

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1886.

No. 13

THE ACADIAN.

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Local advertising at ten cents per line
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For standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office and payment in advance is required
and not 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
name of the party writing for the Acadian
must invariably accompany the com-
munications, although the same may be written
over a fictitious signature.

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

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Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R.
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at 11:00 A. M. Sabbath School at 11:20 A. M.
Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.
and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgin-
son, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at
11:00 A. M. Sabbath School at 11:20 A. M.
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 11:20 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday
at 7:30 P. M.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal).
Services next Sunday morning at 11, even-
ing at 7. Mr. J. W. Fullerton, of King's
College, is Curate.

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

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M.,
meets at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 7:30 o'clock P. M.

J. B. Davidson, 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 S. O. T. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall,
Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets
every Saturday evening in Music Hall at
7:00 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH

THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

—OF—

Every Description

DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND

PUNCTUALITY.

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.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—
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.—Painter, and dealer
in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Wholesale
dealer in Flour and Feed, Mowers,
Rakes, &c., &c. N. B. Potatoes supplied
in any quantity, barreled or by the car
or vessel load.

BROWN, J. J.—Practical Horse-Shoer
and Farrier.

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

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Pub-
lishers.

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

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

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and
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HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Deal-
er.

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

MARSHALL, W. J.—Practical Watch
Maker, Watches, Clocks and Sewing
Machines cleaned and repaired with
durability and dispatch.

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er.

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Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of
all kinds of Carriage, and Team
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PRATT, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery,
Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

REDDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in
Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book Sellers,
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dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing
Machines.

ROOD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all
kinds of light and heavy Carriages and
Saddles. Painting and Repairing a
specialty.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy
Goods.

KLEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer
in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tin-
ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

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.

G. W. BOGGS, M. D., C. M.

Graduate of McGill University.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Hamilton's Corner, Canard, Cornwallis.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Also General Agent for FIRE and
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WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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for investment on first-class real estate
security. Good farm properties in
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Wolfville, Oct. 9, A. D. 1885.

E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

Carriages & Sleighs

MADE, PAINTED, and

REPAIRED

At Shortest Notice, at

A. B. ROOD'S.

Wolfville, N. S.

Interesting Story.

'AS IN THE DAYS OF NOAH.'

No other moment in the course of a
woman's life is fraught with such sig-
nificance, both in anticipation and
retrospection, as the one which contains
an offer of marriage. It is probably
the culminating point of all
stories, and the points of scenic arrange-
ment and dramatic effect receive much
attention from romance writers. In
fact I am free to confess that I had
not reached my twentieth birthday
without having occasionally dreamed
of the hour when Sir Launcelot would
come riding down. I even pictured in
fancy the gorgeous drawing-room (not
our own) or the romantic glen, when a
manly voice should repeat nonsense
and plead for the boon of my regard.
He should plead in right good earnest,
too, for it was my privilege to be de-
lightfully cruel once in my life. The
girl of the period is much too easily
won to be valued. My lover should
fully appreciate the worth of my con-
sent, it would be so long withheld.

But in my most improbable fancies
I had never imagined the possibility
that upon a wild and terrible February
night, on the way home from the lec-
ture of a popular humorist, as we
clung together and hobbled over the
icy pavement, Frank Moore should re-
mark, in his usual terse, practical
manner:

"I've been promoted, Kate. I'm
junior partner now, and father has
given me entire charge of the ware-
house. That means a great deal to me
now."

"I suppose so," I answered, intent
upon balancing myself.

"Yes—hadn't we better take the
middle of the street here?—it means
enough for two, if she isn't killing
extravagant. I shall go East the first
of April. Can you get ready to go
with me by that time?"

The suddenness of the suggestion
and the high wind took my breath,
but I was able to answer with great
dignity, "No, I think not."

"First of May, then?"

"No, sir."

"Good heavens! You don't mean
to say that you won't have me, Kate?"

Why couldn't he call me Katherine,
as I made every one else do, and spell
it with a K?

"You don't mean to say that you
thought I would?"

"Why, no, I—well—yes, I rather
thought that you might."

I could not see Fred's face in the
Egyptian darkness; the little quiver
in his voice I did not notice until I
recalled it afterwards. We were both
so occupied in keeping our equilibrium
that neither could analyze the mental
state of the other. We walked on in
silence, and I was obliged to depend
upon Fred's sustaining arm more than
ever. I wondered if he had expected
me to be so anxious to take the "trip"
with him, that I could accept his
loveless, unromantic proposition. How
I wished that I could tell him that
my heart was another's, but it wasn't,
and he knew it. I might have said in
calm kindness that we should always
be friends as in the past, but he gave
me no opportunity. His only further
remark being, "What a thundering
night!" a strikingly figurative one, by
the way.

And I vowed a vow, in the depth of
my injured fancy, that before I said
"Yes" to Fred Moore, that easy-going
young gentleman should literally go
down upon his knees in the most ap-
proved manner, and tell me that he
worshipped the ground I walked upon,
and that his only hope of life was in
my smile. I meant that he should do
it, too. If I was not too lightly won,
neither was I to be lightly dropped.
He left me at my door with a quiet
"Good night, Kate," and a moment
later I heard the great hall-door of the
Moore mansion slam with much ene-
rgy, and then the well-known light
appeared in his own room.

Mother looked up as I entered, and
asked, "Why didn't Fred come in?"

"I didn't ask him," I returned
phlegmatically.

"Don't you think you treat Fred
rather well—childishly for a girl of
your age? You are not children any

more, and yet you tilt and quarrel as
you did ten years ago."

"Fred Moore is the most disagree-
able young man in town. He is a
perfect bear and I detest him," I
exclaimed, unbuttoning my boots with
a vigor that sent the buttons flying
across the room.

"Katherine!" cried mamma, "you
are abusing your most faithful friend.
He has been like a brother to you for
years. You owe him too much to say
any such thing."

"I know he has teased and worried
and scolded me as devotedly as the
most horrid brother would have done."

"Katherine, you shall not go to that
skating rink another night. It makes
you nervous and cross all the time. I
know you couldn't stand it."

I vouchsafed no reply, but stretched
out my slippers feet to the fire and
meditated. We sat in silence for
nearly half an hour. At the end of
that time there was a ring at the door-
bell, and when I opened the door there
stood Fred Moore.

A flash of triumph came over me.
He had come again. I knew he
would. Now he should make love in
the most approved manner, and he
would, for he looked so grave and
resolute. He stepped into the hall,
saying, "I came over to give the warn-
ing. Rob has just telephoned up to
get ready for a flood. The river is
on a tare and is rising fast. It will be
as bad as it was last year and perhaps
worse."

"But it won't come up to Third
street," I said.

"It is over Second now, and rising.
Front and First are six feet under.
It is coming fast. Pull up your car-
pets, there's no time to lose. I will
get help for the piano and heavy things
if I can, but there's such a panic, I
may not be able to. Hurry now," and
he vanished into the darkness.

We tried to think of the most im-
portant things to do, but found our-
selves with trembling, uncertain haste,
doing the least necessary. Fred re-
turned very soon with two or three
strong negroes, and under his quick,
business-like directions, preparations
were made like magic. The piano was
hoisted into wooden chairs, the library
taken apart and packed upon the din-
ing-table, the carpets were piled upon
these, and the parlor furniture was
carried upstairs. Mamma and I busied
ourselves in carrying provisions and
cooking utensils up to my room, which
had a grate, the others being heated by
registers. In twenty minutes the cozy
sitting-room looked like the debris of a
hurricane. Then a thin stream of
water came under the front hall-door,
for our house was low and old-fash-
ioned. Fred turned to mother on the
stairs, saying: "Mother is anxious to
have you come over and stay with us
until the danger is over. She does not
consider it safe for you two to stay
here alone, especially as you are so
delicate, Mrs. Burnett."

Mother was about to accept the in-
vitation, but I answered from the top
stair, "O, no, we shouldn't think of
such a thing. We are perfectly safe
here, and we have everything we shall
need."

"You will both get sick or lonesome,"
said Fred, pulling his cap over his
eyes, and looking at mamma.

"No, we are accustomed to living
alone. You had better come up-stairs,
mamma, I urged."

She came, reluctantly, up a step
or two.

Fred came upon the lower step.

"I shall leave my window open,
Mrs. Burnett. It is not over ten feet
from yours and if you should want help
just make a noise. I shall hear you.
Good night."

"We shan't disturb you, My dear
boy, we are so much indebted to you
already," said mother in her sweet
voice. "I shall not try to thank you,
and she took both his hands and looked
into his face. He blushed like a girl,
and dropped his eyes. "Good night,"
call me if you need help."

When we were alone in the blackness
of the night, with the water climbing
up the stairway and beating against
the doors, I could have cried out in my
longing for the sufficient presence that
had been our reliance for so many
years. What would life be to moth-
er and me without Fred Moore?

One foot on the parlor floor stood the

water, too feet, three! and the piano
began to float; the library was bump-
ing around the dining-room. The
current had grown swift in the street
and all night long came cries for help
from boatmen who were upset by the
whirlpool at the corner lamp-post.

We could not sleep, but, like thou-
sands of others, sat by the fire and
awaited the worst all that weary Thurs-
day night.

It did not take many of those wait-
ing hours to show that I had loved
Fred Moore all my life. A childish
terror lest he should die or be drowned
or go away before I could see him
overcame me.

Higher and higher swept the flood.
Another foot would reach the parlor
ceiling. The frail old house shivered
as the waves beat against it. At last
the gray, awful dawn of that February
morning revealed the "abomination of
desolation" that had been wrought by
the angry Ohio. A turbid yellow lake
lay between us and the brown tops of
the Kentucky hills—a lake that was
navigated by a pitiful fleet of lost
houses, homes to which some of the
inmates were yet clinging as they
swam upon to destruction. How long
before our home would be swept from
its foundation and swept down the
river? Mother looked wistfully at the
staunch brick walls only twelve feet
away, but twelve miles would not have
separated further then.

She busied herself about breakfast
with the calm adaptability of her na-
ture. It was hard to think that she
had ever cooked upon anything but a
smoky grate, or used a larger table
than the toilet stand that she spread
with a towel.

Suddenly she gave a cry of alarm.
"We forgot the bread, dear."

"Make pancakes then—I brought up
flour," I suggested, in my miserable
idleness, as I curled up my hair.

"Did you think of baking powder?"

"No, no soda."

"What shall we do?"

"Hello," cried a voice. I ran to the
window.

"How are you this fine morning?
Got plenty to eat?" called Fred from
his window.

"O, Fred, we haven't any baking
powder nor bread, and we're hungry."

"You shall have some of our biscuits
then; we have a store," and he van-
ished, reappearing with a tempting
plateful of hot rolls.

"Now catch them or starve," he
called, as one by one he fired them into
my hands with the accuracy of a base-
ball pitcher.

"Shall call for you to take a walk
this morning; don't forget your rub-
bers, it is damp." This was an ex-
ample of the exuberant jokes that flew
back and forth during the day; but
they had a mission, for we should have
died of pure misery if we hadn't joked.
A slow rain fell most of the day, and
the river rose several inches before
nightfall.

We slept that night from sheer ex-
haustion, and the next morning looked
upon the terrible flood that had wrought
such havoc.

Our own hastily-gathered supplies
began to fail, and we halted the news
that the government boat was on its
way up the river, and the sufferers
would be fed. We had not yet con-
sidered ourselves sufferers. Looking
out at a sound, we saw Fred shove a
long plank from his bay-window to our
veranda roof and walk across upon it.
Tapping at the window he entered,
saying:

"Mrs. Burnett"—all his communi-
cations were addressed to mamma now—
"father telephoned up from the office
that the relief boat is making such
hurry that all the lower houses are
carried from their foundations and we
are afraid that yours is not quite safe.
You must come over right away. Gather
up what you can carry and I will
come back for mere. Be quick."

We made no resistance this time,
but went, mamma first, and I the
second trip, trembling over the plank,
clinging to the strong arm of our res-
cuer. How good the Moores had always
been to us. When Fred put his arm
around me to help me in at the win-
dow, I wanted to tell him how sorry
and ashamed I was for my speech of
Thursday night, but he helped me
down and hurried back for some of our
treasures. The house was reeking

plainly now, it swayed with every wave.

"Oh! Fred, Fred, come back, it is
not safe," I called. He came to the
window in answer to my call.

"Dear old home," moaned mamma.
"I was married there, and my children
were born and died there, and husband
lay in that very room," and she waved
her hand in a piteous farewell. I am
afraid my own feelings wavered be-
tween sentiment and regret for my
paintings and my new black silk, just
home from the dressmaker's.

Fred stepped out upon the roof with
his arms full of goods, and before he
could put his foot upon the plank the
house gave a lunge and a groan, and
careening upon the side, swept out to-
ward the street. I shut my eyes and
screamed, while Mrs. Moore dropped
upon her knees in an agony of prayer.

Surely no experience in after life can
equal the anguish of the next half hour,
and when we saw— How convenient
to be limited by facts! I could de-
scribe a very graceful scene, as my
lover is borne in with dripping locks
and pallid face, if left to my fancy.
But to say that he paddled up to the
window alone, in Mr. Murray's water-
tough, and was so completely encased
in coating of mud that he was unrecog-
nizable, seemed so ludicrous that our
sobs of joy cannot be understood. He
disdained our open arms and growled,
"You women get out of my room, or I
won't get in. Camplior sling be—be
condemned. Get out, I'm freezing on
the roof."

Then, in addition to having mamma
crippled with rheumatism, and Mrs.
Moore and her servant girl sick with
colds, we knew, in a few hours, that
Fred, our rock of help, must go down
into the Valley of the Shadow with
pneumonia. Soon after his icy bath
his fever had risen, and I could hear
his hoarse whisper as I passed to the
hall. What if he should die with my
cruel words yet in his ears! Was it
on my account that he lay in danger?

"O, my darling! my darling!" I
whispered over and over again, and I
resolved that I would see him before
the worst came.

"O, Kate, is my splend'd boy to be
taken from me?" cried Mrs. Moore,
putting her motherly arm around me.

How could I tell her the truth, that
I had dared to throw away that good,
true life, when it was offered to poor
little me? Three agonizing days fol-
lowed in which his life hung by a
thread, and one night every one else
was worn out and I had to be asked to
sit by him. How I had longed to do
it, and yet when the worn-out mother
left at midnight and I stole into the
dim room, I trembled from head to
foot. There was something awful in
the sight of the tall, fine form stretched
upon the bed, weak and helpless, the
sufficient hands idly moving upon the
spread.

He turned his head wearily once or
twice. Then the brown eyes opened
and looked at me. "Katie!"

"Your mother has gone to get some
rest," I explained.

"Poor mother!" After a pause—
"Katie, you had better go to bed. I
don't need any one here. It is night,
isn't it?"

"Let me stay, Fred. I want to take
care of you a little. I am so sorry for
you."

"Never mind, I'll be all right in a
day or two."

"Fred!"

"What is it?"

"I'm sorry for what I said the other
night."

"That's all right, Katie. Don't
worry. I had to speak and you had