

THE YOUNG ACADIAN.

Vol. I.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., SEPT. 26, 1883.

No. 9.

Poetry.

The Clergyman and the Peddler.

A clergyman who longed to trace
Amid his flock a work of grace,
And mourned because he knew not why,
Yon fleece kept wet while his kept dry;
While thinking what he could do more,
Heard someone rapping at the door—
And opening it, there met his view
A dear old brother whom he knew,
Who had got down by worldly blows
From wealth, to peddling cast off clothes.
"Come in, my brother," said the pastor,
"Perhaps my trouble you can master,
For, since the summer you withdrew,
My converts have been very few."
"I can," the peddler said, "unroll
Something, perchance, to ease your soul,
And—to cut short all fulsome speeches,
Bring me a pair of your old breeches."
The clothes were brought, the peddler gazed,
And said, "no longer be amazed,
The gloss upon this cloth is such,
I think, perhaps, you sit too much
Building air castles, bright and gay,
Which Satan loves to blow away,
And here behold, as I am born,
The nap from neither knee is worn!
He who would great revivals see,
Must wear his pants out on the knee
For such the lever prayer supplies,
When pastors kneel, their churches rise."

A few Comments on "Mother Hubbard and her Dog."

Who has not heard of Mother Hubbard? what thrilling emotions arise in one's bosom at the recollection of that dear name? What a halo of glory is enthroned around her life; but of her death the poet speaks not. Poor mortal man! incompetent is he to the task. As well might he attempt to span the universe, as to give due justice to the merits of that ancient dame.

What a lesson of affection is taught by the regard shown by her for her dog! She would e'en give him the last crumb, the last bone; but, alas for poor, poverty-stricken Mother Hubbard! When she went to the cupboard, she found she had none.

Then she would fain go to the baker's to try for the staff of life. But "misfortunes never come

single." When she returned, the poor dog was dead. How must she have felt, when she found death had knocked with careless hand at her door? It would be folly for me to attempt to pourtray her feelings. Alas! the poor dog was dead. We can call Mother Hubbard before our minds, as she stood, wringing her hands, and weeping, as if her heart would break, calling on the dog by all the pet names; but the dog is stretched on the hearth, by the fire, a corpse, beautiful even in death.

We have seen death approach with noiseless footsteps breathing forth destruction upon the aged man, weak and infirm; also on the infant sleeping on its mother's breast, unconscious of its approach; and we have seen their friends, as it were shed tears of blood; but never within our recollection have we seen or heard of such unutterable woe, of an instance where death made such a perfect wreck of family happiness.

But with the same never-dying affection, she proceeds to the mournful task of making arrangements for his burial. After purchasing a coffin, we can imagine her returning home with downcast head, and tears rolling down her furrowed cheeks, with a heart broken by grief, looking neither to the right nor to the left, entirely unconscious of the busy scenes passing around her—wholly absorbed in grief.

Let us follow the poor old lady a little further. Now she has reached her home, how desolate it looks! She ascends the steps, opens the door, and what a delightful vision meets her astonished gaze! She beholds the poor, much-lamented dog laughing. As the poet says:—

"She went to the undertaker's to buy him a coffin,
When she came back the dog was laughing."

She rushes forward, takes him in her arms, hugs, laughs, and cries, by turns, still holding him tightly for fear it may prove some idle vision of the mind; but when she satisfies herself that it is no delusion of an excited brain, she gives vent to her excess of joy; she hugs him, she kisses him, she dances with him, and, in fact, seems never tired of petting him.

We next find Mother Hubbard starting for the tavern to procure some wine. It is to be feared according to all accounts, the poor old lady took no great dislike to the stimulating beverage, but we will make allowances for this occasion. What a night Mrs. Hubbard and the dog must have had for in the engravings we see her after her return with a nice basket of wine, with the neck of a

(Continued on fourth page.)

The Young Acadian.

HONEST. INDEPENDENT. FEARLESS.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

A. S. Davison, Editor and Prop.

SCRIPTIONS—15 cents for 6 months.
ADVERTISING—Rates on last page.
AUTHORS—Good original items and sketches always in demand.

AGENTS—All our friends are respectfully solicited to act as our agents. We give 25 per cent Cash commission. Send us 80 cents and get 7 copies to any address for 5 months.

NOTICE! If this notice is marked red, you are requested to subscribe, if blue, exchange.
Address communications, &c. to

THE YOUNG ACADIAN,
P. O. Box 11, Wolfville, N. S.

THE "WESTERN CHRONICLE" SAYS SOME MORE THINGS.

In its issue of Sept. 12 the above journal makes a few remarks in reply to our leader concerning the W. & A. R. It has found out that in order to get along it will be better to drop some things. For instance its editor went to St. John the other day and then he found that a good fence was up all the way from Annapolis to Kentville. The cars seem to have been better than he anticipated and he found, that in these particulars, at least, he had been deviating from the truth. He criticises very severely the stations on the W. & A. Ry. To a certain extent he is correct, the stations are not palaces by any means. But who can show what is to pay for that sort of thing? It is all very fine to say, do this and that, but can any sane man expect any company, or would he himself be willing to lock up all, probably more than all, of his profits on improvements to their stock, when that stock cannot possibly give any return? An extra fine railway with sleeping and palace cars, and all the paraphernalia of its kind would look nice in a road having the traffic of the W. & A. R. and would speak well for the manager's prudence and good sense. As well say for a merchant in the country to carry a city stock. No, *Western Chronicle* use a little, just a little, common sense. If you know anything, you

ought to know that you can never do any good by calling small, mean, despicable names, and using low abuse. Don't do it. It isn't a bit pretty or nice. You have no idea how many names could be made to apply to yours. If, were people to commence that sort of thing, do, for your own sake, drop it. One other thing, you say you dropped your job of printing with Mr Innes, and then started on a series of abuse of him, and in the same paper you say he took the printing from you on account of that abuse. Now which is correct?

WHAT A RAILROAD MAN SAYS ABOUT HIS SITUATION.

We called upon an employee of the W. & A. R. one day last week and asked him to tell us if the reports about the road were true.

"Well" he replied "The *Western Chronicle* is hurting its lf very much by its talk about the road and Mr. Innes. It is not doing us a particle of good or the road either, neither does it do any harm that I can see."

"What about the cars?"

"The passenger cars have all had new trucks put under them this summer, and they are as good (the trucks) as any on any road in the Dominion. The cars are fitted up, well, and any way they are a vast lot too good for the editor of the *Chronicle* to ride in. Then there are a lot of new 30,000 lb. box cars on now."

"Do you 'ake out a miserable existance' and are you 'a poor deluded wretch'?"

"Well (laughing) do I look like a fellow that didn't get enough to eat, and was very much worried?"

We had to confess that he did look in rather good health and spirits for an employee of the W. & A. R., according to W. C. theory.

"What about pay?"

"Our pay is not very large, but is fair. Some time ago a crowd of the men put in a petition for a raise, and every one who signed that petition got what they asked for without any further talk."

We then talked a while longer about the road, and the man spoke of Mr. Innes as a splendid man to work for; of course he has his peculiarities, but for all that he is a thorough man, and, what he says he will do, is as good as done.

The above speaks for itself, and is we are assured an index of the opinion the whole staff of employees.

Local Matters.

Potato digging next week.

"When the Leaves begin to fade" a--n--d the nights are g--g--g--rowing c--c--c--old--ugh!

TELEGRAPHY.—A Private Telegraph Line has been started in Wolfville, and is now in full operation.

BRICK.—Mr. Jacob Walton is burning a Brick Kiln at Avonport this week containing some 50,000 bricks. This is the second kiln burned by him this season.

OBITUARY.—We learn with regret of the death of Mrs. Walton, beloved wife of Jacob Walton Esq. of Cornwallis. General sympathy is expressed for the bereaved family.

SCHOOL MEETING.—The Wolfville School Section held their annual meeting last Monday evening. Johnson H. Bishop was elected a trustee vice J. W. Caldwell, whose term has expired. The sum of \$900 was voted for school purposes and the usual routine of business was gone through. There was also the same little racket gone through with, and, as usual, some much abused persons got sat on, but squaled loud during the operation.

LECTURE.—We have been informed that Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the National Women's Temperance Union of the United States, intends lecturing in the Baptist Church, Wolfville on Oct. 9th. '83: Miss Willard has, we understand, been engaged by the Ladies of Fredericton to lecture through the provinces on the Temperance question. Miss Willard holds a high place among American lecturers, being ranked among such people as Mrs. Livermore, Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, and others. She assisted Mr. Moody in his evangelistic work in Boston.

OX KILLED.—A valuable ox was killed by a special engine on Tuesday night. The gate was left open between the pasture and the railroad, letting the ox out upon the track. The engine was running tender first and it is hard to understand what kept her on the rail; she passed clear over the ox breaking it all up. It was dead. Such culpable carelessness deserves censure. Nine men were on that engine, and had she gone over that dump, ten feet high, some, perhaps all, would have been killed. There would have been no broken down fences this time to blame, and Mr. Innes would have been lonesome for some one to call him names.

Local Matters.

TEA MEETING.—Don't forget the Tea Meeting at White Rock Mills on Tuesday, Oct. 2nd, under the auspices of White Rock Division S. of T. The object is the erection of a Temperance Hall.

The "Edith R," sailed from Cape Breton some weeks ago for Yarmouth with a load of coal, and has not been heard from since; she is supposed to have foundered during the gale of the 29th. of Aug. and all on board lost. The Captain and crew were from Cornwallis.

S. R. Sleep has a very fine assortment of Coal and Wood Stoves, comprising some twenty different kinds among which may be found the celebrated Soft Coal Base Burner "DENMARK", which is no doubt destined to altogether supersede the hard coal base burners. The prices are very low.

THE WHARF.—The workmen have at last got to work on the old wharf. We understand that the delay was caused by not being able to obtain a suitable pile driver. We hope it will be finished by next spring, for by this time next year it won't be needed. If the Creek keeps on filling there will be a grand building lot there next fall.

WAS IT A JOKE?—A man walked into our office to-day and merely remarking that he wanted to make us a present handed us a bar of soap and a circular. We did not know whether to take it as a hint or a bona fide gift, but finally concluded after observing the innocent look of the man, that we would take the cake. Soon after we found our devil in the corner eagerly munching it, so feel safe in recommending it as good soap. The last part is a lie but we had to say it was good some how.

NOTICE!

William Carty of Avonport, Trader, has by deed of assignment consigned to me all his property for the benefit of such of his creditors as shall execute the same within thirty days from the date thereof.

The said assignment is now at my office for inspection and signature.

J. B. DAVISON,
Assignee.

Wolfville, Sep. 15th. 1883

THE YOUNG ACADIAN.

(Continued from first page.)

bottle peeping out here and there.

Alas, poor old lady! how she must have suffered from the headache in the morning! but the poet wisely refrains from speaking of the effects.

The morning repast being over, the old dame, ever thoughtful of her dog, starts out to buy him some fruit; it would be useless for me to attempt to enumerate the manifold blessings she showered upon her dog. It is needless for me to speak of her going to hatters, and barbers, and the many different things she did for him. Lucky dog: to have so kind and affectionate a mistress. Fortunate Mrs. Hubbard; to have so accomplished a dog.

He was a musical dog! he could play upon the flute so well, that the cat would even stop purring, in astonishment and delight.

It is needless to quote further; time and space both forbid. Mother Hubbard and her dog have long since been numbered among the dead.

No slab of marble has been erected to their memory—no monument with towering top marks their resting-place; and the stranger walks over their graves with careless footsteps, little thinking whose bones are mouldering beneath him.

Side by side they were laid in the old village church-yard; a willow with its drooping branches stands at the head of the grave, swaying mournfully in the wind, sighing their requiem: and though, at this late date, we know not where their burial-place is, still they are ever fresh in our memories.

Home Life a Hundred Years ago.

One hundred years ago not a pound of coal or cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed, until Dr. Franklin invented the iron framed fireplace, which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town, and country, were done by the aid of fire, kindled on the brick hearth, or in the brick oven. Pine knots, or tallow candles, furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking "sweep." There were no friction matches in those early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire "went out" upon the hearth over night, and the tinder was damp so that the spark would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm unless some of the family were ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in winter. The men and women, of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature cooler than that of our modern barns and woodsheds, and they never complained.

REDDEN, ROCKWELL, & Co.,

DEALERS IN

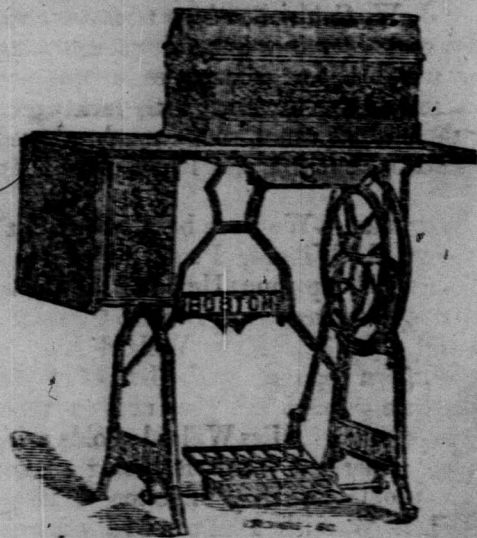
**PIANOS,
ORGANS,**

—AND—

Sewing Machines.

**Highest Prices allowed
for Old in exchange for
New.**

**General Agents for
The "Boston" Sewing Machine.**



Thoroughly Perfected, and fully Warranted.

Simple, easy, fast and quiet running, hand-some, nicely-plated and ornamented, high arm, large shuttle, perfect tensions, new patent automatic thread controller, self-setting needle, self-threading throughout, all wearing parts of hardened Cast Steel, and adjustable. Combining all latest improvements. Superior wood-work.

Manufactured by

BOSTON SEWING MACHINE AND CABINET COMPANY.

Office: 459 Washington Street

BOSTON, MASS.

JUST RECEIVED!

PIANO STOOLS.

Address:—**REDDEN ROCKWELL & CO.,**

Main St. Wolfville

Mr. Editor:

weeks ago ent
supposed it to
against large
Young Acadia
ments but I
considerably c
the editorial a
that they have
sily find in ve
newspapers pa
August 29th "7
" which stat
questous whic
Chronicle" dev
pace and then
certainly must
editorial staff
sheet of only
the twelfth of
ground beating
and then not
another article
is attack upon
indictive. Th
at any one wi
ge from the
columns, and th
anner. Ask
atment be re
ription, also l
s of others;
Windsor Mail
the W. & A
on abuse, and
ould dare to g
acked in a s
Editor, a "sr

DEAR EDITOR:

interest you
the very app
ting any n
the village,
erised that in
he fact that
ched to the
ose no one
use of teach
ents, and ge
is most pro
two thousa
ing, but tha
nd pay over
urn for the
ced dollars.
aring, Mr. F
this improv
ght you wo

THE YOUNG ACADIAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:

I noticed an article in your paper a few weeks ago entitled "Newspapers, Large and Small" and supposed it to be written by some person prejudiced against large papers, and perhaps interested in the Young Acadian, did not altogether indorse its sentiments but I must confess that my opinion has considerably changed since. I have read very attentively the editorial articles in your paper and must confess that they have contained as much matter as we generally find in very much longer articles in our ordinary newspapers particularly the editorial in your paper of August 29th "The Western Chronicle and the W & A R." which stated briefly a few facts and asked a few questions which, in order to contradict, the "Western Chronicle" devoted nearly two columns of its abundant space and then failed entirely. The article in question certainly must have injured the feelings of the W. C.'s editorial staff very much when it would admit that a sheet of only "two inches square" in devoting less than the twelfth of its space, should require so much writing and beating about the bush to neutralize its effects, and then not satisfied with its effusion, had to write another article to try to make the Public believe that its attack upon the W & A R was not spiteful and vindictive. The truth of the matter is, Mr. Editor, that any one who dares to withdraw any of his patronage from the W. C. is liable to be attacked in its columns, and that, in at least not a very gentlemanly manner. Ask our Post Master at Wolfville what treatment he received for daring to withdraw his subscription, also Edward Paine, J. I. Brown, Dr. Clay, and many others; and because the Proprietor of the "Vindictor Mail" had the hardihood to do some printing for the W & A. R. he has also shared in the common abuse, and probably the "Young Acadian" if it could dare to grow larger than it is at present will be attacked in a similar manner, but don't be alarmed Mr. Editor, a snarling cur is seldom able to bite.

DEAR EDITOR: Having noticed, with much pleasure and interest you have always taken in our local affairs the very appropriate remarks you have made respecting any matter of improvement in connection with the village, and its institutions, I was somewhat surprised that in your last issue you made no mention of the fact that the governors of the College have attached to the College Staff a wind mill. For what purpose no one appears to know, unless it be for the purpose of teaching the students to observe the air currents, and get up Cyclones of which it is said this is most productive. It is also said that it will produce two thousand dollars a year to keep this mill going, but that in some mysterious way it is to blow and pay over to the College in Aeolian produce as a return for the outlay, the magnificent sum of four hundred dollars.

Trusting, Mr. Editor, that in the midst of your efforts this improvement had not come to your notice and that you would pardon me for making mention

D. H.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT!

BEING ABLE TO RESUME BUSINESS
I now offer the public a fine selection of Ladies' and Gents'

SILVER & GOLD WATCHES,

Silver & Gold Chains

—AND—

JEWELRY

of every description, Silver and Electro-plated ware, Striking and Alarm Clocks, Spectacles, etc.

Orders promptly attended to.

The public will consult their own interests by giving us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

DANIEL McLANE.

Wolfville N. S. July 7th. '83

JOHN W. WALLACE, A. B.

BARRISTER AT LAW, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, &C.

ALSO

General Agent for FIRE and LIFE Insurance,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

MONEY to loan on good Real Estate Security

GREAT REDUCTION.

The Subscriber is selling Tinware at prices that defy competition.

S. R. SLEEP.

Wolfville, N. S. May 20 1883

F. J. & C. A. PORTER, STAPLE & FANCY GROCERS,

Eggs, Butter, and Farmers' Produce taken in exchange for Groceries.

LOW PRICES!

Wolfville, September '83

B. O. DAVISON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Patronage Solicited.

THE YOUNG ACADIAN.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE YOUNG ACADIAN, having a large local circulation offers special inducements to advertisers.

Being small in size every portion of it will be read and not as in larger papers overlooked. It is also the cheapest medium of advertising in the province as will be seen by the following

| | | |
|--------|----------------------|--------|
| RATES— | 1 inch one insertion | \$0.25 |
| | half column | 0.75 |
| | one column | 1.25 |

With a discount of 20 per cent on advertisements continued for 3 months, and 30 per cent on 6 months

Custom Boots & Shoes!

The Subscriber would request all persons in want of Good Hand-Made Boots and Shoes to give him a call.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

HAND SEWED BOTTOMS A SPECIALITY.

All Orders Promptly executed.

J. M. SHAW.

CALDWELL & MURRAY

HAVE JUST OPENED

12 CASES

AMHERST

BOOTS & SHOES!

The Best, Cheapest, and Most Economical goods in the market—and Nova Scotia manufacture. Try them!

JUST OPENED!

TRUNKS, VALISES, Satchels,

FANS, from 25 cents to \$2.50.

TABLE MATS.

BURPEE WITTER.

NOW! IS YOUR CHANCE TO GET All kinds of LIGHT AND HEAVY CARRIAGES, Made at Shortest Notice.

ALSO

Repairing in all its branches promptly attended to
at **A. B. ROOD'S.**

Wolfville July 25 1883.

Drugs & Medicines!

DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY,

FANCY GOODS, SPECTACLES,

Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

Geo. V. Rand.

Wolfville, Sept. 8th 1883.

J. WESTON, MERCHANT TAILOR, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Has a fine stock of cloths, which will be sold
CHEAP.

THIS PAPER

Is printed at the

MODEL JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

Where you can get

JOB PRINTING

Of All Kinds at Shortest Notice

COMMERCIAL PRINTING

A SPECIALITY.

Higgins Building,

Main Street

WOLFVILLE.