

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1895.

Only 50 Cents per annum

The Acadian,

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

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IN ADVANCE.

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The Acadian Job Department is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
on all work turned out.

Newspapers from all parts
of the country, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
name of the party writing for the Ac. is
most invariably accompanying the com-
munications, although the same may be written
under 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.

Express west close at 10:30 A.M.
Express east close at 5:30 P.M.
Kentville close at 7:30 P.M.
Geo. V. Barr, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX

Open from 9 A.M. to 12 P.M. Closed on
Saturdays at 12 noon.
A. M. W. Buss, Agent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. B.
Dunn, Pastor—Services every Sabbath
at 10:30 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 1:30
P.M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30
P.M. and Thursday at 7:30 P.M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. H. Bar-
ge, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at
11:00 A.M. and 7:30 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. Duly,
P. P.—Mass 11:00 A.M. the last Sunday of
each month.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH (English)—Rev.
O. Burgess, Pastor—Services every Sun-
day at 7 P.M. Sunday School at 11 A.M.
Weekly Service on Thursday at 7 P.M.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, 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 the Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each
month at 8 o'clock P.M.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 5 or 7 meets
every Monday evening in their Hall,
Wimer's Block, at 1:30 o'clock.

ACADEMY LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets
every Saturday evening in Music Hall at
1:30 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
PAINTER.
English Point Block a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

P. A. BOYD Sept. 19th 1895

LIGHT BRAHMAS!
Matched for best results. Young
Birds for sale until March 15th—Eggs
after March 1st. Address
DR. BARSS.
Wolfville, 26th Feb. '95.

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

Select Poetry.

Ultima Veritas.

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt:

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right,
That it is not good to lie,
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy:

I know that passion needs
The leech of a sober mind:
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find:

That the rulers must obey,
That the givers shall increase,
That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace.

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out:
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt:

And fierce though the winds may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side:

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
Is a love that is better than fate—
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him, and I will wait.

Interesting Story.

Jeanie's Success.

Amid the buzzing and humming of
a hundred looms in a large cotton mill
on the banks of the Clyde stood Jeanie
Anderson, on a summer afternoon. A
bonny, blithe, blue-eyed lassie, with
bare feet and sleeves rolled above her
elbows, she sang cheerily over her
work as her watchful eyes followed the
flying shuttle, and an unflinching web of
cloth was slowly rolled away.

The long day's work was nearly
done; the heat was oppressive and the
smell of machinery stifling, and few of
the weavers were as absorbed as Jeanie.
Chattering with one another, or taking a
furtive breath of air at the window,
they thought of the breezes among the
hills and longed for the wearisome toil
to be ended.

Suddenly a diversion was caused
near the door by the entrance of a
short, thick-set lad, his face and clothes
smeared with oil and dirt.

"Bonny Charlie's now awa'," sang
Jeanie's clear bird-like voice; and she
did not look up to see the eager, listen-
ing faces, scarcely a dozen feet from
her, as some news of evident impor-
tance was told by the lad, who held
the swinging door in his hands while
he spoke and then hastened away.

A moment after, the iron tongue of
the great bell sounded the welcome
notes of release; speed was slackened,
and the noise of the hundred looms
died away.

"Jeanie, whar's Robert McFarlane
goin'?"

The refrain, "Should he no come
back again," was on Jeanie Anderson's
lips as she looked up from adjusting
her loom, surprised to find herself
surrounded by a dozen questioning
girls.

"Whar's he goin'?" she repeated.
"Aye," said Janet Ross. "He pit
in his notice the night. Sandy Bayne
tek us the noo."

A deep red flush burned on Jeanie's
cheek as she turned quickly away
from those curious looks.

"Ye can spear him yersels," she
says, in a low, hurt tone, so full of
dignity that her companions felt the
barrier with which she strove to screen
herself from their curiosity, and drew
back to question and wonder among
themselves, in their blithe Scotch fash-
ion, before they were fairly out of her
hearing.

Jeanie, knowing she was watched
and discussed, quickly put on her shoes
and stockings, pinned a tiny shawl
about her shoulders, and, drawing her

bat well over her face, slipped out,
down the great thronged stairway,—
relieved to feel the air on her flaming
face,—and hastened on till she left the
gate and the noisy crowd behind her,
and turned into a street by the water's
side which led toward her home.

"Jeanie, lassie, I can' nigh missin'
ye," said a clear, manly voice behind
her.

Jeanie did not look up, but quicken-
ed her steps still more. Robert Mc-
Farlane, walking by her side, his keen
eyes blazing with excitement and his
tall, athletic frame telling in each
impetuous movement of some repressed
emotion which touched his being to its
depths, seemed scarcely conscious that
the young girl turned her face from
his.

"I hae news for ye, Jeanie," he said,
eagerly.

She did not answer.
"I hae pit in my notice the night,"
he went on.

"That's na news to me, Mr McFar-
lane," she replied, now looking at
him defiantly. "It's the crack o' the
hill mill."

"Ah! dinna be offended, Jeanie,"
he said, pleadingly, recognizing at once
her anger and the cause of it. "Jamie
Dobson bruch me a letter frae Mr
Carmichael tae come to Edinburgh,
and I couldna' wait the man's man
tae pit in my notice. Ika day is
precious, lassie. Think o' the lang
years to come and all I hae to crowd
into them."

He clasped his hands tightly, as if
he would clutch already at those
coming years which were to bring so
much to him; then bent down and
poked into Jeanie's face. Tears were
in the honey blue eyes; the flush of
resentment had already faded, and
Robert was forgiven.

He had been her friend for seven
years, since she, a tiny lass of ten,
fatherless and motherless, had come
trampling one winter's morning to the
mill, to seek work to make her way
alone in the world. Robert McFarlane,
a strong, kindly lad of fifteen, had
helped the little orphan over many of
the rough spots in her hard life; and
in those seven years of friendship had
grown to a deeper feeling, till now
they looked forward to sharing life to-
gether some time. It still seemed a
long way off, for the young man had a
purpose first to be fulfilled.

Years ago, a faithful godly minister
had lived his simple, self-sacrificing
life in a romantic parish in the High-
lands, and, dying, had prayed his
widowed daughter's only son, then
an infant, might follow in his footsteps.

This prayer had been a solemn com-
mitment to Robert McFarlane. His
mother died while he was yet a little
lad, and he went into the mill with the
determination to earn enough to edu-
cate himself for the ministry.

To the lowly, God-fearing Scotch
the sacred profession of minister is
invested with solemn awe and rever-
ence, and young Robert kept his life
stainless and true, feeding himself over-
shadowed by the sacredness of that to
which his grandfather had dedicated
him. He had taken a winter occa-
sionally to attend school, and all his
spare time was spent in study.

His little board of nooey grew
year by year, till it was nearly enough
for the cherished purpose: and then
came a terrible trial. The bank in
which it was deposited failed, and for
a few days it seemed to Robert McFar-
lane as if the solid earth had failed
from under him.

Then came sweet Jeanie Anderson,
pleading to her friend to take her little
more, saved also for years. She had
meant it should help him some time,
and she had no one to provide for but
herself. Her grateful love would take
no refusal; and after much importun-
ity, the proud young man accepted it
as a loan, feeling that it would be in-
justice to Jeanie to refuse, and so put

of for many more years the time when
he could provide for her altogether.

This was two years before the sum-
mer day when Robert McFarlane "pit
in his notice." He had purposed to
go to Edinburgh the coming autumn
and pass his examinations for college;
but Mr Carmichael—a wealthy gentle-
man who had become interested in him
—now invited him to come at once
and share three months' tutoring with
his son before the college opened.

What a wonderful opening it seemed
to the young man, so full of eager long-
ing to set out upon his life's work!
This was the news he had for Jeanie
Anderson. All the rest—his hopes
and purposes—she had known so many
years that they were a part of her life
as well as his.

So they walked along together and
talked cheerily, though the shadow of
the coming separation was over both,
until they parted at Mrs McPhee's
cottage, where Jeanie had her humble
lodging and shared a little attic-room
with Mrs McPhee's lame daughter,
"limpin' Kirsty," as she was called.

Six weeks later, early one damp,
drizzling morning, Jeanie Anderson,
wrapped in her plaid, was hastening to
the post to mail a letter before mill
hours. Kirsty McPhee had written it
for her the evening before; and her
fair flowing hand was considered quite
marvellous among her companions, to
many of whom the art of penmanship
was far more difficult than weaving.

Though Jeanie could read fairly
well, she had little practice in writing
in her busy mill-life, and Kirsty could
do in an hour what would cost her
many evenings of labor. There was
nothing to write except that she was
well and glad Robert was getting on so
finely, and a few bits of Rutherglen
gossip.

She never thought of putting in her
letters anything Kirsty or anyone else
might not know; so she had no feeling
but that of pride that Robert should
get such a finely-written letter, as she
took a last look at it before dropping
it into the post.

"Jeanie Anderson," said a voice at
her elbow, "that's limpin' Kirsty's
writin'." A gran' minister's leddy ye'll
be when ye canna even write yer ain
letters. Robert McFarlane'll no want
ye when he gets his head fa' o' learnin'
and fine ways in Edinburgh."

Jeanie dropped her letter. The bell
was ringing, and without answering
the unkindly words, she walked quickly
away and was soon at her looms.

"Why are ye no singin' the day?"
asked her neighbor; but Jeanie only
shook her head. A heavy load rested
upon her heart; her brain was whirling
between the glancing shuttles; bit-
ter, despairing thoughts were woven
into the fair fabric beneath her fingers.

In one moment a revelation had
come to her, as such things often do;
every hour it became clearer; the
clanking machinery sounded it, the
bells rang it, and the busy looms
humbled it to her. She had been
quite content to live and work for
Robert, thinking only of his advance-
ment and rejoicing in his opportunities.

Thoughts of herself as his wife had
been so vague and far away that her
simple mind had really never grasped
the fact in all its bearings.

He, too, had seemed content with
her; but now, with clear vision, she
saw the years bringing to him more
knowledge, culture, and contact with
refined people, while she went on just
being an ignorant mill-girl, with stained
fingers and untutored mind.

She could not have put these
thoughts into words. She only said
over and over to herself, "I'm no fit for
him," and in her brave heart grew the
thought of noble renunciation. She
knew it would come to that when she
could gather strength and courage for
it. She would not hinder Robert in
his grand career, as such a life of hers

must hinder him.

So the weary day closed in and
night came. Kirsty McPhee slept
soundly on her hard bed, while Jeanie
Anderson knelt by the little window
and looked out into the night. It
seemed very strange now that she
should have been so blind all these
years. Perhaps in a few days she
would be able to spill out her own
little private letter to Robert McFar-
lane, which would give him the free-
dom that would be best for him.

Sleep came at last as she rested her
head on the window-sill, and her last
conscious thought was of Miss Agnes
Carmichael, who had been so kind to
Robert.

In the cold, gray twilight, between
the waking and sleeping, an angel
came and whispered to Jeanie Ander-
son; so she said herself in after years.

How much of this was due to her
own great longing, Jeanie never knew.
She took it as coming from above, as
all good gifts do. At night, when she
and Kirsty were all alone, she put the
great throbbing pulse of her heart
into these simple words:

"Kirsty, I'm no' quite satisfied wi'
mysel'; I want to learn some things.
Ithera has done it, and my writin's
verra bad."

"I'll learn ye," said Kirsty, condo-
lently.

"Ye'll no' learn me," replied Jeanie,
bluntly, but not ungraciously; and
she said no more then of her plans to
Kirsty, though they had already taken
definite shape in her mind.

In one of the finest houses in Ruth-
erglen Mrs Philagry kept a fashionable
school for young ladies. At the door
of this august and aristocratic person-
age beheld little Jeanie Anderson, in
her best attire, on the half-holiday
afternoon of the following Saturday.
She had an instinctive sense that
Kirsty, clever as she was, could not
give her all she wanted; and she had
planned everything very clearly in her
own mind.

What her board and lodging cost,
and what she meant to send monthly
to Robert, taken from her good wages,
would leave a fair sum for her purposes;
and she could go without new clothes
and ribbons.

So, when the grand Mrs Philagry,
in her silks and laces, swept down up-
on her, she modestly asked if there
was an evening class she could attend,
as her days were spent at the mill, and
she was "verra backward at the learn-
ing" and "couldna writ."

Mrs Philagry could not look down
into Jeanie's honest heart and see that
her simple desire was to get the best.
If she had, she would not have believ-
ed it.

"We draw the line a long way above
mill-girls," she said, coldly; and then,
with cruel words about impudence and
the folly of aspiring above one's station,
she closed her stately door upon Jeanie,
who, with her hopes crushed, her heart
aching, and tears rolling down her
cheeks, walked on, she scarcely knew
whither, till she found herself in a
quiet street where there were few houses,
and those with gardens and hedges
about them.

Suddenly a little tame golden canary
bird flew over the hedge at her side,
and hopped at her feet. She stooped
and took the tiny creature in her hand.
Some one was robbing aloud in the
garden; and, after listening for a mo-
ment, Jeanie turned and went in at
the gate. She saw a little cottage
covered with vines, a quaint, old-fash-
ioned garden, and two ladies in a rustic
arbor; one rather elderly, in an in-
valid's chair, and the other, somewhat
younger, reading aloud.

The reader lifted her eyes with a
gentle smile, conscious of a presence,
though Jeanie's light footfall made no
sound on the grassy walk.

"I hae found the bit heartie," said
Jeanie. "He hopped over the hedge
till me."

Concluded next week.