

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1886.

No. 29

THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:
\$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 ar-
rangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment in advance is guaran-
teed by the most 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.

Newspapers 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 contribu-
tion, although the same may be written
over a fictitious signature.

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

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-
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he has subscribed or not—is responsible
for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-
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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 refus-
ing to take newspapers and periodicals
of all kinds of Carriage, and Team
Harness, Opposite People's Bank.

PRAT, 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
kinds of light and heavy Carriages and
Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a spe-
cialty.

PAND, 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.—
Book-sellers, Stationers, and News-
dealers.

WHITTEK, BURPEE—Importer and
dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,
Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Fur-
nishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Makers, 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.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—
**Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE.**

The undermentioned firms will use
your 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. I.—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.

HERBIN, 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. Repairing neatly done.

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er.

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Repairer.

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

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CARDS.

**JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC**
Also General Agent for FIRE and
LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

**B. G. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative
PAINTER.**
English joint Stock a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 20. Sept. 10th 1884.

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

WE SELL
CORDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. B.
TIMBER, 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,
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Members of the Board of Trade,
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50 Newly imported Verse & Motto all
Chrome 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
stamp and this slip. A. W. KIRBY,
Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

MARCH.
Ah, March! We know thou art
Kind hearted, spite of ugly looks and
threats
And out of sight are nursing April's
violets!
—Helen Hunt.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.
Going out to fame and triumph,
Going out to love and light,
Coming in to pain and sorrow,
Coming in to gloom and night,
Going out with joy and gladness,
Coming in with weal and sin;
Ceaseless streams of restless pilgrims
Going out and coming in.

Through the portals of the homestead,
From beneath the blooming vine,
To the trumpet tones of glory,
Where the boys and laurels twine;
From the loving home caresses
To the chill voice of the world,
Going out with gallant canvas
To the summer breeze unfurled.

Coming back all worn and weary,
Weary with the world's cold breath;
Coming to the dear old homestead,
Coming in to age and death;
Weary of all empty flattery,
Weary of all ceaseless din,
Weary of all heartless sneering;
Coming from the bleak world in.

Going out with hopes of glory,
Coming in with sorrow dark;
Going out with sails all flying,
Coming in with masted bark;
Restless stream of pilgrims, striving,
Writhals of fame or love to win;
From the doorways of the homesteads
Going out and coming in.
—Mollie E. Moore.

Interesting Story.

The Soldier's Reprieve.

"I thought, Mr Allan, when I gave
my Bonnie to his country, that not a
father in all this broad land made so
precious a gift,—no, not one. The
dear boy only slept a minute, just one
little minute, at his post; I know that
was all, for Bonnie never dozed over a
duty. How prompt and reliable he
was! I know he fell only a sleep one
little second;—he was so young, and
not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he
was tall as I, and only eighteen! and
now they shoot him because he was
found asleep when doing sentinel duty.
Twenty-four hours, the telegram said,
—only twenty-four hours. Where is
Bonnie now?"

"We will hope, with his heavenly
Father," said Mr Allan soothingly.
"Yes, yes; let us hope; God is very
merciful!"

"I should be ashamed, father," Bon-
nie said, "when I am a man, to think
I never used this great right arm—
and he held it out so proudly before
me—'for my country, when it needed
it. Palsy it rather than keep it at the
plow.'"

"Go, then, go, my boy," I said, "and
God keep you! God has kept him, I
think Mr Allan!" and the farmer re-
peated these last words slowly, as if, in
spite of his reason, his heart doubted
them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr
Owen; doubt it not."
Blossom sat near them listening,
with blanched cheek. She had not
shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so
concealed that no one had noticed it.
She had occupied herself mechanically
in the household cares. Now she
answered a gentle tap at the kitchen
door, opening it to receive from an
neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from
him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead
Mr Owen took the letter, but could not
break the envelope on account of his
trembling fingers, and held it to-
ward Mr Allan, with the helplessness
of a child.

The minister opened it, and read as
follows:
"DEAR FATHER:—When this reaches
you I shall be in eternity. At first,
it seemed awful to me; but I have
thought about it so much now, that it
has no terror. They say they will not
bind me, nor blind me; but that I
may meet my death like a man. I
thought, father, it might have been on
the battle-field, for my country, and
that, when I fell, it would be fighting
gloriously; but to beset down like a
dog for nearly betraying it,—to die
for neglect of duty! O father, I won-
der the very thought does not kill me!
But I shall not disgrace you. I am
going to write you all about it; and
when I am gone, you may tell my com-
rades. I cannot now.

"You know I promised Jemie
Carr's mother, I would look after her
boy; and when he fell sick, I did all
I could for him. He was not strong
when he was ordered back into the
ranks, and the day before that night,
I carried all his luggage, besides my own,
on our march. Towards night we
went in on double-quick and though the
luggage began to feel very heavy, every-
body else was tired too; and as for
Jemie, if I had not lent him an arm
now and then, he would have dropped
by the way. I was all tired out when
we came into camp, and then it was
Jemie's turn to be sentry, and I
would take his place; but I was tired,
but I did not know it until—well, until
it was too late."

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr
Owen, reverently. "I knew Bonnie
was not the boy to sleep carelessly at
his post."
"They tell me to-day that I have a
short reprieve, given to me by circum-
stances,—time to write to you, our
good colonel says. Forgive him, father,
he only does his duty; he would gladly
save me if he could; and do not lay
my death up against Jemie. The poor
boy is broken-hearted, and does
nothing but beg and entreat them to
let him die in my stead."

"I can't bear to think of mother and
Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell
them I die as a brave boy should, and
that, when the war is over, they will
not be ashamed of me, as they might
be now. God help me; it is very hard
to bear! Good-bye father! God seems
near and dear to me; not at all as if
he wished me to perish forever, but as
if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful,
broken-hearted child, and would take
me to his heart and my Saviour in a
better,—better life."

A deep sigh burst from Mr Owen's
heart. "Amen," he said solemnly,
"Amen."
"To-night, in the early twilight, I
shall see the cows all coming home
from pasture, and precious little Blossom
standing on the back stoop, waiting
for me; but I shall never, never come!
God bless you all! Forgive your poor
Bonnie."

Late that night the door of the "back
stoop" opened softly, and a figure
glided out, and down the foot-path that
led to the road by the mill. She
seemed rather flying than walking,
turning her head neither to the right
nor to the left, looking only now and
then to Heaven, and folding her hands
as if in prayer. Two hours later, the
same young girl stood at the Mill
Depot, watching the coming of the
night train; and the conductor, as he
reached down to lift her into the car,
wondered at the tear-stained face that
was upturned toward the dim lantern
he held in his hand. A few questions
and ready answers told him all; and
no father could have cared more tend-
erly for his child, than he for our little
Blossom. She was on her way to
Washington, to ask President Lincoln
for her brother's life. She had stolen
away, leaving only a note to tell where
and why she had gone. There had
brought Bonnie's letter with her; no
good, kind heart like the President's
could refuse to be melted by it. The
next morning they reached New York,
and the conductor hurried her on to
Washington. Every minute, now,
might be the means of saving her
brother's life. And so, in an incredi-
bly short time, Blossom reached the
Capital, and hastened immediately to
the White House.

The President had but just seated
himself to his morning's task, of over-
looking and signing important papers,
when, without one word of announce-
ment, the door softly opened, and
Blossom, with downcast eyes and fold-
ed hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his
pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you
want so bright and early in the morn-
ing?"

"Bonnie's life, please sir," faltered
Blossom.

"Bonnie? Who is Bonnie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going
to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes!" and Mr Lincoln ran his
eye over the papers before him. "I
remember. It was a fatal sleep. You
see, child, it was at a time of special
danger. Thousands of lives might
have been lost for his culpable negli-

gence."
"So my father said," replied Blossom
gravely, "but poor Bonnie was so tired,
sir, and Jemie so weak. He did the
work of two, sir, and it was Jemie's
night, not his; but Jemie was too
tired, and Bonnie never thought about
himself, that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come
here; I do not understand," and the
kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at
what seemed to be a justification of an
offense.

Blossom went to him; he put his
hand tenderly on her shoulder, and
turned up the pale, anxious face
towards his. How tall he seemed!
and he was President of the United
States, too. A dim thought of the
kind passed for a moment through
Blossom's mind; but she told her
simple and straightforward story, and
handed Mr Lincoln Bonnie's letter to
read.

He read it carefully; and then, taking
up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines,
and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given;
"Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the
girl and said, "Go home, my child, and
tell that father of yours, who could
approve his country's sentence, even
when it took the life of a child like
that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks
the life far too precious to be lost. Go
back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bon-
nie will need a change after he has so
bravely faced death; he shall go with
you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom
and who shall doubt that God heard
and registered the request?

Two days after this interview, the
young soldier came to the White
House with his little sister. He was
called into the President's private
room, and a strap fastened upon the
shoulder. Mr Lincoln then said:
"The soldier that could carry a sick
comrade's baggage, and die for the
act so uncomplainingly, deserves well
of his country." Then Bonnie and
Blossom took their way to their Green
Mountain home. A crowd gathered
at the Mill Depot to welcome them
back; and, as farmer Owen's hand
grasped that of his boy, tears flowed
down his cheeks, and he was heard to
say fervently: "The Lord be praised!"

"Bell's Bairn."

The old-fashioned Scotch servant
has passed away. But seventy-five
years ago there could be found in well-
to-do Scotch families men and women
who, while occupying a menial posi-
tion, looked upon service as a trust,
and were honored by their employers.
He or she was, in fact, "one of the
family," and was often treated as a
humble friend.

"You and I must part, William,"
said an angry master to his old man-
servant once, when some willful act had
irritated him.

"An' where is your honor going to?"
asked the old man, unconscious that he
was the dismissed one.

In a delightful Scotch book, "Bits
from Binkbonny," there is a descrip-
tion of Bell, the maid-of-all-work in a
minister's family, whose management
made the cow, the hens, the garden,
and even the pig, important sources of
supply in the household economy.

Wee Nellie, the third child, a deli-
cate little thing, called herself "Bell's
bairn," and was seldom out of the
kitchen, so fond was she of the kind
servant, who, pressing the little one to
her breast, would croon over it such
words of endearment as "wee croonlin'
Bee," "her ain darling Nellie," and
"she was Bell's bairn."

When Nellie was about three years
old, she was attacked by scarlet fever.
It was a severe attack, and Bell's ag-
ony at seeing the little body covered
with the scarlet rash, and hearing her
labored breathing, was only equalled
by that of the mother.

She took the fever-tossed child gen-
tly out of the mother's wearied arms.
The fitful struggles became less vio-
lent, the breathing grew less diffi-
cult, and the child, now quieter, half opened
her eyes and faintly crooned, "Bell."
"Yes, ye're Bell's bairn, ye're Bell's
ain Bairn," whispered Bell, half chok-
ing with grief. Then seeing the grow-
ing softness of the weary face, she rose
gently, and laying the wee lamb on the
mother's lap, slipped noiselessly to the

father's study, and slightly opening the
door, said—
"Please, sir, come here, or the angels
will be before you."

The darling recognized "papa," and
smiled as she lisped his name, and
murmured, "Mamma's wee—woo!"—
closing her eyes, and, in the act of
raising her arm to her throat, it fell
powerless.

"Wee Nellie is wee Nellie forever,"
said Bell, lifting the little body from
its mother's lap. "It is well with the
child. Come away, mem, for a little.
I'll put all right."

When the mother returned to the
sick room, after several hours of sleep,
all traces of illness had been removed.
On the bed lay all that remained of
Nellie in the flesh, dressed and laid out.
On her face lay a muslin handkerchief
kept down by a bag of lavender on
either side.

As the mother walked to the bed,
Bell approached on the other side, and
slowly folded down the face-cloth. The
face was that of a child smiling in
sleep.

"Bell," said the mother, "she is
beautiful—and she's home. Of such
is the kingdom of heaven," and she
stooped down to kiss her "lost lamb."
Bell quickly folded the face-cloth over
the mouth, saying, "On the cheek or
the broo, mem, no' on the mouth."

On the tombstone was inscribed:
"With Christ—Far Better." Bell
planted and tended the flowers about
the grave. She never put foot on the
sod under which Nellie lay, and at every
visit would read the epitaph aloud,
and then in a cheerful tone say, as if
the child had repeated,—
"Yes, Nellie; yes, Bell's bairn, far
better; far, far better."

Bye-and-bye.

He was but a child, when one night,
after he had been ill for many days, an
angel appeared at his bedside and
looked so kindly into his face that he
held up his thin hands and whis-
pered:

"I am ready—let me go with you."
"Some time—not now," whispered
the angel, and she soothed him to gentle
slumber.

Again, when manhood had come, he
fell asleep one day and in his dreams
the angel returned. It had been years
since he saw her, but her face wore the
same radiant smile, and age had passed
ed her by.

"It is time—I will go with you," he
said as he started up, but the angel
waved him back and said:
"Wait—it is not time."

Years passed away. The gray hairs
were thicker than the black—the face
was furrowed with many lines—man's
prime had passed and man's decline
had come. The bright dream came
once more, and with it the angel.

"Surely you will take me now," he
said as he felt her soft presence. "I
have accomplished my work on earth
and long for rest."
"Wait—I will come once more,"
she answered.

Other years were numbered with
the dead. A feeble old man had wept
bitter tears over the loss of wife and
sons and daughters. One by one they
had been gathered to earth while he
waited. One by one the friends of his
youth and of his manhood had passed
into the dark valley beyond sight and
sound of mortal man.

One night when the summer sun
sank to rest in a sky of purest gold—
when the great world seemed almost
noiseless—when the robin sang softly
and flew to his nest to quiet the fears
of his mate, the cars of the poor old
man heard the sound of sweet music
afar off. It came nearer and nearer,
and the darkness lighted up with such
a glorious light that his old eyes saw
a procession marching past him. As
he looked and wondered and doubted,
his angel turned aside and stood before
him.

"Who are they?" he asked.
"Friends who have gone before.
Watch closely."
By and by he saw the faces of the
friends of his youth. Then a glad
shout reached his ears, and hands were
waved from afar off. People broke
away from the procession and gathered
around him and rejoiced. There was
his wife—there were his sons and
daughters. He held out his trembling
hands to the angel and pleaded:

"You promised me!"
"And bye-and-bye has come!" the
angel answered.

When the men and women of earth
came to look upon him in his coffin
they whispered to each other:
"He must have died as a child falls
to sleep. See the glad smile on
his face!"

Caught.

One occasionally meets a man with
no decided views of his own. He
agrees with the last person with whom
he talks. We recall an amusing ex-
perience with a stage driver of this class.
It was a damp, misty morning, the
third in succession of its kind, when
we climbed up beside the driver for a
six-mile ride. The first man we met
was a farmer, who, thinking of the
growth of his lay crop, exclaimed,
"Well, Bill, this is the right kind of
weather, now ain't it?"

"Yes," said our driver; "this 's
what I call a tip-top spell of weather."
Later on we met another man, whose
success evidently depended on the sun-
shine, for he said, surlily, to the driver's
morning salutation, "This is a
thunderin' mean spell of weather!"
"That's so!" said our obliging friend.
"Don't often git a meaner spell of weather."

The next man we met was the
country store-keeper and post-master in
one, who declared, "Taint no kind of
weather, and I wish 'twould either
rain or shine!" To which our agree-
able driver responded, "That's so!
Don't often git such a spell of no kind
of weather for nothin' or nobody."
The man of the following incident was
able to shift his opinions with the cir-
cumstances, somewhat like the driver.

There was a citizen of East Tennes-
see, who, during the Civil War, met a
squad of soldiers, and on being asked
as to his politics, told them he was a
Confederate, and was then out in
order to pick up news to send Gen.
Kirby Smith. His alarm was pitiful
when he discovered that the soldiers
were a Federal scouting-party. They
were not taking prisoners, but amused
themselves with bothering the poor
man for a little while, and then they
made him take the oath of allegiance
and let him go.

The next time he saw any soldiers
they wore the blue "Yankee" overcoats,
and he voluntarily gave them his po-
litical sentiments, which were ultra
Union. These soldiers proved to be
Confederates, and our friend was soon
remodelled into his original state—a
good rebel—by swallowing the Confed-
erate oath.

Chagrined and disgusted, he return-
ed home, determined to stay there, and
for months he did. Business at length
forced him to the village near by. On
his return, he encountered another
body of cavalry. They asked him what
he was.

"I ain't nothin'," he drawled out
"and mighty little of that."—"Youth's
Companion."

A Vile Weapon.

One of the most powerful arms that
men wield is a sneer. Many a man who
will face the muzzle of a rifle bravely,
will quail before that devil's weapon.
This is a strong term, but it is a correct
one. The sneer is the resource of the
weak, and of the malicious as well. It
has stabbed many noble, sensitive hearts.
It has withered many hopeful lives. It
is cruel and unparalyzing. It is inspired
by the very lowest instincts of human na-
ture.

If one aims at a noble career in any
department of this world's work, he must
strive to steel himself against this bitter
weapon. Angry resentment is not the
strongest safeguard, though it answers
when others fail. A cool self-possession
is the best shield. A consciousness of
honesty and right, and above all, a trust
in God, ought to carry one triumphantly
through all such malicious assaults.

There is great demand for first class
workmen every where. It is the second
class that have the hard time. Also real
honesty was never worth so much as it is
now. "We want boys that we can trust,"
said a merchant. Yes, this is a splendid
time for the right kind of young men.
Be sure to be such and God will take
care of you, and good men will help you.
—Howard Times.

Never assume too much. A solid
foundation lasts longer than cheek.

OUR JOB ROOM
IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

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OF
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DONE WITH
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND
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