

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1885.

Only 50 Cents per annum.

The Acadian,

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Wolfville, N. S.

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Office Hours, 7 a. m. to 3 p. m. Mails
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Divine Worship will be held (D. V.) in the above Church as follows:—
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Wed. Evening and Sermon at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9.30. Choir practice on Wednesday evenings after Divine Worship.
The Hall, Honors—Divine Worship will be conducted in the above Hall as follows:—
Sunday, Evening and sermon at 3 p. m.
J. O. Duggan, M. A., Rector.
Robert W. Huggill,
(Divinity Student of King's College).

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.

Mass 11.40 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M.

meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 8 o'clock p. m.
J. R. DAVISON, Secretary.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Caldwell's Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. or T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Winder'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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Sept. 12th 1885.

J. WESTON
Merchant Tailor,
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Select Poetry,

RELIEVO.

BY WOOD HOLM.

Down by the banks, where the rough
waters flow
Over the falls' mouth the bridge above,
Through the mazy past of the long ago,
This legend comes with its wealth of love
Constancy stanch as the great solemn
wood;
Passion as fierce as the burning sun;
Glimpses of Paradise, and then to broad
Tragedy dark, and the tale is done.
Then a few flowers from a fair young
hand
Are lightly dropped on the river's
breast;
But the angels watching will understand,
It marks the grave of her loved one's
rest.
And I looking back on my troubled past,
Of the faded hopes of bygone years,
I a nosegay make, while the tears fall fast,
And toss it down with my scattered
fears.

Interesting Story.

Claytonville's "Fourth."

"The Declaration of Independence, eh? Well, I guess the poor fellow had it about right, if he was drunk. I've known little independence there is about it! For my part, I'd as lives be under British rule as the rule of rum, and that's what Claytonville's under today. Hump! much patriotism there is in our celebration! A good time to get drunk—that's what they mean."
"Oh, don't, Aunt Esther, don't! You make my heart ache!" and a pair of deep, wistful eyes were turned impudently toward Miss Estelle's bright, black orbs. The black eyes softened; they always did when they met Estelle's sympathetic gaze; but the voice was as brisk and snappish as ever as she continued:
"Well, ain't I tellin' the truth, child? You know how it was last Fourth—you know how it will be this. There ain't a half dozen out and out temperance men in the town. No, there ain't one. There's some that talk temperance, I grant, but how do they act? Afraid to do one thing towards shutting up rum-shops, for fear they'll injure their business! It makes me sick! The last time old Deacon Downing got up in meeting and talked about the temperance people 'concentrating the forces' and waiting till the time was 'ripe for action' I got up and left the church. I declare I had to. If the time wasn't 'ripe for action' after last Fourth of July, I'd like to know when it will be. Poor Jamie Cushing! And there'll be another this year, you see f—"

"Oh, auntie, auntie!" and the girl's bright head was buried in the sofa pillow, as she burst into deep, heart-rending sobs. The old lady said nothing for a time, only stroked the fair hair softly, and wiped, furtively, the tears from her own eyes; then, as the sobs grew less violent: "Hush, darling, hush! We can't help it! I'd stop the business quick enough if I could; but what's the use of breaking our hearts over a thing we can't help?"
"That's just it, auntie," and the girl sprang to her feet with a resolute bound. "Can't we help it? Have we the women of Claytonville done our part? I believe we can stop it through God's help. Auntie will you help me?"
"Yes, child," was the solemn answer; "if God has given you this work I'll help," and they stood for a moment with clasped hands and bowed heads, as if the spirit of a holy mission were already being poured upon them.
Claytonville was a town not wholly unworthy to be called representative of a large class, even in our enlightened east. Nestled in among green hills, eight miles from a railway, with no manufactories and no little interest to invite a new population, it seemed, in some way, left behind by the great

advancing wave of our nineteenth century life. Many of its young men had gone west; it seemed strange that all should not go; but many had chosen to remain, and were plodding on as their fathers had done before them.

One interest alone was flourishing in Claytonville, and that was the liquor interest. With a population of about five hundred the town boasted seven licensed liquor saloons, with perhaps an equal number unlicensed. No temperance interests had ever been awakened there. The families who boasted wealth, boasted, likewise, an aristocratic descent, which effectually precluded them from so plebeian a thing as the temperance society. They used liquor, too, those stanch old farmers 'in moderation,' of course, and it was a well-known fact that even the parson considered Paul's injunction to Timothy as being especially binding upon himself.

Of later years there had been a marked deterioration among the young men of Claytonville; the fathers had awakened to the fact that their sons were no longer drinking in 'moderation'; but then 'boys will be boys, you know,' seemed always logic sufficient to quell all fatherly fears. The mother's—God pity them—grew daily sadder.

The Cushing and St. Clairs—or Sinclairs as they were called—were Claytonville's 'oldest families.' Their broad lands lay adjoining each other, and the families had always maintained the closest intimacy. Aunt Esther Sinclair was the town oracle, freely privileged, throughout the length and breadth of Claytonville, to say what she pleased and to scold *ad libitum*. With her in the queer old mansion lived her niece, Estelle. Between Estelle and Jamie Cushing there had been a boy and girl friendship; which as the years went by, had bidden fair to ripen into something more.

On the 3d of last July Estelle, a 'sweet girl graduate,' had returned from Boston, where she had been attending school for the past five years. Jamie had called on her that evening, and she wondered a little at his flushed face and the strange voice with which he had told her of the fun "we fellows 'll have to-morrow." She had awakened next morning to find the town a pandemonium; and at ten o'clock had seen her boy lover racing madly by, so intoxicated that he could hardly keep his seat in the saddle. He had yelled out some maudlin sentiment to her in passing, and within another hour, she had seen him born in at his mother's door cold and stiff and dead.

Is it any wonder that, with the memory of that day still fresh before her, Estelle Sinclair dreaded another Fourth of July in Claytonville? Is it any wonder that she should dedicate her fresh young life to the work of saving other boys from Jamie's fate, even though 'woman's rights,' or woman's public work, were things counted in Claytonville as from the evil one?

She held a long council of war with Aunt Esther that evening, and as its immediate result, they started out early the next morning, Estelle to call on the saloon keepers, Aunt Esther on the minister.

"Really, auntie," the girl said, earnestly, "I am giving you the harder work. I would rather face a hundred saloon keepers than Dr. Parsons."

"I don't wonder you said so," said her aunt, with flashing eyes, as, at the dinner table they talked the matter over. "I listened to a very interesting discussion on Paul and the miracle at Cans, but not one word could I get from him as to the present state of Claytonville's morals; and, Estelle, for I saw him with my own eyes."

"Well, my saloon keepers were very good; they were too astonished to be anything else. Only one was at all

impudent, and two promised me not to sell any liquor on the Fourth. Now we must see the women."

A busy week followed—a week of earnest work and earnest prayer; a week of sacrifice, too; for, when that band of earnest women were first assembled in Miss Sinclair's parlors, listening to Estelle's eagerly unfolded plans, one practically minded sister had inquired where the funds were to come from. There had been a little hush for a moment, and looks of consternation had been visible on many faces: then Estelle's clear voice had answered bravely:
"I will go without a single new article of clothing for the coming year, and spend my money for this work."

And I, and I, and I, cried a score of voices, and the wave of enthusiasm swept so high that there was a little storm of applause from woman's hands—even in a Claytonville parlor.

"But I see no need of quite such a sacrifice," said Esther; let those who can afford to pay, pay for the dainties; they would pay for their liquors. Give only to the poor."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Estelle, slowly. Still, if the girls are willing, I would rather we paid for this—so far as we may, then whatever surplus funds there may be, can go to the establishment of a permanent reading room."

And so the matter was settled. Great astonishment was awakened in the manly breasts of Claytonville, on the 3d of July, a large booth was seen in process of erection on the village green, the grand centre of their patriotic demonstrations. The mystery was not explained until, as the central feature in its tasteful decorations, from beneath a festooning of flags stood forth the mystic letters, W. C. T. U. In God we trust.

"Humph!" said Deacon Downing and Mitchell Flaherty, the saloon keeper, in the same breath. "Some woman's tomfoolery!"

It seemed a very attractive piece of tomfoolery the next day. The girls were in their places at early dawn, each in her prettiest dress and with her prettiest smile; and when it was found that Aunt Esther's famous coffee was likewise on hand, there was such a raid from the youthful cannoners as bade fair to exhaust the supply. It was not very hard, after they had eaten of the smoking beans and brown bread and drank the luscious coffee, to persuade those boys not to go near a saloon that day. The girls were surprised to find how easily it was done; hardly one left the table without a white ribbon in his button-hole.

By ten o'clock it became evident that provisions would not hold out, so a foraging expedition was organized, with orders to call at every house. How they roared over the fires in their hot kitchens that day—those mothers of Claytonville!

Then there came a slack movement. The saloon keepers had been waiting patiently for their custom. At first they had only felt vaguely uneasy, but now they were genuinely alarmed; so placards were posted about telling of free drinks, and all the old veterans were sent down to the green to decoy the boys. The girls felt that the life or death struggle had come, and with a pathetic bravery they prepared to meet it. The ice cream, which had been held in reserve, was now brought forward, and Marian Cushing stood for half an hour with a plate in her hand trying to persuade Tom Bryant to come with her to eat it, while Michael Flaherty was at his button-hole urging him saloon-ward.

She always felt that she should have lost him if, just at the right moment, help had not come. From such an unexpected quarter, too; Dr. Parson's son, who last year had been intoxicated on that very green, had returned

from college, the night before, and with him a young friend. They had no thoughts of attending the celebration that day, but rumors of the women's work reached them, they hurried down to help. For Jamie Cushing's death had burned deep into Frank Parson's soul, and Harvard held no more earnest temperance advocate than he, unless it was his friend Harry Emerson, the young theologian.

How they worked! It seemed as if they were everywhere in the same instant and everywhere with just the right word, Tom Bryant found himself eating his ice cream with a very solemn face, for Frank had wrung his hand and whispered, "Oh, Tom! remember Jamie!" and then Jamie's sister had placed the dish in his hand and turned away with a sob.

For two hours the battle raged, but when, at one o'clock precisely, Aunt Esther brought forth her first chicken pie the saloon keepers gave up with a groan. Some of them were even wise enough to close their saloons and join in the festivities. All that afternoon there was merriment—croquet-playing and an impromptu dance on the green, while the display of fire-works in the evening was said never before to have been so fine. The reason may have been they were never touched off by a sober hand.

As the last rocket shot skyward Frank Parson sprang upon the platform and said, "Friends, such a Fourth of July as this has never been known in Claytonville. Not one drunken man or boy! Some one originated this movement. I want to know who!" "Who? who?" came in loud chorus; "we want to thank her," and then to everyone's surprise—her own not less—Estelle Sinclair came forward. Her face was very pale, but her eyes shone like white stars as she stood quietly by Frank's side and said, "Dear friend, you remember Jamie. I remember him. I have tried to do to-day what, if he could speak, I am sure he would ask me to do. I do not want thanks; you have given me higher than thanks to-day. I want to save the boys of Claytonville!" and then there was a deep hush, broken only by sobs, until Harry Emerson, in a husky voice, said "Let us sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

And to this day they sing that at the close of every Fourth of July celebration in Claytonville, and while they are singing the eyes of Rev. Harry Emerson look very lovingly into those of his young wife, for as he often says, though I never before believed in woman's rights, I yet fell in love with my wife while she was delivering the most effective Fourth of July oration I ever heard.

"Aye, there she goes, God bless her! cry the women and children as she passes by. It's her we have to thank that there's not a drop of liquor sold in Claytonville."

Where Our Soda Comes From.

Along the Peruvian coast, stretching for hundreds of miles, are the famous beds of nitrate of soda, which purified is saltpeter. These deposits, more profitable than silver or guano, were discovered accidentally by a vagrant Englishman named George Smith, but were not operated to any extent until recent years. Now nitrate having been found a valuable component of a hundred chemical forms, it is demanded the world over, and millions of dollars' worth is shipped from the ports along the coast annually. Before its value was fully known a number of far-sighted men located "claims," after the fashion in vogue in mining-camps everywhere, and then the government stepped in, and forbade any further pre-emption. But the original location cover enough of the deposit to supply the market for a century or two, and to keep up prices they have formed a pool, the monopoly combination, under which they charge from two to three dollars per cwt. There is apparently no limit to the stuff, the bed stretching up and down the coast for 300 or 400 miles.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.