

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

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 under a fictitious signature.

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BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2:30 P. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

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S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:
Sundays, Matins and Sermon at 11 A. M. Evensong and Communion at 7 P. M. Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.

J. O. Hughes, M. A. Rector.
Robert W. Heddell,
(Divinity Student of Kings College).

ST. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 A. M. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

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J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

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

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8 o'clock.

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DONE WITH
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OF THE
**Business Firms of
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The undermentioned firms will see you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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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 wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

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Select Poetry.

WHY LIVE?

Written for the Acadian.

Why live when life is sad—
Death only sweet?
Why fight when closest fight
Ends in defeat?
Why pray when purest prayer
Dark thoughts assail?
Why strive and strive again
Only to fail?
Why hope when life has proved
Our best hopes vain?
Why love when love is fraught
With so much pain?
Why not cool heart and brain
In the deep wave?
Why not lie down and rest
In the still grave?

Live, there are many round thee
Needing thy care!
Pray, there is one at hand
Helping thy prayer!
Fight for the love of God,
Not for renown!
Strive but in his great strength,
Not in thine own!
Hope, there is heaven's joy
Laid up for thee!
Love, for true love outlives
It's agony!

Fight, pray and wrestle on,
Loving God best,
Then, when thy work is done,
Lie down and rest!

Interesting Story.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster.

BY EDWARD EGLESTON.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Granny Sanders was not a little flattered by the visit.

"Why, doctor, howdy, howdy! Come in, take a cheer. I am glad to see you. I loved you'd come. Old Dr. Frazier used to say he had lost lots of things of me. But most of the doctors since he z been kinder stuck up you know. But I knowed you for a man of intelligenence."

Mean'time, Small, by his grave silence and attention, had almost emboldened the old hag with flattery without saying one single word.

"Many's the case I've cured with yerbs and things. Nigh upon twenty year ago they was a man lived over on Wild Cat Run as had a brakin'-out on his side. 'Twas the left side, jus below the waist. Doctor couldn't do nothin'." 'Twas Doctor Peacemaker, He never would have nothin' to do with 'ole woman's cures! Well, the man was goin' to die. Every body said that. And they come a driving away over here all the way from the Wild Cat. Think of that air! I never was so flattered. But as soon as I laid eyes on that air man, I says, says I, that air man, says I, has got the shingles, says I. I know'd the minute I seed it. And if they'd a gone clean around, nothin' could a saved him. I says, says I, git me a black cat. So I jst killed a black cat, and let the blood run all over the swelin'. I tell you, doctor, there's nothin' like it. That man was well in a month."

"How old?" asked the doctor.

"There you showed yer science, doctor! They's no power in a pullet. The older the black hen the better. And you know the cure for rheumatiz?"

"And here the old woman got down a bottle of grease. 'That's ole from a black dog. Ef it's rendered right, it'll knock the hind sight off of any rheumatiz you ever see. But it must be rendered in the dark of the moon. Else a black dog's ole aint worth no more nor a white one's."

"All this time Small was smelling of the uncooked butter, taking a little on his finger and feeling of it, and thus feeling his way to the heart—drier than her herbs—of the old witch. And then he went round the cabin gravely, lifting each separate bunch of dried yerbs from its nail, smelling of it, and then, by making an interrogation-point of his silent face, he managed to get a lecture from her on each article in her materia medica, with the most marvellous stories illustrative of their virtues. When the Granny had gotten her fill of his silent flattery, he was

ready to carry forward his main purpose.

There was something wierd about this silent man's ability to turn the conversation as he chose to have it go. Sitting by the Granny's tea-table, sipping corn-bread while he drank his glass of water, having declined even her sassafras, he ceased to stimulate her medical talk and opened the vein of gossip. Once started, Granny Sanders was sure to allude to the robbery. And once on the robbery the doctor's course was clear.

"I low somebody not fur away is in this 'ere business!"

Not by a word, nor even by a nod, but by some motion of the eyelids, perhaps, Small indicated that he agreed with her.

"Who d'ye s'pose 'is?"

But Dr. Small was not in the habit of suppressing. He moved his head in a quiet way, just the least perceptible bit, but so that the old creature understood that he could give light if he wanted to.

"I dunno anybody that's been 'bout here long as could be suspected."

Another motion of the eyelids indicated Small's agreement with this remark.

"They aint nobody come in here lately 'cep'n the master."

Small looked vacant y at the wall.

"But I low hes alters bore a tip-top character." The doctor was too busy looking at his corn-bread to answer this remark even by a look.

"But I think these over-smart young men'll bear looking arter, I do."

Dr. Small raised his eyes and let them shine in assent. That was all.

"Shouldn't wonder of our schoolmaster was overly fond of gals."

Doctor looks down at his plate.

"Had plenty of sweethearts since he waked home with Hannar Thomason Colter night, I'll bet."

"I'll Dr. Small shrug his shoulder? Granny thought she detected a faint motion of the sort, but she could not be sure.

"And I think as how that a filler what tides with gals' hearts and then runs off ten miles, may be, aint no letter'n he had orter be. That's what I says, says I."

To this general remark Dr. Small assented in his invariable—shall I say intangible?—way.

"I aint think, may be, that some folks has found it best to leave home and go away. You can't never tell But when people is a-bon' robbed it's wed to look out. Hy?"

"I think so," said Small quietly, and having taken his hat and bowed a solemn and respectful adieu, he departed.

He had not spoken twenty words, but he had satisfied the news-monger of Flat Creek that Ralph was a bad character at home, and worthy of suspicion of burglary.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS MARTHA HAWKINS.

"It's very good for the health to dig in the elements. I was quite enaciated last year at the East, and the doctor told me to dig in the elements. I got a fl. a. l. h. e. and d. u. and it's been most excellent for me. Time—the Saturday following the Friday on which Ralph kept Shooky company as far as the 'bricks' near Granny Sanders' house. Scene—the Squire's garden. Ralph helping that worthy magistrate perform sundry little jobs such as a warm winter day suggests to the farmer. Miss Martha Hawkins, the Squire's niece, and his house-keeper in his present bereaved condition, leaning over the palings—pickets she called enclosed by a brush fence. The stick chimney, doused with clay and topped with a barrel upon at both ends, made this a typical cabin.

It flashed upon Ralph that this place must be Rocky Hollow, and that this was the house of old John Pearson, the on-legged basket-maker, and his rromantic wife—the house that hospitably sheltered Shooky. Following his impulse, he knocked and was admitted, and was not a little surprised to find Miss Martha Hawkins there before him.

"It's very common for schoolmasters to dig in the elements at the East," proceeded Miss Martins. Like many other people born in the celestial empires (of which there are three—China, Virginia, Massachusetts), Miss Martins was not averse to reminding outside barbarians of her good fortune in this regard. It did her good to speak of the East.

Now Ralph was amused with Miss Martins. She really had a good deal of intelligence, despite her affectation,

and conversation with her was both interesting and diverting. It helped him to forget Hannah, and Bud, and the robbery, and all the rest, and she was so delighted to find somebody to come out to talk while Ralph was at work. But just at this moment the schoolmaster was not so much interested in her interesting remarks, nor so much amused by her amusing remarks, as he should have been. He saw a man coming down the road riding one horse and leading another, and he recognized the horses at a distance. It must be Bud who was riding Means's bay mare and leading Bud's roan colt. Bud had been to mill, and as the man who owned the horse-mill kept but one old blind horse himself, it was necessary that Bud should take two. It required three horses to run the mill; the old blind one could grind the grist, but the two others had to overcome the friction of the clumsy machine.

But it was not about the horse-mill that Ralph was thinking, nor about the two horses. Since that Wednesday evening on which he escorted Hannah home from the spelling-school he had not seen Bud Means. If he had any lingering doubts of the truth of what Mirandy had said, they had been dissipated by the absence of Bud from school.

"When I was to Bosting!"—Miss Martha was to Boston only once in her life, but as her visit to that sacred city was the most important occurrence of her life, she did not hesitate to air her reminiscences of it frequently.

"When I was to Bosting," she was just saying, when, following the indications of Ralph's eyes, she saw Bud coming up the hill near Squire Hawkins' gate. Bud looked red and sulky, and to Ralph's and Miss Martha Hawkins' polite recognition he returned only a surly nod. They both saw that he was angry. Ralph was able to guess the meaning of his wrath.

Toward evening Ralph stole through the Squire's cornfield toward the woods. The memory of the walk with Hannah was heavy upon the heart of the young master, and there was comfort in the very misadventure of the corn-talks like tattered banners and rattling discordantly in the rising wind. Wandering without purpose, Ralph followed the rows of staks first one way and then the other in a zigzag line, turning a right angle every minute or two. At last he came out in a woods mostly of beech, and he placed his melancholy fancy by kicking the dry and silky leaves before him in blows, while the sighing of the wind through the long, vibrant boughs and slender twigs of the beech forest seemed to put the world into the walling minor key of his own despair.

What a fascination there is in a path come upon suddenly without a knowledge of its termination! Here was one running in a zigzag, irregular curves through the wood, now turning gently to the right in order to avoid a stump, now swaying suddenly to the left to gain an easier descent at a steep place, and now turning wantonly to the one side or the other, as if from every caprice in the man who by idle steps unconsciously marked the line of the foot-path at first. Ralph could not resist the impulse—who could?—to follow the path and find out its destination, and following it he came presently into a lone corner hollow, where a brook gurgled among the heaps of bare limestone rocks that filled it. Bud. Following the path still, he came upon a queer little cabin built of round logs, in the midst of a small garden patch enclosed by a brush fence. The stick chimney, doused with clay and topped with a barrel upon at both ends, made this a typical cabin.

It flashed upon Ralph that this place must be Rocky Hollow, and that this was the house of old John Pearson, the on-legged basket-maker, and his rromantic wife—the house that hospitably sheltered Shooky. Following his impulse, he knocked and was admitted, and was not a little surprised to find Miss Martha Hawkins there before him.

"You here, Miss Hawkins?" he said when he had returned Shooky's greeting and shaken hands with the old couple.

"Bless you, yes," said the old lady,

"That blessed gyrl—the old lady called her a girl by a sort of a figure of speech perhaps—that blessed gyrl's the kindest creature you ever saw—comes here every day, most, to cheer a body up with somethin' or nuther."

Miss Martha blushed, and said "she came because Rocky Hollow looked so much like a place she used to know at the East. Mr and Mrs Pearson were the kindest people. They reminded her of people she knew at the East. When she was to Bosting!"

Here the old basket-maker lifted his head from his work, and said: "Pshaw! that talk about kyindness (he was a Kentuckyian and said kyindness) 'is all humbug. I wonder so smart a woman as you don't know better. You come nearer to bein' kyind than anybody I know; but, laws a me! we're all selfish accordin' to my tell."

"You wasn't selfish when you set up with my father 'most every night for two weeks," said Shooky, as he handed the old man a splint.

"Yes, I was, too!" This in a tone that made Ralph tremble. "Your father was a miserable Britisher. I'd fit red-coats in the war of eight-and-twenty, and lost my leg by one of 'em stickin' his dog-on'd bayonet right through it, that right at Lundy's Lane; but my mess-mate killed him though, which is a satisfaction to think on. And I fight like your father, 'cause he was a Britisher. But of 'ed 'a died right here in this free country, 'bout nobody to give him a drink of water, blamed if I wouldn't a' been ashamed to set on the platform at a Fourth-of-July barbecue, and to hold up my wooden leg for to make the boys cheer! That was the selfishest thing I ever done. We're all selfish accordin' to my tell."

"You wasn't selfish when you took me that night, you know," and Shooky's face beamed with gratitude.

"Yes, I war too, you little sass-box! What d'd I take you for? Hey? Bekase I didn't like Pete Jones nor Bill Jones. They're thieves, dog-on 'em!"

Ralph shivered a little. The horse with the white forehead and white nose galloped before his eyes again.

"They're a set of thieves. That's what they air!"

"Please, Mr Pearson, be careful. You'll get into trouble, you know, by talkin' that way," said Miss Hawkins.

"You're just like a man that I knew at the East."

"Why, do you think an old soldier like me, hobbling on a wooden leg, is afraid of them thieves? Didn't I face the Britishers? Didn't I come home late last Wednesday night? I rather enjoy I must 'a' took a little too much at Welch's grocery, and laid down in the middle of the street to rest. The boys thought 'twas funny to crate me. I woke up kind of cold, 'bout one in the mornin'." 'B ut two o'clock I came up Means's hill, and didn't I see Pete Jones, and them others what robbed the Dutchman, and somebody, I dunno who, a cross-in' the blue-grass pasture towards Jones'?"

(Ralph shivered.) "Don't shake your finger at me, old w-man. Tongus is all I've got to fight with now; but I'll fight them thieves till the sea goes dry, I will. Shooky, aim me a splint."

"But you wasn't selfish when you took me."

"Yes, I was, you little tow headed fool! I didn't take you kase I was good, not a bit of it. I hated Bill Jones what keeps the poor-house, and I knowed him and P. to would get you bound to some of their c'lock, and I didn't want no more thieves; so when your mother hobbled, with you a lead-in' bar, poor blind thing! all the way over here on that winter night, and said, 'Mr Pearson, you're all the friend I've got, and I want you to save my boy,' why, you see I was selfish as ever I could be in takin' of you. Your mother's cryin' not me a cryin' out, we're all selfish in everything accordin' to my tell. Blamed if we ha'n't, Miss Hawkins, only sometimes I'd think you was real benevolent if I didn't know we war all selfish."

CHAPTER XII.
THE HARDSHELL PREACHER.

"They's preachin' down to Bethel meetin'-house to-day," said the Squire at breakfast. Twenty years in the

West could not cure Squire Hawkins of saying "to" for "at." "I rather guess as how the ole man B-saw will give p'rickerer fits to our folks to-day." For Squire Hawkins, having been expelled from the "Hardshell" church of which Mr B-saw was pastor, for the grave offence of joining a temperance society, had become a member of the "Reformers," the very respectable people who now call themselves "Disciples," but whom the profane will persist in calling "Campbellites." They had a church in the village of Coffey, three miles away.

I know that explanations are always "blaminable to story readers, as they are to story writers, but as so many of my readers have never had the inestimable privilege of sitting under the gospel as it is ministered in enlightened neighborhoods like Flat Creek, I find myself under the necessity—need-essity, the Rev. Mr B-saw would call it—of rising to explain. Some people think the "Hardshells" a myth, and some sensitive people at the East resent a allusion to them. But the "Hardshell Baptist," or as they anotherwise call it, the "Whitky Baptists," and the "Forty-gallon Baptists," exist in all the Old Western and South-western states. They call themselves "Anti-means Baptists" from their Antinomian tenets. Their confession of faith is a caricature of Calvinism, and is expressed by their preacher about as follows: "Ef you're elected you'll be saved; if you aint, you'll be damned. God'll take care of his elect. It's a sin to run Sunday-schools, or to tempt the sinners, or to send missionaries. You be B-saw's business alone. What is to be will be, and you can't hinder it." This writer has attended a Sunday-school, the superintendent of which was solemnly arraigned and expelled from the Hardshell church for "meddling with God's business" by holding a Sunday-school. Of course the Hardshells are prodigiously illiterate, and of an evil genius. Some of their preachers are notorious drunkards. They sing their sermons out sometimes for three hours at a stretch. Ralph found that he was to ride the "clay bank mare," the only one of the horses that would "carry double," and that as a consequence he would have—according to Hoosier custom—to take Miss Hawkins behind him. If it had been Hannah instead, Ralph might not have objected to this "young Lochinvar" mode of riding with a lady on "the crop," but Martha Hawkins was another affair. He had only this consolation: his keeping the company of Miss Hawkins might serve to disarm the resentment of Bud. At all events, he had no choice. What designs the Squire had in this arrangement he could not tell; but at any rate the clay-bank mare carried him to meeting that December morning, with Martha Hawkins behind him. And as Miss Hawkins was not used to this mode of locomotion, she was in a state of delightful fight every time the horse sank to the knees in the soft, yellow Flat Creek clay.

"We don't go to church so at the East," she said. "The mud isn't so deep at the East. When I was to Bosting"—but Ralph never heard what happened when she was to Bosting, for just as she said Bosting, the mare put her foot into a deep hole molded by the feet of the Squire's horse, and already full of muddy water. As the mare's foot went two inches down into this track, the muddy water splashed higher than Miss Hawkins's head, and m'th'd her dress with golden spots of clay. She gave a little shriek, and declared she had never "seen it so at the East."

The journey seemed a little long to Ralph, who found that the subjects upon which he and Miss Martha could converse were few; but Miss Martha was determined to keep things going, and once, when the conversation had died out entirely, she made a desperate effort to r'n.w it by remarking, as they were a man on horse back, "That horse swiches his tail just as they do at the East. When I was to Bosting I saw horses swiche their tails just that way."

To be continued.

It is not genius so much as ability that carries one through the battle of life.—A. B. Street.