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# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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## The Acadian,

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News 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 communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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P. O. BOX 20. Sept. 19th 1884.

### DENTISTRY!

**E. N. PAYZANT, M. D.,**  
DENTIST,  
WOLFVILLE.

Dr. P. will remain in Wolfville during OCTOBER to wait upon patients in Dentistry.  
Sept. 8th, 1884

### Discontent.

Two boats rocked on the river,  
In the shadow of leaf and tree;  
One was in love with the harbor;  
One was in love with the sea.

The one that loved the harbor  
The winds of fate outbore;  
But held the other, longing  
Forever against the shore.

The one that rests on the river,  
In the shadow of leaf and tree,  
With wistful eyes looks ever  
To the one far out at sea.

The one that rides the billow,  
Though sailing fair and fleet,  
Looks back to the peaceful river,  
To the harbor safe and sweet.

One frets against the quiet  
Of the moss-grown, shaded shore;  
One sighs that it may enter  
That harbor nevermore.

One waries of the dangers  
Of the tempest's rage and wail;  
One dreams amid the lilies,  
Of a far-off snowy sail.

Of all that life can teach us  
There's naught so true as this  
The winds of fate blow ever,  
But they ever blow amiss.

### WAS IT FLIRTING?

I was engaged to Angelina Melville, and I thought myself the luckiest man living. Angelina was so handsome that no stranger ever saw her without expressing admiration, and did not wary with the face after years of familiarity with it. She was well bred, accomplished and a great heiress. I had reason to believe that she was very fond of me. No man could be more content than I was, as I leaned back in the first-class carriage, which took me from Glasgow into the country to the Vale of Cruix, where I was to preach a few Sabbaths. The pulpit was vacant, and I was going to try my wings, with my pecuniary prospects I scarcely thought I should care to accept a call to the Vale of Cruix, but I had no objection to filling its pulpit for a few weeks, especially as Angelina had gone to the west coast, and Glasgow was warm and stuffy and stupid.

Casual remembrances of elegant parsonages built in Queen Anne's style, of a study where the footfalls were softened by Persian rugs, and the doors draped in parterres of velvets; chairs and a desk; carved richly as some old confessionnal, flitted through my mind. And I thought also of a table spread with silver and rare china, with a lady at its head who resembled a queen. And I breathed a luxurious sigh as I awakened from my day dream to a knowledge that the word's "Vale of Cruix" were being shouted on the platform, and that the train was coming to a standstill.

I seized my travelling bag from the rack overhead and hurried out of the carriage. The porters had just pulled four or five trunks on the platform. Two old wagons stood in the road, one driven by an old woman in a sun-bonnet, the other by a red haired boy with bare feet, and a queer knock-kneed horse, attached to a queerer old gig, was standing at a little distance. A young man in a light summer suit and a city family bent on rural happiness were my companions on the platform. The former put his trunks in the first wagon, kissed the old woman in the sunbonnet, took the reins and drove away. He was evidently the son of the family, come home to spend his vacation. The rest of the trunks and the city family—mother, father, little boy, nursemaid and baby—were put in the wagon and driven off by the boy.

When the train moved away I was left alone on the platform—alone but for the stationmaster, who sat upon a bench smoking a clay pipe. In a moment more the official, without looking at me, made the remark: "Deacon Stevenson has come for the new mis-

ter. He's over in the hotel, and will be back in a minute.

"Thank you," said I. The stationmaster took no notice of me, but having climbed up on a stool and made some changes in a time-register on the wall of the station, locked the door, put the key in his pocket and sauntered away down the railroad. I took his place upon the bench and waited. In a few minutes a prim old gentleman appeared upon the top of the hill, carrying in one hand a tin can, in the other a tin pail, and under either arm a brown paper parcel. I knew at a glance that it was Stevenson.

"Are you Mr. Mactaggert?" he inquired mildly, as he approached. "I want to know. I hadn't any expectation of being kept so long; but you see, it saves the women folks trouble to fetch things when I drive to town. Step in, won't you? I'll just hang this paraffine oil on behind. Some dislike the smell—maybe you do. The sugar loaf, tea and coffee can go under the seat as well as not. How's your health, sir, and how do you like Vale of Cruix?"

I answered that my health was good, and that I had not, as yet, seen much of the Vale of Cruix.

"No, you haven't" said the old gentleman. "Well, we'll drive through it now."

And he shook the reins and the old horse began to stumble along. And on we drove past certain rows of brick houses very much like each other, and with the same flowers in their front gardens, until, having past the church, we came to one happily set about by old oak trees, before the gate of which we drew up.

A girl stood at the gate—a fair girl in a blue muslin dress and white apron. We both bowed, and she vanished with the parcels.

"What a lovely creature!" said I to myself. "Nothing like Angelina, but so pretty!" And I found myself thinking of her as I washed and brushed my hair in the blue-walled bedroom on the second floor with white-fringed counterpanes and curtains, and two black silhouettes over the mantelpiece, on either side of the china vases of roses.

There were only four of us at the table—the deacon, his wife (a stout lady who never said more than she could help,) Mary and myself. Mary had spent the last winter at Glasgow, and we talked about all she had seen. She was self-possessed without being forward and oh, so pretty! Now, Angelina was splendid and queenly; so this was mild praise that she could not have objected to, only I said it very often. I preached on the next Sunday.

It was settled that I should spend the summer there. I wrote this to Angelina.

"Since you can not be with me, it does not matter where I am—this stupid place as well as any other. Address to the care of Deacon Stevenson. I shall remain with him while I preach here.

It was a pleasant summer, despite the dullness of the place. How good the quaint old deacon was, when one really knew him! How motherly was Mrs. Stevenson! As for Mary, she grew sweeter every day, I often wondered what Angelina would have said could she have seen me helping her pick blackberries, to find the runaway cow, to carry home the milk-pail, driving her over to the country grocery and returning with a freight of groceries—Angelina, who knew nothing of domestic details, and whose monogrammed and perfumed letters were often brought over from the office to company with the paraffine can. I wrote my sermons at one end of the round table, while Mary sat at the other sewing. Between us was a lamp with a green paper shade. Now and then a big bug would fly into the window and go humming about our heads, or a moth would try

to sing its wings over the chimney, and I would drive it out. The old people would go to bed after awhile, and then Mary and I would find ourselves hungry; and she would go into the kitchen to find something good. I always held the light for her; and when something good was found we ate it in the back porch, sitting side by side on the step, like two children. She was so like a child—that little Mary—that it seemed no harm to ask her to kiss me good night, or to hold her hand in mine as it rested on my arm in our long walks home from church on Sunday evenings.

The summer passed; October came; Angelina returned to the city and wrote to me. It was while we were eating peaches and cream in the back porch that evening that I said to Mary: "I will tell you a secret, if you will keep it for a while, Mary."

"Oh, of course I will, Mr. Mactaggert."

"I am going to be married this autumn, Mary," I said. "Those pretty letters you always thought came from my sister are from the lady who is to marry me. She is very beautiful, very rich, very stylish, but very kind. You must come and see us, Mary, when you are married. I shall tell Angelina how good you have been to me—what a sweet little sister I have found out here in the Vale of Cruix. Why, Mary—"

For, as I spoke, I felt the little hand I held grow cold and heavy in mine. I saw her sink backward. The big china bowl of peaches and cream slipped with a crash to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

I caught the poor child in my arms. In a moment she came to herself and said she had overtired herself, she thought. They had been baking all day and it was warm. And now she bade me good night. But I did not see her next day, nor the next. She kept her room, and was not well enough to bid me good-by.

Poor little Mary! I felt very miserable. However, Angelina met me at Glasgow. She was more beautiful than ever—more elegant in contrast to my simple country friend—and very soon I laughed at myself for the thought that had been in my heart. Of course, I said it was the baking that overtook Mary—it was not my news. I had only been to her as a friend—as a brother. I had not made much love to her; above all, I had not flirted with her. But I thought of Mary often, and I missed her every hour, exactly—oh, yes, exactly—as I might a sister.

I wrote to Mrs. Stevenson, and her answer was very brief.

"I haven't much time to write," she said in her postscript. "Mary is sick, and besides being driven I am anxious."

This letter was in my pocket on that day when Angelina and I went together to the bazaar for the benefit of the Church of St. Matthew.

After we had roamed about the bazaar and bought all sorts of knick-knacks I escorted Angelina to a seat, and there sat down to wait while one of the ladies, who, "on this occasion only," was doing good, oneous, hard work, brought us a tray of refreshments.

As we sat there sipping our coffee two women sat down at the next table with their backs to us.

"I am very tired, are you not, Mrs. Russell?" And the other answered:

"Yes, I am tired. I don't think that it is worth while to come all the way from Vale of Cruix to Glasgow sight seeing."

This was the voice of Stevenson's nearest neighbor, and I liked and respected her, but did not feel quite sure how Angelina would like an introduction, and so refrained from looking round and making myself known.

"I think we'd better have tea," said the voice; "it's more refreshing than coffee. Oh, how is Mary to-day? Think of never asking before."

"Mary is poorly," said Mrs. Russell. "Oh, Mrs. Cullen, what a pity it is that flirting young minister came down to the Vale of St. Cruix. I don't know what Mr. Stevenson was about to let him do as he did! We all thought he was courting Mary. She did, poor child. She just loved him dearly. And that day before he went away he told her he was engaged to some girl in Glasgow. I'm afraid it's broken her heart. She told me all about it. 'Oh, Aunt Russell,' she said, 'I know I ought to be ashamed, but I can't help it. He seemed to like me so. I hope I shall die of this fever, for life is nothing to me.' Ashamed? Why, it is he who ought to be ashamed. Of all the things, a minister to be a cold, cruel flirt. And that is what Hugh Mactaggert is."

I listened, but I could not move or speak. I felt as though my heart also was breaking; and oh, the time I suffered! The women drank their tea and left, and then Angelina turned to me with a cold, sarcastic smile.

"I see by your face that the little story is perfectly true, Mr. Mactaggert," she said.

"Angelina," I faltered, "I have done nothing that should give offence to you."

"Nothing but love another woman," she answered. "Love her and let her see it, meaning to marry me. Don't think I am hurt; indeed, I am relieved! I should have kept my word to you but for this; but not so gladly as I once should. You are a very good-looking man, but on the whole you don't suit me. I met Mr. S, at Millport, and he does. Frankly, I have been thinking what a pity it was that I must decline his offer. As for this—Mary, is it not?—wouldn't she make a very good minister's wife?"

It came to my mind that she would—that she was the only wife for me; that Angelina, splendid as she was, would never make me happy.

But I only said, "Miss Melville, if you desire to have your freedom I have no choice."

"I desire it greatly," she answered.

"It is yours," I said with a bow.

After that I think we were both happier than we have been for days, and we shook hands when we parted.

That night I went up to the Vale of Cruix, and I told Mary that my marriage was broken off and that she was the only woman I had ever loved. She tried to summon up her pride and refuse me, but failed in the attempt, and let me take her to my heart. To-day I am pastor of the church at the Vale of Cruix. Mary is my wife, and we are as plain and quiet a pair as you could fancy. I even help my wife pick currants, and I have taken a turn at the garden when help was scarce. But I do not envy Mr. S, his wife nor pine for the luxurious possibilities that I lost with Angelina. Mary and my little home content me.

But one thing is on my conscience: I have never been able to ask myself the question, "Did I flirt with Mary?" if not, what was it?

Never put off till tomorrow what you can do to-day.  
Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.  
Never spend your money before you have it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.  
Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.  
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.  
Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.