

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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Churches.
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Robert W. HADGEL,
(Divinity Student of King's College).
St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 A. M. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.
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DIRECTORY
—OF THE—
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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.

Select Poetry.
IT PAYS.
It pays to wear a smiling face,
And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile,
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early spring,
Beneath the sunny ray.
It pays to make a worthy cause,
By helping it, our own,
To give the current of our lives,
A true and noble tone.
It pays to comfort heavy hearts,
Oppressed with full despair,
And leave in scorn-darkened lives,
One gleam of brightness there.
It pays to give a helping hand,
To eager, earnest youth,
To note with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth;
To strive with sympathy and love,
Their confidence to win;
It pays to open wide the heart,
And "let the sunshine in."
OUTWARD BOUND.
I sit and watch the ships go out
Across the widening sea;
How one by one, in the shimmering sun,
They sail away from me.
I know not to what lands they sail,
Nor what the freight they bear;
I only know they outward go,
While all the winds are fair.
Beyond the low horizon line
Where my short sight must fall,
Some other eyes a watch will keep,
Where'er the ships may sail;
By night, by day, or near, or far,
Or narrow seas or wide,
These follow still, at love's sweet will,
Whatever my helms.
So round the world the ships will sail,
To dreary lands or fair;
So with them go, for west or east,
Some dear ones everywhere.
How will they speed each lagging keel,
When homeward it is laid;
Or watch will keep, or surge deep,
If there a grave be made!
O human love, so tried, so true,
That knows no wrong nor bound,
But follows with unweary watch
Our daily changing round!
O Love divine, O Love supreme,
What matter where I sail,
So I but know, wherever I go,
Thy watch will never fail!

Interesting Story.
KRELL'S JOHN.
Of all dreary months of the year, January is the dreariest, down by the sea; being synonymous with high gales and deluges of rain, alternated by snows, squalls and bitter freezing cold. Lucky the fisher who has been sufficiently fortunate to allow himself a holiday during that season. Better to doze by the humblest fire-side, though the good wife scold and the babies cry, than to ride the winter waves, stung by the snow-bees and numbed by the wind, with more than likely only a frozen nose or fingers to pay for the toil.
If any mariners were awake to this indisputable fact, the Stormhaven fishers certainly were, for as January is the dreariest winter month, so Stormhaven was the dreariest place to spend it—a poor, brow-beaten settlement whose sole boast was more wrackings and drowned men than any neighboring village.
Shaken by the gales and lashed by the waves, it bore a forlorn aspect of fright, as not knowing in which quarter to look for safety. The houses, built for protection from the wind, faced all points of the compass, and streets in turn followed the erratic example of the dwellings, which, though undoubtedly convenient, were scarcely according to a surveyor's idea of beauty. In fact, on the mildest summer day, Stormhaven was not inviting in appearance, and, in a spattering, angry snow-gust, which chased the waves popping over each other toward the shore, it looked like some deserted village of the Polar regions, rather than the respectable Atlantic town it claimed to be on the map.
Some signs of human life were visible on the beach, however, in the shape of four men engaged in launching a fishing-boat, regardless of the driving flakes. Anything but a cheerful party apparently, three of the number wearing scowls varying in intensity from mild perplexity to the deepest wrath, while the fourth and youngest concealed his brow, and consequently his feelings, beneath an oil-skin cap drawn low over his eyes.
In silence and gloom the quartette worked on until the perplexed member's feelings overcame him. He was a mid-featured giant in a faded pea jacket, whose pockets he nervously explored as he spoke.
"Ef wot we sed las' night, Krell,

causes you ter go, in course we'd ha' taken it back," he slowly volunteered; but his right hand companion snapped him up before the words fairly left his mouth.
"Sprak fer yerself, young feller," growled the second speaker, with dignity. "Ef Timothy Krell ez hankerin' fer a friz nose, let him get it, sez I! Ef a man is gump enough ter put off in sich a storm jes' fer a few words, let him go, sez I! Wot'ased on jock, an' ef a man makes arnest of it, 'taint my fault, nor yours nuther."
Number Two was short, stout, and minus an eye; he wore a semicircular piece of beard beneath his chin, extending from ear to ear, where it was met by a thicket of bushy locks, giving the effect of a turbulent sea of hair, out of which his weather-beaten face shone like a most aggressive little island.
A stubborn man was Number Two, otherwise "Uncle Dan!" (Arname forgotten, if he ever had one), chief wrangler at Bennett's, the village exchange, and a staunch upholder of his own opinions. Obtusely gleamed from his solitary optic, stubbornness belied in his abundant whiskers; even the manner in which he planted each short leg in the sand evinced utter and entire immovability of character.
But if Number Two was pertinacious, Number Three could discount him. Possibly the too braucing air of Stormhaven was to blame for this superabundant frizziness, which frequently proved most inconvenient to the possessor's near of kin.
Tall, thin, and grim, crowned by an immense sou'-wester hat, Number Three continued to haul the heavy boat towards the surf, scowling deeper at his co-laborer's remarks, and grunting threatening retorts beneath his breath meantime, the force of which no one could quite catch, but that were awesome from their very unintelligibility.
Number Four said nothing. Being the son of Number Three, he had proved the golden value of silence from experience.
Moreover, as his father and himself were alone to make the voyage, he preferred suffering a frozen nose peacefully, rather than bringing down the parental vials of wrath to no purpose.
Most of the Stormhaven residents considered "Krell's John" as rather weak-minded in giving way to his father's oddities as he did; for arrogance and submission being nothing short of imbecility, to their vigorous understandings. At twenty-four one should have a will of his own, if he ever expected to possess such a thing, and surely a man of no spirit is a poor creature. But Krell's John persisted in his tranquil way, heedless of criticism or advice. He had very great reverence for the fifth commandment, and a still greater horror of family disturbances.
He did not purpose always spending his time at Stormhaven. Some day (he did not know exactly when, nor where, nor how) he intended leaving the roar of the elements and the smell of fish, to live according to his own fancy, among men whose sole interest in life would not turn on the direction of the weathercock or the time of the tide; till then why not live in peace?
The most convincing arguments in the world would rebound effectually from the chain-armor of his father's obstinacy, so wherefore waste breath? On one opinion alone he remained firm, in spite of threats, sneers, and stormings. That opinion, naturally, was the identical one of all others that he shouldn't have held, and the subject of it was "Wilder Durant's Hannah."
Hannah was pretty, and Hannah was poor, and crowning crime of all, her father had never caught a fish in his life, being a city clerk, who years before carried off the beauty of the coast as his wife, only at his death to send her back broken in fortune, health, and spirits. Of course, the first mentioned virtue could not outweigh the latter sins; and likewise, of course, she and Krell's weak, dreamy John must need fall in love.
Now, worldly pride has lodging even in a fisherman's breast, a Stormhaven fisherman's at that, and Timothy Krell was by no means pleased with the prospect of his son proposed to present

him.
He could lay claim to more of the exceedingly undesirable real estate of Stormhaven than any other man of the place; gossip hinted that he had at least three thousand dollars hoarded up in bank; and justly and most over-whelming, he could trace his ancestors away back into the misty shades of the seventeenth century.
"An every man o' them folkered the water!" He was wont to conclude, with a final bang of the fist on the store-counter, after holding forth on his genealogy to an awe-struck circle at Bennett's.
Poor Hannah! She would fly like the foam of the sea before the west wind when she saw her prospective father-in-law loom up in the distance. She was a timid little maid, with frightened, fawn-like eyes, and the life of solitude she led with her sorrowful mother did not tend to make her more courageous; but she would have braved almost anything for her John, always and ever excepting Timothy. On the morning of the fishing-trip she dared even that. Number Four was busy with the fishing-tackle, when the gleam of a sea-let shawl behind the sand-hill caught his eye. His father saw it, too, and grew a thunder-cloud in aspect; for his son and heir, dropping the lines, went to meet the wrapper of the brilliant garment.
"John, you're never going out in the storm?" cried the girl, clutching the sleeve of his rubber coat as he drew near. "They were talking about it when I went in, and I couldn't believe it true. Oh, don't—don't risk your life in the face of such a wind! Have a will of your own, dear, just once!"
"You foolish little lass," said the young man smiling down at her. A tall, awkward, fair-haired fellow, but the tender look in his eyes would have made even a plainer man handsome. "Don't you know I am more at home on water than on land? I must go, Hannah! You see Dan and Steve were telling father last night about no man being able to go off while this storm lasted, and he vows he'll do it, just to prove them wrong. You wouldn't have let him go by himself, dear?"
She clasped her little brown hands nervously. "Oh, wou't he give up?" she faltered, knowing the folly of the question before it left her lips.
John shook his head. "When did he ever give up, Hannah?" he answered, half bitterly, then stooped and kissed the quivering mouth. "Good-bye, little girl; I'll come back to you to-night if wind and water can bring me," he said, lightly, and turned away to his disapproving parent on the sand below.
"It's a fool trip," growled Dan, the stout, to Steve, the tall, as the frail little craft went rocking over the boisterous waves. "I give a doubt of they ever git back agin."
"An' all along of our darin' him," said the downcast Stephen.
"Can't you quit throwin' it up ter a feller everlastin'?" returned his friend, sharply. "Tim Krell allers was jes' so head-trong! Christopher, how I hate a pig-headed man!" with which pious ejaculation Uncle Dan! wended his way back to his customary perch on Bennett's cracker-box, his conscience-pricked admirer trotting at his heels.
Darkness came early that winter day, and by 5 o'clock even young eyes could see no longer.
Hannah folded her sewing at last, and pinned her shawl tightly around her.
"Mother, I shall just run down to Mrs Krell's to see if the boat is in," she said shyly, turning the handle of the door as she spoke.
"To Krell's!" The widow rose to her feet with astonishment. "Why, Hannah, where is your self-respect? Going to those that have scorned you in every way; they'll turn you for the door for your pains!" she expostulated, indignantly.
"I am going, nevertheless," persisted the girl, with a faint little laugh. I must know if John is safe," and the closing of the door shut her out from further argument.
From the window her mother watched her go drifting away before the west wind, with angry thoughts rising in her heart. It was very bitter to see her child, so sweet and fair and dainty

beside the rougher village girl, looked down upon by those unworthy to bear her company. In her way the widow was proud, and prouder than Timothy Krell, and hated the thought of John as a son far worse than he did Hannah for a daughter.
"It shall never be," she thought to herself, as she turned to the fire with a sigh. "I'll take Hannah and go away inland first. I am one of these, but she is different. She is a lady, my little girl; and John Krell is nothing but a great, awkward fisher-lad. A married woman's life is a sad one, at best."
* * * * *
"Why, Lor' bless us! It's only Mis' Durant's Hannah, in disappointment as the door opened to the girls' hand, too anxious even to express her disfavor. "I made out it would be Tim and John for sure."
"Then the boat isn't in?" said her visitor, dismayed at the fulfillment of her fears.
Mrs Timothy pursed her mouth with a look of solemn foreboding, and shook her head disconsolately.
"Indeed 'tisn't. An' the storm off shore is that bad the men can't get down to look for her. But set up, Hannah; I'll be glad enough o' yer company till they come," motioning the girl to a seat, with unusual hospitality.
So they waited in silence for hours, it seemed to Hannah, every nerve and sense strained to catch some token of the absent ones. The wife's ear was the first to hear the sound of footsteps coming through the gate.
"Here they be!" she cried, joyfully; and before the echo of her voice died away Timothy Krell entered. Frozen-faced as a man of snow, his frozen garments rattling about him and a look of blankness in his eyes like one that has sight and yet is blind. Striding to the fire, he leaned his head on the wooden shelf, and stood there, shivering and trembling as if with mortal cold.
The women gazed at one another with pale cheeks. What might it mean, this solitary man? Where was his son?
And yet his wife dared not break the dreadful silence.
Suddenly beside him uprose a form, that of the wretched man, decked an avenging angel, with wide, dark eyes full of reproach.
"Where is my John?" questioned Hannah, laying her hand on his bent shoulder. But, with a cry of horror, he shook it off, and fled to the room above barring the door against friend and foe.
The girl stood as he left her, her face turned upwards, listening. A keener blast of wind struck the house and whistled through the shutters with a sound that was almost human.
"Hush!" she said, with a warning, lifted finger. "My John is calling me! I'm coming, dear, I'm coming!" and so went out in the darkness and tumult.
All that terrible night, while the wind howled and the water roared, the old man paced up and down his chamber, the noise of his footsteps sounding now loud, now low. In the room beneath, with pining neighbors trying to soothe her, his wife mourned her only son; while out in the wind and storm, with lantern and torch, the men searched for living or dead.
The storm died away to a far-off wail; one by one the flickering, yellow flames of the lanterns grew dim in the light of coming day—a day so bright and peaceful, that before its beauty and memory of the night might have faded like some fearful dream, only for the quiet burden which the searchers, with uncovered heads, bore reverently from the beach. Cast high on the frozen sands, in the crimson light of morning rays they had found Krell's John, robed in more dignity in death, poor lad, than he had ever owned in life; and close beside him with her head on his silent breast, lay Hannah. Had she found him so on the sand, or had the waves cast them together as if in rebuke to parents and kindred? None may say; for the cold had set a seal on Hannah's lips, as on her lover's, not to be broken by human skill.
Stormhaven never knew the true secret of that night; it could piece out

fragments from the upturned boat which drifted, days later; and from the disjointed words of the man who sat crouching over the fire at Krell's cottage. "To down in sight of land! One shall be taken and the other left!" over and over he murmured to himself, until death mercifully came one day and stopped the working of the poor, wandering brain; and Timothy Krell's stubborn, wilful, remorseful life on earth was ended.
But the mothers still lived on. Women widowed and made childless by the sea were plentiful in Stormhaven, and sympathy there was not given to much outward demonstration. Yet, in after years, when the coast history was recited forth by some ancient mariner for the enlightenment of the summer guest and the story of Krell's John was told in its turn, the historian would close with: "Well, 'twuz hard lines for the widders. But he knowed best, I reckon, fer He took 'em together in death, which ez more'n they'd ha' bin on life, pore children!" after which he would "blow the wind fer makin' his eyes water," were the day ever so tranquil.

The Romance of a Coal Stove.
One day last fall, after talking until his throat was sore, a Detroit stove dealer succeeded in selling a wood-burning coal stove, but it was with the proviso that if everything didn't work satisfactorily he was to make it. Two days after delivering the stove he got his first call. A boy entered the store and said:
"Mrs — wants you to come and fix that stove. The house is full of smoke."
A man was sent up, and he found the trouble to be with the chimney.
Only three or four days had passed when the boy came in again and said:
"That stove is puffing and blowing and scaring the widow to death. She wants the same man to come up again."
He was sent, and it was discovered that she didn't know how to arrange the dampers and drafts. Everything seemed to run well for a week, and then the boy walked in to announce:
"She sent me down to have you send that man up again. The house is full of coal gas."
The man went up and applied the remedy, but inside of three days the stove got to puffing; two days after that the stove wouldn't draw; then it drew too much; then gas cepted again. At length the dealer went to the house and said:
"Madam, you gave me \$30 for the stove; how much will you take for it?"
"I wouldn't sell it."
"But I can't be sending my man up here every two, or three days all winter."
"You won't have to. I've concluded to marry him in order to have some one here in case of accident."
And three days ago they were quietly and happily married.

Cooking for Company.
I always keep a supply of well cooked food ready at all times, in case of unexpected company, having learned a lesson in my earlier housekeeping days, when a small brood of relatives came, without notice, to pay me a short visit. They came about tea time and found me with a pantry scanty in the extreme and the store two miles away. I was young and proud, and the humiliation of borrowing enough from one of the neighbors to make out a repast taught me to be always prepared with something at least to make out a decent meal.
Too many housekeepers, who are naturally good cooks, fall into the way of slighting the cooking of their every-day meals, and wait till company comes to show off their best efforts in the culinary line.
I think this is a mistake. The men folks are often kept in good spirits by having their meals nicely prepared and promptly served, and the saying that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach," is true according to my notion.
Cook as well for your husband as you do for your company and there will be peace in the family. To possess the knowledge how to make good brown or white bread, common sense puddings and pastry, delectable soups and stews, or of cooking steaks, chops, or ham in an appetizing manner, is of more value than knowing how to make Charlotte Russe, cream meringue, angel's food or black fruit cake, though these last may be all well enough in their way.—Household.

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