

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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No. 17

## THE ACADIAN.

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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 in over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
DANIEL BROWN,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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## DIRECTORY

OF THE  
**Business Firms of WOLFVILLE**

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

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

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**DAVISON BROS.**—Printers and Publishers.

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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.

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.

### CARDS.

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Graduate of McGill University,

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Edin'r,

L. R. C. S. E., & L. M., Edin'r.

AND

**DR. G. H. DEWOLF, M. D.,**

M. B., C. M., & L. M., Edin'r.

Wolfville, Oct. 8th, 1886 3m pd

### Select Poetry.

A SONG OF REST.

O weary hands! that all the day  
Were set to labor hard and long,  
Now softly fall the shadows gray,  
The bells are rung for evening.  
An hour ago the golden sun  
Sank slowly down into the west;  
Poor, weary hands, your toil is done;  
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary feet! that many a mile  
Have trudged along a stony way,  
At last ye reach the traying stile;  
No longer fear to go astray.  
The gently bending, rustling trees  
Rock the young birds within the nest,  
And softly sings the quiet breeze;  
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary eyes! from which the tears  
Fell many a time like thunder rain—  
O weary heart! that through the years  
Beat with such bitter, restless pain,  
To-night forget the stormy strife,  
And know what Heaven will send its  
best.

Lay down the tangled web of life;  
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

—Florence Tyle.

### Interesting Story.

#### THE DOCTOR'S HOME.

(CONTINUED)

It was Ada who gave me the first idea of what was going on. Charlie had gone back to his regiment; but she was staying with me for a day or two. The twins had gone out fishing by themselves, and Polly and Ada and I were under the lime-tree in the garden.

It was a misty, gray-tinted day. The curve of sea that was visible from our garden was a dim, hazy blue. The boys would have good fishing, we said. Ada and I were sewing; but Polly was lying flat upon the grass, with her arms clasped over her head, and her eyes fixed on the boughs. Something ailed the child. She was white-faced and thin, and there was a look on her face that I could not understand.

I was looking at her, thinking this, when my little sister's face changed suddenly, and became more beautiful than I had ever seen it. I had heard nothing to cause those exquisite blushes, that wonderful bird-like awakening of happiness. There was the sound of a step in the lane—that was all. But Polly started up, and leant against the tree, playing with her hair; and a moment afterwards Vincent Castledean came into the garden.

"There are some flowers up at the Hall that I want to show you," his voice was for me, his eyes for Polly.

"Can't you make an effort to come, Miss Fannie? They are very rare. Thomson declares they will get any number of prizes."

No; I could not walk far, and there was a steep hill to climb to get to the Hall, and Ada was too delicate for much exertion; so Polly went away alone with him.

Vincent Castledean was a handsome man—very handsome. He had beautiful soft blue eyes that had a way of gazing pathetically at you, as if pleading for love.

I quite agreed with Ada when she said as much. But her next words came like a sharp trouble.

"He is so handsome, and Polly is so young. Do you think it wise to let her be so much together, Fanny? For they can never be married."

"Why?" I asked, in the first sharpness of surprise and distress. "There, Ada, I know your answer; but trust me, Polly understands. She will not give her heart where it will be counted as a trifle of no price. Of course they would never think of each other but as friends."

"Do you imagine Vincent Castledean is a man who would think of anything but his own pleasure? If it pleased him to make Polly fall in love with him, wouldn't he do it?"

"How absurd!" I exclaimed, angry with Ada for the thought she had suggested.

But I determined to speak to Polly. We had never had any secrets from each other, and I felt pretty sure of getting the truth from her.

The twins and Polly came back together. They had had tea up at the Hall; and I learned then for the first time, that Florence had been out fishing with the boys.

I was uncomfortable. The influence of our two new friends was not peaceful

at any rate. Harry and Tom were white and excited that evening. They did what I never remembered before—they quarrelled with each other.

It was a fierce dispute about something concerning wind and tide; but there was a look of Cain in Harry's eyes as he kept at Tom. I managed to get the dispute from going farther than words; but the boys would not look at each other for the rest of the evening, and sat in different parts of the room, with haggard, miserable faces that made my heart ache.

Polly came into my room that night, looking very ghostly in her white dressing-gown.

"Harry has gone out upon the sands," she said catching hold of my hands in a frightened, pitiful way. "Oh, Fanny, this is terrible!"

"What is it?" I asked. "What is the matter with the boys to-night?"

"It is Florence Castledean. She is driving them mad with her pretty face. They are both in love with her, and she likes it. I wish they had never come here. I wish—"

"Polly, tell me truly!" I exclaimed, determined to know all the truth at once. "Isn't it worse than you have said? Has not Vincent fallen in love with you?"

"Oh, no, no!" she said, in pitiful humility. "He couldn't fall in love me. We ought never to have known them!"

"But you love him? Tell your sister, Polly. Do not let us spoil our lives with secrets?"

"Poor little Polly!" I said. "Oh, I love him dearly! But I shall get over it. I know how far he is above me. In a month or two I shall have forgotten him, for he is going away."

Poor little Polly, clinging to me, and speaking so pitifully, with quivering lips.

"He shall never see you again! He is a cruel, wicked man?" I cried.

"No; it wasn't his fault. How did he know I was so silly?"

And she broke down in a passion of angry tears.

I soothed her and kissed her, and saw her safe in bed, and then—ah, our childish days were all over—home would never be home again—I went down to Tom.

The Doctor was in his study, and the boy sat alone in the drawing-room with his head on his hands.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" I asked, as cheerfully as I could.

But I could get no answer. I knelt down beside him, and tried to see his face; but he pushed me angrily away, and got up and left the room, slamming the door willy behind him.

Harry did not come in till past midnight. Oh, it was hard to think the twins had quarrelled! Such close friends they had always been—never a word between them till now!

Next day rain was falling softly everywhere. It was a miserable day. Tom and Harry avoided each other, and so came to no open quarrel. Polly had a troublesome headache.

moment. "It is my last evening too. I am going up to London to-morrow."

"Come in! Certainly! But wear out of all sorts to-day. Polly is ill."

His face flushed warmly. I could not help seeing that.

"Not really ill?"

"She has one of her dreadful headaches."

"He did not say any more for a moment, but stood tapping his boot with his cane."

"Is your sister going too?" I asked.

"Yes—no. That is, she is going up in a day or two. She will call and bid you good-bye to-morrow. But I have business which I must see about at once. I hope Doctor Achery is well?"

A pleasant conversation we were having. We both felt extremely awkward and confused, I think, and I was thankful when he shook hands and went away.

The Doctor was late for dinner, and it was deep dusk when the meal was over. The twins never spoke a word to anybody. Oh, my darlings, shall I ever forget that last night? Can I ever forgive the woman who worked such woe for us?"

Ada had gone to her room very early. She was getting very frail and delicate; for it was the beginning of the end for her. My head was aching, too; so, when I had poured out a cup of tea for Polly, I told the twins that I should not come down-stairs again. They were sitting opposite to each other, and I kissed them both, first Tom and then Harry. I thought perhaps that, if I left them both together, they might make up their quarrel. Heaven only knows whether they did.

I left them together, sitting opposite to each other, Tom leaning his head upon his hand, Harry staring drearily in front of him with wide-open, miserable eyes.

I remember, oh, how well I remember that night, if the door, and looking at them!

"Good-night, dears," I said. And they both answered,—

"Good night!"

I had Polly's cup of tea in my hand, and I went up to her room. I knocked and knocked, but no answer came; and then I went in. Polly was not there; but our little maid-servant was in the room, and appeared to be very frightened at my sudden entrance.

"Miss Polly will be back directly; she has just gone out for a breath of air, miss."

"Nonsense! You know more than that. Tell me about it directly!"

"I got the truth then."

"Oh, Mr. Castledean was going away, and he wanted to see Miss Polly; and she has just gone down to the garden-gate to say 'Good-bye!'"

No sound, no cry came from Polly's room—not the slightest movement could I hear.

Polly told me afterwards that she had a consciousness of my near presence all night. In the gray of the early dawn, just as the note of the first awakened bird sounded through the stillness, she opened her door. I rose up to meet her, and she threw her arms around me, and drew me into the room. She did not speak; she only clung to me with the full eloquent look of affection in her eyes.

We sat down on the window-seat, Polly resting in my arms, with her face on my shoulder, and her tender clasp about my neck. We never spoke a word, but sat there while the birds all woke up and sang loudly and shrilly through the dewy air, and the freshness and stillness of dawn passed into the busy stir and sunny radiance of morning.

The east had reddened and paled again, and the sun was up over the garden trees, and day had come fully to us, when Polly slipped from my arms, and stood erect on the floor.

"What an exquisite morning," she remarked, in her bright tones—

"We'll make the twins take us out to Hartland Point, Fan, and have a jolly day."

"So we will!" I answered, following up the suggestion at once, only too willing to count the past as nothing; and I sat by the window and chatted on common things, while Polly changed her dress and fastened up her hair.

"I shall wear my hair up," she said, putting her head on one side to observe the effect. "I am going to have done with childish things."

The twins did not come in to breakfast; but I did not feel uneasy. They were always very irregular in their meals.

About the middle of the morning Florence Castledean called to bid us good-bye. A Polly was the coolest of us all. I fancied Florence was struggling with some strong emotion, though she tried to behave as usual.

We parted like simple acquaintances. She murmured some indistinct wish about hoping to see us again; but I made no answer. I could only pray that I might never look on her fair, false face again.

She had not been gone a minute or two when I had another visitor.

At the bottom of the lane there was a small cottage, which was inhabited by an old woman who got her living by knitting. We were good friends, and I often went to see her; but it was rare indeed that she came to us. I went out to meet her in the garden path, and helped her to a seat under the trees, for she would not come into the house.

"My talk's to you, Miss Fannie. Where's Master Harry?"

"Not come in yet. Do you want him?"

The old woman laid her shrivelled hand upon mine.

"Pray Heaven he comes in safe! There was a look on his dear face that meant death this morn."

And then with faltering breath she told me her story.

Knitting by her door that morning she had seen Harry and Florence Castledean meet just beyond her gate. They talked a long while—she could not rightly hear what they talked about—and at last Florence walked on a step or two, and Harry followed her.

"Heaven will punish you for this!" she heard him say—and I knew how Harry must have said it, with what tone of voice and expression of face.



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