

Please read
THE YOUNG ACADIAN.

Vol. I.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1874

No. 1.

POETRY.

THE CASTLE BUILDER.

A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
List to the voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

LONGFELLOW.

Miscellany.

ARTEMUS' "EPPISODES"

DEAR SIR: I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a state of bliss and trust these lines will find you enjoyin the same blessings. I've reguvenited. I've found the immortal wafers of youth, so to speak, & am as limber and as frisky as a 2 year old steer, & in the future them boys which sez "go up o'd bawld head" to me, will do so at the Peril of their hazzard individually. I'm powerful happy. Heaps of joy has descended to on me & I feel like a brand new man. Sumtimes I ask myself "is it a dream?" & suthin within myself sez "it air," but when I look at them sweet little critters, I know it is a reallerty — 2 reallerty's I ma sa — & I feel gay. There's considerable human natur in a man after all.

I returned from the Summer Campanee with my unpareld show of wax works and livin wild Beests of Pray in the early part of this month.

The people of Baldinville met me cordully and I immediately commenced restin myself with my famerly.

The other nite, while I wos down to the tavern tostin my shins agin the bar room fire & amazin the krowd with sum of my adventurs, who shoold come in bare headed & terrible excited but Bill Stokes, who sez, sez "Old Ward, there's grate doins up to your house"

Sez I, "William, how so?"

Sez he "Bust my buttons, but it's grate doins," & then he arised as if heed kill hisself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on a austeer look, "William, I woodnt be a fool, & I woodnt be a common cent."

But he kept on a rrin till he war black in the face until he fell over on the bunk where the hostler sleeps and in a sill, small voice sed, "Twins!" I assure you, gents, that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was follered by an enthoosaastic throng of my feller sitters, who hurrard for Old Ward at the top of their voices. I found the house chock full of people. There was Mis Squire Baxter and her three grown up darters, lawyer Perkunes wife, Taberty Aibley, yung Eben Parsons, Deaken Simmus fokes the Schoolmaster, Doctor Jordin, etsetter, etsetter.

Mis Ward was in the west room, which jines the kitchen. Mis Squire Baxter was mixin sumthin in a ipper before the kitchen fire, and a small army of female wimin was rushin wildly round the house with bottles of campfire, peases of flannil, &c. I never seed such a hubbub in my born dase. I wood stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelins, I grabt out and eased my dribble barrel gun.

"What upon airth ails the roan?" says Taberty Aibley. "akes alive, what air you doin!" and she grabt me by my cote tails. "What's the matter with y?" she continned.

"Twins, marm," sez I, "twins!"

"I know it," sez she, coverin her face with her apun.

"Wall," sez I, "hat's what's the matter with me."

"Wall, put down that air gun, yu pesky old fool!" sed she.

"No, marm," sez I, "this is a nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed," sez I, drawn myself up to my full hite, & spekin in a show action voice, "I will fire a Nashunal saloot!" Saying which I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the top of the shed, where I blazed away until Squire Baxter's hired man and my son, Artemus Juneyer, cum and tuk me down by many force.

On returnin to the Kitchen, I found quite a lot of people seated be4 the fire, talkin the event over.

They mad room for me & I sot down. "Quite a eppisode," sed Doctor Jordin, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

"Yes," sed I, "2 eppisodes, waing about 18 pounds jintly"

"A perfect coop de tat," said the skulemaster.

"E pluribus unum in proprietor yersony," sed I, think-

Continued on last page.

The Young Acadian.

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TO A SUFFERING PUBLIC

Being a Nova Scotian by birth and knowing the many ills which Nova Scotians are heir to, and feeling in our inmost souls a strong desire to help our fellow men by a strong and steady denunciation of the many frauds perpetrated on them, we have decided to use as a lever the Press. Ours is a "Model" Press and we intend to make this a model paper. Ignoring the biased mono-maniacal style of those lesser lights the "ACADIA ATHENÆUM" and the "ACADIAN SCIENTIST," and scorning the filth and corruption of the grave yard, insurance and (c)horse talk of the "WESTERN CHRONICLE," THE YOUNG ACADIAN will, like the little Gun Boat fire her shots well home, and beneath the water line every time. Mankind in general are our friends; wrong doers our enemies. We love the one; we despise the other; what we cannot resist with strength, we will fight with ridicule. Our youth is our misfortune, not our fault, and should our readers consider it a disadvantage, always remember that we will in time be able to show them, for while an old fool never can descend to be a young fool, a young fool will ere long reach the enviable position of an old fool, with grave remarks about the weather, the crops and the late war in France and reminiscences of the good old days when they sparked the girls; and were a great deal bigger fools than the boys of '83.

Our subscription price is very small, placing our paper within the reach of all; and all should have it, if they wish to find out the right side of things.

If you don't like our paper, either as regards make-up typographical appearance, size or editorial matter, be sure to notify us at once; and also tell all our friends who are anxious to learn of it. If you do like our paper etc. keep it locked up firmly in the secret chambers of your memory; and do not breathe aught that would give either ourselves or our friends cause for rejoicing in our success. We hate praise and flattery. We love to be laughed at, criticised and scorned.

Wood Box.

A queer looking character went into one of our dry goods stores and inquired the price of a yard of ribbon. The clerk informed him that the price was six cents. "Sixteen? I'll give you fifteen." "I did not say sixteen, I said six cents," said the clerk. "Oh? six cents. Well, I'll give you five" was the reply.

"I will thank you for that pie," said a fellow boarder. "I was thinking who was King of England when this old pie was baked, and it made me feel bad to think how long he had been dead."

Why do not printers succeed to the same extent as brewers? Because printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach, or do they work for the stomach, but one has brains.

"Will you love me this way when I'm old?" she asked as he emptied a handful of peanuts in her lap.

"I will, darling, I swear it," he passionately protested, as he carefully laid aside his cigar and commenced on what was left of the nickle's worth. That was when the flowers were budding and the birds were mating one brief year ago. Last night they met again in the gloaming, and who knows but that their memories reverted to the happy past; and yet when she asked for a fifty cent parasol, he remarked that a woman whose face was as yellow as a ducks foot and looked as though it had been cultivated crosswise with a patent harrow, needn't be so particular about her complexion. The peanuts had done their work. There had been a wedding and the budding blossoms bloomed.

You have doubtless all seen that old fellow sun-burnt and red, from summer or other, who always perches himself upon the street corners and talks loud about "taking a reef out of the quarter deck, hauling in the jibboom of the fore-castle, and lowering the aft of the poop thatchway, bearing off the anchor to the lee of the starboard, and tacking the main mast fast to the foretop of the sail after yanking the fore yard arm clear out of joint." He can't help talking thus; he has spent three days at some watering place, and learned all that can be known of the sailor's life. Coudemn him not too harshly.

Local Matters.

Smelts have arrived ; Gaspereaux coming.

What about the Scott Act. Is it alive, and if so how many?

The Wolfville Cricket Club has organized for the Season.

College closes this week. The Academy and Seminary close on the 6th. of June.

"Is Wolfville to have a wharf at the mouth of the Creek or not?" is the all interesting query just now.

What about those pants as also the vest and the basket of eggs? Will some person rise and explain.

The three houses in Ferry Lane have gone to flames. The sufferers have our warmest sympathy.

It is expected that the crop of Quack Doctors and Patent Medicine men (ugh!) will be large this year.

Wolfville bids fair to have a champion pugilist in the near future, unless an all wise providence interferes.

The College and Academy sports are well under way now, but the early closing of College will likely interfere with the work this spring.

Will no one take any action in order to get Kitty King off the streets. If the rumour that she has rich relatives is true, they should be made to feel ashamed of themselves. She is a disgrace to the whole community.

In spite of the slurs and insults hurled at our genial Post Master, he still continues in his old place, and if the truth were told he is today more popular than ever. Considering the amount of insolence he has to put up with we consider he is a model of patience. Our only wonder is that he don't shoot some people.

Changes in Town.

A. C. Redden has moved his Organ, Piano and Sewing Machine warehouse from the Knitting Factory, to the New Store lately finished by Mr. Bishop Palmeter.

R. Prat has moved his grocery to the store lately occupied by A. K. Baiss, and it now presents a fine appearance.

Mr. C. E. Bishop, grocer, has retired from business in Wolfville. He has sold the business to Messers F. J. & G. A. Porter. These young men bid fair to do well, and we wish them every success in their undertaking.

We notice that C. H. Borden is offering a fine line of Felt Hats at COST. Give him a call.

J. L. Gertridge is again on the Drive with his Meat Wagon; and can supply you with fresh meat etc. at your door, as formerly.

Insure your Life against Accident in the "ACCIDENT" Insurance Co.; and your Buildings against Fire in the "WESTERN."

J. B. Davison, Agent.

EXPORT.— Four Vessels are loading Potatoes for the United States, and the activity on the wharves is something unusual for this season of the year.

HE WOULD GO.

A poor, forlorn boy sat on the post office steps yesterday reading one of the circus circulars freely distributed around town. He read of the wild hyenas, the ferocious tigers, the hissing snakes, and the terrible bears; and then looking down on his old clothes he said to himself: "Your clothes are old, you haint good-looking, and you haven't got but nine cents to your name.

You'll go to the circus, in a horn." After a moment his face cleared up, and he went on:

"Tell you what to do. Borrow a coat from Tim Brady, a vest from Jack Sheppard, a cap from little English, and walk right up to the tent when the show arroves.

Sell your knife for ten cents, borrow three more of Billy Hope, find five cents under the ticket wagon, and you are all right to go in as a child under five years of age. That's finance, business and fun all in a heap, and the first thing to do is to wash yer feet and begin to look you'hful and innocent."

(Continued from first page.)

an Ide let him no how as I understood ferrin langwidges as well as he did, if I wasent a schulemaster.

"Its a momentous event" sed yung Eben Parsons, has been 2 quarters to the Academy.

"I never heard 2wings called by that name afore," sed I, "but I suppose its all rite."

We shall soon have Wards enuff," sed the editor of the Baldinsville Bugle of Liberty, who was looking over a bundle of Xchange papers in the corner, "to apply to the legislature for a City Charter"

"Good for yu, old man!" sed I; "give that air a conspicuous place in the next Bugle."

"How redicklus!" said pretty Susan Fletcher, covering her face with her mittun work, & larfin like all possest.

"Wall, for my part," sade Jaue Maria Peasley, who is the crossist old made in the world, "I think yu act like a pack of fules."

Sez I, "Miss Peasley, air yu a parunt?"

Sez she, "no I ante."

Sez I "Miss Peasley, you never will bee."

She left.

We sot there talkin & larfin until "the switchin hour of nite when grave yards yawng, and Gosts trupe 4th" as old Bill Shakespire aplee obsarves in his dramy of John Sheppard, esq, or the Morul House Breaker, when we broke up and disbursed. Muther and children is a doin well; & as resolushuns is the order of the day, I'll feel obleeged if yule insert the follerin:

WHEREAS, 2 episodes has happened up to the undersined's house, which is twins; & WHEREAS, I like this stile, sade Twins bein of the main perswasun, and both boys; there4, Be it

RESOLVED, that to them nabors who did the fare thing by said episodes my heartfelt thanks is doo.

RESOLVED, that I do most heartily thank Engine No. 17, who under the impressun frum the fuss at my house on that hauspishus nite that there was a konflagrashun goin on come galiently to the spot, but kindly refrained from squirtin.

RESOLVED, that from the Bottum of my Sole do I thank the Baldinsville brass band fur givin up the idea of Sarannadiu me, both on that grate nite and sense.

RESOLVED, my thanks is doo several members uv the Baldinsville meeting house, who fur 2 hole dase haint kalled me a sinful skoffer, or intreetid me to mend my wickid wase and jine sade meetiu house to onct.

RESOLVED, that my buzum teems with meny kind emoshuns tords the follerin individooals, to whit namelee: Mis Square Baxter, who Jeneronsly refoosed 2 take a sent fur a bottle uv campfire; lawyer Perkenses wife, whorit sum versus on the Eppisodes; the editor of the Baldensville Bugle of Liberty, who nobly assisted me in wallupin my kangaroo, which sagashus little cuss seriously disturbed the Eppisodes by his outragus skrechins & kikkins up; Mis Hiram Doolittle, who kindly furnisht sum cold vittils at a tryn time when it wasn't convenient to cook vittils at my house; & the Peasleys, Parsones & Watsons fur thare meny air uv kindness.

Trooly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

JOHN W. WALLACE, A. B.

BARRISTER AT LAW, NOTARY,
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