

THE ACADIAN

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DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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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.

New 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 copy, and although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. L. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 10.30 p. m. Sabbath school at 11 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 11.30 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 11.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal).—Rev. J. O. Bugles, Rector.—Service every Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday-school at 10 a. m.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. M.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGES LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.00 o'clock p. m. J. R. DAVISON, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

"SOPHIST'S" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or 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.

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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.

ORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BISHOP, B. G.—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

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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.

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

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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.

CARDS.

G. W. BOGGS, M. D., C. M.
Graduate of McGill University,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Hamilton's Corner, Canard, Cornwallis.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
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For reference see Friday's New Star. Hundreds of valuable testimonials ready.
aug 27 nov 1

Select Poetry.

THE SALVATION ARMY.
BY WILL CARLTON.

I was present, one day,
Where both layman and priest
Worshipped God in a way
That was startling at least:
Over thirty in place,
On the stage, in a row,
As is often the case
At a minstrel's show;
In a uniform clad,
Was each one of them seen,
And a banjo they had,
And a loud tamborine.
And they sang and they shouted
Their spasmodic joy
Just as if they ne'er doubted
That God loved a noise.

As their phrases, though all
Not deficient in points,
A grammarian would call
Rather weak in the joints;
And the aspirate sound
Was sorely misused,
And the language all round,
Was assaulted and bruised;
And the tunes that they sung
In bewildering throngs,
Had been married when young,
To hilarious songs.
And the folks in that place,
Who his loud racket made,
Were not bounded by race,
Or condition, or shade.

Now I love my own meeting,
My own cosy pew,
While mentally greeting
Friends quietly true;
And the gospel dispensed
With a dignified grace,
Born of reason clear sensed,
And a faith firm of place.
I love the trained voices,
That float down the aisles,
"Fill the whole church with joy"
With God's sweetest smiles.
Have no sweeter understood
For the rest, when I say
I had rather get good
In a civilized way.

So this meeting had graced
Somewhat on my heart,
And ere long I had said,
I thought to depart.
But a young man arose,
Looking sad and grim,
As if rain storms of woes
Had descended on him;
No such face you'd discern
In a leisurely search,
If you took a chance turn
Through a civilized church;
But his words, though not choice,
To my feelings came nigh;
There was growth in his voice,
There was hope in his eye.

And he said, "I'm a lad,
With a life full of blame;
Every step has been bad,
Every hour was a shame,
And for think I would pawn
All within my control,
From the clothes I had on,
To my heart and my soul.
I have drunk the foul stuff
In my parents' hot tears;
I have done crime enough
For a hundred black years;
But I came to this place
For the help that I craved,
I have seen Jesus' face
And I know I am saved."

Then a man rose to view
When this youngster was done,
And he said, "This is true;
That young man is my son.
He was drunken all day
And such a terror he'd make
That I spurned him away
From my house like a snake.
We have suffered the worst
That can come from heart-fear,
He is sober the first
I have seen him for years.
I am full of such joy
As I never yet knew;
And now, Robert, my boy,
Home is open to you!"

You may go home with me—
Or may run on before;
You've a glistering key
That will open the door.
Your mother is there;
You may go to her now;
There is snow in her hair,
And when you have kissed her
The old-fashioned way,
There's a brother and sister
Who've longed for this day;
On earth shall be done
God's blessing attend you,
My son—O, my son!"

Then the banjo struck in,
And the tambourines jingled;
There arose such a din
That my blood fairly tingled.
The vocalist screamed
Till quite red in the face;
But somehow it seemed
Not at all out of place.
Now, announcements intense,
Do not, somehow, take hold,
Or dramatic events
Reach my heart as of old;
But my smile could not hide
The fast gathering tears,
And I cheered, laughed and cried,
As I had not for years!

And I thought, "Not amies
Is this time or about it;
Folks who save men like this,
Know what they're about.
You might fight with God's sword
For the good of your kind,
You can never afford
To leave these men behind.
If these women I've seen,
Should be pelted or cursed,
I would step in between,
And take the blow first.
Those who draw souls above
From the depths lowest down,
Will not fail of God's love,
Or to shine in the crown."

Interesting Story.

POLLY'S RELIGION.

Life to the Demmings was like a long summer day until Joe brought his wife home. None of the family had ever seen her. They knew she was one of the Anstruthers of Kentucky.

"There are Anstruthers in the United Presbyterian church," said Grace. "I hope Mary belongs to our membership."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Joe eagerly. He was just starting to be married and was very anxious that they should all love Polly in advance.

"Does she sing in the choir?" asked Isabella.

"I think not. But she has one of the sweetest voices—a low contralto. And you ought to hear her laugh, Belia. The merriest ring, oh, she'll bring new life into this house!"

The girls smiled. They were fond of Joe, and ready to welcome his wife. "But I hope she is ready to take a leading place in the church," said Grace, after he had gone. "Joe will some day fill father's place, and his description of her does not give me the idea of an energetic religious woman."

"We'll hope for the best," said Isabella. She was very busy making an imitation stained-glass window for the Sunday-school room and was anxious to finish it before Mary arrived.

"Uncle Ben must be kept in his own room when she comes, and Tom can be sent to the country for a month's visit," Grace said, her delicate cheek flushed painfully.

For there were two skeletons in the Demming household. The Squire's brother Ben, who was a paralytic old soldier and a most cross-grained, profane old fellow, occupied one wing of the mansion. He had a man to nurse and read to him, for his oaths were intolerable to his nieces. Tom was their brother, younger than Joe. Tom Demming had disappeared for three years after he left college and came back a haggard, dissipated loaf.

Nobody in Ball's Ferry knew what he had done in that gap of time, but he was certain that he was under the ban—a marked man. The family treated him with him gloomy patience. They had taken up their cross and borne it; but it was heavy, and he knew they found it heavy. Tom was never sent by visitors at the table or in the parlor. At dusk he would skulk out to join some of his comrades at the village grog-shops, and occasionally, but not often, was brought home brutally intoxicated.

Joe's wife disappointed them all. She was a plump, merry little girl, nothing more. "A very pleasant little heathen!" sighed Grace, after two days had passed. "I named some of the best books on religious fiction, but she never heard of them; and she did not know a single one of our foreign missions."

Good Mrs. Demming was uneasy at this, and that very evening turned the conversation on doctrinal subjects. Polly grew red.

"I am afraid," she said, "I am not clear in my ideas concerning these difficult points. The truth is after mother's death, I had the charge of my four brothers, and I had so little time."

"You will have more time now," said Isabella. "I will mark out for you some of our doctrinal reading to you."

But Mary made slow progress with her course of reading. As time passed and she settled down to her place in the household she proved to be a very busy little woman. She had a positive talent for finding work; took her part of the family mending, tossed up dainty little deserts, helped Joe with his accounts. When Joe had gone to his office she took tremendous walks, advised Mother Demming about her fancy work, or copied the squire's papers for him.

"What a clerical hand you write!" said Grace, one day. "I often wish mine were not so delicate when father worries over those papers. But as for mother's embroidery, women of her age ought to give up that useless work when their eyes are failing."

"It does not seem useless to me," said Polly gently. "She thinks you value it."

"Where can Mary go in those in-terminable walks?" said Isabella one morning to her father. "You should warn her about Black Lane. She might wander into it and bring home typhoid fever."

"You ought to report that lane as a nuisance, father," said his wife. "It is a perpetual sink of filth and vice." "It is a disgrace to Ball's Ferry that such wretches can find harbor in it!" added Isabella. "They ought to be driven beyond the borough limits!" "Well, well, my dear! It doesn't do to be too energetic," said the Squire. "They never had a chance."

He was roused, however, to mention Black Lane at a meeting of the town burgesses that day.

"Something ought to be done, or we will have typhus among us," he said. "Something has been done," said Judge Paule.

"I came through the lane this morning, and hardly know it. There has been a general draining and cleaning, the cabins are whitewashed, the women—some of them—had actually washed their faces."

"What has happened?" asked the Squire.

"I heard the sound of children's voices singing in one of the cabins, and the men told me it was 'Miss Mary's class.' Some good woman has been at work, I suspect."

"Miss Mary?"—the squire's face grew red, his eyes flashed, but he said nothing more.

Going home he met Polly coming to meet him. He looked at her with the eye of a judge. "Are you the good Samaritan? Have you been in Black Lane, my dear?" She blushed, laughed, and stammered.

"Oh, that was the most natural thing in the world, father. You know I was brought up among the colored people. I know how to manage them. It was only a ditch cut here and there, a few panes of glass and bushels of lime. They are good affectionate creatures, and so anxious to learn."

The matter was driven out of the Squire's mind before he reached the house, for he saw Tom skulking around the stable door. He had returned that day, and a dull weight of misery fell at the sight on the father's heart. "Tom did not enter the house until late in the evening, when the family were gathered about the lawn. He came into the room with a swagger, unshaven, his boots reeking of the stable. "On purpose to mortify us," thought Grace, bitterly.

"I came to see Joe's fine lady wife," he said, in a loud voice. "Unless he's ashamed to introduce his scapegrace brother."

"Mary is not here," said Mother Demming. "Where is she, Grace?" "In Uncle Ben's room. She reads the New York papers to him every day now. They play backgammon together, and they have one of those silly books of Artemus Wards'. I heard him laughing and swearing harder than ever, so he must be pleased. I wonder she can stand it."

"It is hard to understand her," said Isabella, drily. "Mary is not so careful of her associations as she should be."

Tom had been listening very eagerly. "Enough said," he broke out with a thump of his fist on the table. "If Joe's wife can take thoughts of that lonely old man up there, there's better stuff in her than I expected. I'll go up and make her acquaintance."

For several days afterwards Tom's voice was heard joining in the jokes and laughter that came out of Uncle Ben's room.

"Mary seems to have enchanted them both," said Grace. "Tom is clean and shaved to-day and looks like a human being."

"Perhaps she treats him like a human being," said Joe.

But even he was started when Mary came down that evening dressed for a walk, and nodding brightly to Tom, asked him to go with her. "Finish your book, Joe, brother Tom will be my escort."

Tom followed her slouching to the gate. He stepped there. Shame, defiance, misery, looked out of his eyes. "See here, Mrs. Demming! I reckon you wouldn't have asked me to go with you!"

Polly's tender, steady eyes met his, "Yes, I know."

"D'ye know I'm a thief? I was in jail at Pittsburg for a year." Polly drew her breath hard. A prayer to God for help went up from her heart in that second of time. She held out both hands.

"Yes, Joe told me. But this is all over now—all, all over. You have begun new again, brother Tom, come! She put her hand in his arm as they walked down the street. He did not speak to her until they came back. Then he stopped her again at the gate.

"My sisters have never been seen with me in public since I came back. I'll never forget this of you, Mary, never!"

A month later the squire said to his wife, "Did you know Mary was going over his mathematics with Tom? regularly coaching him. This little girl has the clearest head for figuring I ever knew. But what can be her object?"

Mrs. Demming cleared her voice before she could speak. "She has applied to some of her friends in Kentucky to give Tom a situation. Father, I think there may be a chance for the boy. He wants to begin his life all over again among strangers."

"God help him," muttered the Squire. He surprised Polly when he met her the next time by taking her in his arms and kissing her with tears in his eyes.

In the spring Tom went to Kentucky and began his new life. He has not broken down in it yet.

It was in the spring, too, that Uncle Ben began to fail. The old man was so fond of Polly that she gave up most of her time to him; so much of it, indeed, that Joe complained.

"Don't say a word, dear," she said, "he has such a little while to stay. Let me do what I can."

"I say, Polly, was that the Bible you were reading to him to-day?" "Yes, he asks for it often."

Joe began to whistle and choked it down into a sigh. Uncle Ben had been such a godless reprobate in his youth that it had never occurred to any of the Demmings there was a way to reach his soul. He lived until late in the summer. The Sunday before his death he sent for Mr. Floyd and talked to him for a long time.

When the young minister came out of the dying man's room he was pale. He had been much moved.

"I will give him the sacrament tomorrow," he said to Squire Demming. "You think he is worthy of it?"

"If sincere repentance can make any one of us worthy, he is. He asked that Little Polly should take it with him. 'She has done this for me,' he said, 'it's her work.'"

The girls overheard the conversation. They sat gravely silent after the minister was gone.

"I do not understand Polly," said Grace at last. "She never seemed to me to be a religious person."

"Perhaps," said the Squire, "we have not clearly understood what religion is. We took too much for granted."

A Visitor's Comments.
Ever since my boyhood, when I first read Longfellow's matchless poem, I have desired to visit this spot which his genius has clothed with immortal interest. Everything bearing upon the historic incident which the poet has woven into his verses, or descriptive of the place itself, had been eagerly studied until imagination had pictured a scene of sweet and quiet beauty, such as would be difficult to realize. Indeed, such is the tendency of the human mind to idealize, that as I stepped from the cars at Wolfville, I almost feared to look about fearing to experience what the great poet had always feared would happen if he visited the place—that I should be sorely disappointed in the reality. I had grown somewhat apprehensive of such a result riding along in the cars, and seeing very remarkable natural scenery, and the first thought was that the matter had been overdone, and that had Evangeline never been written, people never would have been specially impressed with these surroundings. I almost felt as if I had travelled far, only to be robbed of a picture which had been hanging upon the walls of my mental gallery for years, and in contemplation

of which I was filled with delight. Nevertheless I held my peace, and in the hands of a guide, determined to see all before passing judgment. I was conducted by a pleasant road to the summit of a ridge a few hundred feet in height. On reaching a certain point I was told to turn and look. How shall I describe the scene which opened so wonderfully upon the vision? Instantly all misgivings vanished, the hard thoughts against the enthusiastic travellers whose descriptions had deluged, passed away, and I felt that "the half had not been told." As far as the painted representation of a sunset falls short of the glories of the reality, so far, every description I had heard or read fell short of the beautiful picture, the work of God's own hand, which now spread before me. Minas Basin, famed in song and story, lay flashing in the sunlight, amid the rich verdure of shores, like a Koh-i-noor in a sea of emerald. At its entrance, bold and defiant as of old, rose the rugged head of Blomidon. It bore the same calm and untroubled appearance as when it looked upon the skills of the Acadian peasants as they played at its feet, or beheld the English ships sail past upon their nefarious mission, the consummation of which stained ineffably the honor of that great nation. The dikes of Grand Pre stretched their rich acres at our feet, and the cattle nibbled their choice feed as their predecessors had done, which long ago—

"As the night descended returned from their pastures,

Waited and looked in vain for the voices and the hand of the milkmaid."

These were the same as they were a hundred years ago, but the "forest primeval" is no more; we look in vain for the "hatched cottages" and the picturesque dress of the villagers. They have passed away, and in their stead have come the well-tilled farms, neat dwellings, and the familiar forms of the Nova Scotians.

A few rods over the crest of the ridge, and we are treated to another scene of equal but widely contrasted beauty. The valley of the Gaspeau! Whoever has failed to see this, has missed one of the loveliest spots on earth. A more exquisite gem of pastoral scenery does not exist. The writer visited it early in the morning, and as he sat upon the high, overlooking it he thus sought to describe what his eyes saw. The river Gaspeau runs through a deep and narrow valley between two ranges of hills, whose rounded outlines bound the horizon. Their sides are covered with rich fields of grain, alternating with the bright green of the pasture land. These both form a pleasing contrast to the dark patches of spruce and hemlock woods which dot the uplands. We can easily trace the course of the river by its thickly-wooded banks. The water here and there gleams through the overhanging foliage, or, as the course lies in a line with our sight, flashes like molten silver in the morning sunlight. The well-tilled farms, with their modest, comfortable houses, their thrifty outbuildings, neatly trimmed hay-stacks and crops yet un-garnered, are the perfect symbols of the abode of peace. The only active sign of human inhabitants is the smoke curling from a cottage chimney or a team winding its way slowly to the neighboring village. The sounds are in harmony with the hoarse caw of the crow flapping lazily overhead, the neigh of a horse, the musical tinkle of some unsexed cow-bell, and up through the trees borne on the soft air comes the murmur so sweet, so gentle, as to be hardly audible, of the water flowing far below. A sheep or two upon the hillside near gaze with an innocent stare at the intruder for a moment and then resume their feeding. A soft haze completes the illusion, and we feel as if we were looking upon a scene, too fair and peaceful for this troubled and distracted earth. But as the reality forces itself upon our mind, we are thankful that at least this spot is free from rush and hurry, the noise and confusion all too universal. I shall be a better man for having looked up in this peaceful valley.

Longfellow need not have kept away from Acadie—the ratty rhapsodist any ideal he could have formed—

C. M., in the Lynn Item.