

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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THE ACADIAN.

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IS SUPPLIED WITH

THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

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Every Description

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DIRECTORY

OF THE

Business Firms of

WOLFVILLE

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

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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 wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

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Small articles SILVERPLATED.

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DR. J. R. DEWOLF, M. D.,
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AND
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O. F. RATHBUN,
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Select Poetry.

ANGEL OR DEMON.

ELLA WHEELER WILSON.

You call me an angel of love and of light,
A being of goodness and heavenly fire,
Sent out from God's kingdom to guide you right
In paths where your spirit may mount
and aspire.

You say that I glow like a star on its course,
Like a ray from the altar, a spark from the source.

Now list to my answer; let all the world hear it;
I speak unafraid what I know to be true;

A pure, faithful love is the creative spirit
That makes women angels. I live but in you.

We are bound soul to soul by life's holiest laws,
And if I am an angel, why, you are the cause.

As my ship skirts the sea I look up from her deck,
Fair, firm at the wheel shines love's beautiful form;

And shall I scorn the barque that last night went to wreck,
By the pilot abandoned to darkness and storm?

My craft was no stancher; she too had been lost
Had the wheelman deserted or slept at his post.

I laid down the wealth of my soul at your feet,
(Some woman does this for some man every day.)

No desperate creature who walks in the street
Has a wickered heart than I might have, I say,

Had you wantonly misused the treasures you won,
As so many men with heart riches have done.

This fire from God's altar, this holy love flame
That burns like sweet incense forever for you,
Might now be a wild conflagration of shame,
Had you tortured my heart or been base or untrue.

For angels and devils are cast in one mould,
Till love guides them upward or downward, I hold.

I tell you, the women that make fervent wives
And sweet tender mothers, had fate been less fair,
Are the women that might have abandoned their lives
To the madness that springs from and ends in despair.

As the fire on the hearth, which sheds brightness around,
Neglected may level the walls to the ground.

The world makes grave errors in judging these things,
Great good and great evil are born in one breast.

Love horns us and hoofs us, or gives us our wings,
And the best could be worst, and the worst could be best.

You may thank your own worth for what I grew to be,
For the demon lurked under the angel in me!

—*Cornopolitan.*

Interesting Story.

The Boys at Dr Murray's.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Grant thought a long time, with his head on the table, about the matter. The more he thought, the more conscience reproved him. To be sure he had refrained from using any harsh words toward the prisoner, or in any way wounding his feelings; but he frankly acknowledged to himself that, in secret, he had regarded him as unfit for the society of any of his classmates, and on the whole as a boy quite past any efforts for reform that could be made. But now his heart was touched by pity.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if I should have done any better if I had been in his place? I have no reason to think I should. To be sure we are both orphans; but then, Uncle West has been a father to me, and taught me well. Will has had no one to do the same for him; he can't remember either his father or mother. I don't think it's so very strange after all, poor fellow! But I'm sure I don't know what I can do," he added, presently.

With what a soft murmur of peace the snow fell without! Grant was only half-conscious of its faint whispering at his window, so busily was he seeking some project whereby he could aid Will in his distress.

"I'm sure," he thought to himself, "it would be one of the noblest and kindest things any one could do, to lift another out of his disgrace, and help him back to the path of right and duty, where he has strayed from. I don't believe it would be anything but what God would be well pleased with; for he says, 'Blessed are the merciful,

for they shall obtain mercy.'

Grant remembered how He, the great Redeemer, loved the meek and lowly, and how he rejoiced when their wandering feet returned, and their despairing, fearful souls found him at last. Was He, the great and adorable, too proud and haughty to stoop and blot away their transgressions, and wipe their sorrowful, tear-wet eyes? Ah, no! in His great, loving heart there was eternal rest!

"I have it!" thought Grant, at last. "I'll get the boys to sign a petition to Dr Murray, to have him released. I don't think he'll refuse, and then we'll never mention the theft again, and see if we can't bring him back to his duty. O, if we could only succeed, it would do so much good! Will mustn't be ruined."

It was a brave, noble, Christian resolve; and when Grant made a resolution it was usually kept. He was aroused from his meditations by the echo of a solitary footfall in the hall. It seems he knew it well, for he jumped out of his chair, and ran to the door, saying—

"Hall!"

The passer-by stopped, then entered.

"How cosy you are here, all by yourself!" said the new-comer, seating himself comfortably in the big easy-chair.

He was taller than Grant, nearly the same age, and had a profusion of fair hair, clustering around his temples. Next to Grant, he was the Doctor's favorite pupil.

"Well, what's wanting, Grant?" he said, presently, "hurry up! for it's almost nine."

"Well! you see, Hall, I've got a plan that I want to have you help me about. It intends good, I assure you."

"Of course. I'm ready to hear!" Grant drew his chair beside Hall's.

"I am going to draw up a petition to Dr Murray to ask for Will Howth's release," he said, "and I want you to use your influence with the boys. I want every name in school at the bottom of it."

"Good gracious!" said Hall, "what will you do that for?"

"Why!" said Grant, quickly, "I'm sorry for Will! I don't think he's so much to blame, after all, when everything is considered. He's done a wicked thing,—I hate that bad enough,—but who do you suppose commits the greater sin, he, with his theft, or we, ruining him forever with our sneers, and harsh names, and neglect? I tell you, Hall, I don't know but we are as wicked in God's sight as he!"

Hall smiled at this earnestness. "No one would have ever thought of that but you, Grant. But, supposing the Doctor lets him out,—which isn't at all likely,—what will you do with him?"

"Do with him? I'll do for him," said Grant, "and see if I can't help him back to his old standing!—and farther, I hope."

"But," objected Hall, "the boys will madden him to death with their taunts. He's better off where he is."

"I'm not so sure of that. How would you like to be in his place this stormy night, Hall, locked in, in the dark,—no fire, no lights, no books, and such wretched thoughts for company?"

Hall listened to the storm without, and shrugged his shoulders. "I prefer to be just where I am, most decidedly! I say, Grant, what a shame 'tis that the Doctor makes us each have a separate room!—it's too lonesome these stormy nights."

Grant made no reply to this, perceiving it to be an attempt to change the topic of conversation. "Now, Ned Hall," he said, "tell me what you will do about this matter. Will you help me aid Will?—or will you go against me?"

The clock in the hall struck nine. There was a sound of feet rushing in every direction. The Doctor's rules were rigidly enforced.

"I must go," said Hall, rising, "or I shall be late. I'll do all I can; good-night!" and off he hurried.

Grant blew out his light, and proceeded to undress in the dark. Soon Harris arrived on his round of examination, opening the door of each room to ascertain whether its occupant had obeyed the rule and extinguished his

light. So well was the rule obeyed, that his duty occupied but a short time, and he soon passed on to the third story, and the great building was wrapped in darkness and silence.

Which slumber, think you, was the sweeter: that of the grim Doctor, who sank to sleep devising punishment for his pupil,—or that of the noble-hearted Grant, who was so busy trying to devise some way by which it might be averted? Ah, how softly the snow-flakes rustled all the long night.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRISONER.

On the same floor, but two rooms from Grant's, was confined the prisoner,—Will Howth. Looking in, this same snowy night, we should have seen—had there been enough of the short twilight left—a boy of corresponding age with the two of whom we saw something in the last chapter. There was nothing in his appearance to mark him an evil-minded or depraved youth. In features, he very much resembled Ned Hall, and possessed the same lustrous, wavy hair. The room in which he was confined had been stripped of everything which in the least could contribute to his comfort. All the furniture it contained was an old chair and a narrow bed. His supper of bread-and-water, strictest of prison fare, stood on the backless chair, untasted.

All the long, long day he had walked up and down his room, proud and unsubdued. He had stood by his curtainless window for an hour, watching the snow-clouds, feeling strangely in sympathy with their cold sullen aspect. But all the quiet reach of wood and hill that lay before him—beamed, motionless—could breathe no peace into his troubled heart. Long he gazed at the calm prospect,—envying often the sturdy, branching oaks that were holding out their myriad limbs for the soft wrapping so soon to fall,—feeling in his heart that the great gnarled, rugged things were at rest; that they knew no inward upraidings, could feel neither shame nor disgrace. Oh, for a title of their peace and content! Sad and depressed he leaned his head on the window-sash. Why, he asked himself again and again, had he ruined himself forever? Oh, why had he brought this deep, terrible disgrace upon himself to mar his future forever? "Oh," he wildly thought to himself, "if I could only be transformed to a tree or stone, that can never feel shame, or hear taunts and sneers! how willingly I would do it! This old chair is happier than I, for it can feel or know nothing! O, that I were it! or the merest grain of dust on the floor!" Two or three tears, that could not be repressed, fell upon his hand.

A key grated in the lock, and Harris came in with his supper.

"Mr Howth," he said, ironically, "here's your beefsteak. Please eat it while it's hot. I have also brought you a glass of pure Port wine, so rare and old that it's perfectly clear; in fact, it resembles water wonderfully. Will your excellency partake of any thing else?" as he placed the bread and water on the old chair.

Will's only answer was a blaze from his angry eyes. Harris regarded him complacently for a minute, remarking as he withdrew, "Gritty! The necessity for the unsubdued, haughty expression which he had assumed in Harris's appearance being gone, Will suddenly burst into a flood of tears.

"It's just the way!" he groaned;—"no one will ever care for me, or respect me again! I might as well be dead and out of the way," he said bitterly, "as to be everybody's football. I'm ruined, and there's no more hope for me! I only wish the Doctor would order Harris to blow my brains out, and end it all." Poor Will! But remember the fault of that wicked, desperate language was hardly his. Who had ever breathed the faintest whisper of encouragement into his ear when he had successfully overcome some little temptation? Who had ever shown the least regard for his welfare, either spiritual or temporal? Alas! no one. And now, in his hour of deep disgrace and misery, he felt that there was not a single heart in that whole great school that cared if he sank to the lowest depths of depravity. He knew that he was a thief, an outcast,—a creature

to be loathed and despised; what matter, then, whether he lived or died?

Raising his head, he looked up at the dim sky, gray lowering, and forbidding. There was nothing there to inspire hope or joy. There was certainly nothing within!

Now that twilight was beginning to settle, he saw the flakes drop listlessly and deliberately, as if aware that a long dark night was before them for their labor. In watching their steady descent, he forgot his troubles for a short space. He forgot that he had wished himself one of the sturdy old oaks that was now baring its brave old head to the storm; he forgot that he had but just said death would be welcome, and took a few brief minutes of pleasure in watching the storm. But soon night shut it all out, and filled his room with darkness, and his heart with the old flood of turbulent thought. Still, he did not leave his window, but sat listening to the storm's faint rustle,—his heart aching wretchedly. He saw the glow from the many windows shoot out like molten bars into the darkness. Now and then the sound of the boys' merry laughter came to his ears, seeming to mock his own unhappiness. Sometimes a quick foot-step would hurry along the hall, and he would wonder if the hurrying one thought once of the prisoner within, as he passed.

"Oh, they don't!" he said to himself, "what do they care? You're a thief, Will Howth; you've forfeited everybody's esteem! Can't you remember?" and then he groaned.

A long time he pressed his hot face against the window-pane, but that did not cool his throbbing head. The room seemed so close and hot, that he threw up the window and let in the cold, frosty night air, burdened with snow-flakes. To his hot brow it felt only cool and refreshing. An hour passed. To Will it had seemed half a night. He rose from his crouching posture by the window, and shook off the snow-flakes that had sifted over him. Soon he heard a window—somewhere in the long line—open. Looking out he plainly saw Grant Westery leaning on his window—ill watching the progress of the storm. Will turned away with a groan, and closed his window softly.

"O Grant!" he said, if you hadn't cast me off! If you had only befriended me, I wouldn't have cared for the rest! I would have had some one then to help me out of this; but I've sinned, and I'm cast off like an old shoe. I suppose I don't deserve anything from them, or the Doctor either; but I wonder what it means, when he preaches to us about showing mercy to one another?" he said bitterly. "It don't mean anything, I suppose,—not to thieves! they're never worth saving. It's no matter what becomes of them! But," suddenly changing his despairing tone, "I never'll give in to them! never! Dr Murray may starve me to death, if he likes; I'll never touch a mouthful of his bread and water! never! I'll die, sooner, and that will give a good name to his Institute! a splendid fame for kindness and mercy!"

He groped his way to his narrow bed, and threw himself thereon without undressing. It was long after the clock had struck nine, and Harris had gone his rounds, that he closed his eyes. Then sleep came at last, and looked him in as gentle slumber as she had before done the planning Doctor and kind-hearted Grant. Ah, how softly the snow-flakes rustled all the long night! and when the prisoner turned and tossed uneasily on his weary bed, they were ever softly whispering him back to slumber and peaceful dreams again.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PETITION.

When the day broke, the storm had grown tempestuous, and was howling fiercely through the old oaks that guarded the Institute. Its gray light fell no longer on a serene, brown earth, on leafless woods, or naked hills; but revealed a vast white world of beauties unnumbered. The same gray dawn woke Grant, and brought back to him the remembrance of the kind deed that was to be performed for the prisoner. He ran in to the hall and found there was

yet a half-hour before the bell would ring for prayers. Then he sat down at his study table, and commenced writing the petition to Dr Murray. He erased and rewrote and erased and rewrote, again and again, before he obtained a heading to the petition, which pleased him. This accomplished, the prayer-bell rang before he could make a copy upon the large sheet of fool's cap which had been provided for that purpose; and, accordingly, he left his work unfinished, and passed into the hall. It was filled with a hurrying throng. Down the broad staircase came the inmates of the third story, sleepy and yawning, many hurriedly adding the finishing touches to their but half-completed toilets,—combing their tumbling hair, or hastily adjusting collar and neck-tie as they crowded on. Grant took Hall's arm and reminded him of his promise of aid. Harris stood at the bottom of the last flight of stairs, with his suave "Good morning, gentlemen!" deftly singling out those who appeared with uncombed locks, or untidy clothing, compelling them to return to their rooms; while he doggerily, and with the manner of one who has had long experience, drew a black mark across their names, which graced a printed list he held. The long procession filed quietly into the dim room designated as chapel, where Dr Murray was waiting to receive them. A chapter was read in the Bible; then the Doctor offered a prayer, while his congregation stood with bowed heads,—Harris, the ever watchful, keenly alert for any misbehavior. Everything b.okened great regularity and subjection to the rules,—the Doctor's school was famous for its order,—and when all was over, the procession filed away to breakfast,—those who had been returned to their rooms losing theirs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Common Cold.

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—Dr. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever tried in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this