

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1887.

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THE ACADIAN.

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

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Local advertising at ten cents per line

for every insertion, unless by special

arrangement for standing notices.

Rate for standing advertisements will

be made known on application to the

office, and payment on transient advertising

must be guaranteed by some responsible

party prior to its insertion.

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

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE

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

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

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

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

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Wholesale
Dealer in Flour and Feed, Shovels,
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. L.—Practical Horse Shoe
and Farrier.

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

DAVISON, J. B.—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.

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

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

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and
Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Deal-
er. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe
Maker. All orders in his line faith-
fully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Mak-
er and Repairer.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and
Repairer.

PATRICK, C. A.—Manufacturer
of all kinds of Carriage, and Team
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 Plovers.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobac-
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.

**Perry Davis'
Pain-Killer**
FOR CHOLERA
CRAMPS AND PAINTERS COLIC
DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY
CHOLERA MORBUS AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

**Watches, Clocks,
and Jewelry**

REPAIRED

J.F. HERBIN,
Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.

**COUGHS, COLDS,
Croup and Consumption**
CURED BY
Allen's Lung Balm
25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

Select Poetry.

THE FOODS PRAYER.

The royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel, now, and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The roil must heal the sin; but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away."

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end,
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend."

"The ill timed truth we might have kept
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?"

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse
them all;
But for our blunders—oh! in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall."

"Earth bears no balm for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

Interesting Story.

Twice Ten Years.

I remember it all as well as if it
were yesterday. The carriage stood
at the door that was to take me back
to school for the spring term. My
mother gave me innumerable instruc-
tions, smoothed my collar and adjusted
my cap on my head properly, then
gave me a kiss and looking wistfully at
me as I went down the walk said get
into the carriage.

A month or two later—it was June,
I think—after a hard struggle one af-
ternoon with some figures, all about a
ship and a cargo and the profit and all
that, I went out to join the boys.
When I reached the play ground they
were gone, and there was nothing for
me to do but to amuse myself as best I
could. I strolled around the house
with my hands in my pockets, which
my mother had told me distinctly I
must not do; and suddenly remember-
ing her instructions took them out
again, and for want of better amuse-
ment began to whistle.

Next to the school there was a pret-
ty cottage, separated from the school-
house by a board fence. The houses
were not 100 feet apart, and I could
look right through under the trees, and
there on the croquet ground stood a
girl, a trifle younger than myself, look-
ing straight at me.

A boy who sees a girl looking at him
feels very queer; I remember that
very well. My hands went right into
my pockets, but remembering that was
not the correct thing to do in the pres-
ence of a girl, I took them directly out
again. Then I concluded that it would
be a good way to show how little I
was embarrassed by turning twice round
on my heel, a movement on which I
greatly prided myself. After that—I
don't remember now, it was so long
ago, what new capers I cut; but one
thing is very certain; it was not long
before I was hunting for something I
pretended to have lost in the grass
beside the fence.

"If it's your knife you've lost," I
heard a voice say, "it isn't there. I
picked up a knife there a week ago,
but it was all rusty and no good."
"Oh, never mind," I said, looking
up into two eyes away back in a sun-
bonnet, and prevaricating, "it wasn't
much of a knife anyway, and I've got
another."

"Are you one of the boys at the
school?"

"Yes."

"What reader are you in?"

"The Fourth."

"Do you study geography?"

"Yes."

"What's the capital of the United

States?"

I scratched my head. "I don't re-
member that," I admitted, reluctantly.
"I'm first-rate on capitals, but I don't
remember that one."

"Why didn't you go off with the
boys?"

"I was behind with my sums. I
expect they've gone to the river. I
like the woods place, well, they're full
of squirrels."

"And snakes," she added.

"I'm not afraid of snakes."

"And lizards."

"Nor lizards. I suppose you're
afraid to go there?"

"No, I'm not."

"If you want to go there now, and
are afraid, I don't mind going along,
just to keep off snakes and things."

She looked out at the woods. I can
see the slender, childish figure now,
leaning on the croquet-mallet, delibera-
ting—if such a mental process can be
called deliberation, when the conclu-
sion is predetermined—and I long to be
back twenty years, and fold it in my
arms. Suddenly, without any warning,
she dropped the mallet and started for
the wood.

We had not penetrated far into the
quiet depths, when the little girl stop-
ped, and looking earnestly at me with
her expressive eyes, said:

"How still it is in here! It seems
to me I can almost hear it lie still."

"Yes, it is pretty solemn," I replied.
"Let's go on; the river winds around
down there, and we can see the water
go over the dam."

We emerged from the wood, and
stood by the river. I was familiar
with the ground, and led my little friend
directly to the dam.

"Most of the boys are afraid to walk
out on that dam," I said.

"I'd be afraid."

"But you're only a girl; a boy
oughtn't to be afraid." With that I
started boldly out, occasionally stan-
ding on one foot, and performing sundry
antics to show what a brave boy I
was. Then I came part way back and
called to her to come.

"Oh, no!" she said; "I'm afraid."

"Afraid! You little goose! With
me to hold on to?"

Between her fear and a disposition
pliable to a boy older and stronger
than herself, it was not long before I
was leading her out on the dam.

"Don't you see it's nothing?" I
said.

She struck back as I led her along.
I determined that she should go to a
point where the water poured over a
portion of the dam lower than the rest.
In vain she hung back, in vain she
pleaded with her voice and with her
eyes to go no farther. I had deter-
mined to take her with me, and I
did.

"There, you see it's easy enough
when you once make up your mind
to it."

We were standing looking out on the
moving waters. They had a very
distracting effect on Julia. She looked
dazed, and held on to my arm in child-
ish terror.

"It makes me dizzy," she said.

"Let me step on this post and then
you can hold on to my hand."

I turned my back to step up on the
post. It was but a moment. I
heard a cry and saw Julia on the flood.
The expression that was in her eyes is
to this day stamped clearly on my
memory—an expression of mingled re-
proach and forgiveness.

I had never lived by the water, and
I could scarcely swim a dozen strokes;
but not a second had elapsed before I
was in the flood.

I swam, and struggled, and buffeted,
to reach her; all in vain. An eddy
whirled me in a different direction. My
strength was soon exhausted. I was
swimming along some planks
extending into the river and raised
above the water on posts. My feet
became entangled in weeds; I sank;
I heard a great roaring in my ears,
then oblivion.

When I came to I was lying on my
back. I remember the first thing I
saw was a light cloud sailing over the
clear blue. There was an air of peace
and quiet in it that contrasted with my
own sensations. Then I saw a man on
his knees beside something he was rub-
bing.

I turned on my side and saw it

was a little figure; a girl, Julia. She
was old and stark.

My agony was far greater than when
I had plunged after her into the stream.
Then I hoped and believed that if she
were drowned I should be also. Now
I saw her beside me lifeless, and I
lived.

Then some men came, and the man
who was rubbing Julia said to them,
"Take care of the boy; the girl is too
far gone." They took me up and
carried me away, and laid me for
a while on a bed in a strange house.
Then I was driven to the school.

The next day my father came and
took me home. I was ill after that,
too ill to ask about Julia, but when I
recovered what load was taken from
my mind to know that by dint of rub-
bing and rolling and a stimulant she
too had been brought to and had recov-
ered.

I also learned that the man
who cared for us had rescued us. When
I saw him running along the planks, it
was to his boat chained at the end.

That summer my father removed
with his family to the Pacific coast.
He was obliged to wait some time for
my recovery, but at last I was able to
travel, and left without again seeing
the little girl whom I had led into
danger. I only heard that I had been
blamed by everyone.

Ten years passed, during which I
was haunted with one idea; that was
to go back to New England, find Julia,
and implore her forgiveness. The
years that I must be a boy and depend-
ent seemed interminable. At last I
came of age and received a small for-
tune that had fallen to me, and as
soon as the papers in the case were
duly signed and sealed I started
East.

It was just about the same time of
the year and the same hour of the
afternoon as when I first saw Julia
that I walked into the old school
grounds. I had fully intended to go
in next door and call for her, but my
courage failed me. I had heard nothing
of her for years. Was she dead?
Was she living? Was she in her old
home, or far away? These thoughts
chased each other through my mind
and I dreaded to know.

I was standing at the school entrance
with my hand on the bell when I
heard a door in the next house open,
and then shut. From that moment I
could feel that Julia was near me.
She came out of the house, a slender,
graceful girl of nineteen, and picking
up a croquet mallet commenced to
knock the balls about. I approached
the fence. I wanted to make myself
known, but dreaded the horror with
which she would regard me when she
knew who I was.

"I beg pardon," I said, raising my
hat, "can you tell me if Dr. Howard's
school is there?" pointing to the house.
Dr. Howard moved a few years ago,"
she said, regarding me with the offi-
cient gaze.

"I was one of his boys."

"Indeed?" she said, but without any
further encouragement for me to go
on.

"I see the wood has not been cut
away," I added, glancing toward it.

"No," she said, "it does not seem
to be."

"Were you ever there?"

"Oh, yes, often."

"And is that old dam still across the
river?"

"I believe it is."

"Were you ever on the dam?"

She looked at me curiously.

"Once," she said, "when I was a
child, I met with an accident there."

"How was that?"

"I went to the dam with a boy, one
of the scholars, and we walked out to
where the water was flowing over, and
I fell in."

"The boy over-persuaded you, I
suppose?"

It was difficult for me to conceal a
certain trepidation at the mention of
my fault.

"No, I went of my own accord."

"My heart almost stopped beating."

"He must certainly have been to
blame," I said. "He was older and
stronger than you."

I noticed a slight rising irritation.
"On the contrary," she said, "he jumped
after me like a noble boy, as he
was."

I was obliged to turn away. I

could not trust myself to look into her
face.

"At any rate he must have begged
your forgiveness on his bended knees
for permitting you to go into such a
danger."

"I never saw him again; he went
away."

I fancied, at least I hoped, I could
detect a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"I have often wished," she went on,
"that he would come back as the other
scholars sometimes do, as you are now,
and let me tell him how much I thank
him for his noble effort."

"Julia," I said, suddenly turning
and facing her, "this is too much. I
am that boy. I led you into the wood.
I forced you to go out on the dam
with me. I permitted you to fall in."

"And more than atoned for all by
risking your life to save me!"

"Ah, that look of surprised delight
which accompanied her words. It was
worth all my past years of suffering, of
fancied blame; for in it I read how
dearly she held