

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII.

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No. 7

## THE ACADIAN.

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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.

New 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  
DAVISON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

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

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

MONTYRE A.—Boot and Shoe Maker and Repairer.

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

DATRIQUIN, 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, 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 Plows.

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.

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

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, F. R.—Mass 11:00 a. m. 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. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

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

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Wednesday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 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.

West's Pain King, will never disappoint you. It is always ready and cuts but size. It is indeed a friend in need. Purchase a bottle at your drug store, and you will never be without it. It cures cholera and all bowel difficulties.

## 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., &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-Shoe 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.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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

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

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

HEBBIN, J. E.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

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## Select Poetry.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
That this life is but a dream,  
When a girl who weighs one hundred,  
Gets outside a quart of cream—  
And then wants more.

Life is real! and girls are earnest!  
If they can't get what they like—  
Taffy, cream, and kindred goodies,  
They will organize a strike,  
Of this we're sure.

With enjoyment still there's sorrow,  
At the end of every day;  
For there always comes a morrow,  
When there's ice cream bills to pay.  
And that is where it jars.

Summer's long, and money fleeting,  
But our hearts though stout and brave,  
Still are wondering 'twixt each meeting,  
How for ice cream cash to save,  
And still have our cigars.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
Be a hero in the strife,  
Treat the pretty girls, for that'll  
Please your dear, devoted wife.  
Better than if you bought her some.

Trust no girl, however pleasant,  
With one plate to be content;  
She'll eat until her lover hasn't  
To his name another cent;  
And then shake him.

Lives of such girls all remind us,  
As we float a-down the stream,  
That the boys who come behind us,  
Will have to pay for lots of cream.  
N. S. T.

Ice cream, that perhaps a sister,  
Travelling through the pelting rain,  
Walked her feet into a blister,  
That she might her share obtain.  
Pass it along.

Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
But never let us go a-wooing,  
Girls who want another plate.  
This ends the song.

Interesting Story.

MISSING.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

(CONTINUED.)

Yet when, a few days afterwards, his information was needed, he could exactly describe the gentleman who stood opposite him at his lighted stall. "I couldn't guess his age," he said in conclusion, "for those close-cropped, fair men, with no hair on their lips or their cheeks, are hard to guess; and when I say he looked thirty, I know that forty may be nearer the mark. He was a gentleman, I saw that, and very pale; but he looked more so if the paleness belonged to him than as if it had just come. What I noticed most was his gloves. Few of my customers come in cream-colored gloves with brown silk workings. Yes, these are the gloves. And his hat was a tip-topper. It had never been shined up, and I knew the man who bought it would never look twice at a couple of guineas."

"Fine night, sir."

The observation came from over the shoulder of the gentleman who had so quietly come up beneath the huge umbrella, and he answered it, almost as if relieved to speak at last, even to this unwholesome-looking object.

"Hungry, sir?" inquired the persistent vagabond, with a friendly (and possibly interested) curiosity. Not, sir? in infinite astonishment, pushing back the worn fur cap upon his head. "Then, maybe you've had something since morning."

The remark was scarcely worth pondering, yet it threw Theodore Hurst into a long thought. When had he eaten last? He remembered trying at breakfast time, when his little girl sat opposite him, talking to him, and wondering over his silence. He remembered taking one of his creditors to lunch, recklessly ordering the rarest dishes, and laughing and talking ceaselessly; but he could not remember that he had really eaten throughout the day. Again he abruptly broke the thread of thought.

"Can you drink a cup of coffee?" he asked the gaunt and haggard fellow beside him.

"Can I drink a cup of coffee? It's repeated, cheerfully. "You stand treat, and you'll see."

With a sensation of dull relief, the gentleman who stood treat did indeed see; and while he saw, he listened patiently to an unceasing glib harangue.

"If you'd just come out of The Tench," the man said, breaking off at last, "you'd enjoy this intoxicating liquor, my pet."

"You have been in prison, then?" questioned Mr Hurst, with a long, grave look into the man's wan humorous face.

"Just a few times, my dear. Pr'aps," with an indescribable contortion of one eyelid, "I'd better say just a few scores 'o' times. I've tried 'em all as matter o' conscience, and they're all their faults; but give me Coldbath Fields."

"You have tried them all?" reiterated his listener, with no smile for the terms of exclamation. "You must be an honest fellow."

"I don't deny it, my pet. Bread and butter? Thanky. There's no better in the city. Yes," he went on, with the evident intention of making things fair by entertaining his entertainer, "they take care of ye in Coldbath Fields. Worst is, there ain't much difference in the tread-mill, go where you may. Up we go." As he spoke he turned aside, and pulling his old fur cap over his eyes, stamped with slow, measured tread, warning to the familiar prison step, like an old hunter roused by the cry of the bounds; while a policeman, who had been slowly passing, stopped to watch.

"There we go. Twenty minutes of it at a time, my pet, and then they give ye a Bible to rest ye. Bless ye, after twenty minutes of that yer eyes are dropping out of yer head, and sleep's the thing ye want. Another cap? Well, I won't say so, my dear, and say the way it is to take it without bread and butter, as ye meant to say, Thanky. I've not had a cheerful supper since I took up my last profession. Cab, sir?" The last two words were uttered in a startlingly different tone—the professional tone of the professional cab touter.

"Do you mean to say you earn a living by cadding for cabs here—and at night?"

"Yes, my dear. I'm shy in the daytime. I was born shy, and I can't get over it. At night I feel manly, and the night air's recommended me. At night I'm a busy and successful chap, and the pedlers touch their hats to me, and give me their advice about 'laving my money. Going, my dear? Shake hands."

Not many days afterward the old jail-bird recalled this unaccounted request, and with a very meaning laugh and shrug looked down upon his dirty hand. Mr Hurst's white hands threaded the ugly southern streets, recrossed the river by Blackfriars Bridge, and walked along the Embankment. Here, too, every seat was occupied, but the sleepers were not now all men and boys. The greater number here were women, and Theodore Hurst caught himself glancing with unconscious scrutiny into each sleeping face, for there were young girls so nearly the age of his own child that momentarily he lost the stern self-suppression of this night. Could women bear the burden and heat of the day only to earn such nights as these? Could such sleep refresh or fit them for the morrow's toil? He had come within the shadow of St. Stephen's before he found one recumbent; then he threw himself upon it, wearily, yet with every power wide awake. "As a boy," he said to himself, presently, "I saw the sun rise once from here—as a boy when I knew Wordsworth's sonnet, and came here to enjoy it. Ridiculous! How can the river be flowing at its own sweet will 'twixt these walls and buildings? Ridiculous! Yet, just for this once, I will see the sun rise again."

"What a fool he was to talk so much about prisons! and to want to shake hands with me!"

The hours went on, and most of the homeless on the river bank slept undisturbed even by the loud clamorous chiming from the Westminster tower, though, with a shiver, they awoke in that cold meeting of the dying night and new-born day. But the man who sat alone upon the most western seat neither slept nor stirred, but looked before him with wide-open, watchful eyes, until the sun appeared, red and round, above the chimneys opposite. Higher and higher it rose, its hue fading every moment now, until it was pale and vague and high above the roofs.

"Who would believe," thought Mr Hurst, watching it still, "how, presently, it will scorch and burn and kill?"

Then he rose, and tilting his hat upon his eyes, gave one backward glance along the Embankment. A group of men with picks upon their shoulders were already coming to work upon the road, and (come languidly, some with brisk resolution) those who had spent their night beside the river were rising to go to the day's work.

"Before it sets," he said, with a swift movement of his eyes, not past the sun, but its reflection in the water, "all London will know." Then, without another backward glance, he set his face westward.

As hour later, while his own sleepy servants were opening the shutters of his handsome home in Lancaster Gate, and all the world was opening its eyes to the gift of another summer day, he walked into the Great Western terminus, and, strolling down the platform, addressed one of the officials he met, coolly, and with the air of a man accustomed to receive service.

"Get me a ticket, will you? Which is the down train?"

"This, sir. Very slow train. A ticket where to?"

"To—Get me a first-class for Liverpool, and I can get out where I please."

"Return, sir?"

"Return?" Mr Hurst repeated the word, as if pondering, but the man saw the color rise oddly in his face. "No, not return, I think."

He took from his waistcoat pocket a couple of sovereigns, and the man wondered seeing gold carried so loosely, and no purse forthcoming. When he brought the ticket and the change, the gentleman on whom he had so willingly waited looked down quizzically upon the eleven shillings in the man's palm.

"You'd better keep it," he said.

Rather deprecatingly the man closed his fingers upon the silver, and with obsequious briskness opened the door of an empty first-class carriage, closing it with a very demonstrative purpose of preventing intruders upon this gentleman passenger. And the passenger sat with folded arms until the train had left the station, then, with a sigh of relief, took off his hat, and lying back against the cushions, fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE COUNTRY.

While the slow third-class train for Liverpool stood in one of the quiet village stations, still half an hour's journey from the great seaport, a gentleman left one of the first-class carriages and with a swift resolute air, walked through the little station out into the road, giving up to the ticket-collector, who had stopped him, a ticket for Liverpool. Then he walked on down a narrow shadowy lane, into one of the prettiest valleys England boasts. He walked with a restless and unequal step, but yet with an evident purpose in view; and now and then as he walked he took off his hat and carried it, lifting his head to meet the languid summer breeze. Without glancing about him, he passed presently through a straggling village. A group of children chattering merrily as they ran out from the schoolhouse, separated silently when they came upon him, and let him go well upon his way before they followed. Two men, talking at the door of the village inn, touched their hats to him involuntarily; but they stopped their discussion, and looked after him with an unaccountable and uncomfortable interest. A woman at her cottage door gave him a prompt "Good day, sir," but turned into her cottage, without waiting for a possible reply, not noticing that her son's invalided sheep dog, which had been lying outside the cottage in the sun, had crept in after her, and stood now facing the door, with wide, pathetic eyes. Close to this cottage a field path led across the meadows to the village church, and here the solitary traveler paused, looking along it to the gray tower, square and still among the tremulous trees. As he stood so, the sweet June silence was broken by a tolling bell. One by one the sad clear notes rang out, and the listener started back a moment, and lifted his hand to his head. When was it that he had heard that note before? Not from this spot, though; it was unbearable from here. With slow, uncertain fingers he unlatched the gate, closed it noiselessly behind him, and went on along the

narrow path, while the sad single note grew louder every minute now, until they seemed to deafen him when he walked softly through the churchyard and stood within the shadow of the porch. The heavy door was set wide open, and he entered the door almost unconsciously. It was so strange—like the reality of a dream which never strikes the dreamer as unreal—so find the church hung with black, and solemn music filling it; and almost as if he acted unconsciously, he quietly entered a deep, square pew close to the door. The sides of the pew were high enough to screen him from the sight of anyone, as he sat with his arms folded and his head bent upon his chest, while the slow, solemn notes of the organ and the singers died, and a speaker's words fell gravely on the stillness. On this man's ear they fell vaguely, scarcely comprehended, and yet they clung to him and re-echoed for a brief while, even when at last the voice ceased and there was a silence in the church—after that hushed tread of the slow, sad procession leaving it with their shrouded burden.

"How are the dead risen up? and with what body do they come?" Slowly and softly upon the silence haunted by these words, the music of the organ stole. The organist, who got himself alone in the church, while the little crowd stood round the open grave, played to his own grave thoughts; yet to the one listener unseen in the deep shadowy pew, the notes were growing loud and discordant now, while he rose to his full height, and gazed round the gloomy, black-draped building—gazed as if he could not see. Then he turned swiftly and suddenly to listen—not to the organ notes, for they were pealing, echoing, vibrating around him, deafening, he thought—but to some fancied sound far off. And as he stood so, he brought one hand slowly from his breast and lifted it to his forehead, the fingers clenched on something that he held.

"We meekly beseech Thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin"—

Then, serious voice ceased suddenly, and the group around the open grave looked up in wondering awe; for from the church there echoed through the summer stillness the clear and unmistakable reverberation of a pistol shot.

CHAPTER IV.

GOOD-BYE.

Theodore Hurst was sitting alone that evening in the schoolroom at Lancaster Gate, for he felt less lonely there than in the lofty drawing rooms, or even in her mother's morning-room, where everything reminded her of her mother's absence. In the dining-room dinner was laid for the master of the house, and Theo (who had dined early with the Fraulins) was keenly listening for his return, while she played softly to herself, trying not to feel the house so large and herself so solitary.

"Henley," she said, without turning, when some one entered the room, for she felt sure it was the butler come in once more to express astonishment at his master's delay, "you shall send to Gresham House, please. Let James take a hansom, and keep it while he inquires in the office, for I am anxious—rather."

"Theo!"

"Oh, Jack," the girl cried, rising to meet the gentleman who had entered in so familiar a manner, "is it you? Have you seen father to-day?"

"No to the latter question. Yes to the former. Why are you alone, Theo?"

He still held the hand that she had given him, and was looking intently into the pretty, eager face, while she smiled to meet the gaze: not reading it aright, because she herself felt nothing of the pain which for him was always mingled with the pleasure of meeting with her.

"Because father hasn't come home, Jack, and Fraulien had an appointment with the Wilsons. You know they have engaged her, and she starts with them in a few days for Madrid. How sorry I shall be to lose her! She would not be so late now, only she thinks that father is here. He did not come home at all yesterday evening, so we felt sure of him to-day."

"Is he often away an evening and

night?"

"Oh, no. I fancy he went on to Richmond to see mother, and said."

"I know he was not with his mother, at any rate," said Captain Leslie, with a smile, "for I went to Onslow Square last night to bid her good-bye."

"Then you saw Angel?" cried Theo, utterly unaware of any sadness in his tone. "Isn't she pretty?"

"Is she?" he asked in a pondering tone, as he looked right straight into Theo's eyes. "Do you know any one who could call her pretty—to you?"

"Every man would who had taste," the girl said promptly, and without the faintest blush. "You really liked her, Jack, didn't you?"

"Very much—for she talked to me of you?"

"How dull!" laughed Theo. And then she looked coolly and critically into his face—a handsome, grave young face—and wondered why he was not quite the same to-night as he had always been; the thoughtful, gentle, brave young fellow whose companionship was such a natural thing to her. "You said my good-bye would be the last, Jack."

"And it will. When you awake tomorrow we shall be on our way to India."

"So soon!" she said, with a sigh which she made no attempt to conceal. "Then what shall we do now? Play chess? or whist with dummies? or talk?"

"You put that last, of course. Well, I will not choose it, nor will I ask you to sing to me, for that would be harder still. Yes, let us play—anything."

What they really played neither of them ever distinctly recollected, but they had successfully kept sad thoughts at bay when, in an hour's time, the German governess looked in, and stopped to chat and say good-bye before she went up-stairs. When she had left them again, Captain Leslie turned for his last farewell.

[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 I am as well and strong as ever. Mrs. William Gage, 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