

# THE ACADIAN

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### THE ACADIAN.

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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.

Fewer communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The same 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  
DAYTON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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Office Hours, 8.00 a. m. to 8.30 p. m.  
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Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.  
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### Churches.

**BAPTIST CHURCH.**—Rev. Hugh B. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; St. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. E. U. paper-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.45, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Visitors at the door to welcome strangers.

**MISSION HALL SERVICES.**—Sunday at 7.30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

**FREYTHORP CHURCH.**—Rev. P. M. McDonald, M. A., Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville. Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

**METHODIST CHURCH.**—Rev. J. E. Dennis, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the week-day services. At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

**BY JOHN'S CHURCH.**—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 11 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

**REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.**  
Robert W. Clark, Wardens.  
Geo. A. Pratt, Organist.

**St. FRANCIS (R.C.).**—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the fourth 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 7 o'clock p. m.  
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

**Temperance.**  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION, S. O. F., meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

**CRYSTAL Band of Hope** meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

**Foresters.**  
Court Blomfield, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 7.50 p. m.

### HEADQUARTERS

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### Blue Flame Oil Stoves,

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**THEY**

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### AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

Clear weather is always prayed for on "steamer day" at Nassau. If Nassau, like most other civilized places in the nineteenth century, had telegraph or even daily mail communication with the rest of the world, "steamer day" would not mean so much as it now does to its inhabitants and visitors.

The passengers land. Waiting friends rush forward to greet some; others walk through a row of curious faces on either side and up toward the hotel. Small native boys rush about and beguile them with all manner of requests: "Carry your bag, boss?" "Drive for you, boss?" "Does you want a boy, lady?"

By noon the excitement had moderated, and we strolled down to the wharf and pitched silver coins into the clear water thirty feet deep, to see small boys dive and bring them from the white sand bottom, where they lay clearly visible.

I strolled away from my companions, and, passing several small schooners laden with sponges, lying along the

island schooner could have followed London theatrical matters so closely, I gave her my unbiased opinion of the matter. She was then silent, and I, meanwhile, had an opportunity to study this Bahama curiosity.

She was about twenty-six years old, and was neatly dressed in an inexpensive light material. Her luxuriant hair, of a dark brown color, was tastefully arranged, and she wore a large-brimmed, but not unbecoming, straw hat, which had evidently seen better days. Although much burnt, I could see her skin was fair and her hands delicately formed. Her expression was one of demure sadness, and after my study I came to the conclusion that she was a more than ordinarily handsome woman, I decided to continue the conversation.

"May I come aboard?" I ventured to say.

"Certainly," was the reply. "John's gone out to the steamer and I'm being watch for him. I shall be glad to have you tell me the news. We get little except when we come to Nassau."

"Who is John?" I wondered, "and how much news can people get who only rely on Nassau for it?"

I stepped on board, however, and my fair hostess, excusing herself for a moment, stepped down into the cabin and returned a moment after with two small chairs, which she placed under a small awning which shaded half the cockpit.

She motioned for me to be seated, and I obeyed. There was silence for a moment after we sat down and then my hostess said, speaking very slowly and with evident effort:

"You must think it very strange that I spoke to you and have allowed you to talk to me, but I saw you were a gentleman, and I do grow so lonely and so anxious to see and talk with someone from the great world now and then. The ladies up at the hotel, if I go up there, I do not know, and I suppose I seem queer to them, for they look at me, and I haven't the courage to speak to them. John doesn't seem to care for anything but sponges and salt wrecks?"

"Sponges and salt wrecks?" I asked myself. "What manner of man may John be?"

"Yes," continued my hostess, "it's very lonely on Watlings. You see there are only 675 people on the whole island, and of these only about 300 are white, while I don't suppose there are forty I know. We're 160 miles from Nassau, and although I'm teasing John to bring me over there, he won't come but three times a year, unless there's a wreck."

"A wreck?" I asked.

"Yes," she went on nonchalantly, "we don't have much luck now a-days."

"We haven't had a good wreck since the big Spanish steamer went down on Eleuthera three years ago."

The situation dawned. My fair friend was the wife, daughter or sister of a Bahama wrecker—perhaps pirate.

"What's the matter? You seem disturbed."

I murmured in a rambling way something about wrecking being a pleasant occupation.

"Oh, I see," she laughed, and a wonderfully musical laugh it was, too. "You are shocked at John's being a wrecker. John doesn't really wreck ships. He merely helps to strip them when they are wrecked."

I felt relieved, but dire memories of childhood tales of false lights and murdered crews would come in my mind.

"And who is John?" I asked.

"Ah, John is the dearest, sweetest, noblest fellow living—that's John I'm sure you'd like him."

There's the loveliest white beach there, and the broad blue ocean stretches out and away before you as you look eastward. I make John go away, for John isn't romantic, you know, and then I sit down and close my eyes and I see the queer old-fashioned ships with their worn sails, their high sterns and the royal banners waving, tossing at anchor beyond the reef; I see the line of boats with flashing oars advancing; I see the dusky Indian forms standing at the edge of the wood, and just above where the surf breaks on the beach I see the old mariner kneeling under the banner of Spain, his sword uplifted and his eyes raised to heaven."

"Oh, it's a glorious picture, and I never tire of calling it forth. Life on Watlings, you see, has its compensations."

"As the woman told this story, she unconsciously acted it out, rose from her chair, and with flaming eyes and cheeks, a new and fair Columbus led a fancied band. I had grown deeply interested and I determined to know her history."

"Tell me about yourself," I said, "and how it comes that you, with your evident education and accomplishments, choose to live on a place so remote and lonely as Watlings Island."

She blushed a little, was silent a moment, and then in a low voice said:

"Well, I don't mind telling you. It's not a long story. I see I've given you a wrong impression, for, indeed, although it is lonely at times, I'm really very happy and I wouldn't change places with any woman. I am an English woman, and I was born near London. My father was a civil engineer in good circumstances, and with a twin sister I had every possible advantage of education. My mother died when I was about fifteen, and as we had no near relatives we were much with our father. We were near enough to London to run in an evening to the theatres and the opera, and we had a pleasant society of our own. We read much, sang and played a good deal, and rode continually."

"Ten years ago last autumn my father met with a sudden business reverse. He was offered a remunerative post in California, and decided to go there. A ship belonging to a friend of his was just about to sail for the Isthmus; we were offered a passage on her at a low rate, and in three days' time found ourselves at sea. I never tell you of the voyage. It was all new and strange to us, of course, and we two girls were the pets of the ship."

"I saw with relief my father, who had broken much under his losses, improve in health and spirits, and as we neared the tropics the glowing sunset skies were emblematic of our hopes of life in the new world."

"We had been out some thirty days when one afternoon as the sun set in a dark bank of clouds and the air was close and sultry, I noticed the captain looking anxious and heard him say something about the 'Bahama reefs' to the mate."

"That night a hurricane struck us, and for hours we were in what seemed a dull gray cavern of water and sky. The ship plunged madly before the gale, and with our father we sat in the cabin, clasped in each other's arms."

"The merran broke scarce less dark than the night. Suddenly the wind shifted and the ship righted and seemed to stand quivering like an over-driven horse. A few minutes passed when, with a wild roar, the storm was on us once more, and drove madly in another direction. There was a sudden crash, my father sprang, half dragging us toward the companionway. I saw a high wall of water rolling down upon us—it fell and all grew dark. I remember a sensation of sinking, of being whirled around, a dull, booming noise in my ears, and I opened my eyes to find myself lying on a sandy beach, two rough men looking down on me, while a third and younger one, kneeling beside me, was chafing my hands. Frightened, but too weak to scream, I feebly said:

"Where am I?"

"Oh Watlings Island, Miss," said the young man.

"Yes," said one of the older men, and a narrow squeak you had for it, too. If I hadn't thought it was mighty queer seaweed washing in over

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

### Marrahn and the Hen's Eggs.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

He was only four years old, and had not yet pulled on those little breeches in which, afterward, he strutted up and down like a young peacock, and vainly imagined that he made his eight-year-old half-sister green with envy. He was a loving little chap, and was suited first-rate when his aunt coddled him and fussed with his long silky hair; or his grandfather made him some sail-boats for a windmill on top of a tall sapling fixed at the end of the barn; or when he was logging wood for his mother; or tending his boisterous baby brother; or listening with breathless interest to those magic stories about the ugly boy who brained his brother with a club, the boasting giant, the three men who couldn't be burned alive, and the man the lions didn't want to eat. He used to dig dandelions for greens, and begged his father to make him a yoke to "break in" the little steer-calves. Once he tried to milk the little heifer-calf, but bossy was very modest and sidgeted a good deal, and finally, when he persisted in his attempt, her original indignation was aroused and she ran over him with her hind legs, knocking his pail and stool in all directions, and hurting his feelings to quite an extent. He heard the Silver-Spangled Fambree cackling in the hay-loft, and decided to rob her nest. At the risk of a broken head he climbed the rickety ladder into the loft and—it was like picking up gold—he found a nest with six beautiful eggs. He gathered them up into the "Trust of his dress as he had seen his mother put chips into her apron, and with one hand occupied with his treasure, started to back like a crab down the ladder. Then he saw an egg roll out, grabbed for it, lost his balance and fell tumbling and rolling to the floor. His body was not much hurt, but the accident led to his getting a bruise on his soul that was black and blue for ever thirty years. When his parents scraped up the bay and the eggs they decided from indignation that five eggs had been broken. He insisted that he had started down with six. He was their first boy to grow out of infancy, and their ideals of truthfulness were very high. They argued with him, persuaded, begged him to say he had started down the ladder with only five eggs; but his little righteous soul was up in arms. He persisted in his statement that six eggs had been broken. Then there was a sad scene. Don't blame the parents too severely. They believed in total natural depravity. They spanked their little struggling son, and spanked, and spanked, till finally, brained, defenceless, and in despair, he told his first lie. He repeated the story according to instructions. He said he broke five eggs only. Poor little Marrahn!

"I told the young wrecker, who had become my firm friend and companion, and whom I had taught to read, of my decision."

"Well, Miss," he said, "if you feel it is so, I suppose you're right, but I hate to think of losing you."

"This and his evident sorrow touched me, and made me think whether in the world to which I was returning I would find such simple, loyal devotion as had here been mine. When the day came for my departure all the inhabitants turned out to bid me farewell. A queen could not have had a more loyal leave-taking than the 'English Miss,' as they called me. The young wrecker went with me. He said he had business in Nassau. That night—a night so soft and sweet, it seemed as if storms had never brooded there, the Southern Cross blazing low on the horizon—the wrecker came to where I sat on the deck of the little schooner."

"Miss," he said, "I am nothing but a 'Conch,' a poor ignorant Bahama native, but I can't bear to have you go away. We all love you, and I more than all. I must tell you. You know our life is poor and rude, that we are far away from the world, but if you won't blame me for even daring to hope, Miss, you know I have the handsomest schooner of the Watlings fleet and the best cottage on the island."

I am sure I'd do my best to make you forget your troubles, Miss, and the sponge fishin' is better, and there's a good many wrecks yet, Miss—and I love you, Miss."

Here she stopped and checked herself and blushed.

"Of course you spoke kindly to him," I said, "and told him you were sorry, but he mustn't speak again—"

"Of course I didn't. You're like all men. What's the name of this schooner?"

"Lillian," I replied, wondering.

"Well, that's my name, and here," as a tall, broad-shouldered, roughly dressed young man appeared on the wharf, a bunch of roses in his hand, and eyed me curiously, "here's my wrecker and his name is John."

Smith—"Is your wife jealous of you?"

Denzon—"Jealous is no name for it. Why, on our wedding trip she would not even let me admire the scenery."

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Inheritance of Health.

There is, it is true, as great an equality in the inheritance of health as in the bequeathal of wealth or brains. Some are born with a fortune of vigor and soundness so large that not a lifetime of eager squandering will leave them poor, and others enter the world paupers of need so dire that no charity from medicine can ever raise them to comfort, but most of us have just that mediocre legacy of vitality which renders us undistinguishable units in the mass. It lies in the hands of each to improve or waste that property, as he chooses, for there are self-made men who, because of ancestral wastefulness, have only a sixpence of health and turn it into a fortune, and there are spendthrifts of health who come to as sorrowful a case as spendthrifts of gold. The body is the realm where a wise and frugal ruler brings happiness as surely as a foolish one brings distress, and wisdom here, as elsewhere, lies in learning and obeying natural laws.—North American Review.