

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1887.

No. 10

## 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-

rangements for standing advertisements

will be made known on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

office, and payment on application to the

## 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,

Colors, 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-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 Pub-

lishers.

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 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. 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 Tin-

ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Flow-

ers.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobac-

conist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and

Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURKE—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.

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

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

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

## Select Poetry.

### FAITHFUL AFTER DEATH.

They say if our beloved dead  
Should seek the old familiar place,  
Some stranger would be there instead,  
And they would find no loving face.

I cannot tell how it might be  
In other homes, but this I know:  
Could my lost darling come to me,  
That she would never find it so.

Of times the flowers have come and gone  
Of times the winter winds have blown  
The while her peaceful rest went on,  
And I have learned to live alone;

Have slowly learned from day to day  
In my life's tasks to bear my part;  
But whether grave, or whether gay,  
I hide her memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blessed my way,  
And friends are round me, true and tried,  
They have their place; but her's to-day  
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring, with bated breath,  
And joy too deep for word or sign,  
To take my darling home from death,  
And once again to call her mine!

I dare not dream that blissful dream,  
It fills my heart with wild unrest;  
Where yonder cold white marbles gleam,  
She still must slumber; God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say,  
Our best beloved would find no place,  
Have never hungered every day  
Through years and years, for one sweet face.

## Interesting Story.

### MISSING.

BY MARY CECELIA HAY.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER V.—Continued.  
"Oh, Angel, you say so generously,  
but I know what this £70 has been to you."

"I only wish it was £70," sighed  
Angel, trying not to look into her cousin's  
troubled face. "But you see I've

spent two pounds and fourteen shillings.  
Such a baby I was when I didn't want  
anything. I'm only asking you to  
keep it for me, Theo, just at present,  
that is all. Think of it that way,  
dear, and how I can come and claim  
all your furniture whenever I like, in  
that happy little home of yours; and  
that it will be as good for me as for  
you to feel that you two are happy  
there, you, and—Oh, my dear, my  
dear, don't try to stop the tears. They  
are good for you. They have done me  
good, too. Don't start, dear. It is  
only one of the servants bringing a cup  
of tea I ordered. Only one cup be-  
tween us. Now you drink first, or  
else I cannot. There! It is rather  
nice, isn't it? How good it is to see  
you smile ever so faintly. Theo, if  
you only knew it, you have been more  
kind to me to-day, than I have been  
to you."

"And some day," said the younger  
girl, with strange, pathetic gravity,  
"perhaps I may be able to show you—  
never to tell you—how I would do for  
you as much as you have done for me  
to-day."

### CHAPTER VI.

AFTER TWO YEARS.

After a long hour's practice, Theo  
locked the organ, passed through the  
shadowy church, and out into the  
church-yard, pausing there to gaze on  
the beauty of the September sunset  
above the hills far off. As she stood  
so, the rector came from the school-  
house opposite, and joined her, with an  
absent look upon his face, which gave  
her a quick pain she understood quite  
well—a selfish pain, against which she  
had fought many a time before to-day.

"I hope you are coming home with  
me, Mr. Sterne," she said, the words  
prompt and cheerful. "It is a lonely  
walk to the cottage."

"It must be a very familiar one to  
you now, Miss Theo," the rector an-  
swered, neither leaving her nor turn-  
ing with her, "and I often fear your-  
self too familiar with me too!"

"We could never think of that; we  
never shall," said Theo, frankly. "I  
sent the children on to mother when I  
went in to practice. I know she will  
expect you to fetch them home. They  
love to have their holiday afternoons  
with mother."

"I am so afraid of her growing  
weary of my little girls," he said, a  
slow flush rising to the roots of his  
thick gray hair. "But they are so

fond of—you and of her that it is hard  
to keep them away."

"Please don't try," entreated Theo.  
"I often tell mother I'm tempted to be  
jealous of—her two youngest children."  
Theo's pause was scarcely perceptible,  
but the smile was. "And of course  
they would love her. Who would  
not?"

"Who, indeed? Do you ever notice  
how the people speak of her? I sup-  
pose not, as they can scarcely separate  
your name from her's. Miss Theo, I  
nothing ever struck me so deeply as  
your love for your mother first died on  
that sad day when I had been burying  
my brother clergyman twenty miles  
away. How much I owe to it! Sweet-  
er friendship for more than two years  
than I had ever known; friends and  
teaching for my children which will  
mold all their lives as I have wished."

"You know I cannot teach," cried  
Theo, lightly interrupting. "I'm sure  
you used to see how tremblingly I  
began every day's work. I have often  
felt I would give all I possessed to  
have passed an examination like other  
teachers."

"Which you have not," smiled the  
rector, with an overpowering regret in  
his tone. "They are splendid institu-  
tions for the brain, but I don't find  
they do much for the heart; and I had  
a fancy that in my children's education  
sympathy should have a place as well  
as reasoning."

"It is all very well if you are content;  
but mother has done more for their  
real education than I could do."

"I am so much more than content,"  
he said, and then was silent, offering  
Theo his hand.

"No, I shall not bid you good-bye,"  
he said. "I shall keep them till you do.  
If I did not, mother would." Theo  
purposefully avoiding his reply, she  
walked home slowly, not calling to-day in  
the scattered cottages she passed, where  
she knew how glad a greeting awaited  
her, and where her mother's name  
would be uttered with a blessing.

The golden light had faded when  
she reached the cottage which had  
become to mother and daughter a  
dear and so pretty a little home, and  
in the sweet September twilight her  
mother came out to meet her with the  
rector's little girl. When the lengthy  
cherry tree was over, Theo merrily  
sent the children away. "Tell Joan  
we want the kitchen for a game of  
Hot Boiled Beans, and you wait and  
help her to prepare it. Run, or papa  
will be here for you before you have  
had it. You sit and rest, mother,"  
she continued, when the children had  
left them together, "though I verily  
believe you enjoy a game as much as  
they do. Do you know, I believe?"

"Theo had come round to her mother's  
chair, and was kneeling by her with a  
strange wistful tenderness on her lifted  
face—"that you are sorry your one  
girl has grown up. You like them  
best little."

"My dear!"

"Mother, when I met Mr. Sterne  
to-day, he had not intended to come  
for his children this evening."

"No, dear?"

"No. He does not seem happy,  
mother, and quite different from what  
he used to be."

"Silence being Theo's only reply, she  
broke it a little nervously. "You  
know why, mother?"

"I?"

"Ah, yes. You cannot disguise any-  
thing from me. It is impossible. I  
love you far too well. We never  
could disguise anything from one an-  
other; nor," the girl added, steadily,  
in her happy ignorance, "shall we  
be able to. Mother, why have you  
not been out to-day, you look as tired  
as you used to look when you walked  
so much?"

"I do so little good, dear."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" inquired  
Theo, brightly. "And any harm?  
Mother, how old were you when  
you were married?"

"How old?" Mrs. Hurst echoed, in  
wondering surprise at this irrelevance.  
"Only seventeen, dear. I always feel  
rather ashamed to confess it now."

"Just two years younger than I am,"  
mused Theo. "You left your mother  
then; and do you know how pretty  
and bright and young you are, even  
now that your eldest daughter is nine-  
teen?"

"My eldest daughter, Theo? What  
others have I?"

"Elders?" with a laugh, "since  
you've adopted two others."

"My dear, they are your pupils, that  
is all, and motherless."

"But," said the girl, steadily, yet  
with unconscious pathos, "not father-  
less. Their father," she went on,  
presently, "has been a good friend to  
us, and more than that. Could we  
ever have known a truer and better?  
I like him very, very much, and I'm  
proud of him too. He has such a  
pleasant, earnest face, and is quite  
young for all his thick, gray curls—  
mother!"—Theo laid her cheek against  
her mother's, and whispered softly, "It  
hurts me so that you should refuse him  
what he asks you, just for my sake.  
There is no other reason, and I want  
to tell you now that you are mistaken.

"You stay with me here, though you  
know how you are wanted elsewhere,  
and how good it would be for many  
people if you went. Oh, what a pretty  
blush, my mother! Now try to think  
of it in my way—don't interrupt. I  
know very well how you have been  
looking at it before, and refusing to  
discuss it even with yourself, because,  
I dare say, you fancied I was so happy  
here with you, and so snug, that I  
should miss your entire companionship;  
while the truth is," with a little catch-  
ing in her breath bravely suppressed,  
"I should have that at the rectory,  
and the companionship of others too,  
and a delightful home, for I know Mr.  
Sterne wishes for me there, as well as  
for you. Between you and me, my  
dear, I think his chief desire is to have  
me domiciled in the rectory. Now do  
you see how you ought to be weighing  
this little matter, you most selfish of  
mothers? We are but very poor after  
all, are we not?"

"And yet," put in the mother, her  
eyes filling with tears, "when you sent  
Angel the last installment of what we  
owed her, you said nothing would ever  
make you again feel anything but  
rich."

"But then you did not say so," re-  
plied Theo, readily. "Oh, mother,  
were we not glad to send that to  
Angel? But I shall never feel she is  
repaid. She could not be; we owe so  
much to her."

"She said she was more than repaid."

"See how you wander from the subject,"  
smiled Theo, fighting with the  
tears that were so rare with her. "I  
was saying we are very poor, mother,  
in reality, and I am such an inefficient  
teacher that I cannot go on teaching  
soon, because my deficiency will be  
found out. And—and as there's no-  
body to marry me, my mother, you  
will—you must—let some one marry  
you. Why, your check is as hot as if  
you were blushing. You love the  
piece; you are as fond of May and  
Elsie as if they were my own sisters—  
well, almost; you would still have me;  
and you know what a heart you have  
won. You will make our rector very  
happy; the children frantic with de-  
light; and me—content. "Oh, moth-  
er," cried the girl, forgetting the tears  
in her own eyes, "why do you cry?  
It is the desire of his heart, and the  
longing of yours, though you have