

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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THE ACADIAN

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St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.30 o'clock. J. R. DAVISON, Secretary.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

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IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

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Every Description

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DIRECTORY

OF THE
**Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE**

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BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

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DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

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Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

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Wolfville, Oct. 24, 1886 3m pd

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Select Poetry.

THE EMPTY PLACE IN HOME AND HEART.

"Plane an' chisel an' hammer I gaily they flash in the sun!

An' somebody's waitin' to welcome me home when my work is done,

Somebody's hands are workin' for bread for the babes 'at eat,

Somebody's eyes are lookin' for me comin' up the street.

Plane an' chisel an' hammer I gaily they flash in the sun!

That's how I used to sing at my work; but that song's done—

Here'n the lovely workshop I chisel an' hammer an' plane,

Not wif' the old good heart—I shall never see that again.

There's nobody waitin' at home for me; the cottage is all so lone;

An' the babies—God bless 'em—it breaks my heart to hear 'em moan.

There's nobody at the window lookin' out up the village street,

An' work do seem so hard now; she used to make it sweet.

An' the neighbors, kind hearted they come an' stop at the workshop door,

An' pities an' talks an' talks—they mean it well, for sure.

Calmer a bit may be I'll grow; but there 'll still be the place—

The empty place in my heart, spite of the cheeriest face.

Somebody'll fit it! What? Now that she's gone away.

I don't want it filled by nothin'. Never! That's what I say.

Plane an' chisel an' hammer I gaily they flash in the sun!

An' nobody's waitin' to welcome me home when my work is done.

An' when the ev'nin comes, an' I wipe the sweat from my brow,

I stop wif' my coat on my arm, an' think how lonely all is now.

I think of her place at the table an' fire, an' her empty chair,

An' the lonely supper a waitin' me, an' she's not there!

The ladies that crowd in her arms, an' lead to her a ben,

Comin' to meet me! How proud I was of her an' them!

I stop at the door as I mind it, an' I haven't the heart to go

Back to the empty cottage; it makes me miss her so.

I see the shadows a-gatherin', an' the last of the settin' sun,

An' I wish the day weren't over an' my day's work done.

The shadows over the church an' her grave an' the fields below,

An' there on the lonely cottage! an' I haven't the heart to go.

Yes! I got my work to do, thank God! Hammer an' chisel an' plane!

'Tis work, work, work, as steady's one's heart an' brain.

Just the same for all on us, maiden an' man an' wife!

Life wif'out work, I reckon, ain't worthy the name of life.

An' life wif'out hope to hold to!—why—

'Tis a ship wif'out an anchor, I say; a gale wif'out a post.

Plane an' chisel an' hammer I gaily they flash in the sun!

Thank God, I've hope an' work; 'tis that as holds me on.

That's what the peasant, 'ud say; but 'tis hard to stick to it though;

'Tis hard to believe alone! An' the babes! An' to want her so.

Plane an' chisel an' hammer; gaily they flash in the sun!

An' nobody's waitin' for me at home when my work is done.

There's her empty chair by the fire, and the seat by the window-pane;

She'll never come back to them or sit an' work in them again.

But the empty place in my heart, there's something as seems to say,

"She'll come to that forever maybe, in heaven, some day."

Interesting Story.

The Boys at Dr. Murray's.

CHAPTER I.

DR. MURRAY.

Simon Murray, LL. D., stood on the steps of the Institute, under the gray November sky, somewhat disturbed in mind. The dusk of evening was fast settling over all the landscape, hiding with its dim mantle the bare hills and leafless trees that silently waited the threatened snow-storm. There was no sound of wind, no rustle of branches, no sigh from the pines on the hillside,—hushed, expectant; the dead autumn waited for its shroud. Something of this tranquil peace had touched the Doctor's heart, and somewhat softened the anger that, a short time before, had glowed there. However, it had not all died, and he stood, his brows knit in a grim frown, gazing abstractedly at the wintry sky. What a pity that the sweet peace that broadened over all the hills and held the very old oaks enchain'd, could not have driven away all trace of tumult and passion from his soul!

Above him rose the brick walls of the "Murray Institute," its many windows gleaming with lights, and the broad glow from its wide entrance falling around him. The sound of laughter and merry voices came on the still air from a distant part of the building, but he heard it not. A flock of belated wild geese hurried across the sky, their quaint chatter coming down to earth like the echo of aerial voices. But the Doctor heard them not, though they flew across the patch of sky between the trees, whose eyes were fastened. A tiny snow-flake fluttered slowly down, and alighting on the Doctor's nose, quickly dissolved. This brought him to a consciousness of the storm's commencement. He brought his eyes back to earth again, and turned to the gleaming rows of windows. Only one in the long lines was dark and rayless. This the doctor perceived, and smiled grimly. "Wonder," he muttered to himself, "how he likes it up there in the dark alone? The little rascal!" and then the torrent of wrath came back, and he stamped impatiently on the stone steps. "Fifty dollars lost!" he exclaimed presently, "lost through that little villain. If the torment had a home I'd send him there pretty quick,—that I would! But as it is I shall have to keep him, I suppose, if he loses every penny I have, Fifty dollars gone this term—last year, ten! at this rate he'll prove a profitable pupil at the end of his three years, I'm thinking. Horrors! inwardly groaning at the thought.

Then he took another look at the deserted window, and smiled again as before, grimly. "I'll let him try solitude awhile, and see how he likes it, with bread-and-water for a pastime! I'll be a great luxury to a boy that's lived on fruit and candies for the last three months, I think. Plain living will do him good, at any rate I'll give him a taste of it," then suddenly lost his grim humor as he thought of his lost fifty dollars.

But five minutes before we saw the Doctor on the steps of his Institute, a confectioneer from the city, barely a mile away, had taken his departure, and snugly folded in his wallet, was Dr. Murray's note. A week previous the "Murray Institute" had been thrown into a state of unusual excitement, by the announcement that a city confectioneer had missed from time to time, during the last few months, various quantities of his choicest fruit and nuts, till, taking the requisite precautions, he ascertained that the abstracter of his delicacies was a member of the Doctor's school. The guilty one was immediately apprehended, and, being one who had hitherto been regarded as incapable of such an act, the event threw the school into much excitement. The Doctor's vexation was great. Whatever he might have thought of the sin of the act, the disgrace which threatened his school troubled him more. He hurried to M. Chantilly, the confectioneer, and begged him to keep the affair a secret, till he could decide what it was best to do with the offender. M. Chantilly, caring only for the recovery of the price of his stolen wares, readily consented; consequently, no one outside the Institute knew anything of the matter; and, at ease in this respect, the Doctor's heart waxed angry toward his delinquent pupil. He was a homesick boy, and had been placed under the Doctor's care for three years. Kind home-training he had never had; bright, active, and kind-hearted by nature, he had won friends readily at Dr. Murray's, but, falling into temptation without the safeguard of Christian principles, he had fallen. He had, unfortunately, during the previous term, knocked a ball through the Doctor's conservatory, where it created havoc enough to cost that gentleman the sum of ten dollars. The stern principal had hardly forgotten the accident, before he was called upon to pay for the articles taken from the conservatory shop, which amounted to forty dollars.

But all this time we have left the Doctor standing on the steps, where M. Chantilly, with his fifty dollars,—forty for stolen confectioneer, ten for his silence,—had bade him good-night, and gone back to the city. Grimly he paced back and forth on the stone steps, while the snow-flakes fluttered softly around him, deliberating in his angry heart the best way to punish his pupil. He felt that it would be a great

satisfaction to disgrace him,—remembering what a proud, stubborn look, the boy's face wore when he bade his assistant place him in solitary confinement; and, moreover, he wished to make such an example of this case, as should prevent the recurrence of such an event. The best way to do this was the subject of the Doctor's deliberations.

Quietly, peacefully, the night came on. The storm, that all day had threatened the waiting earth, now silently began to weave the dead's white shroud. It did its work with skilful, loving hands, without a breath, or thought of tempest. The Doctor, suddenly aware of the snowy particle that sifted into his beard and eyes, shook himself, and started for his study. Throwing open the great glass door, he entered a dimly lighted corridor,—the private entrance to his room,—and soon reached its cosy precincts. It was a pleasant room to look at that winter night, with its book-lined walls, glowing with light from a broad bed of rosy coal. There were broad easy-chairs,—a writing-table, covered with compositions, and essays, and translations; piles of schoolbooks were scattered everywhere, and the doctor, as he came in, looked over the whole, with an air of great satisfaction, and rubbed his hands over the glowing grate. Sinking into a chair by his desk, and encasing his feet in soft slippers, he gave himself up to an hour of comfort and meditation. At the end of that time he pulled the bell-rope. An assistant appeared.

"Harris," said the Doctor, "has young Howth had his supper?"

"Yes, sir; I carried it to him half an hour ago."

"Satisfied, yet?"

"Very, sir."

The Doctor meditated. Harris looked reflectively into the coals. At last—

"I say, Harris, what can I do to break the fellow's spirit?"

"Why, Doctor," said Harris, slowly, "I don't know but you're doing the best you can. He's got a will like iron, sir!"

"That's so!—but even iron will bend and break. I shall conquer him! I tell you, Harris, I never was so roused up about anything before in my life. I am going to break the boy's spirit, and if I undertake it I shall do it!" said the Doctor, firmly.

Harris looked in his employer's eyes, and inwardly rejoiced that he was not the delinquent.

"But," continued the Doctor, "how to go to work I hardly know. As you say, he's got a will like iron, and unless I publicly disgrace him, he'll hold out a year. But he can't stand disgrace,—he's too proud! A little of that will humble him, I'm thinking."

Harris nodded assent, and ventured to remark, "It'll be rather cold up there to-night, sir."

"You shut off the heat, then?"

"Yes; as you ordered me."

"Very well; he won't freeze! I'm not troubled in that score in the least. If he's cold, he can go to bed. Hum-hum-hum," stroking his beard, "I'm puzzled to know what to do with the fellow." Presently,—"Harris!"

"Sir?"

"You can go now. I've got to correct a dozen translations. Keep your wits about you, and see if you can't devise some plan that will please me; and be sure the lights are all out at nine!"

"Of course, sir" and Harris withdrew.

The Doctor began his labor. Trusting all thoughts of his prisoner from him, he presently became absorbed in his occupation. He was a great scholar; he was keen, discerning, and quickly apprehended every unlucky angle of case and tense by which the bewildered translator had tripped and fallen. Down would go the great gold pencil, and the hand that guided it had it already classed among the list of "failures." But very few succeeded in running the gauntlet of his merciless criticism. "Grant Westerley is ahead, as usual," he remarked to himself as he finished his duties. "If that boy lives, he'll make a man worth knowing. There's something solid to him! Hall is next, but he can't equal Grant." Books and papers were collected, and laid away in their various receptacles. B. o. k. s. needed for the

tomorrow's exercises were selected, and made in readiness for the schoolroom. Then the Doctor took down his great Bible, and prepared to read his evening chapter. He called himself a Christian. We will not judge him. That finished, he tucked down his page. O strange, strange inconsistency! In the formula of his prayer, he prayed the great Giver of all good to mercifully forgive his sins for the sake of that dear One who died that man might live! while, in his heart, he had neither mercy nor charity for one who had tripped and fallen! Praying for mercy, yet giving none. O, wise Dr. Murray! great, and learned, and famous you may have been, but a little child could have told you that the merciful are blessed.

CHAPTER II.

GRANT WESTERLEY'S THOUGHTS.

Up a broad flight of stairs, polished with the tread of feet, were the long rows of boys' rooms. Still further up, in the third story, were more; not very large or commodious any of them; but some wore an air of comfort and elegance that quite equalled the Doctor's cosy study. A great many of them, however, were comfortless and untidy, according well with their inmates' habits. Here a keen observer could have found a true index of the character of the respective occupants. In some would be found bats, balls, tops, torn kites, and string, scattered promiscuously over the floor; while books and study appeared to be an entirely secondary matter. Others were neat and studious-looking; others, where their occupants' means permitted, were elegantly furnished. Here lived and studied the miniature world over which Dr. Murray reigned. He was king; they were his subjects; and oftentimes the Doctor fancied he had quite as much trouble in ruling his miniature kingdom as many crowned monarchs have had. Among the rooms in the first tier was Grant Westerley's. At the same time when Dr. Murray was standing on the stone steps below, impatiently inveighing against his prisoner, he was quietly studying his lessons for the morrow. It was a pleasant, comfortable room which he called his own, though it contained but few of the elegant things which some of the adjoining apartments boasted; and as it was directly over the main entrance, the sound of the Doctor's footsteps frequently came up to his ears. Twice he rose from his study-table, and peered out the window, but as the Doctor was directly below him he could see no one. He noticed, however, that the snow-flakes were beginning to sail slowly down through the bars of yellow-light that pierced the darkness, and wondered the mere who was pacing up and down so impatiently in the storm. He continued studying till the great clock in the hall tolled out eight. Then he pushed away his books, and sat looking thoughtfully at the shadow of the great easy-chair, that Dr. Murray had once sent to grace the room, when unusually well pleased with his pupil. By-and-by he came out of his reverie, and noticed that the tread of footsteps below had ceased. Pulling away the curtain, he threw up the window and looked out. The storm was getting well under headway; already the earth began to glimmer faintly through the darkness, and the oaks that stretched their great gnarled branches heavenward, silently rubbed themselves with the rustling ermine. Thrusting his head out, Grant took a long look at the bright front of illuminated windows to the left of him, while the snow-flakes settled on his head, and heard the sound of laughter from some room where his class-mates had assembled to spend the hour before retiring. Then he turned to the right; it was more silent there, though the lights streamed out as brightly into the darkness, and Grant suddenly noticed that one of the windows was dark and gloomy. "Poor Will," he said, involuntarily.

The storm suddenly gathered reinforcements from some hidden reservoir far up in the dim, fathomless night, and sent down a double portion of feathery flakes. Grant shook the snow from off his short curly hair, and closed the window, turning to his pleasant, cheerful room, with a long breath of satisfaction; but his thoughts had taken an

entirely new current. As he seated himself by his table, the vision of that one dark window in the gleaming row came back to him. How lonely, how sad, how disconsolate its inmate must feel, he thought; the burden of that sin and crime, resting on his heart, and the disgrace consequent upon it. Grant had caught a glimpse of his face, as Harris led him past to his room, and he now remembered sadly, the sorrowful, almost appealing look, which the guilty Will had cast upon him, ere the door shut him in. It was as if the pale proud face had cried, "Don't forsake me, Grant! don't cast me off!" Now, in his still, quiet room, with the faint rustle of snow-flakes without, the remembrance of that beseeching glance came vividly back to him.

"Ah," thought he to himself, "I'm afraid Will is disgraced forever. The boys will never cease to call him a thief if a good opportunity offers; and he is so proud, that such taunts will make him desperate. Poor Will! I'm very sorry; I wish I could help him."

At that moment it seemed an utter impossibility. Everybody in school knew and pointed at him as a thief. It was a harsh name, but was it not true? Yes; it had been clearly proved that Will Howth had taken fruit and nuts from M. Chantilly, to the amount of forty dollars. This, every boy in school knew. This, every boy considered a sufficient cause for excluding him from their society, and branding him "thief!" Yet seemed to have entirely flown from all those young hearts. Like Dr. Murray, they made no allowance for the lack of good training and kind teaching, which it had been his misfortune to know. They had entirely forgotten to be merciful!

SCROFULA

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofula, Erysipelas, Humors, Catarrh, Can be cured by purifying the blood with

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. —W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured. —Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured. —Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany St., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Catarrh, and Erysipelas, and received much benefit from it. It is