

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1886.

No. 28

## 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 arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transacting 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.

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  
DAVISON BROS.,  
Editors and 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.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Mail is 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. Bass, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturdays at 12 noon. Agent on Saturday at 12 noon. A. de W. Bass, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 10 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 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. 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, Matins and Sermon at 11 a. m. Evening and Sermon at 7.30 p. m.

Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9.30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7.30.

J. O. Boudreau, M. A. Rector. Robert W. Haddrell, (Divinity Student of King's College).

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

Masonic.

St. GEORGES LODGE, 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.

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 8 of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. 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 wear 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-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY—Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, etc.

DAVISON, J. E.—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.

GOPFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HERRIN, 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.

PATROUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriages, 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 Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

WOOD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

DAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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

SHAW, J. M.—Dealer and Tobaccoist.

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

WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.—Booksellers, Stationers, and News-dealers.

WITTER, BURPER—Importer and dealer in Fry 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. G. BISHOP,  
House, Sign and Decorative PAINTER.  
English point Stock a Specialty.  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
P. O. BOX 20. Sept. 19th 1884

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

W. D. SHELL  
CORNWALL, SPILLING, BARK, R. R. TIEN LUMBER, LATHES, CANNED LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH, POTATOES, 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 Versa & Motto all Chromo Cards, with name and water pen for 10c, 5 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for 3c. stamp and this slip. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

## Sidlet Poetry.

LONG AFTER.

I shot an arrow in the air;  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
For, so swift it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air;  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,  
I found the arrow, still unbroken;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

There sat a crow on a lofty tree,  
Watching the world go by;  
He saw a throng that swept along  
With laughter loud and high,  
"In and out through the motley rout"  
Pale ghosts stole on unseen,  
Their hearts were longing for one sweet word.

Of the love that once had been,  
But never a lip there spoke their names,  
Never a tear was shed;  
The crow looked down from his lofty tree,  
"Tis the way of the world," he said.

A singer stood in the market place,  
Singing a tender lay,  
But no one heeded his sorrowful face,  
No one had time to stay.  
He turned away; he sang no more;  
How could he sing in vain?  
And then the world came to his door,  
Bidding him sing again.  
But he recked not whether they came or went,  
He lay in his garret dead,  
The crow looked down from his lofty tree,  
"Tis the way of the world," he said.

These sat a queen by a cottage bed,  
Spoke to the widow there;  
Did she not know the same hand blow  
The peasant had to bear?  
And she kissed that humble peasant's brow,  
And then she bent her knee;  
"God of the widow, help her now,  
As thou hast helped me."  
"Now, God be thanked," said the old, old dame,  
As heaped from his lofty bough;  
"The times are ill, but there's much good  
In the way of the world I trow."  
—E. E. Weatherly.

## Interesting Story.

Little Bill's Work.

CHAPTER I.

Little Bill had knocked off work early; not because he was lazy; oh dear, no, there never was such another industrious little chap as Bill; but the day had been a fortunate one, he had sold off all his stock in trade (Bill was in the lumber match line) and was returning home with seven pence clear profit in his pocket; no wonder he felt happy; no wonder his dirty little hand was thrust into his pocket, jingling the coppers pleasantly.

He made a call at a cook shop and bought quite a lot of victuals with four pence (it is wonderful what you can do if you only know how to go to market), next he stepped into a baker's and purchased a half a loaf, then left the shop and ran as fast as his little legs would carry him, never once picking a piece from the bread, which he cuddled under his arm.

Little Bill would not have been a pretty boy even if he had been clean, which he decidedly was not; his eyes were small and sharp, his nose flat, his mouth large, and his general appearance starred; probably he thought that dirt kept him warm, for it covered him more effectually than did his garments, which had large ventilation holes here and there, and he evidently made no effort to remove it.

Little Bill lived in a court off Fleet street; I shall not commit myself by saying which court, suffice it that (was the most narrow and dirty; probably that was a very good sort indeed. There was always plenty going on, innumerable small publishers brought out their penny papers there, which brought hundreds of men into the court many times a week, and Bill had almost as much attention to the pictures which were posted up outside the offices; then there was often an exciting row, which ended in a fight and the police; but the best of all, now and again two men came with a harp and a clarionette and played sweet music which almost made Bill cry, while the other children danced.

Little Bill reached the court, and, without waiting to look at any of the new pictures which were temptingly displayed, sped away to its darkest corners and entered the dirtiest hole. He stayed a moment at the foot of

the stairs, while a fit of coughing shook his thin, emaciated, frame then he began mounting the dark staircase till he reached the very top of the house. Arrived there he turned the handle of a door and found it locked.

"Is that you, Billy?" said a childish voice.

"Is 'at 'ou, Billy?" said a more childish echo.

"Yes, why's the door locked? Ask father to open it."

Father's gone out; he took the key with him and said Mrs Green would give it to you when you came home," said the voice which had first spoken.

"When 'on tom' 'ome," came the echo.

Bill did not speak again, but he put down his provisions and he retraced his steps as quickly as possible. Mrs Green occupied the first floor back. Bill looked into her room; she was certainly not there.

Probably he knew from previous experience where to find her, for without a moment's pause he went down the remaining stairs, ran out of the court, and entered the public bar of a public house which stands at the corner of Fetter lane.

A number of men and women were standing there drinking, talking, and laughing loudly, but pleasantly. Bill went up to a great stout woman and touched her arm.

"Please, Mrs Green," he said, "will you give me the key of our room?"

Mrs Green started and turned round.

"Bless us and save us, it ain't little Bill. "Why, child, how did you know where to find me?"

"I guessed you'd be here," answered Bill; then as the rest of the company laughed, he added quickly, "nause I know as you like pleasant company."

"Well, here's the key," she said, drawing it from her pocket. "Blest if I hadn't forgot it. Have a sip of this Bill." She held a glass of steaming gin and water toward him as she spoke. If possible his face grew paler than before, and he turned away.

"No, thank you, Mrs Green."

"Nonsense, Bill; it'll warm you."

He looked up into her face.

"I'd rather take a knife," he said, "and kill myself, than touch a drop of that—than learn to like it."

He turned away as he spoke and left the bar-room.

"Father has blue devils," said Mrs Green, as though in apology for little Bill, as she tipped off her beverage, "awful sometimes; can hear him yelling frightful. Bill minds him and the other children more like an angel than a human."

"Where's the mother?" asked a man.

"Lord knows; went off two years ago; but bless you, she had them at most as bad at times."

"Bill soon reached home again, unlocked the door let him in, and was received with every mark of affection by a small boy and a smaller girl, both equally dirty as himself.

"I've got you such a prime supper," he said, taking the newspaper cover from the victuals he had bought at the cook store. "You must eat it fast, and then go to bed in case father comes home; he don't like to find you up."

He gave the children each a portion of meat and bread, then sat watching them.

"Ain't you going to eat nothing?" said Bill's little brother, looking at him in great surprise.

"Not yet; don't feel hungry," and again the cruel cough shook him."

Supper over, the children went to a mattress at the further end of the room, and laid themselves down. Bill pulled the dirty coverings over them, kissed both their grimy faces, then wished them good night. "And if father wakes you when he comes in, don't let him know it."

For a time the children were restless, but at length they sank to sleep, their dirty arms were folded around each other, their dirty cheeks pressed together.

Little Bill sat watching them for a time, then rose, drank some water from out a broken pitcher, and set out the remainder of the food.

"Father may like it when he comes in," he thought, then went back to watch the children.

After a time he heard a step upon

the stairs, a heavy, stumbling step, but he did not move, and when a man rolled rather than walked into the room he just lifted his eyes and looked at him quietly, keenly; then rose, crossed the room, and gently drew the man to a chair.

"Head bad, father?" he asked.

"Duced bad," the man answered shortly.

Something was evidently the matter with little Bill's father, agree perhaps for he shook all over, only his head and hands jerked themselves more than the rest of his body, and now and then his arms shot out spasmodically; his face was gray, and great beads of perspiration rolled down; his eyes wandered round the room, as though seeking for something fearfully.

"I'll just put a bandage on 'yead," said Bill, quietly; "there ain't nothing like it. What are you looking at, father?"

The man had risen and stood gazing in horror at the floor. Bill made him sit down, and hastily bound a dripping rag round his head.

"Is it rats, father?" he asked.

The man shivered more than ever.

"Yes, lock, they're coming on to me."

He gave a great scream, and would have leapt up, but the child's hands restrained him.

"There is many, father," he said quite quietly and naturally; "but, bless you, they won't hurt you. See, they are quite as close to me as they is to you."

The man's head shook so that the wonder is it did not drop off; and he glared up into the boy's face.

"There was sich strange things about to-night, Bill," he whispered, "ions and tigers—and all after me."

Bill expressed no surprise, but thought a minute.

"That's very like," he said at last, "I did hear as a menagery had got loose. Did you run, father?"

"And snakes," said the man, not heeding the question.

"Ah, to be sure there would be snakes," then following the man's eyes which opened wider and wider till they almost seemed as though they would drop out. "You don't happen to see any of them now, do you, father?"

He pressed his hand more tightly down upon the man's shoulder, and wetted the man's eyes more.

"There's millions," the man answered, all a-coming this way. Let me go."

He wrunched his collar from the child's hands, but he caught him by the arm.

"Father," he said, "dear, dear father, step a time; they won't hurt you, they're tame snakes, and I want to tell what I think brings them here."

The man sat down again, his eyes riveted toward the father and the child; the child coughed till he almost shook himself to pieces, then leaned heavily against his father.

"It's kind of you to stay and listen to me, father," he said at last, "because of course it ain't nice to have rats and snakes, and—and sich like a crawling about the room if it can be stopped;—and I think it can, for I believe, father, it's the drink that brings them."

"What!" yelled the father, "d'you mean to insinuate that I takes too much; that they ain't there really; that I only sees them in my mind you?"

"No, no, father," said the boy, gently interrupting him. "Why, don't I see them as plain as anything, all a-running and a-crawling over each other?"

"But there gone now," said the man suspiciously.

"Of course they is; you frightened them when you leaped up and yelled. They can't abide noise, but Lord knows how soon they'll be back again. "Why I do believe," watching the man's eyes, that they're a-coming now. "Let me bathe your head again, father."

Once more the dripping cloth was bound around the man's brow, once more the child was shaken with his cough. "As I was a-saying, father," the boy continued, "I think it's the drink, the smell of it, as draws them; I've heard that snakes and rats and their sorts are uncommon partial to spirits, and you see, father, there's

generally a little smell of it about you, though it's but one glass you've took."

Again the man looked strangely into the child's face.

"Partial to spirits, are they? Where did you hear that?"

"Well, I can't exactly say, father; but I've heard that in India and France, and—and Iceland, where sich things live, and bite, father, for they are not quiet and harmless like they is here, that they fill tanks with spirits over night, and in the morning there's hundreds lying about as drunk as can be, a-singing—I mean a stinging and a-biting of each other like winkle; then the people sweeps them up, and burns them; so I thought, father, that if that was the case there, may be you, though you ain't to-day strong of spirits, yet do smell a little, might draw them varmints here, for they don't come when me and the little ones is alone; and p'raps, father, if you just took a beer for a time, they might go away far enough not to be drawn by the smell, if you did have a glass of spirits now and again."

"Once more the child stopped to cough, again dipped the rag in water and laid it on the man's head.

"Try and eat a bit, father," he said, and silently the man turned to the victuals, then, uttering a mighty scream, flung the boy from him and rushed out of the room.

Bill fell, but was on his feet in a moment, and after his father. The two children sat up in bed, but he had no time to notice them. Down the stairs he went, through the court, along Fleet street, up the Strand, on, keeping his father still in sight till they came to Trafalgar square, then for a moment the man stopped, then dashed toward one of the fountain ponds and sprang in. Quick as thought Bill followed, and they beat about in the water together, the child pulling at the man, drawing him toward the edge, and at length they crawled out.

"How did it happen?" said the man, sobbing up at last. Bill coughed again and shivered.

"Why," he said, quite calmly and naturally, "we was running a race, and you fell into this 'ere water, and like a silly fool I couldn't stop myself and fell in after. Let's us go home, father."

CHAPTER II.

Little Bill was ill, in fact had been ill for some time, but no one had noticed it; the other lodgers thought his cough a nuisance, as it often awoke them at night, but it never entered their heads that there was anything the matter with little Bill's lungs. However, some days after his ducking in the fountain pond in Trafalgar square little Bill found, to his utter amazement, one morning that it was impossible to move from his mattress; it had been a trouble often, but at last he really could not get up.

"Sid," he said, giving his brother a push, "Sid, ain't it queer; I can't get up."

"Can't get up, Billy," he said, "why not?"

"Well, I don't know; it's mighty queer, but it's because I can't, I suppose. I feel so strange, and faint like, that you'll best wake father, perhaps."

Father, strange to say, had stuck to beer for the last two or three days, and came home each night only moderately, almost respectably, drunk; consequently the snakes and rats, not attracted by the spirit smell, had not put in an appearance. Sid ran to his father's bed and shook him.

"Father," he said, "father, Billy can't get up."

Father opened his eyes.

"What?" he said.

"Billy can't get up."

"Why can't he?"

"He don't know, but he can't."

Father rolled out of bed, and across to the children's mattress.

"Why can't you get up, Billy, my boy?" he said.

"I don't know, father; but I feel so weak and strange."

He coughed violently as he spoke, and then a crimson stream flowed from his mouth, and over the dirty coverings; father's face turned very white, and he raised the boy's head.

"Run, Sid," he said, "run for the doctor."

Sid paused a moment in horror, then left the room, fell rather than

walked down the stairs, scampered through the court, on as fast as his legs could carry him. He had no idea where to find a doctor, and probably would have run on forever, or at least till he dropped had a policeman not stopped him.

"Where are you going, boy?" he said.

Sid looked up, and in his agitation did not notice the man's uniform.

"Oh, please, sir," he said, "are you a doctor?"

"No, my boy; d'ye want one?"

"Oh, yes, sir, please, sir, Bill's cut his mouth with a knife, and it's bleeding frightful."

The policeman took the boys hand, and hurried him along till he came to a chemist's shop. It was early in the morning, and the shutters had not yet been taken down, so the policeman rang the bell.

In a few moments one of the upper windows was raised and a head came out.