

# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. III.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1884.

No. 21.

## HOW TO SUCCEED.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The low desire, the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less;  
The revel of the ruddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess;  
The longing for ignoble things;  
The strife for triumph more than truth;  
The hardening of the heart, that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;  
All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,  
That have their roots in thoughts of ill;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will.  
All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain,  
In the bright fields of fair renown,  
The right of eminent domain.

## THROUGH WIND AND RAIN.

BY MARY CREIL HAY.

(Concluded.)

He had risen from his chair. With the hand which held the sealed packet, he leaned against the window, with the other he shaded his eyes to peer into the night. The moonlight showed me this, and nothing more, till he dropped his hand from his face and seized my arm.

"See! it is like daylight. Does he come?"

That road across the heath lay wet and clear and glistening, just as we have seen it lie to-night; and my younger, stronger eyes searched the spot where my master's eyes were fixed; yet it was his cry of joy which first broke the silence.

"There! there!" he cried, and I, trembling so that I could scarcely stand, tried to give shape to that gilding shadow on the straight, wet road.

"I see, I see," my master whispered, his thin form heaving with an almost terrible emotion, "he—is come."

"I cannot see," I said, only because I so dreaded a disappointment for him now.

"Not see?" he questioned, turning to me with a gentle, perplexed smile. "Go, Hester, and make sure that the fire is burning brightly in his room; and have Rollo unchained and brought into the house. It will make the old dog young again to see the master he loves. Let the whole house be ready to welcome him. Let his rooms look

just as they used to look. They cannot be too bright to-night. Make haste, because he comes so quickly."

It was well that those hungry clouds had hidden the moon again, for I could not keep the tears away; and, in the midst of his eager joy, my master would have been hurt to see them.

"He comes on horseback, Hester. Have his horse well cared for. It will need rest after having come so fast—you saw how fast he flew, didn't you?" My master was walking with me toward the door as he hurried through these loving orders, and the packet was tightly grasped in his hand.

"You will burn it now, sir? You will destroy it before I bring up my new master?"

"No," he said, a shadow falling over his eager white face, as he nervously changed the will from hand to hand, "I must see his face and hear his voice; then it shall flame to ashes. Hark!"

The quick, bright word, and my master's sudden pause with outstretched hands and uplifted head, stopped me on my way; and so I was still standing beside him, in a gleam of brightest moonlight, when Mr. Will came in; and that cry from his father's lips made me reel blindly for one moment.

I saw that my young master had come straight and hurriedly there, for the rain was thick upon his hair and dress, and the hand he gave me, when his father released it, was wet and cold. Seeing this, I was hastening to his room that he might find a bright fire there (though there was little fear, for I had the room ready all that day), when my master called me back.

"Stay, Hester," he said, in a new bright tone, "you deserve to see this burnt. It is all over now. See!"

He dropped the sealed packet into the very heart of the hot wide fire, and now sat watching it crumble into ashes, while his face had a smile upon it which was almost radiant in its ease and happiness. Mr. Will stood watching too, but very gravely, and when presently every trace of paper had disappeared, he dropped upon his knees beside his father's chair, and, with his face hidden, sobbed just these words, "Father forgive me!"

The words were stopped upon his lips by the old man's loving fingers

to tell any of us for whom she wore "It is I, Will—it is I who need forgiveness. But this is forgiveness. God will pardon us both, and no one again can separate us."

I had softly closed the door upon them then, and for a long while I lingered in Mr. Will's rooms, giving them all the homeliness I could. Then I went down with orders for the young master's supper. It hardly surprised me to find that the servants in the house did not know he had arrived, for I knew that if they had seen him they would have taken his wet coat. There was quite a shout of joy when I told them my news, and some of them followed me to the master's door that they might be first to greet Mr. Will. They stood back quietly for me to go in alone, but—ah! my cry soon brought them. There sat our master beside the glowing fire, with still that smile of full content upon his pale lips; but the lips were motionless forevermore, and he was all alone. Neither the glow of the fire, nor the moonlight shining in now unhindered, showed us any figure save that solitary sleeping one of our old master.

More to tell? very little; and how nervous it makes one, in this fitful moonlight and the rush of rain and with those weird flying shadows which the firelight throws upon the pictures. Surely you know the end as well as I do.

Not one of the servants, even the oldest among them, ever jested with me about my account of the young master's return in the dying of the old year; but I heard them whispering together afterwards, when I fell ill, that that strange dream of mine had warned them of an illness. Dream!

For days and weeks, and even months Captain Warder carried on the fruitless search for Mr. Capleton's will, firmly convinced that the Squire himself must have removed it—his private bureau had a lettered lock which none but himself understood, and this was untouched at his death—only to place it in another hiding place. But the search was vain, and of course I had no tale to tell him.

But the search for Mr. Will was longer and more wearisome still, and the Squire had been two months dead, and Captain Warder was beginning to feel secure in his mastership of Wesmede, when the Exeter lawyers sent us word they had traced Mr. Capleton's heir. That very night they arrived at Wesmede in a postchaise, and brought my master's heir, lying asleep in his mother's arms. In a moment I recognized Miss Agnes, when she came into the hall shyly and sadly, in her heavy mourning, just as she had first come to us; and no voice was needed

that widow's cap around her small sad face.

Ah! what a sad home-coming it was Miss Agnes—it seemed so natural to have her back that I could not for a time get out of using the old name—tried very hard, as we could see, to shake off her weight of grief, but I did not wonder that for so long it was impossible to her.

During that sad wreck, on New Year's Eve, of the sailing vessel in which she and her husband and baby were coming from Australia, to plead in person for their father's pardon, she had been rescued with the other women and children, sorely against her will as she wished to stay beside her husband. But with tears and prayers he had urged her, assuring her there was chance for all, but only if she left him then. So he had seen her safe into the boat, and then had labored to save others, until he and the captain were alone on the deck of the sinking ship in which they had been homeward bound. One sailor, who was saved, had told her how he had seen Mr. Will at the last moment kneeling on the wet deck, himself wet through, his head upon his folded arms; and how he had heard him sob three words—which might well have been the cry from every heart that night—"Father forgive me"—and then gone down on the broken ship.

And when Miss Agnes had told me this, with stiff white lips and tearless eyes which were almost proud in their great love, I found that I could tell how my master had died on that New Year's Eve, with his hands upon his son's head, answering that very prayer with his own appeal for pardon. I remember how the light broke upon her pale face—just that steady, trustful look of old—when she heard how they were together at the very last; and though she said no word to me, I know to whom she did breathe grateful words.

Yes, that's her portrait; and if there's another lady in all the land better beloved than she has been for these five-and-twenty years through which she has lived among us at Wesmede, I should like to know where that lady's home may be.

Quite happy looking? indeed she is. Isn't it always a eye which is lived for others that is the happiest of all? And would not the love of such a son crown any mother's life with blessing?

Yes; that's the present Squire. A handsome face you called it; but if you knew him as I know him, you would see far more than that; and when I look at the two portraits opposite I like to think how proud the old Squire and Mr. Will would have been to see how nobly he reigns here in their stead; while they—are resting.

THE END.



**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

Half Square one ins.	\$0.50
Square	1.00
Half Column	2.00
Column	3.00

All advertisements not having the number of insertions specified in the manuscript will be continued and charged for accordingly.

In order to insure insertion, advertisements should be in the office not later than Monday morning.

**Local and other Matters.**

Nice line of Walking Sticks at Western Book & News Co's.

**LIGHT.**—We are informed that the College Grounds are to be lighted with a new oil lamp of great power.

**NOTICE**—J. McLeod's Price List for Watch Repairs.

It hasn't rained for a whole week. Isn't it about time for someone to begin to complain about the dry weather?

The Ice Cream Festival at Greenwich was a gigantic success. The young ladies and gentlemen who got it up deserve great praise.

**A. McPHERSON.**—Go and visit his tailoring establishment. His Styles cannot be beaten, cloths in all the latest styles Webster St Kentville.

**RELIGIOUS.**—Rev. Mr. Churchill, missionary to Telegu, gave a very interesting address on the "mission work in India" last Sabbath evening in the Baptist Church.

**PANTINGS.**—New lot just received at A. McPHERSON'S, Webster St Kentville.

On Sunday evening last a quantity of hay on the Grand Pre dyke belonging to Mr. Alex. Jones was maliciously burned by some parties unknown. No trouble should be spared to find out and punish anyone who would be guilty of such a deed. We like a good joke but think this is carrying it a little too far.

**NEW CLOTHS.**—Bran new cloths, a fine assortment at A. McPHERSON'S Webster St Kentville

**YACHT.**—Mr. D. R. Munro launched his new yacht last week. She is without doubt the handsomest and fastest he has yet built, which is saying a good deal. She is 32 feet, length over all, 28 feet load line, 8 feet breadth of beam, and 4 feet depth of hold; and is built largely of hard wood. She has a cabin running about half the length of her, and altogether reflects great credit on the builder.

D. A. Munro, Manufacturer of Doors Sashes and Mouldings of every description for house finishing. Having fitted up my shop with new machinery for the above business and using kiln-dried stock I am able to give satisfaction to persons favoring me with their orders. Wolfville, April 17th '84

**Local and other Matters.**

A few nice Croquet Sets for sale at Western Book & News Co's. for \$2.00 and \$2.25.

There is to be a 25 mile walking match at the rink, Annapolis, about 10th Sept., open to the three adjoining counties, for a prize of \$50.00.

The Baptists of Hantsport intend having their Annual Picnic at Parrsboro' next Friday.

We are glad to see that our genial friend Mr. J. L. Gertridge has got out again after being confined to the house for nearly three months.

**LOOK HERE!**—Jas. McLeod is now selling P. S. Bartlet's best Watches, in 3 oz. Silver cases, with all the latest improvements, for the extremely low price of \$25.00.

**PERSONAL.**—Mr. D. B. Woodworth M. P., was in Wolfville on Monday.

Rev. Wm. Newcomb, of Berwick, Me., formerly of Wolfville and a graduate of Acadia College, was in the village last week.

Go to Western Book & News Co's. for Text and Birthday Cards, large and extra fine assortment.

We are now furnishing Letter and Note Heads, Envelopes (cornered or addressed), Bill Heads, Counter Heads, Statements, Business Cards, Shipping Tags, and all kinds of plain and ornamental printing at extremely low prices. Samples and prices furnished on application.

**NOTICE.**—We have on hand a few copies of that remarkable pamphlet entitled "The Serio-comic History of Patric O'Flannagan, H. D. E., M. S. G. by O'Reily O'Shockhanssey, Esq., D. C. L.," which amusing and reliable work we will furnish to earliest applicants at a nominal price.

What came near being a serious accident occurred on Monday last. Mr. Geo. DeWolf, of the Boot Island Fishing Co., with his son, left Boot Island for Kentville in a boat, when in the Port Williams river about opposite the Horton Poor Farm the boat caught on a sunken tree and capsized. The boat contained 25 half-barrels of shad, which, with the occupants, were thrown in the water. Mr. DeWolf's son, being able to swim, swam ashore and procuring a boat rescued his father. Part of the cargo has been saved.

**PICNIC.**—A picnic under the auspices of St. Mark's Church, Halifax, was held here on College Grounds yesterday. A large number availed themselves of the exceeding cheap fare to enjoy a day in the country.

A very sad event occurred at Bridgetown last Friday. Edward Colbert, foreman of J. H. Fisher's tailoring establishment, committed suicide by hanging himself in a barn. Deceased was somewhat addicted to drink which is supposed to be the cause of his sad death.

**ROCKWELL & Co.**

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

**PIANOS, ORGANS**

AND

**Books, STATIONERY,**

And a variety of Fancy Articles.

—COMPRISING—

Photo, Autograph & Scrap Albums Scrap Pictures, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, Wallets, Photo. Frames, a choice selection of Xmas Cards, Dolls and children's Toys in variety, a few Vols. Poems, also fine German Accordians, etc. etc. etc.

ALSO

Agents for the Celebrated "BOSTON" Sewing Machine, and findings for all the leading machines in use.

**ROOM PAPER!**

Just received, a large and well assorted stock of Room Paper, personally selected from a great variety of samples.

As this is our first importation in this line, customers will be sure they are not buying old stock.

**Rockwell & Co.**

Main St., Wolfville.

N. B.—Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.

We have also a fine assortment of Easter and Birthday Cards.

**ACADIA Iron Foundry.**

The subscribers respectfully inform the Public that they have opened a Foundry in

**WOLFVILLE, N. S.**

and are prepared to manufacture

**RANGES, STOVES,**

**PLOUGHS,**

**Hollow Ware,**

**And General Castings**

—AT—

**WHOLESALE & RETAIL.**

—ALSO—

**TIN and SHEET IRON-WARE**

In connection with the above.

**STOVES**

Repaired at shortest notice.

ORDERS SOLICITED

BY

**SLEEP & McADAM,**

Proprietors.

Wolfville June 13th 1884

**Death-blow TO LARGE PROFITS!**



**Jas. McLeod, PRACTICAL WATCH & CLOCK MAKER.**

(FROM LONDON, ENGLAND.)

Opposite the store of Caldwell & Murray.

**J. McLeod's Price List of WATCH REPAIRS.**

- Cleaning Watch 50c. (usual price 75c. to \$1.00)
- New Main Spring 50c. (usual price 75c. to \$1.00)
- New Jewel from 25—50c. (Usual price 75c. to \$1.00)
- New Balance Spring, commonly called Hair Spring 50c. (usual price 75c. to \$1.00)
- Watch Crystals 10c. (usual price 20c.)
- Watch Hand 10 to 15c. (usual price 20 to 25c.)

P. S.—All other repairs at a reduced rate.

Watch Work guaranteed 12 months.

I have for sale a good and well selected stock of Waltham Watches and Jewellery, consisting of Ladies' Gold and Silver Necklaces, Locketts, Crosses, Barrings, Brooches, Collar Buttons, Bracelets, Gold Wedding Rings, and Gents' Cuff Buttons, Scarf Pins, Shirt Studs, Albert Chains in roll plate and nickle; also an assortment of Silver Ware, Clocks, and Spectacles.

I will send by mail carefully packed to any address, on receipt of Money Order for \$25 one of P. S. Bartlet's Best Watches, in 3 oz. Silver case, gold joints, patent pinion, patent regulator, Compensation balance 12 Jewels, and all the latest improvements, usual price \$32. Or Ladies' Patent Lever, 15 jewels, for \$12.

I have for sale a few new and second hand Swiss stem and key winders from \$5 to \$9.

**JEWELLERY MADE TO ORDER & REPAIRED.**

**EFFECTS OF SALTING BUTTER.**

In his treatise on "Butter tests of Jersey cows," Major Campbell Brown, after a series of tests on the effects of salt on the weight of butter, arrived at the following conclusions:

1st. That if the butter is worked unwashed, or is washed in clear water, it will lose by salting, and the loss will average from one-half ounce to one ounce to the pound.

2d. That if it is washed in a brine of moderate strength it will gain by salting—seldom, however, as much as one-half ounce to the pound.

3d. That if washed in a very strong brine it will gain about the weight of the added salt, but will contain quite too much salt to be a first-class table butter.

4th. That if the butter is worked, washed, and salted in the usual manner, then set aside for twelve or twenty-four hours and reworked, it will be fair to compare it with any other sample that has been similarly treated. On several occasions I weighed ten pounds of butter apparently ready for the market, kept it twenty-four hours, reworked and reweighed it. The loss in one instance was as much as four ounces. This was in very cold weather at mid-winter. There would probably be less during spring and summer, as the salt would strike through the butter more rapidly.

**SLANDER.**

They say! Who are they? Who are the cowed monks, the hooded friars, who glide with shrouded faces in the procession of life, muttering in an unknown tongue words of mysterious import? Who are they? the midnight assassins of reputation, who lurk in the bye-lanes of society, with dagger tongues sharpened by inventions and envenomed by malice, to draw the blood of innocence, and hyena-like banquet on the dead. Who are they? They are a multitude which no man can number, searching for victims in every city, town and village, wherever the heart of humanity throbs or the ashes of mortality rests.

O coward, coward world! Skulkers! Give me the bold brigand who thunders along the highways with flashing weapons that cut the sunbeams as well as the shades. Give me the pirate who unfurls the black flag, emblematic of his terrible trade, and shows the plank which your doomed feet must tread, but save me from the they-sayers, whose knives are hid in a velvet sheath, whose bridge of death is woven with flowers, and who spread with poison even the spotless winding sheet.

A Marathon boy had been given that verse of scripture to learn which contains the injunction to love thy neighbor as thyself. He did not comprehend it and asked:

"Mamma, what does that mean? She explained to him that it meant that he must think of his neighbors with the same regard that he felt for himself. He looked up at her a moment and said:

"W-e-ll, mamma, I ain't a-goin' to do it."

It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong.

It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful.

It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us wise.

A helping word is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and prosperity.

Life is a book of which we have but one edition. Let each day's action, as it adds its pages to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have an assembled world read.

Take away what we owe to woman, and history would be dull and dreary enough. It is her nobility of character, her grace, her beauty, her songs, and her love that have humanized and civilized the world.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love. Pleasure bestowed upon a grateful mind was never sterile, but generally gratitude begets reward.—Basil.

**COAL! COAL!**

In Store and for sale at lowest possible rates, a good supply constantly, from all the best mines. Good facilities for loading cars to go by rail.

All orders promptly attended to.

Price-list on application.

**W. J. HIGGINS.**

Wolfville, Aug. 22d.

**Burpee Witter**

IS OFFERING

**Special Bargains**

**English, Scotch and Canadian TWEEDS, Grey Flannels**

**READY-MADE CLOTHING.**

Some of the above lines are being sold **BELOW COST.**

All persons indebted to the subscriber are hereby notified to settle their accounts within **THIRTY DAYS** from this date.

**Burpee Witter.**

Wolfville, Aug. 1st. 1884.

**JOHN W. WALLACE,**  
**BARRISTER-AT-LAW,**

**NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC**

Also General Agent for FIRE and

LIFE INSURANCE.

**WOLFVILLE N. S.**

**LIME! LIME!**

I have just received **150 CASKS & BARRELS CELEBRATED**

**ROGER'S LIME.**

This Lime has won **Two First Prizes,** And is second to none in the Dominion.

FOR SALE LOW BY

**R. PRAT.**

**FARM FOR SALE.**

A superior Mountain Farm, situated on the north side of the Gaspereau Mountain and within a few miles of Wolfville, pleasantly situated under good Cultivation, cuts about 30 tons of English hay and with but little labor could be made to produce twice that quantity. Will be sold on easy terms to a good purchaser.

For further particulars apply to

**J. B. DAVISON**

Wolfville, May 30, 1884

**W. & A. Railway**

**Time Table**

1884—Summer Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 2nd June.

GOING EAST.	Accm.	Accm.	Exp.
	Daily.	T.T.S.	Daily
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Annapolis Leve	5 30		1 45
14 Bridgetown "	6 25		2 23
28 Middleton "	7 25		2 57
42 Aylesford "	8 32		3 30
47 Berwick "	8 55		3 43
50 Waterville "	9 10		3 50
59 Kentville d'pt	5 40	10 40	4 20
64 Port Williams "	6 00	11 00	4 33
66 Wolfville "	6 10	11 10	4 38
69 Grand Pre "	6 25	11 22	4 46
72 Avonport "	6 37	11 35	4 54
77 Hantsport "	6 55	11 55	5 08
84 Windsor "	7 45	12 45	5 30
116 Windsor Junc "	10 00	3 10	6 50
130 Halifax arrive	10 45	3 55	7 25

GOING WEST	Exp.	Accm.	Accm.
	Daily.	M W F	daily.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Halifax—leave	7 20		2 30
14 Windsor Jun—	8 00	8 30	3 30
46 Windsor "	9 15	11 00	5 35
53 Hantsport "	9 35	11 30	6 03
58 Avonport "	9 48	11 50	6 20
61 Grand Pre "	9 56	12 06	6 33
64 Wolfville "	10 05	12 24	6 46
66 Port Williams "	10 16	12 36	6 55
71 Kentville "	10 40	1 25	7 10
80 Waterville "	10 58	2 02	
83 Berwick "	11 05	2 17	
88 Aylesford "	11 18	2 40	
102 Middleton "	11 48	3 47	
116 Bridgetown "	12 23	4 52	
130 Annapolis Ar've	1 00	5 50	

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for St. John every Tues Thurs and Sat. p. m.  
Steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis for Boston every Sat. p. m.  
Steamer Cleopatra leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Wed. p. m.  
Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. Innes,

General Manager.

Ker. ville, 30th May 1884

**Silverware!**

I have imported direct from factory a fine stock of Silverware of staple and fancy goods, in exquisite designs and quality unequalled.

Always in stock, a good assortment of **GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, JEWELLERY, &c.** A fine stock of

**Waltham Watches,**

in all grades, at prices lower than ever.

Special attention given to fine Watch Repairing.

**THOMAS BIRD,**  
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,

[AT ROCKWELL & CO.'S]

**WOLFVILLE, N. S.**

**J. WESTON**

**MERCHANT TAILOR,**  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Has a fine stock of Cloths which will be sold Cheap.

**CARRIAGES**

of all kinds

**Made At Shortest Notice,**

—ALSO—

**PAINTING**

Neatly done, at

**A. B. ROOD'S.**

Repairing promptly attended to.

**C. A. PATRIQUIN,**  
**HARNESS MAKER.**

**Carriage, Cart, and Team Harnesses**

Made to order and kept in stock.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

None but first-class workmen employed and all work guaranteed.

Opposite People's Bank, Wolfville.

**OUR JOB ROOM**

IS SUPPLIED WITH

**THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE**

From the best Foundries

**PRINTING**

—OF—

**Every Description**

DONE WITH

**NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.**

**"Acadian" Office**

Wolfville, N. S.