

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1887.

No. 14

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

TERMS:  
**\$1.00 Per Annum.**  
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS OF five in advance \$4 00  
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.  
Newspaper 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 communi-  
cation, although the same may be written  
under a fictitious signature.  
Address all communications to  
DAVISON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

### Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly  
from the Post Office, or removing and  
detaching his name or another's or whether  
he has subscribed or not—is responsible  
for the payment.  
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued  
he must pay up all arrearages, or the  
publisher may continue to send it until  
payment is made, and collect the whole  
amount, whether the paper is taken from  
the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that referring  
to take newspaper and periodicals  
from the Post Office, or removing and  
detaching them uncalled for is *prima facie*  
evidence of intentional fraud.

**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  
Express west close at 10.35 A. M.  
Express east close at 5.10 P. M.  
Kentville close at 7.15 P. M.  
Geo. V. BARR, Post Master.

**PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.**  
Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on  
Saturday at 12 Noon.  
A. M. W. BARR, Agent.

### Churches.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 10.30 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. Fredk. Frizzen, 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, F. & A. M.**, meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M.  
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

### Temperance.

**WOLFVILLE DIVISION** of T. M. 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  
—OR—  
Every Description  
DONE WITH  
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND  
PUNCTUALITY.

West's Cough Syrup, the household remedy for coughs, colds, sore throat, influenza, bronchitis, whooping-cough, asthma and consumption. 25c, 50c, and \$1 per bottle. All druggists.

At this season of the year it is very necessary to keep a bottle of West's Cough Syrup in the house for sudden colds. Nothing like it. Cures like magic.

## 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.

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

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

**BISHOP, D. 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. N. B. Potatoes supplied in any quantity, barreled or by the car or vessel load.

**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 Dealer.

**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 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.

### NO MORE PILLS!

MOTHERS LIKE IT!  
CHILDREN LIKE IT!  
It is so gentle to take,  
IT CURES  
LIVER COMPLAINT,  
BILIOUS DISORDERS,  
ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA,  
LOSS OF APPETITE,  
SICK HEADACHE,  
CONSTIPATION OR GOITRENESS.

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.

### Saint Poetry.

#### SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere the wind is blowing,  
I thought as I lugged along  
In the hurrying heat of noontide,  
And the fancy made me strong.  
Yes, somewhere the wind is blowing,  
Though here where I gasp and sigh,  
Not a breath of air is stirring,  
Not a cloud in the burning sky.

Somewhere the thing we long for  
Exists on earth's wide bound,  
Somewhere the sun is shining  
When winter nips the ground,  
Somewhere the flowers are springing,  
Somewhere the rain is brown  
And ready unto the harvest,  
To feed the hungry town.

Somewhere the twilight gathers,  
And weary men lay by  
The burden of the daytime,  
And wrapped in slumber lie.  
Somewhere the day is breaking,  
And gloom and darkness flee;  
Though storms our bark are tossing,  
There is somewhere a placid sea.

And thus, I thought, 'tis always,  
In this mysterious life,  
There's always gladness somewhere,  
In spite of its pain and strife;  
And somewhere the sin and sorrow  
Of earth, are known no more,  
Somewhere our weary spirits  
Shall find a peaceful shore.

Somewhere the things that try us  
Shall all have passed away,  
And doubt and fear no longer  
Impede the perfect day.  
O, brother, though the darkness  
Around thy soul be cast,  
The earth is rolling onward,  
And light shall come at last.

### Interesting Story.

## MISSING.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

### CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Will you come there?" asked Rex, still with infinite patience, and Theo's careless quizzical gaze told nothing of the real pain it gave her to find that the whims and perversity she had fancied would turn him from her had had no such effect.

"Not quite yet, Mr. Derham," she said, recklessly seeking an excuse, and not caring how ridiculous a one, "you have for weeks been devoured by curiosity to consult that oracle on the table. Monsieur Le Marchand, I believe you are consumed by a similar desire."

"All right," put in Rex, with steady determination. "It is the very most transparent imposture, but my heart hangs on the answer I shall through craft and subtlety—obtain to a question I am going to ask. Come, Miss Hurst."

"Are you shocked, Angel?" inquired Theo, keeping her close beside her cousin, since Rex Derham had planted himself beside her.

"It is very silly," acknowledged Angel, wondering why she could not show contempt for Theo's latest caprice, "but," she added, pleasantly, as she walked in the line Theo so scrupulously kept, and could speak to her unheard, "you make us all silly when you choose Theo—even Rex."

"He is always weak," whispered Theo, mischievously.

"But remember, dear—and it is almost luncheon time," urged Angel, in a tone her cousin understood quite well. But what need could Theo feel for Angel's admonition? It was all exactly the reverse of what Angel feared. To Theo there was comparative rest now. Monsieur Le Marchand was with them; and had he not forged a link between them by remembering having seen her with her dear ones in the old, old days?

"Now, Miss Theo," said Mr. Derham, as they all stopped at the oracle's table—a little group to win notice anywhere, and by pausing here, exciting many a quizzical, amused, and wondering, if not disdainful, glance—"you must choose our questions." And he laid before her and Angel the little list of questions presented by the proprietor of the oracle.

"Well, Angel?" interrogated Theo, her eyes bright with laughter.

"I think," said Angel, prettily and simply addressing Monsieur Le Marchand instead of Rex, "I should ask this one, 'Will wealth and power be mine?'"

"And for me, Miss Theo?" inquired Rex, steadily adhering to his resolution that she should choose for him.

"I want," she said, reading so intently as not to seem aware how his eyes

sought hers, "something funnier. Ask this, for it is most important, 'Shall I win the object of my affections?'"

"Thank you," he said, involuntarily, and his face flushed, though he laughed.

"While the wheel was set in motion, and the very transparent little mystery was played, Theo stood intently and silently watching, even silencing Angel when she spoke. 'It is all so serious,' she said, officiously destroying all seriousness by the comic solemnity of her own expression. 'Well?' she asked, breathlessly, when Monsieur Le Marchand and Mr. Derham had received the slips of paper pointed to by the little wooden oracle, in his race round the table.

"There is mine," said Monsieur Le Marchand, giving Theo the paper.

"Wealth and power," she read, "have never been beyond your grasp. Capital, is it not? And did you ever grasp them, Monsieur?"

"The future holds the answer to that question, mademoiselle."

"Now read mine, Miss Theo," put in Rex, laughing heartily.

"Yes; and the object of your affection longs to be thine. How nice, grammar and all!"

"I must think, Mr. Derham," observed Monsieur Le Marchand, rather pointedly, as they all walked away from the oracle, that it would hate such an answer as that. There is no ring of truth about it, for the object of one's affections rarely longs to be ours. Such is human nature!"

"If I were a man," said Theo, recklessly, "I would never waste one grain of affection on a woman if my heart told me she did not value it. What a woman does not give at first, she cannot have to give at all—or it cannot be worth well, if I were a man."

"Infinite knowledge, infinite experience," said the Frenchman, quizzically, while Angel stared in surprise at Theo's unexpected logic, and Rex walked silently—hurt a little, it would seem.

"This is your paper, Mr. Derham," she said, presently. They were walking back past their former seats, and Rex had adroitly taken Monsieur Le Marchand's place beside Theo when they had had to separate into couples.

"Of course you wish to keep it."

"When you give it back to me, Theo," he said, in a low intense voice, "I shall understand its truth."

"When I give it back to you?" the girl repeated, her beautiful eyes frankly meeting his, though sea and sky seemed dancing before them; and the slender figure proud and straight, though the heart within her throbb'd hurriedly, painfully, as she understood him—understood that in this minute she might have known the crowning glory of her womanhood.

"Yes; when you give it me, it will be your message. Until you can, and will—oh, Theo, keep it until then."

"I do not understand."

The words were so quiet and so cold? What could he ever guess of the passionate longing, almost unbearable, which the girl hid so well, which she conquered in this fight, for which she had been unprepared, and unflinchingly stood to bear the death-blow?

"Forgive me if I seem to ask too much," he said, in a voice of deep emotion, "but it shall be in your own time. You know now the question I have often before to-day been tempted to ask you, and I will wait your answer as patiently as a man can. Of course the paper that you hold is rubbish; but when you give it back to me I shall be the happiest fellow in the world, even if you will only tell me you will try to love me—presently."

"As you say," she answered, her words strangely slow and difficult, though her eyes burned with a feverish, troubled light, "this paper is rubbish. I asked Angel the other day what these holes in the pier were for, and she said the men sweep the dust and rubbish down them; so this is all right."

And she stooped and carefully dropped the paper into the sea below.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### "UPHEAVING TIDES."

"Please don't talk," whispered Theo, "I want to listen and to look."

"Not at the singers," smiled Angel, "for you are staring all the time up into the fernery. I'm sorry—sorry than you, dear—that Monsieur Le Marchand is so near us at this concert, but as he is, we ought to talk to him when he addresses us from his chair behind."

"You say so ought; but you never fall in your politeness, Angel. I know I seem as if I did not feel your goodness."

"There is nothing for you to feel. You are always too grateful for anything. Theo, dear, are you enjoying this?"

"So much! It is such a rest. I dread its ending."

"So do I," said Angel, with bright sympathy, though she did not need, and therefore did not feel, the rest that Theo meant—a rest for eyes and ears and heart.

"I wonder a little at Rex leaving us between the parts," said Angel, "but I wonder still more at his staying so long. Do you not think, Theo, that he has seemed dull and absent ever since we were so childish on the pier this morning?"

"How can I know, for he has been with you?"

"It was you who begged me to sit between you this afternoon," expostulated Angel, gently. "I wonder where Rex has gone?"

"Though not in answer to this remark, for the girls had whispered very low, Monsieur Le Marchand leaned forward and spoke to Angel: 'Your friend, Mr. Derham, must have found it too warm here in the conservatory. He is standing at the back.'"

"I think he is wise," returned Angel, loyally. "We are rather too near the band."

"You are right, Miss Sullivan, but I don't think he seems inclined to lose sight of you. I fear he will not give me the privilege of supplying his place."

When the concert was over, Angel began to fear Rex had been going to give Monsieur Le Marchand this privilege, but just beyond the crowd he stood waiting for them in the corridor, and they all strolled together to the terrace, and, feeling the fresh air a luxury sat down, and talked of the music they had heard.

"Miss Hurst," Rex said, leaning forward to speak to her across Angel, were you comparing it disparagingly with your Shoreham concert? Once you looked very much as if you were."

"I was comparing my neighbors. A lady on my left to-day said, when the prima donna sang, that her daughter had just such delicious *vibrato* overtones, and the same genius for artistic elaboration." I remember how the lady on my left at Shoreham had said, under similar circumstances, with emphatic brevity, 'Ourn can go 'igher nurr that.'"

"Rex," said Angel, when the laughter had subsided, "I have a fancy for seeing the sea-fans fed to-day. Will you come?"

"Most willingly. Will your cousin also?"

"I have seen it before," said Theo, as if that were conclusive.

"But why not again?" suggested Angel, with a motive.

"Because, like Princess Elizabeth, 'God hath blessed, or cursed, me with a nose.'"

"You are too bad," laughed Angel.

"I will attend Miss Hurst in your absence, Mr. Derham," said the Frenchman. "I am sure she is so generous, and will speak to me in my own tongue for a little, that I may not halt or bungle."

When Mr. Derham and Angel returned, the seat where they had left Theo was vacant, and it was some minutes before they thought of mounting the balcony. When they did, and found her and her companion calmly talking there, Angel apologized for having been detained by meeting several people whom she knew. "But we are ready now," Miss Sullivan went on. "Will you come?"

"Not yet," returned Theo, coolly.

"But," expostulated Angel, taking out her watch, "I fear we have left barely time to get home for dinner."

"I am not hungry. I would rather stay a little longer. Will you please

tell Mrs. Burtell I did not care about dinner?"

"But, Theo," exclaimed her cousin, incredulously, "we must all go together. Aunt Burtell will be angry—I mean anxious."

"No, she will never suffer anxiety on my account," replied Theo, calmly. "She never has, and she said only yesterday that she shall never consider you to blame for what she called my antics."

"Miss Hurst," put in Mr. Derham, with rather ominous quietude, "like Miss Sullivan, you were in my charge for the afternoon."

"I know," the girl assented, "but the afternoon is over, and so is your onerous responsibility. Surely I may stay here a little longer if I wish it so much."

"I suppose so," said Angel, feeling the unconscious piousness of her tone; "and yet—Theo," she observed, presently, with a sudden hope, "Rex dines with us this evening."

"I dare say," she the gentle, brief reply.

"It is absurd to suppose," exclaimed Rex, in the impatience of real agitation, "that we can leave you here alone, Miss Hurst."

"Perhaps," suggested Theo, simply, though she grew a little pale as she spoke, "Monsieur Le Marchand is not going to leave quite yet?"

"Indeed I am not," he answered, readily. "Not until you desire to follow your friends. Then I wait on mademoiselle as convoy."

"I will return," said Rex, addressing Monsieur Le Marchand, "for Miss Hurst, after I have left Miss Sullivan at home."

"That is quite unnecessary," Theo observed with a strange impulsive movement toward the Frenchman.

"The young Englishman is jealous a little and suspicious," observed Monsieur Le Marchand, with a shrug of his shoulders, when he and Angel were left.

"The young Englishman is kind and trustworthy," was the girl's warm reply. "Now please do exactly what you choose, monsieur. I am going to read this paper. When do you dine?"

"That signifies nothing."

"Oh, indeed it does. I forget the hour of table d'hôte at the Grand Hotel."

"I have left there. I have taken rooms in the New Steine—unfortunately quite a long distance from your house—because I may stay longer in Brighton than I attended when I came two days ago."

"I see," said Theo, low and rather stiffly, without turning her head.

"Now I am going to read while you dine."

"Miss Hurst, may I persuade you to take a little exercise down in the terrace gardens? It is chilly for you to sit here, and I will not entice you to stay a moment later than you choose."

"A little constitutional, Mrs. Hardy," he explained, turning to Theo's companion, who had just come forward; but his accent was too foreign for her to readily comprehend. "I'm sure you recommend it too for Miss Hurst. I will bring her back to you in this spot almost immediately."

"I wonder," mused Theo, as if to herself—but she had risen, and seemed ready to go, though with no eagerness—"whether Mr. Derham and Miss Sullivan are coming?"

"Not they, Miss Theo," put in Hardy, emphatically. "Mrs. Burtell will never allow that—no fear."

Theo stood in pause. There would be many acquaintances of her grandmother's here this night who could tell of all she did, and so Angel would know—and Rex. And Rex! Yes, that would be better.

"I will come," she said, recklessly; yet, as she moved away, refusing Monsieur Le Marchand's arm, she looked back wistfully at the woman whose companionship had grown so ineffably welcome to her, and would have gone back to her if it had not been for that thought—it would be well for Rex to hear.

Through the rest of the concert Hardy sat alone, with a dull phlegmatic appreciation of the exquisite moonlight, and a perfect ease, both physical and mental, not to be disturbed by any fear for Theo. It was not, until the

crowd had dispersed, and she had risen and stood looking around for her charge, in a vague curiosity as to which direction she and the Frenchman had taken, that Theo came up to her alone, and stood a few moments at her side, looking away over the moonlit sea, very pale, and yet with a feverish brilliancy in her eyes.

"Well, Miss Theo," exclaimed Hardy, breaking the silence she could not comprehend, you don't want to be shut in here, I suppose, much as you like it."

"Hardy," said the girl, the fingers of one small hand closing over Hardy's substantial wrist, though she did not turn her eyes from their far-off gaze, "have you—a mother?"

"I had, Miss Theo, when I came to live with your respectable grandpa, but she's dead, long time back. She died on a visit in Boston—that's Boston in Lancashire, not that Boston in New York. She was buried there, and lies there to this day."

"Dead," repeated Theo, in deep thought. "That is good."

"Good, Miss Theo? That shows 'ow much you know about such things. I call it bud."

"You would think it worse," the girl said, still looking far away, "for her to be living, if you were to live too, and—yet never dare—to see her again."

"La, yes, Miss Theo, twice as worse!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS, AT MONSIEUR MAGNEY, P. Q., SAYS:

To Brown Brothers & Co., Halifax, N. S.

I was very much troubled with a sprained foot, and though having an antipathy to patent medicine, I was induced to try a bottle of SIMONSON'S Liniment, and with such great success that I have recommended it to all my neighbors. I also recommend this same Liniment for Bruises and Corns; as a friend who used part of my sample bottle can also testify, EUGENE HAMMOND, Collector of Customs, Alexandria, Minn.

## The First Sign

Of falling health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

## Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

## Dyspepsia Cured.