

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1885.

No. 7.

Vol. V.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00

Local advertising at ten cents per line
for every insertion, unless by special ar-
rangement for standing notices.

Rates 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 county, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
names of the party writing for the ACADIAN
must invariably accompany the copy, and
although the same may be written in
over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper un-
der his name or another's or whether
he has subscribed or not—is liable for
the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper dis-
continued he must pay up all arrearages,
or the publisher may continue to send it
until payment is made, and collect the whole
amount whether the paper is taken from
the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that re-
fusing to take newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
leaving them uncollected for a prima facie
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office hours, 10 a. m. to 9 p. m. Mails
are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a.
m.
Express west close at 10:35 a. m.
Express east close at 5:30 p. m.
Kentville close at 7:30 p. m.
Geo. V. Barr, Post-Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on
Saturday at 12 noon.
Geo. W. Barr, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. B.
D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath
at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m.
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. and Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30
p. m. and Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A.
Wilson, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at
11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School
at 9:30 a. m. and Prayer Meeting on Thursday
at 7:30 p. m.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.
Divine worship will be held (D. V.) in
the above Church as follows—
Sunday, Morning and Evening at 11 a. m.
Evening and Communion at 7 p. m.
Sunday school commences on Sun. at
10:30 a. m. Their practice on
Wednesday evenings after Divine worship.
J. O. Higgins, M. A. Rector.
Robert W. Hudgell,
(Divinity Student of King's College).

By FRANCIS (B. G.)—Rev. T. M. Daly,
P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday
of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M.,
meets at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 8 o'clock p. m.
J. B. Davison, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

"SOPHISTS" 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,
Waters' Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

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

The ACADIAN will be sent to any
part of Canada or the United States
for \$1.00 in advance. We make no
extra charge for United States sub-
scriptions when paid in advance.

OUR JOB ROOM
IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING
Every Description
DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND
PUNCTUALITY.

DIRECTORY OF THE Business Firms of WOLFVILLE.

The undermentioned firms will see
you 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, B. G.—Painter, and dealer
in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

BROWN, F. L. & CO.—Dealers in
Groceries, Crockery, and Glassware.

BROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse-shoe
and Farrier.

CAVENDISH & MURRAY—Dry Goods,
Boots & Shoes, Furnitures, etc.

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Pub-
lishers.

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

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

HERRIN, 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.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of
all kinds of Carriage, and Team
Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

PRATT, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery,
Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

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.

ROOD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all
styles of light and heavy Carriages and
Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a spe-
cialty.

RAND, G. Y.—Drugs, and Fancy
Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Reporter and dealer
in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tin-
ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plugs.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobac-
conist.

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

WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.—
Booksellers, Stationers, and News
dealers.

WITTER, BURKE—Reporter and
dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,
Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Fur-
nishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Makes, 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.

B. C. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative
PAINTER.
English Paint Stock a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 30 Sept. 18th 1884

J. WESTON
Merchant Tailor,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.
CONVEYANCER,
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE
AGENT,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

LIGHT BRAHMAS!
Mated for best results. Young
Birds for sale until March 15th—Eggs
after March 1st. Address
DR. BARNS,
Wolfville, 28th Feb., '85.

BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES,
12 fast-selling articles, and 12
single water pens, all by return of mail
for 25c, or nine 3-c stamps. Package
of fast-selling articles to agents for 75c, and
this slip. A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

At Sundown.

'Twas sundown of a summer's day,
And in the twilight shade
Stood Doris, by the farmhouse gate—
Doris the pretty maid.
Her eyes were turned, those eyes so brown
Toward the road that led to town.

Beneath her feet were daisies white,
And many a clover red,
And buttercups, with drops of dew
From heaven freshly shed;
While birds were singing at her side
Those quiet songs of evensong.

Aunt Prudence by the window sat—
Her hair was silver white,
Her eyes had such a wistful look,
That lovely summer night;
And, speaking from the window sill,
She said, "He'll come, I know he will.

"I know, because a humble bee
Just in the window flew;
The rooster crows here in the door—
Those signs are always true.
It's haying time, and there's a night
Of chores to do, you know, at night!"

While Doris watched the road beyond,
Aunt Prudence looked behind;
The summer of the long ago
Once more she sought to find;
And through the twilight's deepening
She sighted them so far away.

The sunshine of those growing days,
The dew that used to fall,
The music of the birds that sang—
Were well remembered all.
And love's young dream that passed away
At sundown of one summer's day.

But words of greeting at the gate
Came o'er the window sill;
Aunt Prudence drew the shutters close,
The night air seemed so chill,
Then, in the shadowed room, her tears
Fell like the rain of bygone years.

"All as God will," she softly sang,
"To give or to withhold,
While at the farmhouse gate, she knew,
The tale of love was told.
And later, with a face so bright,
Doris came in, and said, "Good-night."

Woman's Rights.

The weary heart to hush to rest,
To soothe and still the throbbing breast,
The aching head to cheer and calm,
And lull the burning brow with balm.

The little child's least burden bear,
To soothe the dimpled hand in prayer,
To kiss the rosy lips good-night—
Oh! this is woman's blissful right.

At morn the thrilling words to hear,
"I have you so sweet mother dear,
While round her neck her darling cling,
How all her cruel wrongs take wing!"

In love's sweet heaven, so near and far,
O'er one dear home to shine a star;
In one child's world to rule unseen;
O'er one man's heart to rule a queen.

That right to honor and obey,
Yet rule with love's relentless sway,
While queen and subject firm she stands
By him who wisely well commands.

Seek not to win in bitter fight,
What manhood yields as his sweet right,
For in his direct path will give
Fire, and best, and last to thee.

Along life's ocean gleam as lights
Woman's immortal, deathless rights,
Four radiant gleams to her are given,
In child and mother, home and Heaven.

Interesting Story.

Thankful Blossom.

BY BRET HARTE.

PART III.—Continued.

"Read this," said the general cold-
ly.

Col. Hamilton, with a manifest con-
sciousness of another learner than Mis-
tress Blossom and his general, read
the paper. It was couched in phrases of
inimitable and legal precision, and re-
lated briefly, that upon the certain and
personal knowledge of the writer, Almer
Blossom of the "Blossom Farm" was
in the habit of entertaining two gentle-
men, namely, the "Count Ferdinand"
and the "Baron Pomposo," suspected
enemies of the cause, and possible
traitors to the Continental army. It
was signed by Allan Brewster, late
captain in the Connecticut Continen-
tals.

As Col. Hamilton exhibited the sig-
nature, Thankful Blossom had no diffi-
culty in recognizing the familiar hand
and equally familiar mis-spelling
of her lover.

She rose to her feet. With eyes
that showed her present trouble and
perplexity as frankly as they had a
moment before blazed with her indig-
nation, she met, one by one, the glances
of the group who now seemed to be
closing around her. Yet with a wo-
man's instinct she felt, I am constrained
to say, more unfriendliness in the silent

presence of the two women than in the
possible outspoken criticism of our
much-abused sex.

"Of course," said a voice which
Thankful at once, by a woman's over-
ing instinct, recognized as the elder of
the two ladies, and the legitimate
keeper of the conscience of some one of
the men who were present,—"of course
Mistress Thankful will be able to elect
which of her lovers among her country's
enemies she will be able to cling to for
support in her present emergency. She
does not seem to have been so special
in her favors as to have positively ex-
cluded any one."

"At least, dear Lady Washington,
she will not give it to the man who has
proven a traitor to her," said the
younger woman, impulsively. "That
is—I beg your ladyship's pardon—
she hesitated, observing in the dead
silence that ensued that the two super-
ior male beings present looked at each
other in lofty astonishment.

"He that is trait'rous to his country,"
said Lady Washington coldly, "is apt to
be trait'rous elsewhere."

"There is honest to say that he that
was trait'rous to his king was trait'rous
to his country," said Mistress Thank-
ful with sudden audacity, bending her
knee eyes on Lady Washington. But
that lady turned dignifiedly away, and
Mistress Thankful again faced the
general.

"I ask your pardon," she said proud-
ly, "for troubling you with my wrongs.
But it seems to me that even if another
and a greater wrong were done me by
my sweetheart, through jealousy, it
would not justify this accusation against
me, even though," she added, darting
a wicked glance at the placid browed
back of Lady Washington, "even
though that accusation came from one
who knows three jealous ones belong to
the wife of a patriot as well as a traitor."
She was herself again after this
speech, although her face was white
with the blow she had taken and re-
turned.

Col. Hamilton passed his hand across
his mouth, and coughed slightly. Gen.
Washington, standing by the fire with
an impassive face, turned to Thankful
gravely:

"You are forgetting, Mistress Thank-
ful, that you have not told me how I
can serve you. It cannot be that you
are still concerned in Capt. Brewster,
who has given evidence against your
other—friends, and tacitly against
you. Nor can it be their account,
for I regret to say they are still free
and unknown. If you come with any
information exculpating them, and
showing they are not spies or hostile
to the cause, your father's release shall
be certain and speedy. Let me ask
you a single question: Why do you
believe them honest?"

"Because," said Mistress Thankful,
"they were—were—gentlemen."

"Many spies have been of excellent
family, good address, and fair talents,"
said Washington gravely; "but you
have, mayhap, some other reason."

"Because they talked only to me,"
said Thankful Blossom, blushing might-
ily; "because they preferred my com-
pany to father's; because"—she hesi-
tated a moment—"because they spoke
not of politics, but—of—that which
lads mainly talk of—and—and"—here
she broke down a little,—"and the
baron I only saw once, but he"—here
she broke down utterly—"I know they
weren't spies; there, now!"

"I must ask you something more,"
said Washington, with grave kindness;
"whether you give me the information
or not, you will consider, that, if what
you believe is true, it cannot in any
way injure the gentleman you speak
of, while, on the other hand, it may
refuge your father of suspicion. Will
you give to Col. Hamilton, my secre-
tary, a full description of them,—that
filler description which Capt. Brew-
ster, for reasons best known to yourself,
was unable to give?"

Mistress Thankful hesitated for a
moment, and then, with one of her
truthful glances at the command-in-
chief, began a detailed account of the
outward semblance of the agent. Why
she began with him, I am unable to
say; but possibly it was because it was
easier, for when she came to describe
the baron, she was, I regret to say,
somewhat vague and figurative. Not
so vague, however, but that Col. Ham-
ilton suddenly started up with a look

at his chief, who instantly checked it
with a gesture of his ruffled hair.

"I thank you, Mistress Thankful,"
he said quite impassively, "but did
this other gentleman, the baron?"

"Pomposo," said Thankful proudly.
A titter originated in the group of
ladies by the window, and became vis-
ible on the fresh face of Col. Hamil-
ton; but the dignified color of Wash-
ington's countenance was unmoved.

"May I ask if the baron made an
honorable tender of his affections to
you," he continued, with respectful
gravity—"if his attentions were known
to your father, and were such as hon-
est Mistress Blossom could receive?"

"Father introduced him to me, and
wanted me to be kind to him. He—
he kissed me, and I slapped his face,"
said Thankful quickly with cheeks as
red, I warrant, as the baron's might
have been.

The moment the words had escaped
her truthful lips, she would have given
her life to recall them. To her aston-
ishment, however, Col. Hamilton laugh-
ed outright, and the ladies turned and
approached her, but were checked by
a slight gesture from the otherwise im-
passive figure of the general.

"It is possible, Mistress Thankful,"
he resumed, with undisturbed composure,
"that one at least of these gentle-
men may be known to us, and that
your instincts may be correct. At least
rest assured that we shall fully inquire
into it, and that your father shall have
the benefit of that inquiry."

"I thank your Excellency," said
Thankful, still reddening under the
contemplation of her own late frank-
ness, and retreating toward the door.
"I—think—I—must—go—now. It
is late, and I have far to ride."

To her surprise, however, Washing-
ton stepped forward, and again taking
her hands in his, said with a grave
smile, "For that very reason, if for
none other, you must be our guest to-
night, Mistress Thankful Blossom. We
still retain our Virginian ideas of hos-
pitality, and are tyrannous enough to
make strangers conform to them, even
though we have but perchance the
poorest of entertainment to offer them."
Lady Washington will not permit
Mistress Thankful Blossom to leave
her roof to-night until she has partaken
of her courtesy as well as her counsel."

"Mistress Thankful Blossom will
make us believe that she has at least
in so far trusted our desire to serve her
justly, by accepting our poor hospital-
ity for a single night," said Lady
Washington, with a stately courtesy.

Thankful Blossom still stood irresol-
utely at the door. But the next
moment a pair of youthful arms
enveloped her; and the younger gentle-
man, looking into her brown eyes
with a frankness equal to her own, said
caressingly, "Dear Mistress Thankful,
though I am but a guest in her lady-
ship's house, let me, I pray you, add
my voice to hers. I am Mistress
Schuyler of Albany, at your service
Mistress Thankful, as Col. Hamilton
here will bear me witness, did I need
any interpreter to your honest heart.
Believe me, dear Mistress Thankful,
I sympathize with you, and only beg
you to give me an opportunity to-night
to serve you. You will stay, I know,
and you will stay with me; and we
shall talk over the faithfulness of that
over-jealous Yankee captain who has
proved himself, I doubt not, as unwor-
thy of you as he is of his country."

Hateful to Thankful as was the idea
of being commiserated, she nevertheless
could not resist the gentle courtesy and
gracious sympathy of Miss Schuyler.
Besides, it must be confessed that for
the first time in her life she felt a
doubt of the power of her own indepen-
dence, and a strange fascination for
this young gentleman whose arms
were around her, who could so thor-
oughly sympathize with her, and yet
allowed himself to be snubbed by Lady
Washington.

"You have a mother, I doubt not?"
said Thankful, raising her questioning
eyes to Miss Schuyler.

Irrelevant as this question seemed to
the two gentlemen, Miss Schuyler an-
swered it with feminine intuition:
"And you, dear Mistress Thankful?"

"Have none," said Thankful; and
here, I regret to say, she whimpered
slightly, at which Miss Schuyler, with
tears in her own fine eyes, bent her
head suddenly to Thankful's ear, put

her arm about the waist of the pretty
stranger, and then, to the astonishment
of Colonel Hamilton, quietly swept her
out of the august presence.

When the door had closed upon
them, Col. Hamilton turned half smil-
ingly, half-inquiringly, to his chief.
Washington returned his glance kindly
but gravely, and then said quietly,—

"If your suspicions jump with mine,
colonel, I need not remind you that it
is a matter so delicate that it would be
as well if you locked it in your own
breast for the present; at least, that
you should not intimate to the gentle-
man whom you may have suspected
ought that has passed this evening.

"As you will, general," said the
subaltern respectfully; "but may I
ask"—he hesitated—"if you believe
that anything more than a passing
fancy for a pretty girl?"

"When I asked your silence, colonel,"
interrupted Washington kindly, lay-
ing his hand upon the shoulder of
the younger man, "it was because I
thought the matter sufficiently momen-
tous to claim my own private and es-
pecial attention."

"I ask your Excellency's pardon,"
said the young man, reddening through
his fresh complexion like a girl; "I
only meant—"

"That you would ask to be relieved
to-night," interrupted Washington, with
a benign smile, "forasmuch as you
wished the more to show entertainment
to our dear friend Miss Schuyler, and
her guest; a wayward girl, colonel, but
methinks, an honest one. Treat her of
your own quality, colonel, but discreet-
ly, and not too kindly, lest we have
Mistress Schuyler, her injured dam-
sel, on our hands; and with a half
playful gesture peculiar to the man,
and yet not inconsistent with his dig-
nity, he half led, half pushed his youth-
ful secretary from the room.

When the door had closed upon the
colonel, Lady Washington had stood
toward her husband, who stood still,
quiet and passive, on the hearthstone.

"You surely see in this escapade
nothing of political intrigue—no treach-
ery?" she said hastily.

"No," said Washington quietly.

"Nothing more than an idle, wanton
intrigue with a foolish, vain country
girl?"

"Pardon me, my lady," said Wash-
ington gravely. "I doubt not we may
misjudge. 'Tis no common rustic lass
that can stir the country side.

"There an insult to your sex to believe
it. It is not yet sure that she has not
captured even so high game as she has
named. If she has, it would add an-
other interest to a treaty of comity and
alliance."

"That creature!" said Lady Wash-
ington,—"that light-of-love with her
Connecticut captain lover! Pardon me,
but this is preposterous; and with a
stiff courtesy she swept from the
room, leaving the central figure of
history—as such central figures are apt
to be left—alone.

Later in the evening Mistress Schuy-
ler so far subdued the tears and emo-
tions of Thankful, that she was enabled
to dry her eyes, and re-arrange her
brown hair in the quaint little mirror
in Mistress Schuyler's chamber; Mis-
tress Schuyler herself lending a touch
and suggestion here and there, after
the secret freemasonry of her sex.
"You are well-rid of this forsown cap-
tain, dear Mistress Thankful; and me-
thinks with hair as beautiful as yours,
the new style of wearing it, though a
modest frivolity, is most becoming. I
assure you 'tis much affected in New
York and Philadelphia,—drawn straight
back from the forehead, after this
manner, as you see."

The result was, that an hour later
Mistress Schuyler and Mistress Blos-
som presented themselves to Col. Hamil-
ton in the reception-room, with a cer-
tain freshness and elaboration of
toilet that not only quite shamed the
young officer's affable negligence, but
caused him to open his eyes in aston-
ishment. "Perhaps she would rather
be alone, that she might indulge her
grief," he said doubtfully, in an aside
to Miss Schuyler, "rather than appear
in company."

"Nonsense," quoth Mistress Schuy-
ler. "Is a young woman to mope and
sigh because her lover proves false?"

"But her father is a prisoner," said
Hamilton in amazement.

"Can you look me in the face," said

Mistress Schuyler mischievously, "and
tell me that you don't know that in
twenty-four hours her father will be
cleared of these charges? Nonsense!
Do you think I have no eyes in my
head? Do you think I mis-read the
general's face and your own?"

"But, my dear girl," said the officer
in alarm.

"Oh! I told her so, but not why,"
responded Miss Schuyler with a wicked
look in her dark eyes, "though I had
warrant enough to do so, to serve you
for keeping a secret from me!"

And with this Partisan shot she
returned to Mistress Thankful, who,
with her face pressed against the win-
dow, was looking out on the moonlit
slope beside the Whipperry River.

For, by one of those freaks peculiar
to the American springtide, the weather-
had again marvellously changed. The
rain had ceased, and the ground was
covered with an icing of sleet and snow,
that now glittered under a clear sky
and a brilliant moon. The north-east
wind that shook the loose scales of the
windows had transformed each dipping
tree and shrub to icy stalactites that
silvered under the moon's cold touch.

"'Tis a beautiful