

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1888.

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Vol. VII.

THE ACADIAN.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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on all work turned out.

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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 9:30
a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30
p. m. and Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Methodist Church.—Rev. Fredk.
Frizgens, 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 7:00 p. m.

St. John's Church. (Episcopal)
Services on Sunday next, in the morning
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at 8 a. m.

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J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall,
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ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets
every Saturday evening in Music Hall
at 7:30 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

—OR—
Every Description

DONE WITH
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND

PUNCTUALITY.

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered
Percheron Horses and
French Coach Horses,
Bred and Sold by
James & Joseph Cook,
Farm, near Wolfville,
N. S. For particulars
very large stock of horses to
be sold, see description
on page 10, or apply to
James & Joseph Cook,
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DIRECTORY

OF THE
Business Firms of

WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use
your right, and we can safely recommend
them as our most enterprising business
men.

DORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnish-
ing Goods.

DORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages
and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

DISHOP, E. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils,
Color Room Paper, Hardware, Crock-
ery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

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Rakes, &c., &c. N. B. Potatoes supplied
in any quantity, barreled or by the car
or vessel load.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker
and Repairer.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Home-Shoer
and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY.—Dry
Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

DAVISON, J. R.—Justice of the Peace,
Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Pub-
lishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent,
Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life
Association, of New York.

GOFFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of
Boots and Shoes.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods
Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and
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er. Coal always on hand.

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Maker. All orders in his line faithfully
performed. Repairing neatly done.

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er.

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Repairer.

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Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

REIDEN, 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.

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 Tolac-
conist.

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

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.

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CHILDREN LIKE IT!
Because it is so pleasant to take.

IT CURES

LIVER COMPLAINT,
BILIOUS DISORDERS,
Acid Stomach, Dyspepsia,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
CONSTIPATION OR CONSTRICTED

PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

Watches, Clocks,

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REPAIRED!

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J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.

COUGHS, COLDS,

Croup and Consumption

CURED BY

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM.

25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

Select Poetry.

LITTLE WE KNOW OF EACH OTHER.

How little we know of each other,
We pass through the journey of life,
With its struggles, its fears and tempta-
tions,
Its heart-breaking cares and its strife,
We see things alone on the surface,
For few of us glory in sin;
And an untried face is no index
Of fires that rage wildly within.

How little we know of each other,
The men who walk quietly by,
With wealth and with honor and title,
And holds his head proudly on high,
Of their dread secrets within him
That render existence a curse;
Dread secrets that war his soul over,
Of crime, or misfortune, or worse.

How little we know of each other,
The woman of fashion who sneers
At her sister whom fate has abandoned
To poverty, misery, tears,
May prove ere the sun rises tomorrow
More deeply immersed in disgrace,
And the saddest sneer at in another,
Be pictured upon her own face.

How little we know of each other,
Of our own hearts how little we know;
We are all feeble under temptation,
Be our station in life high or low,
Ah! then let sweet charity rule us,
And help one another to win
The crown that awaits those who strive
For Avoidance of shame and of sin.

Interesting Story.

The Old Acadian Days.

A STORY OF LIFE ON THE BASIN
OF MINAS.

James Hannay in Christmas Hx. Herald.

In the old Acadian days in the
early years of the nineteenth century
the Basin of Minas began to be the
seat of settlements which fifty years
later had grown to be the most wealthy
and prosperous in the whole land.

The largest of these were on the Gas-
preau, the Canard, and the Pissiquid,
but better known as the Avon; but
there were also considerable settle-
ments on the north shore of the Basin,
although the marshland there was not
of such good quality as that of the
rivers named. Still it was there per-
haps that Acadian life could be seen at
its best, for as the richer settlements
grew populous they were infested with
some of the evils which attach to vil-
lage life the world over, so that the old
men and women who remembered as
boys and girls LaHave and Port
Royal in the days of Charnissey were
accustomed to bewail the good old
times.

Acadia, at this period, was infested
by pirates who periodically levied
black mail on the unfortunate inhabi-
tants that resided on the coast.
Swarms of vagabonds, both French
and English, prowled along the shore,
robbing the people of their cattle and
goods. Sometimes they came in the
guise of fishermen, sometimes as trad-
ers, but whatever their ostensible
errand they were always prepared to
rob and even to murder, if assassina-
tions became necessary to the accom-
plishment of their purpose. It was in
vain that the Government of France
kept one or more warships always
cruising in the Bay of Fundy; no
vigilance could prevent the incursions
of the pirates, and although occasion-
ally one was captured the business still
continued to flourish.

Perhaps this was partly due to the
fact that the expeditions sent by the
people of New England against Acadia
were conducted in so piratical a man-
ner that the real criminals might boast
that they were more humane than
their legalized imitators.

Old Captain Church, who by the
help of mendacious historians has been
able to pass as quite a hero in King
Philip's war, because he cut off the
head of a dead man, was one of the
worst scavengers of the Acadians in
his time. In 1696 he ravaged and
plundered the settlements at the head
of Chignecto Bay. In 1704 he re-
peated his Chignecto performance and
supplemented it by plundering and
destroying the French settlements in
the Basin of Minas.

Among the minor Acadian commu-
nities of that day was a little settle-
ment on the marsh-lands of what is now
known as Diligent River, but which
formerly was named the Gascoigne.
Jean Doucet village, as it was called,
consisted of but four houses, and the
whole community did not number
more than twenty-five souls. These
people were almost totally isolated from

their compatriots about the Basin of
Minas. The deep and rapid waters
of the Gut flowed between them and
the people who lived on the south side
of the Basin and their nearest neigh-
bors were the settlers in the marsh-
lands of Partridge Island river who
were not more numerous than them-
selves. The sites of these old Acadian
homes on the Gascoigne are still marked
by indentations in the upland, show-
ing where the cellars once were, and
the stranger who views them may pon-
der over the broken hearth-stone,
around which there once gathered men
and women and children who have long
since passed to the spirit land. If
pure and simple lives give any assur-
ance of happiness, surely these people
were happy and content.

Among the persons who took part in
Church's expedition in 1704 was a
Massachusetts man who had many
aliases, but who was known to his
companions as Jim Lyon. He had
been captain of a small privateer craft
which Captain Boaventura of the
French warship on the coast had
driven ashore and destroyed at St.
Mary's Bay. Lyon and two or three
of his men escaped, and after being
nearly starved to death in the woods
succeeded in getting on board a New
England fishing vessel, but he reached
Boston in so poor a plight that he
had no resources but to enlist with
Church.

When Church had done his worst
to the settlements at Grand Pre, he
ran down the Gut and anchored his
vessel off the mouth of the Gascoigne
river. The fleet wanted water, and
there was no place on the coast where
it was to be had in such abundance
or of such good quality as there.
Every vessel soon had its water-tanks
on shore and the work of taking in a
supply went on rapidly.

Jean Doucet village was about a
mile and a half from the mouth of
the river and concealed from the sea
by a point of land. It was fortunate
for its inhabitants at that time that
Church was not aware that there was
any settlement in the Gascoigne or it
would surely have shared the fate of
Grand Pre where the dikes were cut
and the cattle wantonly killed. Thus
it happened that the people of Jean
Doucet village were not molested and
when Church had taken in water his
fleet set sail for Boston.

But one man was left behind at the
Gascoigne whose presence there could
well have been spared. This was
Lyon, who having no inclination to
work at getting water, had spent his
time on shore in ranging the woods.
He discovered the French village, but
kept his knowledge to himself, for
being weary of the discipline of Church
he had made up his mind to desert
before the vessel sailed. And so
while they were going down the bay
with a fair wind and a fine fast tide
Lyon was standing on the shore watch-
ing their fast-disappearing sails.

When they were fairly out of sight
he made his way to the village and
represented himself as a shipwrecked
sailor, was received with all kindness
and hospitality. One of Lyon's ac-
complishments in which he prided
himself greatly was his knowledge of
French, which he had acquired while
a prisoner in France. Being a pleas-
urable person, with a great fund of ac-
cidents and a pretty fair acquaintance
with the outside world, he was able to
make his company very acceptable to
the simple fishermen of Jean Doucet
village. He told them such mar-
velous stories of France and Spain and
England, and especially of the glories
of the court of Louis XIV., that they
were filled with delight. Although
Lyon had never been inside a place of
worship in his life except to steal, he
pretended to be a very devout Catholic,
and this pleased them still better.

Jean Doucet, the founder of the
village which bore his name, had three
sons, the father of a large family, only
two of which were living at home when
Lyon made his appearance, all three
others having married and gone to
settle in the other settlements. The
children remaining with him were two
grown-up sons, Paul and Joseph, and
a daughter of eighteen named Marie.
Of all Jean's children Marie was the
best beloved. She was the one who
most resembled him of the wife of his
youth, now dead for many years, and

he believed and hoped that she would
become the comfort and stay of his old
age. Marie was beautiful although al-
most wholly unconscious of the fact.
Her simple rustic life had given a
vigor to her frame and a bloom to her
cheek for which the pent-up residents
of the town may sigh in vain. Her
features were straight and regular, her
complexion brown like her eyes and
hair, her figure perfect in its symmetry.
Lyon looked at her, and for the first
time in his life became filled with a
passion which in a pure and honest
man would have been called love.

Lyon was not a bashful man, and he
was by no means backward in giving
such indications of his feelings towards
Marie as could not have been mistaken
by a young woman accustomed to the
ways of the world. But Marie was of
a simple Acadian peasant, whose horizon
had been bounded by the limits of the
Minas settlements, and who had never
been told that all men and women are
not as good and honest as they seem to
be. She regarded Lyon with a
friendly interest, and in this way he
was encouraged to prosecute his suit
and declare his attachment to her.
Then at once a great light dawned on
Marie, and her maidenly reserve and
modesty came to her aid. She already
loved another. Jean Richard, a peasant
as simple as herself, had won her
affections, and they were to be married
on Christmas-eve by Father St Cosme,
who was to come to Jean Doucet vil-
lage for that purpose. All this was told
to Lyon, and had been a man posses-
sed of the ordinary feelings of hu-
manity there the matter would have
ended. But he had become so much
intent on winning Marie that he resolved
to possess her at any risk, and the
unfortunate Jean Richard became the
object of his violent hatred.

Lyon was now waiting with impa-
tience to make his escape from Jean
Doucet village, but before he went he
repaid his host for his kindness and his
hospitality by robbing him. The
Acadian peasants had no banks in
which to deposit their money on inter-
est, they were obliged to resort to the
primitive practice of burying it in the
earth. The place of deposit was fre-
quently under the hearthstone or in the
flat stone which the Acadians were in
the habit of placing outside of the
house for a doorstep. In some way
Lyon discovered that Jean Doucet's
money was hidden under the doorstep,
and rising stealthily in the night he
removed the stone and got at the ear-
thy vessel that contained it. Next day
Lyon was missing from the little set-
tlement. He had made his way from
the coast to Greville Bay and there got
on board an English fishing vessel in
which he was taken to Boston.

The money which Lyon had stolen
from Jean Doucet, amounting to a
considerable sum in gold, enabled him
to purchase and fit out a larger vessel
than he had before possessed. His
design was to steal Marie from her
people and then proceed to rob Jean
Doucet village and all the other French
settlements on the north side of the
Basin of Minas which had hitherto
escaped the ravages of Church. It
was a plan which promised abundance
of plunder in sheep, cattle and money,
besides the gratification of lust and
revenge. Lyon collected in Boston
twenty piratical ruffians as lawless as
himself, fitted his craft with a couple
of cannon, stowed as much gunpowder
in her hold as he had money to pur-
chase, and set sail for Acadia.

It was the 16th of December when
Lyon's vessel, which he had named the
Osprey, arrived off the mouth of the
Gascoigne river. The season was one
of the most open ever known in Acadia,
for no snow had fallen that autumn,
nor did any fall till the year was ended.
A sail boat was seen coming down the
Gut and the *Osprey* proceeded it. A
man, the only person on board the boat,
was taken on board. Lyon at once
recognized him as his hated rival, Jean
Richard, and rowled on him after a
fashion which boded little good to the
Acadian peasant. He would have
hanged Richard promptly only that
he hoped to make him the victim of a
more exquisite revenge. Richard was
just returning from Grand Pre, where
he had been to bring over Father St.
Cosme to marry him to Marie. The
priest had been unable to come at that
time, but promised to be on hand in

good season for the ceremony on Christ-
mas-eve.

Richard was a good specimen of the
Acadian peasant, strong, sinewy and
active and better educated than most
of them. He was a man of resolution
too, and although he saw himself in the
power of Lyon and felt certain that some-
thing was intended against Jean
Doucet village, he was bold enough to
return the pirate's scowl with a look
of defiance.

On the following day about an hour
before high water Lyon got his largest
boat out and with ten armed men
rowed up the river to the village. As
a permit was expected the *Osprey* was
ordered to stand in and off under sail
in order to fish up the boat when she
came in sight. Everything had been
well planned. The men of the little
settlement were cutting wood on the
edge of the clearing and the women were
engaged in their household duties.
The approach of the boat was not no-
ticed by anyone. The first intimation
of the presence of an enemy was a loud
piercing scream for help which came
from the vicinity of Jean Doucet's
cottage. It was the voice of Marie
who had been seized by four hardy
ruffians almost at her own door and was
being hurried, despite her struggles,
down to the boat. In a moment the
settlement was in commotion, the men
rushed towards their houses for their
arms, and Jean Doucet, his white air
streaming in the wind and almost di-
stracted with grief, was pursuing the
pirates who were carrying his daughter
away. He was soon joined by about a
dozen men and grown-up boys and a
rush was made for the boat.

By this time Marie had been put on
board Lyon's boat and was being rapid-
ly rowed away. Jean Doucet and his
neighbors were speedily in pursuit in
two boats which were moored under the
bank. The pirates had nearly a
quarter of a mile of a start, but the
French boats were lighter and they
were rowed by men who put into their
work all the energy of revenge. One
of the fairest daughters of Acadia was
being stoned away by lawless ruffians
and they would have been less than
men had there been any slackness then.
They began to gain on the pirates and
by the time the mouth of the river was
reached were within two hundred
yards of their boat. Hope and despair
alternately held sway in the father's
breast as he beheld them draw up to
the *Osprey*'s boat.

By this time the *Osprey* was close by
and was lying low to ready to bear
away the moment the boat touched her
side. A gun was run out and loaded
and in a moment a cannon ball came
skipping over the water so close to the
foremost boat in which the father was,
that the water from it splashed his face.
Before the cannon could be loaded
again Lyon's boat was alongside the
Osprey and the unhappy father saw
Marie lifted on deck and all hope of
rescuing her gone. A breeze from the
north filled the *Osprey*'s sails and
gathering greater headway every mo-
ment she stood out into the Gut.

Five minutes passed and the boat-
men now fully half a mile behind the
vessel, but still the men rowed on
doggedly and it seemed mechanically,
for to catch her was impossible. Soud-
denly they were started by a noise
louder than thunder and as they lay on
their oars saw with amazement and
terror the fragments of the pirate craft
flying high in the air; with a dull roar
the broken pieces of the vessel fell back
into the water on every side of them
and nothing was left of the *Osprey* but
a mass of wreckage which floated on
the heaving tide and the corsair had
perished with all her villainous crew.
But Marie, the old man's beautiful
daughter, and her brave lover had
perished also. The bereaved father
was broken-hearted with grief. He
and his neighbors spent some hours by
the wreckage searching for Marie's
body, but not a body was to be seen.

On the morning of the day before
Christmas Jean Doucet and his two
unmarried sons, Paul and Joseph, were
at the mouth of the river as the tide
was coming in and observed some thing
floating on the swift current; a second
glance showed that it was a body, and
as it sped up the river with the tide
they followed it with their boat. A
they drew near it they saw that they
were two bodies which they recognized

as those of Marie and her lover. The
bereaved old man wept bitterly as he
gazed on the dead pair that were to
have been made one that day, but he
was grateful also, for they were still
united in death, and they would at
least have Christian burial. Marie's
face was placid and beautiful and un-
touched by decay. The color seemed to
be still on her lips and cheek. She
was clasped in the strong arms of her
lover who held on to her with the cold,
unyielding grasp of death.

There was no marriage for Father St
Cosme to celebrate that Christmas-eve,
but on Christmas day he had to officiate
at a sadder ceremony, the funeral of
the two lovers. They were buried to-
gether, and although their place of
burial is unknown the kind earth holds
them secure and will yield them up
when the great day has come in which
all graves are to be opened.

How the *Osprey* was blown up can
of course never be known, but the gen-
erally accepted theory is that Jean
Richard seized the lighted match at the
gun, threw it into an open barrel
of gunpowder in the hold, caught Marie
in his arms and jumped overboard.
The tides of nearly two hundred years
have ebbed and flowed over the place
where Marie and her lover perished,
but on many a dark night a mysterious
light is seen floating on the tide
towards the mouth of the river. It is
pale and weird like as the glance of the
moon's beams in the water and no
living man has seen the torch-bearing
But when this light is observed the
people sadly say, "It is the spirit of
Marie watching the waters for the
corpse of a drowned sailor that is count-
ing in with the tide."

No preparation has ever been discov-
ered that will so promptly and effectual-
ly remove all pain, lameness, etc., as
Seavey's East India Liniment. 25

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of
Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a
sense of General Weakness and Loss of
Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most
effective for giving tone and strength
to the enfeebled system, promoting the
digestion and assimilation of food, restor-
ing the nervous forces to their normal
condition, and for purifying, enriching,
and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail.
I was troubled with a distressing Cough,
Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervous-
ness. I tried various remedies prescribed
by different physicians, but became so
weak that I could not go up stairs with-
out stopping to rest. My friends recom-
mended me to try Ay