# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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THE ACADIAN.

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

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

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N S.


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1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

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OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8 P M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.50 a m.
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Kentville close at 7 15 p m

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

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Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p.m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.

A. DEW. BARNS, Agent.

### Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 300 p m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7 30 p m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 00 a m and 7 00 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7 30 p m and Thursday at 7 30 p m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev Fred'k Friggens, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 00 a m and 7 00 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7 00 p m.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Services next Sunday morning at 11 a. m., evening at 7. C. H. Fullerton, of King's College, will conduct the services.

ST FRANCIS (R. C)—Rev T M Daly, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m the last Sunday of each month.

### Masonic.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

### Temperance.

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

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Percheron Horses and French Coach Horses. Savage & Farnum. Importers and Breeders of Percheron and French Coach Horses, Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Isle, Wayne County, Mich. We offer a very large stud of horses to select from, we guarantee our stock, make prices reasonable and sell on easy terms. Visitors always welcome. Large catalogue free. Address Savage & Farnum, DETROIT, MICH.


## DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

**Business Firms of WOLFVILLE**

The undermentioned firms will use 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

BISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

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. 10

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

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

CALDWELL & MURRAY.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

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

DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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

GODFREY, L. P—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

McINTYRE A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

REDDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Makes, 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.

NO MORE PILLS!

MOTHERS LIKE IT!
CHILDREN LIKE IT!!
Because it is agreeable to take.
IT CURES
LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS
PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

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.

*LOST OPPORTUNITIES.*

It is not that my friend is gone,
That I no more his face can see;
It is not that I'm sad and lone,
And life seems but a mockery;
It is not this that grieves me most,
Nor that I lose a gem so rare;
It is not that my soul is lost,
Amid the storms as vessels are.

It is not that the grave has hid
So much of hope, or joy, or bliss;
Nor that beneath the coffin lid
Still lies the form that I must miss.
'Tis this that strikes the deepest blow,
'Tis this that makes the cruelest sore,
That while he lived on earth below,
I did not love and prize him more.

I knew if I would give it heed,
That life held many a secret pain;
That loving word and kindly deed
Would be as sunshine 'mid the rain.
The little gift I might have brought—
Ah, was withheld all thoughtlessly;
Why was my heart so dull, untaught,
When earth's poor gitts might needed be?

Why did I lack in tenderness?
Why did his worth so little prize?
Why oft so slow with my caress?
Must death alone unseal mine eyes?
I might have given a fond embrace
Instead of that cool passiveness;
I might have kissed his well-loved face
When o'er it stole that anxiousness.

Oh, while I feel this keen regret,
And while this aching heart I bear,
E'en while my checks with tears are wet,
I wing to heaven an earnest prayer.
That sad, sad cry, "Too late, too late,"
The bleeding heart almost it rends,
My God, may I appreciate
Not only dead, but living friends.

## Interesting Story.

# MISSING.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

### CHAPTER XVII.

"LOVE'S HEAVY BURDEN."

Captain Leslie never remembered anything of that walk except the look of the slight, black-robed figure he followed, his gaze never leaving it, as if his eyes, after so long thirsting for this, could not let it go. And when Theo had entered a small white house, quite a mile from the city, Jack followed her still, and not until he had been taken into her at once, as if the earnestness of his purpose were patent, did he feel, with a sudden qualm, that they should not have met so unprepared. He stood and looked at her in a silence of intense emotion, when she had turned to face him, but when he saw the rich, soft color flow into her pale face he started forward, and in his grave, natural way, took her hands in his, and laid his lips upon them.

"Jack!" she cried, with a gladness in her loving eyes which made her returning pallor more pathetic. "O Jack, you?" Then, with the thoughtful lowliness only acquired in solitude and suffering, she corrected herself, "Captain Leslie, had you heard of—my unworthiness?"

"Dear, have you been ill?" he asked, as if his thought had not gone further yet.

"No, I have had no illness, though I feared it. Hardy takes care of me. You remember Hardy? You have heard of my going away?"

"I have heard what they have to tell me; yes, my dear, and now I have come to hear what *you* have to tell me, for that is all I shall believe."

"You heard, and yet you came to find me, and do not despise"—

"Hush, dear. I will not hear such words of you and me. It is no new thing for me to long for you, and if I had not found you, I would have—died in the search."

"O, Jack!" the cry burst from her unaware. "I can tell you now—at last. Are they well—at home?"

"As well, dear, as they can be while sorrowing for you."

"If I had died," said Theo, softly, "they would have been happy now. They could not have mourned so long. But—now they would not have me back."

"You will see, dear," Jack said, in that confident, straightforward way of his, "because you are coming with me. I'm going to take them what they long for most. Dear, are you alone here?"

"Yes," she answered, simply and sorrowfully. "Mons. Le Marchand is dead. You wonder," she went on noticing the slow, dusky color rise in Captain Leslie's bronzed face, "how I can mention him to you. I want to tell you. You were his friend, once, as you were mine, and I am grateful to remember that—now. I left Brighton with him nearly two years ago, and never left him till—he died—a month ago. I kept this out of the papers, because—Jack, this is his photograph, the only one I have, and taken when—when you knew him."

"Theo," cried Jack, hoarsely, lifting his eyes from the locket she had given him, "this is—what can you mean, dear? This is—your father."

"My father, yes," she said, her own face now scarce paler than his. "My father, Jack; an exile from his own country; afraid of his old name; avoiding recognition; and an alien from the ones he loved. May I tell you his story—I'm not faint? I shall not be happy until you who have found me, and given me the first—you will keep my secret, I know."

"Tell me, Theo," he whispered, with a great tenderness in his steadfast eyes. "I will keep any secret for you—if it be right to keep it."

"If it be right!" she repeated. "I could not think of that, I never do. I thought it best for—mother. That was all; and best for—others. The dear Fraulein always said I had no real guide for my actions—Ah! you remember, Jack?"

"Don't tell me more to-day, dear," he entreated, his heart throbbing to see her so calm, and yet looking so ill.

"Yes, please—now. He could not take his own name, Jack. He dared not let anyone recognize him, and mother was so happy. It was different from her old life; so fresh and pure and helpful. O, don't say how wrong it was Jack, could you—could anyone—have told her? Because he could not make it public. Nobody could know. Only I could know, and O, how I thought and thought, and there was only one way they could all be happy! And father only wished for me, and he had to hide, and I wanted—wished it too. We had each other, Jack. Was it so wrong?" she asked, a terrible perplexity on her wan face, while she still defied her weakness "Often and often in solitude I have felt it was so, and suffered—ah so much! Then I would remember they are happy, mother, and Angel, and—now—Rex. I—I am getting sleepy, Jack. And I have so much to tell you. Don't look so sadly at me. I am well, I have always been well, only dazed a little, as I often am. Hardy used to fancy—I mean she often fancies, I'm going to fall ill, but I never did. He always liked me with him, and he would not if I'd been sickly. I—I will try not to be so dull in telling you, Jack. You are so patient with me, you always were. My father left his office that night—you remember? It was the day you bade me good-bye—and he wandered about all that night, and in the early morning got into a train for Liverpool, for he had always meant to go to America. At the very first station where they stopped, there came into my father's carriage—empty before—a man he knew, and you and I knew, Jack, but never mind his name, for he was the real cause of my father's ruin, and if he suffered ruin as complete as ours, he had only himself to blame. From what he said father saw that he had followed him for hours, and come by this train to confess to father before—before—do you understand me, Jack? He had determined to take his own life and had prepared, destroying all possible trace, and intending, he said, to make all recognition impossible afterwards. It was then the thought entered my father's mind that he could make his own flight unsuspected. He had remembered how his name was openly written in his hat and gloves, and he saw that in his companion's excitement no trifling act of his would be observed, so he changed the hat and gloves, and at the next station left that train, taking the next fast one straight to Liverpool. You know—you have heard the rest, Jack! You know how the dead man's face was unrecognizable, but how the hat and gloves identified him to all-seeming, and how they traced him from his office on the night before into that empty carriage, while father was safely on board. O Jack, if he had only returned before mother's marriage! He came to Brighton—disguised, as you have heard, as Mons Le Marchand—to see whether his mother—but he saw me. I—I knew from the first he was interested in me, and I wondered; and one night—it was at the Aquarium—he told me, and then, O Jack, what could I think of except sparing them? And then Angel could"—

"How could it affect Angel?"

"Angel!" she echoed, pushing the hair from her dazed eyes. "Did I say Angel? Mother was so happy, Jack—so happy! And he so dear to her—her little son. And father could not claim her—dare not, ever. And, O, the nights were so hard and troubled then, Jack, while I wondered—I mean I dared not think in the day, while they were with me. Was I wrong, Jack? You will know, as mother will. I did not. He was my own father, and he had to sacrifice. Why do you look at me so?"

"I was only thinking, dear," he said, though he had thought many other things, "how good a day it will be when I take you home again."

"Home? To mother? O Jack, I dare not. I could not keep my father's secret if—I saw her."

"No," he answered, gravely; his brow knit with pain to think what the keeping of this secret had been to the girl, of the life of concealment for the father and daughter, and, most of all, Theo's bearing suspicion from those she herself could love so intensely. "Have you friends here?" he asked, involuntarily, as he pictured her life.

"No, we could not make friends. Remember how my father was changed, and what a rest it was to him to drop his disguise. But," Theo added, with her old bright smile, "many people have been kind to us, and Hardy has been such a comfort."

"For quite long enough," Jack said, "the burden of this secret has been borne alone, and the loneliness is slowly killing you. Does any plant live when shut from the sun? You not only dare not see those you love, but you know that they believe a lie of you. O, my Theo, it is in my hands now, and you have only to rest. We shall soon be at home, and the dear mother"—

"O, Jack, no," came the piteous cry once more, "you are stronger than I, and if you say it I'm afraid. Leave me here. It is safer for me here. They must not know, I owe Angel so much. It was all she had, and she gave it so willingly, so lovingly, and when I have repaid it— What, Jack? They must know? O, no. The old home, at the rectory, is so blest, and if they knew—I—O, Jack, I cannot see you. Am I fainting?"

### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DEAD PAST.

"Are they come?" the Rector cried, letting the lawn-gate slam behind him in his eagerness to ask this question of Angel, who comes quickly from the house to meet him, holding by the hand his little boy, and chatting with May and Elsie, their cheeks aglow and their eyes bright with expectation.

"Not yet, papa," the answer comes, "but from the paddock we can see a horse."

"And horseman," Angel adds, "and he looks like Rex, but I don't know how that can be."

"I do, my dear," the Rector answers cheerfully. "When I reached the Manor I sent my horse on to the station by one of the Squire's men, fearing the carriage would be filled, and not wishing anyone to walk."

"Except yourself," says Angel, in her ready, appreciative way. "And how fast you must have come, Mr Sterne."

"Yes; I was so fearful of not being at home before them. I could not hurry away from the sick-room, of course, but I certainly could upon the way. Though the poor Squire's illness prevented my going to France, for Theo and your aunt, I was determined to be here to meet them. Your husband has been a famous substitute for me upon the journey, but I felt that even you could not be so here. What a good fellow he was to so promptly and willingly—more than willingly—do that for me, and for my wife, and for Theo!"

"And," added Angel, smiling the old sweet smile "for himself." Then there is a shout from the little girls who stand upon the turf-bank watching, and the gate is fastened open, and Mr Sterne notices that Angel's cheeks flush and her eyes dance, as if this were a lover riding so swiftly towards her, and not a husband of nine whole months.

"They are coming," Rex Derham cries, when he catches sight of the watching faces, as if his coming were nothing save as a herald; but his eyes, as they fall upon his wife, hold a silent, precious greeting, which she understands.

"They will be here in precisely ten minutes," he goes on presently, smiling at every one's excitement, while he himself obliviously shakes hands a second time with the Rector, holding Angel's right hand fast in his left.

"Ten minutes," echoes Angel, and turns and flies to the house, once more to step through the open window and see that the long flower-laden table holds everything that Theo likes, and, to her husband's great astonishment, scarcely noticing that they follow her. The thought and care that Angel has expended on this one meal would have sufficed for quite a hundred meals, and the thought and care seems still unending.

"You are to dispense with dinner," she says to Rex, far too deeply burdened with responsibility to turn and look at them. "It would weary Theo, we thought, to sit through any ceremonious meal of different courses after her journey; and perhaps—after such an illness—she will fancy just what we don't expect; so it is all laid at once, and tea, and it will seem homely and unceremonious, and lazy—as Mr Sterne did not mind."

Mind! When the Rector was going round and round the table now, like a boy, to be quite sure that Theo's favorite fruits were here in their perfection, and everything she used to like; for not one of her tastes or whims or fancies is forgotten by those who love her so well, and have lost her for so long.

"Does it look right, Rex?"

"There must be more roses," he answers, in a glad, prompt way, "and an especial one in Theo's place. Then it will be perfection."

"My dear," the Rector says, as he passes out again through the open window, his boy now on his shoulder, his own face as beaming as the child's, in spite of the gray hairs, "you have done yourself the greatest credit to-night. And all the while your Aunt Helen has been away you've seemed so naturally to take Theo's old place."

"Rex, have I—you heard?" she whispered, as they too follow, and he understands the earnestness of her tone.

"Taken Theo's old place? Indeed you have, my darling wife. Now for the roses."

"I declare," the Rector says, when they join him at the gate, "every one passing stops to ask for Theo. What is it in the girl that has made every one love her?"

"Perhaps," suggests Angel, gently, "her own great power of loving." And Rex knows, though he says nothing; for sometimes he feels one reason no one else can feel for Theo's deception, remembering how she had said, on that last day, "If even my life were needed for her happiness I would give it." Then the questioning earnestness of that appeal direct to him, which was so strange from Theo's lips, "You understand, Rex?"

A thousand times he had recalled the words, simply because it was the only time she had ever called him by this name; but they have borne a deeper meaning since he has met Captain Leslie in France, and the memory of them now can bear no touch from others.

Before any has noticed how grave the young man's face has grown, the carriage comes slowly through the gate, and, though they all run with it up the sweet old rectory garden, even the children now forbear to utter their delight aloud, and curb as they can the excitement which has grown almost unbearable.

So on Theo's coming home there is no glad exclamation such as welcomed Rex: no rush of the children to her arms as it used to be, even when she came from the village; but from all—ah! such a greeting.

And if the mother has tears in her eyes when she stands back to let them welcome Theo first, they make her smile none the less glad and tender when she herself puts her arms round her child, and gives her a wordless welcome only the mother's heart could give.

And though the change in Theo is so plain to those who love her, they all think her beauty greater, truer, than it had ever been; though they do not know, of course, that while the brilliant color of old times may come back again, there will never come again that fatal brilliancy in the eyes which told how the girl recklessly, feverishly defied her own suffering.

In her new peace and happiness it is to Captain Leslie she turns involuntarily when her heart is fullest. And even here, where every one would serve her, she feels still the care he has given her since they met, care so womanly in tenderness, so manly in its whole devotion.

They none of them, except the children, will ever talk of this day afterwards; but when in memory they look back upon it, they will not see the sorrows and perplexities of the dead past, because it will shine as the fair, sweet dawn of a new life.

THE END.

If the gentlemen who tarred and feathered us last Saturday night will kindly return our clothes they will confer a lasting favor. We are still wearing the feathers, and while, owing to the thoroughness of our fellow-citizens' work, they are quite comfortable for house wear, still the gentlemen who have come out with a fall feather suit are so few that our appearance on the street in the costume would be sure to cause remarks.—*Grub Stake (Texas) Prospector.*


SCROFULA

Humors,

Erysipelas,

Canker, and

Catarrh,

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes; washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens woolen goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes. Toilet, Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing, &c. Read the directions plainly given on each wrapper and learn the new "Surprise" way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made a pleasure by the use of SURPRISE SOAP and joy and smiles take the place of tired looks. Save 25 Surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. SURPRISE SOAP is sold by all leading grocers. If not obtainable at your home send 5 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

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