

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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## THE ACADIAN.

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DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editor & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:  
Sundays, Morning and Evening at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. respectively.  
Sundays and 4th of July, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. respectively.  
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St. GEORGE'S LUTHERAN P. A. M. meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 P. M.  
J. B. Davison, Secretary.

**Editorial.**  
"CORPUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock P. M.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or 7 meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

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IS SUPPLIED WITH  
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**JOB PRINTING**  
—OF—  
Every Description  
DONE WITH  
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND  
PUNCTUALITY.

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**Business Firms of**  
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## Select Poetry.

A SINGULAR SONG.

A specimen of alliterative prose, from "Songs of Singularity."

My Madeline! My Madeline!  
Mark my melodious midnight moans;  
Much may my melting music mean,  
My modulated monotonous.

My mandolin mild, minstrelsy,  
My mental music mazzine,  
My mouth, my mind, my memory,  
Must mingle murmur "Madeline."

Master mid midnight masquerades,  
Mark Moorish maidens, matrons' mien,  
My mad Madeline's most majestic mad's,  
Match me my matchless Madeline.

Madeline's maddest mad may make  
Much mad melody music mine;  
My maddest mad may make  
My maddest maddest mad mine.

My Madeline's most maddest mad  
Much mad melody music mine;  
My maddest mad may make  
My maddest maddest mad mine.

Match-making mad may make  
Mad melody music mine;  
My maddest mad may make  
My maddest maddest mad mine.

Mad melody music mine,  
My maddest mad may make  
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"Well, you don't look over and above strength. You'd better let that wood alone till you get some victuals 'd wu."

"I'd rather keep on," was the only answer; and the work proceeded with no further interruption. All Ethel, the three year-old pet of the family, came trotting around the corner of the house to announce in her baby fashion that the "breakfast" was ready.

"Come right in, come right in. You've earned a good meal of victuals; and farmer Granger led the way, with his little girl perched upon his shoulder.

The lad silently took the place assigned him at one end of the square table opposite Ethel and her father, while Mrs Granger and a happy-faced old lady occupied seats on either side.

The first supply of boiled ham and baked potatoes had disappeared from the boy's plate, and the second instalment was vanished bit by bit, when Mrs Granger discovered that he had no butter.

"No ma'am; I don't care for it—this bread is good enough without any," was the reply when the plate was passed.

Mrs Granger received this complaint with a pleased smile, and an extra large doughnut immediately found its way to accompany the butterless bread.

"I'd like to work awhile longer to pay for that breakfast," remarked the boy, as he followed the farmer through the wood-house, "I haven't tasted anything so good in a long time, and the saw was taken up without permission.

"Well, if you're a mind to cut and pile up a spell, you can stay and get your dinner. We always mean to have good victuals and a plenty of 'em here."

"Now, where are you bound for?" questioned the farmer as the lad picked up his bundle after dinner and seemed ready to take his parture.

"I don't know, sir," he replied digging his bare toes in the dirt. "I s'pose I'll stop anywhere I can get work."

"What's the matter with this place?" "That wood's to cut, and it'll take three or four days, the least calculation, I'll agree to give you enough to eat and a comfortable bed. Maybe by that time you'll want to run home again."

The boy's eyes flashed, but he set his lips firmly together and made no answer for a minute, then he said:

"You are very kind, sir—I will stay if you will let me."

"Solomon Granger, you're crazy!" exclaimed the nervous little woman, when her husband related the foregoing conversation. "The idea of having that boy in the house all night! I shan't sleep a single wink. Likely as not he'll kill us all before morning and make off with everything there is here."

"Oh, no, I guess he's all right," was the farmer's rejoinder, while a sweet voice came from over the knitting.

"I never saw a boy with such a face that had anything in him but good and honest blood. Depend upon it, Lowry, there ain't nothing wrong about that boy."

Two days passed. The lad kept faithfully at his work, saying nothing and revealing nothing in regard to himself. The farmer's wife, meanwhile worried and fretted, turned a dozen keys at night, and was surprised when morning came to find everything untouched.

"What are you going to do about going to church?" she asked, anxiously, on Sunday morning. "There's that boy!"

"There's room enough in the wagon," responded her husband, seriously. "I know—but 'tain't a bit likely he'll let me go. And I don't dare to leave him home; there's no telling what he'll do."

"Who are they—your father and mother?"

"I haven't any, sir."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"Not one," was the curt reply.

The farmer looked sharply at the boy from under his broad-rimmed hat, as the saw piced to and fro, and doubtless would have pushed his enquiries still further had not the impatient jangling of Whitney and Doll reminded him that it was milking time.

the town two miles away.

"Let me see," began Grandma, when the last load of neighbors had passed the gate, "your name's Jasper, ain't it?"

"Jasper, ma'am."

"Yes. Well, can you read?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, s'posin' you read out loud to me a spell." And a little old book was brought from the great chest in the corner, entitled "Tales of a Grandmother."

So the boy read, and grandma, folding her wrinkled hands—hands that were always busy on other days—leaned back with a look of contentment on her sweet old face, thinking to herself, "As if I'd be afeared o' that boy!"

"You must ha' been to school considerable," was the comment when the first chapter was ended.

"I never went," was the response.

"Never! Who learned you to read, then?"

"Mother."

The boy seemed reluctant to engage in conversation, and hastened to begin the second chapter. Some time passed, till at length, the one audibly falling to sleep, the story was continued in silence.

Grandma's nap was brought to a sudden close by a loud rap on the outer door.

Two men stood on the doorstep, ill-looking fellows, and very dirty in appearance.

"Can you give us something to eat?" asked one.

"Sartin, sartin: come right in and sit down," said the old lady, bustling off to the pantry. "What do you like best, apple pie or custard?" And soon a bountiful repast was spread upon the table, and the good things vanished without ceremony.

The boy eyed the two sharply, while grandma, after receiving somewhat crusty answers to her few kindly questions, sat placidly rocking. The eyes of the two men moved searchingly about the room. Finally one asked:

"Folks here to church?"

"La, yes," replied the old lady innocently. "Our folks never stay at home for nothin'."

The speaker threw a quick glance toward his companion, and the other nodded. Neither movement escaped the watchful eyes in the corner.

A moment after the boy left his seat, sauntered across the room and stopped by the window to look up the road and then going through the little hall which led out of the kitchen, he called from the foot of the stairs:

"Dave! Dave! you sleep up there?"

"What do you want?" sounded a gruff voice from the stairway.

"Come down, can't you, and bring along Tige and Fritz! Don't go to sleep again."

Grandma heard this in mingled amazement and alarm. Could the boy be in league with those two men, and another be in waiting upstairs?

As in confirmation of her fears a low growl was sounded from the room overhead. Then came a sharp yelp, followed by little whines of impatience, and with a careless, "Hurry up, Dave," the lad walked leisurely back to the kitchen. As he reached the door, grandma, overwhelmed with consternation, made a desperate rush for the bedroom beyond, locking the door behind.

The men neared the outer door.

"Got some dogs up there, have ye?" said one of them, with a disagreeable sneer.

"You heard 'em, didn't you?" was the careless rejoinder.

"Come on, Jim," addressed his companion, "We might as well clear; our game's up."

"Don't be a fool," was the sad reply in an undertone. "Who's afraid o' pups?"

"Yer dogs aint fierce, be they, youngster?"

Fritz aint over and above friendly to strangers," replied the boy coolly; "and if I were you I wouldn't be round here when Tige comes out for a sun."

Then in a louder tone,—

"Dave, aint you coming? But don't let Tige get loose till these men get away."

At this the men moved off, cursing farmer's questions, "is because I was afraid you'd send me back. It might as well come out though—I have run

advise you to put a good piece o' ground between you and Tige," closed the door, softly sliding the bolt.

Then going to the room where grandma lay crouched upon the bed, scarcely daring to stir, he called through the keyhole:

"They're gone. You can come out now."

"The dogs?" gasped a faint voice.

"There aint any," he answered softly.

"Open the door and I'll tell you."

The bolt was cautiously withdrawn and the old lady's face appeared, white and terrified.

"Come and sit down," said the boy tenderly. "I am sorry I frightened you so. I was afraid it would, but I couldn't help it."

"I won't stir a single step," said grandma, stoutly. "What do you mean by all this? You can't fool me! I heard the dogs, and men too."

A low, pleasant laugh sounded through the room.

"Twas only me, grandma. I saw those men meant mischief, and I knew something had to be done pretty quick; so I made them believe there was somebody up there."

"But the dogs," cried the old lady, bewildered. "Where are the dogs?"

"I made 'em bark—listen."

And then came from the throat of the little ventriloquist such a torrent of growls, whines, and yelps, interspersed with "Down, Tige!" and "Be still, Fritz!" that the door was swung open and grandma leaned against the wall, exclaiming:

"Well, I never in all my life! If you don't bust all the boys I ever did see! And there I s'posed you was comin' with them critters, and I was so scared I was just as weak as a rag."

A while after this fright at the farmhouse old Billy with his load of three was plodding along peacefully over the brow of the little hill a quarter of a mile from home, when suddenly Mrs Granger's voice, wild with terror, rang sharply on the still air:

"The house is a-fire!" she screamed. "And grandma! O, Solomon, if grandma's killed I'll never forgive myself, never. Why did we leave that boy? Oh, run the horse, Solomon, run the horse!"

"Nonsense," said the easy-going farmer. Nevertheless he whipped up old Billy, and anxiously scanned the corner of the roof that was just visible behind the trees where the smoke was curling up gray and thick.

A dozen or more pails of water had done their work, however, and only wet, soaked timbers, and a blackened pile of rubbish met the farmer's eye when he sprang from the wagon and alighted at the side of the breathless little worker.

The sight of the house and barn unharmed and grandma standing in the doorway, alive and well, put all fears to flight in an instant. But there was a story to relate, and the boy stood modestly by while grandma dwelt upon the exciting events of the last hour. The traps, it is supposed were the incendiaries, but happily the fire had been discovered in time to prevent any damage.

The returning loads of church-goers, eager to know the cause of the unusual stir, stopped at the farm gate, and the lad suddenly found himself the hero of the hour.

"I told 'em all the bad qualities of Tige and Fritz, Uncle George's dogs!" exclaimed the boy, unmindful until the words were spoken that his hearers had never heard of "Uncle George" before. Then, with a bright flush, he dropped behind one of the men, and let the talk go unheeded.

"I do believe that boy saved my life, Lowry. Depend on it the Lord sent him."

And grandma concluded her story with a long-drawn breath, sat down on the door-step and was immediately engaged in an eager talk with Mrs Atkins.

It was many hours before quiet settled down upon the inmates of the farmhouse, but before they settled for the night Farmer Granger and his wife learned all that was needful to know of Jasper Goodrick's former life.

"The only reason I haven't told you," said the boy in reply to the farmer's questions, "is because I was afraid you'd send me back. It might as well come out though—I have run

away, but I'll never go back to Uncle George's—I'll die first!

It was a short story. Until he was seven years old he knew only a happy life. Then his father's health failing and a sea voyage being determined upon, his father and mother sailed for France leaving him in care of the village minister and his wife. In six months came the news of his father's death, and some weeks later his mother too died, and