

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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No. 53.

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 name may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

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G. W. Munro, Agent.

Churches.

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METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E. Doucette, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, A. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 P. M. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 P. M. on Wednesdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Holy Communion 1st and 3d at 11 A. M.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 A. M. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storey, Warden.
Geo. A. Prat, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. R.—Mass 11:00 A. M. the fourth Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock P. M.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 607, meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Forsters.

Court Blomden, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 7:30 P. M.

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and the first buyers will have a larger stock to pick from than those who wait until later.

WE Have all the latest patterns in ENGLISH, SCOTCH and CANADIAN

Suitings, Overcoatings & Pantings.

You could pick one with your eyes shut and have an article fit for a king.

Call early to avoid the rush.

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NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

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INDIAN BASKETS & AXE HANDLES,
WILKINSON STEEL PLOWS,
CUTLERY & KITCHEN WARE.

OUR SPECIALTIES.

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN.

The Master of the Mind.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"I wonder now," he said, "whether you can write?"

I answered with some decision that I certainly could, at which I thought his face fell.

"Poetry, now?" he inquired.

"Waroes like?"

I replied that though I was able to write a capital hand, I had only once or twice aspired to original composition; at which he chuckled delightedly, then, fixing his eyes with a fascinating glare upon my face, he repeated in a high shrill voice the following lines:

"To Missus Pendragon, who's always so pleasant,
John Rudd, of St. Gurlott's, brings this little present,
May her life be as sweet as best sugar can be,
And the only hot water be mixed with her tea!"

"What do you think of that?" he asked, anxiously.

"Very good," I replied. "Where did you read it? In a book?"

"I didn't read 'em, master, I wrote 'em," he replied. "Leastways, I should be wrote 'em if I could write."

"Of course I could," I replied. "Whereupon I produced a pencil from my waistcoat pocket, and asking Mr. Rudd to repeat the verse again, I transcribed it on the back of an old letter."

At length, however, John Rudd's voice aroused me indeed.

"Wawk up, young master," said he; "we'm gettin' pretty nigh your place."

I roused myself and looked about me, but there was nothing to be seen. Darkness encompassed us on every hand; the wind was sighing softly, making a sound like the distant murmur of the sea. Presently the wagon stopped. The carrier jumped down, and waited for me to do the same; then he gave a peculiar whistle as he went round to the back of the wagon to haul out my trunk.

The whistle had its effect. The

darkness was suddenly penetrated by a light, which seemed quite close to us, and a man's voice called out in a broad country dialect:

"Be that you, John Rudd?"

"Yes, mate," returned Rudd. "You katch hold of the young gentleman. I ha' got the bawz."

"Be this the lad?" asked the voice, as I felt a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder.

"Is?"

"Waal, my lad, you be welcome to St. Gurlott's!"

The hand kept hold of my shoulder and led me along. The next thing I became conscious of was standing upon the threshold of an open door, and of the voice of my guide saying heartily, "Yar he be, Marthas!"

"Then another voice, that of a woman, answered,

"Lawd love the lad; let's look at 'em!" and then there was silence.

I found myself standing in the middle of a quaint Cornish kitchen, gazing upon my newly found friends. The individual who had led me into the kitchen, and who turned out to be my uncle, was a tall, broadly built man, dressed in a red-stained suit of coarse flannel, said suit consisting merely of a shirt and a pair of trousers. His hands were big and broad and very red, his head was thickly covered with coarse black hair, and he spoke the broadest of Cornish dialect in a voice of thunder. Having finished my inspection of number one, I glanced at number two—namely, my aunt. She was a comely looking woman of forty, very stout and metherly in appearance. She wore a cotton dress, a large coarse apron, and a curious cap, not unlike the *coiffe* so popular in Brittany. My amazement at the sight of these two scarcely forced my lips to utter a word; but if my surprise was great, their glances were greater. After the first glance at me, they looked uneasily at one another, the genial smiles faded from their faces, and the words of welcome died upon their lips.

A pleasant interruption to all this was John Rudd, who at this moment came in with my trunk upon his shoulder and placed it down on the kitchen floor, then wiped his brow and opened his overcoat.

"It's martial bad weather you'm brought along w' ye, Mr Rudd," said my aunt; "yar, ha' summat to keep off the rain."

She handed him a glass of ale, which he drank.

"Thank ye, missus," said he, drawing the back of his hand across his mouth. Then he made a dive into the voluminous folds of his coat and produced a packet.

"That be for you, missus," said he; "a little present, w' John Rudd's respects; tea and sugar, w' a suitable inscription of my awn making."

"Thank you, Mr Rudd," returned my aunt, taking the packet. "You'm very kind."

"Read the waroes, missus; read the waroes!" said Mr Rudd, whereupon he proceeded to do so.

It was a proud moment for John Rudd; he seemed to expand with pleasure. And though to all intents and purposes he was gazing upon Mrs. Pendragon, he rolled one eye round my way, as if to watch the effect upon me. When the reading was done, he smiled slyly, while my uncle brought down his open hand heavily upon his knee.

"Waal done, John, waal dese!" cried my uncle, heartily; while another voice, one which I then heard for the first time, said,

"Ob, Mr Rudd, what beautiful poetry you do write!"

father. Then I used to hear the old wagon go 'tun to tun' alawing the read, and the waroes they came and kept time. Lord! to think o' the thousands of bootiful pomes I ha' made; they'd make a wallum; and I've got 'em all here in my head, thick as bees in a beehive, all a-buzzing together, one stop a' other."

"Do you live at St. Gurlott's, Mr Rudd?"

"Yes, young master; I drives this here van three times a week to Falmouth and back."

"Then perhaps I'll be able to take down some of your poems for you. I am going to live there, too, you know!"

This idea pleased the drowsy giant immensely. He was about to expatiate upon it, when a heavy rain-drop falling on his hand brought him back from the clouds.

"Lawd love the lad!" he exclaimed, "how we be a-lottering. Here, jump up, young master, we'm got a good twelve mile afore us yet, and a black night prawning to come."

I took the hand which he extended to me, and which looked like a giant's paw, and sprang up to my seat beside him.

"Hurry up, Marthas," he said, "get on, old gal!" and the mare's slow walk broke into a trot, which caused the wagon to rattle and shake, and my teeth to clatter in my head.

The prospect still continued bleak, but it was now not quite so desolate. To the right and left of us still stretched the bleak moorland, but now it was broken up by green hillocks and belts of woodland. Here and there on the meadows were cattle grazing, while at intervals were white-washed cottages with little gardens running down to the roadside. From time to time we rounded some quiet bay and caught a glimpse of the sea. Presently, far ahead of us, I saw clustering houses, from the midst of which arose a church spire.

"What is that?" I asked.

He seemed to know by instinct what I meant, for he replied without taking his eyes off the horse:

"That, young master, be Craigroddock. We'll stay there for a bit of summat to eat and drink, and to give the mare a rest."

When we entered the village of Craigroddock our appearance caused no little stir. John Rudd was evidently well known—for as the lumbering wagon went rattling down the little street, shock-headed children came peeping out of the doorways, and here and there a peasant woman made her appearance, and nodded cheerfully to us as we went by. For each and all John Rudd had a good-humored grin, which I thought broadened a little as the wagon was pulled up with a jerk before the door of the inn. Here, after some little trouble, we got something to eat, a few boiled eggs and some home-baked bread. When the horse had been rested, we started again on our journey.

The warm day was succeeded by a cold evening, and with the darkness had come rain. I was glad to follow John Rudd's example, to wrap myself well up in my overcoat, before I again took my seat behind the mare. We jolted on again, covering what seemed to me an interminable space. The darkness rapidly increased, the rain continued to fall, and, worn out with fatigue, I fell into a fitful dose.

I was dimly conscious of the wagon rolling on, of John Rudd making occasional disjointed remarks, rhythmical in character, to which he evidently expected no reply, and of certain stoppages, when John mysteriously disappeared, and returned refreshed and strengthened for his work.

At length, however, John Rudd's voice aroused me indeed.

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"Waal done, John, waal dese!" cried my uncle, heartily; while another voice, one which I then heard for the first time, said,

"Ob, Mr Rudd, what beautiful poetry you do write!"

At the sound of the voice, all eyes, mine among the rest, were turned upon the speaker, whom I discovered to be a little girl somewhat about my own age, or perhaps a trifle younger, so pretty, and so quaintly dressed, she looked like a little Dredaw china shepherdess.

"Wha, Annie!" said my aunt.

"I declare I'd forgot all about 'ee!" my uncle added. "Come yar, my lass, and say how do ye do to yer cousin!"

At this, the little girl came forward, and, gazing earnestly at me, timidly offered me her hand.

Suddenly, John Rudd, who had been fumbling about his coat again,

produced another packet, which he this time handed to my cousin. She opened it, and found it contained a brightly colored shawl and a sheet of foolscap, on which some lines were penned. Knowing Mr Rudd's weakness, Annie proceeded to read the lines:

"To Annie Pendragon, who charms all beholders,
John Rudd, of St. Gurlott's, sends this for her shoulder;
That she'll always be happy, in sunshine and in flood,
Tis the wish of her friend and admirer, J. Rudd."

Having read the verses, Annie fell to volubly admiring them and the shawl; but Mr Rudd, feeling the praise too much for him, gleefully took his departure. He paused at the door, however, to give me a last look, and to express a wish that we should become better acquainted.

The moment he was gone, attention was again concentrated upon me. My uncle discovered I was both wet and cold; while Annie said:

"Why don't you give him his supper, mother? I'm sure he must be hungry after that long ride w' Mr Rudd."

Annie's suggestion was adopted, and we all sat down to supper. While I ate, I had leisure to look about me. The kitchen was large and homely in the extreme, with a clean stone-paved

above, from which hung fitches of bacon, bundles of tallow candles, and divers articles of attire. The ingle was great and broad, with seats within it, formed of polished black oak, and the fire burned on the open hearth. In one corner was a recess, with curtains, containing a bed, which I afterward discovered was to be mine for the night.

Very little was said or done that evening. If I was astonished at the sight of my relatives, they were equally so at the sight of me. A sort of constraint came upon us all. I was not sorry to find that they were very early people, and that at ten o'clock they retired, and left me to make myself as comfortable as I could in the press-bed in the kitchen. My head was aching, partly from fatigue and partly from excitement, and so sooner did I lay it upon the pillow than I fell into a sound sleep.

CHAPTER V.

I was awakened next morning by the sound of voices in the chamber, and, looking forth from my sleeping place, I saw my uncle, seated in his stained flannel clothes, devouring a substantial breakfast of tea and home-baked cakes of my aunt's making, waited on by little Annie, who, seen in the bright morning light, looked even cleaner and sadder than she had looked the night before.

"Lawd love 'ee, little woman," my uncle was saying, "who put that sart o' sawnuss into your head! I warrant Tawm Penrudock, or some other gomeril, ha' been up here clacking to mother. Dawa't go daw'n the mine saw more? Your mine's bread and butter, vittles and drink, to you and me!"

"I'm Penrudock says 'tain't safe, father," returned Annie; "and Tom ought to know, for he's worked there ever since he was born."

"He knows no more than this chunk o' bread, little woman. He's the idlest chaps o' the gang, Tawm is. There, daw'n't you worrit. The Lawd's under the earth as well as above it, and 'll take care of father never feat!"

Unseen in my corner, I slept on my clothes; but, by the time I had done so, my uncle had left the cottage. Annie was still there, and she took me to a little bedroom upstairs, where I washed, and brushed my hair. Descending again to the quaint old kitchen, I found my aunt, just come from feeding the poultry. She gave me a kindly nod, then, sitting

down at the table, drew me gently to her, and, pushing the hair of my forehead, looked thoughtfully into my face.

"Let me look at 'ee by daylight, lad! Ay, I was right—you be as like year poor father as one pos is like another. Lawd forbid you should 'er be half as clever!"

"Why not, mother?" asked Annie, who was looking on with a smile.

"Because he were too clever to settle down. He rambled up and down like a moor pony, till the Lawd teek 'em, and me'er made himself a home; and when he died, there was none of his kith and kin near him to close his eyes. That, lad, sit down and take your breakfast. We'll try to make a man of 'ee, for my poor sister's sake."

This sudden allusion to my dead parents, coupled with the strangeness of my surroundings, brought before me more forcibly than ever the utter loneliness of my position, and sent the tears starting to my eyes. I fancy Annie noticed this, for she quickly changed the subject, asked her mother for some more hot scones, and put a chair for me at the table.

This diversion gave me ample time to recover myself. Feeling heartily ashamed of my exhibition of weakness, I swallowed the lump in my throat, dashed the back of my hand across my eyes, and determined from that hour become a "man."

The breakfast was appetizing—perhaps from the very strangeness of it. Never before in my life had I had placed before me, at eight o'clock in the morning, a meal of hot scones, boiled potatoes, and milk; yet I mightily pleased my aunt by disposing of enough to keep me going for the rest of the day.

"Ah! lad," she exclaimed, as her bright eye kindled with pleasure, "you's gawt some Cornish blood in 'ee, after all, and can eat your vittles with a relish. You'm got a good proned stomach, my lad, and will be a man like your uncle before larag."

The breakfast being over, my aunt and Annie busied themselves with "setting things to rights;" and, feeling somewhat in the way, I took my cap and strolled out, to find out if I could what sort of a country I had been landed in.

The kitchen door opened directly into the "back yard," as they called it, and here I found the poultry lair, picking up the grain which my aunt had given them before breakfast. Here I found, too, a mongrel puppy, a sort of cross between a collie and a greyhound, it seemed to me, which, the moment I made my appearance, came wriggling, serpent fashion, about my feet.

I passed through the yard, round to the front of the house, the puppy following close at my heels. The front of the cottage was very trim and neat; and there was a very small garden here, which was tolerably well cultivated; I afterward learned it belonged to Annie, and owed its pretty appearance entirely to her hands. It was a curious illustration of the mingling in her of the useful and ornamental. She was passionately fond of flowers, and two thirds of her little garden was devoted to them, while in the other third were beds of mustard and cress, radishes, and celery, with which she regularly supplied "relishes" for the table.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

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