

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. IV. No. 12.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1884.

Only 50 Cents per annum.

The Acadian,

Published on FRIDAY at the office,
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:
50 CENTS Per Annum,
(IN ADVANCE.)
CLUBS of five in advance \$2.00.

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 transient 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.

Newspaper 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 communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a. m.
Express west close at 10.50 a. m.
Express east close at 5.30 p. m.
Kentville close at 7.30 p. m.
Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.
A. deW. Barss, Agent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3.00 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 3.30 p. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. H. Burgess, 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.

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

St. JOHN'S CHURCH (English)—Rev. J. O. Ruggles, Rector—Services next Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 1.30 p. m. Weekly Service on Friday at 7 p. m.

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

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

CARDS.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE N. S.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.

CONVEYANCER,

FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE

AGENT,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

B. G. BISHOP,

House, Sign and Decorative

PAINTER.

English Paint Stock a Specialty.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

P. O. BOX 30. Sept. 12th 1884

LIGHT BRAMAS!

Carefully bred from FIRST CLASS

STOCK. Trios, Pairs, and Single Birds

for sale. A. deW. BARSS.

Wolfville, Oct. 1st, '84

J. WESTON

MERCHANT TAILOR,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Has a fine stock of Cloths which will

be sold Cheap.

Select Poetry,

Songs of Home.

IV. GASPAREAU.

"Then he beheld, in a dream, once more
The home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan
Rivers among them.
Village, and mountain, and woodlands;
And walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline
Rose in his vision,
Tears came into his eyes."
—EVANGELINE.

The days that were come back again;
Thy scenes their wonted joys renew:
My heart is touch'd with pleasing pain
As still they lighten on my view:
Thy murmuring haunts of laboring bees,
Thy bowery river's distant glow,
Thy quiet walks 'mid orchard trees,
O happy, happy Gaspereau!

Low in the shelter of the dale
Thy river's circling silver flows,
And plots of verdant intervals
Have hedges of the wilding rose;
Embowered in elms, my fancy sees
The roof-tree of the farm house old;
And, peep'd from leafy apple trees,
Bright spheres of red, and green, and gold.

I hear the farm-boys whistled tune,
As slow he walks behind his team;
I see the kine, at sultry noon,
Stand in the willow shaded stream;
And, lingering on, with fond delay,
While evening comes serenely still,
See the retiring flame of day, (hill,
Through pines that plume the western

Here in this vale—to memory sweet—
Flanked with its river's crystal belt—
Seccluded in their lord's retreat,
Of old a simple people dwelt;
And where the yellow cornfield glows,
Where trees and streams the valley gem,
A heaven of calm and plenty rose,
With every peaceful gift for them.

I hear the sturdy Saxon's strain
Come ringing up from wood and dell,
And distant voices sounding plain—
The voices that I love so well;
Where once to break the silence, rose
The Frenchman's lyric, many a year,
At tranquil evening's golden close,
Or when the morn was shining clear.

O woe for you, ye genial race!
Ye peasant sons of lily France,
This is no more your dwelling place!
Ye live in music and romance.
But oft, as purple eventide
Bathes all these hills in fire and dew,
Some wanderer by the riverside
Shall drop a tear, and dream of you.

The vale still rings with childhood's song,
Amid the yellow sea of flowers;
While days of summer glide along
On wings of light, thro' all your bowers.
Here are the trees ye planted, here
The remnants of your broken homes;
But to old graves, from year to year,
No ghostly mourner ever comes.

Oft memory on the track returns
By which my life the earliest came,
And fancy many a scene discerns,
And lists to many a magic name;
Then do thy woods and streams appear,
The paths my wandering feet did know,
And all thy music meets my ear,
Oh winding vale of Gaspereau!

How oft, from yon hill's dark'ning brow,
Where twinkles first the evening star,
I've watched the village windows glow,
At sundown, in the vale afar;
Or, from the shadowy bridge, leaned o'er
The river's glimmering darks below,
Breathed freshness of the sylvan shore,
And heard the songs of long ago!

O woods and hills! O vales and streams!
Whose scenes bespeak a people gone,
How dear, now to your wanderer seems
What he can look no more upon.
Each wind that sweeps the dark blue sea,
That flies the way I wish to go,
Wafts back my fancy swift to thee,
O happy, happy Gaspereau!

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Interesting Story.

VOSS.

A group of young men were standing one morning last April on the banks of the river Aar, which flows by the quaint old Swiss town of Berne. There was Johann Leid, the baker's son, and Fritz Bund, the wood carver, and half-a-dozen others with their sisters and sweet-hearts.

Bund, as usual, was loud-mouthed and voluble. He talked with one eye on the girls so see the effect.

"What do you say to the race, boys? There is Johann Leid with his big muscles. I can outrun or throw you in five minutes, Leid."

Leid nodded, threw off his coat and was beaten in both race and wrestle.

He was a big, sheepish-looking fellow, and grew red with anger.

"If you want to look well in Jeanette's eyes," he muttered, "it is Nicholas Voss you should throw, not me. She thinks more of his finger than of your whole braggart body."

Bund was enraged. Everybody saw that plainly. He looked at Jeanette, standing with the other girls, like a modest little rose among flaunting dahlias. Nicholas Voss was playing with his dog on the other side of the field. He was a quiet, under-sized fellow, the son of the schoolmaster.

"Throw Voss! I could do it with one hand. No credit in that. The fellow has no more strength than a girl, poring over his books. I'll put him to a test that'll shame him. Jeanette shall see the stuff the baby is made of. Hey, Voss!" he shouted.

Nicholas came over, smiling, but coloring a little as he passed the girls. He was a diffident, awkward lad, and felt his arms and legs heavy and in the way whenever a woman looked at him.

"Come, girls!" cried Bund. The girls drew nearer, shy, but curious.

"Here's a question of courage to be settled. Leid wants me to try a throw with Voss, but it wouldn't be fair, for I could fling him with one finger, and blow him over for that matter."

Voss changed color; he played nervously with the dog's collar. He knew it was true that he could not compete with Bund in a trial of strength, but it was hard to be told it; before little Jeanette, too.

"But there's something Voss can do as well as I."

"What is it?" said Nicholas, eagerly.

"You can swim. Come, jump into the river yonder with me, and see which of us can reach the other shore!"

The girls looked at the river. It was swollen with the spring floods, and filled with great lumps of ice which crunched and tore each other as they went rushing by.

"Ah, that would be a brave deed!" they said, looking admiringly at Bund. Jeanette looked, and turned away with a shudder.

"Well done, Bund!" said the other lads. "There's no cowardness in Bund, that's certain!"

Bund tore off his woolen jacket and boots, straightening himself and clapping his hands. He was not sorry that the girls should see his broad chest and embroidered braces.

"Come, little one, off with your coat! You're a famous swimmer—and Jeanette is looking," under his breath, with an angry flash in his eye.

Nicholas looked at the lads waiting, and at the excited, silly girls, and then at the icy river. He did not trust himself to look at Jeanette. In summer he had often swam the Aar at this very point. But his lungs were weak. He could not bear the slightest exposure; to plunge into this flood would be certain illness—perhaps death. And for no purpose but to gratify the pride of a vaporing idle fellow.

"Come, come!" cried Bund. "Afraid, eh?"

The girls and lads looked at Voss; even Jeanette's eyes were fixed curiously on him.

"I am not going to swim."

If he had bluffed it out in a stident, joenlar voice, he might have carried the day. But he was painfully conscious that they all thought him a coward. He was a sensitive lad, and it cut him to the quick.

"Afraid! afraid!" laughed Bund, insolently. "Well, Voss, I wanted to do you a good turn, and let the girls see that you had the making of a man in you. But no matter," turning away contemptuously. "A pity he could not wear gowns and a bonnet," he said to Jeanette, loud enough for Voss to hear.

Voss turned away and went hastily down the road. He was bitter and angry, and would not go home to his old father in that mood. He went to the bear pits. Now, everybody knows that bears are a sort of sacred animal to the Bernese, and Nicholas, like his neighbors took a keen delight in watching the great sluggish beasts in their pits. But he had no pride in them now; in fact, though he leaned over the barrier and looked with the crowd, he did not see them at all.

There were many strangers there that day, principally English travellers and Americans. Their children were climbing about the edge of the pit, as no Bernese child would dare to do.

"Take care, youngsters?" cried a workman. "They are fierce—those monsters down there. An English officer fell in last spring, and though he fought for his life, that big fellow killed him."

"Ach! See his red eyes, the murderer!" cried a woman.

All the people stretched their necks to look where he lay blinking up at them; and a stupid nurse maid, with a child in her arms, stood on tiptoe to lean further over. There was a push—a scream.

"The child! Ach Gott! It is gone!"

The crowd surged and pressed against the barrier. Voss was almost crumpled upon its edge. For a moment there was a silence like death as people looked with straining eyes into the darkness below. Then they saw the little white heap close to the wall of the pit. Two of the smaller bears were snuffing it curiously. The monster that had killed the Englishman was slowly gathering up his fore-legs and dragging himself toward it.

There was scarcely any sound in the crowd. Men grew pale and turned away sick. A woman who had never seen the child before fell in a dead faint on the ground. But its mother stood quite still, leaning over the pit, her hands held out to it.

There came a wild cry from the crowd. A man had jumped into the pit. The bear turned, glared at the intruder with a sudden fury, then rushed upon him. He dealt it a blow straight between the eyes; but it fell like a feather on a stone wall.

"He leaps over him!"

"The others are coming on him!"

"Ach, what blows?"

"Well struck! Again, again!" shouted the Englishmen.

"But he can do nothing. He will be torn to pieces!"

"Oh, the poor boy!"

"See, the bear has torn his flesh!"

"He has the child. He has the child! A ladder! A ladder!"

But there was no ladder to be found, nor weapons of any kind. The mass of people leaned over, praying, shouting sobbing, while the struggle went on below as silent as the grave.

The man, bleeding and pale, was pushed to the wall, the child lifted high in his arms. The savage beasts surrounded him. There was a trunk of a tree in the centre of the pit, placed there for the bears to climb upon. He measured it with his eye, gathered his strength, and then, with a mighty bound, he reached it and began to climb. The bears followed to the foot of the trunk.

"A rope! a rope!"

The rope was brought and flung toward him.

"He has it! He will tie it about his waist. Ho, it is the child he ties. He will save it first."

He fastened the child, and watched it swung across in safety. When they threw him the rope again, he did not catch it. He was looking at the mother when they put her baby in her arms. When he had taken the rope and tied it about him, a hundred strong hands, English, French, Swiss were ready to help pull him up. As he swung across

the chasm, going half-way down to the bottom of the pit, the bear caught at him, but its hold slipped, and the animal fell back with a baffled growl.

There was a great shout when the lad stood on the grass in safety; every body talked at once to his neighbor.

"God be praised!"

"That is a brave fellow!"

"Who is he?"

"It is Nicholas Voss, the schoolmaster's boy."

"Where is he?"

But Nicholas had disappeared in the confusion.

Nothing else was talked of the next day in Berne. In the shops and kitchens, at the balls, in the brilliantly lighted great houses, even in the government council, the story was told, and the lad was spoken of in praise and kindness. At the theatre somebody called for a cheer for him, and the whole house rose with vivats! Mothers held their babies closer to their breasts that night, and with tears prayed God to bless him.

Meanwhile, Nicholas lay in his cot, tended by his sad mother and father. His legs were sorely torn. But he was merry and happy, as he always was at home.

In the afternoon a messenger from the council knocked at the door and left an official document. It was a deed conveying to Nicholas Voss a house and pasture land in the vicinity of the town.

He put it into his father's wrinkled hands. "Now, father, you are sure of a home for you and mother," he said.

He fell asleep soon after that. When he awoke the sun was setting and shone on the bed, and the happy old people were watching him.

A few days later his father put a little case into his hands.

"Look at this, my son! Never did I think a son of mine would reach such high honor!"

It was the gold medal of the Humane Society of Switzerland, awarded only to the bravest.

"And here," said his mother, "is a bunch of violets which little Jeanette left for you."

Nicholas' eyes shone as he looked at the medal. But the flowers he held close to his lips.

A subscriber complained that his newspaper was damp. "Well," said the editor, "it is because there is so much dew on it."

"There's something in this cigar that makes me sick," said a pale little boy to his sister. "I know what it is," responded the little girl; "it's tobacco!"

Life is like a harness. There are traces of care, lines of trouble; bits of good fortunes, breaches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has a tug to pull through.

An Eastern paper says: "Every man who goes into the lumber woods this winter should take with him a supply of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment and Parsons' Purgative Pills. This little precaution may save months of labor and much suffering."

A skeptical hearer once said to a Baptist minister, "How do you reconcile the teachings of the Bible with the latest conclusions of science?" "I haven't seen this morning's papers," naively replied the minister. "What are the latest conclusions of modern science?"

A young gentleman who spent his vacation in the Catskill says he met a party of young ladies who appeared to have but two adjectives in their vocabulary. If a thing was not lauded as "simply perfect," it was contemptuously styled "perfectly simple."

The exposure of the utter worthlessness of the large packs of horse and cattle powders has saved our people a vast sum. There is only one kind now known that are strictly pure and these are Sheridan's. Don't throw away your money.