

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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THE ACADIAN.

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CHAS. FAINE,
Wallbrook, Sept. 20th, 1897.

"Loh, loh! he wudna hae said that, though, to our minister; na, he wudna hae daured."
"Ye're a U. P., Jamie?" asked the mole-catcher.
"I was born U. P.," replied the mole-catcher, firmly, "an' U. P. I'll die."

"I say nothing agin yer religion," replied Tammie, a little contemptuously, "but to compare yer minister to our minister, Sanders Dobbie, the wright, had a standin' engagement to mend the popple like mouth."

"We'll no' speak o' religion, Tam, mas, or we'll be quarrellin'." Ye might tell's, though, hoo they cam' to gie a lassiey sic a man's name as Davy."

"It was an accident at the christenin'." Ye see, Hendry Dundas an' Christy was both very young, an' when the bairn was born they were shy-like about makin' the affair public; sy' Hendry end hardly tak' courage to tell the minister. When he was haddin' up the bit tid in the kirk to be baptiz'd, he was remarkable agitated. Weel, the minister—it was Master Dishart—somehow had a notion 'at the liltin was a laddie, an' when he reads the name on the paper, 'Margaree Dundas,' he looks at Hendry w' the bairny in's arms, an' says he, stern like, 'The child's a boy, is he not?'

"Sal, that was a predeccament for Hendry."
"Ay, an' Hendry was confus'd, as a man often is w' his first; so says he all tremblin', 'Yes, Mr. Dishart.' Then, says the minister, 'I cannot christen him Margaree, so I will call him Davie.' An' David the liltin was baptiz'd, sure enoch."

"The mither wud be in a mighty wy at that?"
"She was so, but as Hendry said, when she challenged him on the subject, says Hendry, 'I daur'd no' contradict the minister.'"
Haggart's work being now over for the day, he sat down beside Jamie to await some other stone-breakers who generally caught him up on their way home. Strange figures began to emerge from the woods, a dumb-man with a barrowful of roots for firewood, several women in men's coats, one smoking a cutty pipe. A farm laborer pulled his heavy legs in their rustling corduroys alongside a field of swedes, a ragged potato bogie brandished its arms in a sudden puff of wind. Several men and women reached Haggart's cairn about the same time, and said, "It is so," or "ay, ay," to him, according as they were loquacious or merely polite.

"We was speakin' about mater-mony," the mole-catcher remarked, as the back-bent little party struggled towards Thrams.
"It's a caution," murmured the farm laborer, who had heard the observation from the other side of the dike. "Ay, ye may say so," he added, thoughtfully, addressing himself.

With the mole-catcher's companions, however, the talk passed into another rut. Nevertheless, Haggart was thinking matrimony over, and by-and-by he saw his way to a joke, for one of the other stone-breakers had recently married a very small woman, and in Thrams, where women have to work, the far-seeing men prefer their wives big.

"Ye drew a sma' prise yerseel," Sam'l," said Tammie, with the gleam in his eye which showed that he was now in sarcastic fettle.
"Ay," said the mole-catcher, "Sam'l's Kitty is sma'." I suppose Sam'l thought it wud be prudent-like to begin in a modest way."

"If Kitty hadna been so sma'," said another stone-breaker, "I wud hae been a bid for ner myself!" The women smiled; they had very large heads.

"They, say," said the youngest of them, who had a load of firewood on her back, "at there's places whaur little thins is thocht muckle o'."

There was an incoherent laugh at this.
"I wudna wonder, though," said the mole-catcher, who had traveled!

"So was his father. I call to mind said Rob an' the minister hae a tremendous debate about justification by faith, an' says Rob 't' the tail of the day, gettin' passionate-like, 'I tell ye fat, Master Byars,' he says, 'if I dinnae gae to heaven in my ain wy, I dinnae gae ava!'"

"there's some mighty queer ideas 't' the big toons."
"Ye'd better gae to the big toons, then, Sam'l," suggested the morose Tammie.
Sam'l woke up.
"Kitty's sma'," he said, with a chuckle, "but she's an auld tid."

"What made ye think o' speirin' her, Sam'l?"
"I coudna say for sartn," answered Sam'l, reluctantly. "I had nae intention o' till I saw Pete Procter after her, an' syne, thinks I, I'll hae her. Ay, ye might say as Pete was the instrument o' Providence in that case."

"Man, man," murmured Jamie, who knew Pete, "Providence sometimes mak's use o' strange instruments."
"Ye was lang in gettin' a man yerseel, Jinny," said Tammie to an elderly woman.
"Fower an' forty year," replied Jinny. "It was like a stockin', lang 't' the fulin', but tyred at last."

"Lassies nooadays," said the old woman who smoked, "is partikler by what they used to be. I mind when James Gowrie speird me: 'Ye wud rither hae Davie Curly, I kin,' he says. 'I dinnae dony't,' I says, for the thing was well kent, 'but ye'll do vera weel, James,' says I, an' mairy him I did."

"He was a harmless critter, James," said Haggart, "but queer. Ay, he was full o' maggots."
"Ay," said James's widow, "but though it's no' for me to say, 't' he died a deacon."
"There's some rare queer wys o' speirin' a woman," began the mole-catcher.

"Vary true, Jamie," said a stone-breaker. "I mind hoo—"
"There was a chappie over by Blair," continued Jamie, raising his voice, "at might hae been a single man to this day if it hadna been for the toothache."
"Ay, man?"
"Joey Fergus was the stock's name. He was uncommon troubled w' the toothache till he found a cure."
"I didna ken o' ony cure for sair teeth?"

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Joey's cure was to pour cold water stretcht on into his mouth for the matter o' two coors, an' as day he cam' into Blair an' found Jess McTagget (a sperity bit thingy she was—on, she was so) fair greetin' w' sair teeth. Joey advised the critter to try his cures an' when he left she was pourin' the water into her mouth over the sink-Weel, it so happened, 'at Joey was in Blair again about two month after—'an' he gies a wy in w' Willie's—that's Jess's father's, as ye'll understand. Ay, then, Jess had been snither fit o' the toothache, an' she was hingin' over the sink w' a tanker o' water in her hair, just as she'd been when he saw her last. 'What!' says Joey, w' rare concern, 'nae better yet?' The stock thocht she had been haddin' gae at the water 't' these two month."

"I call to mind," the stone-breaker broke in again, "hoo a body—"
"So," continued Jamie, "Joey coudna help but admire the patience o' the lassie, an' says he, 'Jess,' he says, 'come out by to Mortar Pits, an' try cor well.' That's hoo Joey Fergus speird's wife, an' if ye dinna believe, ye've nae mair to do but gae to Mortar Pits an' see the well yerseel."

"I recall," said the stone-breaker, "a very neat case o' speirin'. It was Jocky Wilkie, him 'at's brither was grieve to Broken Bases, an' the lass was Lecky Lunan. She was aye puttin' Jocky aff when he was on the point o' speirin' her, keepin' 'im hingin' on the hook like a trout, as ye may say, an' takkin' her fling w'ither lads at the same time."

"Ay, I've kent that to do that."
Weel, it fair maddened Jocky, so as night he gings to her father's house w' a present o' a grand thimble to her in his pouch, an' afore the hale hoose, 'at hold be perdooces 't' flings it w' a bang on the dresser: 'Tak it, he says to Lecky, or leave it.' In coorse the thing bein' done as public-like, Lecky kent she had to make up her mind there and then. Ay, she took it."

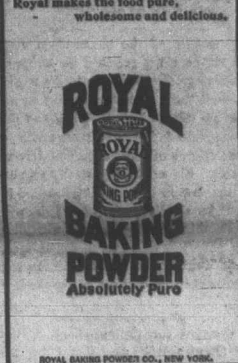
"Bat hoo did ye speir Christy yerseel, Dan'l?" asked Jinny of the speaker.
There was a laugh at this, for, as was well known, Daniel had jilted Christy.
"I never kent I had speird," replied the stone-breaker, "till Christy told me."

"Ye'll not say ye wasna fond of her?"
"Sometimes I was, and syne at ither times I was indifferent-like. The mair I thocht on it the mair risky I saw it was, so in the tail of the day I says to Christy, says I, 'Na, na, Christy, let's be as I am.'"
"They say she took on terrible, Dan'l!"
Ay, nae doot, but a man has 'imself to consider."

By this time they had crossed the moor of whins. It was a cold, still evening, and as they paused before climbing down into the town they heard the tinkle of a bell.
"That's Sneeky's bell," said the mole-catcher; "what can he be cryin' at this time o' night?"
"There's something far wrang," said one of the women. "Look, a body's rinnin' to the square."
The troubled look returned to Haggart's face, and he stepped to look back across the fast-darkening moor.
"Did ony of you see little Davy Dundas, the saw-miller's bairny?" he began.

At that moment a young man swept by. His teeth were clenched, his eyes glaring.
"Speak of the deil," said the mole-catcher; "that was Rob Angus."

CHAPTER II.
As Haggart hobbled down into the square, in the mole-catcher's rear, Hobart's cracked bell tinkled up the back wynd, and immediately afterwards the bellman took his stand by the side of Tam Peter's fish-cart. Sneeky gave his audience time to gather, for not every day was it given him to cry a lost bairn. The words fell slowly from his reluctant lips. Before he flung back his head and ejected his proclamation in a series of puffs he was the possessor of exclusive news, but his tongue had hardly ceased to roll round the concluding sentence when the crowd took up the cry themselves. Wives, flinging open their windows shouted



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their fears across the wynde. Davy Dundas had wandered from the kirk-yard, where Rob had left her in Kitty Wilkie's charge till he returned from the woods. What had Kitty been about? It was believed that the liltin had taken with her a letter that had come for Rob. Was Rob back from the woods yet? Ay, he had scoured the whole country-side already for her.

Men gathered on the saw-mill brig, looking perplexedly at the burn that swelled at this point, a sawdust color, between wooden-banks; but the women pressed their bairns closely to their wrappings and gazed in each other's faces.

A log of wood, with which some one had sought to improvise a fire between the bricks that narrowed Rob Angus's grate, turned peevishly to charcoal without casting much light on the men and women in the saw-mill kitchen. Already the burn had been searched near the mill, with Rob's white face staring at the searchers from his door.

The room was small and close. A closet-bed with the door off afforded seats for several persons; and David Lunan, the tinsmith, who could read Homer with Rob in the original, sat clumsily on the dresser. The pendulum of a wag-at-the-wa' clock swung silently against the wall, casting a mouse-like shadow on the hearth. Over the mantle-piece was a sampler in many colors, the work of Rob's mother when she was still a maid. The book-case, fitted into a recess that had once held a press, was Rob's own handiwork, and contained more books than any other house in Thrams. Overhead, the thick wooden rafters were crossed with saws and staves.

There was a painful silence in the gloomy room. Sneeky Hobart tried to break the log in the fireplace, using his leg as a poker, but desisted when he saw every eye turned on him. A glitter of sparks shot up the chimney, and the startling in the window began to whistle. Pete Todd looked undecidedly at the minister, and, lifting a sack, flung it over the bird's cage, as if anticipating the worst. In Thrams they veil their eyes if there is a death in the house.

"What do ye mean, Pete Todd?" cried Rob Angus, fiercely.
His voice broke, but he seized the sack and cast it on the floor. The startling, however, whistled no more.
TO BE CONTINUED.

Our I's and... Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:
"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has, "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."
Any doubts about 17 Bond for "Curebook" 25 pills double and cure, doubtless. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.