

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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THE ACADIAN.

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S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville. Divine worship is held in the above Church as follows:—Sundays, Mattins and Sermon at 11 a.m. Evensong and Communion at 7 p.m. Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 8:30. J. O. BURGESS, M. A. Rector. (Divinity Student of King's College).

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. T. M. Dale, 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 o'clock p.m. J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

"ORPHANS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Cadfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 8 of 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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DAVISON, J. E.—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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Select Poetry.

"TWO PICTURES."

I sat in the gathering shadows,
And I looked to the west away,
There the hand of an unseen artist
Was painting at close of day—
A strange and beautiful picture
That filled my soul with awe,
And made me think of the city
No mortal ever saw.

"Paint me, O wonderful artist,"
I cried when the shadows came,
And the marvelous glory
Of the western hills aflame—
"Paint me the face of an angel!"
And lo, before my eyes
Was the face of my sainted mother
Who dwells in Paradise!

"Paint me the face of a sinner!"
A darker shadow swept
Down the hills, and I thought in the
twilight,
The unseen artist wept;
And lo, from a magical pencil,
A face in a moment had grown,
The sad white face of a sinner,
And I knew it for my own!

Interesting Story.

The Forged Check.

I hated him from the first to the last; I hated him with an intensity that has lately faded.

Perhaps he was to blame, though, after all, perhaps not.

I am an old man now, and much of the past is faded into oblivion; but that portion of my life which relates to him is as fresh in my mind to-night as it was fifty years ago, when we were clerks together—Ted March and I—in the great shipping house of Halifax & War.

Ted was very handsome, and I hated him for that, for I was plain and insignificant in appearance, and the comparison drawn by every stranger who entered the counting-house made me ill-natured and cross-grained.

Before Ted ever really did me wrong I hated him, hated him instinctively, hated him against my better inclinations, as if already within me there was something conscious of the part he was to play in my life's dream.

I can close my eyes now and live over again those hot old days.

I saw Ted perched on a high stool at the battered and ink-smearred old desk, with the spring sunbeam streaming in through the dimy windows and glinting in his light hair, as he sat with his blue eyes fastened vacantly on the masts and rigging of the vessel anchored along the wharf, with one girlish hand twisted among his glistening curls, and the other toying idly with his pen on the desk.

Yes, I hated him; I hated him for his elegant manners and complaisant ways.

I hated him for his merry laugh, for his melodious voice, hated him for his fine, slender figure, his graceful walk; but I hated him, yes, I hated him more than all for his great influence over Mary Halton.

Mary was the only child of the head of our firm, and a girl whom I had learned to love with all the strength of my mind, my heart, my soul, and yet I never told her, and she loved me too.

I know she did, before Ted March showed his handsome face in Marky's eyes.

Mary was not beautiful.

I was conscious of that.

Ted fell in love with Mary, and Mary fell in love with Ted before they had been acquainted through a single spring day.

After four, every evening, he would stroll across the street to Mr. Halton's, and chat with and make love to the girl my heart was breaking for.

How I hated him as he hung at the gate wishing her good-night.

I thought that I could see the little white hand tremble as it waved an adieu to him as he strode away into the thickening twilight.

Should I dog his steps, and when he got to a lonely spot, dart suddenly upon him and do him deadly harm?

Heaven knows how often I had asked myself that question.

For months I watched him, and oh, the bitter, bitter pain, the anguish and despair I suffered human tongue can never tell.

I played the spy on March's every movement,

I knew the make-up of his life better than he did himself.

At night, when he and Mary were passing the hours with music and song, I lay in the shadow of the hedge waiting his leave, blaspheming and cursing him under my breath.

After the good-night had been said, for the hundredth time repeated, I would follow him whither he went, and often this would be to a gambling den.

Nightly he played for large sums—larger than I knew March came by honestly; but I never said a word—only watched, and waited, and nursed the terrible vengeance in my heart.

Eventually, Ted became more restless and fidgety, and I guessed what was working on his mind.

Then he became suddenly unusually industrious; all day long he would bend over his desk, intently engaged with his pen, and I was extremely anxious to know what he was doing, for I knew the business required no such steady work.

Perhaps he was writing love-letters—love-letters to Mary.

Of course, I determined to fathom the secret, and one afternoon, finding him wholly absorbed, I stole up behind him and looked over his shoulder.

He was writing over and over again across a sheet of foolscap the firm's signature.

What a hideous, fiendish joy shot into my heart as I comprehended what this meant.

For the past few nights March had lost heavily at the disreputable establishment—lost more than he received for a year's salary, and a blockhead would have seen why he was practicing the signature of Halifax & War.

The very next afternoon I saw him draw up a check, for what amount I could not see, but I did it that it was a check on the bank where the firm dealt.

As he left the office I followed, well behind, but not out of sight, down to where the firm banked.

In a short time he came forth again, and, after glancing furtively about, he pulled his hat over his eyes and disappeared around the first corner.

Entering the bank, I accosted the cashier.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Willis."

"Mr. Rolfs."

"One of our clerks presented a check here a few moments ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I look at it, please?"

"Certainly; here it is, sir."

"Ah, just as I thought. There, Mr. Willis, look at the curl of the stem of this H, and the way the 't' is crossed, and the general fowling hand. Does it strike you as old Halton's peculiar orthography? Very like it, a first-rate imitation, but not quite the thing."

What, for my? March—impossible! And for five thousand dollars?"

"That is just what it is, Mr. Willis, and as you have always been a warm friend of March's, will you help me save him?"

"Save him—how can we do it?"

"Cancel the check and replace the money."

"But who will furnish the money? I can't afford—"

"Ah, don't trouble yourself on that score; I believe my balance is ten thousand; turn that over; I am strong and young, and I love poor Ted."

"But—"

"Oh! don't let us talk of it, Mr. Willis; think of your own son, he's about Ted's age, and give me the slip of paper and cancel the check."

"Rolfs," catching my trembling hand and shaking it heartily, "you are a noble fellow, there is not another man who would have done what you have done—a friend in need is a friend indeed."

I laughed aloud as I received the forged check in exchange for my own, although it robbed me of the accumulation of years—made me a very pauper.

But what cared I?

Had not I lost all that made life dear? What were ten thousand dollars compared with my revenge?

Years rolled away, and March, for I watched him night after night, never again visited the gambling house of the day of the forgery.

He had squared all his debts, undoubtedly, and started anew in life

with good resolutions and noble aspirations, secure in the secrecy of his crime.

"March has settled down at last," said one of the junior clerks to me one day, "and old Hal says he's the best business man. Just look at the business they trust to him, Rolfs."

I said nothing, but I thought, oh, Heaven! I thought with demoniacal joy how swiftly my time was coming on.

Rapidly was my enemy climbing the ladder of fame. Let him, let him—let him mount it—up, up, up, until he reaches the highest round, and then—

The crisis came at last.

March was made third partner in the great shipping house, and, shortly after, his wedding-day was fixed. He had mounted the highest round of the ladder. Wealthy, beloved, honored, about to wed the fairest of God's creatures, so thought I, and I worshipped her, too. What more could fortune bestow upon him? For what should I wait?

The wedding-day dawned.

All the clerks were invited to be present at the nuptials, and each of us had agreed to give Ted some gift as a token of the esteem and love we felt for our old confederate of the counting-house.

"What are you going to give, Rolfs?" I was asked the day before the wedding.

"Wait and see," I laughingly replied, as I pictured to myself the scene that would ensue, when, after the ceremony, I handed March the forged check.

The grand rooms were crowded to suffocation, but I managed to reach the happy pair among the first to offer congratulations after the two had been made one. A moment I stood before them, and the better feelings in my heart struggled hard for the mastery.

I knew that I was there to stab those generous, innocent, happy hearts, but I could not resist the temptation of jealousy and revenge ranking in my bosom, and, bowing low, I thanked him the fatal slip.

The last I ever saw of March he was lying there in the brilliant light of the gas, prostrate on the carpet, with the crimson life-blood oozing from his mouth and nostrils, while she—Mary—was kneeling over him, calling piteously his name.

For forty years they have been sleeping in the grave, he having died with quick consumption—a hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by mental excitement—they said, and she—well, it's a pretty well known that she died of excessive grief shortly thereafter.

When he saw her lying dead.

She had certainly been a trying mother. While there are trying people in the world, it follows naturally that some will be mothers, and Deacon Hanson's wife was one of them. The deacon was of German descent—and perhaps some of the composure of his nature came for that. He was a solid sort of man, some people said; but that was just what Deacon Hanson was not.

He was simply a patient man, believing that God ruled the world, and that it was an ill thing to pull against providence. Moreover he had in him an unnatural capacity for unselfish and long-enduring love.

He had married Jane Gray because he loved her, and he loved her still, who she was fifty years old, a wiry, irritable woman, in whose worn and worried aspect no suggestion of her sweet life was left for any other eyes than his. He looked at her through the mists of vanished years, and saw with some second-sight of the heart, the roses of long ago on her cheeks, and the light of other days in her eyes.

But that was what her son could not do. He had no memories of days older than himself; and ever since he could remember she had been fretful and hard to please. Only when he had been ill, at times, she had nursed him so tenderly that he began to find out the mother side of her nature, and half-longed to be ill over again, when he got well, and all this unwanted softness vanished.

He used to envy boy's who could go to their mothers with all their little troubles and joys—their failures and their successes. His mother desired,

indeed, to be informed of his; but she seemed to him in the first place to claim his confidence as a right, and then to use it as a text for fault-finding. So—instead of trying to thaw her out with the sunshine of his love—he shut his heart away from her, and never spent a moment with her he could possibly avoid. Thus there grew up between them a sort of wall, over which she looked at him sometimes, as he then thought, sullenly. He knows now, too late, that it was with dumb longing in her eyes.

For suddenly she was taken ill, and her illness was sharp and short. Her son was away from home. They sent for him; but when he came it was too late for her to turn back from the gate of the other world to speak some last word for this. He went into the house, into the well-known room, and there he saw her lying dead.

"Did she leave any last message for me?" he asked his father, who sat beside the bed, gray with his unspoken sorrow.

"Not exactly. She only cried out just as she was going, 'Oh, if Charley and I could only have been like other sons and other mothers!' and then before I could answer, she was gone. I always knew you didn't understand her, Charley; but she loved you, all the same. She never had one day of really good health after you were born, and she suffered so she couldn't be gay and hipper and easy-going. But she did love you, Charley."

And there she lay, dead—and the boy felt that if he had but drawn nearer to her, and warmed her with his love, he might have found out her suffering, and cheered her with his tenderness, and tasted the sweetness of being "like other sons with other mothers."

And so knowing, over his heart there fell the shadow of a sorrow and a self-condemnation which will not leave him while life shall last.

Ah, let us be tender and pitiful to our own, now, to-day, and not wait until we see them lying dead.—*Youth's Companion.*

His Sister.

A young collegian, in the Junior year, was packing his valise to go home for the Christmas holidays.

"What are you taking your new meerschaum for? It will be broken," said his chum.

"I must risk it. I told Jenny about it; she must see it."

"And your diagrams; what do you want with them?"

"Well, Jenny would like to see if I have improved. She is very much interested in my diagrams."

"And you are packing up all your model lawn tennis prizes, too?"

"Oh, Jenny knows all about the sports! She is impatient to examine the prizes. You ought to hear her talk of touch-downs and serves. It would make you laugh. Such a soft, little, shy thing as she is too!" his eyes shining with tender jealousy.

"Jenny" was considered at school but a dull scholar, and she had no talent for language or music, her teachers said. She was not a brilliant or a pretty girl. But she kept herself very near to her brother. She always understood his games; "knew what the fellow" thought of each other and of "Prez" knew all about Jones' average and Potts' chances of the scholarship. She was never so happy as when snuggled close by his side, listening to his worldly, earnest, and usual selfish confidences. Other girls league together, with secrets, or talk fancy work or flirtation. Jenny gave all her leisure time to her brother.

Who can estimate the restraining power which this friendship and confidence had on the lad, keeping him back from any thought or action which he could not tell to this homely, loving, innocent listener? Neither he nor she ever knew that there was such an influence at work between them.

How many simple, unselfish souls go through life too dull to do great or clever work in the world, only giving sympathy and affection ungrudgingly out of full hearts. The world rates them cheaply, but God knows them as the faithful of His messengers.

What are you to your brothers, girls? Pert, snubbing tyrants, or intimate friends, who will make them always believe for your sake, that all women are good, and that God is real and near?—*Ex.*

The following is an extract from a Berlin paper about American journalism: "It is incredible to what expedients American newspapers resort to gain a point over a competitor. Three notable papers, printed on sugar cakes flattened out, appear at present in America; two on rolled chewing tobacco, five on fly-paper, one on porous plaster, seven on linen handkerchiefs. Three publishers have each of their subscribers photographed yearly and make them a present of a dozen photos, several give them free burial, five invite them to dinner once a week, and 251 give each a doctor's certificate."

Clubbing Offer.

Having made special arrangements with the publishers of a number of the leading periodicals of Canada and the United States we are enabled to make a large discount to subscribers. We will send any of the publications named and the ACADIAN one year for the following "Clubbing Prices," which will be seen in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders.

Publication	Regular Price	Clubbing Price
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Toronto Weekly News	1.00	1.50
Toronto Daily News	4.00	4.00
Allen's Juvenile Gem	.75	1.60
American Agriculturist	1.50	2.00
do with Dyclopædia		2.40
Toronto Weekly Globe	1.00	1.75
London Free Press	1.00	1.75
Youth's Companion	1.75	2.25
Book Worm	.25	1.15
Weekly Messenger	.50	1.40
Weekly Witness	1.00	1.75
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