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News 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.

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Robert W. Hudgell,
(Divinity Student of King's College).

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 A. M. the last Sunday of each month.

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.

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

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. 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.

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Select Poetry.

KEYS.

ESSIE CHANDLER.

Long ago in old Grenada, when the Moors were forced to flee,
Each man locked his home behind him,
Taking in his flight the key.

Hopefully they watched and waited for the time to come when they should return from their long exile to those homes so far away.

But the mansions in Grenada they had left in all their prime,
Vanished as the years rolled onward,
'neath the crumbling touch of time.

Like the Moors, we all have dwellings where we vainly long to be,
And through all life's changing phases ever fast we hold the key.

Our fair country lies beyond us; we are exiles, too, in truth,
For no more shall we behold her. Our Grenada's name is Youth.

We have our delusive day-dreams, and rejoice when, now and then,
Some old heartstring stirs within us,
And we feel our youth again.

"We are young," we cry triumphant, thrilled with old-time joy and glee,
Then the dream fades slowly, softly,
Leaving nothing but the key!

—The Century.

Interesting Story.

A Wayward Ward.

It is the business of the philosopher, as the world knows, to find law and order in even the most abnormal phenomena, to suggest at last, an adequate explanation of every enigma. For what other purpose does he exist than to throw light on the surrounding darkness? He is a torch-bearer to humanity's ignorance. If now and again, by reason of a pessimist temperament or defect of training, the rays he sheds around intensify rather than dispel the gloom, and cast shadows as of Egyptian night across man's forward path, surely he misconstrues his mission.

But the wisest head is sometimes puzzled, and the shrewdest explorer of the all-enveloping mystery is sometimes confounded. A problem presents itself which cannot be solved by any of the familiar processes. The way of some suddenly disclosed fact is as inscrutable as the Sphinx of the Eastern desert. It was thus with Bernard Ralston.

Those who thirst for fame, as misers thirst for gold, or coquettes for admiration, would have found much to envy in this young man's position. At an age when a statesman is currently supposed to be studying his parliamentary primer, and when a future general may still be writing under the sarcasms of a barrack-room instructor, Bernard Ralston had been welcomed into the front rank of philosophical thinkers.

His book on "Instinct, Conscience, and Reason" was read and criticised by the few, praised and avoided by the many. The noisy heterodox claimed him as a new and promising recruit; and so also, to the amusement of the on-looker, did the staunchest maintainers of old landmarks. He was flattered, feted, and the lion of his season.

It was from this suddenly acquired distinction that his embarrassment had approached. The solicitor's letter that was the beginning of sorrows made this clear. It ran thus:

"DEAR SIR: We have to inform you that by the will of our late client, Mr. Humphry Power, you are appointed sole guardian of his only surviving daughter, Olive. As this may be in the nature of a surprise, we beg leave to quote the precise paragraph of the will: 'And I hereby empower Mr. Bernard Ralston to act in every respect as the guardian of my child. I am sure that Olive can have no fitter or wiser protector, none better qualified to advise and regulate her life; and should he—as I earnestly beg—accept and fulfill this charge, I give and bequeath to the said Bernard Ralston over and above such reasonable expenses as he may have incurred on my daughter's behalf, the sum of £5,000, to be paid by my executors on my daughter's

twenty-first birthday, as a small tribute of my gratitude.'

"The young lady is a very considerable heiress, in her eighteenth year, and at present at a private pension in France. Further particulars will follow on your reply. We are, dear sir, yours obediently,
FANSHAW & FITCH."

The gift of the proverbial white elephant could have produced in no heart a greater consternation. What should a retired and solitary student, of serious pursuits and courtly manners, answer to such a challenge? If Cleothrope Hall were large, it by no means followed that he wanted more life within its bounds; and a girl in her teens, a mere child, as with the sage wisdom of five-and-thirty years he considered her! How could her presence by his fireside be harmonized with the quiet current of the life he elected to live?

Yet, the bait of five thousand pounds was a temptation. The glories of Cleothrope Hall had been sadly tarnished through the improvidence of Bernard's father, and philosophy is not a particularly remunerative hobby to ride. Mr. Humphry Power's legacy, if not precisely a fortune, would be an assistance in the keeping up of the restricted Cleothrope establishment.

The matter was debated long, and anxiously, and as the result Miss Olive Power arrived at the Hall one snowy February morning. Slight of figure, winsome of feature, with merry, violet-tinted brown eyes, and lips continually parting in a piquant smile over teeth of whitest pearl, as if he was properly to protect his ward, his position might not prove a sinecure. Neither did it.

The girl's beauty attracted suitors as clover blossoms allure bees; and it was soon an open secret in the countryside that Miss Power, as well as being a lovely and lovely young thing, was a richly dowered one. This brought the sometimes lugubrious voice of Prudence into reasonable accord the chorus of adoration.

But Olive was not minded to be an easy capture of any of her wooers. With a woman's instinctive dexterity she kept them all at bay, and at twenty escaped the necessity of as yet refusing any offer in formal and unequivocal terms. She was developing a taste for study which half amused, half interested her guardian. One evening he playfully rallied her on her application to sundry big volumes in the library.

"I shall be accused of transforming a merry and bewitching young lady into a blue-stocking—a disciple of my own dry-as-dust pursuits," he said; "someone some day may have a special cause to blame me, I fear."

A sudden blush was on the maiden's cheeks, and her glance fell. It was impossible that she should misinterpret Bernard's meaning.

"There is Oswald Harbury to think of," Olive's guardian was daring enough to add.

Two shining eyes were momentarily uplifted. Was the flash they gave one of indignation of scorn, or merely of confusion of a betrayed secret? Bernard could not tell.

"The nature of my employments can make no difference whatever, in any way that I can imagine, to Mr. Harbury," she answered. Then it seemed to Bernard a strange transition—"Will you forgive me for asking a favor?" she went swiftly on; "I should like—oh, so much!—to help in your work. Could I not copy out your notes or revise proofs sometimes?"

What philosopher could have successfully resisted the volunteered help of such an amencensis? Not Bernard Ralston.

It was summer, three months later than the date of this conversation. Olive's guardian was seeking his ward in her own boudoir, with a gloom upon his face and a depression of soul which defied his analysis. He had a message

to convey and a proposal to informally submit, which he had little doubt would be accepted. Oswald Harbury, the young owner of half Cleothrope, had asked permission to lay himself and his fortunes at Olive's feet. He loved her, he said; he would do his best to make her happy.

"And I believe that he will. He has a home to offer you and is a true-hearted, honorable gentleman. As your guardian, Olive, I am bound to give my sanction to so fair and so promising a suit. May I bid Mr. Harbury to come and plead his own cause?"

He had spoken hoarsely in a queer far-off kind of voice that he hardly recognized as his own. It was surely singular, and must testify to an unsuspected weakness of character, that the prospect of separation from the ward originally received with so much doubt and dread should thus make havoc of his peace. He waited for the answer in a suspense that was positively harassing. At last it came.

"No, you may not," Olive said, "unless, indeed, you wish to get rid of me—to send me away. And not even then, for I cannot consent to marry a man whom I do not love."

Send Olive away! Was not every pulse in his body beating with fierce, unbidden joy at the verdict she had given? The measure of his recent terror was the measure of his present relief.

"That is a fear which my ward—my wayward ward! never need harbor," he said, with a low, broad smile; "she has brought too much sunshine into my lonely life for me to wish to lose her. But change is inevitable some day."

"Why?" a low voice murmured; and again came the mysterious illumination of Olive's eyes.

"Because, Olive—if for no other reasons—the years of my guardianship will soon be at an end," he answered steadily, almost sternly. He must face the future resolutely, as befitted a teacher of his fellows.

And a few seconds later his quick, nervous step was echoing in the passage without.

An early summer vacation in Switzerland—when the glorious Alpine flora should be at its loveliest—had been the cherished dream of years of Bernard Ralston, and it was realized. A woman's hand had guided his steps thitherward. Olive Power had persuaded him to lay aside his work and make playtime of the sunny weather.

"You can finish your book on 'Vanities as a force in Human Affairs' when you return, and the critics will all say that the last chapters are the brightest," she said pleadingly. And when she added a slight involuntary expression of her own eagerness for the change, he surrendered. The trio—Miss Ralston, Bernard's sister and housekeeper, was Olive's chaperon—had now been from England a fortnight.

They had reached the Riffel and were thus encamped under the shadow of the majestic (grim and uncouth, for variations of epithets) Matterhorn itself. Here Olive went into ecstasies. To watch the sunrise bathe the rugged, furlow sides with waves of liquid light, was an occupation of which she never tired. And then there was the Gornier Grat to visit, the Gornier Glacier to see.

At the hotel there were pleasant company, including a couple of young Americans, who swept the ordinary reserved and cautious student forward into a participation of their own reckless adventures by the sheer force of enthusiasm. The three went off one afternoon on a quest for edelweiss.

The gloom was thickening in gorge and pass and gray shadows were following the sunset glow on the huge crests aloft before there was any sign

of a return. The ladies grew uneasy. Stories of accident and of awful peril were staples of the conversational buffet-fare in the hotel saloon, and invariably exerted their influence of nervous minds. In this case the presentiment of evil was but surely justified.

Two of the venturesome explorers returned weary and disheveled, but Bernard Ralston was missing.

"We thought he was before us," explained Mark Croxford, the elder of the brothers. "We drifted apart among the boulders and ice-ridges of a glacier-edge, and we looked for him to rejoin us at the lower end of the track. Not meeting him we hurried away homeward."

A sudden chill had gone to many a heart in the little group of listeners. The thought of precipices and of their hidden and treacherous dangers was in everyone's mind. A search expedition was quickly organized and started.

"I hear steps behind," said the guide, halting on the first stage of the journey and prominently displaying his lamp.

"Why, it is Miss Power!" cried Mark Croxford in astonishment.

It was indeed Olive. With blanched cheeks and agonized eyes and dauntless resolution, she insisted on accompanying the seekers. It was at her request that Bernard Ralston had come to Switzerland. If he perished would it not in a sense be her fault?

Better that her own life should have been sacrificed! To persuade the girl to return was useless—only a loss of precious minutes. With a muttered growl of disapprobation, the guide was compelled to allow her to proceed.

Hours were spent in vain pursuit.

"Guide, is there any hope?" demanded a stout Cornishman at last.

"I fear none!" he answered; at the bottom of yonder chasm—

His words were cut short. A cry, half triumphant, half fearful, slipped from Olive Power's bloodless lips.

"Listen! I hear a groan," she said.

A silence that might be felt prevailed.

"The wind across the glacier, Miss," answered the leader in sulky despair.

"There is nothing for us but to go back."

"I will not," the girl declared, "until you tell me whose voice that is. Hark! it is no sound of wind!"

Again they listened, and again without result.

Mark Croxford gently laid his hand on Olive's arm. "Believe me, you are mistaken. Miss Power," he said; "you do not suppose that any one of us would give up the search if the least chance remained? But the guide knows best."

And yet, as he uttered his melancholy remonstrance, there was a sound from over the neighboring ice floe, hard to credit to even the most eerie of Swiss breezes.

"There, surely you know it now?" the girl said.

If only to make clear the girl's folly to herself, the quest was recommenced.

The quick ear of love had not blundered, after all. This time a chance gleam of the guide's lantern over a jagged precipice-side revealed a dark form huddled against an inner ledge. It was Bernard Ralston, insensible from his perilous fall, and proving he still lived only by occasional groans.

"I beg your pardon very humbly Miss Power," Mark Croxford whispered.

* * * * *

"And they tell me, Olive, that I owe my life to you," the convalescent said, wheeled out on the broad mountain terrace of his resting place. "How shall I contrive to repay you, I wonder. Do you know—nay you cannot know—I had a dream this morning. After the doctor had left my room I dozed, and it seemed to me that—that the dearest girl in the whole world—and surely the bravest—came to my side and smoothed down the pillow—and—dare I whisper the words?—crossed my forehead. It was singular, was it not?"

Something in the pose of the averted face awakened a sweet suspicion—a keen thrill of happiness.

"It cannot be that—that it was a dream?" he queried. "That my ward is willing to be still dearer—to be my wife?"

The small palm was not withdrawn; the lovely crimsoned face was swiftly and momentarily upturned, as he had seen it twice before, and this time a look of ineffable content was mirrored thereupon.

"If you really desire so to extend your guardianship of your wayward ward," mischievous accents answered. And Bernard Ralston's sometime problem had become his dearest treasure. Love itself had taught love's lesson.