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The Acadian,

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Select Poetry,

TO-MORROW.

"You'll come to-morrow then," light words lightly said,
Gayly she waved her little hand, gayly he bared his head.

"You'll come to-morrow then," and the man on his errand went,
With tender prayer on heart and lip, yet on his work intent.

The woman a moment lingered; "would he turn for a parting look?"
Then with a half smile and half a sigh, her household burthen took.

"You'll come tomorrow then?" and when the morrow broke,
Pale lips in the crowded city of the "railway accident" spoke.

A strong man in a stranger's home, in death's dread quiet lay,
And a woman sobbed a full heart out in a cottage a mile away,

So lightly our thoughts leap onward, so lightly we hope and plan,
While fate waits grimly by and smiles, to watch her plaything—man—

Discounting the dim, strange future, while his dim eyes cannot see
What a single flying hour brings; where the next step may be.

And love floats laughing onward, and at its side glides sorrow,
While men and women between them walk, and say, "We'll meet to-morrow!"
—All the Year Round.

Interesting Story,

LADDIE.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

He had been used to say that his profession was his lady-love, and he had looked on with wondering, credulous eyes at the follies and excesses of young lovers; he was inclined to think it was a mild form of mania, and required physical treatment. And so he reached five-and-thirty unscathed, and slightly contemptuous of others less fortunate than himself: when, one day, a girl's blue eyes, locking shyly at him through dark lashes, brought him down once and forever from his pedestal of fancied superiority, and before he could collect his arguments, or reason himself out of it, he was past cure, hopelessly, hopelessly, foolishly in love. They had been engaged for two days; it was two days since this clever young doctor, this rising, successful man, with such stores of learning, such a solid intellect, such a cool, calm brain, had stood blushing and stammering before a girl of eighteen. If I were to write down the words he said, you would think my hero an idiot pure and simple; the most mawkish and feeble twaddle of the most debased of penny periodicals was vastly superior to what Dr. Carter stammered out that day. But is not this generally the case? Beautiful poetical love-scenes are frequent in plays and books, but very rare in real life. There is not one love-scene in a thousand that would bear being taken down in short-hand, printed in plain, black type, and read by critical eyes, through commonplace spectacles. Nevertheless, the feelings are no doubt sublime though the words may be ridiculous. He was quite another man altogether (happily for him) when he went to Sir John Meredith, and told him plainly that he was no match for his daughter as far as birth went.

"My good fellow," the sensible little baronet answered, "there are only about ten families in England that can put their pedigree by the side of the Merediths, and it don't seem to me to make much difference, if you rise from the ranks yourself, or if your father or grandfather did it."

"I can scarcely claim even to be a gentleman," the young man went on, feeling pretty sure of success by that time.

"Not another word, my dear boy;

not another word! I respect your candor, and I esteem you very highly as an honest man—the noblest work of God, you know, eh?—though I'd like to hear any one say that you were not a gentleman as well. There, go along! shake hands! God bless you! You'll find Violet in the drawing-room. Sly little puss! but I saw what was coming—and mind you dine with us this evening at seven sharp—old-fashioned folk, old-fashioned hours."

I think the wary baronet also respected Dr. Carter's income, and esteemed very highly his success, and having weighed the advantages of family and birth against success and income, had found that the latter were the most substantially in the worldly scales.

And so Dr. Carter was dreaming rosy dreams that evening in his quiet room, as was fit and proper, after two days' wandering in fairy-land with Violet Meredith. But as the scent of the violets had led him to think of the giver, so it drew his thoughts away from her again back to spring-time many years ago at Sunnybrook, and the bank where the earliest violets grew in the sheltered lane leading to the Croft Barn. Did ever violets smell so sweet as those. He remembered one afternoon after school, going to fetch the milk from the farm and the scent luring him across the little rundle by the side of the path, which was swollen into a small, bounding brook by the lately thawed snow. He set down the can softly before he made the venture, and Dr. Carter laughed softly to himself to think how short and fat the legs were that found the little stream such a mighty stride. He was busy diving for the flowers among the layers of dead elm-leaves, which the blustering autumn winds had blown there, when a sound behind him caused him to look round, and there was the can upset, and the young foxhound quavered at the Croft licking up the white pool from the pebbles. In his anger, and fear, and haste, he slipped as he tried to jump back, and went full length into the stream, and scrambled out in a sad plight, and went home crying bitterly, with a wet pinafore, and dirty face, and empty milk-can, with the cause of his mishap, the sweet violets, still clashed unconsciously in his little scratched hand. And his mother—ah! she was always a good mother! He could remember still the comforting feeling of mother's apron wiping away the dirt and tears, and the sound of her voice bidding him "Never mind! and hush up like a good little Laddie."

His heart felt very warm just then towards that mother of his, and he made up his mind that, cost what trouble it might, he would go down and see her before he was married, if it were only for an hour or two, just to make sure that she was comfortable, and not working about and wearing herself out. His conscience pricked him a little at the thought of what a pleasure the sight of him would have been to the old woman, and now year after year had slipped away without his going down. But still a comforting voice told him that he had been substantially a good son, and it was accident and not intention that had kept him away. "Anyhow," he said to himself, "another month shall not pass without my seeing my mother."

At this moment the deferential man knocked at the door and aroused Dr. Carter to the consciousness of how far his wandering thoughts had carried him from his consulting-room and *Medical Review*.

"What is it, Hyder?"

"Please, sir, there's some one wishes to see you. I told her as it was too late, and you was engaged very particular, but she wouldn't be put off nohow, sir."

"What is her name?"

There was a slight smile disturbing he usually unruffled serenity of Mr.

Hyder's face, as if he had a lingering remembrance of something amusing.

"She didn't give no name, sir, and she wouldn't say what she wanted, though I asked if a message wouldn't do; but she said her business was too particular for that, sir."

"What sort of a person is she?"

The corners of the man's mouth twitched, and he had to give a little cough to conceal an incipient chuckle.

"Beg your pardon, sir! She appears to be from the country, sir. Quits a countrified, homely, old body, sir."

Perhaps the odor of the violets and the country memories they had called up made him, more amiably inclined; but instead of the sharp, decided refusal the servant expected "Tell her it's long past my time for seeing patients, and I am busy, and she must call again to-morrow," he said, "Well, show her in," and the man withdrew in surprise.

"Countrified, homely, old body." Somehow the description brought back to his mind his mother, coming down the brick path from the door at home, with her Sunday bonnet on, and her patters in her hand, and the heavy-headed double sticks and columbines tapping against her short petticoats. The doctor smiled to himself, and ever when he smiled the door was pushed open, and before him he saw, with a background of the gas-lit hall and the respectful Hyder, by this time developed into an uncontrollable grin, his mother, in her Sunday bonnet and with her patters in her hand.

CHAPTER III.

Reader, think of some lovely picture of rustic life, with tender lights and pleasant shadows, with hard lines softened, and sharp angles touched into gentle curves, with a background of picturesque, satisfying appropriateness, with the magic touch that brings out the beauty and refinement and elegance of the scene, which are really there, and that subtly tone down all the roughness and awkwardness, and coarseness which are also equally there. And then, imagine it, if you can, with glaring lights and heavy shadows, deepening, and sharpening, and hardening wrinkles, and angles, and lines, exaggerating defects; bringing coarseness, age and ugliness into painful prominence, and taking away at a sweep the pretty, rural background which might have relieved and soothed the eye, and putting a dull, commonplace, incongruous one in its place. It was something of this sort that happened to John Carter that night, when the picture he had been painting with the sweet lights of love and childhood's fancies, and the tender shadows of memory throwing over it all soft tones of long ago and far away, an every-day fact in his present London life.

I am glad to write it of him, that for the first minute, pleasure was the uppermost feeling of his mind. First thoughts are often the best and purest. He started up saying, "Mother? why mother!" in the same tone of glad surprise as he would have done fifteen years before if she had come unexpectedly into the shop of Martel; he did not even think if the door was closed or what Mr. Hyder would think, he did not notice that she was crumpled and dirty with travel, or that she put her patters on his open book and upset the glass of violets; he just took hold of her trembling, hard-worked hands, and kissed her furrowed old cheek, wet with tears of unutterable joy, and repeated, "Mother! why mother!"

I am glad to write it of him, glad that she had that great happiness, realizing the hopes and longings of years past, consoling in days to come when she had to turn back to the past for comfort, or forward to the time of perfect satisfaction. There are those exquisite moments in life, let people say

what they will of the disappointments and vanity of the world, when hope is realized, desire fulfilled; but it is just for a moment, no more, just a foretaste of the joys that shall be hereafter, when every moment of the long years of eternity will be still more full and perfect, when we shall "wake up" and "be satisfied."

She was clinging meanwhile to his arms sobbing out "Laddie my boy, Laddie," with her eyes too dim with tears to see his face clearly, or to notice how tall, and grand, and handsome her boy was grown, and what a gentleman. Presently, when she was seated in the arm-chair and had got her breath again, and wiped her foolish old eyes, she was able to hunt in her capacious pocket for the silver rimmed-spectacles that had descended from her father, old Master Pullen in the almshouses, and that Laddie remembered well, as being kept in the old Family Bible, and brought out with great pomp and ceremony on Sunday evenings. I must have a good look at you, Laddie boy," she said.

And then I think her good angel must have spread his soft wings between the mother and son (though to her mind it seemed only like another tear dimming her sight, with a rainbow light on it), to keep her from seeing the look that was marring that son's face. All the pleasure was gone, and embarrassment and disquiet had taken its place. "However did you come, mother?" he said, trying his best to keep a certain hardness and irritation out of his voice.

"I come by the train, dear," the old woman answered, "and it did terrify me more nor a bit at first, I'll not go for to deny; but, bless you! I soon got over it, and them trains is handy sort of things when you get used to 'em. I was a good deal put to though when we got to London station, there seemed such a many folks about, and they did push and hurry a body so. I don't know whatever I should adone if a gentleman hadn't come and asked me where I wanted to get to. He was a tallish man with whiskers, a bit like Mr. Jones over at Martel, and I dare say you knows him; but he were terrible kind, however."

John Carter did not stop to explain that there were many tallish men with whiskers in London.

"Why didn't you write and say you were coming?"

"Well, there! I thought as I'd give you a surprise, and I knew as you'd be worrying about the journey and thinking as I'd not be able to manage; but I'm not such a helpless old body after all, Laddie."

"Who have you left in charge of the cottage?"

"Why, I've give it up altogether. Farmer Harris, he wanted it for his shepherd, and he give me notice. That's why I come all on a sudden like. I says to myself, says I, Laddie's got a home and a welcome for his old mother, and it's only because he thought as I was pretty nearly growed to the old place, and couldn't bear to leave it, that he ain't said as I must come and keep house for him long ago. But, bless you! I've been thinking so of the pleasure of seeing you again that I've pretty nearly forgot as I was leaving my master's grave and all."

"And when must you go back?"

To be continued.

The weakest goes to the wall.
Words are the money of fools.
A soft answer turneth away wrath.
As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
Ill habits gather by unscen degrees.
It blows the wind that profits nobody.
The noblest mind the best contentment has.

Where passions increase, complaints multiply.
Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your not being one in adversity.