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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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

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.
Express west close at 10.35 a. m.
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Kentville close at 7 15 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

A. DEW. BARSS, 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 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T, meets every Wednesday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH

THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

—OF—

Every Description

DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNES, 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, Grass Lake, 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, Denver, Mon.

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, Colore 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.

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

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McINTYRE A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

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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,

IMMORTALITY.

As they are looking down upon us,
Loved ones who have gone before,
In a world of light and glory
Do they love us as of yore?
Are the bright eyes, closed in slumber,
Oped and gazing from on high,
Beaming with a clearer vision;
Watching o'er us, yea, for aye?

Do they know our thoughts and feelings
Know our utmost hearts to read?
Do they mourn when we are tempted?
When we fail to sow good seed?
Are they watching, are they waiting,
For the coming of our feet?
Will the same fond hearts receive us?
Will the same sweet voices greet?

Who shall say they are not with us?
Men of science and of lore,
Can you tell us, with your wisdom,
As you o'er your volumes pore,
If the heavens are far beyond us—
If the realms are hige above?
Or a region all around us,
Where God's messengers of love

Are uplifting human creatures,
Helping them each day and hour
Better to sustain their burdens,
Better yet to know His power?
Or is it a world of glory,
All divided from our own,
Where no influence can mingle
With the trials earth hath known?

Oh, for hope that comes to gladden!
Oh, for faith that doth assure
That our loved ones have not left us,
Though immortal now, and pure,
They are still beside us walking,
Though unseen by mortal eye;
They are working in his vineyard,
They are with the Father nigh.

Interesting Story.

MISSING.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

CHAPTER XIII.—*Continued.*

Miss Sullivan had come, in the early morning, to arouse her cousin, and was gazing blankly round Theo's empty room, and at the bed which had not been disturbed. Hardy was behind her, a little defiant in tone and bearing.

"Just what I say, Miss Sullivan. Miss Theo's gone, and we can't meddle as she declined that way. 'E was a gentleman, every yard of 'im, though French isn't English, as I always say, and 'is first word to 'er when I 'eld the door to let 'er out was 'My darling, and the carriage there waiting, and it barely one o'clock. Don't ye sob, Miss Angel— What is it you say? Oh, no, it's no disgrace. There's nothing disgracious about it, though it's a pity the weddin won't be 'ere, for Miss Theo's too purty to be married in privation, just 'cause those French are 'alf savages; but she chose 'im, and as she loved 'im best, she wasn't wrong-doing to go. Didn't she say to me with her own lips—'Tell 'er,'—that's you, Miss Angel—'I go with im because I love 'im. I've chosen my life, and nothing could turn it from me now.'"

"If I could be sure," sobbed Angel. "But he knows she has her fortune now—safely; and it looks so miserable. He ought to have waited to see Aunt Helen. Oh, how can I tell this to Theo's mother?"

"That's not for ye to fret over, Miss Sullivan," said Hardy, with emphasis. "I got a letter 'ere to give myself to Mrs Sterne, and it'll tell 'er; Miss Theo never left that for you to do, no fear. She said to me with 'er own lips, when she came to my room so quiet, all dressed, to bring me down in a water-proof to chain the door be'ind 'er—'Ardy,' she says, and she put the letter into my 'and, 'give it yourself to mother.' And after, as she was going away, and I a bit be'ind the door, 'cause those French are so sharp with their eyes, she just turned and kissed me! 'Give it yourself,' she whispered, 'and take care of Angel'—it's what she called you, Miss Sullivan—'till she's safe with mother,' and she said 'mother' low and tender; I can feel 'er breath on my cheek now as she said it, and that was the last word before 'e put 'er in the carriage."

CHAPTER XIV.

"THROUGH THE SHADOWS."

"Rex!"

Angel had been Rex Derham's wife for quite three months, yet she never entered his study without that wistful, almost apologetic utterance of his name.

They were living in the old Brighton home. It had been left to Angel, as the house in Onslow Square had been left to Theo, and she found she had grown so fond of it, that, when a few months after Mrs Burtle's death she was married, she begged her husband to make it their home for a part of every year, he travelling almost daily to his chambers in the Temple. It was eighteen months now since Theo had gone away, and still no tidings of her ever reached those she had left. The handsome income she inherited by her grandmother's will was remitted, through the late Mrs Burtle's lawyers, to a firm of solicitors instructed by Theo, but from them no word could be elicited as to their client's address. They kept their secret effectually, and even the mother's pleading had been unavailing to win from them information they had been charged to withhold.

A few weeks after Angel's marriage, a little letter from Theo had been inclosed to her by these lawyers, bearing no address or postmark, telling how happy the news of the marriage had made her, and in words of simple, deep affection wishing every blessing for her and her husband. Angel had noticed how Rex turned away when she had offered this little letter to him, but when she left the room she did not take it with her, and though she would have guarded it as one of her valued treasures, she never asked her husband to give it back to her.

On that terrible day when she had to tell Rex that Theo was lost to them, his anger and his misery had betrayed him; but the girl's single love grew only greater for him in his suffering, and when, months afterwards, he asked her to be his wife, and told her simply and honorably how he had loved Theo, she trusted him completely, and knew that through their married life there could be no secret now between them. And—as she used to tell herself so often and so truthfully—the fuller love would come.

It was no new thing to the young wife to surprise her husband deep in thought, as she found him now, yet always at the sound of her step or voice he would turn to meet her with a smile.

"Rex, I am going to call on the Eliots. Will you come for me?"

She asked it anxiously, and the love and yearning in the face lifted to his might have gladdened any eyes; yet his were only calm and kind, and it was no wonder that the wife who loved him so devotedly missed something there.

"Is it not too warm to walk so far, dear?"

"There is a beautiful breeze, Rex, and it will be very cool presently," she said. "I thought it would not weary you."

Something in her voice struck him a little sadly. "I will come, dear," he said, with readiness, now. "I will leave at five."

"And until then?"

"I have writing."

"You were not writing when I came in."

"No."

"Rex," her blue eyes were troubled a little as they looked into his, "it is cruel of Theo's husband to keep her so long hidden from us, but our regrets cannot bring her back, can they? And though I often think that you are trying to forget— Dear," she said, for something in his face had made her change the words she had been going to say, "do the trifling things I sometimes coax you into doing, in our life together, weary you? I know how you fulfil the greater duties, but these lighter ones, I ask, do they weary you?"

"No, Angel."

"Do I weary you with my love?"

"O, darling, no."

"Do you regret ever the answer I gave when you asked me to share your life?"

"No, no; it was my only happiness."

"Thank God. Then I can wait for the rest. I feel quite sure that it will come, the glad, complete love which is to make my dear home dearer still. It will come."

But ah! the cry was echoed so differently in his own heart—"Will it come?"

CHAPTER XV.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Angel always walked more swiftly than usual when her mind was busy, and so rapidly now she was going along the King's Road, that an elderly woman, who had been following her on the opposite side of the way, had hard work to cross the road and overtake her; then, though walking beside her, had to touch her before she would look round. But the recognition was instantaneous when Angel turned.

"Hardy," she said; "why, what a long time since I have seen you; never since Aunt Burtle's household was dismissed. Are you well, and are you living here?"

"I'm well, Mrs Derham, thank you," Hardy said, in the old deliberate way, "and I'm not living 'ere, except for to-day. We came this morning, and we're going at present, I and my mistress. When you went to your own 'ome, after your Aunt's death, Miss Angel, I went to live with Monsieur Le Marchand."

"With Theo?" faltered Angel, starting visibly.

"Yes, Mrs Derham; and I've a message from 'er, but I can only give it you in quietence. Will you come with me?"

"Of course I will, Hardy. Anywhere for you to tell me of my cousin."

So Hardy silently and stolidly led the way into the Aquarium, and up to the gardens on the roof; then turned away and went down the steps again. In her surprise, Angel paused, watching unconsciously a lady who came towards her, tall, and looking very slender in a simple black walking dress. Then she felt the color rush to her face in a tide of strong emotion, and her two hands closed on Theo's.

"Why, are you here, Theo? and why did you not come to me? Why did you let me meet you—here?"

"Because," said Theo, her face betraying how good it was to her to hear the dear familiar face unchanged to her, "it is best. This meeting would make me like a baby, Angel, if no other eyes were upon us. It is best here. Now," she said, as they sat down facing the sea, and Angel held her hand—her right hand—in silence; wondering, wondering over the change in her; "tell of yourself—of yourselves—dear, that means now."

"Theo, have you been ill? You look delicate, and you do not walk as you used to do."

"I am older," Theo said, with a loving touch upon the anxious face turned to hers. "Are you very, very happy, Angel? Perfectly, entirely, wholly happy? O, say it; and again and again; for I have come on purpose to hear that. How I have thirsted to hear it from your own dear truthful lips."

The eager questioning of the eyes was even more piteous than the questioning of the voice, and Angel's filled with tears to see it. "I ought to be," she faltered, with the truthfulness that Theo knew so well. "I should be happier than words can say, if only"—

"If!" repeated Theo, with a solicitude almost intense on the pale, beautiful face. "Don't say if. Your husband is good and noble, true and constant; you know it is so, Angel dear, so say it is—to me."

"He is more than that," said Angel, readily; and oh so kind to me! But there is something missing. I know it always. In his voice, in his eyes, in his touch. It would not be missed in some men, but I know what Rex could be. Theo"—Angel's voice grew very low and full of perplexity—"he changed when you went away. In his terrible sorrow at that time it was all clear to me, and I wondered how I could have been so blind. You did not guess, and so you are incredulous now," Angel went on, as Theo sat very still, looking far out upon the sea in simple incredulity, as Angel thought; "but it was true, and afterwards—when he asked me to be his wife—he told me. I try now," she went on, her voice faltering less as she told her trouble, and wondering why Theo had looked startled for a moment, "to forget, and to think it had passed, and sometimes I feel that the love will come, but sometimes I fear it never can. Why should it, for he is as true and steadfast in his nature now as when he loved you, and I do not know myself how hard such love is to uproot? I knew when I married him, Theo, so it is not his fault; but I thought it would come. I think so still—oh yes, dear, I'm not always so down-hearted as I have seemed to be. Perhaps it is because now I am with you I feel how hard it would be for any one to care for me after having loved you. But he loved me next to you; and I think he cared for me a little before he knew you. And so it may come right. He said I could give him all the happiness possible for him, and I have loved him so, even when I learned how terribly he must have loved you."

"Once, possibly," was the sorrowful whisper, "but never again."

"What, Theo?"

"He will never," Theo said, her gaze still far away, and her low voice very calm and steady, "give me a place in his heart, and thoughts, after to-day. Where will he be this evening, Angel—your husband?"

"Why, at home, dear, with you, of course, and with me."

"I am going back to-day, at five o'clock, Angel; but I must see your husband first. I only came just to look once upon your face, and see for myself your perfect content."

"O, Theo, you will stay with us! Don't say we are to separate so soon again. Theo, dear," softly, as if she might be speaking of the dead—"where is your husband?"

But Theo, looking still across the sea, did not hear.

"Theo, dear, tell me how it all is with you. I have so feared that Mons. Le Marchand married you for—your fortune."

"No, he did not," was the ready, steadfast answer.

"He did not care for your being wealthy?"

"That I do not know," said Theo, with a smile. "But he did not—as you say—marry me for my fortune."

"Oh, I am thankful," Angel cried. "And he loves you as—as you should be loved, my Theo?"

"Yes; and he always will—as I love him."

"O, that is good! And is he here with you?"

"No, I came with only Hardy; just to see the old spots, and most of all—to see you."

"That has set my mind at rest; still I shall miss you always, Theo."

"Come," said Theo, and when they left the Aquarium she called a cab as if she were the one at home in Brighton, and Angel smiled to notice this; Theo answering the smile, though her face was strangely pale and thoughtful.

"You shall wait for me," she said to the driver of the fly, when they stopped before the doorway so familiar to her; "I shall want you to take me to the station in less than half an hour."

"Rex has our old sitting-room for his study," said Angel, entering the house with her arm in Theo's. "He calls it his office. He will be there now, as he was not to leave till five."

Almost as she spoke she tapped upon the door and entered, Theo following with a slow and steady step; but it faltered a little when Rex looked up from his writing. Unconsciously he raised his eyes straight and at once to her face, and looked. Ah! it was sad for Angel to see such a look! Then he rose, unsteadily, as if a blow had struck him, and went towards her.

"Mr Derham," she said, and stood quite still opposite him, "the longing to see Angel's face once more has overpowered me." She said Angel's, but her beautiful, sad eyes never stirred from his—"and I—came back for one hour. Now I have seen you, I am going again."

"Alone?" He had paused on his way, influenced unconsciously by her determination, and he uttered the brief, questioning word almost breathlessly, pushing the loose hair from his forehead.

"Alone," she answered, very calm and still, for all the fever burning in her eyes. "Who did you fancy would come with me?"

"Your husband," Rex said, his broad chest heaving as he stood so near, yet apart.

"Angel," said Theo, very quietly, "will you go away?"

But Angel answered "No," and clung to her and kissed her, as if she felt the time had come at last when Theo needed her.

"Then listen, dear," said Theo, with a gentleness whose bravery they could not understand. "I have no husband."

"O, Theo!" cried Angel, with a sob that burst from her heart irrepressibly, and whose meaning was half fear for what she did not know she even understood, "you did not tell me he was dead."

"Mons. Le Marchand is not dead," said Theo. "He is in London now awaiting my return to him. But," the brave dark eyes were still upon Rex Derham's, while his now blazed with an awful passion in his haggard face—"he is not my husband."

"Did that devil"—

"How dare you!" broke from Theo's lips, but her voice seemed not to reach him.

"Did he take you away to"—

"You forget," she said, in a slow, pausing way, "I went with Mons. Le Marchand of my own free will."

"Great Heavens! And you have ever since"—

"Been with him, yes," she answered, solemnly.

"And you can tell us this with—O, my God! it is not true."

"Yes, it is true," she answered, steadily and safely now, with a new confidence, for who could read the truth she repeated with such strange courage? "I loved him so that I left you all and went with him, though I knew he had a wife living."

"Oh, Theo!"

It was Angel's horror-stricken cry that made her hands trouble in their grip upon each other. "You understand?" she questioned, curbing the longing to put her arms about her cousin's neck and kiss her, just as if they were girls together, and the world held them equal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AYER'S PILLS. Sugar-Coated Cathartic

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

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Ayer's Pills,

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

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SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

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