

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. XI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1891.

No. 9.

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### The Acadian.

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A. W. BASS, } Upland

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J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

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WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

### POETRY.

Till Then.

Since it must be  
That some mistakes are made by you and me,  
That even when we try to do our best,  
Until the last, some sins must be confessed,  
Let us be glad to do our task again  
Till then.

Since it must be  
That disappointments come to you and me,  
Let us enjoy our blessings as they go,  
Nor harbor trouble when it is known,  
'Twill come some time, we'll laugh, and  
laugh again  
Till then.

Since it must be  
The world will frown sometime on you and me,  
That some one, some time, some dear  
plan may spoil  
That we have made with so much care  
and toil,  
Let us pick up the raveled work again  
Even then.

Since it must be  
That some time you must go away from me,  
That somewhere, sometime, we two must  
be parted,  
Oh, darling! let us not be heavy hearted,  
But drink the cup of joy and drink again  
Till then.

Since it must be  
There is another life for you and me,  
Sometime, somehow, since, darling, we  
are sure  
Something within us, somewhere must  
endure  
Oh! let us live as those that live again  
Till then.

Ah, thus I said  
Before my darling left me. She is dead,  
And now I try, but she cannot understand  
Why it must be. Reach blindly for her  
hand!  
How can I wait to feel that clasp again  
Till then?

### SELECT STORY.

Pretty Miss Smith.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER I.

We were schoolfellows, Mary Smith and I, with this difference, that where as she, the handsome, well dressed niece of two rich men, was considered to be an honor and an ornament to that school; I, the less attractive daughter of a poor country vicar, had to look upon it as an honor to be there.

Not that I was specially ill-favored, I wish modestly to put on record that I was a well enough looking girl in my way; but then that was not the way of Mary Smith. Despite her prosaic name she was quite a romantically beautiful girl, tall and slender, with fair hair that was just not golden (it's only ugly, red-faced girls that have your real golden hair), and the prettiest pair of pleading grey eyes I ever saw. She made us all look "dumpy."

No valiant struggles would ever get my waist to the slimmest of hers; no backboards and dumbbells, dancing masters and calisthenic exercises, sufficed to give anybody else's figure the suppleness and grace of hers. Mary was not exactly what you would call clever. If you wanted to get ahead of her in anything you always could; but she was sweet and bright, full of fun and innocent mischief, and the nicest girl in the whole school. She and I were chums; and unlike most friendships of the sort the chumminess lasted all the time we were at school together, and right into our lives afterwards. As I frequently pointed out to her, this was great to my advantage; for it was a much greater treat to me to be invited up to her uncle's big house in Baywater than it was for her to stay at Little Balaam Vicarage, overrun with mice and children!

Mary was an orphan, but the luckiest orphan I ever met. Her mother had made a successful business, but she and her husband died early, and her two brothers eagerly disputed for the charge of her little daughter. It was Charles Marshall, the younger brother, a thriving solicitor, who succeeded in carrying off the prize, on the ground that as he had a wife and children himself he could look after her better than his brother, who was a bachelor, and often an absentee from England on account of his health. Thomas, the elder, a rich millowner, assented in this view and contented himself by sending Mary, from time to time, handsome presents of furs and jewelry. No wonder, therefore, that she grew up with rather extravagant tastes. Diamond brooches, to a properly regulated mind, suggest silk and velvet and rich lace; while nobody can deny that a mantle trimmed with sable tails cries aloud for a vic-

loria to show it off. But with her Uncle Charles, in whose house she lived when she left school, she had nothing in the way of luxury to wish for.

What a change it was for me, when they asked me up to town, as they were often good enough to do, to walk about on carpets which were not threadbare, to dine at a table glittering with glass and silver and soft lights, to be waited on by attentive footmen, to drive about shopping in the evening, to have a box at the theatre at night. It seemed as if people living under such conditions ought to be always tripping about wreathed in smiles, like the fairies in one of Mr Augustus Harris' pantomimes; but truth to tell, Mrs Marshall was rather a peevish, complaining sort of person, her daughter Maud was discontented, her younger son Ted was sulky, and Tom the eldest of the three, was rude and cynical. The only member of the family who seemed really to enjoy life was the head of it, Mr Charles Marshall, whose fair, open, handsome face always seemed to me typical of the "fine old English gentleman" of the song. Indeed, I often regretted, for his sake, that the days of powder, patches, and knee-braces, in which he would have looked so well, were over. The whole household seemed to wake up into new life in the evening, when his jolly voice was heard in the hall; I never knew a personality less suggestive than his of the gloomy majesty of the law. He used to say he left his villa at the office, for fear of wearing it out by too constant use; but when we went to visit him in the city he was always the same. His only discernible failing was a weakness for champagne, which, he said, helped him to forget his crime. His wife was too dissatisfied at having to remain in London when she wanted to live in Paris to be very fond of him, and the children had been too much spoiled to care for either their parents; but Mary and I adored Mr Marshall.

I am certain it was only because he was Mr Marshall's son, and because there was nobody else about for me to make an idiot of myself over, that I committed the great, the unheard of folly of falling in love with Tom Marshall. To do myself justice, he did try very hard to make me, thinking, no doubt, that it was great fun to make a goose of the little country girl, and saying to himself that even if the game were hardly worth the candle, at any rate it kept his hand in. He was not good-looking; his hair was inclined to be sandy, and he had a snub nose; but these attractions were enough for me; evidently; for, although I guessed he was only amusing himself, and although he delighted in making me mad with jealousy, I was certainly by the time I was three and twenty hopelessly in love with him. He was in a stock broker's office in the City, was shrewd, and considered likely to get on, and thought a great deal of himself. So much for my taste.

Mary knew all about it and teased me unmercifully, and said he was not half good enough. Mary was a great flirt, and had a decidedly low opinion of all her admirers, so that I often felt it my duty to warn her that she might die an old maid after all, or else fall more abjectly in love than I.

When, therefore, we learned from Tom that Hilary Gold, Mr Marshall's ward, was coming to England after six years of a roving life abroad, Tom and I joined in declaring that Mary's fate was sealed; she was to form a romantic attachment to Mr Gold. Mary entered into the fun heartily, and vowed she had long felt that the unknown Hilary was her fate. When the day came on which Mr Marshall had announced that he would bring him home to dinner, we were all in a state of great excitement, and Tom, who had come home early from the City was working up our interest in him by fabulous accounts of Mr Gold's beauty and wealth. Tom's sister Maud, who looked down upon the City, and who was occupied with a novel to escape the tedious frivolity of our conversation, looked presently into the conservatory, where the rest of us were, with an expression of disgust.

"Really, Tom," she said, "I don't know what you can find in telling those ridiculous stories! I heard papa telling mamma only this morning that Hilary Gold had anticipated all his money, and—"

"Hold your tongue, Maud," said Tom sharply. "When you overhear anything about people's private affairs, you should keep it to yourself."

Tom looked rather startled by this bit of news, however.

"Well," said Maud, flushing, "I didn't suppose there was any harm in repeating what I heard just to you."

"You have only broken a young girl's heart," said Tom, looking at Mary with a sympathetic compassion.

"Never mind," said Mary, throwing herself into an heroic attitude, "I will go out cheering. For what is money where there is love?"

"No," I broke in. "Your Uncle Thomas will leave you all his money, and you will be happy and rich ever after."

"Come, not so fast," interrupted Tom; "as I was christened after him, and brought up with the idea that I should come into his money, if he leaves it to Mary she will just have to marry me."

"What a sacrifice," cried I, with my heart beating absurdly fast at the mere notion of his marrying anybody.

"No," said Mary, who was as usual in high spirits, and brimming over with mischief, "you little understand the devotion of a noble heart. This is what I would do!"

She sprang up from the American chair in which she had been sitting, clasped her hands, and rolled up her grey eyes to the roof of the conservatory. She looked so sweetly pretty dressed in her high white silk dress, with diamonds flashing in her ears and on her hands, and her pretty fair hair shining in the light of the fairy-lamp, that both Tom and I watched her in silent admiration, as she went through her little histrionic performance with great spirit.

"Hilary!" she cried, "Dearest Hilary!" with elaborate pantomime of passionate endearment, "Fondly loved one of my heart! Little dost thou understand the workings of the Master Love in a woman's breast. Poor thou mayest be, Hilary; penniless even. But what are bread and butter, beef, potatoes, candles, in fact, all the luxuries of the bloated rich, when we truly love. And do we not truly love. Oh, my Hilary. Does not thy heart beat in eternal sympathy with mine? Are not thy black locks the very loil nature designed for my fair ones? Yes, my Hilary, even before I knew thee I felt thou wast my fate!"

At that moment poor Mary stopped, seeing the awful change in my face.

"Sh—sh! Sh—sh!" I hissed out feebly.

It was too late. Suddenly attracted by a look of indescribable wickedness on Tom's face, my eyes had followed the direction of his, and I had seen that standing just behind the curtains of the drawing-room stood two gentlemen. At my warning, Mary turned quickly, pulled aside the curtain, and discovered her Uncle Charles, and Hilary Gold? There could be no doubt about that, for the very expression of the young man's face betrayed him. Mr Marshall's hand was on his ward's arm, and a look of intense satisfaction mingled with the amusement on his face. Poor Mary could have sunk underground for shame; so could I, for her sake.

"I—I didn't see you, uncle. We were acting," she stammered, with a crimson face.

"So we supposed, eh, Hilary?" rejoined Mr Marshall in great humor. "Let me introduce you to Miss Mary Madcap Smith, a young lady warranted to get into more mischief in a day than a regiment of boys could in a week."

Mary was subdued enough now; she could not even look the new-comer in the face and see what a deep impression her beauty had made upon him. Hilary Gold, without a moment's hesitation, had fallen twenty fathoms deep in love with her. Tom and I saw it at once, and exchanged glances of amusement. It already seemed to me as if that pretty piece of acting of Mary's for our amusement might turn out to be the fairy-like prelude to a real romance. For he was a handsome young fellow, rather tall and slimly-built, with black eyes and hair; quite the sort of man one would have chosen for her, to look at, at any rate.

All through dinner Tom and I watch-

ed with deep interest the progress of his passion, for it was quite clear that Hilary Gold fell more in love each minute.

It was also plain that Mr Marshall looked upon this ineipient attachment without disfavor, a circumstance which appeared greatly to astonish Tom.

When, after dinner, Mr Marshall asked his ward if he would come into his study, as he wanted a little private conversation with him, Tom came up to the piano, where I was dutifully thrumming waltzes, and leaned upon it with an expression of utter dismay.

"I can't think what the gov'nor's about," he said, kindly assisting my musical efforts by an accompaniment on the wires of the piano. "He evidently sees this fellow's over head and ears in love with Mary. He evidently doesn't mind it, and yet, Gold has spent all his money, he certainly can't marry a girl without a fortune, and with Mary's extravagant tastes into the bargain."

"But why shouldn't she have her Uncle Thomas' money when he dies?" I asked. "I don't want to be unfeeling, but he must die some day; and as he's so delicate, he will probably die long before Mary."

"It will be a great shame if he does leave it to her," said Tom, dolefully, "when the gov'nor's had all the expense of bringing her up."

"I'm quite sure Mr Marshall would never look upon it in that way," I said, indignantly.

"He would be a fool if he didn't," said Tom, drily, "considering that he has a family and a position to keep up, Smith has neither."

I was disgusted with Tom, and I rose from the piano to get away from him. But he followed me across the room and, seizing me by the arm, forced me to listen.

"Look here, Georgie," said he, "you think it very shocking for me to speak like that, but perhaps you don't quite know how much depends on this selfish old uncle of mine whom nobody ever pretends to care for. Better let her writes announces that he's dying, so life for him can't be worth very much. Now my tastes are expensive and the gov'nor, with all the claims he has on him, will never be able to leave me enough to support them. But if Uncle Thomas' money came to us, I could afford to marry somebody I liked, and that somebody would be you."

Perhaps this declaration was not, on the whole, much to be proud of; but I was fond of Tom, and this was so much the warmest protestation of affection he had ever made me, that I began to tremble and to cry, and kept on trembling and crying when I found it made him gentle and kind to me. We were growing quite tender over the hard fact that makes it impossible for a young city man who respects himself to exist without the best wines and cigars, a dog-cart, and a couple of nice hacks, when the drawing-room door opened, and Hilary Gold came in.

We were startled by the change in his appearance. His face was so white that, with his black hair and eyes, he looked, as Tom unkindly said, "like an engraving." He looked round the room quite wildly until he saw Mary, and then walked across to her with his eyes fixed upon her with a mad, bewildered stare. She was frightened, and uttered an exclamation of horror as he stepped in front of her, and began at once to address her in a hoarse, trembling voice: "He was evidently suffering from some painful shock, and seemed unable to understand or remember anything except the presence of the girl he had fallen deeply in love with."

"Forgive me if I startled you," he said; and the words seemed to be drawn from him by a great effort. "I don't think I shall ever see you after to night, so I may—I must tell you what it is in my mind to say." He paused a moment, and put a shaking hand over his forehead and through his thick black hair. Then he went on without the least consciousness that others could hear him beside Mary. "When I first saw you to-night I knew I had met my ideal; I know a better now that I have talked to you—I made up my mind to win you—for my wife. But now I find—"

His tone grew more passionate, and his gaze upon her face wilder—"that I—I have no money. I have spent it all. Therefore I cannot hope. I felt I must tell you this; it will not pain you, because you don't

know me enough to know how well I would have loved you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye." I—I am very sorry, murmured Mary, holding out her pretty hand, looking shy, confused, and touched.

Hilary Gold pressed her hand in his and looked into her face with such a strange expression, almost of proprietorship, that I was afraid he was going to kiss her. But as soon as she, with bent head and blush, tried to withdraw her hand, he gently let it go.

"God bless you," he said. And turning in a sort of dazed way, as if he did not know where to go, he walked unsteadily out of the room without a look back, and a few moments later we heard the front door slam as he let himself out of the house.

As soon as this round fell upon her ear Mary made a step forward, as if with the impulse to detain her unfortun-ate lover; then she sank down on a seat and burst into tears. Neither Maud nor Mrs Marshall was in the room. To my great relief and joy, Tom did not begin to laugh, as I had expected, but very gently left us together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A gentleman was put out of patience by some blunder of his new groom. "Look here!" he cried in his anger. "I won't have things done in this way. Do you think I'm a fool?" "Shure, sorr," said the groom, "Oj can't say, sorr. Oj only came here yesterday."

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Consumption, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

Garfield Tea restores the complexion.

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Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neurialgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N. J.

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### BE A MAN

All men can't be Apollos of strength and form, but all may have robust health and strong nerves and clear minds. Our treatment makes such men. The methods are our own exclusively, and where anything is left to build upon, the VIGOR OF MEN is easily, quickly, permanently restored. Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the result of over-work, sickness, worry, etc., forever cured. Full strength development, and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanations and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address, ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.