

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1887.

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## THE ACADIAN.

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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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 transfer of 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.

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

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

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For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A. M.

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**Churches.**

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Rev. R. L. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 A. 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 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2:30 P. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 8:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

**METHODIST CHURCH**—Rev. J. A. Smith, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

**St. JOHN'S CHURCH** (Episcopal), Services on Monday evening at 7:15, evening at 7. Mr. J. W. Fullerton of King's College, is Curate.

**St. FRANCIS (R. C.)**—Rev. T. M. Daly, F. P.—Mass 11:00 A. M. the last Sunday of each month.

**Masonic.**

**St. GEORGES LODGE, F. & A. M.**, meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

**Oddfellows.**

**"OPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F.**, meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

**Temperance.**

**WOLFVILLE DIVISION** of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

**ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T.**, meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

**OUR JOB ROOM**

IS SUPPLIED WITH

THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

**JOB PRINTING**

—OF—

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.

## 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' Furnishing Goods.

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

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

**BISHOP, JOHNSON H.**—Wholesale Dealer in Flour and Feed, Mowers, Rakes, &c., N. B. Potatoes supplied in any quantity, bartered 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 and Shoes, Furniture, etc.

**DAVISON, J. P.**—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.

**GOFFREY, L. P.**—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

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

**HERBIN, J. P.**—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

**HOCKING, W. J.**—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

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

**MONTYRE 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.

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

**ROCKWELL & CO.**—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, 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 Flows.

**SHAW, J. M.**—Barber and Tobaccoist.

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

**WITTER, BURPEE**—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, and Gents' Furnishings.

**WILSON, JAS.**—Hames 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.**

**JOHN W. WALLACE,**  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,  
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.  
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.  
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**J. F. HERBIN,**  
Next door to Post Office.  
Small articles SILVERPLATED.

**NO MORE PILLS!**

MOTHERS LINE IT!  
CHILDREN LINE IT!  
It is the only medicine for  
BILIOUSNESS, COLIC,  
LIVER COMPLAINT,  
BILIOUS DISORDERS,  
Acid Stomach, Dyspepsia,  
LOSS OF APPETITE,  
SICK HEADACHE,  
CONSTIPATION ON COURSE.

PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

**Agents Wanted!**

To sell the NEW HOME PARALLEL RULE—the best published. Splendid opportunity for the right man. Write for particulars. Address—  
**C. F. RATHBUN,**  
Horton Landing, King's Co.

## Select Poetry.

**A FOREST DREAM.**

Bare and gaunt the forest standeth,  
Reaching out so wide and high;  
As if mutely supplicating,  
Mercy of an angry sky.

Oh! such hollow, wailing voices  
From the forest aisles arise;  
As if lonely forest phantoms  
Mourn the loss of summer's smiles.

I have sought the dim, old forest,  
And its still familiar ways;  
Frozen streams, dark dens and bowers,  
Dear to me in childhood's days.

All is silent, and forsaken,  
Leaf and flower lie cold and dead;  
Mute appealing to the memory,  
Telling of a day that's fled!

I have known, when summer's mantle,  
Fair and sweet, as poet's dream,  
Cover'd in a will profusion  
These old haunts with rustling green.

Then the forest aisles were merry  
With melody the song-birds made;  
And its gentle echoes follow'd  
Every stream, and fragrant gale.

Then I sang with boyhood's rapture,  
Leapt, and shouted in the dell;  
Till the golden hush of sunset  
With its silent shadows fell.

Over the hills, that wrapt in dreaming  
Watch'd the moonrise on the sea,  
Where the wavelets danc'd and mur-  
mured low and mysteriously.

Life was one long dream of gladness,  
All the years have brought deep sadness;  
Summer's merrid in winter's gray,  
And I wander, lone and weary,  
Grieving o'er the faded past;  
As the snowflakes flit around me  
Borne upon the wintry blast.

**Interesting Story.**

**The Boys at Dr. Murray's.**

**CHAPTER XX.—Continued.**

Here Mr. Howth interposed.

"Boys," he said, "allow me to say a word. You're both so firm that I fear a quarrel. Westery, it seems to me that Will's favor is but just and right, and worthy of acceptance. I think I know how you feel upon the subject; but you must remember that there are times when it becomes more to accept graciously, than to decline. Remember, you have had Will under obligation almost numberless times, and if it comes to that, I think it but fair that you give him an opportunity to repay a trifle of the debt. What think you?"

Grant was silent.

"Silence gives consent!" cried Will; "do you mean 'yes'?"

Westery was still silent, having something of a struggle with his spirit, that naturally rebelled against being dependent upon his friend.

"Alas! what a stubborn fellow. Do Grant, do give up, and oblige me for once! Say 'yes'."

And finally Grant pronounced the little word.

"O, joy!" cried Will, "and you shall never regret it as long as you live. And will he be so happy!"

And the next morning a letter went hurrying to the shore, where a great steamer bore it towards the tropics. And later in the day, Mr. Howth, and Will, and Grant rode to Willowvale, to see the invalid's old friend, Mrs. Fields.

**CHAPTER XXI.**

**HAPPY REARTS.**

On one of the brightest and fairest of the May-days, a letter came back from Havana. Will was in Grant's room when it came, and looked anxiously over his shoulder while he read:

HAVANA, May 12, 18—

MY DEAR GRANT: I received your hurried letter in due time. I can't tell you what a load is taken off my heart by its welcome contents. If you can finish your school-course, I shall feel that my loss was but a trifle, for with an education, and your willing hands, you need never lack employment. Give my warmest and most grateful thanks to that dear friend of yours, and tell him that he has lifted a great load off an old man's heart. You speak of coming to aid me. Don't think of it. Embrace this opportunity, finish your course, and then it will be soon enough to plan. Meanwhile, I shall go into the interior for a while, to see what can be done in the way of business. Go to your studies with good heart again, and write to me when you are obliged to stop, as the steamer's mail is about to be closed.

Yours,  
WILLIAM WALLACE.

"Capital!" cried Will, who finished the missive quite as soon as Grant,—"that's what I call good sensible advice. Now let's go and tell the Doctor, and you can go on with your studies to-morrow."

Through the wide-open window, the

fresh, glowing, radiant, in the wide-open Bible on its rack by his side,—in his own heart, even, the man read, and seemed to hear—

"Blessed are the merciful: blessed is that heart which overflows with love and kindness for frail fellow-mortals! that seeks to raise up instead of cast down; that loves, and cheers, and gladdens all around with the warmth of its own sunshine!"

And the wise but foolish man said, "Amen! would that I had always done it."

Toward night fall of the day, Mr. Howth came to the study to inform the Doctor that he was about to leave the Institute, as his nephew wished a short vacation before entering upon school duties again.

"We thank you, sir," he said, "for all your kindness and hospitality, and here is that which will remunerate you for your trouble, and the expense which Will has been to you;" and he handed the Doctor a roll of bills, which were accepted graciously.

"And you are not disappointed in him?" asked the LL. D.

"No," said the uncle, "Will is a good-hearted boy. He's very dear to me." And that was all the Doctor found out about it.

And, just as the sun was sinking, the carriage that was to bear Will and his uncle to the depot, came, and the happy two started for Castleton. All the golden west, without a trace of cloud or shadow, lay before them; and to Will it seemed like a fair picture of the life which lay before him,—tranquil, and shadowless of sorrow, and golden with the happiness that apparently must brim the years and make them marvellously pleasant. Was not God good? Had He not brimmed his cup with blessings, even when he had almost forgotten—yes, quite forgotten that the good Father was guiding and overruling all? A full, grateful heart kept the boy quite silent as they whirled along the cool, shady avenue that led to the city. And to another, standing upon the stone steps, and watching the fast-disappearing vehicle as it rolled toward the purple mist which hovered between them and the city, the thoughts came—

"I wonder what I ever did to merit all this kindness?—to make them so grateful, and everybody so kind, and the whole earth so full of happiness?"

The oak rustled in all their branches, and loved themselves with sunset gold, but gave no answer. The soft, dusky twilight shadows settled gently down over all, but he stood there musing.

"I don't deserve it," he said; "it's not my merit, nor my right to have it! It's because God is so good, and so merciful, and so full of love for us."

And when the purple mist had faded to grey, and the great sunset-fires had gone out, Grant went in.

**CHAPTER XXII.**

**RIPLEY'S PLAN.**

The next day, Grant went back into the school-room. The boys welcomed him with many an expression of joy and delight.

"It seems like old times," said Dick Wells, as the two stood together at one of the sunny windows during recess,—like the pleasant old times when everything was running smoothly, and Will was one of us, and all the disagreeable things which have happened were in the future."

"I'm glad they're past now," said Grant, thoughtfully, looking out, "but they brought some good in their train."

"Do you think so?" said Dick, drumming on the window-pane; "how do you make that out? Wasn't there more bad than good about all those troubles?"

Grant smiled, saying—

"The quarrel between Ned and Will was bad, to be sure, and it brought a great train of troubles with it; but, after all, it was not without some good. It made the boys love and respect Will, in the end, and I'm not sure but that long sickness made us all better,—kindlier and more forgiving, and readier to help each other with our trials."

Dick nodded assent, as if it was true in his case, and said—

"Westery, the strangest thing of all

was Will's helping you out with your difficulty. I never should have believed it of him. I didn't know that he was made of such stuff. I wronged him! But did he have to make any sacrifice? or did that rich uncle give it to him out and out?"

Grant's brow clouded over with a shadow at this.

"I don't know," he said slowly; "Will wouldn't tell me! But I suspect that he had to give up the home-stead—the old home where he was born—in order to keep me here. It was too bad! I almost wish I had never accepted; but he made me."

Dick whistled softly,—a habit of his when surprised.

"It's learnt me one thing," he said, frankly; "not to pass judgment on anybody too soon. There's no knowing what they'll do before all's over!"

"Judge not that ye be not judged," said Grant, smiling.

"That's what Hawley North's always saying," said Dick;—"you two are something alike. But do you hear that? The bell's ringing, and, if you'll believe me, we've spent every minute of recess at this window! Who'd 'a' thought it?"

It was something of a sacrifice for Grant Westery (it cost him a struggle, too) to take his place in the class as second in rank,—he, who had won the first place by a hard contest, and retained it only by close study and application.

And Ned Hall, as the class rose for recitations, felt awkward and constrained. He secretly wished himself back in his old place, and Grant at the head, as of old. The honor brought him no real pleasure. He was all the time coveting his friend's cool face and manner.

The fair spring weather reached its height.

The days were soft, and warm, and beautiful. The great hall-door was always open nowadays, to let in the clear, sweet air, and balmy breezes. The Doctor's boys cast wistful glances daily and hourly at the fresh-robed meadows that looked to be such capital places for games, and leaping-matches, and all the sports which boys delight in.

The rainy air and the inviting fields were always tempting them to play truant. They were all out in the Institute-yard one evening after supper,—gathered here and there in little groups under the trees, or leaning idly over the iron fence as wistfully at the forbidden ground. Harry Ridley and his friend Casey stood under one of the big elms, both the boys looking discontentedly city-ward.

"I wonder," the rich man's son was saying, "what's the use of a pony if one can't use him?"

"No good, of course," said Casey, in a tone not calculated to inspire content.

"Then I'm just going to write to father to have him sent home. He don't do me the least bit of good here, Dr. Simeon won't even let me ride the length of this avenue on his back. It's shameful! He keeps us mewed up like pigeons in a cage. O, how I'd like to gallop down to the city! It's too bad! Diamond kicking away the time in the stable, and I not allowed to ride on him!"

Tom Casey allowed his friend to spend some of his indignation in impatient kicks upon the trunk of the old elm which towered over them, then said quietly—

"I shouldn't stand it if I were you, Harry."

"Why, what would you do?" said Ripley, with wide-open eyes; "the Doctor won't let us leave the yard except by special permission, and that I can never get him to grant me. I don't see."

"O, course you don't!" said Casey, interrupting; "I always have to put ideas into your head. Now what I was going to say, was, that if I were you, I'd go without the Doctor's permission."

"And get expelled!" said Harry, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Yes! if you're such a fool as to let the LL. D. know it."

The two were such firm friends that Casey was not always respectful; and Harry Ripley was weak enough to admire the cunning, and craftiness, and low breeding of his friend.

"Well, how would you do it?" after

the two had been silent a little space.

"Why," said Tom, "I'd get permission to go down to the city some of these nights after books and papers,—you can get a pass for that, easily,—and then when I come back, I'd stop at the stables where you keep Diamond, and bribe the hostler to saddle him, and lead him up here some of these nights,—he'll do it for a quarter,—and then the rest is easy enough."

"How?" said Ripley.

"O, pshaw! don't you see? You can have him 't a little way down the avenue, and then slip out of the crowd,—nobody'll miss you,—and ride over to the city, or into the country, wherever you please, and as long as you like,—provided you don't stay out too late."

"Glorious!" cried Harry, enthusiastically; "I'll do it! I wonder I never thought of it before."

"Well, when will you do it?" said Casey.

"Now!—to-night! But no, it's too late. I'll go down to the city to-morrow night, though; and then the night after! O, Diamond, what a good ride we'll have together!"

"Come, don't be silly," said Casey, "your plan may fail, or something prevent. There's no telling. Perhaps the hostler will be too busy, or something."

"But money will tempt him—I'll give any sum if he'll do as I want him to, and keep silent about it. O, there'll be no trouble about that," said Harry, confidently.

Casey walked away to a group of story-tellers, and left his friend leaning against the old elm. The stars were just beginning to twinkle through the soft haze that was in the sky. The city towers and steeples showed dimly against the faint amber glory that hovered in the West. In fancy, the boy was already preening himself along the avenue that ran to the city, exulting in the pleasure that Diamond was to give to him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

**Cured**

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and see as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Goss, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three years ago I was on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and

**By Taking**

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendall T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she now looks steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. K. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla,**

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1, six bottles, \$5.

## BEST ON EARTH

**SURPRISE SOAP**

THE GREAT T-SHIRT WASH TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality of the soap is guaranteed. It is made of the purest materials, and is free from all impurities. It is the best soap for all purposes, and is sold by all druggists and grocers.