THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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THE ACADIAN.

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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.

Newsy 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 writ n over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N S.

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 7 A. M to 9 P M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a. m.

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Churches.

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 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.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal), —Rev. J. O. Ruggles, Rector—Service every Sunday at 3 p m. Sunday-school at 10 a m.

ST FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev T M Daly, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ 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 S OF T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. 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, CHEAPNES, 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 we can 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. L.—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 Publishers.

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 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.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness, Opposite People's Bank.

PRATT, 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 specialty.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

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

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

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Makes, 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.

G. W. BOGGS, 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.

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J. WESTON
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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.

Wolfville, Oct 9, A. D. 1885.

tf E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

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Wolfville, N. S.

D. W. Moody'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 b

Select Poetry.

"ROCK OF AGES"

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously,
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down,
On the current of the time,
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Let me hide myself in thee,"
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly,
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be,
On some other lips a prayer.
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Ev'ry word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wings the air,
Ev'ry note with sorrow stirred—
Ev'ry syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn,
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak, and eyes grown dim,
"Let me hide myself in thee,"
Trembling tho' the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest,
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Never more, Oh! storm-tossed soul,
Never more from wind or tide,
Never more from billows roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in thee."

Interesting Story.

A NIGHT IN AN INDIAN CANOE.

A STORY OF ACADIA.

CONCLUDED.

Madrine saw this raging torrent, and knew from old associations its dangerous character. But to-day she had not thought of it, and as she now looked across its crested waves, the land she had been working so hard to gain seemed in the darkness farther away than when she gazed on it through the deceptive mist of the bright autumn afternoon, and formed the rash purpose of reaching it in her frail canoe.

This and the darkness and fatigue dispirited her, and yielding to sudden despair, she sank into the bottom of the canoe, and allowed it to drift with the tide.

Presently the moon rose so far above the bank of cloud as to throw its light full upon the high top of Blomidon; while the sides of the mountain, and the water looked darker in contrast. Cloud-capped and misty, the bluff had towered above her, and beyond her sight; and now, as the silver light bathed it, making it appear to rise almost to the sky, Madrine sought to explain the mysterious phenomenon. Suddenly to her aid came the recollection that this mountain peak of Blomidon, now so flushed with strange light, was the supposed dwelling-place of the great Good Father of the Micmacs, reverenced and feared by the Indians.

Her despairing helplessness, the wonderful light on the sacred mountain, and the faith of her childhood united to produce the spirituality of the untaught; and springing to her feet at the risk of upsetting the tottering canoe, she loosened her long black hair, and throwing it in wild confusion over her shoulders, stretched her hands imploringly out toward the beautiful light, and cried to God to rescue her from peril, and send her safely across the foaming current.

Just then the moon rose above the cloud, and threw its undiminished light full upon the water and the surrounding land; at the same time the light on the mountain top disappeared, and seemed to fall upon the hills of the Indian village on the opposite shore. Inspired by this omen, refreshed by the short rest, and strengthened, perhaps, by faith in the efficacy of the piteous prayer she had uttered, she seized again the broad-bladed paddle an hour before relinquished for want of strength to wield, and drew it through the water with the skill of an Indian brave.

The encampment lay some quarter of a mile distant, and primeval forest intervened. Madrine knew that many paths led to it from different directions, and fearlessly entering the dense woods, she instinctively threaded a right way to the smoking village. With the lithe, stealthy tread of the Indian she made her way to the tall wigwam of the chief. He had been kind to her in childhood, and his daughter had been her play-mate.

Not stopping to utter the salutation, she lifted the dried deerskin that covered the doorway, pushed aside the spruce boughs as she entered, and sat down on a mat at the feet of the chief. Several young braves were clustered about the fire that burned in the centre of the camp, telling of their exploits in the grand hunt they were just returned from. Madrine had glided in and past them so quickly that they did not see her till she sat among them. The chief, who was seated upon a pile of deer-skins, on the side of the camp farthest removed from the door, immediately recognized her, and in tokens she well knew, bade her a kindly welcome.

Hurriedly she told them of the proclamation on the tree, and of the party of men from Port Royal on their way to surprise and kill them, and urged them to flee to some place of safety where they could not be found.

As she talked, dark shadows came over the faces of the braves, and the old chief laid down his pipe of peace he had been smoking, and taking an arrow from the quiver behind him, placed it on the fire, and watched it burn, and said to Madrine,—

"You are a brave girl. You shal, stay with us, and we will kill all these pale-faced cowards who come to scalp women and papooses for money."

Madrine was terrified. She had not intended to let them know that her father and lover were of the party, but now she must tell them.

Pleadingly she laid her trembling hands on the feet of the chief, and told him that her father was with these men; how she loved him, and of his probable death if they had an encounter; told him of a brave young man who would be her husband when the next moon had hung three evenings in the sky, and that *he* was with the party, that they were not cowards, but brave and good; that she could not stay with them, but must go back to her home before the morning light returned, and her father must never know that she had warned them.

The shadow on the faces of the braves darkened into a scowl, and the chief made no sign, but looked—stern and stony—into the fire. Alarmed at this, she spoke of the wonderful light on the top of Blomidon,—when all over the land and water it was dark,—how she prayed, how the moon came out from the black clouds, and shone brightly over the water, how the light left the mountain and rested on the trees over the encampment, how her strength came back to her, and how the canoe had sped like an arrow over the dangerous waters.

Now she saw that the scowl had left the faces of the braves and the stony look of the chief was gone, and quiet light came into his eyes as he watched the fire till the arrow was burned to ashes; then rising to his feet, he laid his great copper-colored hands gently on her head, and gravely said,—

"Brave daughter of the pale-faced cowards, you shall go to your father and your husband. The Great Spirit wills it. And Pedonsaghtigh's braves will spare the white-faced wolves because you ask it."

Then turnining to the women, he bade them welcome the maiden and give her food, and silently strode out into the night followed by his silent braves.

The women of the chief's family were warm in their welcome, but Madrine was frightened at her situation, despite the kindness shown her, and she wondered where the chief had gone, and what he would do. It seemed a long time when he returned, alone, and motioned her to go with him. With an Indian farewell to the women, she stepped out into the dark forest, and silently followed the stealthy strong steps of her guide, whose eagle feathers seemed to mingle with the tops of the trees.

By a shorter path than she had come, they reached the water, but not at the cove where she had landed. Her canoe was not there, but a large strong one sat on the beach, with a pair of deer-horns fixed to the bow, and deer-skins spread in the bottom.

Madrine had seen this canoe before, and knew it belonged to the chief, and was used only on great occasions. She had been told that the horns on the bow were taken from the leader of a herd of deer that appeared suddenly on the top of Blomidon, at a time when long famine had wasted the people, and many of the deer were killed for food, and the horns were sacred. Two men stood near the canoe. They were not of the braves she saw at the camp, but she knew them. They were mighty hunters and warriors, and wore eagle feathers like the chief's. As she came near them, each in his turn laid his hand on the flowing hair, and said,—

"You are welcome, brave child of the pale face."

Madrine asked the chief for her own canoe.

"Not to-night," he said, "a mighty storm coming. Some time it will come to you," and lifting her like a child, placed her in the strong canoe the men had handed into the water, and bade her sit low on the deer-skin, and keep very still. The men took their places, one near each end, signed to the chief, and struck the strong paddles into the water, and the canoe sprang out over the dark surface with the speed of a startled deer, leaving a long line of white-fringed, eddying holes behind it.

On with steady speed went the canoe till the shadow of Blomidon fell upon it, then the intrepid men drew in their paddles, and lifted their bronzed faces supplicatingly to the sacred peak and rested. Then again, with the energy of engines of steel, they plied the strong paddles.

The rapid tide and hurrying wind were with them, and the canoe rushed like a terrified thing for the distant shore. But the driving storm behind was more terrible in its speed, and the dark green, foam-crested billows rolled and surged on after it like angry pursuers.

An hour and more of this speed and the canoe trembled, and she saw a broad belt of foam on either side, and the men paused and looked back, then bent to their work with the energy of such men in a struggle for life. The tough ash paddles bent like wands, and the canoe leaped out of the belt of foam, and shot ahead of the storm with the speed of an arrow, and the land was almost reached when again the canoe trembled, and the belt of foam was far ahead and wide. The waves had won the race, and the storm was upon them. Still the iron-nerved men drew the paddles through the seething water with unabated strength, and soon in the gray morning light they could see the shore, now white with the surf of the waves that had outsped them.

The Indians could not possibly return till the storm was over. But Madrine, knowing the price set upon their lives, and fearing the possible early return of the men, dared not offer them shelter. So with a few hasty words of farewell she hurried through the morning gloom and storm to the house near by, the brave men carrying the canoe up the shore where the woods lined the water, and where they could remain with safety till the outgoing tide of the next night. Entering the house, Madrine found a bright bed of coals under the raked ashes, and soon had a glowing fire. Tired and utterly exhausted, she laid down on the broad wooden settee in front of the fire, and slept soundly for several hours.

The evening of the next day her father returned. He did not speak to her of where he had been. But Baptiste told her of their long fruitless journey, how they had found the encampment deserted, not even a fur o any value left, to pay them for all their trouble. Many were the conjectures as to how the Indians could have known of the intended attack, but no one suspected Madrine. The storm and high tides had destroyed and carried off much property, and this accounted for the loss of her canoe.

The old moon quickly wore away, and all else was forgotten in the preparations for the coming wedding. All the village was interested in it, each one from his own stores, according to the usual custom, giving a portion, to provide the household with food for a twelvemonth. No one thought of the Indians, and great was the surprise on the day of the wedding, as the gay procession wound its way from the Parish church to the new house on the hill, to see on the steps in front of the door, Madrine's canoe, filled with valuable furs and useful ornamented articles of bark and wicker-work, with only the Micmac totem on the bow, to show from whence it came.

Why the Indians should, at such a time, send presents of such value, and how they could have found the missing canoe and known of the wedding, no one could tell but Madrine, and she kept silent.

Years after, when peace was concluded with the Indians, and the old friendly relations renewed between them and the Acadians, standing at her father's door one evening, with the blue waters of the Bason before her, her husband beside her, and her father within the porch, she told it; all the years that had intervened, and the long silence she had kept about it, making it seem almost as much wonder to herself as to the two men, who for the first time knew why the encampment had been found empty, and why the canoe had been sent as a wedding gift.—G. D. McL., in *Youth's Companion.*

Disenchanted.

"And there's nobody here to meet me after all!" said Felix Courtenay, pulling discontentedly at his silky beard. Presently, however, the noise of wheels was heard, and what Mr Courtenay thought a curious little turn-out drove up. In it there sat a girl wrapped in a grap cloak with a scarlet ribboned hat tied securely under her chin.

"Oh, there you are," she cried, and without a word he got up by her side.

By the waning twilight Mr Courtenay could see that his fair charioteer was a rosy country girl, with large, long-lashed eyes, masses of black, wavy hair, and a dimple in her chin.

"Are they expecting me at the farm?"

"Oh yes" said Lotty Blossom, for that was her name, carefully guiding her donkey past the beetling edge of a precipice, "your room is quite ready though. We whitewashed it yesterday morning, and Barbara will have the carpet down to-day."

"Barbara?"

"She is my sister, and the prettiest in the family. She is almost engaged to an elegant Londoner, and the strangest part of it is that she don't care for the man a bit."

"No!"

"Not a bit," repeated Lotty. "Barbara says her city beau is old and wrinkled and has grey hairs in his moustache."

"Dreadful!" remarked Mr Courtenay, rather chagrined.

"Isn't it!" chimed in Lotty. "Though of course, as she says, the older he is the sooner he will leave her a rich widow." "Don't you think" she added suddenly, "that the kitten would be quieter if you would take the basket in your lap?"

And then she began to chat about other things—the distant glow of the iron foundry against the sky, the song of a far distant cuckoo in the glen, the name of the huge picturesque crags which stood like sentinels along the road.

"I suppose," she said presently, "the children are coming up in the next train?"

"What children?" said Mr Courtenay, with a start.

"Why, yours; the four little ones," said Lotty.

"I think," said Mr Courtenay, after a few minutes' puzzled meditation, "that you are under a false expression. You are, perhaps, taking me for"—

"Aren't you Mr Rodney Ralston, mamma's cousin, from Yorkshire?" she asked, turning abruptly toward him.

"Not at all," said our hero. "My name is Courtenay—Felix Courtenay."

Lotty gave a little shriek and nearly dropped the reins.

"Then," she cried, "you are Barbara's lover!"

"Unfortunately, yes," he answered, with something of bitterness in his tone. "Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that I was."

"Oh!" cried Lotty, checking her steed within sight of the cheery lights of the farmhouse. "What have I done! It's just what mamma and Barbara are always telling me—my horrid, hateful tongue has run away with me! I thought you were our cousin, and that you would like to know all the news of the family, and now—and now"—

"Stop, my child," said Mr Courtenay, sincerely touched by her genuine and evident grief. "There is no occasion for all this trouble. We will keep our own secret, you and I. I am not engaged to Barbara, and probably never shall be. But you and I shall always—mind always—be friends."

The two went into the house together.

The sitting-room was empty, but the fair Barbara screamed from an adjoining apartment:

"Lotty! Lotty! turn Ned's head around quick! Drive to the station as fast as ever you can. That tiresome old Courtenay has telegraphed that he will be up by the 5 o'clock train, and not a soul there to"—

"Hush! Barbara," said Lottie, with a composure that astonished herself. "He has come already. He is here."

Barbara hurried in, forgetful of her curl paper and general dishabille.

"Oh, Mr Courtenay, what a very very delightful surprise this is!"

"Yes," he said, carelessly. "I was going on up to Sky Top mountain and thought I would stop here on the way. I hope you are pretty well."

And he was gone the next morning, almost before daylight, thanking Providence for his lucky escape.

Miss Barbara Blossom never knew why his admiration had grown so suddenly cold. And little Lottie kept her own counsel.

"But I never, never will chatter so foolishly to a stranger again," she inwardly vowed.

And a few years afterward, when she became Felix Courtenay's wife, she became more reserved about herself and her husband than ever.

Bill Arp at Home.

The love of home is not an art nor an accomplishment. It does not come from early training or education. It is the instinct of humanity. It is the gift of God. It is a pure emotion and brings joy and comfort to the humble and the great. "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." No wonder that the simple song of John Howard Payne endeared him to the world. The world felt its touching, tender truth and wept a sympathetic tear. It is the want of a home that makes tramps and vagabonds and desperate men. Sometimes I think that the nation could well afford to give to every father and mother a home. Besides the love of those who are dear to us there is something in the locality that affects us—something in the familiar scenes, the trees, the fields, the branches, the running spring, or the generous well. We love the trees and vines that have borne us fruit or given us shade; the open fireplace that gives us welcome on a winter night; the bed that gives us rest and sleep, and the ever pleasing prospect of the distant hills and mountains that seem as if reaching up to God. Even the birds and beasts are conscious of this love of home. "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea," as they seek their accustomed place. The faithful, loving dog will travel miles and leagues to reach it, and the cat cannot be easily weaned from the chimney corner. Man has made use of this never-failing, never ceasing love of the carrier pigeon, and it commands our respect and admiration when we see it released from its unwilling prison in a distant land and watch it ascend and circle and take its bearings, and then with swift and tireless wing make for its home by the nearest line.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

After all, it is the bad child gets the palm.