

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1897.

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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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Wolfville, N. S.

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**W. H. DUNCANSON,**  
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895.



likes of 'we'?"  
Mr. Farrant spoke in the plural, as a rule—after the fashion of royalty—but as a matter of fact, his household began and ended with himself.

"Ma hat covers ma family," he would say, with a smile of intense breadth and still more intense shrewdness, "an' what is us ter da wi' th' lass?"

The "lass" was so unlike Thomas that he might well wonder over her destiny. She was so dainty and so lovely, even in her simple mourning apparel, that she looked a strange contrast to the prosperous man at her side.

Nell had been this sort of girl, Thomas remembered; but she was even more spirituelle than her mother, and Thomas was half afraid of her.

He was rich, but he lived in a queer way of his own; it suited him—but what about Irene?

He hardly listened to the service, or noted the pathos thrown into the beautiful words by the fine tenor voice of the parson. Parsons—like girls—were not much in his way; and he did not care for them.

Irene was desperately poor—a "pauper" he would have called her if she had not been Nell's child. She was in the same condition as a church mouse. Thomas Farrant had not a soul above riches. They warmed him, fed him, clothed him, comforted him; for what said he in his heart?

"A fat sorrow is better than a lean one, any day. Nell's legacy is nobbut skin an' bone grief, 'at can help us one." He wondered why he coupled the parson and the girl together in thought—probably because both were poor alike. He knew the man loved the girl, but—

"Behold, I show you a mystery," read the parson. "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet; for the living shall be raised, and the dead shall be raised; and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

These words brought back Thomas Farrant's thoughts. They were like the sonorous call to arms, to awaken to a final triumphant roll-call of nations, and individuals, and souls—Nell's—and his own.

And Thomas Farrant started. He liked great people, great things, and great words. In common with men of his kind, the more inexpressible the words, the better he enjoyed them. But now they were only too comprehensible.

They made him think. What had he ever done to help Nell in all these wearisome years? What had he ever done for anybody but himself?

"Us'll tak' th' lass home th' next," he said, pulling his coat over his substantial figure, and raising his eyes heavenward, as if in an attempt at justification.

"The 'what us is goin' ter do now?" He glanced again at the girl; but with those words ringing in his ears he felt impelled toward the right.

"Us'll tak' her home; we've said so. Noo what's mine?"

No one spoke but still his conscience was not quite clear.

"Us'll ha' it out wi' 'im, by 'n by," he muttered. "If us tak' th' girl, she'll ha' ter do better for herself than Nell did, for she's ought but th' remains o' an' she might ha' bin what she pleased. Eh, it's wearin' world, an' no mistake." The "world" at that moment was radiantly, gloriously beautiful—earth, air, sea, sky—as if the promise of that eternal "change" were already coming to pass. But Thomas knew not yet that we color our worlds with the hues of our own natural sentiments. Beauty lies in the eye of the beholder.

Then the last "Amen" was uttered; the gravediggers descended poor Nell's narrow bed, and began hastily to shovel in the earth. A small funeral was not very imposing to these creatures of habit. They felt sorry for Irene—but they saw many mourners every day; they knew that life ended here. At their feet the dead lay by scores; they spoke of comfortable and uncomfortable graves, and talked with unconcealed delight of a "beautiful corpse"; more over, they had quickly taken the

measure of Thomas Farrant, and recognized that he was not one of "the quality." No sooner had they ascertained this than they leaped down upon Nell and shovelled away with a will. There would be other burials requiring their aid presently; they must make haste. Nor did Thomas stay to watch their proceedings.

"Us is goin' see," he said, taking the parson aside for an instant. "There's noo't here to keep us?"

He glared defiantly at the parson, and the younger man raised his head and looked straight before him.

"I shall never lose sight of her," he said in brave firmness. "Irene knows that well enough."

The girl had lingered for a moment, but at the sound of her name she came forward.

"Yes, I know," she answered, quietly, but quite as firmly, "I am waiting."

"Ye're noo't but a lass," replied Mr. Farrant, with a touch of anger, for which he had the grace—afterwards—to feel ashamed. "Ye're not o' age. An' us is rich. Us isn't loike yer mither, nor yer father's folk as thors' they're a pair lot, we'n s'ed an' done."

"They are of gentle birth," said the parson, with stiffened back and heightened color, for he had heard the whole story from poor Eleanor Deerburst; but his words displeased the old man.

"Ay, that's what he think maist about; but what'll they do for us, d'ye think? Will they tak' Irene, an' feed 'er, an' dress 'er? Hoots! I men, they d'na ken 'at she's e'en alive!"

"We cannot talk of these things here and now," said the parson hurriedly. "It's very impertinent, sir."

"It's gangin' ter cost me a purty boom," responded Thomas, still more angrily; and then he, too, stopped.

In his ears there arose the echo of those words, "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, we shall be changed."

In the parson's ears his own voice was repeating other words.

"Almighty God," he said to himself, "with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity, we give thee hearty thanks."

He got no further than this. He was returning thanks—what for? Irene had lost a mother, and the world had no more mothers to give her.

He had lost a dear, kind friend, who, out of poverty and pain, had taught him lessons of singular fortitude and faith. Yet he returned thanks.

"Mrs. Deerburst had not, at any rate, lived to hear all this," he murmured, and felt increasingly thankful. "Irene had put her hand on his arm, and her influence restrained him still more."

"We've put th' remains com'ly away, an' we've paid oop liberally, so we'll say good-day ter ye, sir, an' thank ye for the wurd ye spoke ter 'er."

A backward glance at poor Nell's grave showed that he meant the dead mother, and by no means the living daughter.

"Us is lossin' money while us stays here," he added, as he took hold of his niece's hand. "Look arter th' coin, parson; fill y'r pockets; siller is the best fren' ye kin hev'!"

In the parson's ears every leaf bud on the swaying trees, every scowling hidden in the murmuring grass, every lark that trilled its gladness in the face of heaven, kept repeating in undying intonation. This mortal must put on immortality. This mortal must put on immortality.

The souls of the faithful waiting in the stillness for the trumpet call to consciousness seemed to answer back the words, "This mortal must put on immortality."

When he turned his head, Thomas and his niece had gone.

Another man would have said: "That dream is over."  
The parson straightened himself, and looked manfully upward.

"I can wait," he said quietly. "I am going to wait."

### CHAPTER II.

The summer passed away. When the winter came over the land the parson had gone, too.

Life had been darkening for him for some time, and even Irene had made no sign of remembrance. The parson was gradually losing his hopefulness—that had remained as the last remnant of his youth; now he was losing it. And he was sad. He was ill, too, with

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### ABSOLUTELY PURE

a touch of melancholy that oppressed him now and then; and some one recommended the sea. The parson was still poor, but the sea was near, and would not prove a costly holiday. So thither he went.

The sea is not enlivening in dull weather. There is a moan that fills the ears and is haunted by the cries of the loved and the lost, who are borne away into the silent land upon the breast of the hurricane, or swifter chariot of sudden death.

And the parson listened to the voices until his heart grew heavy within him, and his hopefulness went down with a wall of agony.

"Instead of feeling better, I am a great deal worse," he said despairingly. "I must go back to-morrow."

That night there was a storm; wild and tumultuous waves rose up to sweep the pier and thunder at the foot of the cliff. Sleep was impossible, and the parson went out into the war; it almost did him good to struggle with the force of the fierce gale. Once he laughed aloud at himself. His old nerve came back, his head grew firm, his eye became bright. These were good signs.

He could even think of Irene with a momentary throb of passionate vigor. He was triumphing over himself and over his pain.

Suddenly there shot up a light out of the weird darkness of the ocean—a long trail of wild blue light, that flashed into the air, and then died. It was a mute appeal, and the parson knew it.

One or two women near began to pray. They understood the signal; they knew that, out on the sea, human hearts were having a hand-to-hand struggle with death. They moved about. But in the parson's soul there came, oddly enough, the awakening echoes: "The trumpet shall sound."—"We shall be changed," he said, hardly knowing why he said so. No trumpet had sounded, save that one clear call to duty which is ever clarion-tongued; but the parson went forward boldly. A "change" had come to himself, and he knew it.

Down on the shore the men were launching the lifeboat and asking for volunteers; and the parson went among them. He looked strong; he took up an oar as if he loved it, and the captain put his hand on his arm: "Man, I d'na ken ye; can ye row?"

"Ay. Many a time have I rowed straight home to victory."

They were shouting in one another's ears; but the wind was strong. There was a firm grip of hands. It was a sign of the Brotherhood of Rescuers. What the captain wanted was just one who could row "straight home to victory."

Who shall tell the story of that shipwreck? Who can paint the picture of that rescue?

Not until the lifeboat had ended its perilous work did the men on board realize that their captain had allowed a "sky pilot" to take a hand at the oars. They had never before believed in any sort of luck for a craft that carried a "sky pilot" in it. And as for the lifeboat! Well, it was all over now, and the peril was past. The parson stood in the rear, the captain in the foreground grasped the hand of a man whom he led unresistingly towards his new comrades.

"Thank 'im—he made it possible to go to your relief," rang out the cheery tones of the captain's voice, making itself heard above the storm. "Thank 'im." And then—only then—did the parson raise his eyes.

"Mr. Farrant," he said slowly, "I recognized you in the boat."

The other man started.

"It's the parson," he cried aloud. "Th' parson as wanted ter marry Irene, an' who buried th' remains. Us wur rude ter ye, sir; an' ye—ye've saved us—me!"

Behind them was the sea, that had so nearly become Thomas Farrant's grave. Between them was a deep darkness, only broken by the red glare of hastily improvised torches.

And the parson lingered behind while Thomas Farrant peered at him through the dimness. This man had taken Irene from him, and had covered him with insults.

Yet he had helped to save him. The parson was mute beneath the power of diviner inspiration. He waited—he knew not why. At last Thomas Farrant broke the silence.

"Come home wi' us, mon," he said more gently. "Ye've saved us. Ye shall ha' yer reward. There's one at kin thank ye ma' nor I. Our hame's

beer. 'Did ye no ken it? Ay, an' th' lass is waitin'."

And the parson went—for his reward. "Ye've been rich onto death," said the old man to his niece. "Us hev' comed thro' a keel; an', lass, us is fir vanquished noo. Th' parson kin read, an' he kin pray; but, ma cert, he's gotten a rare grip o' his ain; an' a ban, forby, that's as soft as silk, I doo't ye canna do better."

And this was the lovmaking of the parson and Irene.

First the shadow of death—the pain of grief—then the song of the lark. Again, a bitterness akin to death—a great soul hunger—the war of the elements.

And then—Irene—peace!

The Sensational Press.  
(FROM A RECENT SERMON BY CARDINAL GIBBINS.)

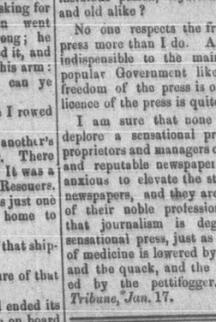
Remove from the home circle all obnoxious and dangerous literature. The country abounds in good papers and bad, just as the sea abounds in good and bad fishes. Remove from your house all papers of a sensational character. You all agree with me that we have good and bad papers. Certain it is that we have some very degenerate examples of journalism, especially in the great commercial centres of the country. They pander to the most vicious and depraved tastes. Murderers and suicides, adulteries and divorces, and other family and social scandals are their favorite stock in trade. No character, however exalted; no station, however sacred; no woman, however pure; escapes their shafts of misrepresentation. They do this up to correct a false impression. You would not place upon your mantelpiece a bottle containing dangerous and poisonous liquids, especially if it had an attractive label, lest it should be injurious or fatal to your children or other members of your household. And how can you place upon your table a sensational paper, with its attractive exterior, and which contains the most insidious poison, injurious to young and old alike?

No one respects the freedom of the press more than I do. A free press is indispensable to the maintenance of a popular Government like ours. But freedom of the press is one thing and licence of the press is quite another.

I am sure that none more bitterly deplore a sensational press than the proprietors and managers of our sterling and reputable newspapers. They are anxious to elevate the standard of their noble profession. They feel that journalism is degraded by the sensational press, just as the profession of medicine is lowered by the quackery and the quack, and the law is degraded by the pettifogger.—New York Tribune, Jan. 17.

Fifty Years Ago.

This is the stamp that the letter bore which carried the story far and wide; of certain cure for the loathsome sore of the blood below. And 'twas Ayer's name and his Sarsaparilla, that all now know, was just beginning its fight of fame in its cure of 50 years ago.



**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
is the original Sarsaparilla. It has behind it a record for cures unequalled by any blood purifying compound. It is the only Sarsaparilla honored by a medal at the World's Fair of 1893. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record!

**50 Years of Cures.**

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