DEVOTED TO LOCAK AND GENERAL, INTELLIGENCE

## Vol. $\nabla$

The AcAdian.

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## B. Ci, BISHOP, PAITER.

$\qquad$

WOLFVILLE, ZING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH $19,1886$.

| iteof | tite of the invalid. I dreaded, yet was lialt glad to go. The old house, and the two tall women with their queer, |  | od, I hastened to get the little cap/ and mittess and gray ulter, while the H anood and pranecd and wriggled with | across lots and head him off. D ad? He shall not die! Hot water, Keturah; het bricks-verything hot! Now, clear out, everyon of you! (turning to |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| the tro |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | anced and praneed and wriggled with ol <br> elight, till I could searcely get them, n, and I only had time for a word |  |
|  |  |  | caution before a grand rush was ade for the door, and Joey was off in igh glee. | On, low we worked! we rolled the bricks and hot water; we rubbed the |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Oid Dr Wibur io a.litechio' ¢ phis io |  |
|  | "What do you want, child?" <br> "Plcase Miss-Miss Weatherbee mother sent you this." | myy mother Thit beys were wourtrous out of |  | ction mimue wer |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | em poor trash over to Hingham's orner is took sick again. They al |  |
|  |  |  |  | (i) |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | working. Yes, I'm sure of it !"Oh, what a moment of suspense that |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | as! Surcly he breathed. "O God, <br> only lit him live !' |
|  |  |  |  | When the doetore ceme, Joy, though |
|  |  |  | appearance at the kitehen door <br> "Sadie Allen," said she, selemaly, |  |
|  |  |  | "T'm going tof lie down for my ant r - |  |
|  |  |  |  | the doetre', 'fous hare saved |
|  |  |  | dome diturb mos on any acount. 1 |  |
|  |  |  |  | They tell me he was under water ser $t$ al minutes" |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | All day, and far into the night we watehed by Joey's bedside. Poor lit- |
|  | Weather hree tumb. | Aunt Maty mas very ill |  |  |
|  |  | After a hurried consultation, it was headecided that mother should start at ask |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Soul tuith in spit or one "Dowit h |  |
|  | faskioncd boanct ; as ater set to the under ; a fow added crows fect | to eatch the early train. Mother's last nords were, "Be kiud to Miss |  |  |
|  |  | last $n$ | rate help, "you know I wouldn't so much as liurt a spear of her hair, and | y tio daly tukss reemed I K.trual |
|  |  | well. The boys were liss unruly thanusual. Miss Basliby was quite amiable |  | about saying Methodist hymns in a low |
|  |  |  | awful ageravatin', that you'll allow. <br> I would allow it |  |
|  |  | Juration. |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | , meps |  |
|  |  | da |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | nould melt into tears occasicnally at sight of his little pinched face |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | Wo held a consalation a.id decided |
|  |  | "Kctuiah," I would quastion, as,th slceves rolled up and an a long | flung himself into a chair, covering his face with his hands. |  |
|  | iversal cxilumation," "haw can |  |  | Bashby, "so you better say that into the lond, but is all right |
|  |  |  |  | he fill into the fond, but is all right <br> is now." So thut is what we wrote. As Jocy grew bett r Miss Bashby |
|  | gruffly, "she as lioribly proud." Ol, mother!" I raid, "do you really think we ought? Isn't there some |  | ?. Tell un, quick!" "Ohl Eraned the poor boy, "o |  |
|  |  |  |  | Jocy grew bett r Miss Bashby up some of her irritating ways |
|  |  |  |  | $?$ ? tho was firy times as iritat |
|  | "Noerr mind," maid mother plear. | $\begin{aligned} & \text { me a-lyin' here like a dog, and you, } \\ & \text { such a little spindlin' creter, a-doin' } \\ & \text { my work. Oh, dcar! Oh, dcar!" } \\ & \text { "But, Kcturah, do tell me how } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |
|  | Perhaps it wouldn't be best. I shall not ask her unless you are willing." |  |  |  |
|  |  | much molasse, or I shall never get |  | the recollection beins too much for- |
|  |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { "Went down through a breathing lole. } \\ & \text { They fished him ont, but, oh, dear! } \\ & \text { he's dead. Oh, Joiy! Joey! The're } \end{aligned}$ |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  | say, our bi $\qquad$ <br> "See here, mother," he said, "I den't | $\text { to } \begin{aligned} & \text { I'll measure it for you. Goodness, } \\ & \text { child, not that two-quart bowl! What } \\ & \text { are vou thinkin' of ?lt only takes a cup- } \end{aligned}$ | he's dead. Oh, Joy ! Joey! There t bringing him home" |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  | watt to be menem. Let hur come. 1 can stand it if the rest can. |  |  |  |
|  |  | , | $\begin{aligned} & \text { a boys entered, one among them } \\ & \text { a dripping, half-frozan burden in his } \\ & \text { a- ars. } \end{aligned}$ |  |
|  | Will said quictly, "Poor old thing ! <br> I don't carc, if Ned doesn't." |  |  |  |
|  | boding heart, "We will try and get along some way." | greeable just at this erisis. No wonder she complained of tuo cooking Poor Kctural, lying helrilesas on the |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Poor Kcturah, lying helpless on the lounge, couldn't see to anything, so e bread was heavy, the pie-crust |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | din |  |  |
| , |  |  | 为 |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Hat widw whien the puthed nuy her prate |  |  |
| ar |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  | -then the kitchen door was shut, andonly the occasional sound of mother'splearling voice and Keturah's angry sniffs came to us from the scene of | cist tan anything we liad to berr. Poor | , thaty: |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | of frind |  |  |
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