THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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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.

Newsy 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.

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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. T. A. Wilson, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 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 is held in the above Church as follows:—

Sunday, Matins and Sermon at 11 a. m.
Evensong and Sermon at 7 p. m.

Sunday-school commences over 20 m. day morning at 9.30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.

J. O. Ruggles, M. A., Rector.
Robert W. Hodgell,
(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.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

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

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. OF 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.

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OF

Every Description

DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

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DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE.

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, 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 & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

DAVISON, J. R.—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.

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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.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
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Select Poetry.

THE SONG HE NEVER WROTE.

His thoughts were song, his life was singing;
Men's hearts like harps he held and smote,
But in his heart went ever ringing,
Ringing, the song he never wrote.

Hovering, pausing, luring, fleeting,
A farther blue, a brighter note,
The vanished sound of swift winds meeting,
The opal swept beneath the boat.

A gleam of wings forever flaming,
Never folded in nest or cote,
Secrets of joy, past name or naming,
Measures of bliss past dole or rote:

Echoes of music, always flying,
Always echo, never the note;
Pulses of life, past life, past dying,—
All these in song he never wrote.

Dead at last, and the people, weeping,
Turned from his grave with wringing hands,—
"What shall we do, now he lies sleeping,
His sweet song silent in our lands?

Just as his voice grew clearer, stronger,"—
This was the thought that keenest smote,—
"O Death! couldst thou not spare him longer?
Alas for the songs he never wrote!"

Free at last, and his soul up-soaring,
Planets and skies beneath his feet,
Wonder and rapture all out-pouring,
Eternity how simple, sweet!

Sorrow slain, and every regretting,
Love and Love's loloos left the same,
Weariness over, suns without setting,
Motion like thought on wings of flame:

Higher the singer rose and higher,
Heavens, in spaces, sank like bars;
Great joy within him glowed like fire,
He tossed his arms among the stars,—

"This is life, past life, past dying;
I am I, and I live the life:
Shame on the thought of mortal crying!
Shame on its petty toil and strife!

Why did I halt, and weakly tremble?"
Even in Heaven, the mem'ry smote,—
"Fool to be dumb, and to dissemble!
Alas for the song I never wrote!"

—HELEN JACKSON ("H. H.") *in the Century.*

Interesting Story.

GRIFFITH.

"Griffith, dinna ye ken I canna be fashed wi' ye? What hauds the mune up? Why, the mon in 't, o' course! Ye dinna believe it? Weel, then, dinna fash wi' yer questions. Ilka mon knows it's the Lord as hauds the airth i' its place fra the beginnin' o' creation to the end o' time, an' o' course He hauds the stars an' the mune. Dinna ye ask the road ye ken; but if ye think ye dinna ken then gang till t' schulmaister an' he'll drill 't intil yer young brains, if so be ye hev ony, whilk same I sometimes doot. Ga yer lang, noo! I tell ye I canna be fashed wi' sick specrin'. Wonner what ye cam intil t' warld for, ye ill-faur'd wean. I wonner if the Lord ca's *that* thing a body!"

Griffith quivered from head to foot, and shuffled along on his knee cushion out of the room. He made what haste he could until the barn hid him from view. Then he stopped perfectly motionless, in an agony of soul too great for even the wringing of the hands or an uttered moan.

Suddenly he threw himself prone on his face. Time passed and he lay like one dead, his heavy black hair fallen forward and so hiding his face; his poor feet turned up helplessly to the sky as if they would beseech its pity.

"Griffith! Griffith Hammerton!" A strong yet gentle pair of hands lifted the boy to his natural position, on his knees.

"Griffith, what is it?" stroking the thin hands, which gradually relaxed their tension.

The boy threw up his arms with a gurgling, smothered cry, then turned his head to the shoulder of his one friend. He wept as if but death could end his tears.

John Rone, kneeling there on the cobble-stones, with his arms about the "wean," let him weep on. At last,—

"She said she dinna ken if the Lord ca'd this distorted thing a body."

Griffith laughed a little wildly as he looked down at himself, then up at the sky and added,—

"I ken he maun hae meant me for a prayin' thing sin He put me on my knees for a' my life. An' I need till pray, for I'm a laithin' i' the sight o' the airth. The people winna e'en luk at me when they meet me i' the road, though weel I ken they turn an' stare as sune's my back's to them."

"I dinna ken aboot these things, laddie, why they suld be, but I ken the Lord's as sorry as ye be. He did na order this, I feel sure, but He disna alter the laws o' nature if oor forefathers transgress them; an' it seems to me, laddie, that yer suffering for the sins o' yer fathers, for they went a hard gact, as we a' ken. But then, Griffith, shall the body maister ye? In this deformed clay ye hae a heart an' brains an' soul. Laddie, ye may hae in ye the specrit o' yer forefathers, but ye need na boo doon afore that specrit. Tak tent, laddie, an' remember that a strong soul an' earnest reaching after guid can overcome inherited tendencies. The greater the conquest the grander the life—i' the Lord's sight. Remember this, my Laddie, if I suld na be here to comfort ye i' the days that air to come. I knew yer mither weel afore she wedded till yer faither, an' for her sake—laddie, hoo gangs the fractions?"——

"Griffith, whaur air ye? Hech! Skulemaister, but yer a'ways efter that wean! Siccan a shiftless, ill-faur'd"——

John Rone rose with such stern wrath in his face that the woman cowered. He might have been one of the prophets as he stood there with his gray hair blown back from his face, his blue eyes flashing, his arm extended and finger pointing in the direction from whence she had come. And when in tones whose very quietness indicated the controlling of every nerve and muscle, he said,—

"Mrs MacGregor, the boy shall be with you soon," she quickly disappeared.

John Rone, being college-bred and a scholar, could speak good English when he chose. But here where he had taught for the last twenty years, he more often used the Scotch, which, indeed, was natural to him; for he found the homely words brought him nearer the homely hearts, while the stately English kept him at a distance.

When Mrs MacGregor was gone the sternness all vanished from the schoolmaster's face, and bending over Griffith, he said,—

"Laddie, I came to bring ye anither grief. Can ye bear it? My brither Alexander, who is professor in the Edinbro' University, is vera ill an' I must needs gang till him. He's i' consumption, an' I sall be gang for months."

Griffith uttered an inarticulate cry. At sound of it John Rone stooped down and lifted the boy in his strong arms and laid his cheek against his own. After a while,—

"Griffith, my lad, I lo'ed your mither. Remember, for her sake, that the body need no owercome ye. Dinna let her see a deformed soul. Keep clear o' the drink, hoever it may entice. Do noble things. Train yersel' to gran' thoughts an' acts. An' some day ye'll find oot what ye were made for. Hech, laddie, but I'm laith to leave ye! Eh, Griffith, but dinna let these fits o' despair owercome ye. They'll unfit ye for the feeht o' life. They'll tak the vera marrow oot o' yer banes. Eh, laddie, I knaw ye na a' to blame for this. Yer mither's despair an' yer father's hard gact will tell o' yer life. But dinna let them owercome. My crippled lambie, crippled i' baith body an' soul, I wis I could stay by to gi' ye the helpin' hand! But there's *Ane* stranger than I. Reach up thy hand to Him."

He strained him to his heart and laid him on the ground.

"I dinna ken if ever I sall see him mair," he said to himself as he strode hastily away.

Griffith lay on the ground for an hour after his friend had gone. When at last he roused himself and went into the house his face was so white that even Mrs MacGregor said only,—

"Noo gang an' milk the cow. It's jang efter time. An' dinna be a' night, wean."

Griffith had many letters from his friend, all trying to root in him the belief that the body need not master him; that what he was in himself was the grand thing. At last came an unfinished letter, and with it a lock of hair. "This is your mother's hair," wrote John Rone. "Let it remind you of what *she* would have you be. Griffith, my Laddie, remember the meaning of your name which she gave you with her last breath, and, 'having great faith,' go on to conquer. Then some time you shall know"——

A strange hand had added, "Your friend died suddenly while writing this last letter."

Hours afterwards Mrs MacGregor found the boy on the barn-floor. Her words fell on deaf ears. Thoroughly frightened, she threw water on his face and chafed him till he returned to consciousess.

For that one day she did not scold.

A new school master came who looked with abhorrence on the deformed scholar. Yet with a proud patience Griffith struggled on with his lessons in spite of his fits of utter despair. As the weeks and months passed, he rose higher and higher in his classes, for the schoolmaster was a just man and could not deny him the advancement he deserved.

But Bryan Waller, a leader among the boys, could not bear that Griffith should be above him in his classes. He began to wreak upon him every petty insult he could think of. The other boys followed their leader, and soon Griffith could not enter the playground or pass through the street without hearing some jeer or taunt about his deformity.

If he had been a strong, happy-hearted boy, the very boys who hooted him now would probably have cheered him on. But Griffith was not a favorite save with dumb animals. Brindle would allow no one else to milk her, and Bernard was his faithful follower always. They instinctively knew something of the love that was smothering in his heart, continually struggling for expression yet ever being repressed in manifestation as he feared some jeer or taunt. He grew more and more reserved in his shrinking sensitiveness, which neither boys nor people understood.

He could not answer taunt with taunt, for the agony of his soul struck him dumb; neither would he have done so if he could, for he felt himself above such warfare. Neither could he blame them much, for how could they love that body which he himself so hated? Like a wounded animal he would hide himself, for hours lying face-downwards without sound or motion.

Afterwards he would rise and whisper, "I *will* conquer. I hae a heart, an' brain, an' soul. What matters the shape o' the clay?"

But the struggle so unnatural was wearing his life away. He fainted one day in the class and had to be carried home. Dr Anderson, a wrinkled, hard-featured old man, who had been present at his mother's death, was called in. He examined the boy and asked a few keen, pointed questions, which no one seemed able to answer satisfactorily, then ordered every one to leave the room.

"Noo, laddie, tell me what 'tis 'at's breakin' yer heart. I ken weel it's na the body 'at's i' the bottom o' this. I maun know or I canna help ye. Speak oot, mon! I'm yer frien'.

"Naething! Noo, Griffith, ye maun na tell me ony lies else ye'll gang till t' bad place. There is na affect wi'out a due cause, an' I sall na leave ye till ye tell me the trowth. Noo, dinna threep to me! Birds hae whuspered i' my ears something, an' ye maun aye tell me the rest."

By dint of threatening and wily questioning he drew from Griffith admissions or confessions or assents or denials until he had the whole story, with what filling in he could supply himself.

"Hech, mon! I thocht sae," he said at last. "It's hard for an ill-formed creature to live in this warl'! Hech, but I could gi' it to them! It's no aneuch to hae to bear the burden o' yer life, but ye maun e'en hae it thrown at ye. Then the skule-maister, yer only frien', maun gang the way o' a' flesh an' the laddie's heart maun stairve for luve. Dinna greet, laddie; ye sall gang to Edinbro' to the hospital, an' we sall see if there be na onything 'at can be done for this deformed body, though ill I fear their canna be muckle guid done. I hae a brither that walks the hospital. I'll see he taks ye in, an' yer expense there I'll pay mysel'. Noo be whist till I speer my brither aboot this. Ye maun keep a brave heart, noo."

Weel, doctor, what's the matter wi the wean?" questiond Mrs Macgregor when he came out in the house-place.

"Woman, it's the ill-mannered tongues o' folks mair nor aught else. The wean has aneuch to bear wi'oot hacing the curse o' his ill-formed body thrown at him continually. *Ye'll* hae murder on yer sowl gin ye gang that gaet mickle langer. 'A continual drappin' will wear awa, the stane,' as the Scripture doth say. Noo dinna ye say a wrang word to the laddie, or I sall knaw it. I gat the story by mickle specrin' oot o' his vera weakness."

A week later Griffith was travelling under the doctor's care to Edinburgh. He shuddered and shrank from the world into which he was going. His experience of life had been so hard that he could only judge of the future by the past. But when, after weary hours of travel, he at last was at the hospital, and had seen Dr David Anderson, his heart was instantly at rest.

The very hand of the doctor, as he touched it, seemed to give him strength, while about him was something of the protecting power he had known in the school-master.

The old doctor was crotchetty and abrupt. Dr David was a self-poised man, who gave to his work at the hospital a perfect self-abnegation, while yet he never lost a certain power of self-possession.

Griffith felt as he looked up into the powerful face, that he had come into the presence of a strong soul, and it rested him.

Next day a dozen doctors stood around the couch on which Griffith lay, while Dr David subjected him to a painful examination. But, however great the pain, Griffith felt the firm true touch of the doctor give him strength to bear it.

There was a long consultation, and then Dr David explained to Griffith, that it was only by a slow and excruciatingly painful process extending over months, and perhaps years, that they could hope to relax the tension of the muscles or move a joint. And that the probability was failure at the end.

"Are you willing to try it?" asked Dr David.

"Yes," returned Griffith, with a white set face.

For an instant, a great yearning pity swept over the doctor's face, but he said nothing.

So began a year of suffering so great that he could never afterward look back on it without a shudder, Dr David came to be his great friend, and during the hours he was not under treatment, he let Griffith wheel himself about the wards, and visit the various patients.

It took him out of himself to see those who were suffering night and day. He tried to comfort them with the same comfort with which John Rone had comforted him. The truth planted by the school-master began to grow. He was striving to bear patiently, to think noble thoughts.

He was struggling after self-abnegation.

"There seem na noble deeds 'at I can do, he said one day to Dr David, who knew all about the old school-master.

Griffith, do the little deeds, and be sure the chance will come sometime, for the grand deed, if you are ready for it. To hide your own wounds, and help another bear his, is noble. Forget yourself, Griffith, and live for others."

So Griffith kept striving after self-forgetfulness, and began to be known among the patients for little kindnesses hardly worth speaking of, yet treasured up in the memory of each. Perhaps it was only a glass of water which he brought without being asked, or a sprig from his one precious musk-plant.

At the end of the year, when he found that his suffering had been, and he must be a cripple all his life, he hid himself from everyone for a whole day.

No one but God ever knew the history of that day, but he came forth with a certain sternness of strength mingled with a restfulness which had never been known in him before. From that day the fight against his body was over. Henceforth, no more strength of soul or body should be wasted in trying to grow straight like other men. He gave himself up fully to the belief that the life of a man is what he *is*.

He determined that every faculty of his being which was capable of education should be cultivated. In order to do this he would be a doctor.

"But, Griffith Hammerton, how could you do that?" queried Dr David, when he told him his wish.

"I dinna ken hoo it can be dune, but it's a' maks life hae a meaning to me. I could grow to that which is best in myself, he said, quietly, "if I could study with the hope o' sometime helping those who air sore distorted in body like mysel', an' through that body hae sair souls."

Griffith was learning English fast, but still the Scotch clung to his speech in a measure. "I wad like to make the subject o' distorted an' crippled bodies my specialty. I hae my hands an' brain an' wheel-chair. We do not set a limb wi' oor feet. I can do it, Dr David, if ye gi' me but a chance. I'll black boots, wait on patients, do anything to earn my way if ye'll na sen' me back to Kinross," he concluded eagerly. It was a strange thing for the boy to attempt, but he had become a favorite with the doctors, and they were willing to help him what they could.

Dr David wrote to his brother about it, and the old man returned:

"Let the Laddie try. He maun have something in life to live for outside of himself, or he will eat his heart away as did his poor mother—she that was Jeannie Ross. Let the laddie gang till school as lang's need be, and then through the regular course. But let him earn his way as far as he can. Let him try his sinew, for a doctor of a' men needs a brave heart. But should the work and study be too much for the laddie, remember ye can fall back on me for money. My money shall be all his some day, but he need na know it now."

Ten years have passed, and Dr Griffith Hammerton has already won for himself a reputation for his skill in difficult surgical operations. If a deformity can be cured, he is the one to do it.

The inventive genius of a grateful patient has been applied to his wheel-chair, so that as he moves from ward to ward, he can raise himself by the action of a spring to the level of each patient's bed, and in consultation with the other doctors sits at the table with them on the same level. He and Dr David generally sit together, Dr David's blue eyes always soften as he turns to his friend; and there is a certain deference payed him by all; indeed, unconsciously, Griffith demands from all a certain chivalrous courtesy. There is the same deference paid him wherever he goes. No one remembers that the broad-shouldered, dark-haired, stern-faced yet, as every one knows, gentle-hearted man, is but twenty-eight. His wheel-chair is known all over Edinburgh, especially in the older parts of the town where poverty abounds.

He does not confine himself to hospital work, but wherever a poor deformed child can be found, there is Dr Hammerton to help. Many a little child rests its head against his broad shoulders And mothers look up into his handsome powerful face if he undertakes a case, for Griffith inspires everbody with his own faith.

No one but Dr David ever dreams of the long, fierce fits of despair which he has gone through, and is gradually overcoming and which has made his face so much older than his age, and given that sternness of appearance so unlike his known character.

The old doctor is dead, and Griffith uses his money among his poor patients.

There comes a cry to England, from India. Her soldiers are needed to quell the mutinies which have arisen. With her regiments must go doctors. Dr David must go with his regiment. He had never thought to be called into active service when he joined the regiment, as a young man, more for the sake of the drill than ought else. But now he is called. Griffith goes also, though he cannot become a soldier.

"But Griffith"—said Dr David, and stopped because something in Griffith's face told him words were worse than useless.

"Where you go, I will go," said Griffith, quietly.

A day of dreadful slaughter. At sunset a field of dead and wounded. A man on a wheel-chair going from one to another, binding up wounds, bathing lips with water, straightening stiffening limbs to decent rest. He stops ever and anon to press his hand upon his side, where a red stain dimly shows.

A man with a fair face, blue eyes, and a noble white forehead, lies half unconsciously looking up to the darkening sky, for death is creeping on him from the bleeding of an ugly wound. The wheel-chair makes its way to his side "Dr David, hae I found ye at last? Eh, mon, but just i' time." He extracts a ball, and binds up the gaping wound.

"Griffith, you look very white," says Dr David, with a last effort before he sinks into unconciousness. He is safe.

Next morning they find him. By his side lies Griffith, a strip of linen in one hand, a lock of hair in the other, a smile on his upturned face. On a patch of grass, stained red, a deformed body from which the soul has gone forth *undeformed.*