

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1897.

No. 60

Vol. VI.

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 ar-

rangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will

be made known on application to the

office, and payment on transmission of the

same of the party writing for the ACADIAN

must invariably accompany the communi-

cation, although the same may be writ-
ten over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-

larly from the Post Office—whether di-

rected to his name or another's or whether

he has subscribed or not—is responsible

for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-

tinued, he must pay up all arrearages, and

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 refus-

ing to take newspapers and periodicals

from the Post Office, or removing and

having them mailed for *de prima facie*

evidence of intentional fraud.

PORT OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Mail-

made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7

A. M.

Express west close at 10.35 A. M.

Express east close at 5.20 P. M.

Kentville close at 7.30 P. M.

C. V. R. R. Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on

Saturday at 12, Noon.

A. S. W. BARRS, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath

at 10.30 A. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M.

Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 11

A. M. and 7 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. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath

at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School

at 9.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday

at 7.30 P. M.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Services

next Sunday evening at 11 A. M.,

evening at 7.30 P. M. Canon Brock, D. D.,

President 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 7.00 o'clock. J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T meets every

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, C. H.—Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnish-

ing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages
and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Paint-

ed.

BISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils,
Color Room Paper, Hardware, Crock-

ery, 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, hauled or by the car

or vessel load.

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

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Home-Shoe
and Repairer.

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

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Pub-

lishers.

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 Deal-

er. Coal always on hand.

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

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Mak-

er.

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.—Dealers in
Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers,
Stationers, Picture Framers, and Tin-

ners in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing
Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy
Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer
in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tin-

ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobac-

conist.

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

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

nishings.

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 wish-

ing 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 so agreeable to take,
IT CURES

LIVER COMPLAINT,
BILIOUS DISORDERS,
Acid Stomach, Dyspepsia,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
CONSTIPATION OR COLIC.

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.

TWO TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of golden hair.

Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over-much,
You almost are to tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day,
We are so dull and thankless; and too
slow

To catch the sunshine, till it slips away.
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curly head from off your
broad,

The hissing tongue that clatters constantly;
If from your own dimpled hand had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm
again;

If the white feet into the grave had
tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache
then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gowns;
Or that the footprints, when the days are
wet,

Are ever black enough to make them
frown.

If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a row, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more,

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world would
say,

She was more than fifty content than I.
But, ah! the dimly yellow next my own,
Is never rumpled by a shining head,
My singing birdling from its nest is flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

Interesting Story.

RENEE.

Yes, my dear, I am back from the
sea. I know I generally stay longer,
but this time I have had quite enough.
The sea has altered its tone, to my
hearing. All its grand chants of praise
died away into long, slow, solemn fune-

ral dirges. My nerves could not stand it,
so I came back home for the life
and bustle of Broadway to act as a
tonic and string me up to my old
tenor.

What was the matter? Well, I
will tell you.

You know I went down to the beach
with the Walters. I met them last
year at Rockhampton, and we
bargained to go to the beach together this
summer.

We had been at the beach a week
when our romance began; and if I could
have foreseen its tragic ending I should
have left the next day.

One Saturday when the boat came
in it brought the principal actors in the
drama: a family consisting of a gen-
tleman and his wife, Mr and Mrs
Laurence by name, and with them
came Mr Guy Faunt.

Mr Laurence was fine-looking, well-
dressed, pleasant, well-preserved, and
sixty; his wife I will describe present-
ly.

Mr Faunt was a lawyer, and man-
aged all the legal business of Mr Lau-
rence. He was about thirty-one, not an
Adonis by any means, but a brave,
manly man. Broad shouldered, full-
cheeked, with the softest voice and
strongest arms you ever knew to belong
to the same person. Intelligent, ten-
der-hearted, sweet-tempered, with a
thousand fine instincts showing them-
selves every day. He was sensitive
with all, as you might have judged
from his great, soft, brown eyes. Of
course he had his faults, but his virtues
made you forget them.

Mrs Laurence was called Renee—a
pretty, outlandish name, too, I think.
She was but twenty-seven; such a vast
difference in the ages of husband and
wife is ill-advised, in my opinion. Tall
and well made, she was brimful of life
and nerve. A brunette, her skin like
fresh cream, while her well-shaped
hands had a firm, warm clasp, and
were burnt berry-brown from her ram-
bles on the beach. She hated gloves;
she said that when she wore them her
"fingers felt in prison and longed to be
free."

Ah, she was a magnificent specimen
of perfectly-developed, healthy, intelli-
gent womanhood! She could walk for
miles and never lose the spring from

her step; dance for hours and never
tire. When she slept it was like a
child's sleep—deep and dreamless.

Demonstrative, gay, fond of congenial
society, she accepted admiration and
attention as her due—in fact, claimed
it so openly that ill-natured persons
often said spiteful things of her. Some-
times their words came to her ears;
then she would rush to her room and
give way to a passionate storm of tears;
but a moment later she would be back
in the parlors or on the promenade
and be more fascinating, more imper-
ious and exacting than ever.

Renee was kind-hearted and hid
rather far-fetched ideas on the subject
of her duty to humanity in general,
and the sick and poor in particular.

The woman felt deeper than she
was credited with, I tell you. All
you had to do was to watch her face
when she was alone to know how life's
problems were worrying her. She
was always trying to get to the bottom
of things; she wanted to understand
the motives and reasons for one's ac-
tions—the actions themselves she did
not seem to care; it was what prompt-
ed them, what cause produced the
effect that she went by.

Indordinately ambitious and impu-
lent of all delay, she worked the ruin
of her own life. If she could only have
believed that "all things come to those
who wait," her fate might have been a
happier one.

From the first, Mr and Mrs Lau-
rence seemed more to me like father
and daughter than husband and wife.

Before they were married Renee was
poor and obscure. She wrote a good
deal, and her little poems and essays
were published, but fame came slowly;
even ultimate success in her career
was not assured, and she became im-
patient. She wished to climb to the
top of the social ladder by literary
merit, and that is a tedious journey
always. She soon began to see that
money would do more for her; at least
with the power wealth would give she
could force a recognition of her tal-
ents. When Mr Laurence courted
her, she took all this into consideration.
He had position—his wealth and busi-
ness standing gave him that as well as
his birth. Her family was as good
as his, but she had found that in three
days blood, unsupported by wealth,
counted little in the scale of society.
She was fitted for the topmost rung in
the great social ladder. She must
afford it, or else Fate could hold no
good gift for her. So she married Mr
Laurence, and ruined her life.

Renee had lived three years of
married life when she met Guy Faunt,
and she knew him for some time before
becoming particularly interested in him.

I never understood just how it came
about, but from being a mere casual
acquaintance, he suddenly became the
acknowledged friend of the family.

Mr Laurence swore by him, and never,
even after the end came, had one single
hard thought or feeling about Guy
was concerned; but then he did not
know, poor man!

Bernard Laurence was very happy
with his wife. He never dreamed
that her nature had higher capabilities
than those he wot of. She was always
good and kind to him, caring for him
in sickness, doing her duty fully, pet-
ting and fondling him; but the affec-
tion she gave him was not love; it
arose from the rich fund of feeling
within her—the same that made her
kiss her flowers, hug her dogs, and
whisper all sorts of nonsense to the
whisper which tumbled at her feet, or to
the sunbeams that browned her cheeks,
leaving the merest suspicion of a freckle
beneath her eyes. She domineered
over her husband in a pretty, capricious
way, and he delighted in waiting upon
her; indeed, she never did anything
for herself if he could spare her the
trouble. I think she was thoroughly
spoiled, and so grew lazy; but it suited
her style, and I don't believe Mr
Laurence would have had her one bit
different.

Mr Faunt stayed at "the beach" for
a week and then returned to the city,
coming again every Saturday and re-
turning on Monday. So the time
passed. Renee looked forward with
delight to the end of the week.

Events move quickly in the free,
unconventional, social life of the sea
shore; a month there equals years of
ordinary city intercourses. And so I

grew to know Mrs Laurence strangely
well. I loved her, and she confided
in me with a child-like, clinging con-
fidence, that won all my heart; but I
soon began to fear that a cloud was
forming over her happiness.

I knew how bright and happy Renee
was all that first week; in the early
days which followed she was quiet and
thoughtful. By Thursday she would
be weary and nervous; Friday found
her fretful and impatient of everything
said or done—she "wanted to be let
alone." Saturday morning she would
be quite sick from sheer restlessness,
but at the five o'clock dinner her high
spirits would return, and when six
came and the steamer's whistle sound-
ed, she became gay, laughing, brilliant
in looks, fascinating in every move-
ment and word. Soon after Mr Faunt
would appear on the piazza, and her
hand would be extended with a quiet
"I am glad to see you." Her eyes
told the tale, though; they had a glori-
ously happy light shining down in their
depths. Then she would settle into a
restful content, sitting between her
husband and the lawyer, listening to
their talk.

I am a close observer, child; loving
human nature as I do, I must be; and
by the time Mr Faunt paid his weekly
visit for the third time I had begun to
be worried. I admired Renee more
than any woman I had ever met, and
I dreaded trouble coming to her. I
knew that her will was of iron and her
self-control wonderful, but I feared she
would drift away from the right
course before she herself realized her
danger.

Mr Laurence loved to have his friend
with him. If, as often occurred, he
tried to keep away from Mrs Laurence,
her husband would insist on his com-
ing, and it was not in man's nature to
withstand the insistence of the one, and
the pretty, pleading looks of the other.
I don't think the poor child knew then
that she was learning to love Guy too
well. "He is our friend," she was fond
of saying, and she took possession of
him with an air of proprietorship that
was irresistible.

It was not long before the gossip
began talking, why I could hardly tell,
for Mr Laurence was always with
them; it was a rare chance indeed that
granted them a *tertium quid*. Mr Faunt
was always dignified and reserved; he
unbent a little so her, though, and
never noticed another woman. Per-
haps that made talk, but I think that
it was Renee's eyes that betrayed the
secret to those who watched, for she
could never control their expression.

"Did he love her?"

"I thought so, even then; I saw so
much of them that I grew to know
every expression of their faces. Guy
never cared to bro' of any other party,
and a look of thought content charac-
terized him whenever she was about.
I saw him once pick a loose hair off
her dress; it was one of her own, long,
dark, and just a wee bit crinkled. I
watched to see what he would do with
it. He kept wrapping it around his
fingers until she and her husband went
away, and then, when I seemed not to
be looking, he folded it up and put it
in his pocket-book. I knew then, see-
ing he was no sentimental fool, that
his heart was so full of her there was
no room for anything else.

I seemed to feel trouble in the air,
and it kept me uneasy.

One afternoon I went to Renee
Laurence's room. She sat in a low
arm-chair by the window, forming a
superb picture of luxurious indolence.
Every line in her clothing, every curve
of the splendid figure, is stamped on
my mind forever—the small head
thrown back against the crimson cush-
ion, the outline of her throat rising
from the soft folds of the lace ruffle,
the clinging white dress, fitting so
smoothly over the full bust, curving
into the round waist, and flowing off
from the beautiful contour of her limbs.
The ruyy-brown beads, with the old,
creamy lace falling over them, laid
lightly in her lap, holding carelessly
some crimson pomegranate blossom.
A little table by her held a basket of
fruit—grapes mostly—purple and black
and white, for of all fruits she loved
these the best. A tiny wine-stand had
evidently been used, for a glass was
still half full and her red lips were yet
wet with the sherry.

I love a pretty woman. I was sorr-

she had to rise and welcome me, for it
spoiled the picture. It was at that
moment I discovered in what particu-
lar thing her charm lay—it was in the
violent contrasts presented by her ways,
manner, and characteristics. She had
an "infinite variety" within herself;
she was not one but a dozen women,
and each one charming. Just now a
glorious voluptuous Eastern beauty
and in one moment a warm-hearted,
eager, hospitable woman, making her
old friend welcome. The arm-chair
was wheeled away, the flowers re-placed
in their vase, the table moved, and I
instilled in a rocker, eating a peach
contentedly, while she sat on the win-
dow-seat and chattered away with as
much vehemence and loquacity as a
newly-emancipated school-girl.