

THE ACADIAN.

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The Acadian,

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LIGHT BRAMAS!
Carefully bred from FIRST CLASS
STOCK. Trios, Pairs, and Single Birds
for sale. **A. DEW BARRS.**
Wolfville, Oct. 1st, '84

J. WESTON
MERCHANT TAILOR,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Has a fine stock of Cloths which will
be sold Cheap.

Select Poetry.

Lead the Van.

Do you wish to be successful
In the struggles of your life?
Then press forward, seeking ever,
The heaviest of the strife.

If the battle be a fierce one,
Fight it with endurance, vim,
The end is nearer than you think
And in it you will win.

If you battle thus with courage
The barrier will fall,
And you'll find a way to conquer
Be the forces great or small.

Let the dictates of your conscience
Guard and guide you in the fray,
And with duty as your watchword,
You will never go astray.

Strive onward, then, and upward,
Remember, lead the van;
For as fire proves the metal,
So do trials prove the man.

Interesting Story.

LADDIE.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Not till you gets tired of me, Laddie, or till you takes me to lay me by the old master, for I'd like to lie there, if so be as you can manage it, for I've heard tell as it costs a mort of monee buryin' folks out of the parish as they dies in, and maybe it mightn't be just convenient to you."

John Carter busied himself with making the fire burr up into a blaze, while his mother rambled on, telling him little bits of village gossip about the people he had long since forgotten or never heard of, or describing her journey, which was a far greater exploit in the old woman's eyes than Lieutenant Cameron's walk across Africa; or dwelling on the delight of seeing him again. He paid little heed to what she said, pretending to be intent on placing a refractory piece of coal in a certain position, or coaxing an uncertain little flame into steadiness, but his head was busy trying to form some plan for getting himself out of his difficult position. He did not want to hurt her, or to be unkind in any way; but it was also getting out of the question having her there to live with him. It would ruin all his prospects in life, his position in his profession and in society; as to his engagement, he did not venture to allow himself even to think of Violet just then. He knew some doctors whose mothers lived with them, and kept house for them, and received their guests, and sat at the head of their table, but they were ladies, very different. The very idea of his mother with three or four servants under her was an absurdity. And this brought Hyder's grin before his mind. What had happened when his mother arrived? Had she committed herself and him frightfully by her behaviour? No doubt that impudent rascal was giving a highly factious account of it all to the maids in the kitchen. Chattering magpies! And how they would pass it on! How Mary Jane would describe it through the area gate to the milk woman next morning! and cook add a pointed word or two from the front steps as she cleaned them! He could almost smell the wet hearth-stone and hear the clinking of the tin milk-pails as hilly hooked them to the yokes and passed on with the story of his degradation. And he could fancy what a choice morsel it would make for Hyder to tell Sir John Meredith's solemn, red-nosed butler, behind his hand, in a hoarse whisper, with winks to emphasize strong points, and an occasional jerk of the thumb over the shoulder and a careful avoidance of names. This thought was too much for his feelings, and the tongs went down with an ominous clatter into the fender, with the old woman jump nearly off her chair, and cutting short a story about

the distemper among Squire Wellow's pigs.

"There; it brought my heart into my mouth pretty near, and set me all of a tremble. I reckon as I'm a little bit tired, and it have shook me up like, and a little do terrify one so."

The sight of her white, trembling old face touched his son's and doctor's heart under the fine, closely woven, well-cut coat of a fine gentlemanliness and worldly wisdom which he was buttoning so closely round him.

"You are quite tired out, mother," he said, "you shall have some tea and go to bed. I can't have you laid up you know."

"There now! if I wasn't thinking as a dish of tea would be the nicest thing in the world! and for you to think of it! Ah! you remember what your mother likes, bless you!"

In that moment he had quickly made up his mind that at any rate it was too late for that night to do anything but just make her comfortable; to-morrow something must be done without delay, but there was ten striking, and she was evidently quite worn out. He must say something to silence those jays of servants, and get her off to bed, and then he could sit down and arrange his plans quietly; for the suddenness of the emergency had confused and muddled him.

"I'll tell them to get some tea," he said; "you sit still and rest." And then he rang the bell decidedly and went out into the hall, closing the doors behind him. He had never felt so self-conscious and uncomfortable as when the man-servants came up the kitchen stairs and stood as deferentially before him. He felt as if he had not got entire control of voice, eyes, or hands. His eyes seemed to avoid looking at the man's face in spite of him, and his voice tried hard to be apologetic and entreating of its own accord. That would never do! He thrust his obtrusive hands into his pockets, and drew up his head, and looked sharply at the man straight in the eyes with a "fight you for 2d." or "every bit as if I owed him a quarter's rent," as Hyder said afterwards, and he spoke in a commanding, bullying tone, very unlike his usual courteous behavior to servants, imagining that by this he conveyed to the man's mind that he was quite at his ease, and that nothing unusual had happened.

"Look here," he said, "I want tea at once in the dining-room, and tell Cook to send up some cold meat. I suppose it's too late for outlets or anything like that?"

"Is the old lady going to stop all night, sir?"

The words stung Dr. Carter so, that he would have liked to kick the man down the kitchen stairs, but he luckily restrained himself.

"Yes, she is. The best bed-room must be got ready, and a fire lighted, and everything made as comfortable as possible. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir." The man hesitated a second to see if there were any further orders, and Dr. Carter half turned, looking another way as he added, "She is a very old friend and nurse of mine when I was a child, and I want her to be made comfortable. She will only be here this one night."

He felt as he turned the handle of the consulting-room door that he had really done it rather well on the whole, and carried it off with a high hand, and not told any falsehood after all, for was she not his oldest friend and his most natural nurse? In reality he had never looked less like a gentleman, and Hyder saw it too.

They say a man is never a hero to his valet. I do not know if this includes men-servants in general; but certain it is that, up to this time Dr. Carter had kept the respect of his servant. "I know as he ain't a swell," Mr. Hyder would say to the coterie of

footmen who met in the bar of the snug little "public" round the corner; "but for all that he ain't a bad master neither, and as far as my experience serves, he's as good a gent as any of them, and better any day than them dandy, half-pay captings as looks up their wine and cigars, and sells their old clothes and keeps their men on scraps, and cusses and swears as if they were made of nothing else."

But as Hyder went to his pantry that night, he shook his head with a face of supreme disgust. "That's what I call nasty!" he said; "I'm disappointed in that man. I thought better of him than this comes to. Well, well! blood tells after all. What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh sooner or later. Nurse indeed! Get along! you don't humbug me, my gent!"

There were no signs, however, of these moralizings in the pantry, or the fuller discussion that followed in the kitchen when he announced that supper was ready.

"Do ye have your victuals in the kitchen now, Laddie?" the old woman said. "Well, there! it is the most comfortable to my thinking, though gentle-folks do live in their best parlors constant."

Hyder discreetly drew back, and Dr. Carter whispered, with a crimson flush all over his face, "Hush, we'll have our talk when this fellow is out of the way. Don't say anything till then."

The old woman looked much surprised, but at last concluded that there was something mysterious against the character of "the very civil-spoken young man as opened the door," and so she kept her silence while her son led her into the dining-room, where tea was spread with, what appeared to the old woman, royal magnificence of white damask and shining silver.

"You can go," said the doctor. "I will ring if we want anything."

"He don't look such a baddish sort of a young man," she said behind the door closed behind the observant Hyder; and he seems to mind what you says pretty sharp. I thought as he was a gent himself when he opened the door, as he hadn't got red breeches or gaiters or nothing, but I suppose you'll put him into livery by and by?"

"Now, mother, you must have some tea. And you are not to talk till you have eaten something. Here! I'll pour out the tea." For the glories of the silver tea-pot were drawing her attention from its reviving contents. "I hope they have made it good. Ah! I remember well what tea you used to make in that little brown tea-pot at home." It was very easy and pleasant to be kind to her, and make much of her now, when no one else was there. He enjoyed waiting on her and seeing her brighten up and revive under the combined influence of food, and warmth, and kindness. He liked to hear her admire and wonder at everything, and he laughed naturally and boyishly at her odd, little innocent remarks. If they two could have been always alone together, with no prying eyes, and spiteful tongues, it would have been all right and pleasant, but as it was, it was quite impossible and out of the question.

"It ain't the tea-pot, Laddie, as does it. It's just to let it stand till it's drawn through and no longer. Put it on the hob for ten minutes, says I, but that's enough. I don't like stewed tea, and moreover, it ain't wholesome neither. This is a fine room, Laddie, and no mistake. Why, the parson ain't got one to hold a candle to it. I'd just like some of the Sunnybrook folk to have a look at it. It would make them open their eyes wide, I warrant—to see me setting here like a lady, with this here carpet as soft as anything, and them curtains, and pictures all. I wonder whatever they would say if they could see? I suppose now, as there's a

wash-us or a place out behind somewhere for them servants?"

Dr. Carter laughed at the idea of Mrs. Treasury the cook, and the two smart house-maids, let alone Mr. Hyder, being consigned to a wash-house in the back, and he explained the basement arrangements.

"Under-ground. Well! I never did! But I think I've heard tell of under-ground kitchens before, but I never would believe it. It must be terrible dark for the poor things, and damp moreover, and how poor, silly gals is always worrying to get places in London, passes me."

Presently, when they had done tea, and gone back into the consulting-room, when the old woman was seated in the arm-chair, with her feet on the fender, and her gown turned up over her knees, Dr. Carter drew his chair up near hers, and prepared for his difficult task.

"Mother," he said, laying one of his hands caressingly on her arm (he was proud of his hands—it was one of his weaknesses that they were gentleman's hands, white and well-shaped, and there was a plain gold strap-ring on the little finger, which hit exactly the medium between severity and display, as a gentleman's should), "Mother, I wish you had written to tell me you were coming."

She took his hand between both her own, hard and horny, with the veins standing up like cords on the back, rough and miss-shapen with years of hard work, but with a world of tender mother's love in every touch, that made his words stick in his throat and nearly choke him.

"I knew as you'd be pleased to see me, Laddie, come when I might or how I might."

"Of course I'm glad to see you, mother, very glad; and I was thinking just before you came in that I would run down to Sunnybrook to see you just before Christmas."

And then he went on to explain how different London life was to that at Sunnybrook, and how she would never get used to it or feel happy there, talking quickly and wrapping up his meaning in so many words and elaborations that at the end of half an hour the old woman had no more idea than she had at the beginning and was fairly mystified. She had a strange way, too, of upsetting all his skillful arrangements with a word or two.

"Different from Sunnybrook? Yes, sure; but she'd get used to it like other folks. Not happy? Why she'd be happy anywhere with her Laddie. There, don't you fret yourself about me; as long as you're comfortable I don't mind nothing."

How could he make her understand and see the gulf that lay between them—her life and his? It needed much plainer speaking, a spade must be called a spade, and, somehow, it looked a very much more ugly spade when it was so called. How soon did she catch his meaning? He hardly knew, for he could not bear to look into her face and see the smile fade from her lips and the brightness from her eyes. He only felt her hand suddenly clasp his more tightly, as if he had tried to draw it away from her, and she grew silent, while he talked on quickly and nervously, telling her that they would go together to-morrow and find a little snug cottage not far from London, with everything pretty and comfortable that heart could wish for, and a little maid to do the work, so that she need never lay her hand to anything; and how he would come and see her often, very often, perhaps once a week. Still never a word for or against, of pleasure or of pain, till he said.

"You would like it mother, wouldn't you?"

And then she answered slowly and faintly—

"I'm awery, Laddie, too tired like for new plans; and maybe, dearie, too old."

To be continued.