

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1884.

Only 50 Cents per annum

The Acadian,

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

News 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, 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A. M.

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A. B. W. BARRS, Agent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. BOSS, Pastor.

Services every Sabbath at 2.00 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 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. and Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. M. Burgess, Pastor.

Services every Sabbath at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 8.30 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 11 A. M. Sunday School at 1.30 P. M.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M.

meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.00 o'clock P. M.

J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

St. PHEBUS' LODGE, I. O. O. F.

meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock P. M.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. 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. C. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative
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English Paint Stock a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 30. Sept. 19th 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.

The Builders.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see every where.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

Interesting Story.

LADDIE.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

He had sunk down into Violet's low chair, and covered up his face with his hands, and through the fingers forced their way hot, burning tears, while he told of his ineffectual efforts to find her, and his shame and regret.

She stood listening, too pitiful and sorry for words, longing to comfort him; and at last she knelt down and pulled his hands gently away from his face, and whispered very softly, as if he might not like to hear her use his mother's name for him, "We will find her, never fear; your mother and mine, Laddie." And so she comforted him.

What an awful place London is! I do not mean awful in the sense in which the word is used by fashionable young ladies or school boys, by whom it is applied indiscriminately to a "lark" or a "bore," into which two classes most events in life may, according to them, be divided, and considered equally descriptive of sudden death or a new bonnet. I use it in its real meaning, full of awe, inspiring fear and reverence, as Jacob said, "How dreadful is this place," this great London, with its millions of souls, with its strange contrasts of riches and poverty, business and pleasure, learning and ignorance, and the sin everywhere. Awful indeed! and the thought would be overwhelming in its awfulness if we could not say also as Jacob did, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I know it not," if we did not know that there is the ladder set up reaching to heaven and the angels of God ever ascending and descending, if we did not believe that the Lord stands above it. It seemed a very terrible place to the old countrywoman as she wandered about its streets and squares, its parks and alleys, that November day, too dazed and stupified to form any plan for herself, only longing to get out of sight, that she might not shame her boy. She felt no bitterness against him, for was it not natural, when he was a gentleman and she a poor, homely old body?

In the early morning, when the streets were empty, except for policemen or late revellers hurrying home, or market-carts coming in from the country, with frosty moisture on the heaps of cabbages, she got on pretty well. She had a cup of coffee at an early coffee-stall, and no one took any notice

of her; some of those that passed were county people too, and at that early hour people are used to see odd, out-of-the-way figures, that would be stared at in the height of noon. But as the day went on, and the streets filled with hurrying people, and the shops opened, and omnibuses and cabs began to run, and she got into more bustling, noisy thoroughfares, and was hustled and pushed about and looked at, the terrors of the situation came heavily upon her. She tried to encourage herself with the thought that before long she should get out of London and reach the country, little knowing, poor old soul, how many miles of streets, and houses, and pavements, lay between her and the mere pretence to real country. And then, too, in that maze of streets where one seemed exactly like another, her course was of a most devious character, often describing a circle and bringing her back through the same streets without the old woman knowing that she was retracing her steps; sometimes a difficult crossing, with an apparently endless succession of omnibuses and carts, turned her from her way—sometimes a quieter-looking street with the trees of a square showing at the end enticed her aside. Once she actually went up North Crediton Street unobscuredly and unnoticed. She reached one of the parks at last, and sat down very thankfully on a seat, though it was clammy and damp, and the fog was lurking under the gaut, black trees, and hanging over the thin coarse grass, which was being nibbled by dirty, desolate sheep, who looked to the old woman's eyes like some new kind of London Animal, not to be recognized as belonging to the same species as the soft, fleecy white flocks on the hill-sides and meadows of Sunnyside. She sat here a long time resting, dozing and trying to think. "I don't want to trouble no one, or shame no one. I only want just to get out of the way." She was faint and tired, and she thought perhaps she might be going to die. "It's a bit unkind to die all alone, and I'd liefer have died in my bed comfortable-like; but there! it don't much matter, it'll soon be all over and an end to it all." But no! that would not do either; and the old woman roused herself and shook off the faintness. "Whatever would folks say if Laddie's mother were found dead like any tramp in the road? He'd die of shame, pretty near, to hear it out of everyone's mouth." Poor old soul! she little knew how people can starve, and break their hearts, and die for want of food and love in London, and no one the wiser or sadder. It was just then that she found out that her pocket had been picked or rather that her purse was gone; for she did not wonder where or how it went, and, indeed, she did not feel the loss very acutely, though, at home in the old days, she had turned the house upside down and hunted high and low and spared no pains to find a missing half penny. It did not contain all her money, for with good, old-fashioned caution, she had some notes sewed up in her stays; but still it was a serious loss, and one she would have made great moan over in old times. She did not know that the sight of her worn old netted purse, with the rusty steel rings had touched a soft spot in a heart that for years had seemed too dry and hard for any feeling. It had lain in the hand of an expert London pick-pocket, it was mere child's play taking it, it did not require any skill. There was a bit of lavender stuck into the rings: and he smelt and looked at it, and then the old woman turned and looked at him with her country eyes; and then all at once, almost in spite of himself, he held out the purse to her. "Don't you see as you've dropped your purse?" he said, in a sorry, angry tone, and finished with an oath that made the old woman tremble and turn pale; and he flung it away, setting his

teeth and calling himself a fool. That man was not all bad,—who is? and his poor act of restitution is surely put to his credit in the ledger of his life, and will stand there when the books shall be opened. The old woman got little good from it, however, for the purse was soon taken by a less scrupulous thief.

How cold it was! The old woman shivered and drew her damp shawl round her, and longed, oh! how bitterly, for the old fireside, and the settle, worn and polished by generations of shoulders, for the arm-chair with its patchwork cushion—longed, ah! how wearily, for the grave by the churchyard wall, where the master rests free of all his trouble, and where "there's plenty of room for I,"—and longed too, quite as simply and pathetically, for a cup of tea out of the cracked brown teapot. But why should I dwell on the feelings of a foolish, insignificant, old woman? There are hundreds and thousands about us, whose lives are more interesting, whose thoughts are more worth recording. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" and yet, "Doth not God take thought for sparrows?" then, surely so may we. Does He indeed despise not the desires of such as be sorrowful? even though the sorrowful one be only an old county woman, and her desire, a cup of tea! Then why should we call that common and uninteresting which he pitifully beholds? And we shall find no life that is not full of interest, tender feeling, noble poetry, deep tragedy, just as there is nobody without the elaborate system of nerves and muscles, and veins, with which we are fearfully and wonderfully made.

The early November dusk was coming on before she set out on her pilgrimage again, the darkness coming all the earlier for the fog and the London smog; and then, hardly caring which way she went, she turned her face eastward, not knowing that she was making for the very heart of London. The streets were even more crowded and confusing than they had been in the morning, and the gas and the lighted shops, and the noise, and her own weariness combined to increase her bewilderment.

Once as she passed round the corner of a quieter street, some one ran up against her and nearly threw her down; a lady, the old woman would have described her, smartly, even handsomely dressed, with a bright color on her cheeks, and glowing, restless unhappy eyes, and dry, feverish lips, she spoke a hasty word of apology, and then, all at once, gave a sharp, sudden cry, and put her hands on the old woman's shoulders, and looked eagerly into her face. Then she pushed her away with a painful little laugh. I thought you were my mother," she said.

"No I never had no gals."
"You're in luck then," the girl said; "thank heavens for it."
"Was your mother, maybe, from the country?"

"Yes, she lived in Somersetshire; but I don't even know that she's alive; I think she must be dead—I hope she is—I hope it."

There was something in the girl's voice that told of more bitter despair than her words, and the old woman put out her hand and laid it on the girl's velvet sleeve.

"My dear," she said "maybe I could help you."

"Help!" was the answer "I'm past that. There! good-night, don't trouble your kind head about me."

And then the old woman went on again, getting into narrow, darker streets, with fewer shops and people of a rougher, poorer class. But it would overtax your patience and my powers to describe the old woman's wanderings in the maze of London. Enough to say, that when, an hour or two later, footsore and ready to drop, she stumbled along a little street near Soho Square,

a woman, with a baby in her arms, uttered a loud cry of pleased recognition, and darted out to stop her.

"Why, it ain't never you! Who-ever would have thought of seeing you so soon? and however did you find me out? This is the house. Why, there!—there! don't cry sure! don't cry now! You're tired out. Come in and have a cup of tea. I've got the kettle boiling all ready, for my Harry'll be in soon."

It was the young woman she travelled with the day before—only the day before, though it seemed months to look back to; only her face was bright and happy now, in spite of the fog and dirt about her, for had not her Harry a home and welcome for her, in spite of all her fears and people's evil prophecies, and was not this enough to make sunshine through the rainiest day?

Very improbable, you will say perhaps, that these two waifs, these floating straws, should have drifted together on the great ocean of London life. Yes, very improbable, well-nigh impossible, I agree, if it is mere chance that guides our way; but stranger, more improbable things happen every day; and if we mean anything by Providence, it is no longer difficult to understand, for we can see the Hand leading, guiding, arranging, weaving the tangled, confused threads of human life into the grand, clear, noble pattern of Divine purpose.

To be continued.

Says Wm. H. Payne, the poet: "Two rival spirits roam the world." He undoubtedly refers to whisky and beer.

A country editor who is ninety-one years old, attributes his long life and excellent health to the fact that he never expected to please everybody, and never tried to.

The characteristic closeness of the Scotch crops out in the fact that a Scotch sea captain who saw a sea serpent only gave the poor reptile thirty five feet in length.

"How does the new girl strike you?" asked a citizen of Detroit, at dinner lately. "She hasn't struck me yet," answered his wife meekly. "But she has done almost everything else."

She looked at the waning moon and remarked:—

"How pale it is."
"It ought to look pale," he replied, with the air of a man thoroughly conversant with his subject, "it has been full for several nights."

Have you ague in the face and is it badly swollen? Have you severe pains in the chest, back or side? Have you cramps or pains in the limbs, or rheumatism in any form? If so get *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. It will give instant relief and finally cure you.

The following extraordinary advertisement appears in a German newspaper: "Wanted, by a lady of quality, for adequate remuneration, a few well-behaved and respectably dressed children to amuse a cat in delicate health two or three hours a day."

"Sir," said a barber to a lawyer who was passing his door, "will you tell me if this is a good ten-shilling piece?" The lawyer, pronouncing the piece good deposited it in his waist-coat pocket, adding with great gravity, "If you'll let your lad run round to my office, I'll send you back the three and-fourpence change."

"I dropped a few words in the heat of the moment, while I was in here yesterday," said the client, stepping into the lawyer's office, "that I now wish to take back."

"Can't do it," sternly replied the lawyer, without looking up from a half-mile bill of costs he was making out for a quarter-mile case. "Can't get anything back that ever you left in this office. Against all rules of legal business."

And the client smote upon his breast, and went out and tried to forget that he ever owned a farm.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*