

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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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. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

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OUR JOB ROOM

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Every Description

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West's Cough Syrup, the household remedy for coughs, colds, sore throat, influenza, bronchitis, whooping-cough, asthma and consumption. 25c, 50c, and \$1 per bottle. All druggists.

At this season of the year it is very necessary to keep a bottle of West's Cough Syrup in the house for sudden colds, Nothing like it. Cures like magic.

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OF THE

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The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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

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

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.

NO MORE PILLS!

MOTHERS LIKE IT! CHILDREN LIKE IT!

It is so agreeable to take IT OUTSIDE

LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR CONSTRICTURE

PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry REPAIRED BY

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.

COUGHS, COLDS, Croup and Consumption CURED BY

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle.

Select Poetry.

WE SHALL KNOW.

We shall know when in the future Death shall roll the clouds away, Hiding from our earthly vision Glimpses of the coming day!

When the shadows o'er us passing Shall be merged in joyous light, And earth's sombre colored garments Shall be changed for spotless white.

We shall know when in the morning We awake to clearer light, Freed from all the doubts and darkness That environ us at night;

When the sunshine of our being Shines in splendor o'er the hills, And the beauty of existence All our joyous being fills.

We shall know, ah! golden vision, When life's weary waltz is o'er, Why our barques are rudely driven Ere they reach the quiet shore;

Why the storms of passion raging, Throw their shadows o'er our way, Ere the night of sin and sorrow Ripens into perfect day.

We shall know why death hath veiled us From the presence of our own, Why our dearest ones have left us In this world of care, alone;

Why these partings and these longings For the dear ones gone before, Why we fret the stream of sorrow Ere we reach the further shore.

We shall know why the Eternal In his wisdom placed us here, Why we pass through earthly shadows Ere we reach life's golden sphere;

Why the sunshine follows darkness— Why the morning follows night— Why the darkest hour in passing Usbers in the morning light.

We shall know, ah! blessed assurance, More than mortal mind can know; We shall roam where crystal fountains Or the sands of knowledge flow; All our sorrows will be banished By the joys of love divine, While the light from God's eternal Throne, shall round us shine.

Interesting Story.

MISSING.

BY MARY OCEIL HAY.

CHAPTER XII.

"LIFE'S RESTLESS SEA."

"I decidedly object," observed Mrs. Burtle, rigidly, when the girls were seated opposite to her in the carriage, "to your being joined by any gentleman who has not sought my acquaintance. That Frenchman has made no effort to bring himself before my notice, and yet here I meet you discoursing as unceremoniously with him as with Rex Derham. I do not say I object to him. I presume you have the instincts of a lady, Theo, and would not allow the acquaintance of an adventurer; but if he addresses you again, refer him to me. I don't question his having been properly introduced to you. But I certainly do not think his avoidance of me looks well. I am willing to know him if his position is good."

After these remarks Mrs. Burtle did not think it worth while to address either of the girls again before the carriage stopped at her own door, and they followed her into her handsome and unhome-like house.

But Angel could not keep her silence longer. "It all sounds paltry, as Aunt Burtle puts it," she said, with tears in her eyes, as she followed Theo into her room, "but it is strange, Theo dear. I wish he did not know you were going to be rich. I wish he had not come to Brighton. I wish— I could almost wish you were not so pretty, Theo, because— Just think what Captain Leslie would say to this Frenchman always joining you!"

"Jack!" echoed Theo, startled strangely. "What put him into your mind, Angel?" and then she laughed, but very briefly.

"It was a natural thought," asserted Angel, with an anxious gaze into her cousin's face. "And, still more naturally, I wondered what Aunt Helen would think of it."

"Mother," said Theo, slowly, "What mother would think of it? I am going to drive with Monsieur Le Marechal to-morrow, Angel"—with a strange restless light in her eyes.

"Oh, do not do it!"

"Are you," she asked, her gentle hand upon her cousin's shoulder, "so anxious about my future life?"

"I cannot help it," pleaded the elder girl. "I love you so, Theo, that I want you to be happy, and to—make no mistake."

"To make no mistake," the younger added, thoughtfully. "I remember how the dear Fraulein said the motive could not justify the act." Angel

dear," with a wistful tenderness Theo stooped and kissed her—"whatever mistake I make, remember that I too love you so that I want you to be happy."

"Miss Theo," said Hardy, putting her head in at the door that minute—"oh, and Miss Angel's here too; that's right, do be punctual at lunch to-day. The mistress is that cross, I know well what's coming for you, so I thought you should be repaired."

The girls hastened down, and were standing at the table when the old lady entered, but the meal passed in the usual way; and though they were not encouraged to talk, their occasional remarks were not cut off more abruptly than usual. All through the afternoon Mrs. Burtle lay dozing on a couch in the drawing-room, while Theo sat at the window looking out, with her work on her lap; and Angel was silent at the davenport writing a letter to her Irish home. When the tea was brought in, Mrs. Burtle rose and took it with the girls, laughing afterward when she suddenly remembered this was Lady Willoughby's day, and that she had promised to take afternoon tea with her.

"I wish you had told me, Aunt Burtle," said Angel, with regret, "I would have reminded you."

"And suppose I did not want to be reminded? Suppose I would as soon have tea here as in Lewes Crescent, and am as little bored by you two girls as her ladyship? Ring, Theo; I want Hardy."

"Won't you have my arm to your room?"

"If you like."

"I do like," the girl said, with spontaneous earnestness. "I suppose it is human nature to like somebody to lean upon one."

"And you think you are a type of human nature, do you? Never mind; you are a good height, and your arm is round and steady—pleasanter to hold than Hardy's."

"Then may I come for you when the dinner-bell rings, grandmother?"

It was the first time for many years that Theo had called the old lady so, and it almost startled her when she heard the word come from her lips so naturally.

It was the last word that fell upon the cold, stern, selfish heart. For an instant the thin lips relaxed into such a smile as Theo had never seen upon them yet; then "Theo," she whispered, with a questioning perplexity in the tone, and in another moment the girl's arms were round her, and with a supernatural strength she carried her to her couch.

They said it was the breaking of an artery in the brain, and that there had been no suffering; and Hardy whispered that she had known it had been coming; but Theo, sitting near her still, could not believe in death so swift and sudden, and chafed the soft white hands that had not known an hour's toil through seventy years, and gazed yearningly into the closed dim eyes that never for seventy years had voluntarily looked upon suffering.

"Come away, dear," whispered Angel, lovingly, again and again; but it was midnight when Theo came at last, treading softly and unsteadily in the silent house, and then her eyes filled with a wondering question—as those dying eyes had been.

"Rex has been here," said Angel, through her tears, sitting with one arm round her cousin, whom she had taken to her own room, for death had made the house seem strange and empty and terrible, and they could not separate, "and he would have liked to see you, Theo. He wanted to give you sympathy, I think. He was very kind and nice. Dr. Wade is very kind too; but Rex is different, and he has helped us so, and he will do everything. He was in time to write to my home, and to yours. He says Aunt Helen is sure to come to Brighton at once."

"Mother come?" Theo had moved back a little from her cousin's side, her eyes dark and wide and full of trouble, all the hair pushed from her low wide forehead, and a strange pallor on her beautiful young face. "Is mother coming here?"

"My dear," cried Angel, and then in her distress could say no more, knowing that Theo must be terribly excited and worn and feverish to let relief and

tenderness have this strange effect upon her. Poor Angel had thought so much of having to tell her that the mother she so loved would soon be with her.

"I felt so glad myself," she said presently, with grief unfeigned, and tears that would not be repressed; and I was saying to Rex that perhaps she would bring your baby brother, and it would cheer us both. Oh, Theo, why do you look so strange and white and startled? You will be ill, my darling. Try to rest."

"No, I must not," Theo said, and rose to her feet, with both hands on her temples. "I am all right, my dear. I will not frighten you again, and presently you will have—mother."

Then, without a warning cry or motion, the slight, straight figure drooped, and fell at Angel's feet.

CHAPTER XIII.

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK."

"I am afraid, Theo," Angel said, with the mournfulness of real compunction, "that it is scarcely becoming in us to be driving out to-day." But Theo did not answer. "Aunt Burtle's death is known all over Brighton, and here we are too driving through the street in a cab. Certainly it is closed," continued Angel, seeking redeeming features, because she could not bear to raise objections to what Theo wished, and I really doubt whether any one could recognize us, still, though I would go with you anywhere, Aunt Burtle's friends would say there was a want of propriety in our being out the day after her death."

"It is only there," said Theo, gently. "In a few minutes the closed cab stood before the handsome Cemetery gates, and after the girls had left it, drew up at the edge of the road to await their return."

"I remember once," said Theo dreamily, "a young widow died, and we took her little girl—a tiny child—to the Rectory, till gentlemen should claim her, and when I came from the cottage where I'd been laying flowers on her mother's coffin, the child came creeping up to me, and asked me in a whisper, 'Is it nice in heaven?' I understood in a moment how when I was away some one told her I was gone to see her mother, and she knew her mother was in heaven. Angel, the very words are like a rest."

"There are better words for you, dear," Angel said, trying to rouse Theo to her ordinary mood, "for even now you can say your mother is on her way to you."

"I do say it—every minute."

"Rex thinks she has decided most wisely and kindly, Theo, and how good it was of Mr. Sterne to ride into Lancaster at once to telegraph. I am glad he is coming with Aunt Helen, and that they go to London. It is far wiser to go to Ouslow Square, as the funeral is to be there, and of course papa cannot arrive so soon as they can, to be there when Dr. Wade and Rex go with—the coffin, and the servants. And to think Aunt Helen will be there to receive us to-morrow night is so good a thought. You don't forget that we have to go by the earliest express train, Theo?"

"You mean that we ought to be at home preparing?"

"I think so, dear. You see," said Angel, as they walked round towards the gates again, "Hardy is rather confused to-day, and there are so many arrangements to make, and they may come again about the mourning, as they have to hurry so with what we need home to-night."

Both of the girls knew how good it was for them to be busy, and so they accepted very little aid from the maid who was accustomed to wait upon them, and did the chief of the packing themselves, in solitude and silence. Yet before the early October sunset all was done, and they went into the drawing-room together, for the first time since Mrs. Burtle had left it, on Theo's arm, the evening before. There was a cheerful fire, and they sat beside it, while below the shaded windows the carriage rolled past, as they rolled on other days; the loiterers in the garden laughed and read; and the scene before was gay and busy; the world going on its way unmoored by their sorrows. Presently Rex Derham came in and sat with them, soothingly, as

only a true, real friend can do, talking very little, they all understanding each other's silence. At first Theo was by far the most silent, but when at last Rex told her her step-father had sent another telegram, from Chester, to show that he and his wife were on their journey, and would certainly be in London before the arrival of the night train, and added warm words of praise for the thoughtfulness of his brother's friend, Theo rose a little in her chair and with her fingers locked together, as if that stilled or held the beating of her heart, she turned and spoke to Rex, as if she had forgotten Angel's presence.

"I think you have never heard how kind he was to me—and to my mother—once. A terrible thing happened in a church where he was reading the—"

"I know," put in Rex, with a deep sympathy that amounted to suffering.

"I did not understand all that he had done until afterwards," Theo went on in the same pained tone. "I know he came himself to London to spare us the trouble of hearing it, unsoftened and suddenly; but—the funeral had to be at night, and outside the consecrated—"

"My dear, we know all this," sobbed Angel.

"And he did this," went on the steady, piteous voice, "himself; telling us nothing, only taking one of—my father's clerks and his solicitor with him, because there were forms to be—"

"We know, dear," put in Angel once again; but Rex answered nothing, knowing now that the girl had some thing she would say, and it was kind to let her say it.

They had to identify the body. It was impossible to recognize it, because the shot had been fired so strangely that it made any recognition impossible—so purposely to destroy all recognition. And there was nothing left by which it was possible except the forgotten name, in the hat and gloves, and the two who knew him easily identified those. And they traced his journey from his office the evening before. It was not until afterwards that I heard about that village inquest. But Mr. Sterne was very kind, beyond all this. He told us of a home possible to us in his own pretty, peaceful little parish, where we might rest—mother and I. One thing, one sum given in charity, would have made this home ours, but when I asked this gift it was refused. Then somebody who owned this sum and no more—no more—and who loved us, came with it in her hands, and made me take it. It was Angel's gift, that home of ours; and can we ever repay her generosity, because she gave us all she had?"

"Oh, hush!" pleaded Angel. "It was repaid me long ago, and it was so natural; and I have been grateful to you ever since, Theo, for that one opportunity."

"You understand?" said Theo, wistfully questioning Rex. "You know how I owe my mother's happiness to Angel, and that if even my life were needed for her happiness, I would give it. You understand, Rex?"

For an instant he was silent, his chest heaving with suppressed emotion, as for the first time she called him by his Christian name. Then he only answered quietly, "I understand," for he could not understand that thought of his—Who would not have done what Angel did?"

Then he turned the conversation in his easy, natural way, and talked to them of Mrs. Burtle; recalling hours they had all spent together, just as if the old lady, who would never join in any of their pleasures again, had been the source and spring of their enjoyment always, and that her memory beautified the hours they talked of, and which had been so precious to him as they passed.

Very willingly and gratefully Angel followed this prompting, but Theo sat quite silent, listening intently to the voices, caring little for the words.

But when he rose to go, and Angel said, "It is but a short good-bye to Rex," Theo smiled and offered both her hands. "We never know," she said. "But for an hour, or a month, or a life-time, we use the same word good-bye!"

When he was gone, Angel looked wistfully round the gloomy room. "How empty the house feels now that he has gone, doesn't it?" she asked,

and then added:

"Theo, aren't you surprised that Mons. Le Marchand has not written or left a card to-day?"

"No."

"It looks strange, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Not—I don't like saying so, but—not as if all were open and honorable with him?"

"No."

The evening wore itself out at last. The girls had made a pretense of dining; then had wandered restlessly about the unlighted house, until Hardy lured them to tea, pouring it herself to make sure of their taking it, and not leaving them until they were sitting before a cheery fire, talking just as usual—she thought. It was Hardy, too, who came at last, in her blunt, motherly way, to disturb them.

"Now, Miss Theo, go to bed, please. There's a splendid fire in your bedroom, and yours, Miss Angel, and the gas is lit up, and you've got to be up untimely. Go now, do."

When they rose obediently to bid each other good-night, Theo took her cousin's face between her hands, and looked lovingly, yearningly into the blue eyes.

"What do you see, dear?" Angel questioned, with a smile.

"A life of happiness for you, and—many things. Angel, if you ever wonder over what I do, remember only—how I loved you."

"As if I ever could forget it, darling! How tired you look. Try to sleep. I'll come to your room myself in the morning, to see that you are awake in time."

"What do you mean, Hardy? What does it all mean?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The First Sign

Of falling health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weakness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.