

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1887.

No. 51.

## THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices. Notices for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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Office Hours, 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Mails made up as follows:

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Express west close at 10.35 a. m.  
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Kentville close at 7.30 p. m.  
Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

### PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.

### Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Fredrick Frigides, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH (Episcopal) Services next Sunday morning at 11 a. m., evening at 7 p. m. Canon Brock, U. D., President of King's College, will conduct the services.

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, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.  
J. K. Davison, Secretary.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION OF T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 100 o'clock.

## OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH

THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

—OR—

Every Description

DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND

PUNCTUALITY.

The ACADIAN will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

West's Pain King excels all other remedies in promptly curing dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, cholera morbus, and all diseases of the stomach and bowels. Price only 25c. All druggists.

## DIRECTORY

—OF THE—  
**Business Firms of**  
**WOLFVILLE**

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

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishings Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors, Blom Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Wholesale Dealer in Flour and Feed, Mowers, Rakes, &c., &c. N. B. Potatoes supplied in any quantity, barreled or by the car or vessel load.

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

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

CALDWELL & MURRAY.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GODFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods, Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KEELLY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

REDDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationery, Picture Frames, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plovers.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is 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.

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## Select Poetry.

BEYOND.

ELLA WHEELER.

It seemeth such a little way to me  
Across that strange country, the  
Beyond,  
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be  
The home of those of whom I am so  
fond;

They make themselves familiar and most dear,  
As journeying friends bring distant  
countries near.

So close it lies that, when my sight is clear,  
I think I see the glimmering strand;  
I know, I feel that those who've gone  
from here

Come near enough to touch my hand;  
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,  
We should find heaven right 'round us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread  
When from this dear earth I shall  
journey out  
To that still dearer country of the  
dead.

And join the lost ones so long dreamed  
about,  
I love this world, yet shall I love to go,  
And meet the friends who wait for me,  
I know.

And so for me there is no sting to death;  
And so the grave has lost its victory;  
It is but crossing with a luted breath,  
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,  
To find the loved ones waiting on the  
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More beautiful, more precious than  
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## Interesting Story.

RENEE.

(CONCLUDED.)

Meanwhile the two figures in front  
of us grew smaller and smaller. Self-  
engrossed they glanced back no more,  
and so passed out of sight.

I have blamed myself often as hav-  
ing been partly the cause of what after-  
wards occurred, though when I look  
back at it, I must suppose I was  
only an instrument in the Creator's  
hands. Still, if I had hurried my steps  
and we had all kept together, the  
moment of temptation might never have  
arrived.

Almost an hour's walk and no Renee;  
but presently we were called by a  
merry voice, and there were the two,  
sitting on a log which had drifted up  
against the hull of an old boat lying  
half buried in the sand.

"Why, you were going to pass us  
by, after all," she said, leaving Mr.  
Faunt's side and coming to her hus-  
band.

She leaned against him, looking out  
over the water. He was listening to  
me while I chattered away like a magpie,  
determined to retain his sole at-  
tention as long as she stood there.

I longed for Renee to move. I  
dreaded lest her husband should look  
at Guy; I wanted him to turn his back  
on us, if but for a moment, for a  
scarlet petal adhered to Mr. Faunt's  
black coat, and the flossers at Renee's  
throat were crushed and broken!

"Mr. Laurence," I said, "please get  
me that piece of seaweed there, at the  
edge of the water. You can easily  
reach it with your cane."

"With pleasure, Miss Martin," and  
he turned and walked across the beach.  
Then I brushed the crimson petal off,  
saying never a word.

Renee looked at me and started;  
instantly the little hands went up to  
the rounded throat, straightened the  
lace and drew its fulness over the poor  
bruised blossoms. I would not meet  
her eyes; I was choking, frightened,  
I felt as though I would sink through  
fear for her. I glanced at Mr. Faunt;  
one little frown stood between his  
brows and his face was white and set.

Just then Mr. Laurence returned  
with my weed. He looked comfortable  
and serene, now that he was with  
his wife. While she? Surely if there  
is such a thing as a demon of gaiety  
she possessed Renee that evening. She  
was as though she were intoxicated,  
mad, drunk with the draught she had  
tasted of a knowledge forbidden, alas!  
to her who belonged to another.

She and her husband walked ahead,  
he well pleased to see her gay; Guy  
and I followed after, both of us dead  
silent. I felt and knew "after this the  
deluge!" Something terrible was going  
to happen, and I could not avert it.

You have never been at the beach,  
have you? Well, out just beyond the  
breakers is the wreck of an old vessel  
and round it they catch shoals of fish.  
The fishermen go out every evening

## across the surf in their boats to draw in and again set their nets. We used to watch them and wonder that the huge waves did not swamp the frail things; but safely they went and safely they came.

This evening when we had reached  
a point just opposite the wreck all the  
boats had gone but one; this, a large  
one, with two strong men in it, was  
just about pushing off.

"Oh, stop!" cried Renee, "stop!  
We want to go out to the wreck and  
see you draw your lines. Is the boat  
large enough to hold us all, and will  
you row us over?"

The fishermen took off their caps  
and glanced at the fluttering white  
dress, the dainty hat. "For certain,  
miss, the boat can take you all, well as  
not; but the surf is runnin' high, and  
you'll be soaked through in them flimsy  
clothes."

"My love," remonstrated Mr. Laurence,  
"please do not go. Wait until  
to-morrow evening, when you can be  
clad more suitably."

"No, no, no, NO!" she said, as she  
drew away from his detaining hand.  
"I wish to go now. I like the surf to  
run high. I love the spray; it will  
not hurt me, for salt water does not  
give cold. Are you afraid?" a little  
scoffingly, for Mr. Laurence had never  
yet joined us in our boating excursions,  
of which we had had several.

He flushed faintly. "No," he said,  
"I am not. Go if you like, and I will  
come."

"Thanks, dear," and she patted his  
arm. "Miss Martin, won't you come  
with us?"

I dreaded that surf; I had always  
sailed on smooth water; this "riding  
the breakers" had no charm for me.  
But a kind of fascination was upon  
me; drawn by unseen hands I stepped  
into the boat.

Mr. Laurence still waited.  
"Get in, Bernard; I want to arrange  
this," said Renee, and he obeyed.

"Now, Guy, you. Let me assist  
you," and she held out her hand with  
a pretty, mock courtesy, and helped  
him into the boat.

Then she followed, taking her seat  
next to Mr. Faunt, who thus separated  
her from her husband.

The men pushed off. The radiance  
of the declining sun made the water  
sparkle in a golden glory.

Up and down, first on the crest of a  
wave, then in the trough of the sea.  
I was frightened at the water. I  
was horrified at the almost delirious  
happiness which spoke in every word  
and action of Renee—happiness that  
I knew sprang from a source which  
she should never have discovered. She  
talked incessantly; Guy Faunt, still  
pale, still with the frown between his  
brows, answered only in monosyllables.

Mr. Laurence alone seemed the same:  
urbane, smiling, pleased, anxious only  
when a wave would drench Renee with  
its spray. But she liked it. Her  
cheeks glowed with a fresh pink color,  
her eyes sparkled she was really glow-  
ingly beautiful.

Just then the sun sank to the edge  
of the horizon, sending out long, level  
rays of rose-color.

"Magnificent!" Renee exclaimed.  
"Look at the reflection on that wave!  
See the foam catch the light! O Guy,  
look, look!"

She rose to her feet as she spoke,  
standing upright in the boat, her ex-  
quisite figure outlined against the  
background of crimson light which  
bathed the sea in beauty.

It takes long to tell it, but it all hap-  
pened in a moment, just how I have  
hardly yet realized; but as she stood  
there, grand in her loveliness, the boat  
plunged downward into the trough  
between two waves.

Renee tottered. Mr. Laurence