

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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No. 7

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 communication, although the same may be written in a fictitious signature.

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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.
Express west close at 10.35 a. m.
Express east close at 5.20 p. m.
Kentville close at 7.35 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. DEW, BARR. Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 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 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meetings on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal),—Rev. J. O. Burgess, Rector.—Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. R.—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 p. m.
J. E. DAVISON, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. 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 7.00 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 your right, and we can safely recommend them to your 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.

BROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY—Dry Goods, Boots and 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 and Repairer.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Tannery. Opposite People's Bank.

PRAT, 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.

DOOD, A. R.—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 Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

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

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

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

Money to Loan!
The subscriber has money in hand for investment on first-class real estate security. Good farm properties in Horton and Cornwallis preferred.
Wolfville, Oct. 9, A. D. 1885.
E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

Carriages & Sleighs
MADE, PAINTED, and REPAIRED
At Shortest Notice, at
A. B. ROOD'S,
Wolfville, N. S.

D. W. Moody's Tailor System for DRESS CUTTING.
Price of one system with instructions \$5.00, or \$2.00 and one month's work at dress making. For particulars apply to
E. Knowles,
Wolfville, April 21st

Select Poetry.

OCTOBER.
I love to wander through the woodlands
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When the Summer gathers up her robes
Of glory, and the Autumn winds
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.
HELEN E. WHITMAN.

Interesting Story.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

The school-directors of District No 19, Perry Township, were holding a meeting.

Nobody would have thought it. The chairman was leaning against his front-gate with his checked shirt-sleeves turned back and an axe in his hand, surveying the other two members of the board, who stood outside the fence.

It was a meeting, nevertheless; and its object was nothing less important than the selection of a teacher for the fall term.

"Lyman Doty spoke to me about having the school," said the chairman dubiously.

"Lyman Doty!" echoed Steve Tenney, a stalwart young fellow with thick brown hair, white teeth, and a square chin, to make up for his lack of downright good looks. "Why, Lyman Doty can't teach a baby. He quit school before I did, long enough, and he hasn't studied anything but potatoes and winter wheat since, that I know of. Better stick to his farm—eh, Larkin?"

"Guess you're right," responded the third member of the board, a little man with a cheerful face and a tuft of gray hair sticking straight out from his chin.

And the chairman nodded his agreement.

"Well," continued little Mr Larkin, with an air of importance, "I've had an application that I guess will suit. It's a sort of relative of my wife's, and just as nice a girl as ever was. Smart, too. She got a certificate for two years' last examination. She'd make a splendid teacher, Molly Sanburn would."

"Sanburn!" said Steve Tenney, sharply. "Any connexion of the Sanburn's over on the river?"

"That's where she's from," said Mr Larkin. "She's old John Sanburn's little-bim that died last winter."

Steve frowned.

"You won't put her into that school, then, with my consent!" he said, determinedly.

"What?" said Mr Larkin, with a gasp, while the chairman stared.

"What would you think," the young man responded, "if a man sold you fifty head of sheep, at a good price, and half of them died off in the next week, of a disease he must have known beforehand? That was the trick John Sanburn served me. And he laughed in my face when I wanted my money back. No, sir! I can't conscientiously consent to putting any of the Sanburns in that school. Bad lot, in my opinion!"

Mr Larkin's small, bright eyes snapped.

"Old Sanburn wasn't any too straight and everybody knows it," he admitted. "But what's that got to do with Molly in more than I can see. She's as fine a girl as you ever set eyes on; not a bit of her father about her."

"Well, well, fight it out between you," said the chairman, good-naturedly, and returned to his wood-chopping.

The tall young man and the little old one walked on to the street together, talking briskly.

Mr Larkin was hot and indignant; Steve was cool and immovable.

"There don't seem to be any mercy in you," said the former, almost tearfully, as Steve was preparing to turn in at his gate. "If they'd been left well-off, it would be different; but they're poor as poverty, and Molly needs the place the worst way."

"You hadn't mentioned that," said the young man, turning back. "If that's the case—"

Mr Larkin walked away triumphantly five minutes later.

But Steve Tenney had surrendered with a bad grace.

"I couldn't hold out after that, you see," he said to his mother, relating the story over their tea; "but I don't approve of it. There's not much good in the Sanburns, or I lose my guess?"

School began two weeks later, when the first cold wave was depopulating front porches and increasing the attraction of kitchen stoves.

Steve Tenney held to his opinion concerning the new teacher, and acted accordingly.

He did not call at the schoolhouse the first day, as was his custom, to leave the register and see if anything was wanted; the chairman having turned these duties over to his younger colleague.

He sent the register by a boy, and was utterly indifferent as to whether anything was wanted. He turned the subject when the new teacher was mentioned; and he avoided Mr Larkin's comfortable home, where the teacher boarded.

The little man made him a call, however, a month or two after school had begun.

"Guess you'll have to own up to being in the wrong, Steve. 'We hadn't had a teacher for years that's given the satisfaction Molly does. The children rave about her—all of 'em.'"

But Steve was unimpressed.

"My opinion has yet to be altered," he said, rather stiffly.

And Mr Larkin looked discouraged.

"She spoke about needing a new broom and water-pail," he said as he rose. "I told her she'd better come to you about it."

"That schoolhouse had a new broom last term, and a water-pail term before last!" said the young director, emphatically.

And Mr Larkin took a discomfited leave.

The next Sunday evening, the young man, sitting in a pew of the small wooden church with his mother, and allowing his eyes to rove about during the rather long sermon, suddenly discovered a new face, and sat studying it for the remainder of the evening.

It was that of a young girl—not a remarkably pretty girl, but fair, and fresh, and innocent, with a bright intelligence in the dark eyes and a sweetness in the full lips.

"Who is she?" was his first question, after the services were concluded, addressed, as it happened, to little Mr Larkin, who had come in late.

"That?" the latter repeated, in astonishment. "Why, that's our teacher—that's Molly Sanburn. That's my wife she's with, don't you see? I am waiting to take 'em home."

Steve Tenney found himself wishing quite frequently after that that the new teacher would come to him about the broom and water-pail.

"Not that he should furnish them if he should find that they were not needed; but he felt that he should not object to an interview with the teacher."

He even mentioned the subject to Mr Larkin, carelessly, when he met him one day.

"Well, you see," was the response, "she sort of hates to come to you. The way you felt about her having the school has got all around town, and I s'pose she's heard of it. She can't help what her father was, Molly can't, and she's real sensitive."

The young man looked disturbed.

"That afternoon he left his work at an early hour—not, however, admitting himself his purpose in doing so—and strolled down the street, turning off—but he persuaded himself it was not intentional—in the direction of the schoolhouse."

"I might as well go in and see about that broom and water-pail," he said to himself, when he stood opposite the little bare-looking building.

And he went in accordingly.

The little teacher looked considerably startled when she opened the door to him. She dropped the spelling-book she held, and her voice was hardly steady as she expressed her gratification at seeing him.

Evidently, Steve reflected, some idiot had pointed him out to her at church the other evening. He sat down in a front seat, feeling unpleasantly grieved.

She was hearing the last spelling-class. How pretty she looked, standing there in her dark-blue calico dress and white apron! What a sweet voice she had! though putting out "hen, men, pen," to a long line of fidgeting youngsters could hardly show it to the best advantage.

When the class was dismissed, and the last small student had rushed, whooping, down the street, the teacher and the young director stood looking at each other with some awkwardness.

"I thought I'd come in," said Steve at last, apologetically, "and see if anything was needed."

He did not mention the fact of his being six weeks late in the performance of this duty.

"The girl dropped her eyes timidly. 'I don't think so,' she murmured."

"What a brute she must think me!" Steve reflected with some self-disgust.

He turned carelessly to the corner where the broom stood.

"Isn't that pretty far gone?" he said, with a conscience-stricken glance at his stubby end.

And the little teacher nodded.

"Your water-pail seems to leak," the director went on, indicating the empty bucket and the wet floor.

"Yes," the girl assented.

"I'll see that you have new ones," Steve concluded.

And he was rewarded by a grateful glance from the teacher's soft eyes as she took her hat from its nail.

He took her lunch-basket from her hand as they started away together; and having taken it could hardly surrender it short of Mr Larkin's gate.

He was a little reluctant to surrender it even then. For their first awkwardness had set its worn off; and their walk had been in r from unpleasant; and they were feeling very well acquainted.

He walked home in an agreeable absorption, repeating to himself the things she had said, and recalling her pretty way of saying them.

He did not pause to consider that it was old John Sanburn's daughter of whom he was thinking; he was only conscious that she was a bright young girl, whom it was charming to look at and listen to.

His pleasant mood was rudely interrupted by little Mr Larkin, who dropped in that evening.

"Lyme Doty couldn't have the school," he observed with a chuckle, "but it looks as though he was going to have the teacher!"

"What?" said Steve with a sudden, unexplainable sinking of the heart.

"He's hanging around considerable, anyhow," said Mr Larkin. "Went to visit the school last week; and he was asking me to-day whether Molly's got any way of getting home Friday night. He said he'd just as lief take her in his buggy as not. Molly generally walks; but I guess she'd be glad of a lift."

"You don't mean to tell me," said Steve warmly, "that she'd have anything to do with him?"

Mr Larkin started. What could Steve care with whom old John Sanburn's daughter had to do?

But he only said, deprecatingly: "Well, Lyme's a good steady fellow."

"Humph!" was the scornful rejoinder.

The young man mused long and seriously when his visitor was gone, and went to bed with a lighter heart, having come to a firm conclusion.

When the new teacher closed school the next Friday night, she was feeling rather worn out, as she was apt to feel at the end of the week; nor did the prospect of her four miles walk home serve to cheer her.

She locked the door and started down the path with a sigh.

A neat little buggy was coming briskly up the road. Molly gave a start as the driver pulled up the horse and sprang to the ground.

It was the young director, and he was coming toward her.

"I won't make any excuses, Miss Sanburn," he said, with a humorous solemnity. "I won't say that I'm going over to the river on business, and happened to think you might like to ride. The truth is that it's a carefully-laid plot. 'Will you be an aider and abettor?'"

The little teacher laughed appreciatively as he helped her into the buggy.

"I must stop at Mr Larkin's and leave my dinner-pail," she said demurely.

Mr Larkin was standing at the front gate. He stood staring at the young director as the latter assisted the teacher to the ground, and sat down on the horse-block to wait for her.

"Lyme Doty was here after Molly just now," he said, almost gaspingly. "I sent him down to the school-house."

"We met him," said Steve. "You see," he added, making a bold attempt at carelessness, but speaking nevertheless in a shame-faced way, and avoiding the little man's eye—"you see, I feel as though it's my bounden duty to keep Lyme Doty away from her. Pure impudence, his hanging around her that way."

The little teacher came tripping back, and the young director's buggy whirled away in a cloud of dust.

"Steve Tenney's taking Molly home in his buggy," said Mr Larkin, joining his wife in the kitchen, and sinking dazedly into a chair. "I guess the world's coming to an end!"

"Steve Tenney ain't a fool," his wife responded, practically. "I knew he'd get over that ridiculous notion of his—and especially after he'd seen Molly."

"Says he's doing it for a sense of duty," pursued Mr Larkin, chuckling slowly as the humor of the situation dawned upon him. "Wonder how far his sense of duty'll take him?"

"I shouldn't be surprised at anything!" said Mrs Larkin, mysteriously.

"The Larkins—and, perhaps, Lyme Doty—were the only people who were not surprised when the new teacher gave up the school at the end of the term, and was quietly married to the young director."

The chairman of the school board is wondering over it yet.—Emma A. Opper.

Missions.

Missions, missionaries and missionary are related words having a common meaning. They are derived from some foreign language, though from what 'root' would seem doubtful. Hence the different interpretations put upon the English words that have grown out of it: some holding that the *mission*, which is common to all, and which no one disputes gives its meaning to all, signifies to *send away*, others maintaining that it denotes, unquestionably, to *keep at home*. This is now a remarkable; for are not the Scriptures interpreted upon the same principal? and are they not found to mean *any thing which anyone wishes them to mean*?

Those missionaries that go away are said to have accomplished much good, and the same is by some said of those who stay at home. On this last point now according to rule, as the 'proper' they are some who are doubtful, thing," to have a nice 'church,' or 'They ask, "Where are your proofs?"—or they put the question in another form and inquire, "What do you mean by good?" The friends of these two views say that if a person has been sitting through the service and in the habit of absenting himself from especially during prayer on downy cushions and hear the gospel!

But one thing more is required; you are not quite easy, for almost every one has some idea of "the eternal fitness" and so you quiet your conscience by establishing "a mission" for the benefit of those who cannot pay the enormous pew-rents which pride and fashion have rendered necessary, and thus are banished from the house of God, as the place where "the church" meets is religiously called. The *mission* is duly established, and its meetings are attended by the Sabbath-school children of the church, who hear the same things that they hear in the Sabbath-school every week, and have heard during a long course of years; but those who need to be taught the first principles of religion and morality are perishing for lack of knowledge are left as before to the contaminating education of the streets. The education is going on outside under the very eyes of the building in which the children are hearing so many "good things" from the missionary; and the friends of the mission discreetly shut their eyes and ears.

A CASUAL OBSERVER.

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