

THE YOUNG ACADIAN.

Vol. I.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., AUGUST 29, 1883.

No. 7.

Poetry.

Maid of Athens.

Maid of Athens, we must part,
I hear your father—I must start;
He is broken of his midnight rest;
Discretion on my part is best;
I'd better git.

Maid of Athens, ere I go,
Kiss me once, for luck you know;
Your father's foot is on the stair—
None but the brave deserve the fair:
The gas ain't lit.

Maid of Athens, just once more:
Little ships must hug the shore;
Hark! the dog has broke his chain,
Zounds! I'm in hard luck again:
Great Scott! I'm bit.

The Solitary Mosquito.

The Spicers had returned to their city home, and Seth had settled himself down for a good square sleep, with the blissful consciousness that there was no "train to catch" the next morning, when Mrs. S. suddenly reared her head up from the pillow and ejaculated:

"Seth!"

"Knaw-r-r-swish?" was the only response.

"Seth, do stop snoring and get up," and Mrs. S. emphasized her request with a soft fist in her lord's back.

"Whoof! Ah! Yes, yes; what's the marrer?" said Spicer, brokenly, at the same time wildly throwing out his hand and driving his partner's head with a dreadful thump against the head-board.

"Ouch! Your clumsy thing, why don't you knock my head off?" wailed the lady.

A voice, muffled by the pillows, was heard to murmur, "'gainst the law," and suggest, "wear your switch to bed."

"I wish I had a switch," said Mrs. S., a little spitefully. "Now, don't you go off to sleep again, Seth."

"Baby got stomach aches?" inquired the drowsy one.

"No."

"Girl locked out?"

"No."

"Burgler 'n coal cellar?"

"No, no."

"Fire over in East Boston?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Seth. There is a dreadful

mosquito in the room, and if you do not get up and kill him he will bite baby all over blotches."

"Tell him send his bill in on the first of January," said Spicer, with a final effort to dodge the issue.

Mrs. S., however, was inexorable, and Spicer rolled out of bed, crawled into a dressing-gown and slippers, turned up the gas and began a search for that cunning fiend, the solitary mosquito, who always survives his companions and lays in wait to harass the unhappy householder, sometimes far into the winter.

Spicer commenced the hunt in the regulation manner, by walking about the room with a towel in his hand and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling. At the third stride he trod upon the rocking-chair, which responded promptly with a blow in the stomach, that left him no wind to swear with. As he straightened up, his eye caught sight of an insect over the water fixture and staggering towards it, he dealt a blow that would have felled an ox, but as there was not an ox there, he only smashed a china mug and a soap dish. Here the baby woke up and joined in the exercises with a dismal howl, and Mrs. Spicer remarked that she did not see for the life of her why a man who was so near-sighted that he couldn't see across the room did not put on his glasses before, he smashed all the chamber furniture and woke up the house.

Seth made no reply, but the manner in which he settled his eye-glasses upon his nose and gripped the towel indicated that if the mosquito had been an elephant he would not have quailed before him then. He searched the ceiling carefully again, squinted behind the headboard, looked under the bed, into the closet, behind the door, and along the mop-board, at the mirror and on the window curtain, at the ceiling for the sixteenth time—and there quietly hanging by his long legs, was his tormentor. The injured man wearily drew a chair under the spot.

"It isn't high enough," murmured Mrs. S. in a whisper of horrible suspense.

Seth added the baby arm-chair, but still the hated insect was beyond reach. The hassock piled upon the arm-chair; the hunter mounted the ticklish edifice, poised himself like Blondin a moment on the top, there was a terrible blow, a bloody spot upon the wall, a dreadful crash, and some frightful remarks, which Mrs. S. heard in shuddering silence. Then the head of the house limped off to the "spare room," Mrs. S. sang the mother's refrain of "there, there, there," for an hour, and peace was upon that house.

The next morning the boys said the office could not have smelt worse of arnica if the old man had played a base-ball match the day before.

THE YOUNG ACADIAN.

The Young Acadian.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

A. S. Davison, Editor and Prop.

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THE YOUNG ACADIAN.
P. O. Box 71 Wolfville, N. S.

THE WESTERN CHRONICLE AND THE W. & A. R.

During the last year the *Western Chronicle* has assumed the role of a public benefactor and in that disguise has devoted its whole talents and a large portion of its space to the abuse of the Windsor & Annapolis Railway in general and its manager in particular. As we watch the progress of things we are very much reminded of what we have sometimes seen upon the streets. A great sturdy Newfoundland dog trotting steadily along beside his master while at his heels growling, yelping and snapping runs an ugly tempered cur of which he takes not the slightest notice.

The *W. C.* asserts many things, which, were they true, would certainly lay Mr. Innes and his company open to very serious action; but we fail to see the assistance afforded to that portion of suffering humanity embodied in the passengers of the *W. & A. R.* by abusing Mr. Innes and calling him such names as "bowelless corporation," etc.

Will that bind up the broken legs etc. of the sufferers which the *Chronicle* so graphically depicts? We think not.

The *W. C.* should have the heartfelt thanks of the employees of the *W. & A. R.* and also should be entitled to their respect, which he has claimed and which he depends upon for protection from violence at the hand of Mr. Innes, when they come to realize the exalting position which he has allotted to them as "poor deluded wretches, who eke out an anxious existence" and "obliged to risk their lives on that lot of second hand coffins called the trains of the *W. & A. R.*"

Now for the cause. Is the *Chronicle* so inter-

ested in the travelling public? Is its action prompted by noble, unselfish benevolence and a wish for right? No, not at all. A little mean personal quarrel started the whole thing.

Was the road in any better condition three years ago than today? Were the Express trains more nicely fitted out than today? Were the employees worked less or better paid than now? Was the management any better than now, and did the *Western Chronicle* call it then the same vile names and shower upon it and everything connected with it the same abuse as today? We leave the answer to a discerning public.

We do not wish to uphold Mr. Innes or any one else in wrong doing but we do object to seeing a man abused and lied about to gratify personal spite.

INCORPORATION.

It is a universally acknowledged fact that every man has one or more pet schemes and other things which he likes to see brought out and put in operation.

One of our especial favorites is the matter of having our village incorporated. The more we think over the scheme, the more we see of its workings in other places, so much the more do we feel that the sooner we are incorporated the better for all of us and those who are to take our places after we leave. That we should be compelled to bear a large proportion of other peoples' taxes as well as our own (which are heavy enough at best) is an imposition which we should not put up with. Let any sane man take pen and paper and compare the taxes of Wolfville Village with the Township of Horton. Add to this the expense of local government and see if Wolfville would not be more independent, better governed, its streets better kept up, and more equitable and at least a little lighter taxation than at present. Don't be stubborn and too wise in this matter but figure it out and see what it will show you, and if we are wrong prove it to us.

POLICE! JAIL!

Can any one inform us where the Lockup and Police matter went to? Is it necessary to half kill somebody again in order to stir up its fearful strength and make it call some more of the rowdy destroying meetings which have done such great things in the past? Seriously now, Men of Wolfville don't you think this sort of thing a little—just a little—ridiculous. We do, and we are not half as old and learned as some of you.

THE YOUNG ACADIAN.

Local Matters.

Big Brush Fire near Aylesford last week.

Private picnics are all the rage just now.

WANTED—A smart boy, by the Western Book & News Co.

JUST RECEIVED!—50,000 Bricks and 40 Casks Greenhead Lime at S. R. Sleep's.

Two Canning Rumsellers were put in Kentville Jail last week for nonpayment of fines.

Horton Academy and Acadia Seminary open on Wednesday 5th. September. Acadia College opens on Thursday 6th.

Have you seen the New Ten Cent Atlas at the Western Book and News Co.'s just the thing every body should have.

POTATOES.—Several fields of potatoes at Lower Horton are entirely killed by blight and in some cases those being dug are fully one half rotten.

Ducks will be plentiful this fall, also Partridges. Our table is waiting for the first of the season. Don't be backward boys.

Mr D. W. Campbell is making arrangement with Wolfville Division to give a grand Lecture and Sciopticon-view Entertainment at an early date.

We have just received a copy of *The Argonaut*, a new amateur paper published at La Harpe, Ill. It is a neat and well printed sheet, and we wish it success.

SAD BEREAVEMENT.—We learn with regret that Mr. William Stewart of Grand Pre has lost by Diptheria four of his children—the eldest aged fourteen years. The family have our sympathy.

The Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces is in session in Halifax this week. They have decided to transfer the Theological Branch of Acadia College to McMaster Hall, Toronto. This move appears to be very satisfactory to all.

It is proposed to make Dr. Walton Professor of Theology.

Local Matters.

WANTED—Immediately 5,000 Subscribers to THE YOUNG ACADIAN.

Mr. Everet Sawyer of Wolfville, a graduate of Harvard University, has been appointed assistant teacher in the Academy. He will also take the History class in College.

COAL.—Last year but two persons interested themselves enough in the village to get in some coal. This year every one from the highest dignitary down are into the business. Look out for warm times and (coal) black looks.

IN PORT.—Schr. T. M. McKay, Roberts master, from Boston with cargo of Flour, Meal, Oil etc consigned to parties in Wolfville and Kentville.

Schr. Island Bell, Newcomb master, with Coal, to J. S. Morse.

Schr. Charity L., Coffill master, from St. John, General Cargo.

THE TEMPERANCE PICNIC.—The Mammoth Temperance Picnic under the management of "Wolfville" Division S. of T. was held on Wed. Aug. 22nd. at Ellershouse. The day was all that could be desired. About 450 persons went to Ellershouse by special train arriving there at about 10 o'clock A. M. and were met by about 250 from Hants Co. who came by teams. A most enjoyable day was spent. Some played games of foot-ball, croquet etc. etc.; others amused themselves strolling about, visiting the St. Croix Mills, the paper mills, and the beautiful grounds of F. Ellershausen Esq. These latter were well worth a visit. Walking through one is reminded of the Public Gardens of Halifax. Mr. Harvie the genial head gardener made our reporter welcome and as he pointed out some of the beauties of the place showed the deep interest he felt in his work. The Band of the 68th. Batt. Infantry played choice music during the day. They were much praised on all sides for their excellent playing and certainly deserve credit for the marked improvement they are making in their music. At 6.00 o'clock P. M. we started for home, tired, sunburnt but happy and all sober with perhaps six poor exceptions, one of whom was left some miles from home at a flag-station, a reward for his foolishness. Who now can say that Temperance people cannot have a Temperance picnic?

Much praise is due Cond. Carrol and his assistants for the gentlemanly and careful way in which they ran their train and looked after the comfort of their passengers.

Terrible Cyclone.

On the night of August 21st. a terrible cyclone raged in the southeastern part of Minnesota passing through the counties of Winona, Olmstead, and Dodge. The destruction of property was very great and terrible loss of life; one third of Rochester in the county of Olmstead is said to be an entire wreck, and from reports received the whole county surrounding that place is in ruins, and that the number killed may reach into the hundreds.

A train which left Rochester at about 4 P. M. for Zambrota was caught in a severe storm of wind and hail which prevailed in that vicinity between 4 and 6 o'clock and while running at a high speed was lifted from the rail and converted into a mass of ruin burying the unfortunate passengers beneath the debris killing many and injuring nearly every person on the train.

How to Succeed.

The Lockport *Union* thus tells how to successfully perform a certain "mission," which some seem to think it a duty to carry out. It says: "If you wish to keep a town from thriving, don't put up any more houses than you can conveniently occupy yourself. If you should accidentally have an empty dwelling, and any one wanted to rent it, just ask him about the value of it. Demand a Shylock price for every foot of ground that God has given you a stewardship over. Turn a cold shoulder to every mechanic and business man seeking a home among you. Look at every new comer with a scowl. Run down the work of every new workman. Go abroad for wares, rather than trade with those who do business in your midst. Fail to advertise or in any manner support your home paper, so that people abroad may not know whether business flourishes in your town or not. Wrap yourself up in a coat of impervious selfishness. There is no more effectual way to retard the growth of a town than the actions enumerated."

He was Overmatched.

A country merchant visited the city a few days ago and purchased from a dollar store a table castor, which he took home with him, and after putting a tag on it marked fourteen dollars, made a present of it to a Methodist preacher, whose church his family attended. The reverend gentleman took the package home, opened it, and examined the contents. The next day he took the castor (with the tag attached) back to the groceryman, and said to him: "I am too poor in this world's goods to afford to display so valuable a castor on my table, and if you have no objection I should like to return it and take fourteen dollars worth of groceries in its stead." The merchant could do nothing but acquiesce, but fancy his feelings.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Noah's Ark Insured.

RESULT OF A SEARCH AMONG MUSTY INSURANCE PAPERS.

A New York *Times* reporter, after considerable search, discovered, he says, the following in the "inspection minutes" of a Gotham insurance company:—

THE ARK.—Built by Noah; owned by Noah & Sons; tonnage, 42,413.95; length over all, 525 feet; breadth of beam, 87 feet 6 inches; depth of hold, 52 feet 6 inches; built of gopher wood; bow ports and trenailed throughout; used as passenger and cattle transport; rated A 1.

"Can you inform me what the ark was insured for?" asked the reporter.

"I should not feel at liberty to make the matter public without consulting the proprietors," replied the official.

"Was the menagerie insured separately?" the reporter inquired.

"Our company does not insure live stock, and therefore I cannot answer that they were, said the official.

"Can you tell me whether Noah's life was insured?" pursued the questioner.

"I cannot give you information from my own knowledge," replied the official, "as the matter occurred so many years back that I can scarcely recollect it. I have heard, however, that it was. The story is that he was insured with the Lamech Mutual, and you will remember that he lived to be 950 years old. In his 948th. year he happened to figure up the amount of the premium he had paid on his policies, and found that the sum amounted to about four times as much as the value of the policy itself. So he let it lapse."

"Is it a fact that Japhet made a kick about the matter after his father's death?" asked the reporter.

"I don't know," the official said.

"Was it Ham?" inquired the reporter.

"I don't know," replied the official.

"Wasn't it Shem?" queried again the reporter.

"I don't know," repeated the official.

"Well, who was it?" persisted the reporter.

"I don't know," again the official replied; and, as he at that moment reached for a revolver in the back part of a drawer, the reporter came away, sadly but not slowly.

Precepts are like seeds; they are little things which do much good. If the mind which receives them has a disposition, it must not be doubted that this part contributes to the generation, and adds much to that which has been collected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the YOUNG ACADIAN.

SIR, In my article, as published in your last issue but one, there was a typographical error which perhaps I should have asked you to correct. I used the word "bull-baiting," and not "bull-doing." Of the latter word I did not know the meaning, but supposed, when I saw it in print, that it was regarded as synonymous with the other or a better one. It has since been represented to me that the words have not the same meaning; in which case reference to the matter is appropriate.

C. D. R.

Wolfville, Aug. 16th. '83.

Mr. Editor, Having taken considerable interest in your paper since its first appearance in April last, and noticing its steady progress and improvement, and believing that you would be willing to receive any suggestions that would forward its advancement I would let you and your readers into the secret how some of the country papers increase their circulation and how they collect subscriptions; whether it would be wise to gain subscriptions for the YOUNG ACADIAN by such means I leave to your judgment to answer.

In the first place get the names of as many of the residents of the county (from the lists of electors or otherwise) as you can, send each a paper, some will doubtless return them but the large majority will be careless about it and perhaps not knowing that if they continue to take them from the office they will soon become bona fide subscribers and consequently have to pay for them, will allow themselves to become such ignorantly, in this way a large subscription list can be soon obtained. After a few months or perhaps a year if they do not come forward with the cash, place their accounts with a magistrate for collection and if that does not bring the money at once sue for it and be very particular to charge for the balance of the year entered upon if it is ten or twelve months ahead and charge the credit prices.

Such is the course pursued by at least one of the county newspapers, and in proof of the fact the names of a number of persons who have been thus treated can be given who live within a radius of five miles of your office.

ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

Horton, Aug. 4th. 1883.

We are thankful for the above information but respectfully decline to follow such an example; any person who may receive the YOUNG ACADIAN through the mails and have not signified their willingness to become a subscriber in words will never be called upon to pay for it.

Ed.

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, SCONVEYANCER, &C.

ALSO

General Agent for FIRE and LIFE Insurance,

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MONEY to loan on good Real Estate Security

STOP HERE!

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Great Bargains in the above.

LINEN GLACE,

Every Family should have it for Polishing Collars, Cuffs, Shirt Bosoms, Lace Curtains, etc. etc. Price, 20 cents per Bottle.

JUST RECEIVED!

A choice Puncheon Molasses, also, American Oils, together with a choice stock of Family Groceries.

The above will be given in exchange for Eggs, Butter and Money. Prices Low.

F. J. & G. A. PORTER.

Wolfville, N. S. July 10th. '83.

GREAT REDUCTION.

The Subscriber is selling Tinware at prices that defy competition.

S. R. SLEEP.

Wolfville, N. S. May 20 1883

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.

**PIANOS, ORGANS,
AND
Sewing Machines**

AT THE
New Music Store, Wolfville.

Highest prices allowed for old in exchange for new.

All such repaired at my shop.

A. C. REDDEN.

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.

**RHEUMATICS.
HAVE YOU TRIED
BOYD'S RHEUMATIC
COMPOUND?**
IF NOT, TRY IT! IT WILL CURE YOU.

J. WESTON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Has a fine stock of cloths, which will be sold
CHEAP.

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