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, 7 A. M TO 9 P M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a m.
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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.

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METHODIST CHURCH—Rev J. A. Smith, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 00 a m and 7 00 p m. Sabbath School at 2 30 a m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7 00 p m.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal). Services next Sunday morning at 11, evening at 7. Mr J. W. Fullerton of King's College, is Curate.

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. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I O O F, meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

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 Saturday 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.

The ACADIAN will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for $1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

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.

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.

PEDDEN, 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.

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

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
CAMPBELL'S Cathartic COMPOUND
PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

Agents Wanted!
To sell the NEW HOME PARALLEL BIBLE—the best published. Splendid opportunity for the right man. Write for particulars. Address—
C. F. RATHBUN,
6 Horton Landing, King's Co

Original Poetry.

JUBILEE!

HARL HARLEE.

It is fifty years since our Queen was crowned,
And this is her jubilee year;
And as if to repay her for living so long
All things have got jubileed here.

There are jubilee papers and jubilee books
And jubilee stories by scores;
And jubilee medals from five cents up,
And jubilee bills in the stores.

Victoria's pictures in pamphlets appear,
And on eight-cent handkerchiefs spread;
But I don't think she'll like to see her sweet face
Used common for colds in the head.

In Truro they are trying for a jubilee park
At each end of their town so fair:
Where Sundays will pass in a jollier way,
Free from old-fashioned Christians and prayer.

The people have all to Halifax gone,
The young, and the proud, and the plain;
But there is nothing particular going on,
Except jubilee fares on the train.

I suppose it is right in this jubilee year
To do things on a jubilee scale;
And perhaps 'twould be better to capture more tramps
Than release what we have in the jail.

If you wish to do something to show the Queen
That you are glad she has reigned so long,
Just keep the hungry and sick at home
Until your jubilee year is gone.

Yes it is jubilee year you better believe,
And you better prepare to respond;
For Mr Cahoon will soon be around
Collecting his jubilee fund.

Interesting Story.

The Boys at Dr Murray's.

CHAPTER XXII.—*Continued.*

"O pony!" he exclaimed, triumphantly to himself, "we'll outwit Dr Simeon, Harris, and the whole of them, and spend many a pleasant evening together. I wonder that I didn't think of it before. But we'll make up lost time pretty quick."

Ripley left the tree, and mingled with the story-tellers. But the consciousness of the new pleasure before him made him jubilant and excited. He laughed louder than anybody else, at the story that was being told, and when it came his turn to narrate an adventure, the tale was so poorly told, that his audience clamorously bade him to stop.

"O, Ripley," said Tom Casey, in a whisper, bestowing a pinch at the same time, "you're just like a little boy whose head is turned with a new top!"

"I don't care!" said Harry, "so long as Diamond is the top."

The story-tellers were not half through, nor the loungers ready to go in, when the bell rang for evening study. The complaints were long and loud, but there was no help for it. They filed to their rooms one after another, leaving the pleasant starlight, and the soft, warm breeze, and the story adventures, and the pleasant chat all behind them.

The next day was just as bright and pleasant. Study was very irksome. And when nightfall came again, and when the eager throng was let loose, Harry Ripley received the Doctor's permission to go to the city,—ostensibly for books and papers, of which he claimed to be in pressing need,—but in reality to arrange for the stolen rides on Diamond's back. The stables at which the boy's indulgent father hired the pony kept, were a half-mile this side his destination. But he thought it best to keep on to the stationer's where the Institute boys made their purchases, and carry home a package, lest he might possibly be questioned. So he ordered a plentiful quantity of paper, pens, and pencils; bought a book or two, whose weight tempted him to throw them away, and then hurried back to the stables. He was no unfrequent visitor, and was soon stroking Diamond's black, glossy neck. The boy thought him to have grown very handsome of late.

"O, if I could only ride him!" he exclaimed.

"Why don't you?" said the hostler, who was grooming a horse near by.

"Because—I'm mused up like a pigeon!" exclaimed Ripley, petulantly; "old Dr Simeon won't let us call our heads our own."

The hostler laughed.

"Boys need tight reins," he said.

"Say!" said Harry, suddenly, and in a tone of confidence, "I'll pay you well if you'll saddle him to-morrow night, and leave him up at the first crossing this side the Institute."

"What'll you give?" said the man, after a short silence.

"Anything!"

"A dollar?"

"Yes; only let nobody suspect."

"All right," said the man promptly; "he shall be there. But he's dreadful high-strung. Can you man—"

Harry cut him short with an impatient "Of course!" and giving the desired dollar, hurried off, jubilant.

"Boys will be boys," said the hostler, by way of easing his conscience, "and the Doctor musn't draw the reins so tight if he don't want 'em uneasy."

Ripley, meanwhile, was hurrying homeward, displaying his package ostentatiously before Harris, as he came into the hall.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LETTER AND AN ACCIDENT.

Harry Ripley's plan was quite successful. Nobody missed him from among the throng of boys the following evening; and when Harris made his usual nine o'clock tour, he was abed and apparently asleep. The days went by in quick succession. Grant applied himself to study with increased vigor, and as he sat under the elms with his books, at sundown one night, Ned Hall came from the Doctor's study with a letter postmarked Castleton.

"For me," said Grant Westerly, "and from Castleton!"

WILL HOWTH'S LETTER.

DEAR GRANT WESTERLY: I have been at Castleton two whole weeks without hearing a word from you. I'm coming back to school next week, but I've so much to tell you that I can't wait till that time. In the first place, we had a delightful journey down here,—though part of it was in the night,—and I don't believe I was ever happier in my life. I couldn't help thinking when I rode away from the Institute that pleasant evening and left you standing on the steps, that I ought to be the most grateful, thankful boy in all America. Do you know, I never thought of it before; but since that evening it's always coming into my mind, and I hope that I'm really grateful to Uncle Will, and thankful to God for giving him to me.

Well, Castleton, which I hadn't seen in such a long, long time, hasn't changed a bit, that I can see; only there isn't a boy left. I can't imagine what has become of them, unless they've all grown up to men! Nobody knew us when we came into the village, though we were both born there. We went straight to Mr Phillips's (Uncle Will had been down here once before, you know), but neither of them could hardly believe it was me,—I had grown so much, they said. We stayed with them only a day or two, while our house was being made ready, and Uncle W. was looking up a housekeeper, and then we moved. It's the pleasantest, quietest old house you ever—but wait! I must tell you what a surprise I had. I had given up the deed of the place,—you need not guess what for,—and had almost forgotten all about the matter, when the very first morning that I got up in the new house, what should I find but *that* stuck into my boot when I went to pull it on! You'd better believe that I was surprised, but I knew what it meant. That's just Uncle Will's way of doing things!—he don't say much, but he *does* a great deal. So it belongs to me again, and it's as good a home as any one could wish for. It's—the house, I mean—full of crooks and angles, and long narrow windows; and one room, where I am writing, Uncle W. has fitted up for a library. I suspect that he has a great quantity of money, though he never says a word about it; but I'm sure that if he had not, he never could have filled this room with such a stock of books,—more than Dr Murray's study ever dreamt of holding. And you, dear old bookworm, have got to come down and read the whole of them; at any rate, uncle says that you're to spend next vacation here. So be making up your mind for it.

I suppose you're studying at a great rate! I'm actually shocked when I think how far I'm behind the class. The other day, I took up a Latin book for a few minutes, and found that I had gone backward at a fearful rate. Dr M. will be horrified, I suspect. But I'm going to make up for lost time, when I get back into your studious atmosphere.

"Uncle Will has just jogged my elbow to say that I'm not to make this letter any longer. He says that we shall have to manufacture an envelope expressly for it, if I don't stop pretty soon. But I've only one more thing to say; the garret in our house is *monstrous*, and I'm not sure but it would be a splendid place for a gymnasium. It's light and airy. I think I'll speak to Uncle W. about it. What do you think?

Remember me to Ned Hall, Dick, and all the rest of the boys. You needn't answer these long pages of nonsense, unless you choose, as I shall see you soon.

Till then, dear G., good-bye.

WILL.

P. S.—O, there's one thing I forgot to tell you. I've got a pony. Uncle W. claims that there's nothing like horseback exercise for one; so he brought home a pony the other day, and I take a canter every morning. It's delightful. But he's looking so sharp at me across the table, that I must stop. He's never cross, though. W.

When Grant had finished this long letter, it was near dusk. The shadows in the avenue were thick and dark. But the boys were still chatting, and playing games all around him. He folded up the missive with much inward satisfaction at the pleasure and happiness Will was enjoying, and picked up his books, thinking that it would be but a very short time before he should see him again. Ned Hall came across the yard, and joined him. The two were leaning against the iron railing next the street, when suddenly they, as well as the other inmates of the ground, were startled by the wild clattor of a horse's hoofs coming down the avenue. The riderless animal rushed past at a furious rate, but meeting some country teams trundling homeward, turned aside and dashed through the gateway of the Institute yard. Up the avenue he went,—past the wondering boys,—and stopped panting and quivering at the corner of the buildings.

"A runaway! a runaway!" went from lip to lip. Then they made haste to secure him.

"Who can he belong to?" asked Dick Welles, as he fastened the restless animal.

But no one knew. It was so dark that they could distinguish but little; only that the pony was jetty black, and flecked with foam, and that the saddle was gone. Then some one stepped out of their midst,—took two or three hasty steps around the frightened beast,—and exclaimed in a horrified tone—

"It's Ripley's 'Diamond!'"

It was Casey's voice, but they could not see how white his face was.

"Ripley's, is it?" said Dick; "well, where is he? Call him, somebody, and tell him his pony is here."

"Yes; where's Ripley?" cried the boys, looking in their midst.

Some of them ran into the Institute in search of him. No one suspected the truth save Tom Casey, and he felt as if he should suffocate. He leaned against one of the trees for support. Pretty soon the boys came back, Harris following them, but Ripley was not inside. Where could he be?

Harris walked around Diamond a few times, a suspicion gathering in his mind. He waited impatiently a few minutes for the boy's appearance, but no Ripley came. Then he said—

"Boys, he must have been on this pony's back. I suspect he's been taking a ride and got thrown off! Run, some of you down the avenue! See if you can find anything of him. If you can't, go on to the stables where the pony was kept. I'll follow in a minute!" and Harris ran back to the Doctor's study.

The boys needed no urging. They got out of the Institute grounds in the quickest manner possible, and ran toward the city. It was so dusky that they could see but a short distance before them. The slender thread of a new moon hung low in the sky where sunset glows were still faintly burning.

When frightened Diamond threw his rider, and went prancing and curveting up the street, two men were upon the sidewalk, opposite the scene of the accident. They instantly ran to the spot, one of them exclaiming—

"How heavily he struck! I'm afraid it's killed him," and they bent over the senseless form.

"Get a light or a lantern," said the other; "perhaps he breathes. It's a boy,—one of the Doctor's, up yonder, I guess."

One of them went into a house near by and brought out a lantern, the inmates flocking out behind him. Soon quite a crowd collected around the spot.

"Where shall we carry him?" said one of the first comers; "does no one know whose boy he is?"

A woman in the crowd knew him as one of the Institute boys, and thither it was determined to carry him. Meanwhile, a man was sent for a doctor. Just then, as they were about to lift their burden, the Institute boys came up. They pressed through the crowd, and gathered around the limp, senseless form, an awe-stricken group.

"He's dead!" said Hawley North, fearfully.

"Why don't some of you rub his hands, or unloose his collar, or do something?" said Dick Welles, to the men who stood around; "he may be only stunned."

"It's no use," said one of them, shaking his head; "but we can do so if you wish;" and they unbuttoned Ripley's coat and chafed his hands a little.

Pretty soon Harris came hurrying up. He turned very pale at the sight which met his eyes, but had self-possession enough to bid the men carry the body up to the Institute. Then, having ascertained that a doctor had been sent for, he despatched one of the boys after Dr Leigh, the school physician, and they all walked slowly homeward behind the men and their burden, the boys conversing in low undertones and whispers. It seemed a long, long walk, and the minutes were like hours; but they all reached the great brick buildings at last, and Ripley was carried up to his room. Tom Casey came out of the oak-shadows after the slow procession had passed, and stole after them. He had not had the courage to go down the avenue.

Soon the boy whom Harris had despatched to the city, came back with the intelligence that Dr Leigh was absent. Upon his heels, however, came the other physician who had been summoned, and the boys waited in the lower hall for his decision, in great suspense. Dick Welles had been retained up-stairs to perform some service, and when he came down they all crowded around him, their eyes asking plainly what their tongues could not.

"He isn't dead," said Dick, with a long sigh of relief, "and he may possibly live."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THINKING OF DUTY.

Harry Ripley had never been a favorite among the Institute boys. His proud, arrogant ways, and selfish disposition, had made him plenty of enemies. His money could not buy friends, and his persecution of Will Howth had been the means of his losing the few who were inclined to seek his favor and good-will. Only Tom Casey was intimate with him, and he sought his friendship more for the sake of the golden favors which came from Harry's purse, than for anything else, or for any good or noble qualities which he found in him. So, when the rich man's son was thrown upon a bed of suffering, he suddenly found that there were many things in the world which money could not buy; a lesson that he had never imagined that he could learn, and one that was very bitter and unwelcome. When he first opened his eyes, and consciousness began to glimmer faintly in them, he feebly asked—

"Where's Diamond?"

"In the stable," said Dr Leigh, who had arrived, "and likely to stay there some time for all your being able to use him. So lie still, and keep perfectly quiet."

In defiance of this, Ripley attempted to rise. He fell helplessly back, however, his face blanched with pain, while a groan escaped his lips.

"There," said the Doctor, sternly, "that will do. Another such effort as that will cost you your life."

Harry regarded him with wide-open, astonished eyes.

"I mean what I say!" said the doctor again, "and you can take your choice."

At this the boy was very still, and gazed confusedly around him at the attendants, the two doctors, and the teachers, who stood at the foot of the bed. He seemed to but half comprehend what had happened. He attempted to lift his hand to his head, but found that he had no power to do so. The arm was broken.

"Ripley," said the doctor, who saw the motion, "you're arm is broken. You're very badly hurt, and if you ever expect to be any better, you've got to lie perfectly still, stirring neither hand nor foot. I don't wish to be severe with you, but you've got to obey, or die. I see no other way than to tell you plainly. Do you understand me?"

Ripley answered with a little nod of the head, and, as if he began to comprehend his danger, lay motionless.

"Now," said Dr Leigh, "that will do very well. But you *must not* forget yourself!"

When morning broke, he had fallen into a fitful slumber. Dr Leigh went home, leaving orders that he must be supplied with the best of care and attention. But where was it to come from? Harris was already overworked with his school duties; the teachers must attend to their classes, or the school come to a standstill; and Ripley *must* have excellent care. Dr Murray was in a quandary. The boy was a rich patron's son, and that was to be considered.

"Harris," he exclaimed to that man-of-all work, "what in the world am I to do? Nobody to take care of this Ripley, and everything running to destruction! This school will be the death of me, yet. I feel that it's cares weigh me down." And the LL. D. sighed.

[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.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Ealing, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

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

BEST ON EARTH

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 32 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 6 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.