

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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No. 6

## THE ACADIAN.

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Newspaper communications from all parts of the day are cordially solicited. The names of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written in a fictitious signature.

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Wolfville, N. S.

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**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

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**St. JOHN'S CHURCH**, (Episcopal) Services next Sunday morning at 11 A. M. meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock P. M.  
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary

**Masonic.**

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**Temperance.**

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of S. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

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**OUR JOB ROOM**

IS SUPPLIED WITH  
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

**JOB PRINTING**

—OF—  
Every Description

DONE WITH  
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND  
PUNCTUALITY.

The ACADIAN will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

West's Pain King will never disappoint you. It is always ready and costs but 25c. It is indeed a friend in need. Purchase a bottle at your drugist's and you will never be without it. It cures cholera and all bowel difficulties.

## 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.

**BORDEN, C. H.**—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

**BORDEN, CHARLES H.**—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

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**BISHOP, JOHNSON H.**—Wholesale Dealer in Flour and Feed, Mowers, Rakes, &c., &c. N. B. Potatoes supplied in any quantity, barreled or by the car or vessel load.

**BLACK ADDER, W. C.**—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

**BROWN, J. I.**—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

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**DAVISON, J. R.**—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

**DAVISON BROS.**—Printers and Publishers.

**DR PAYZANT & SON**, Dentists.

**GILBOBE, G. H.**—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

**GODFREY, L. P.**—Manufacturer of Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

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

**CARDS.**

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

**Perry Davis**  
Pain-Killer  
FOR CHOLERA  
CRAMPS AND PAINFUL COLIC  
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CHOLERA MORBUS AND  
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

**Watches, Clocks,**  
and Jewelry  
REPAIRED  
—BY—  
**J.F. HERBIN,**  
Next door to Post Office.  
Small articles SILVERPLATED.

**COUGHS, COLDS,**  
Croup and Consumption  
CURED BY  
**ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM**  
25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

## Select Poetry.

**ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.**

Don't crowd and push on the march of life,  
Or tread on each other's toes,  
For the world at best, in its great unrest,  
Is hard enough as it goes.  
Oh, why should the strong oppress the weak  
Till the latter goes to the wall?  
On this earth of ours, with its thorns and flowers,  
There is room enough for all.

If a lagging brother fall behind  
And drop from the toiling band,  
If fear and doubt put his soul to rout,  
Then lend him a helping hand.  
Cheer up his heart with words of hope,  
Nor season the speech with gall;  
In the great highway on the loneliest day,  
There is room enough for all.

If a man with the tread of a pioneer  
Step out on your track ahead,  
Don't grudge his start with an envious heart,  
For the mightiest once were led,  
But girl you loins for the coming day—  
Let nothing your heart appal—  
Catch up if you can with the forward man,  
There is room enough for all.

And if by doing your duty well,  
You should get to lead the van,  
Brand not your name with a deed of shame,  
But come out an honest man.  
Keep a bright look-out on every side,  
Till, heeding the Master's call,  
Your soul should go from the world below  
Where there's room enough for all.

**"AS HAVING NOTHING, YET POSSESSING ALL THINGS."**

The earth is ours. Above us bends  
God's infinite arch of stainless blue,  
The costliest sapphires from the mines  
Can never rival that in hue.

The earth is ours. Beneath us spreads  
The greenest grass that ever grew,  
The oddest scapings from the mines  
Can never rival that in hue.

Have we no gold? The warm sunshine,  
Tell me, what could more golden be?  
Not all art's mysteries can make  
Music like that bird in your tree.

Hast thou lost love? It is not lost,  
But on a mediant, mist veiled shore,  
Beyond life's changing, restless sea,  
It shall be thine forevermore.

Hast thou lost youth? Beyond the skies  
A glorious youth is waiting thee:  
Strong as the eagle in his flight  
Thou shalt soar, from fetters free.

Hast thou shed tears? Not unless they,  
God's angel counts of every one,  
They water plants of love and joy  
In those far gardens of the sun.

Then do not mourn, though thou mayest  
Be poor, old, bereft of all, alone—  
God only waits a little while  
To give thee back thyself and thine own.

**Interesting Story.**

**MISSING.**

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

**CHAPTER I.**  
THE COUSINS.

"You speak as if I did not understand the difference between right and wrong, Fraulin."

"You act as if you did not, Theo."

"The girl stood against the school room table a little stoop in her slender figure, a little smile on her small brunette face; while the governess, knowing so well the glance she should meet if she lifted her own grave eyes, worked in silence. But the silence, being a silence of displeasure, hurt the girl more sorely than outspoken words of blame, and she broke it herself, in a quaint, passionate way, tears gathering between the lids of her dark lustrous eyes.

"I often think I do not. Something comes and blurs the lines for me. If you or mother tell me what to do, I do it because you tell me; and I know it is right to do because you bid me do it. But when I've only my own instinct to teach me—"

"Instinct, Theo?"

"What shall I say then? My own heart?"

"Ah, there!—the governess had risen and laid her hands gently on her pupil's shoulders—"there, my dear, you touch the very source of what it so often grieves me to complain of. In everything your heart rules you. Dear, there is a higher guidance for our conduct than the instinct (as you call it) to please, or help, or spare those you love. Love must not be your only teacher."

"Does it really grieve you to complain of me?" the girl asked, with such happy, shining eyes that she scarce seemed to have heard the latter part of her governess's speech.

"It does indeed, especially now that

we are so soon to part."

"Explain exactly what you mean, dear," the girl said, with a warm kiss, but no very apparent penitence, "and I will cure it."

"I think you understand," the Fraulin answered, avoiding the great questioning eyes which sought hers. "For instance, you know what you said to your mother when she came down an hour ago, and was starting for Richmond?"

"You know," the girl said, in tender, whispering tones, "what mother said to me."

"She told you she had been asleep when your father left his room, and that he did not wake her, though she was going away for a week, and she asked you whether he had given you any message for her."

"No," put in Theo, with a swift, vivid blush, "she asked me what message father left for her. So I said—I said—the lips twitched a little, but the eyes were radiantly defiant—"he hoped she would enjoy herself, and take care of herself, and come back soon. And that he left her his love and a parting kiss. I gave her the kiss, and it was as good to her—dear mother!—as if he had—remembered. He seldom does remember, Fraulin. That was all."

"And it made her heart light, dear, and he going pleasant, but—it was not the truth. Your father scarcely spoke to you this morning, never of your mother!—and the message you gave her was a falsehood, Theo. Harsh as the words sound, I must use it."

"Then I ought to have let her go away sad and depressed? What good, then, would her visit to Richmond have done her?"

"You need not excuse your motive, dear," was the quiet answer. "It is the act that is wrong, and the motive will not justify it. You must not do evil yourself, even though it may 'pare your mother'."

The words did abruptly as the door was opened, and a young lady—passing the servant who tried to announce her—came with shy eagerness up to Theo's door.

"I had to drive from Euston Station alone," she said, "and I came around here. Oh, Theo, what little girls we were when we last met!"

"You are not a very big one now, smiled Theo, after greeting her cousin. "But we are both old, aren't we, Angel? I leave off lessons in a few days, and you were grown up a year ago—your letters said."

"Yes, I'm eighteen; a year older than you, though you are the taller. Papa says all women should be little, so I don't mind."

"I think so too," said Theo, watching rather intently while her cousin greeted the Fraulin. "How unexpectedly you have come, Angel!"

"I traveled from Derry to Euston with some friends of papa's, but I am to manage the rest of my journey alone. Aunt Burdle is in Onslow Square now, so I am going there first, and on to Brighton with her when she goes."

"You don't mean to say," cried Theo, with a puzzled gaze into Angel Sullivan's calm blue eyes, "that you are going to stay with M. S. Burdle?"

"How strange of you to call her Mrs. Burdle! She is your grandmother, Theo—your father's mother."

"Are you going—to her?"

"Yes, dear. I hoped you knew. I am only invited to pay a visit, but Aunt Burdle told papa privately that I bought me an extravagant present. Fortunately she had none to take from me."

"Poor Angel!"

"Poor? No; just the opposite, dear," cried the older girl, winking under the shadow in her cousin's eye. "Not only is this a splendid chance for me, Theo, but besides that I never was so far from poor as I am at this moment. What do you think? I've got seventy pounds of my own? Even yet I can scarcely believe it. It is my fortune, and I am to spend it all on myself to look nice and feel independent. I am to dress fashionably now for the first time in my life, and order what I like when I see what is worn, and enjoy having money of my own until Aunt Burdle adopts me. Oh, Theo, won't the spending be delicious to me?"

"I can fancy so."

"Don't laugh at me if you cannot

understand. Remember that I have never before had even seventy shillings to call my own. I've never had a dress really made for me by a dressmaker. I've never bought a bonnet ready trimmed and taken my own choice. I have not possessed any of the luxuries so familiar to you that you never even guess what their absence would be. And, oh, Theo," she added, with a pretty, timid glance into her cousin's thoughtful face, "you can never imagine the responsibility my luggage feels, because of those banknotes hidden among it. I cannot bear it out of my sight. I go on spending the money all the while in my own mind. You never ask me how I got it, Theo."

"How was it?" the girl asked, smiling, because she did not know how these words, she thought so light and self-satisfied, would haunt her presently.

"It has been accumulating for me ever since—I suppose ever since I was born. Presents of money that were given me as a child, and little sums added just as papa could afford them. And they have all been in the savings-bank till yesterday, when I had a presentation. Oh, Theo, I cried quite as much as I laughed, to feel myself so rich; and I'm sure the others all laughed and cried too."

"How sad for you to come away from them," said Theo, while the German lady's eyes went slowly from the pretty face, with its shining hair and forget-me-not eyes, to the mobile face above, with its smooth brown skin and soft carnation tints. "A face full of faults," she said to herself, "as the character is, and yet—"

"Of course I shall go home sometimes, Theo"—the words scattered the Fraulin's thought, and she quietly went away and left the girls alone—and I shall be helping them most this way. There are so many of us to grow up, one by one, while papa's living is so very poor. And as we see no one in that dull little Irish village, they did not wish me to spend my best years there. You could never understand it, Theo, living here in a beautiful house in the best part of London, with everything you want. Why, even in Ireland we hear of the splendid parties Uncle Theodore gives, of the fine houses he and you ride, of aunt's dresses, and—oh, everything! So I am sure you cannot understand how my absence will help them at home. Papa says marriageable daughters are so expensive."

"I never heard my father say that," put in Theo, dreamily.

"Of course not," cried Angel Sullivan, with a suspicious brightness in her eyes. "How could he, when he talks so rich? At home we always talk of him as if he were the richest man in London. When I was little I thought he sat in a beautiful room in the city all day receiving bank-notes. My ideas are still vague on the point."

"So are mine," put in Theo, demurely.

"But you know how rich he is, and that you are his only child."

"One fair daughter and none other child," quoted Theo, laughing. "But how does that account for your going voluntarily to live with the hardest, narrowest, suspiciousest, selfishest old lady in Brighton?"

"Don't look so disdainful, Theo," observed her cousin, smiling into the flashing eyes. "I remember that very look upon your face once when we were children visiting Aunt Burdle, and she took all your money away because you bought me an extravagant present. Fortunately she had none to take from me."

"Suppose she takes yours now," said Theo, with a warm flash of merriment in her eyes. "Just fancy her taking possession of that seventy pounds?"

"I could not fancy anything so terrible. But I can think of something besides my wonderful wealth, dear, though you don't believe it. I wish Aunt Burdle were my grandmother as she is yours. I think I could love her more easily then, and obey and amuse her more naturally. I see you cannot believe I wish it, but I do. I want to help and cheer her, while at the same time my absence helps them all at home."

"Hush, Angel," said Theo, with a deepening of the color in her soft brown cheeks; "don't excuse yourself to me. You know best what is right."

I never know. I only—could not do as you are doing."

"You have no need," was the slow answer. "Compare your father's income with my father's, this beautiful house with our shabby little place; your staff of servants with our one maid; your dresses with what I have always worn. Compare them all, and don't blame me, Theo, but be grateful that it is different with you."

"I am," the girl said; and then a strange and sudden silence fell between the cousins, as if a shadow touched them from the time to come.

**CHAPTER II.**  
IN THE CITY.

For fully six hours every other office in Gresham House had been vacated and locked into silence, when the last occupant quietly closed the outer door of his handsome suite of offices, and traversing the lofty passages so slowly that each step seemed an unwilling one, went out into Old Broad Street. So unfrequented the city seemed in the comparative stillness of the June midnight, that this man, who had known it only in the noisy business hours, looked round him, scarcely recognizing where he was, like one who comes from darkness into a glare of light. Yet the gaslit streets, in their unfamiliar aspect, seemed to hold him jealously among them, for again and again he passed the great clock buildings where he knew that so much of the world's work was done; looking upon them as a man might look if he knew it was for the last time; loitering as a man loiters only when he dreads to reach the destination awaiting him. Slowly he went round the Bank of England; then he passed backward and forward in the grim shadow behind the Exchange; only his own footsteps and the measured tread of a policeman breaking the silence of the short paved thoroughfare. But each time he reached the familiar stone figure of old George Peabody he paused before it, glancing backward in his mind through two men's lives. Presently he walked back, still slowly, on the way he had come, rehearsing the noble front of Gresham House with head down bent, as if it could not be but that some one would look from the familiar rooms, even in this midnight silence, and recognize him. Then a fascination seized him to pass its other front; yet when he had gone around into Bishopsgate Street, he did not lift his head, or give one look up to the windows, near one of which he had left his open desk and papers. But a few moments afterward he made a deliberate pause before the old palace on the opposite side of the street, and raised his eyes. There were only outside lights that glamed upon the tiny panes of the old windows, but he started and looked down again, as if there had been watching eyes behind; and without a second glance he walked straight on until he saw the river before him, and with a sudden impulse he turned aside.

"This is a novelty," he said to himself, making his way, a little less slowly now, along the narrow pavement and among the scattered passengers in Thames Street. "Well, I will see how that old Royal Prison looks in such a light. How long it is since I drove there last with my little Theo and—"

He snuffed the thought abruptly, and whistled softly to himself, as if to keep thought of every kind at bay. Yet thought was strangely restless to-night, wandering in unfrequented tracks, forgotten utterly through the long years during which it had been guided rigidly upon that smooth raised road which only the wealthy travel. Was not thought harassing him now, showing him everywhere faded forms and weary faces? Had he ever been worried before by a tired lad lifting the heavy shutters of a late-open shop? Even now was he not pausing before the iron gates of Billingsgate because a man, who came from the darkness within to try whether the gates were fast, looked thin and sickly? And when he came within the shadow of the silent Mint and Tower, did not thought drearily suggest that the sentinels in their dull routine must be weighed down with sleep? What a life was this to struggle for!

Slowly he retraced his steps, and then, with a strange attraction for the river he had been hitherto avoiding, he

turned to cross the London Bridge.

The silent night hour, which had made the city streets seem so different to this man, who knew them well, had changed the river too, disfiguring the craft upon its dark and heavy breast, and making blurred reflections, like lights drowned beneath its black and cruel waters.

The recesses of the bridge were filled with huddled crouching figures, some opening languid eyes as the quiet, stealthy step passed, but most of them sleeping: some few with the luxury of a dirty sack upon the weary head. They were all men or boys, and some were old, so old that the passer-by caught himself wondering how so many years could have been spent to bring nothing but this at the last. With never an uttered word, though his gaze passed by not one of the exhausted figures, he crossed the bridge and passed upon the southern side, looking still down upon the river.

"Cab, sir?"

The hollow, brisk voice startled him, and he turned, glancing beyond the slouching, shabby fellow who had addressed him to a table spread under what seemed to be a gigantic umbrella, where a grave and portly man presided over a steaming coffee and unnumerable cups and saucers. Perhaps it may not have been unusual for this gaunt and observant old fellow to see a gentleman come sauntering up to his coffee-table at two o'clock in the morning; but if it were, no one could have read that fact while he seemed engrossed by his own occupation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A number of American capitalists are negotiating for the purchase of the land adjoining the basin, falls and gorge, Grand Falls N. B. They intend to erect a number of cottages, beautify the ground, construct sheds, walks, drives, pavilions, etc. The capitalists propose to expend about \$10,000 during the first season, and erect a mammoth hotel the next.—St. Croix Courier.

**For Toilet Use.**

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most complete of all hair preparations.

Ayer's Hair Vigor has given me Ayer's perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. I was growing thin, what little hair I had, was itching, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mrs. E. H. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

**MARY N. HAMMOND, Stillwater, Minn.**

**Ayer's Hair Vigor**, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become lank and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff.—Mrs. E. H. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

**Ayer's Hair Vigor**, Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

**PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.**

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and my head from pain.—William L. Page, Richmond, Va.

**Ayer's Pills**, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

**BEST ON EARTH**

**SURPRISE SOAP**

THE GREAT SELF-WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. You purchase and pay for all the soap you need, and the washing and rinsing is done for you. The saving of fuel and water is considerable. The soap is sold in packages of 100 cakes, and is sold by all grocers. It is the best soap for all purposes. It is the best soap for all purposes. It is the best soap for all purposes.

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