

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. IV. No. 6.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1884.

Only 50 Cents per annum.

The Acadian,

Published on FRIDAY at the office,
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE)
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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts
of the county, for articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
name of the party writing for the ACADIAN
must invariably accompany the communi-
cation, although the same may be written
over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Mails
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D. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath
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Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins,
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a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 2.30
p. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30
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METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. H. Bur-
ges, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at
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at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday
at 7.30 p. m.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly,
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each month.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH (English)—Rev.
J. O. Ruggles, Rector—Services every Sun-
day at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.

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.
J. B. Davison, Secretary.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets
in Caddell's Hall, on Tuesday of each
week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. C. T. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall,
Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

CARDS.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Also General Agent for FIRE and
LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFVILLE N. S.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.
CONVEYANCER,
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AGENT,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

B. C. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative
PAINTER.
English Paint Stock a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

P. O. BOX 30. Sept. 19th 1884

DENTISTRY!

E. N. PAYZANT, M. D.,
DENTIST.
WOLFVILLE.

Dr. P. will remain in Wolfville
during OCTOBER to wait upon
patients in Dentistry.
Sept. 8th, 1884

Select Poetry.

The Fault of the Age.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
To leap to the heights that were made
to climb;
By a burst of strength or a thought
that is clever
We plan to outwit and forestal Time.

We scorn to wait for the thing worth
having;
We wait high at noon the day's dim
dawn;
We find no pleasure in toiling and
saving
As our forefathers did in the good
times gone.

We force our roses before their season
To bloom and blossom that we may
wear;
And then we wonder and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despise the
getting;
We want wealth, not as reward, but
dower;
And the strength that is wasted in
useless fretting
Would fell a forest or build a tower.

To covet the prize yet shrink from the
winning;
To thirst for glory, yet fear the fight—
Why, what can it lead to at last but
sinning,
To mental languor and moral blight?

Better the old slow way of striving
And counting small gains when the
year is done,
Than to use our forces all in contriving
And to grasp for pleasures we have not
won.

Interesting Story.

LADDIE.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"Folks say all manner of ill against
him," said the girl's tremulous voice,
"but he were always good to me. I
don't know much about him except as
he liked me and I liked him dearly, for
he came from London at fair-time and
he stopped about the place doing odd
jobs, and he come after me constant.
My mistress were sore set against him,
but I were pretty near mad about him,
so we was married without letting any
folks at home know nought about it.
Oh yes! we was married all right. I've
got my lines, as I could show you as
there wasn't no mistake about it; and
it were all happy enough for a bit, and
he got on as oyster at the George; and
there wasn't a steadier, better behaved
young feller in the place. But, oh
dear! it didn't last long. He come in
one day and said as how he'd lost his
place and was going right off to London
to get work there. I didn't say never
a word, but I got up and began to put
our bits of things together; and then
he says as he'd best go first and find a
place for me, and I must go home to
my mother. I thought it would have
broke my heart, I did, to part with
him; but he stuck to it and I went
home. Our village is nigh upon eight
mile from Merrifield, and I never heard
a word from mother since I wrote to
tell them I was wed. When I got
home that day I almost thought as
they'd have shut the door on me. A
story had got about as I wasn't married
at all, and had brought shame and
trouble on my folks, and my coming
like that made people talk all the more,
though I showed them my lines and
took my story truthful. Well, mother
took me in, and I bided there till my
baby was born, and she and father was
good to me, I'll not say as they wasn't;
but they were always uneasy and sus-
picious-like about Harry, and I got
sick of folks looking and whispering, as
if I ought to be ashamed when I had
nought to be ashamed of. And I
wrote to Harry more than once to say
as I'd rather come to him if he'd a hole
to put me in; and he always wrote to
bide a bit longer, till baby come; and

then I just wrote and said I must come
anyhow, and so set off. But oh! I feel
scared to think of London, and Harry
may not be glad to see me."

It was dark by this time, and the
women peering out could often see the
reflection of their own faces in the win-
dows or ghostly puffs of smoke fitting
past. Now and then little points of
light in the darkness told of homes
where there were warm hearths and
bright lights, and once, up above, a
star showed, looking kindly and home-
like to the old woman. "Every bit as
if it were that very same star as comes
out over the elm tree by the pond, but
that ain't likely all this way off."

But soon the clouds covered the
friendly star, and a fine rain fell,
splashing the windows with tiny drops
and making the lights outside blurred
and hazy. And then the scattered
lights drew closer together, and the
houses formed into rows, and gas lamps
marked out prospective lines; and then
there were houses bordering the line on
either side instead of banks and hedges,
and then the rain stopped, and a damp
and steaming ticket-collector opened the
door, letting in a puff of fog, and de-
manded the tickets, and was irritated to
a great pitch of exasperation by the
fumbling and slowness of the two wo-
men, who had put their tickets away
in some place of extra safety and for-
gotten where that place was. And then
in another minute the train was in
Paddington; gas, and hurry, and noise,
porters, cabs, and shrieking engines—a
nightmare, indeed, to the dazzled coun-
try eyes and the deafened country
ears.

CHAPTER II.

In a quiet old-fashioned street near
Portman Square there is a door with
a brass plate upon it, bearing the name
"Dr. Carter." The door is not singu-
lar in possessing a brass-plate, for al-
most every house in the street displays
one, being inhabited chiefly by doctors
and musical professors. I do not at-
tempt to explain why it is so, wither-
that part of London is especially un-
healthy, and so requires constant and
varied medical advice, or whether there
is something in the air conducive to
harmony, or whether the musical pro-
fessors attract the doctors, or the doc-
tors the professors, I leave to more
learned heads to discover, only hazard-
ing the suggestion that, perhaps, the
highly strung musical nerves may be
an interesting study to the faculty, or
that music may have charms to soothe
the savage medical breast, or drive away
the evil spirits of the dissecting-room.
Anyhow, the fact remains that North
Credition Street is the resort of doctors
and musical men, and that on one of
the doors stands the plate of Dr. Car-
ter.

It was an old-fashioned, substantially-
built house, built about the beginning
of the last century, when people knew
how to build solidly if not beautifully,
it had good thick walls, to which you
might whisper a secret without confid-
ing it to your next-door neighbor, and
firm, well-laid floors, on which you
might dance, if you had a mind to,
without fear of descending suddenly in-
to the basement. There were heavy
frames to the windows, and small
squares of glass, and wooden stair-cases
with thick, twisted bannisters—a house,
altogether, at which house-maids looked
with contempt as something infinitely
less "genteel" than the "splendid man-
sions" of lath and plaster, paint and
gilding, which are run up with such
magic speed nowadays. We have no
need to ring the bell and disturb the
soft-voiced, deferential, man-servant
out of livery, from the enjoyment of
his evening paper in the pantry, for we
can pass uninvited and unannounced
into Dr. Carter's consulting room, and
take a look at it and him. There is
nothing remarkable about the room; a
bookcase of medical and scientific books;
a large writing-table with pigeon-holes

for papers, and a stereoscope on the
top; a reading-lamp with a green shade,
and an india-rubber tube to supply it
with gas from the burner above; a
side-table with more books and papers,
and a small galvanic battery; a large
india-rubber plant in the window;
framed photographs of eminent physi-
cians and surgeons over the mantel-
piece; a fire burning low in the grate;
a thick Turkey carpet; and heavy
leather chairs; and there you have an
inventory of the furniture to arrange
before your mind's eye if you think it
worth while.

There is something remarkable in
the man, John Clement Carter, M. D.,
but I cannot give you an inventory of
him, or make a broker's list of eyes and
forehead, nose and mouth. He is not a
regularly handsome man, not one that a
sculpture would model or an artist
paint, but his is a face that you never
forget if you have once seen it; there
is something about him that makes
people move out of his path involuntari-
ly, and strangers ask, "Who is that?"
Power is stamped in his deep-set eyes
and the firm lines of his mouth and
chin, power which gives beauty even to
an ugly thing, throwing a grandeur and
dignity round a black, smoky engine,
or a huge, ponderous steam hammer.
Indeed, power is beauty, for there is no
real beauty in weakness, physical or
mental. His eyes had the beauty of
many doctors' eyes, kind and patient,
from experience of human weakness
and trouble of all sorts; keen and pen-
etrating, as having looked through the
mists of pain and disease, searching for
hope, ay, and finding it too sometimes
where other men could only find despair;
brave and steady, as having met death
constantly face to face; clear and good,
as having looked through the glorious
glass of science, and seen more plainly
the more he looked, the working of the
Everlasting Arms; for surely when
science brings confusion and doubt, it
proves that the eye of the beholder is
dim or distorted, or that he is too igno-
rant to use the glass rightly. But there
is a different look in his eyes to-night;
pain, and trouble, and weakness are
far from his thoughts, and he is not
gazing through the glass of science,
though he has a *Medical Review* open
before him, and a paper-knife in his
hand to cut the leaves; his eyes have
wandered to a bunch of Russian violets
in a specimen glass on the table, and he
is looking through rose-colored specta-
cles at a successful past, a satisfactory
present, and a beautiful future.

I need not tell my readers that this
Dr. John Clement Carter was the Som-
erseshire boy whom good Dr. Savile
had taken by the hand, and whose tal-
ents had made the ladder which carried
him up to eminence. The kind old
doctor liked to tell the story over a
glass of port-wine to the friends round
his shining mahogany (he was old-
fashioned, and thought scorn of claret
and dinners *a la Russe*). "I was the
making of the man," he would say,
"and I'm proud of him, by Jove, sir! as
if he were a son of my own."

It is quite as difficult to rise in the
world gracefully as to come down, but
everyone agreed that John Carter man-
aged to do it, and just from this reason,
that there was no pretence about him.
He did not obtrude his low origin to
everyone, forcing it on people's atten-
tion with that fidgety uneasiness which
will have people know it if they are in-
terested in the subject or not, which is
only one remove from the unworthy
pride that tries to hide it away altogeth-
er. Neither did he boast of it as some-
thing very much to his credit, but to
any one who cared to know he would
say, "My family were poor working
people in Somerseshire, and I don't
even know if I had a grandfather, and
I owe everything to Dr. Savile." And
he would say it with a smile and a
quiet manner, as if it were nothing to
be ashamed of and nothing to be proud

of, but just a fact which was hardly of
interest; and his manner somehow
made people feel that birth and breed-
ing were after all mere insignificant
circumstances of life and of no account
by the side of talent and success. "He's
a good fellow, John Carter, and a
clever fellow too, without any humbug
about him," the men said, and the
women thought much the same, though
they expressed it differently. Indeed,
the glimpse of his early humble country
life, so simply given, without any pre-
tence or concealment, grew to be con-
sidered an effective, picturesque back-
ground which showed up to advantage
his present success and dignified posi-
tion. It was quite true that there was
no humbug or concealment about him,
that was the very truth he told, and
yet somehow, as time went on, the words
lost the full meaning they had to him at
first. Don't you know if you use the
same words frequently they get almost
mechanical,—even in our prayers, al-
though they are no longer the expression of our
feeling, but words come first and the
feeling follows, or does not follow? And
then, don't you know sometimes how
we hear with other people's ears, and
see with other people's eyes? And so
John Carter, when he said those simple
truthful words, grew to see the pictur-
esque background, the thatched cottage
and the hunnysuckle-covered porch, and
the grand old patriarch with white hair,
one of nature's noblemen, leaning on
his staff and blessing his son; and he
gradually forgot the pigsty close to the
cottage door and father in a dirty, green
smock and hob-nailed boots doing what
he called "mucking it out," and stop-
ping to wipe the sweat from his brow
with a snuffy red cotton handkerchief.

But come back from the pigsty to
the violets which are scenting the con-
sulting room and luring Dr. Carter, not
unwillingly, from the *Medical Review*
to thoughts of the giver. Her name
is Violet too, and so are her eyes, though
the long lashes throw such a shadow
that you might fancy they were black
themselves. It is not every one—in-
deed, it is John Carter alone—who is
privileged to look straight down into
those eyes, and see their beauty; only
he, poor, foolish fellow, forgets to take
advantage of his opportunity, and only
notices the great love for him that shines
there and turns his brain with happiness.
His hand trembles as he stretches it to
take the specimen glass, and the cool
fragrant flowers lightly touch his lip as
he raises them to his face. "Pshaw!"
I hear you say—reminding me of my
own words, "there is no beauty in weak-
ness, and this is weakness indeed!—a
sensible man, past the hey-day and folly
of youth, growing maudlin and senti-
mental over a bunch of violets!" No,
reader, it is power—the strongest power
on earth—the power of love.

To be continued.

Golden Thoughts.

A mind contented with its lot, is more
valuable than riches.

Your own society you cannot avoid;
therefore make it the best.

Let us learn upon earth those things
which can call us to heaven.

Affectation in any part of our carriage
is lighting up a candle to our defects,
and never fails to make us taken notice
of, either as wanting sense or sincer-
ity.—Locke.

As in the sun's eclipse we can behold
the great stars shining in the heavens,
so in this life's eclipse have those men
beheld the lights of the great eternity,
burning solemnly and forever.—Long-
tellow.

If we could only chop round and
change vice into virtue and virtue into
vice, what a righteous people we should
be, and what a delightful enthusiasm
we should have for the cause of pure
and undefiled religion!

Look upon pleasures, not upon that
side that is next the sun, or where they
look beautifully, that is, as they come
toward you to be enjoyed, for then they
paint and smile, and dress themselves
up in tinsel, and glass gems, and coun-
terfeit imagery.