

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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**WILSON, JAS.**—Harness Maker, is still in Wolffville 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.

SONG OF THE TYPES.

High above the silent street,  
Dark and lone, still burned the light;  
At his case, with stick in hand,  
Stood the printer through the night.

Fast he worked; the columns grew;  
And his hand scarce stopped to rest,  
But his fingers, though they seemed  
Careless, did the mind's behest.

Time flew on, for hours have wings;  
Chimed the bells the midnight hour,  
Yet before his case he stood,  
Forming words of endless power.

As he worked, to ease the brain  
Growing tired with ceaseless thought,  
Carelessly he hummed a tune,  
Or he whistled as he wrought:

Pick and click, pick and click,  
Go the types within the stick;  
Words and lines they grow,  
So the coral insect flows.

Grain on grain those fertile isles,  
From the depths below.

So he sang, as fast the types  
Clicked in sharper monotone;  
Thus the weary hours beguiled,  
While above the lights still shone:

Pick and click, pick and click,  
Grow the words within the stick,  
Golden, though of lead;  
Words to make a tyrant quake,  
Words that fortunes make or break  
When by statesmen read.

Down below, the watchman lone  
Paced his rounds with steady feet,  
Here and there belated ones  
Hurried down the silent street.

Up above the light still burned,  
Still the types clicked steadily,  
And the printer still sang on,  
Or a verse hummed carelessly:

Pick and click, pick and click,  
Sound the types within the stick;  
Quick and fast they go,  
Like the sands within the glass,  
Like the rivers as they pass  
In a steady flow.

And I stood apart and gazed,  
As with fingers deft he worked,  
Half amazed, and wondering,  
Where his curious power lurked.

But he heeded not, as still  
On his task his mind he bent,  
And he sang his curious song,  
While I listened rapt, intent:

Pick and click, pick and click,  
Full and heavy grows the stick,  
With the types that speak,  
Thus the nation grows in might;  
Thus o'er wrong is set the right;  
Thus grow strong the weak.

When the light of morning told  
That the day had shown its face,  
Laying down his stick, he left,  
With a weary look, his case.

And as down the stairs he went,  
Careless of his note or word,  
Thoughtlessly he hummed his tune,  
And the final bars I heard:

So the types a lesson teach,  
And we learn that we must reach  
Greater things through small;  
In the steady, rapid click  
Of the types within the stick,  
Is a song for all.

## Interesting Story.

## MISSING.

BY MARY OCEIL HAY.

## CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"Mother," said Theo, that night, very quietly, "if you say so, I will go. I see it is right. I cannot be missed here—well, for long, let me say; and—perhaps I grow too idle and too happy here."

"That is so possible to you, dear," the mother answered, laughing, though there were tears in her eyes. "But, Theo, we wish you to go, even beyond your grandmother's motives. You see so few people here, and it is scarcely fair to you, my child, with your beauty, and—"

The words were stopped by a long kiss. "Any reason will do, mother dear, if you only wish it. I can be spared. Oh, I know what you are going to say, but you are complete, you dear little family here, and I—shall come back."

"Angel deserves a young companion," Mrs. Sterne said, "though I always feel she is happy, enjoying what luxury your grandmother's life gives her; prettily, cheerfully appreciating a hundred indolent occupations that you would call wearisome. But she deserves to have you now. It will be good for you both, dear love, to have each other."

"And you," laughed Theo, a little hysterically, "will have each other here. So it is all arranged, is it? I—when am I to go, mother?"

"With Mr. Durham. He goes on to Edinburgh to-morrow, and returns in

a few days, when you will travel with him to Brighton. Your grandmother speaks most highly of him, and begs you will go in his charge. Do you like him, dear?"

"I think so."

Mr. Durham did not travel on to Edinburgh next day, though no one quite understood why. He chose to idle it away in Little Darben, in such a manner that by the morning after, when he really went northward, he had established a secure friendship with the rector's household. With the rector himself, who so much enjoyed chatting over Oxford days with a man whose opinions were fresh and thoughtful, and whose culture was deeper than his own. With Mrs. Sterne, to whom, while always courteous and attentive, he gave pleasant descriptions of the life her daughter would lead in Brighton; talked of Miss Sullivan's longing for her cousin; and (with perfect generosity, though frank indifference) of Mrs. Burtie's whims and ways. With the little girls, who owed a holiday to him, and were happily aware of a pleasant presence in the house. With the baby boy who found a good play-fellow, though one who would not bow down to the tiny ruler; and with Theo, herself, who, without wishing to understand why, felt the sunshine had never been so bright before that day. Next day he went northward, but the "few days" he had spoken of being away dissolved into four-and-twenty hours; and in the afternoon of the following day he returned to Little Darben to await Theo.

"I was so sure you would be packed, and longing to start," he said, addressing her so lightly that she laughed at herself for having fancied he had colored when they met so suddenly—so, of course, unexpectedly on his part—at the church-yard gate when she came from the choir practice that afternoon.

"I am in no haste," she said. "I hope you do not wish to go on to-day."

"Will you think me selfish if I say you may pack as slowly as ever you like, because Mr. Sterne has invited me to stay at the rectory until you leave with me?"

So until the fourth day the departure was postponed, from hour to hour, every one at the rectory dreading to part with Theo, and no hindrance being offered from the only one who was supposed to expedite it. Even then so more than one those days had flown by with strange swiftness.

"I should feel it so different, dear, if you were going alone," the mother said; when the farewell came at last. And Theo knew afterward how different it had been, for (sorrowful as it was to leave the dear ones and the happy home) her thoughts were pleasantly and skilfully turned from it during the journey, and when Angel Sullivan met her cousin at the Brighton station, and asked if the journey had not seemed very long, Theo looked wonderingly up at the clock.

"Nearly five," she said, "and we left at ten. Of course seven hours are very long."

"Miss Sullivan asked you what it seemed, not what it was," put in Mr. Durham as he walked beside the girls to the waiting carriage.

"There is no clock to remind me what it seemed," she answered, lightly "only what it was."

"Rex, you are coming with us, of course," cried Angel, in surprise, when he stepped back from the carriage-door. "Aunt Burtie will send me so if I don't bring you to dinner."

"I will come in presently," he said, lifting his hat.

"That is his thoughtfulness," said Angel, with a little effort at unconcern. "He knows I want you all to myself for a little bit."

"I want you for a large bit," laughed Theo. And so the talk drifted on to loving nonsense, and they both remembered afterwards that Rex Durham's name had not been mentioned until after a formal greeting Mrs. Burtie dismissed Theo.

"Now go and dress. Mr. Durham dines with us at seven. Have you any respectable things to wear here? Remember, Brighton just now is not like that village you've been living in."

"I generally looked respectable there,"

returned Theo, as she rose to go. "I have made my own dresses for years, and grown experienced now."

"Couldn't you pay a dressmaker," queried the old lady.

"Would I, do you think, while I owed money to my cousin? After that I had won the experience, and exhibited herself, in her frank, fearless way. "Will this dress do?"

"It was only a gown of Indian muslin, pale golden in its shade, and Theo had made it, and trimmed it with softly falling lace; but Mrs. Burtie, keenly examining it, concluded this was the one dress she had received perfect from the dressmaker's hands. She fixed her eyes rigidly on the beautiful crimson rose Theo had fastened at her throat, and successfully hid her overweening satisfaction in her granddaughter's striking and unusual beauty.

"It will do," she answered, curtly. "Buried as you have been, who taught you what would suit you?"

"We have not quite been buried," laughed Theo, turning the question aside because Mr. Durham had come in, and seemed even himself to be waiting for her answer.

Whatever such a lengthy dinner might have seemed to the girls if they had been alone with Mrs. Burtie, it was a pleasant, cheerful meal to them to-night, and neither questioned why it was so.

"As a rule, when you have no engagement for the evenings, you girls may walk on the pier after dinner," the old lady observed, as she rose to leave the dining-room, "I mean when Mr. Durham can escort you, or Hardy can be spared." (Hardy was Mrs. Burtie's very confidential middle-aged maid.) "But I suppose you are tired to-night, Theo."

"No, indeed," said Theo, with quiet-evident haste. "I am never tired of the sea."

"Then go. You have no fashionable wrap, I dare say, and it will be chilly on the pier, so ask Hardy for my sable cloak. If you are good, I shall get you seal-skins like Angel's."

"I have everything I need, thank you," said Theo, with a vivid blush. "Please let that be understood between us. I hoped you invited me because you had affection to offer me—not charity."

"We hear of another sort of charity, Miss Hurst," said Rex, softly, before he followed from the room, "that thinketh no evil."

For an instant the girl's eyes met his, brilliant in their anger; then suddenly they softened with a strange wastefulness, and fell before the standard gray ones.

"Angel," said Theo, when the little party were leaving the house in the dusk (Hardy pausing in the background), please lead the way, you and Mr. Durham. I want to walk with Hardy and pick up information."

"Why, Theo," whispered Angel, astonished, "Aunt Burtie never intends that."

"But I do. Please to lead the way."

Laughing at her cousin's whim, Miss Sullivan walked on at Mr. Durham's side, and Theo's gaze followed the two figures—the man's well-knit and tall, the girl's looking less small than usual in the long seal-skin which nearly covered her evening dress. Mrs. Hardy had enlightened her companion on the subject of her parentage, her rheumatism, her temperate habits, and her reason for choosing an honorable career of useful dependence before they paused at the gate-way of the pier for Hardy to show their tickets, and just within Angel and Mr. Durham stood waiting. But presently Mrs. Hardy, in all her innocence, separated them as they all walked in a line. She would like a walk, if she might be excused, she said. Miss Sullivan was so swift a walker.

"Let us go and secure a chair you like," said Mr. Durham, courteously. "I will come back to the young ladies."

"Oh, Angel, how pleasant it is!" cried Theo, when they were alone, her voice stirred by the intensity of a new unfeigned enjoyment. "I'm so glad we are together. It makes me feel so happy and so young. I feel like a girl, not a bit as if I were twenty-one."

"Terrific age," laughed Angel. "Your face to-night reminds me so of what Captain Leslie said about you on that night I saw him last. Do you often hear of him?"

"Never," said Theo, quickly. "Mother does."

"Fancy, Rex met him in Bombay. Rex travels very much, for though he is a barrister, he has a fortune of his own as well."

"How strange for him to know Jack!" said Theo, absently, conscious of an approaching figure.

"Yes; he told me so—not this evening, he was far too long in telling me of his first arrival at your home when he saw you making tea on the lawn."

"I saw her long before she made the tea," put in Mr. Durham, joining them at that moment. "I had my opportunity before she thought of me. Do you know, Angel," he continued, laughing, "your cousin had a cup awaiting me, and a seat. What do you think now of magnetic attraction?"

"You have a vivid remembrance of that tea," said Angel, merrily. "Do you remember it as distinctly, Theo?"

"That is not possible," Rex Durham said, with curious quietness.

"I remember it still more distinctly," Theo answered, the gas-lights on the pier being insufficient to betray her warm, swift blush. "I remember a stranger appropriating the stray cup we always provided for a passing wayfarer, and I remember that he had the cup filled many times, in fact—"

"A long, long draught, an outstretched hand, and crackers, toast and tea; they vanished from that stranger's

Like dew upon the sea."

Amid her laughter, Miss Sullivan gave a timid glance up in the young man's face, anxious to see the effect upon him of this audacity. But his answering glance reassured her very rapidly, and after that, all through the long pleasant hour they spent upon the pier, she had as little fear of Theo vexing him as if she could have seen the desire in the girl's heart.

"You don't look a bit tired, Theo. Have you enjoyed yourself so much?" she asked, with no uncertainty as to the reply, when she lingered in Theo's room that night.

"Oh, Angel, you know I did," Theo answered, pushing the soft tickle hair from her temples, wondering vaguely when it was that the hours first began to hold so much. "You know I did. You saw how ridiculously I betrayed my delight in it all. Yet I scarcely know what it was. The band, the lights, the people—why, if to-morrow I were going away from it all forever, instead of having just come, it could not more strangely and happily dwell with me. You understand? I have been wondering a good deal for the last few—lately, why it is that in great happiness all the words that we hear and say, even all the thoughts we think, grow indelible."

"You will have your memory thickly stored, then," Angel said, laughing, "for you will have better days than this, dear."

"Shall I?"

"I should think so, indeed, when you can only enumerate the lights and people, etc., not even mentioning Rex and me."

"Or Hardy," added Theo, gravely.

"And that reminds me, Theo, I never asked you how you liked Mr. Durham. Of course you do very much. I never really feared you would, though I was anxious."

"Anxious," echoed Theo, absently, as she stood opposite her cousin, her hands linked before her. "Why?"

"Because I like him so very much; and he—"

"Yes, Angel? And he?"

"And he—likes me."

"Who would not? But do you mean?"

"Don't ask me," cried Angel, throwing her arms suddenly round her cousin's neck and hiding her face against Theo's, "but I hope so, I

think so. Aunt Burtie thinks so; Hardy is sure so; and I—oh, Theo, is it unwomanly of me before he speaks? But—if it is not so, I think—my heart will—break."

"No," said Theo, softly, and folded her arms for one minute in a strange, strong way about her cousin; "hearts do not break—so easily."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## RENOUNCED.

If she could have gone home on that first night—so Theo often thought through the weeks that followed—there would be nothing to bear of this nameless, indescribable pain, against which she fought through every hour of every day.

If she could but go home! That was the girl's one longing now, and, paving the way for what she wished, she had told Angel, in Mr. Durham's presence, that she fancied she would soon be summoned home.

"I hope not," Rex Durham said, in his quiet, courteous way. "But it is a pleasant railway journey and I rather want to take it again, and to see my brother's friend in Little Darben; so I will time my journey with yours, Miss Hurst, and will wait there until you are ready to return to Brighton."

So Theo tore up the pleading little letter she had written to her mother. It was far, far better to stay with Angel than that she should go away if he were to go too; far better, though here it was so hard to escape him, and still harder to pass in his presence those long trying hours through which she must be so far from him in her restless, brave determination.

Keenly and painfully was she conscious how, in her presence, he would wait for her words whoever answered him, how impossible it was to her to avoid his glance; how her wishes were anticipated and her presence sought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SCROFULA

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will cure the 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, without success, until I used 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, 800 Albany, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Catarrh, and Salt-rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Miss Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

"You will have your memory thickly stored, then," Angel said, laughing, "for you will have better days than this,