

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1886.

No. 34

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
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.

Rates 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 communi-
cation, although the same may be written
over a fictitious signature.

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

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a newspaper
from the Post Office, or who is directed
to take same on another's or whether
he has subscribed or not—is responsible
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2. If a person orders his paper discon-
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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.

3. The courts have decided that refu-
sing to take newspapers and periodicals
from a Post Office, or removing and
leaving them uncollected is *prima facie*
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Mail
is made up as follows:
For Halifax and Westport close at 7 A.
M.
Express west close at 10:35 A. M.
Express east close at 5:30 P. M.
Close at 7:30 P. M.
Geo. V. Rams, Post Master

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on
Saturday at 12 noon.
A. S. W. BARR, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. B. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 P. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.—Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:
Sunday, Matins and Sermon at 11 A. M. Evensong and Sermon at 7 P. M. Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.

J. O. ROGERS, M. A., Rector.
Robert W. Hooper,
(Divinity Student of King's College).

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

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second and Friday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M.
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary

Oddfellows.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock P. M.

Temperance.

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

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. 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

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. The postage
extra charge for letters and sub-
scriptions when paid in advance.

DIRECTORY

OF THE
**Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE**

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

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnish-
ing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages
and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Paint-
ed.

BISHOP, R. G.—Painter, and dealer
in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

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 Pub-
lishers.

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

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

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

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Deal-
er. Coal always on hand.

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

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Mak-
er.

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

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

PRAT, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery,
Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

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.

ROOD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all
kinds of light and heavy Carriages and
Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a spe-
cialty.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy
Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer
in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tin-
ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobac-
conist.

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

WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.—
Booksellers, Stationers, and News-
dealers.

WITTER, BURFEE—Importer and
dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,
Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Fur-
nishings.

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 wish-
ing 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.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

B. C. BISHOP,
**House, Sign and Decorative
PAINTER.**
English patent Block a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 30. Sept. 19th 1884

J. WESTON
Merchant Tailor,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

WID SELL
COLDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. B.
THE LUMBER, LATHS, CAN-
NED LOBSTERS, MACKER-
ELS, FROZEN FISH,
POTATCES, FISH, ETC.
Best prices for all Shipments,
Write fully for Quotations.

HATHEWAY & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
22 Central Wharf, - Boston.

Members of the Board of Trade,
Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

50 Newly imported Verse & Motto all
Chrome Cards, with name and a
water pen for 10c, 5 packs, 5 pens
for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and
illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a
stamp and this slip. A. W. KIRBY,
Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

ONE LIFE.

Her white little hand is resting
On the arm that held it old,
And he thinks it is only the night breeze
That makes it so soft and cold.

Her eyes into his areazing—
Ever, ever so faithful to him—
And he thinks it is the silvery moonlight
That makes them so strange and dim.

Her pretty face turns toward him;
Ah, when did her face turn away?
And he thinks it is the silvery moonlight
That makes it so faint and grey.

Oh, spirit that lingers and lingers,
Take courage and whisper "Good-bye,"
A life?—why a life is nothing,
When millions each minute die.

With millions each minute dying,
What matter one death or life?
One fragile and tender creature?
One tremulous passing breath?

A life? Why a life is nothing!
What matters tho' one burn dim?
Alas! for the folly of reason—
One life is the world to him!

SEA-NEWS IN WINTER TIME.

I walked beside a dark gray sea,
And said, "O world, how cold thou art!
Thou poor white world, I pity thee,
For joy and warmth from thee depart.

"The sea is cold, and dark its rim,
Winter seas covering the world,
And I, beside its watery brim,
Am alone, and cold, and dim."

I spoke, and drew toward a rock,
Where many waves made twilight sweet;
Their wings upstared, the clustering flock,
Did pat the sea-gulls with their feet.

Joy companied with every cry,
Joy in their food, in that keen wind,
The heaving sea, that shaded sky,
And in themselves, and in their kind.

The phantoms of the deep at play!
What idles grace the twittering things,
Luxurious paddling in the spray,
And delicate lifting up of wings.

Then all at once a light, and fast
The lovely crowd flew out to sea;
If mine own life had been meant,
Earth had not looked more changed to me.

With that I felt the gloom depart,
And thought his within me did unfold,
Whose sunshine warmed me to the heart!
I walked in joy, and was not cold.

Interesting Story.

A SACRIFICE.

Many years ago I had a friend,
Kenneth Lambert. He was younger
than myself, at that time five or six
and twenty, full of aspiration for a
better, purer existence than the life we
lead.

His day dream, cherished for a long
time, was to leave society, and, choos-
ing some retired spot, live there alone
with nature, in study and contempla-
tion.

"Talk" his friends called it when
they heard of it. But Kenneth,
through all his work—and he was no
idler—retained the notion of this plan.
At last an unexpected legacy enabled
him to leave the Bar and purchase the
chosen site for his new home.

It was a ruined chapel on the side
of a moor, a place he had known all
his life. Of the wayside chapel nothing
was left but an arched way. Behind
it he had new walls built, dividing
the house into two rooms, one over the
other. When all was completed he
went there. Some people, I know,
thought him mad; his sisters laughed,
saying he would be soon tired of his
ghetto. I believed in him. I would
gladly have joined him, but a man
with a wife and child is not a free
agent. He cannot retire into a life of
contemplation, however much he may
wish it.

I went to see Kenneth in his new
home. The place was almost inacces-
sible; had not Kenneth met me on
the hilltop and shown me the way over
moor and moss I should never have
found it. The chapel was in a cove;
a wild stream braved by it. The
oak, alder, and holly were restrained
by a fence from encroaching on the
chapel, and marsh plants thrust their
stems through the bars. The nearest
house was a farm half a mile away.
Kenneth's bedroom was simple, his
sitting-room furnished in perfect taste.
On the walls some fine etchings, a
plaster relief whence smiled the homely
face of Socrates, on a bracket an image
of Buddha. Between these was an
engraving of Doris's Vale of Tears.
Books too there were in plenty, and
the fox-terrier—such were Kenneth's
companions.

"And nature," he said, when I made
this remark.

"And here it is that you will stay,
in peace and quiet," I said, "until your
mission sends you forth."

"Peace and quiet?" he answered,
smiling; "no, those are not for me.
I have a presentiment that this ideal
life will not last long. I shall marry."

"How do you know that there is
not truth in traditions and fables in re-
jecting them?" Kenneth asked.

Meanwhile Mrs Vernay was singing
song after song, and with every note
stealing away a bit of Frank's heart.

And her music was Kenneth to her
side, for he took his brother's place at
the piano, and stood there turning over
her pages—I believe in all the wrong
places, for he looked more in her face
than at the music.

I confess that in those days I was
vexed with Kenneth, for he seemed to
have taken a sudden and inexplicable
plunge into society which a few weeks
previously he had abjured forever.

There seemed only one explanation—
his ideal life had proved dull and irks-
ome. Everywhere I met him, chiefly
with Mrs Vernay; often Frank was
with them, a welcome, undesired
third party. And the girls declared
that it was a shame Kenneth, who tal-
led against marriage, should come and
steal her away from his brother.

A few women there were who dis-
liked Mrs Vernay. My wife was one
of them, and well enough we all knew
the reason. For when, with maternal
pride, she one day showed of the child-
ren to the pretty widow, Mrs Vernay
turned from them with a cold look in
disgust, saying, "I detest children."

An insult no mother could forgive.
"That unnatural woman," my wife
from henceforth called her.

How lovely she looked at the Christ-
mas ball when, radiant with delight,
she crossed the room to say to me,
"Look at the progress of my conver-
sion. Here is Hermit Kenneth in this
frivolous scene."

"I wish I was at the chapel," Ken-
neth himself remarked; and certainly
no man looked so unsuited to a ball-
room. He had grown pale and thin
during his solitary life, and wore a
thoughtful air I never before had no-
ticed in him.

"Why on earth don't you go back?"
said I. "Nothing has surprised me
more than your appearance here."

"I knew it would be so," he answer-
ed. "I had to come."

Then in that incongruous place he
began telling me his experience in that
wild solitude.

"I began to think my life there use-
less, a mere indulgence of my own
tastes. I read and thought, but the
mysteries of life seemed as unathom-
able as ever. One evening I felt my-
self no longer alone. I saw nothing;
I heard nothing; yet I ascribed this
command into my being: "Go into the
world, for there is a life you must save,
a demon you must vanquish, and the
life you have led has given you power
to fight and to conquer. The world
will mock, and your friends misunder-
stand you, but heed them not. By
this token know both destroyer and
destroyed. Then across the floor of my
room glided a glittering snake, unlike
anything we see upon English moors.
And I, obeying the command, came
here to find the destroyer."

At that moment he trembled, touch-
ed my arm, and bade me look across
the room. There stood Frank and
Mrs Vernay—she with the jeweled
snake twisted in her hair, he with an-
other, a bracelet of hers, clasped around
his wrists; some joke had passed be-
tween them and she had slipped it
on.

My dear Kenneth, these are fancies,
nothing but fancies," I said, for his
manner alarmed me. "You can't
think that anything more dangerous
than a boyish love affair can result
from Frank's friendship with Mrs
Vernay."

"Lilith!" was all he said.

"Tell me, how did you guess her
name?"

"I came to me as that command
came, when I saw her write," he re-
plied. Then crossing the room, he
asked the beauty to dance, taking her
away from Frank.

I believe betw passed between the
men at the Torremouth Clubs as to
which of the brothers would marry
beautiful Mrs Vernay. I confess I
wondered myself whether Kenneth
would relinquish his noble schemes and
marry like any other ordinary mortal.
I rarely saw him without Mrs Vernay.
He rode with her, drove with

her, spent long hours in her
pretty drawing-room, and walked with
her on the esplanade. I asked him
what was coming from all this, and
had for reply, "If I don't marry her,
Frank will"—an answer which at the
time struck me as strange.

One day Frank came to my wife to
pour into her sympathetic ears wild,
fierce ravings against his brother. Why
had Kenneth talked all that nonsense
about celibacy and seclusion when he
came and took away the only woman
Frank ever would, ever could, love?

And thus we heard of Kenneth's
engagement to the beautiful Mrs Ver-
nay.

All the men in the place envied him,
but never in my life have I seen so
grave and gloomy a lover. Yet, like
all the other men who met her, he
seemed to adore her. I never heard
any one question his devotion. Per-
haps their eyes were blinded. I know
we all pitied Frank. And the time
passed merrily by to the wedding-day,
Mrs Vernay growing daily more beau-
tiful.

Once she passed me as I walked with
a friend on the esplanade.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed.
"What a likeness!"

"To whom?" I asked.

"To a peasant girl in the Black
Forest who a few years ago created a
great stir in her village. All the
young fellows were in love with her;
she married one of them, and a few
days later he was found dead in his
bed, the bride having vanished no
one knew whither."

"An unpleasant story," I said, little
pleased to notice Kenneth near me,
who must have heard every word.

"Of course it is only a chance like-
ness," said my friend.

"Lilith!" murmured Kenneth as
he passed me.

A week or two later and there was
a fashionable wedding in Torremouth,
dismal as are all such festivities.
Kenneth had begged his night be-
quilt, but Mrs Vernay laughed in
his face.

"You ridiculous boy," she said;
"people will think you are ashamed
of me."

The only member of the family not
present was Frank. He had rejoined
his regiment.

It was over—breakfast, speeches,
and all—and I was refreshing myself
by a walk near the sea.

A total stranger came up and ad-
dressed me, inquiring about the
morning's wedding. He appeared to
have been a spectator in the church.
Among other things he asked the
bride's name.

"She was a Mrs Vernay," I replied.

"Ah," he said, "I thought I knew
her again."

"May I ask where you met her?"

"In Ceylon. She came out as a
bride—after three weeks"—He paused,
but I begged him to go on.

"It is an unpleasant story," he said.
"Her husband was found strangled in
his bed. They say one of the Syces
had done it, but some thought Mrs
Vernay could have explained the mat-
ter."

I asked no further questions—a
voice seemed to whisper in my ear,
"Lilith!" and the stranger went on his
way.

But I forgot my forebodings as the
days passed bringing nothing but good
news of Kenneth and his wife as they
traveled in the lake district. We talk-
ed of them, of the weather they must
be enjoying, and speculated as to their
future home, as yet undetermined.

One night after my wife had gone to
bed I was lingering over the fire.
Carelessly I raised my eyes toward a
mirror hung above the mantelpiece,
and then my attention was riveted by
the reflection that met my eyes. It
was no repetition of the room I was in,
but a faithful picture of Kenneth's
retreat at the chapel.

I saw the door opened and a flood of
pale moonlight stream into the room.
I saw Kenneth and his wife enter as
from a long journey, and I noticed her
passing round the room looking at his
treasures while he lit a lamp. She
had something in her hands gleaming
against her dress, and I noted how she
stole behind him as he bent over the
light. Then a cloud of vapor arose
from the lamp, and he turned to face
her, stern and unyielding. She threw

herself kneeling, praying at his feet,
but he never flinched; then she rose,
changing into a tall, thin, pale figure,
with a death-like face and hollow,
gleaming eyes. Still he never faltered,
and with a cry thus being rushed
through the half-open door into the
moonlight. The vision haunted me,
though in every way possible I tried
reasonably to account for it.

The next morning I left Torremouth
by the earliest train, stopped at the
station nearest Kenneth's retreat, and
with some little difficulty found my
way to the chapel. All was lonely
and deserted, yet I seemed to note
lingering round the room faint traces of
that smoke like vapor.

I returned to Torremouth telling
myself that it was but fancy, and that
Kenneth, with his wife was in West-
moreland.

At home, to my surprise, I found
Frank waiting to see me.

"I have seen Kenneth," were his
first words.

"When?" I cried.

"He came to me last night; I have
seen her, too," (lowering his voice) "in
her true form. I know now all that
he did for me. See—he gave me
this."

It was a noose made of a thick coil
of woman's golden hair.

From that time to this I have never
again seen Kenneth Lambert, nor has
any one else.

Now, perhaps, you may call me a
silly old fool for thinking anything
supernatural behind these circum-
stances. You may call Kenneth mad,
as many do, and find excellent reasons
to account for everything else.

I have told neither more nor less
than I saw. Put what interpretation
you may please upon it. I can offer
none. Was she Lilith?

I cannot tell. But she cost the life
(no matter how it ended) of one of the
noblest men I ever knew. And Frank
still suffers from having once been be-
neath her influence.—*Belgravia.*

Better than a Letter.

Did you ever stop to think what a
fine letter writer a local paper is?
—Week after week, reaching into
year after year, it goes on telling the
marriages, births, deaths, the doings of
the people of the town, the business
success or failures, accidents, crops,
improvements, meetings, revivals, in
fact events of all kinds. All this is
a good local paper. Why, if you were
to undertake to write a letter each
week to your absent friend and tell
him half the news that your paper,
you would soon give up in despair—
the supposed pleasure becomes tiresome,
the letters become shorter, farther
apart and finally quit. Why the differ-
ence? Because with the news-pa-
per man his business,—People in a
lively town recognize this and take
pleasure in giving the editor news
if you would never learn. There-
fore make haste and subscribe; if you
always receive a copy, send one to some
friend. It is better than a letter.

Clubbing Offer.

Having made special arrangements
with the publishers of a number of the
leading periodicals of Canada and the
United States we are enabled to make
a large discount to subscribers. We will
send any of the publications named and
the ACADIAN one year for the following
"Clubbing Prices," which as will be seen
is in some cases giving two papers for the
price of one. Cash must accompany all
orders.

Publication	Regular Price	Clubbing Price
Farmer's Advocate	\$1 00	\$1 75
Toronto Weekly News	1 00	1 50
Toronto Daily News	4 00	4 00
Alden's Juvenile Gem	75	1 00