

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1885.

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Vol. V.

THE ACADIAN

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S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville, Divine Worship will be held (D. V.) in the above Church as follows:—
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Evening and sermon at 7 P. M.
Wed., Evening and Communion at 7:30 P. M.
Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9:30. Hour practice on Wednesday evenings. Divine Worship will be conducted in the above Hall as follows:—
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Oldfollows.
"ORPHANS' LODGE" 100 F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock P. M.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wiltse's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

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

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OF
Every Description
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NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND
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The undermentioned firms will use
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nishings.

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where he is prepared to fill all orders
in his line of business.

Direct 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.

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this slip A. V. Kinney, Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

The Ashes upon the Hearth.

I went to the old time cottage
Where I dwelt in childhood days;
I looked through the dear old window
That seemed to return my gaze;
I sought for some sweet reminder
To bear from my place of birth,
But ah! there remained no token
But the ashes upon the hearth.

The chambers were bare and empty,
And the echoes seemed to say:
"Oh! where is the busy household,
Oh! why do the children stay?
A branch of the veteran oak tree,
That now was a century old,
Still outspung a little window
That mirrored the sunset's gold."

I wandered to "mother's chamber,"
To the room where father wrote.
No sound broke the mournful stillness
But the chimney swallow's note.
Then again I sought the kitchen,
Once a place of joy and mirth,
And I sought the past before me
Like the ashes upon the hearth.

How often we merry youngsters,
For our chestnuts sweet and brown,
Made a bed in the hot "wood ashes,"
With the live coals dropping down,
While the girls pulled molasses candy
And tossed it with glee on high,
And the golden pippins roasted
In an earthen pan near by!

Since those happy days of childhood
It is fifty years or more,
And the "boys and girls" have scattered
To many a distant shore,
While some dear hands were folded
And sheltered by Mother Earth,
As they dropped away from the spirit
Like the ashes upon the hearth.

Interesting Story.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

"I'm not good for much, am I,
mother?"
The question was asked playfully,
but the young man at the breakfast-
table, from which a red-armed girl was
carrying the dishes, threw down his
paper, and springing up, said, with a
flushed face,—
"No, Dick, you're not good for any-
thing!"

"Come now!" was the angry re-
sponse, and Mrs. Barnes hurried forth
nervously, for it seemed as if the two
brothers would fight.
"It's a fact. You are living on us;
you are lazy—and you're almost twenty
years old," said Tom, the eldest.
"O boys! boys!" protested the
woman, holding out her hands. "You
never quarrelled in your life. Don't
begin now!"

"It's time he heard the truth!"
muttered Tom.
"But, mother, haven't I tried?"
asked the boy, turning to her, and his
voice trembled just a little.
"You know, Tom, that Dick is deli-
cate!" pleaded the woman.
"Yes, and that's been his shield long
enough, I should say. He's not too
delicate to go to all the merry-makings,
and eat his share, and when he gets a
chance in life, he don't know it.
I'll never try for him again, never!"
and out he went, slamming the door be-
hind him.

"I don't see what's got into Tom!"
said the widow, distressfully. "I never
knew him to act so before."
"Oh, it's been in him some time,"
muttered Dick, hoarsely. "Ever since
he got acquainted with the Mosess.
That's what's the matter."
"Do you really mean it, Dick?"
"Of course I do. He likes Miss
Anne, and he wants to marry and settle
down. I'm in the way. I wish father
had lived, or I had died with him."
"Dick, darling, don't talk so!"
"I say I do! Everything was going
on just right. I liked my studies and
meant to make a man, though in a
different way from Tom. He likes
hard work, and can do it. I hate
everything but books, study and law.
I don't see why Tom should be so hard
on me. I'm trying my best. Lawyer
Bates says that in less than two years
I can make my own way."

"My poor, dear boy! You are doing
your best, I know you are."
"Yes, you think so; you feel so;
I'm sure of your sympathy, but you
see, Tom wants me to be making
money. He begrudges me the food I
eat, and thinks I am shirking, and
trying to get along without work. He
never said so before, but I have seen it
of late. I can read it in the way he
looks at me."

"My dear boy! try not to mind it!"
said the widow, distressfully.
"I have tried; laughed at his hints,
and swallowed my chagrin. But I
can't do it any longer: my self-respect
is hurt. All is, I must throw up my
place with Lawyer Bates, and go out
to Oregon and buckle down to hard
work."

"Dick, I never will consent to it!"
said his mother, growing pale. "You,
with your delicate constitution, to go
away so far from home—from me—
when you have always needed to be
watched over and cared for!" Try
not to mind Tom!"

"I have done so, mother, but I can't
pretend to try any longer. Tom wants
to be married—to the silliest girl in the
family, too, because she has a pretty
face and dresses so stylishly. I sup-
pose he's not to blame; he's twenty-
five years old, and doing a fair business.
It's only I am in the way. He has to
help me to clothes, you know, and of
course my board costs something. I
might as well say yes. The journey
will do me good, maybe, and there's a
chance to make money. It's a new
place, you know."

The conference closed, and Dick
went to the office, leaving his mother
almost broken-hearted. It was such a
change from the tender care of her
husband, to dependence upon the strong,
self-willed man whose word had begun
to be law. And it was embarrassing to
feel that before long she would only be
second in his heart and home. For he
called the home his, though his mother
had bought it with her own money
years before, and furnished it herself.
But now she was left so impoverished
that she had no means to pay the tax-
es, and her health was poor.

Tom would only wait! But no;
if Tom believed that Dick was lazy; that
his studying law was but a farce; that
he should be no more exempt from hard
labor than himself. And he had just
had such a splendid situation offered
for him, that it angered him beyond
measure when Dick declined, "gentle-
man Dick," as he sneeringly called
him. Besides, he did wish to marry,
but would not while he fancied Dick
an encumbrance.

That night the brothers met for a
few moments; the mother was not in
the room.
"Have you written your friend in
Oregon?" asked Dick, and something
in his handsome, intellectual face re-
buked his elder brother as he answered.
"No; I shall write him to-night."

"Tell him I accept," said Dick,
shortly, turned on his heel and left the
room.
"Come to his senses at last," said
Tom, reflectively, yet with certain un-
easy twinges, as he remembered the
almost unnatural brilliancy of the dark,
pathetic eyes, so like his father's.
"Pshaw! it will do the fellow good to
circle around the world a little. He
has been tied quite too long to the
law—there are too many lawyers
already. He will thank me before the
year is out, and mother, too."

Dick broached the idea to his friend
Lawyer Bates, who tried all in his
power to dissuade him.
"You've the making of an excellent
lawyer in you," he said, "and you are
getting along wonderfully. If you will
go off so far, why don't you wait till
you get your diploma? That's the
business you were made for."

But all the talk did no good, and
inwardly calling him a fool, the man
turned to the papers before him. How
could Dick tell him that he was an
unwelcome guest in his mother's
house?

"Die in a year," the lawyer muttered
afterwards, when somebody spoke to
him about it. "The boy isn't made
for hard work, and he'll find it out."
The year passed. Tom had been
six months married, and had brought
his pretty, helpless wife to his home,
hired extra servants, and seemed as
happy as a lord. He did not notice
the increasing pallor of his mother's
face, the heart-broken look that told

how she missed thoughtless, warm-
hearted, loving Dick.
He had always made such a pet of
his little gentle mother, and now she
felt as if she were almost forgotten.
Her son and his wife were kind to her
—but oh, she wanted the clasp of
loving hands about her neck, and the
kiss of a son, sometimes. Her only
solace was the reception of the letters
that came at first every week—but of
late there had been great gaps between.
He laughed in his letters, but sobbed
as he folded them; she never should
know—never.

He had enjoyed the novelty of the
trip, and the new associations among
which he was thrown, for a time. The
work which he was expected to do was
entirely beyond his strength, and the
people with whom he was thrown in con-
tact were rough and uneducated. He
had been accustomed to delegate and
nourishing food; that which he tried
to eat was coarse, badly prepared and
unwholesome. Day after day he la-
bored from early morning till late at
night, leaving for his place of lodg-
ment so exhausted that the best meal
would have been distasteful. As the
weakness increased, he fought bravely
against it, and yet the longing for
home—the almost agonized desire to
look upon his mother's face once more
added to his physical sufferings.

"That boy looks like a ghost," said
some one to his employer.
"Yes; not fit for the business," was
his reply, "but the poor fellow is trying
hard."
"O mother! mother! I am coming
home. I must come home," he wrote,
at the conclusion of the year.

"I thought so," said practical Tom,
with a clouded brow, when his mother
read him the letter, her voice trem-
bling. "You made a baby of him for
all time—he'll never be a man!"
Little he thought how prophetic were
his words! The next letter said,—
"Expect me by the third of next
month at latest." The next—written
in a strange hand,—
"DEAR MAMAM,—I am sorry to
write you bad news. Your son was
getting ready to start for home, when
he broke down. He was never strong
enough for the work, and I told him so,
months ago, but he would not give up.
There was good metal in him—but I
think he mourned too much for his
home and mother. Just before he died,
he said, 'If I could only see my mother
for one moment, I could die happy!'"

Why now we follow the letter?
Tom broke down, for once, when the
news forced itself upon him. The
mother went rapidly to the grave, and
to this day there is a look in Tom's
face, which neither care nor bodily
suffering put there—only consciousness
that having been his brother's keeper,
he failed in both duty and affection,
and for the rest of his life must pay
the penalty.

CONFIDANTS.
What a blessing is a confidant! A
true friend to whom we can speak our
minds, tell our secrets, and fearlessly
lay bare the innermost feelings of our
hearts; one of whose sympathy we are
assured, on whose discretion we can
rely, and whose advice we can safely
follow.

The best confidant or confidante of
all is our father, mother, sister, brother
or other relation. Alas! we too often
prefer to confide in strangers, and many
a parent's heart aches on that account.
Many parents, however, have only
themselves to blame for this. Not
showing interest in their young chil-
dren's affairs, and not sympathizing in
or respecting their childish confidences,
they cause them to become shy and
reserved, and the habit once formed
remains an impassable barrier be-
tween them in after life.

There are confidants and confidants.
The first paragraph describes the ideal
kind, which is rare. A confidant of
this kind is generally preferred by the
confidant (if arrived at years of discre-
tion) to be of the opposite sex. That
is to say, a young man usually prefers
"a rare and radiant maiden" as a con-
fidente, and, of course, vice versa. Fail-
ing these, choose one of their own
sex.

Some confidants there are to whom
you can confide most things, but other
things you shrink from revealing; you
know instinctively that you would re-
ceive no sympathy if you did so. In

such cases perhaps it is better to have
several confidants, each of whom will
sympathize with one or more particular
things. Thus you might have different
confidants for literature, art, music,
science, mirth, sentiment, etc. But
these only in the absence of the ideal
confidant; though, so to say, it
would be rather hard on him or her.

There are some to whom you only
confide once, if you are wise; not at all
if you are wiser. These are the talka-
tive ones who cannot keep a secret.
Others are treacherous; apparently
sympathizing, they use your confidence
to gain their own ends. Beware of
them! Always be cautious as you
possibly can in choosing confidants.
Some may be unsympathetic and apt
to make fun of your confidence. Yet
such may possess good hearts and are
frequently more valuable friends than
those who are more complaisant. Some
confidants listen to you out of pure
good nature; they patiently submit to
be bored. If you find them out, be
merciful—a good-natured friend is not
to be lightly lost.

The ideal confidant is often "every-
one's confidant;" everyone finds it out
and takes advantage of it. He or she
—it is generally a woman—is pitied by
everyone who is not "everyone's con-
fidant," but she probably likes it. It
may be wearisome occasionally, but it
is pleasant to be universally trusted.

The Book of God.

The bible is the best book in the
world.—John Adams.
There is a book worth all other
books which were ever printed.—Pat-
rick Henry.
The bible furnishes the only fitting
vehicle to express the thoughts that
overwhelm us when contemplating the
stellar universe.—O. M. Mitchell.
The grand old book of God still
stands, and this old earth, the more its
leaves are turned and pondered the
more it will sustain and illustrate
the sacred work.—Prof. Dana.

All human discoveries seem to be
made only for the purpose of confirm-
ing more and more strongly the truths
contained in the sacred scriptures.—
Sir John Herschel.
In my investigation of natural sci-
ence, I have always found that when-
ever I can meet anything in the bible
on my subjects, it always affords me a
firm platform on which to stand.—
Lieut. Maury.

So great is my veneration for the
bible that the earlier my children begin
to read it the more confident will be
my hopes that they will prove useful
citizens to their country, and respecta-
ble members of society.—John Q. Ad-
ams.

It is impossible to govern the world
without God. He must be worse than
an infidel that lacks faith, and more
than wicked that has not gratitude
enough to acknowledge his obligation.
—George Washington.

If the God of love is most appropri-
ately worshipped in the temple of our
religion, the God of nature may be equal-
ly honored in the temple of science.
Even from its lofty minarets the
philosopher may summon the faithful
to prayers, and the priest and sage
exchange altars without compromise
of faith or knowledge.—Sir David
Brecester.

The Decay of Profanity.

From having been the loudest and
coarsest of swearers, English gentlemen
have become the most intolerant of
profane expressions, and even the
mildest expletives are accounted by
them as bad taste. Soldiers and sailors
formerly looked upon swearing as a
professional necessity, and perhaps still
do so; but probably a man like Wolse-
ley shares the feeling of other English
gentlemen with respect to profanity,
and we know that Grant went through
all the excitement of the civil war
without an oath, though on both sides
the air was often blue with cursing.

But, as we have said, most men swear
habitually or occasionally. It seems
to give them relief, or they imagine
that it does, and they know no other
way of strengthening an assertion than
by using an oath. In general, this
swearing is in good nature, or, at most,
expresses only momentary vexation, and

often the profanity is only indulged in
as a banter, for instance, by the drivers
in the streets, who will curse each other
up and down, and still have no hard
feelings. They simply swear for fun
and to vary the monotony of existence.
This applies only to this country
though. In England one can mount
upon a bus at the Kensington Muse-
um, and drive through the great and
crowded thoroughfares of London, all
the way to the bank of England, and
not an oath nor an expletive will be
heard.

THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI.
At last we were in the storied and
romantic Pilot Town, the ancient city of
pirates; among a people who have no law
or lawyers, no priest or preachers, no
policemen or magistrates. The builders
and inhabitants of this town have long
been called pirates. There are writers,
and politicians, too, with vivid gifts of
imagination, who insist that these strange
people of these are the actual successors
and descendants of Laiffe, the pirate,
whom Gen. Jackson employed to defend
New Orleans against the British. This is
entirely untrue. Here, in the city that
elsewhere would have at least a half a
score of policemen, three magistrates, as
many lawyers, and other like excrement
of civilization, nothing of that sort was
ever heard of.

All the women, all the child n—some
of them black, but quite as many white
and towheaded—came and sat in the hall
to hear a Congressman speak, to see a
man who had seen the city of Washington
—the first and the last, perhaps, they have
seen, or will see again. They had hung
up extra lanterns about the doors of this
hall; they had set on the wall, in wild
Southern flowers from Congress, for
their Creole member of these things
legend.

"CARLETON HUNT,
OUR FRIEND."
And how they listened, and how they
leaned to look and hear and try to learn
something! Ah! the hunger and thirst
for something better in their desolate lives,
as these women with their bosoms leaned
and listened and tried to learn something.
I tell you it was pitiful. And I went to
the little war, under the stars, and looked
away, over the vast levels of the sea,
toward where the Acadians of sweet
Evangelina had landed, and I loved these
people here, these pirates of Pilot Town
who are now only the real Acadians, loved
them and wanted to stay and live with
them always. Far away yonder, under
the stars that almost touch the edge of
the Mexican seas, I could point out the
spot where the Acadians settled down and
melted into the civilization that came to
envision them. But here the sea held
back all approach. No rich lands here
in the orange mouth of the mighty river
for men to struggle for; this new Acadia,
these new Acadians will survive a long
time.—(Joaquin Miller, in the Independ-
ent.

HER GRAMMAR.

It is a pathetic sight to watch the me-
anderings of the childish mind through
the intricacies of the English grammar.
Little Kate has been repeatedly reproved
for doing violence to the moods and tenses
of the verb "to be." She would say "I
be" instead of "I am;" and for a time it
seemed as if no one could prevent it.
Finally Aunt Kate made a rule not to
answer an incorrect question, but to wait
until it was corrected.

One day the two sat together, Aunt Kate
busy with embroidery and little Kate
with her dolls. Presently doll society became
tedious, and the child's attention was
attracted to the embroidery frame.
"Aunt Kate," said she, "please tell me
what that is going to be."
But Aunt Kate was counting, and did
not answer. Fatal word, ba. It was
her old enemy, and to it alone could the
child ascribe the silence that followed.

"Aunt Kate," she persisted, with an
honest attempt to correct her mistake,
please tell me what this is going to am."
Still Auntie sat silently counting,
though her lip curled with amusement.
Jane sighed, but made another patient
effort.
"Will you please tell me what that is
going to are?"

Aunt Kate counted on, perhaps by this
time actuated by a wicked desire to know
what would come next. The little girl
gathered her energies for one last and
great effort.
"Aunt Kate, what am that going to
are?"

There is as much wisdom in bearing
other people's defects as in being sen-
sible of their good qualities; and we
should make the follies of others rather
a warning and an instruction to ourselves
than a subject of mirth and mockery of
those who commit them.

Let him who neglects to raise the fall
on fear lest when he falls, no one
stretch out his hand to save him.