

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1886.

No. 23.

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.

Notices 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 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 communi-
cation, although the same may be written
over a fictitious signature.

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

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-
larly from the Post office, whether di-
rected to him or another, or whether
he has subscribed or not—is responsible
for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-
tinued he must pay up all arrears, 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 refu-
sing to take newspapers and periodicals
from the Post office, or removing and
leaving them un-called for, prima facie
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 10 a. m. to 9 p. m. Mail
etc. 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 5.25 p. m.

Kentville close at 7.35 p. m.
Geo. V. BARR, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on
Saturday at 12 noon.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R.
D. Ross, Pastor.—Service 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.
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:

Sundays, Mattins and Sermon at 11 a. m.
Evening and Sermon at 7 p. m.
Sunday-school commences every Sun-
day morning at 9.30. Choir practice on
Saturday evening at 7.30.

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

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

Masonic.

By GEORGES LODGE, A. F. & A. M.,
meets at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 10 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. O. 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

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.

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. P.—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. Residing nearly done.

MONTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Mak-
er.

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

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

PIAT, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery,
Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

REID, A. C.—CO.—Dealers in
Ribbons, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers,
Stationers, Picture Framers, and
dealers in Ribbons, Organs, and Sewing
Machines.

ROOD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all
kinds 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.

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

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

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 wish-
ing 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 Paint Stock a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 30. Sept. 19th 1884

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

WE SHALL
CORDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. R.
TIMBER, LATHS, CAN-
NED LOBSTERS, MACKER-
EL, FROZEN FISH,
POTATGES, 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 Verso & Motto all
Chrome Cans, with name and a
water pen for 1cc. 5 pcks., 5 pens
for 5cc. Agents sample pack, outfit, and
illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a
3c. stamp and this slip. A. W. KIRBY,
Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

THE FORT.

By the pleasant fire they sat one night,
Husband and wife alone,
And they talked of the changes they had
seen,
And how the years had flown;
Of the sons, now scattered far and near,
And the daughters wooed and wed,
"We're only two in the house once more,
Oh, Mary, my wife!" he said.

When we were alone forty years ago,
So young, and happy, and poor,
There wasn't a prettier girl than you,
Nor a better one I am sure,
I promised you then I'd make you rich,
If you'd only share my life;
I'm worth a million pounds to-day!
A million of money, dear wife!"

"How much am I worth?" she smilingly
asked,
He looked in her tender face;
He looked in her eyes, then closed his
own,
And thought for a little space,
"You are worth the life I've spent with
you,
You are worth its richest joys;
You are worth more gold than can be
told—
You are worth my girls and boys."

"You are worth the years that are yet to
come;
You are worth the world to me;
Oh, Mary, there is not gold enough
To say what you are worth to me!"
"Well, dear, I was worth the world to
you
More than forty years ago;
A million is but a bagatelle
To the whole wide world you know!"

"So then, we have never been poor at all;
Now isn't it nice to know
That you were a million millionaire
More than forty years ago?
We were happy then, we are happy now,
So tell me the difference, Frank?"
"It isn't much," he said, with a smile,
"I've gathered a million from the pile,
And I tucked it up in a bank."

Interesting Story.

AFTERWARDS.

Few sadder things have been writ-
ten of the consequences of evil habits
than this: "Ye shall be holden by the
cords of your own sins." A leaf from
my journal brings to memory an illus-
tration of this truth that I shall never
forget. The story is fearful in some
of its details, but its lesson is em-
phatic.

In April, 1840, on my way from
Vera Cruz to New York, I arrived
in New Orleans. I had intended spend-
ing a few days in the Queen City of
the South, but on my arrival I learned
that cholera was prevailing there to an
alarming extent. It seemed as if ev-
erybody who could leave the city was
going away, and having nothing but
my own pleasure to detain me, took
passage on a river steamer for Cincin-
nati the very next morning after my
arrival.

But although I went on board the
steamer in the morning, she did not
leave until late in the afternoon; and
while waiting I made the acquaintance
of a young man, who was to share my
room, for the cabin on the boiler-
deck below. Down upon the lower
deck were stored a whole ship-load of
emigrants, who also had arrived only
the day before.

The young man who was to be my
room-mate had a dejected look, but he
was affable and impressed me favorably.
He had with him a beautiful little boy,
his only child, six years of age.

"His mother died three days ago of
cholera," the father said, in a tremu-
lous voice; and then I understood why
he looked so anxious.

This was when I first met him, in
our room. Not long after, as I was
sitting on the open deck, forward of the
cabin, he came with his child and joined
me. I had got the impression that he
was Northern-born, and now I asked
him if he had always lived in New Or-
leans.

"No, said he; I was born in Cincin-
nati, where I am going. I have an
old father and mother living there, and
am going to leave Louis with them for
a while. I shall probably settle down
there myself as soon as I can fix things.
I'm sick of the business I've been in
here.

Upon my asking what business that
was, he told me very frankly, and to
my great surprise, that he had been
keeping a gambling place.

"I'm sick of it, though, and am go-
ing to quit it," he added, "I shall
have to come back, because I've left
everything at loose ends; but I'm go-
ing to settle up and get out of it."

"I suppose it has paid you well?" I
said,

"This was just after the great chan-

He looked at me more than a minute
without speaking. Then he said,
"That depends on how you reckon. I
find now that it hasn't paid me. I've
made a little money to be sure, but I
might have made more at something
else. It has not paid me. It's a busi-
ness that never pays when you reckon
right; no matter how much you make,
it don't pay,—and I'm going out of
it."

I told him I hoped he would, and
offered some suggestions in a friendly
way, which seemed to touch his better
nature.

"You talk kindly," he said, "and
sensibly, too. I'm glad I have fallen
in with you. My wife used to talk
to me in the same way. She was al-
ways wanting me to get out of it, and
I'm sorry I didn't before she died. I
told her I would, but kept putting it
off, you know. It's too late now—far
her, but I'm going out of it."

Long before the steamer left the
levee and began her upward journey, it
was evident that I had won this young
man's confidence. He at least showed
a preference for my companionship
above that of any of the other passen-
gers, and we talked much together.

We both had a feeling of relief when
at last we saw the pestilence-stricken
city sinking behind us, all unconscious
as we were that in fleeing from it we
were but going into greater danger.

For, unknown to us in the cabin, ship-
fever was among the emigrants on the
lower deck, and this affording a sure
and easy foothold for cholera, Death
was soon doing his work.

Unconscious of the danger beneath us,
it was not until the second morning
after leaving New Orleans that our at-
tention was drawn to a row of rough
boxes, of ominous shape, on the forward
part of the lower deck. Then we
perceived that five dead bodies were
waiting for burial.

There were white faces and eager
inquiries then, and it became quick-
ly known to every one that the pestilence
was with us.

In the afternoon of that same day,
Death entered the cabin, and marked
for his first victim a hale and hearty
Tennessee cotton-planter, who occupied
the next room forward to me and my new
acquaintance. The man seemed well
and hearty at noon, but was attacked
soon after, and died early that night.

I learned of his illness upon going
for something to my room, but was so
shocked that, forgetting my errand, I
went back and rejoined my room-mate,
who sat holding his little boy, in con-
versation with two other young men,
both of whom occupied the same room
with the sick man. These fellows
showed very plainly to me, at least,
that they belonged to the fraternity
then so numerous on the Western wa-
ters. Upon my mentioning what I had
learned they seemed startled and fright-
ened, as did my room-mate also. "Is
that so?" one of them exclaimed.
"Jim, we'll have to get out of that!"

"Our plunder's in there," said the
other. "Go bring it out, Bill, won't
you?"

"Not if I know myself! If he has
got the cholera, those goods will stay
there for all me."

"Well, let 'em stay then—till he gets
well. I won't be long, I reckon. But
he don't look like a man 'twould go off
easy. I say, friends," and he looked
at me and my room-mate with a sickly
smile, "suppose we have a quiet game
while the cholera's going on, just to
pass away the time?"

They had before invited us to play,
but although my friend was himself a
gambler, we had both declined. I
asked him if he knew the fellows, but
he said no, they were strangers to
him.

"I don't doubt but that I could
fleece them nicely," he added, "if I
chose to. But as I told you, I'm go-
ing out of the business."

Seemingly a little disappointed, the
two left us, but when I again entered
the cabin, not long after, I saw that
they had persuaded others to play with
them, and that money was staked on
the game. They all became so absorb-
ed in the game that they evidently
forgot that Death stood near, and even
when word came that the cotton-planter
was dead, the two professionals were
still eager to go on.

This was just after the great chan-

deliers had been lighted, and they were
filling the long saloon with their bril-
liance, trying to outstare, it seemed to
me, the hideous look of Death. Nei-
ther the glare nor the scene was in
accord with my own feelings, and going
out forward, I sat down in the more
subdued and welcome light of the stars,
so far above all this earthly tur-
moil. I was quickly followed by my
room-mate, who had by the hand his
little boy. Sitting down beside me, he
took the little fellow in his lap, and
there we sat, long into the night, con-
versing lowly, the child quietly sleeping
on his father's breast.

Having retired, I soon fell asleep,
and did not wake till the return of day-
light. And then I was aroused by sad
sounds,—plaintive moans, coming from
the little boy, who was in the berth
under mine.

His father, I found, was already
asleep, and seeing that I was awake, he
said,—

"O Mr. —, Louis—Louis—I fear
he is going to be taken too!"

The poor man's grief seemed too
great for utterance. Springing from
my berth, I saw that his child was
really in a frightful condition. The
father himself had but just awakened,
and he was filled with terror as well as
grief. The little fellow spoke to us in
a half-conscious way, accompanying
almost every word with a plaintive
moan.

Hastening on my clothes, I went out
to notify the clerk of the boat and ob-
tain the attendance of the two physi-
cians who chanced to be on board; and
then I went back, to wait with the
father for their coming.

The little sufferer brightened up for a
few moments as we sat there. "I'm
better now, papa," he said. "Let me
kiss you, papa. I don't want you to
feel bad."

I never witnessed a more touching
scene than that which followed. For
the few moments that the child seemed
better he lay with both his little hands
clapped in his father's, his loving eyes
fixed steadily on the parent's face.

"It's too bad, isn't it, papa? But I'm
better now," he said. "I'll be well in
a little while."

"We can do nothing," said one of
the doctors lowly to me. And then,
leaving some medicine with me, and
telling me how to administer it, they
both went silently away.

The scene that followed was too
painful for me to try to describe, and I
will not attempt it. In only two short
hours more, the spirit of the little suf-
ferer had passed away—and it almost
seemed as if it had been at once enfolded
in the mother's waiting arms. For,
just at the last, the little fellow had
opened his lips with a joyful cry, "O
mother! mother!" and stretched out
his own little arms as if to meet her.

During the greater part of the after-
noon I sat near the stricken father,
and at times I endeavored to turn his
mind to objects that were passing, and
to say something cheerful. The two
"professionals," whom I have before
spoken of, also came and joined us, and
after expressing a few words of sym-
pathy, in their hypocritical way, they
again invited us to join them in a
game of cards.

"Do you think I would play with
you now?" asked the agonized man,
with a withering look at the one he
questioned.

"I only asked you as a friend, of
course," was the reply. "This cholera
is a bad deal at best, but it will never
do to give up to it in this way, for that
will make it worse. We must try to
bluff it; that's the way to keep clear
of it, and I don't know of anything
better than cards for that."

Well, I'm not ready to play yet.
Perhaps I'll try my luck with you to-
night, though. You'll oblige me by
leaving me alone now."

"They went away, saying that they
hoped he would feel like taking a hand
with them in the evening, and almost
as soon as they were gone, he said to
me,—

"I would like, Mr. —, to give you
the address of my father and mother,
in Cincinnati. They're not very well
off, and if the cholera should happen
to take me, too, I would like that what
money I have should get to them, in
some way. I wish, Mr. —, that if I
should die and you shouldn't, you'd
don't—don't—mean he is dead?"

take charge of what I have and go and
see them when you get to Cincinnati.
You will see to it all afterwards."

In his present despondent mood,
this seemed a very natural request,
and I told him that if things turned
out as he said, I would try and find
his father and mother.

As soon as supper was over the two
"professionals" again appeared. "I
hope you feel like trying a hand with
us now," said one.

I declined, but my friend, after be-
ing silent a moment, said, "I will play
with you now."

"Shall it be a three-handed game
then?" said the second "professional."
"Yes," answered my friend, "three
are enough," and rising, he accom-
panied the two into the cabin. "If
you'll relieve me of what money I have
as quickly as possible," he said, as they
seated themselves at a table directly
under one of the brilliant chandeliers,
"you will oblige me."

The game was soon over. It led to
others. Larger and larger sums were
staked. I noticed that my friend's
face was changing color. "Gentlemen,"
and he looked around at those who
stood near, and catching my eye, he
nodded to me; "I want you to notice
that this is my deal. I hope it will
be an honest deal, because it will be my
last. I'm going out of the business
now, and this is my last deal," and
meeting my look again, "Don't you for-
get it!"

So saying, he dealt the cards, and
they began to play. The two profes-
sionals seemed a little disturbed, I
thought, by what my friend had said,
and they played less confidently than
before. At length there was a pause,
and they laid down their next cards
with evident reluctance.

It seemed as if their opponent was
waiting like a poised bird to swoop
down on that pile, and as the second
card touched the table, his fell too, and
quickly covering the money with both
hands, he said, looking round again on
us who stood near,—

"That, gentlemen, was my deal, my
deal—my last deal, and I dealt fairly.
Can anyone here say I did not deal
fairly?"

"No," said one, a broad-shouldered,
heavy-faced man, and no one else re-
plied.

"It was a fair deal, and no one can
deny it. Now I'm going out of the
business."

"You remember what we were talk-
ing about this afternoon?" said he to
me. "If anything should happen—
don't fail to keep your promise. Re-
member it all—Afterward!"

Afterward! How like a shadow of
a darkened life seems that word!
Before I could command myself so as
to speak or move, he had left me and
gone hastily out forward.

The disease was upon him. It did
its work quickly. I will not describe
the scene. He had indeed gone "out
of the business"; but like too many
who make good resolutions only for the
future, his habits ruled even in the
final hour.

But afterward I went to his old
home. Afterward!

I met his mother. She was a serene
old woman. The father was quite
infirm. But I at once saw, from prints
and mottoes on the wall, and a well-
worn Bible on a little table, that they
were believing Christians; and again I
was surprised, that the keeper of a
gambling-place should have had such
parents as these. It could not be, I
thought, that they knew in what busi-
ness their son had been engaged, and it
was more than I could do to tell them.
If they did not know, I surely could
not tell them.

"You had a son in New Orleans?"
I first said a little doubtfully.

"Had! Had!" cried the mother.
"Oh, yes! yes, sir! Henry—Isn't he
there now?" and she awaited my an-
swer with a look that I cannot forget;
and the father, although he did not
speak, seemed to pierce me with his
eyes.

"He is not there now," I said. "I
met him, when he was coming home to
you—he and his little boy—but unfor-
tunately—and here I broke down.
Their looks were so full of agony I
could not go on."

"Q sir! O sir!" they both moaned,
and clutched my arms. "Oh, you
don't—don't—mean he is dead?"

"The cholera—I suppose you have
heard of the cholera—how it is raging
in New Orleans