

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

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No. 17.

THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to receive 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 over a fictitious signature. Address all communications to
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Wolfville, N. S.

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J. O. Ruggles, M. A. Rector.
Robert W. Hurdell.
(Divinity Student of King's College).

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J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

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IS SUPPLIED WITH
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DIRECTORY

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

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WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

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

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BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
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Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
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Select Poetry.

FAITH.

"Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet are firmly planted on the rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder-shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, 'It shall be done, sometimes, somewhere.'"
—Bronson.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.
Every pine, and fir, and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.
From sheds new-roof'd with Carara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff sails were softened down
And still fluttered down the snow.
I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow birds,
Like brown leaven whirling by.
I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.
Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.
Again I look'd at the snow fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arch'd o'er our first great sorrow,
When the mound was heap'd so high.
I remember'd the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep plung'd woe.
And again to the child I whisper'd,
"The snow that husheth all,
Daring the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"
Then, with eyes that saw not, I kiss'd her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.
—James Russell Lowell.

Interesting Story.

The Master's Story.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

Master Shieldstone was sitting on a rock close by a hedge in the field, gently tapping his cane. He had walked long and far, and was glad to turn from the dusty road to the soft, green field, and from the glare of the summer sun to the shelter of the thick, dark hedge.

The master was an elderly man, shriveled, wise, and kindly; but his face wore a look of sadness, which made the boys wonder how it was he could be so cheerful and so encouraging, with such mournful eyes and unconscious air of melancholy.

School had just closed for the long vacation, and in two days more would come the Fourth of July, which every youngster in town would consider it not only a privilege, but a bounden duty to make all the noise possible, and the boy whose tin horn would toot the loudest and whose cannon-crackers would hold out the longest would be the best fellow in the village for that day at least.

But dear, dear! If only the merry boys could be content with horns and crackers, and consider it glory enough to toot and bang, without imagining, as they grow a little older, that other and less harmless ways of celebrating become the proper and manly thing.

Master Shieldstone, intently ruminating, soon became aware that some of his boys were coming along the road on the other side of the hedge, and in a few moments he distinctly heard the voice of Paul Shepard, one of his brightest pupils, a fine boy of fifteen years.

"Yes, that will be grand," Paul was saying; "we'll start early in the morning, and each take a lunch along; then, about noon, we'll dine gaily all by ourselves, off there in the woods, and I guess by the time we finish dinner and are ready for speech-making we shall be pretty gay. I'll mix some first-class lemonade, with a stick in it to tiffen it a little."

"Oh, I know how to make jolly Ropap punch!" cried Tom Whittaker, a boy whose parents were wealthy, and allowed their handsome, only son good, considerable spending money; but they were good, sensible people, and prob-

ably entirely unaware that Tom was getting on as fast as he was in some directions.

"I'll tell you what is nice," said Everett Cutter, a great rogue, and son of the most popular physician of the place; "it's a new drink 'made with sherry and eggs and ginger, and a bit of soda 'till it.' I heard pa telling Mr. Smithers it would tone him up, then father add'd quickly, 'Where's that boy?' But 'that boy,' my lads, was hiding behind the portiere, and pa thought I didn't hear his next little prescription; but I tell you its just a tony old drink, and I'll help you to some; it'll make the tongues of yees fly well; even Toddy'll say it's a nice mixture, won't you, T. D.?"

"Just you wait till I warm up your little wits with some of my doctor's toddy," said Everett, gaily, "and you'll make a speech fit for Mr. Washington himself to applaud."

Then the merry troop tramped off. "Can it be possible!" mused the astonished teacher, his face the very picture of distress. "Can it be possible! These merry lads toying with the bait and with no conception as to whether their steps were tending!"

He mused in piteous melancholy for a moment, then started up saying, in a pent, firm voice—
"Yes, I must save my boys; I'll tell the whole wretched story if needs be; but those dear boy's must be saved."

He started "across lots" and came out at a turn in the road just ahead of the four lads, and wait'd silently their approach. They came up in high glee, accosting the elderly teacher with respectful freedom; for Master Shieldstone was loved far more than feared by the boys who knew the kind but lonely man well.

"How now, boys?" said the gentle voice; "almost ready for the Fourth? I suppose your plans are all laid for Independence day."
"Oh, yes, sir," said the gentle voice; "we mean to have a regular holiday frolic; want to be out of larn's way, so we four chummies are going to the woods to dine."

"And there's no harm possible in the woods, you think?" smiled the teacher.
"Pr'ty safe place for boys and babies," said Everett Cutter.
The master spoke musingly, as if to himself, but the four bright faces sobered at his next words.

"I remember how I fell into 'larn's way' one Fourth of July, in the woods, too, and—I've—never—been the same since."
There was silence for a moment; then Tom Witter said, a little eagerly, "I wish you would tell us about it, sir."

"Will, I will," said the master, seriously. It's something of a story; but suppose we go over to yonder field and sit down on the grass while I try to tell you all about it. "You see," began the master, as they were comfortably seated on their yielding carpet—"you see, when I was a lad and a young man, some things were different from what they are now. It was the fashion then to observe Independence and Election days just the same, only a great deal of strong drink was requisite in order to celebrate properly, and that kind of drink means liquid poison, my boys; stuff that sets the brain on fire and turns a true-hearted friend into a friend with one letter left out. What would that be, Toddy?"—the old habit of questioning asserting itself.

"Fiend," promptly responded Toddy.

"Yes, and a dangerous fiend at that; but I won't stop to lecture in vacation. I will get right on with my story. It was a splendid Fourth of July, thirty years ago, and I was in all the flush and pride of bright early manhood. I had graduated from college with, perhaps, a little more than usual honors there being but one young man who ranked higher than myself in study; and he was my dear, inseparable friend—alert nautic, chivalrous—ah, Will? you stand yet a friend in my heart of hearts!"

"I will call him Will Hunting, although that was not exactly his name; but we had been devoted to each other from my boyhood, having been sent to the same schools from the time we were twelve years old. There were

only district schools in those days, taking us to the simplest rules of Grammar; then such lads as were to become scholars were sent from home to be educated.

"Will did not live in the same place I did, but we used to visit each other during vacation. In this way I met, and after a while, became engaged to his sister, the most beautiful and intelligent young lady in my eyes I had ever seen,—or ever shall see, my boys, although the sunny face paled, and the bright eyes closed years ago, my lads, many long years ago.

"It was during one of my visits at Will's home that a picnic was planned for the Fourth of July. The party was to be a small one and very select—only about a dozen persons, including Will, my Helen, and myself.

"The evening preceding the Fourth the minister of the place called on Will's parents, and as I sat near him than the others who were gaily discussing the next day's party, I plainly heard what I think escaped them, in the way of some remarks the minister made to Will's father as some of the various drinks to be concocted were mentioned,—lemon punch, whiskey toddy, and cherry rum. "Don't you think it hazardous," he asked, "for young people to use intoxicating drinks to the extent they do; it acts indiscreetly upon the senses?"

"Mr. Hunting, senior, straightened his tall form as he answered with fatherly confidence and pride, 'My son has been educated to understand the nature and action of what he imbibes in the way of drink; moreover, he has the instincts of the gentleman to restrain him from excess. I can truly say his habits in that regard cause me no solicitude whatever.'"

"But only the next night, my dear boys, his only and idolized son lay a helpless imbecile under the same roof, while the agony of father, mother, and sister, was something I cannot dwell upon for a moment.

"It was the old story, which never loses its poignancy, however, by repetition. The drinks were mixed only too skillfully, and when the time came when we should have mastered inclination for further indulgence, a pitiless mastery was rioting in its own strength to lure us on.

"I never could remember how it began, but Will and I, who were apart from the rest, for the first time in our lives suddenly quarreled. I grew angry and repeat'd taunts, and I made some exasperating reply. Will started forward, as if to strike me, when, with all my strength of unwood'd excitement to give force to the blow, I struck him. It was a dreadful blow, succeeded by a more fearful fall, his head striking violently against the edge of a fallen tree. Only partially sobered, I found Helen, and said to her quietly:—

"I've struck Will, and he fell, and his head is bleeding." Then there was a great confusion. I told exactly the truth of the matter, not sparing myself in the least."

"And did he die?" asked Everett Cutter, his usually roguish face the picture of pity.

"No, Everett, boy; worse than that. He is living to-day, the same helpless imbecile he became that night. I visit the asylum which shelters him every season, but never a glance of recognition, never a word of reproach has Will Hunting been capable of expressing since that fateful day."

"I s'pose they blamed you awfully," quivered Paul Shepherd's sympathizing voice.

"No, I believe that was the worst of it all," replied the master; "they never spoke a word of blame in my hearing."

"'Twasn't you that did it anyway," said tender-hearted Toddy French.

"No, Toddy, boy; in one sense it was not I who did it; but I wish right here to impress one lesson on your minds and hearts; then, my dear boys, I must leave you. I do not tell you this story to grieve but to help you. Education I believe to be a prime necessity in order to a true manly career; but no amount of learning, refinement, or any scholarly attainment whatever, is going to shield you from absolute failure in life, if withal you lack wisdom in resisting habits of a degrading tendency. And one drop

of strong drink, disguised or smothered as it may be, contains just the same danger. "Good night, lads, God bless you, and a happy Fourth to you!"

For a few moments no one spoke as the susceptible lads watched the master's retreating figure; then Teddy French's gaze happened to meet Everett Cutter's eye.

"No, sir!" he said, with low-spoken decision, "none of your 'doctor's toddy' for me; I'll sharpen my little wits in some other way, or they may remain dull as they please."

"Good reason why," replied Everett; "I wouldn't be seen mixing the old stuff. I guess it blunts more wits than it ever sharpens."

"Glad my Roman punch died before 'twas born," said Tom Thittaker, with a sort of rueful smile; "how about your fancy lemonade, Paul?"

"Oh, that's got spill'd before 'twas ever mixed," said Paul. "Poor, dear old Master Shieldstone! Who would ever have believed it! Awful sad story, wasn't it?"

"Yes," began Everett Cutter, his mischievous face full of manly resolve—"yes, but I'll tell you what 'tis, dear old fellows, I believe it's a kind of mercy I heard it, for 'twixt you and me, my fondness for that tendency has been growing of late, but I'm going to nip it in the bud, and you fellows know, I hope, that when I say a thing I mean it."

"Let's tak a vow," said Teddy French; "father says a promise means manhood, if you're true to it."

"All right, let's!"

The picnic took place and was duly enjoyed; but four bright lads became four whole men, greatly aided in that tendency by the sad lessons of the master's story.—New England Journal of Education.

Plain and True Words.
The editor of the Webb City, Mo., Times speaks right out in meeting in his last issue and tells the people of that town that unless they give the paper a liberal support he will go somewhere else where labor is fully rewarded. His language is more forcible than elegant, but his arguments are solid, and we give him credit for having enough pluck to tell the people that unless they will give him a chance to live he will not longer make a drudge of himself and work for nothing—but glory. It is no use for a man to devote his lifetime to the advancement of a community and when death comes die with the happy assurance that his legacy he has left his children is the poor-house. In another article, headed "Why we are poor," he says:

"We have been asked, 'Why is it that newspaper men are poor?' The question is easily answered. A newspaper man devotes all his time to build up the town in which he is interested. He gives his time and money (what little he has) to help along all that is beneficial to his section. He puffs the town, country, and its business men, thinking that in time they will see where they have been benefited by his labors and support him liberally. He works like a dog for those doing business in his town, protecting their interests and trying to make whatever they may be engaged in a success. When some of these men are approached for their printing done cheaper abroad. They do not stop to think how many dollars' worth of free advertising the home paper does for them yearly, by mentioning their important business transactions and social improvements. These favors are all forgotten when they are called upon to help support the poor editor and wonder why he does not get along better, but keep on in the same path, sponging benefits they could not obtain were there no local home paper to talk up the town and give complimentary notices. When the home paper says that Mr. So-and-so has the finest show window in the city, such a paper is worth to the man whose store is mentioned 25 cents a line, because it attracts the attention of a thousand pair of eyes. Again when we say that Mr. Somebody-else has made on addition or otherwise improved his business surroundings, such a notice is worth to the party named not less than 25 cents a line. In fact every time a merchant's name appears

in the paper in any way connected with his business it is worth money to him, because it informs a thousand people that he is doing business, and is progressive. This the editor does gratuitously, continually, because it informs readers at a distance that his city has enterprising citizens, and all he asks in return is that his efforts in making a local home paper and speaking good words for the city and citizens be appreciated by a liberal patronage."
—Maple Leaf, N. B.

Turning Points in Life.
A wife is the making or the unmaking of the best of men. Your destiny may be decided in a day; there are moments of more value than a year. There is nothing so demoralizing in business nowadays as the chance element; and, in the long run, nothing so disastrous.

Nothing is so important as having some clear, definite purpose in life. There is no tragedy so sad as that of a wasted life. While circumstance may often make or mar a man's life, we may often make the circumstance. The only way to conquer circumstance is to be the biggest circumstance on the spot yourself.

Tell me a young man's taste, habits, and companions at the age of twenty and I will tell you what his course in life will be. . . . No man rises much above the level of his intimates. Have an honorable purpose, and pursue it with enthusiasm, resolution, and diligence, and the turning points in life will turn in your favor. Be your best self. Obey your highest convictions of right and duty.—REV. LEO W. CUTLER, in Buffalo Express.

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August 18th.

NOTICE.
All Persons having Legal Demands against the Estate of Anderson C. Martin, of Horton, Kings County, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested to the undersigned within three months from date hereof. And all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to settle their accounts immediately with
JAMES B. MARTIN Administrator
JOHN L. MARTIN Adm'r
Wolfville, Oct. 16, 1885.