and was fully equipped  
in corugated coat and knickerbockers,  
orange-colored leggings, and gaiters.

"A regular swell!" thought Ker-  
shaw, laughing good-humoredly. He  
had noticed this Orestes of the college  
before. "He has a good, strong face,  
Well, luck's evenly divided in this  
world!" taking up his book with a

sigh.

Half an hour later there was a knock  
at the door. David opened it, expect-  
ing to see his landlady, but there stood  
Mitchener, smiling, whip in hand.

"Mr. Kershaw?" lifting his hat.

"Ashamed not to have known you  
before, but there are such a lot of us  
fellows, you know. Thanks, yes,"  
taking a chair. "My mother saw your  
name in a catalogue, and sent me to  
tell you that your mother and she were  
schoolmates and friends, 'Daisy' and  
'Lily'—that sort of thing, I believe.  
My mother married a city man, and  
for that reason, during the years that  
have passed, has lost sight of her old  
schoolmates who lived away from the  
city."

"And my mother married a farmer,  
and has been poor all her life," inter-  
rupted David, morosely.

"Yes, yes. American life! Up to-  
day and down to-morrow."

Something in Mitchener's manner  
made his wealth and David's poverty  
appear paltry accidents, to which they,  
as men, were loftily superior. Before  
they had been together ten minutes,  
David felt his morbid gloom disappear.

He began to talk naturally and laugh  
heartily. "This Mitchener was a thor-  
ough good fellow," he wrote home that  
night. "Was not conscious, appar-  
ently, that he was worth a dollar."

The truth was that Jourdan fully  
appreciated the value of his father's  
great wealth, but he was a well-bred  
and courteous young fellow, and knew  
how to put a poor and awkward lad at  
ease.

Kershaw was invited to dinner at  
Mrs. Mitchener's on Sunday. He went  
quiet the next day after this dinner in  
a state of delight, as if he had been  
passing through a golden mist, and  
had brought some of it still clinging to  
him. He hummed a tune, as he  
pored over his problems. He did not  
see the bare floor and hideous wall-  
paper, but the beautiful home in which  
he had been treated as an honored  
guest. The Persian carpets, the stat-  
uary, the table brilliant with flowers  
and silver, even the delicious flavors of  
the dishes lingered gratefully on his  
long-starved palate. He had met, too,  
women more charming and men more  
gentle-bred than he had ever known  
before.

What a world they lived in! He  
was even yet bewildered by his glimpse  
of it. Every luxury and delight wait-  
ing on the lifting of their hands. Lib-  
raries, galleries of art, operas, balls,  
voyages to Europe, to the Nile! This  
was life! He wanted more of it—more  
of it!

Mrs. Mitchener had asked him to  
come often; had offered to introduce  
him to her friends, "a gay young  
set," she said. He walked up and  
down the room, flushed and panting.  
He had never dreamed of such a  
world! He must see more of it!  
How stale and dull the Latin and  
mathematics seemed now!

But how to compass it! He could  
not go again without a dress-suit. He  
had seen one that day in a second-  
hand shop, very cheap. His blood  
grew hot at the idea of wearing some  
other man's cast-off clothes, but he was  
not educated to understand this music.

A very pretty, slight young lady,  
Mrs. Bellow, who was the *chaperone* of  
the party, tried politely to make him  
talk to her, but in vain. She turned  
to Jourdan at last with a shrug of her  
bare shoulders.

"Your friend," she whispered, "seems  
to be absorbed by his own thoughts.  
He does not look as if he were enjoying  
himself. Who is he?"

"One of my mother's latest hobbies;  
a student in the college from the coun-  
try," he replied, in the same tone.

They turned to the stage. Kershaw  
saw their smiles and knew they were  
talking of him. His brain was on  
fire. Why had he come here? Was  
he not the equal of those dainty folk,  
as well-born, as virtuous, as clever as  
they? They dared to despise him  
because he was awkward and ill-  
dressed!

In his embarrassment and misery he  
thrust his hand into the breast pocket  
of his coat, and drew out a little paint-  
ed paper tablet, which he figured me-  
chanically, scarcely noticing what it  
was until he saw Mrs. Bellow's eyes fix-  
ed on it with amazement and suspicion.

When the curtain fell on the first

act, she came to him making some  
incoherent remarks about the play,  
while she looked at him keenly. Sud-  
denly she grew pale, and interrupting  
herself in the middle of a sentence,  
said to Kershaw, "Will you be good  
enough at the close of the next act to  
go with me and Mr. Mitchener into the  
anteroom? I would like to speak  
with you."

When they had reached the ante-  
room at the close of the act, she said,  
"I have a most disagreeable question  
to ask, Mr. Kershaw. Our house was  
robbed by burglars last Monday, and  
silver and jewelry and clothes were  
taken. Among the rest was an even-  
ing suit of my husband's. You have  
it on!"

"Aren't you mistaken, Mrs. Bellow?"  
said young Mitchener. "One dress  
suit is exactly like another, and"—

"My husband," she went on, exci-  
tedly, "wore it to a ball the night before  
it was stolen. As we came home he  
put my tablet, with my dances on it,  
in one pocket. In the other was my  
ruby ring, which was too large for my  
finger. Mr. Kershaw has the tablet in  
his pocket."

Kershaw mechanically thrust his  
hand into the pocket of the coat, and  
brought out the tablet and a second  
later the ring, which had caught in  
the lining and so crept the notice of  
the thief. He silently held them out  
to her. The power of speech and ac-  
tion seemed to be frozen out of him  
with horror. Mitchener looked at him  
excitedly, but said, politely,—

"Have you any objections to telling  
Mrs. Bellow how the suit came in your  
possession?"

Kershaw stared at him a moment,  
full of repugnance and contempt for  
himself. These were "his new  
friends!" this was the party he had  
parted with his old father's gift to en-  
ter!

"I did not, of course, steal the  
clothes," he said at last. "You cannot  
really think I did that. But I bought  
them at a pawn-shop to-day. I pawned  
my watch to do it. I wanted to  
come here."

"All right! all right!" interposed  
Mitchener, soothingly. "You can  
send Mr. Bellow the address of the  
pawn-broker, and he will recover his  
silver and jewelry. Mrs. Bellow, the  
curtain is up." She fluttered softly  
back to her seat, arranging her airy  
drapery and flowers, and glanced mean-  
ingly at young Mitchener, as if to  
express disgust for the poor wretch  
who had bought cast-off clothes to  
be regarded as his superiors. David  
saw it all, and rose from his seat pant-  
ing and trembling.

"Sit down! Sit down, Kershaw!"  
said Mitchener putting his hand on his  
shoulder. David shook it off.

"No, I've been a fool, but I'm done  
with it all now. I'll send back the  
clothes!"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Bellow, locking  
back with a supercilious smile. "Pray  
keep them."

David left the box, and rushing  
home, stunned with rage and shame,  
tore off the stolen clothes and carried  
them to Mr. Bellow's house. The  
next day Mitchener, who had a good  
deal of kindness and tact, arranged the  
matter. The pawn-broker, who was a  
receiver of stolen goods, was forced to  
give up the plate, jewelry, and David's  
watch. The thieves were discovered  
and punished.

Mrs. Mitchener, still loyal to her old  
friend, sent David an invitation to a  
ball the next week. He declined it.  
"I have made a mistake," he told  
Jourdan, "but I will not do it again.  
My path in life is straight before me.  
With God's help, I will keep in  
it."

His bitter humiliation had taught  
him juster views of life. As time  
passed, he made friends among the  
other students, clever, unpretentious  
young fellows who, like himself, had  
their own way to make in life. His  
college days passed quickly. He stud-  
ied medicine, and returned to his native  
town to practice.

Twenty years afterwards, Mr. Jour-  
dan Mitchener, passing through this  
town, now one of the most important  
towns in Pennsylvania, became sudden-  
ly ill, and was attended for several  
weeks by Dr. Kershaw. He heard  
from others of the high position held

act, she came to him making some  
incoherent remarks about the play,  
while she looked at him keenly. Sud-  
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