

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1886.

No. 33

THE ACADIAN.

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

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\$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
arrangement for standing notices.

Dates for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment on transfer advertising
must be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new types 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 communi-
cation, although the same may be written
over a fictitious signature.

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

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-
larly to his home, whether directed
to his name or another's or whether
he has subscribed or not—is responsible
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 refer-
ring to the newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
leaving them unsealed for *prima facie*
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Mail
is 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 5.20 p. m.
Kentville close at 7.30 p. m.
Geo. V. Raso, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on
Saturday at 12 noon.
A. DEW. BARRIS, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R.
L. 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. Higness,
Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00
a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 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 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday
at 7.30 p. m.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.
Divine Worship is held in the above
Church as follows:
Sundays, Matins and Sermon at 11 a. m.
Evangelical and Sermon at 7 p. m.
Sunday-school commences every 8th
day morning at 9.30. Choir practice on
Saturday evening at 7.30.

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

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—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 7 o'clock p. m.
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary

Oddfellows.

"CORPUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets
in Cuthbert 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

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

Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will see
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.

BROWN, J. L.—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.

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

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

HERBEN, 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. Residing neatly done.

MONTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Mak-
er.

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

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

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

REDDEN, 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 speci-
ality.

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 Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobac-
conist.

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

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

WITTER, BURFEE.—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.

B. C. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative
PAINTER.
English point Block a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 30. Sept. 19th 1884

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

WE SELL
CORDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. R.
TINS, LUMBER, LATHS, CAN-
NED LOBSTERS, MACKER-
EL, FROZEN FISH,
POTATOES, FISH, ETC.
Best prices for all Shipments.
Write fully for Quotations.
HATHEWAY & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
22 Central Wharf, - Boston.
Members of the Board of Trade,
Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

50 Newly imported Verse & Motto all
Chromo Cards, with name and a
water pen for ice, 5 packs, 5 pens
for 50c. Agents sample rack, outfit, and
illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a
stamp and this slip. A. W. KINSLEY,
Yarmouth, N. S.

Splet Poetry.

ON THE LONG ROAD.

There is a pathway far from here,
A shining pathway like a sea,
And three sweet souls to me most dear
Walk on it with their dreams set free.

I think they long to reach across
The distance vast 'twixt heaven and earth
To cheer us in our heavy loss
And make our worldly road more fair.

I think they long to make us glad,
And trace our path with columns strong
Or dry the tears that show us sad,
And fill the air with heavenly song.

And we'll only stand and wait,
With folded hands and lifted eyes:
As if some soul had closed a gate
That opened into Paradise!

Had closed the gate and drawn the bar,
Ah me! still we look and pray,
And wish that we could climb so far,
And wonder if we ever may.

Those souls I loved before they fled,
I love them in their sphere divine—
And though the human forms are dead,
The graves that hold them still are mine.

Aye, mine! I sometimes think that I
Can feel the heart-beats through the sod,
Or think it is as if the sky
Had opened wide to show me God!

Had crushed my narrow earthly walls
And raised me into Heaven's space,
Where glory on the angels fall
To robe them in a wondrous grace.

I reach, I pant, I yearn, I climb
Beyond the lessons of my day;
I fight against the bonds of time,
Pursuing still that upward way.

And yet I never seem to mount,
My golden goal is far and dim,
I fail to leave the ripples fount,
And overhanging clouds are grim.

What is it that I cannot find?
What is it that I crave and need?
'Tis no delusion of the mind,
'Tis this strong and comprehensive need.

Yes, all my life long I have sought
For something high above me—yet
It came not unto where I fought,
The battle-fields where hopes are met.

But still I feel that it must come,
My own, the dream fulfilled, to me—
A faith to lead me toward my home
And fix my altar steadfastly.

I know not what that heaven is
Where those three souls have found
But I believe 'twill answer this [their rest,
Great longing in my mortal breast.

And so from day to day I go
Firm-footed on the path of pain,
And take the cold winds as they blow,
And face the lightning and the rain.

It is so far! and though I reach
Still forward, eager for the star
That shines where God alone can teach,
And where youth learns—it is so far!

Interesting Story.

Esther Talbot.

"She is as bonnie a Lancashire lassie
as ever the sun shone on!"

"Yes, she is very bonnie."

"So merry and witty, too! Why,
she has almost a genius for relating an
anecdote. My daughters are fairly in
love with her. They call her a 'Lancashire
Rose,' and would like to have her
at the rectory as much as possible."

Here the conversation was interrupted
by the entrance of another parish-
ioner, much to Mr. Newton's relief.
He was an uncle of the "Lancashire
Rose," and for reasons he could not
give was unable to join in Mrs. Lawson's
—the clergyman's wife—in praise of his
niece.

Mr. Lawson had but lately been ap-
pointed to Brenton church, and so was
not very intimately acquainted with
his interesting parishioner. He had
come to Brenton: a busy, populous
town in Lancashire, from a quiet,
sleepy county parish in Cheshire.

Amongst the most refined and well-
to-do of his new parishioners was the
Talbot family. They lived in the
widest, most respectable street in the
township, and rented one of the large
family pews, which they filled every
Sabbath.

Mrs. Talbot was a gentle, indulgent,
self-sacrificing woman, wholly devoted
to her husband, children and home.
But she was not strong, and often had
days of distress when she was unable
to leave her room. One bright, warm
afternoon in May, about two weeks
before the great Lancashire holiday,
Whitsunide, or Whit-week, as it is
more commonly called, Mrs. Talbot was
busy ironing, when a sudden faintness,
followed by a severe headache, obliged
her to give up her work.

Esther was in the sitting-room, fin-
ishing a bonnet she had been making
for herself, and which was almost a
marvel of simplicity and good taste.
The shape of the bonnet was a *la
mode*, but the style of trimming was

original, though not singular, and
many a fashionable lady would willing-
ly have given for it as many sovereigns
as it had cost shillings.

"My dear, I have a severe headache.
I am going upstairs to lie down. Will
you finish the ironing for me? And
keep the children quiet while they come
home from school."

Esther did not lift her head, or look
at her mother, who stood waiting for a
reply. It seemed a long time before
any response came, and the mother
stood there, with a pained, anxious ex-
pression on her face. Then Esther
threw down the bonnet abruptly, say-
ing—

"I suppose I must, if you say so
but you know I hate ironing! I never
can have half an hour for myself!"

Her mother did not remind her that
she had been sewing at least two hours,
but pale and grieved, she went slowly
upstairs.

When the children came home from
school, the ironing was finished, and
she bonnet also, the latter laid care-
fully away, not to be worn until the
eventful Whit-Monday.

Several times Esther's better nature
prompted her to take her mother a cup
of tea, but she put away the thought
saying to herself—

"She will be down to tea when father
comes home."

She busied herself getting the child-
ren their supper, and treating them to
many a sharp word, of which they took
but little heed, only saying to each
other, when Esther left the room,
"Oh, she's in one of her tantrums
again!"

When they had finished their tea,
Maggie, a sweet, thoughtful little
maiden, next in age to Esther, went
softly upstairs, and gently opening the
door of her mother's room, looked in
and seeing her lying on the bed, ap-
parently asleep, went quietly away
again.

But her mother saw her, as she
noiselessly closed the door, and a pleas-
ed look came into her face, while she
murmured, "My blessed little Maggie!
If Esther were as loving and thought-
ful, what a comfort she would be!"

It was the Saturday night before
Whit-Sunday, and hundreds of tired
mothers in Lancashire had gone to
rest, glad that the time so long looked
forward to by the children, and for
which they had been preparing, was so
near at hand. Esther Talbot, too, had
been unusually busy, helping her moth-
er get the younger children's clothes in
readiness.

She had noticed, with some uneasiness,
that her mother seemed wearied
and looked pale, and coughed a good
deal, and she began to fear lest some-
thing might occur to keep her at home
on the eventful Whit-Monday.

The day came at last, and such a
lovely Whit-Monday morning had not
been known for years. Soon after
seven o'clock the streets were alive with
bright-faced, happy-looking children,
dressed in their new frocks and hats.
Here and there were knots of proud,
happy mothers, watching their children
go up the street, and then they waited
in groups in the principal street to see
them come in procession with the
other members of the various schools.

Very early on this never-to-be-for-
gotten morning Mr. Talbot went to Es-
ther, who was still in a sound, healthy
sleep, and said, "My dear, your mother
is very ill. You must wash and dress
the children, and get them ready for
the procession. I will call, on my way
to the office, and leave a message for
Dr. Roberts."

Then he hurried downstairs. Esther
sprang from her bed, and drew aside
the window curtain. When she saw
what a lovely morning it was, she al-
lowed a perfect storm of anger and
disappointment to rage within her.
There was not the slightest feeling of
sympathy for the indulgent mother,
who had never allowed her to miss any
innocent pleasure upon which she had
set her heart, and who, even then, was
thinking not of her own suffering, but
of the great disappointment it would
be for Esther to stay at home.

The children were at breakfast.
Esther was so angry and disappointed
to eat. She took a basin of gruel up
stairs to her mother, set the little tray
down by the bedside, and without look-
ing or speaking, turned to leave the
room. Mrs. Talbot was hurt beyond

any power of words to express. Her
heart was pierced as no sword could
have pierced it. Never before had she
realized so bitterly how "Sharper than
a serpent's tooth it is to have a thank-
less child."

But she said, gently, "My poor
child, you cannot know how sorry I
am to be ill to-day."

"There's no use in being sorry now,"
interrupted the unfeeling girl, hurrying
out of the room, and shutting the door
with a snap.

When the children were quite ready,
they went to kiss their mother, and
found her dressed and ready to go
downstairs. She smiled, and kissed
them patiently, telling them to be
good, and keep with their teacher when
they were coming home.

As she stooped to kiss Maggie, a
violent pain seized her, and she turned
quickly away, grasping firmly at the
breakfast-table for support. The child,
alarmed at the sight of her mother's
white face, clasped her arms about her,
crying—

"O mamma! mamma! you are ill!
Let me stay with you! Let me call
Esther!"

But the paroxysm had passed, and
with an eager, nervous embrace, Mrs.
Talbot dismissed the affectionate child,
telling her she was "better now."

Esther was clearing away the break-
fast things when Mrs. Talbot entered the
room. She started with surprise.
Looking up, her eyes met those of her
mother, and she never forgot the
pained and wounded expression she
saw on the pale, pinched face. Her
heart, however, was not then softened,
and when her mother said, in a low
voice—

"Esther, you may go. If you are
quick in dressing, you will be able to
join the procession as it is passing the
house," she at once left her work, and
hurried to her room.

The eager girl now resolutely put
away from her the thought that her
mother was really ill, and needed her
love and care. With feverish haste
she made her toilet, putting on the
pretty suit that had cost her many
hours of labor. About her neck she
arranged a delicate white lace ruffle, in
which she fastened a handsome gold
brooch, a gift from her father on her
last birthday; then she took out the
lovely little bonnet she had so longed
to wear, but would not put on till to-
day lest some other girl should get one
trimmed as near like it as possible.

Now the pretty gowns were on, and she
was quite ready.

She could hear the strains of music
from the brass band that always ac-
companied their "School" on Whit-
Monday; so, putting her purse and
lace-bordered handkerchief hastily in
her pocket, and taking one last look
into the mirror, she ran lightly down-
stairs, through the hall, and out at the
front door just in time to take her
appointed place between the rector's
daughters.

She was fully conscious, however, of
the looks of admiration with which she
was regarded as she stepped across the
broad flagged sidewalk.

Mrs. Talbot had walked into the
parlor and was standing behind the lace
curtains watching the scholars go by.
She saw how lovely Esther looked, but,
for the first time, felt no joy in her
child's beauty. Her heart had been
too sorely wounded by her willful and
heartless conduct.

As the scholars moved on, she saw
her other treasures among the younger
children. They were looking at the
house as they passed, and when they
caught sight of their mother, who had
drawn the curtains aside and was look-
ing eagerly and lovingly toward them,
they waved their hands and shouted
in great glee.

The mother watched them move
away with a strange, half-sad, wholly
passionate desire to hold them to her
heart once more, then, turning from
the window, she burst into an agony
of tears.

Two hours later Mr. Talbot came
home. He lifted the heavy brass
knocker and let it fall gently for fear
of disturbing his sick wife. Imagine
his surprise when she herself opened
the door! Somehow she seemed to
understand why she was alone, and ap-
spared her the pain of telling him what
had occurred. But he inwardly re-
solved that Esther should be made

to feel his displeasure at her heartless
conduct.

Soon after the doctor called, and at
once ordered his patient to bed. Then
he told Mr. Talbot a nurse must be
sent for immediately. Before he left
he gave some important directions, and
said he would return in an hour. "She
has had some shock or grief, and I am
afraid it will aggravate what would
otherwise have been a serious matter."
Then he hurried away, to attend to his
other patients, leaving Mr. Talbot sore-
ly distressed.

All the schools belonging to the
diocese of Manchester met, as usual,
in Albert Square, then, after singing
the National Anthem, joined in one
long, grand procession, and passed
along the principal streets of Manches-
ter.

The windows of every hotel and
warehouse and office along the route
were filled with spectators, and many
of the street corners had some sort of
platform, on which men and women
were standing.

Very few persons can see the pretty
sight without being moved. Hundreds
of people reckon it among their annual
treats. Many of the parish schools
had their own brass band, a few of
them had a drum and fife band com-
posed of scholars who attend the school.
They all practise the same hymns and
tunes, so, when one is struck up, it is
played and sung all along the line; and
the music, and singing by the children;
the large, hard-wood, silk banners,
whose long cords with silk tassels are
carried by little girls dressed in white;
the smaller banners; the wreaths and
bouquets of flowers; the egyptians in
their robes; the church wardens carry-
ing their staff of office; and last, but
not least, the boys and girls from the
industrial schools, all form a sight which
once seen is never forgotten.

Their were many fair and pretty
faces; many "bonnie girls," as the
Lancashire people say, in that long line
of Sunday scholars; but none fairer
or bonnier than Esther Talbot. Al-
most every time she raised her eyes
she encountered some glances of admira-
tion, and, as that was what she cov-
eted, all thought of her mother was ban-
ished from her mind.

When the procession was over, most
of the elder scholars formed parties
and went to finish the day, with their
teachers or parents, at some favorite
resort, while the younger ones returned
to their own churches, to feast on buns
and milk.

Esther had resolved to go directly
home and not join any party. She
thought if she gave the rest of the day
to her mother, she could easily atone
for having left her in the morning.
But her friends urged her so persistently
to join them, and the warm, bright
sunshine seemed to promise such a
delightful day in the country, that at
length she yielded, thinking that for
that day she would enjoy herself to the
utmost, and afterwards would try to be
"a better girl to her mother."

At any rate, all remorseful thoughts
and good resolutions were entirely gone
when, an hour later she walked the
old-fashioned country lanes. The blue
air; the glad song of the birds; the
tangled beauty of the hedgerows; the
sweet simple wild flowers; the white,
fleshy, fantastical-shaped clouds that
floated softly along in the promise of a
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