

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. IV. No. 40.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1885.

Only 50 Cents per annum

The Acadian,

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:
50 CENTS Per Annum
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$2.00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

News 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 over a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Office Hours, 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Mails are 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 7.30 p. m.
Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.
A. DeW. Barrs, Agent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 3.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 2.30 p. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. H. Burgess, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.
Divine Worship will be held (D.V.) in the above Church as follows—

Sunday, Mattins and Sermon at 11 a. m. Evensong and Sermon at 4 p. m. Wed. Evensong and Sermon at 7.30 p. m. Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9.30. Choir practice on Wednesday evenings after Divine Worship.

THE HALL, HORTON.—Divine Worship will be conducted in the above Hall as follows—

Sunday, Evensong and sermon at 3 p. m. Thursday Evensong and sermon at 7 p. m. J. O. Ruggles, M. A., Rector.
Robert W. Hudgell,
(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.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.15 o'clock p. m.
J. B. Davison, Secretary.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Caddell's Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

CARDS.

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

B. C. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative
PAINTER.
English Paint Stock a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 30. Sept. 19th 1884.

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

Select Poetry.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,"
Said God's most holy word;
The water bath fish, and the land bath flesh,
And the air hath many a bird;
And the soil is teeming o'er all the earth;
And the earth has numberless lands;
Yet millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands!

Sunlight, and breezes, and glad some flowers,
Are over the earth spread wide;
And the good God gave these gifts to men—
To men who on earth abide;
Yet thousands are toiling in poisonous gloom,
And shackled with iron bands,
While millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands!

Never a foot hath the poor man here,
To plant with a grain of corn;
And never a plot where his child may cull
Fresh flowers in the dewy morn.
The soil lies fallow—the woods grow rank;
Yet idle the poor man stands!
Oh, millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands!

Who hath ordained that the few should hoard
Their millions of useless gold?
And rob the earth of its fruits and flowers
While the profitless soil they hold?
Who hath ordained that a parchment-
scroll
Shall fence round miles of lands,
When millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands?

'Tis a glaring lie on the face of day—
This robbery of men's rights!
'Tis a lie, that the word of the Lord
disowns—
'Tis a curse that burns and blights!
And 'twill burn and blight till the people rise,
And swear while they break their bands,
That the hands shall henceforth have acres,
And the acres henceforth have hands!

Interesting Story.

The Land of Evangeline.

A Summer Day's Letter
—FROM—
GRAND PRE.

SMILING SCENES AND LOGAL LEGENDS.
Correspondence of "Boston Commercial Bulletin."

Concluded.
Tom repeated his request and hoped that Mrs. M. could spare Madge, as the berries were ripening so fast that they would lose a great many if they could not get help.

"Waal, yes; I guess I can let her go. She's dreadful shifless and not much good here. I'd rather do the work myself, if I am sick, than to see her sozzlin' round half asleep all the time."

"Come on, Madge, your ma says you may go. Hurry up and don't keep us waiting all day!"
She reluctantly withdrew her luminous blue eyes from some distant object at which she had been gazing indifferently while her mother was talking, turned them full upon us and then upon her mother, apparently waiting for orders.

"No; she ain't ready. She can't go back with you now, but the ole man's going down to the village to-night and he'll fetch her."

Tom turned the horse about and drove off with a parting injunction to Madge to be sure and come, which she apparently did not hear, or at least failed to answer.

"I'll start her off," said the mother, flinging a scornful glance at the girl, who was slowly rising. I looked back and watched her till we reached the wood. She stood perfectly calm and motionless, her beautiful round figure outlined against the dark hues of the sky, her head turned with the same indifferent way from her mother, who seemed to be scolding her seriously, judging from her excited gesticulations.

"What kind of people are they, Tom?" I asked as we drove slowly through the woods, fragrant with the balsam of hemlock and pine.

SCHOOLING FACILITIES.

"Why, they are just poor folks. They've lived there ever since I can remember. It's not a bad place in summer, but it's awful lonesome in winter. The road is all snowed up, and after the first heavy storm it is as much as your life is worth to try to get to the village. So they're caged up there till the spring thaw."

"Don't the children go to school?"
"Yes; when they get old enough to earn their board they stop in the village and go to school awhile in the winter. Madge was down last winter but she didn't learn much; my little sister can read better'n she can. She stopped at the Widder B's. The widder says she'd never take her another winter, she's so slow and never opens her mouth to say anything. She's awful poor company. But you just ought to hear her sing! She can sing just like a bird."

One evening Tom took me to see "Aunt Patience," a quaint, little gentlewoman with soft, brown eyes, and high, smooth forehead. She was the oldest lady in the village and knew the dates of all the marriages, births and deaths in the surrounding country for many years back. She told me the story of Rip Van Winkle, or "Sherman Rogers" as she called him, knitting quietly but rapidly all the while.

THE LOCAL VAN WINKLE.

"Mr. Rogers, Sherman's father, was a wealthy gentleman of Halifax. He retired from business and settled in the Cornwallis Valley. He never worked any himself but hired a man to take charge of the farm. His wife had died young, so his children, two sons and several daughters, were left in the care of their father and hired girls,—but they were left mostly with the girls as Mr. Rogers was a sporting man and seldom at home. So they didn't have much of any bringing up."

"Sherman, the oldest child, was a very pretty lad, petted and humored by every one till he was sent away to school in Halifax. When he left school and returned home he could not seem to agree with his sisters and brother. They were a hot-tempered lot and quarreled among themselves all the time."

"One day Sherman became angry with his sister Martha and in a blind fit of temper chased her with a large axe in his hand. His father saw him and turned him out of doors telling him never to come near the house again."

"I was a young woman then, my husband alive, and my children were with me. I lived down at Lower Horton, near the Gaspareau river. One day, as I stood in the porch waiting for the men to come to dinner, I saw a man come out of the spruce grove and go down to the shore and dig. Just then John and Will came up, and I asked them if they knew who that fellow was, telling them that I had seen him every day that week, when the tide was out digging in the mud."

"Will spoke up and said:
"Why, mother, that's Sher Rogers. Since his father turned him out of doors, he has slept in the spruce grove and digs clams at low water for his dinner. Can't I ask him to have dinner with us to-day?"

"I said 'yes' and he called him in. Well, that invitation seemed to set the example, and after that the man lived about from house to house. He had read a great deal, was a ready talker and people were glad to see him as he was such good company. But by and by he took to drink and people wouldn't have him round, so he decided to go to work. He gave up drinking, worked hard and steadily and had begun to save money when his father suddenly died and left him a large amount of property."

"This seemed to be the ruin of him

for he gave up his work, took to drinking and carousing and spent his money freely and ill." Dr. Hill, in whose hands his money was, cheated him out of all but a few hundred dollars. When he lost his property his sweetheart jilted him and people say it turned his brains a little, but I've always found him sensible enough.

"He never married but shut himself up in his little cottage with his books and for a long time never had anything to do with anybody. He read all the time and people say that he has read about every book that has ever been written. Poor old man! he's all broken down and still drinks more than is good for him at times, and he war such a gay, handsome lad in the old days!"

A MEMORY OF LONGFELLOW.

Aunt Patience ended with a little sigh. She put down her knitting and leaving me alone for a few moments returned with a glass of rich, sweet milk, asking me as she took up her work again if I had ever seen Mr. Longfellow.

This question was asked me several times; all the people seemed very much interested in him and listened with delight to any anecdotes or stories of him. I could not find any one who had not read the story of "Evangeline" or had it recited to him; even the children were familiar with it.

The beautiful, pathetic idyl has found its way into the homes and hearts of all these people. In many of the farmhouses only two books are to be found—the Bible and Longfellow's "Evangeline."

How "Ruby" Played.

MUSIC EXTRAORDINARY—JUB. BROWN'S ACCOUNT OF RUBINSTEIN'S PLAYING.

"Jud, they say you heard Rubinstein play in New York."
"I did, in the cool."
"Well, tell us about it."
"What! me? I might as well tell you about the creation of the world."
"Come, now; no mock modesty. Go ahead."

"Well, sir, he had the blindest, biggest, catty-comedest piander you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven."

"Played well did he?"
"You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-ede'd a little on the table, and twoodle-loodle'd some on the base—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, s'I: 'What sort of fool playin' is that?' And he says, 'Heish!' but presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a parcel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turning the wheel of a candy cage."

"Now, I says to my neighbor, he's showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other Pd—"
"But my neighbor says 'Heish!' very impatient."

"I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up a-way off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves

was movin' and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

"And I says to my neighbor: 'That's music, that is.'"
"But he glard' at me like he'd like to cut my throat."

"Presently the wind turned; it begun to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl earrings and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams, running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, especially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold."

"The most curious thing was the little white angel-boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook and let it on, and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you, then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black, sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows; and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did."

"Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a good up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief and blew my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a gazin' at me a snivlin', and its nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rard' he tipped, and tar'd, he pranced and he charged like a grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I lift up my head ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball all goin', on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he give 'em no rest, day or night; he set every livens' joint in me a goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped sprang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"Go it, my Rubs!"
"Every blamed man, woman and child in the house riz on me, and shout-ed 'Put him out! put him out!'
"Put your great grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me!"

"With that, some several policemen run up, and I had to slimmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die."

"He had changed his tune again. He hog-light ladies and tip-toed fine from eend to eend of the key-board. He played soft, and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—rip, drop, drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into

Concluded on fourth page.