

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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## THE ACADIAN.

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

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## DIRECTORY

OF THE  
Business Firms of  
WOLFVILLE

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

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dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,  
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ings.

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.

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JOHN W. WALLACE,  
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DR G. H. DEWOLF, M. D.,  
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Wolfville, Oct. 8th, 1886 3m pd

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## Select Poetry.

PULPIT AND PRESS.

Together they lay in a humble crib,  
Two human haired babies, with eyes of  
blue.

In childish play and homely toil,  
Together upon one farm they grew;

Then one chose preaching, the word of  
grace,

And one filled up an editor's place.

The parson preached, and expounded well,  
The gospel truths and the power of  
prayer.

His sermons fragrant as Hermon's dew,  
His labors blessed with a tender care;

But his church was stylish and well  
fenced in.

From the common saine and the elves  
of sin.

The editor toiled with weary brain  
To push the world in its destined way,  
His words had often an earthly strain;

But he spread them broadcast day by  
day.

On a plain, unvarnished business plan,  
And no one called him a pious man.

They died, apart, in the self-same hour,  
And winged their way to the golden  
gate.

Where the parson entered, filled with  
joy,

To again his sacred and high estate.

The angels met him with words most  
sweet,

But let him go off to the humblest seat.

The editor meekly entered in,  
And looked around for a lowly place;

But the angels—clustering round about—  
With music set to the songs of grace,  
With crowns of laurel and wands of palm  
Turried deep the air with their triumph  
psalm:

"Blessed is he that overcomes,  
Working bravely, demanding naught;  
Nothing expecting he shall be crowned  
With the jewels his labors wrought."  
Then they placed him upon a throne,  
Thus did the heirs come to their own.

Interesting Story.

The Boys at Dr Murray's.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Come, Ned," said Will, as he rose  
from the table, "it's go into the play-  
room."

"Thank you, Howth, but I wish to  
be let alone," and Will went slowly  
away, very much wondering what  
change had come over Ned's kindly  
spirit.

The day passed without any further  
annoyance, till it was time for supper.  
As Will was passing through the hall,  
he met Harry Ripley, arm in arm with  
his particular friend, Tom Casey.

"Look here," said Ripley, with his  
peculiarly disagreeable smile, "do you  
know that my friend, Casey, here, has  
missed something?" both eyeing him  
insolently.

Will's eyes sparkled with indigna-  
tion, but remembering Grant's re-  
peated advice to mind nothing about  
such matters, he turned aside and  
passed on. But, however coolly Will  
dealt them, by the oral words out-  
deep. He went into the supper-room,  
with his heart beating quick and fast,  
and the indignant fire in his eyes not  
all quenched.

"Look!" whispered Casey to his  
companion, "you touched him that  
time. See his cheeks turn red and  
white. He's as mad as a tiger, but he  
won't show it!"

Hawley North in his seat directly  
opposite Will, saw that something had  
gone wrong, but wisely appeared un-  
conscious of the fact. Casey and Rip-  
ley watched their opportunity to say  
something more. It came pretty soon.

"Why, where's my spoon?" said  
Dick Welles, who sat next to Will;  
"has anyone seen it? It was here two  
minutes ago."

"Ahem!" said Ripley, from his end  
of the table, "you're in the right vi-  
cinity to lose spoons!"

Instantly it flashed upon everybody  
what he meant, and instinctively all  
eyes were turned upon Will. For a  
moment his cheeks were crimson, then  
the blood rushed back and left him  
very pale. He could not say a word.  
Then a buzz of indignation ran around  
the table, but Ripley met it with a  
laugh.

"You may cry 'shame,' as much as  
you like," said he, "but I shall say  
what I please."

"Of course you will!" retorted Dick,  
slendering his hand, "but you run your  
risk of getting thrashed!"

Ripley snapped his fingers contemptu-  
ously. Hawley North picked up a  
glittering object on the floor, and hand-  
ed Dick his spoon.

"There!" said Dick, shaking his

spoon, "you deserve to have this thrust  
down your throat. If you got your  
deserts, it would be done."

Ripley rose from his chair excitedly,  
and was about to exclaim, when there  
arose a clamor that effectually silenced  
him, and brought in Harris in a great  
hurry.

"Gentlemen!" he said, "what does  
this mean?" looking from one to an-  
other.

"It means," said Dick, sharply,  
"that Ripley, there, has been insulting  
one of our number. He ought to be  
taken away from the table!"

"No such thing! It's false! It's  
all his doings!" came from Ripley's  
end of the table.

Harris, perceiving that questioning  
would bring on a storm of words in  
which there was danger of being wor-  
sted, settled the matter by saying—

"The first one of you that speaks  
again before leaving the table, I shall  
send before Dr Murray at once! I  
shall stay here myself till supper is  
over."

Of course the room grew orderly  
again, though there was some ominous  
shaking of the heads between the par-  
ties at the respective ends of the  
table. As for Will, he ate no more  
supper. Anger and grief struggled  
for the mastery in his breast. He felt  
as though all his labor, all his work  
and struggle to rise upward,—all his  
strivings after good and true things  
were of no avail for, after all his  
endeavors had he not been openly  
snubbed as a thief? Had not the  
remembrance of his old mischief been  
brought vividly back to the remem-  
brance of everyone? Alas! alas!  
then his efforts to win love and respect  
again, had been as useless as to make  
ropes of sand! It seemed as though  
the thought would madden him. He  
covered his face with his hands, and  
remained at the table long after the  
boys had filed boisterously out. He  
could not bear the thought of ever see-  
ing one of them again! The servants  
that came in to clear away the cloth  
looked curiously at him, but allowed  
him to sit there.

By-and-by, Dick, who had been hav-  
ing a talk with Ripley in the play-  
room, came and looked in at the door  
of the supper-room. Something in the  
bowled, hopeless air of the solitary  
innmate touched him very much. He  
stepped softly away to find Hawley  
North.

"Hawley," he said, winking very  
fast to hide a suspicious moisture in  
his eyes, "I'll be hanged if I know  
how to comfort Howth any! Can't  
you try? you're better at such things.  
Confound it!" stamping on the floor,  
"what does Ned Hall mean by acting  
so? Why, he hasn't spoke a civil  
word to him to-day. He's just the  
one to comfort him, but now he acts  
like a—sneak!" said Dick, indig-  
nantly.

Hawley, however, knew nothing  
about Hall's motives, and was secretly  
indignant. He went back to the  
supper-room and went in, while Dick  
stood in the shadow of the door.

"Come, Will," said North, kindly  
"don't take on so! It was nobody  
but Ripley, and no one in school cares  
a snap for what he says! Don't mind  
him any more than you would a dog's  
bark."

Will remained silent and immovable,  
while the would-be comforter passed  
his hand slowly over his head in a  
kind of awkward caress.

"Come, old fellow," said North,  
oppressed by the silence, "bear up like  
a man, and face the matter down!  
You shouldn't care three skips for a  
hundred Ripleys, if they had a dozen  
tongues apiece. He hasn't a particle  
of honor or heart about him!"

But nothing availed, and Hawley  
gave up the undertaking and went off  
with Dick. If the comforter had been  
Ned Hall, the genial, warm-hearted  
fellow who had acquired such an influ-  
ence over Will's heart, he would un-  
doubtedly have listened and yielded.

But now, in his hour of trouble, he  
found that his friend had deserted  
him. Forlorn and forsaken, he groped  
his way out of the dark supper-room,  
and up to his room. He was wretch-  
edly miserable.

The study-hour he spent with his  
eyes fixed mechanically on his book,  
yet the sixty minutes fled without his  
reading a sentence. Then he blew out

his light, and threw himself upon his  
bed.

But there was another heavy heart  
that evening besides Will Howth's.  
When Ned Hall went to rest, his con-  
science smote him very sorely. He  
knew perfectly well that in deserting  
his friend he had done a wicked and  
cruel thing; and his naturally kind  
heart appraised him severely. But  
when he looked back to the time when  
he was Grant's dearest friend,—when  
he alone enjoyed the confidence and  
friendship which now was divided be-  
tween himself and Will, he hardened  
his heart. For a long time he had  
noticed the warm friendship which had  
sprung up between Will and his friend,  
with some uneasiness, till at last he  
came to regard Will as a person who  
had robbed him of the best share of  
what should be his own. And this, we  
are sorry to say, was Ned's unworthy  
motive for turning traitor to the cause  
he had espoused.

CHAPTER X.

THE CRISIS.

Will's troubles, however, ended not  
here, for the next day brought him  
more than he could contend with. He  
rose early, somewhat lighter-hearted  
than when he closed his eyes for sleep.  
To-day, Grant might possibly return,  
he thought; to-morrow, he would cer-  
tainly come. Then he resolved to act  
as if nothing had happened, and at-  
tend to his studies as usual. If  
Ripley and Casey continued their  
insulting language, he would scorn the  
meanness of two such low-minded  
fellows; and if Ned Hall had proved  
faithless, there were yet left some who  
were true. But this reasoning could  
not, of course, satisfy him. His heart,  
which he had resolved to carry light  
and bold into the day's routine of  
duties, was, after all, very sad and  
heavy as he mingled with the crowd  
that were hurrying to prayers and  
breakfast.

"That's right!" whispered Dick  
Welles in his ear, "face the matter  
down. Don't give way to two such  
fellows as Tom Casey and Ripley!"

And Will, whose pride was somewhat  
touched, resolved that he would not;  
but alas! it was so much easier to  
resolve than to do!

Breakfast passed away quietly en-  
ough, as did the morning hours, and  
when he entered the schoolroom and  
seated himself at his desk, it was with  
a very quiet face and manner that  
pleased Hawley North wonderfully.  
He even gave Will two or three little  
words of approval over the top of his  
grammar. It was one of those moist,  
sunny days that come in early March,  
when, if it were not for the snow-  
draggled earth, the wealth of fleecy  
clouds and the rare blue of the sky,  
would tempt one into believing that  
summer were even now upon the hills.  
From the window near him, Will could  
see the long stretch of field and mead-  
ow where the snow was fainting and  
wasting under the warm glances of  
the sun, and beyond,—hill after hill  
stretching horizon-ward, strangely mot-  
tled with patches of bare brown earth,  
and lingering snowbanks. How he  
longed to be there! anywhere from this  
irksome, hateful school! What plea-  
sure it would be to climb up those  
brown hillsides, just released from the  
clean white mantle that winter had  
spread so carefully and cunningly over  
them, and wander under the canopy  
of pine that grazed their tops! But  
ah, it was quite impossible, for here  
was the school,—a visible, present,  
matter-of-fact hillside of learning, that  
must be climbed up, whatever obstacle  
surmounted, or hindrance delayed;  
and though the hill was steeper and  
more slippery than the one Will saw  
from the window, yet there were quite  
as green pines and laurels at the top,  
if one could but reach it. That fore-  
noon, Ned Hall's lesson was so im-  
perfect that it produced an expression  
of surprise from the teacher. It was such  
an unusual event that the instructor  
scanned Ned's face closely, inquiring  
after the class was dismissed—

"Are you ill, Hall?"

Ned gave a hurried "No, sir," and  
followed after his class; though he felt  
at heart that he was sick unto death  
of the unkind, dishonorable course that  
he was pursuing. Yet, after all, he  
was not ready to turn another way,

and be cured.

The lovely day waned, and toward  
night its splendour was obscured by  
damp, wet clouds that came floating  
over the sky, making everything a-drip  
with moisture, and suddenly shrouding  
the hills with a veil of mist. It was  
dark quite early in the play-room that  
night, long enough before supper-time.

The boys had nearly all congregated  
there,—Will among the rest. Ripley,  
imbued with an evil spirit of making  
others uncomfortable, fancied it to be a  
fit time to continue his persecutions of  
Will. So, when he found Will alone in  
the shadow of the corner, he whis-  
pered—

"Say, Howth, but my friend Casey  
knew really missed something! It's his  
watch-key. But as you don't wear  
such an article I don't see what you  
could possibly want of the key without  
the watch."

Though Howth fairly trembled with  
indignation and anger, he maintained  
a calm silence. Ripley was not to be  
baffled thus. He tried another way.

"Come, Howth, I advise you to quit  
such practices. You're losing all your  
friends that way. Even Ned Hall!"

"What!" cried Will, thrown off his  
guard, "have you been lying to him  
about me?" thinking he had found the  
reason of his friend's enmity.

"Lying!" blustered Ripley; "what  
are you talking about? You'd better  
be careful what you are saying, sir!"

Will's face was flushed with anger  
that now was fairly roused, and he ex-  
claimed—

"Ripley, if I were sure you ever told  
him such a thing, I'd—"

"What would you do?" said Ripley,  
with a provoking smile.

Will's hands clenched in a manner  
that was very suggestive.

"Say!" he exclaimed fiercely, "did  
you tell him so?"

"It's no business of yours whether  
I did or not! I'm not obliged to tell  
all I know because you say so."

Ripley, finding that matters were in  
danger of progressing too far, was for  
leaving, but Will stopped him.

"I won't let you go," he said,  
excitedly, "till you tell me. I will  
know!"

Harry Ripley was a coward, but  
just then he saw Tom Casey coming  
that way, and took courage.

"Well," said he, "I won't tell you,  
Howth! so there we are. It's no busi-  
ness of yours at all!"

"Then I'll make you!" said Will,  
furiously, "I'll make you tell me!"  
his strong, passionate temper roused to  
the utmost.

It was well for both that the boys  
took note of what was going on and  
came crowding around them, for in his  
passion Will would have knocked him  
down, as the elegant city-boy was nei-  
ther strong nor courageous.

"Hands off!" said Casey to Will,  
"stand back, sir!"

"Look here!" interposed sturdily