

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

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THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspaper 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 under a fictitious signature.

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

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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.

Expresses close at 10:35 A. M.

Expresses close at 5:20 P. M.

Keenlyville close at 7:30 P. M.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.

A. de W. BARRIS, Agent.

Churches.

METHYEN CHURCH—Rev. R. F. Foster, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 10 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 2:30 P. 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 9:30 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, Mattins and Sermon at 11 A. M. Evensong 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. G. Boudreau, M. A. Rector.
(Divinity Student of King's College).

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, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

J. B. DAVISON, Secretary

Oddfellows.

"ORPHANS" 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 7:30 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 subscriptions 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' Furnishing 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 Publishers.

GILMORE, 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 Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

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

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

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 specialty.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Pumps.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

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

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

WITTER, BURTEE—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.

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 39. Sept. 19th 1884

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Merchant Tailor,
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TINS, LUMBER, LATHS, CANNED
LOBSTERS, MACKEREL,
FROZEN FISH,
POTATGES, FISH, ETC.
Best prices for all shipments.
Write fully for Quotations.

HATHWAY & CO.
General Commission Merchants,
22 Central Wharf, - Boston.
Members of the Board of Trade,
Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

50 Newly imported Verne & Motte all Chromo Cards, with name and a water pen for 10c. 5 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a 5c stamp and this slip. A. W. KESSEY, Yorkmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

OUR FOOLISH WISDOM.

Often and often doth he hear, amid
The many importunities wherewith we
press,
Our wants on him, this prayer: 'O God
forbid
That we should live beyond our usefulness!'

Meaning the time when no more in the
throne,
Of the world's workers we may take
our place;
When hand and brain and heart no more
are strong,
And when our feet are weary of the
race;

When we must see the sowing of the seed,
Must look on others as they toil and
sweat,
Must see the earnest strife, the noble deed,
'For the world's good, and take no part
therein.

Then, one day, through a lesson sadly
sweet
Our eyes are opened, and 'tis ours to see
How true a guide may be the wisest
head,
How true a help the helpless hands
may be.

Watching some dear face radiant with
the light
From the great light within, at last we
catch
Glimpses of star-line through the heavy
night,
And read life's deeper meanings while
we watch.

The larger love, the growing faith that
sins
Our hearts, the tenderer touch, all show
What lasting helpfulness may still be ours
Whose shadows want is ministered
unto.

So, till all longings of the soul are met,
By the hand's service, till we deem life
less
Than meet or need, we may not dare to
set
A bound or limit to life's usefulness.

Interesting Story.

Miss Bashby.

"The old kitchen is a-going to be
torn down," said Keturah, as she placed
a plate of buckwheat cakes on the
breakfast table.

"The Bee-hive is torn down!" said
mother. "Why, Keturah, who told
you that?"

"Jones's boy, when he came to borrow
the wheel-barrow. He says, says he,
'They're a-going to tear down the
old Bee-hive,' and time enough too,
says I; it ain't been fit for human
creatures to live in this long time."

"Edward," said mother, "have you
heard anything of this?"

Father slowly emerged from the
depths of his morning paper. "What!
Oh, the old Weatherbee place! Yes, I
believe the town has decided that it is
unsafe to live in and so better be tore
down."

"Poor Miss Bashby!" said mother.
"What will become of her?"

"Poor-house, most likely," answered
father, dreamily, again absorbed in the
stock list.

The old Weatherbee house, or the
Bee-hive, as it was called, stood on a
hill just at the outskirts of the village.
A winding lane led up to it from the
main street, a lane that in summer was
a tangle of blackberry and sweetbrier
bushes, with here and there a gnarled
oak tree hanging against the old stone
wall. People said that it was once a
pretty avenue that led up in gradual
windings to the fine house on the
hill.

But the once fine house was now a
dilapidated old building, and only a
cart track wound up the hill among
the tangle of neglected trees and shrubs.
It was a two-storied, squarish-built
house, with huge chimneys, and small
diamond-pane windows. A flight of
stone steps led up to the front door,
and a long L connected the main house
with huge barns and out-houses.

But the windows were broken, a
part of the main roof had fallen in,
and only two roof rooms in the L had
been habitable for many years. There,
Miss Bashby and her invalid sister,
Miss Patience, had lived, dependent for
their daily bread on the pittance the
two earned by plain sewing and the
kindly charity of the neighbors.

Miss Patience, who, Miss Bashby
often scornfully declared, "hadn't a
bit of Weatherbee in her," received
gratefully the assistance of friends, but
Miss Bashby could not forget that she
was a Weatherbee and accepted what
was given to her more as her right
than as a gift.

Often, mother sent us children up
the long lane to the old house with
some little delicacy to tempt the appe-

tite of the invalid. I dreaded, yet was
half glad to go. The old house, and
the two tall women with their queer,
old-time ways, had a strange fascination
for me.

As I stood on the worn steps, knock-
ing at the door, and heard the slow
creak of old Miss Bashby's echoing
down the long passage, I felt like plac-
ing my basket on the door-sill, and
running away.

"What do you want, child?"

"Please Miss—Miss Weatherbee—
mother sent you this."

"Oh!" said Miss Bashby, calmly, as
she lifted the snowy napkin, "jolly! It
looks nice; I hope it will taste as good
as it looks. Tell your mother that the
last she sent was a little too strong of
lemon; I hope this is better."

Then the soft voice of Miss Patience
floated out through the doorway; "Is
that you, Sadie Allen? Tell your
mother, dear, that we are very thank-
ful for her kindness." Then Miss
Bashby shut the door with an emphatic
bang, and I knew, as well as if I had
heard it that Miss Patience was re-
ceiving a lecture, repeated for the five-
hundredth time, on her want of pride.

At last, one day, poor Miss Pa-
tience, weary of life, slipped out of it
quietly, and was laid to sleep with the
rest of her grand family in the great
Weatherbee tomb.

I have no doubt Miss Bashby sor-
rowed long and bitterly for her sister,
but the tears she shed, if any, were all
in secret; and no one ever saw her weep.
An extra bow of black on the old-
fashioned bonnet; a sterner set to the
thin lips; a few added crows' feet
under the cold gray eyes—that was
all.

And now the old house was to be
torn down—not fit to live in—but what
could be done with your Miss Bashby?
Not many of the neighbors had any
sympathy for her, but mother's tender
heart was touched. "If she has to go
to the poor-house, it will be the death
of her," she said.

"O children, don't you think we
ought to ask her to spend the winter
with us? I can't bear the thought of
her going to the poor-house."

"Why, mother Allen!" was the
universal exclamation, "how can we?"

"Oh! I don't like her," said Ned,
gruffly, "she is horribly proud."

"O, mother!" I said, "do you really
think we ought? Isn't there some
other way?"

"Never mind," said mother pleas-
antly; "we will say no more about it.
Perhaps it wouldn't be best. I shall
not ask her unless you are willing."

But the next day there were signs
of capitulation among us. Strange to
say, our big boy, Ned, was the first to
surrender.

"See here, mother," he said, "I don't
want to be mean. Let her come. I
can stand it if the rest can."

Will said quietly, "Poor old thing!
I don't care, if Ned doesn't."

"Then I, too, said, but with a fore-
boding heart, "We will try and get
along some way."

"But there still remained one tower
of strength to storm.

When Keturah heard of it she ex-
claimed, "The Lord love us! Comin'
here? Not if I know it! Now, Miss
Allen, do be reasonable! I've lived
with ye more'n fifteen year—nussed
most all the children helped fetch 'em
through the whoopin' cough, measles,
and crectry, but as for havin' that
mean old crecter—"

"Keturah!" said mother, warningly
—then the kitchen door was shut, and
only the occasional sound of mother's
pleading voice and Keturah's angry
sniffs came to us from the scene of
battle.

When mother came out of the kitchen
some half hour later, we knew by
the quiet smile on her face, and the
subdued rattle of dishes from Keturah's
domain, that the latter was van-
quished.

So the very next day Miss Bashby
came. We gave her the south bed-
room, and had an open fire, and a cozy
armchair beside it, ready to welcome
her, but if an idea that she would show
any gratitude had crept into our minds,
we were doomed to disappointment.
Hoping she would say that she was
pleased with her room, I walked softly
to the door, and glanced in. She was
standing by the dusty bed, closely

examining the sheets and pillow-cases.
"H'm, h'm," I heard her mutter,
"cotton, all of 'em; gentilefolks used
linen in my day," and then she sighed
heavily.

The autumn days went swiftly by,
and the cold, snowy days of winter
came. Miss Bashby had been with us
now two months, and we got on very
well. Keturah was the most patient
of us all, and won good opinions from
my mother. The boys were courteous
and respectful, but said very little to
Miss Bashby; I think they were half
afraid of her. Little Joey tried to
keep out of her way altogether, as, the
only time when he visited her room,
she said she didn't like little boys.
But the gaze of her large round specta-
cles, and the sharp click of her knitting
needles, had a curious fascination for
the little man. Often when he was
unusually quiet, on hunting him up,
he was found just outside Miss Bash-
by's open door. Once, on coming to
take him away, I heard him ask solemnly,
with his brown eyes fixed on her
wrinkled face:—

"What makes you look so, Miss
Bashby? You is all wizened up! Is
your skin too big for you?"

One day in January, a cold, clear,
frosty day, there came a letter saying
Aunt Mary was very ill.

After a hurried consultation, it was
decided that mother should start at
once for Brunswick, where Aunt Mary
lived, and that father should accom-
pany her. After many hasty direc-
tions to Keturah and me, they started
to catch the early train. Mother's
last words were, "Be kind to Miss
Bashby."

For a few days things went on very
well. The boys were less unruly than
usual. Miss Bashby was quite amiable
for her, and Keturah was as sunny as
a May morning. But alas! the peace
was of short duration.

One morning, in going down the
cellar stairs, Keturah slipped and
sprained her ankle. It was very pain-
ful, and poor Keturah, with many
gasps and groans, could do nothing
but lie helpless on the kitchen lounge
and give directions abt work.

"Keturah, I would question, as
with sleeves rolled up and an long
apron on, I went resolutely to work,
"how much molasses do you put in the
ginger-bread?"

"O, Miss Sadie! Miss Sadie!" poor
Keturah would groan, "only to think of
me a-lyin' here like a dog, and you,
such a little spindlin' crecter, a-doin'
my work. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"But, Keturah, do tell me how
much molasses, or I shall never get
the gingerbread done."

"Oh, land! Bring me the jug and
I'll measure it for you. Goodness,
child, not that two-quart bowl! What
are you thinkin' of? It only takes a cup-
ful. To think of Keturah Skinner
ever comin' to this pass! and so on
during the long day.

Miss Bashby was particularly dis-
agreeable just at this crisis. No won-
der she complained of the cooking.
Poor Keturah, lying helpless on the
lounge, couldn't see to anything, so
the bread was heavy, the pie-crust like
dough, and the coffee a very unsettled
beverage.

The boys, good fellows, laughed and
joked about it; said they had never
enjoyed anything so much in their
lives. But Miss Bashby—she said
nothing, but the gesture of disgust
with which she pushed away her plate
at table, and gathering her shawl
about her, marched majestically to her
room and shut the door, was worse
than anything we had to bear. Poor
Keturah, with her promise to mother
fresh in her memory, could only shut
her mouth resolutely and groan.

One bright, cold Wednesday after-
noon, Keturah, whose foot now allow-
ed her to hobble about a little, was
helping to finish the kitchen work, and
Miss Bashby was safely shut up in her
room, when Will and Ned rushed pell
mell into the kitchen, with a loud
demand for Joey.

"Just let us take him on the ice a
while! We won't keep him long. It is
such a splendid day; the ice is as
firm as it can be, no danger at all.
Get the little chap ready, that's a good
sister, and hurry up about it; we can't
wait."

With a questioning look at Keturah,
which she answered with an emphatic

nod, I hastened to get the little cap
and mittens and gray ulster, while the
proud owner of those boyish garments
danced and pranced and wriggled with
delight, till I could scarcely get them,
on, and I only had time for a word
before—

Old Dr Wilbur is a hitehin' up his
team," said Keturah, as she glanced
out of the window for a last look at
the retreating boys. "I guess some of
them poor trash over to Hingham's
Corner is took sick again. They al-
ways send for Dr Wilbur, 'cause he
alrus goes when they send, and he
never charges 'em nothin'. Them
kind is mighty cute!"

Smiling at Keturah's philosophy, I
hastened my work of getting the kitch-
en tidy.

Presently Miss Bashby made her
appearance at the kitchen door.

"Sadie Allen," said she, solemnly,
"I'm going to lie down for my aft-
ernoon nap. If any of the neighbors
should come in and inquire for me,
don't disturb me on any account. I
can't be broken of my rest." Then
she shut the door and walked slowly
back to her room.

"Land o' love," said Keturah. "Ef
any of the neighbors call! D'd ye ever
hear the like of that! 'I'll risk their
askin'!"

"Keturah! Keturah!" said I, as
gravely as I could, though my lips
would twitch in spite of me. "Don't
you forget what mother said about—"

"Now, Sadie Allen," retorted my
irate help, "you know I wouldn't so
much as hurt a spear of her hair, and
she ain't got many; but she is most
awful aggravatin', that you'll allow."

Yes, I would allow it.

But hark! What was that? Loud
shouts, followed by an ominous silence,
and then a wild, confused murmur of
steps and voice. Keturah and I
glazed at each other in dismay. Sud-
denly the kitchen door opened, and
Will, with cap and coat off, with dis-
hevelled hair, and face as white as
death, staggered into the room and
flung himself into a chair, covering his
face with his hands.

"Will!" said I, breathlessly.

"Will Allen!" gasped Keturah,
rushing to his side and tearing his
hands away from his face. "What is
it? Tell us, quick!"

"Oh! I groaned the poor boy. "O
mother! mother! And you left him
in my care! O Joey! Joey!"

"What about Joey? Oh, Will,
what has happened to Joey?"

"Drowned!" said Will, desperately.
"Went down through a breathing hole.
They fished him out, but, oh, dear!
he's dead. Oh, Joey! Joey! They're
bringing him home!"

There was a tramping of feet out
side the door, and a crowd of men and
boys entered, one among them bearing
a dripping, half-frozen burden in his
arms.

Was that our Joey?—the little
white face set and rigid, the small
hands hanging helplessly down, the
brown eyes closed, and the long hair,
wet and shining, flung back over the
dripping clothes.

"Poor little chap!" said the burden-
bearer, in a choking voice. "Guess
he's done for. Ye see, he went in un-
der so far, and we couldn't"—Here his
voice grew husky, and he turned away
his face from us.

"Oh!" wailed Keturah. "What shall
we do? Somebody run for the doctor
—somebody get some thing to give him
—somebody"—and she wrung her
hands helplessly.

No one moved. The man still held
his dripping burden; the crowd waited,
awed to silence. I stood like a stone,
my head whirling, my senses fast leav-
ing me, when a new actor appeared on
the scene.

"What's all this?" said a sharp
voice, and Miss Bashby's head was
thrust in the door.

She took in the situation instantly.

"Keturah Skinner," she said, in a
commanding voice, "take the child and