

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VI.

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1887.

No. 38

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFFVILLE, 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 advertisements.

Rates for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office and payment in advance is necessary.

The ACADIAN for DEPARTMENT is con-
sidered the best medium for the publication
of notices, and will guarantee satisfaction
as to all work turned out.

New 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,
Wolffville, 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, 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 refus-
ing to take newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
leaving them uncollected for a prima facie
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFFVILLE.

Office hours, 7 a. m. to 2 p. m. Mail
is made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a.
m.

Express west close at 10 a. m.

Express east close at 10 a. m.

Express west close at 7:30 p. m.

Express east close at 7:30 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. de W. BARR, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R.
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 11:00
a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30
p. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30
p. m. and Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. A.
Smith, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath
at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sabbath
School at 12:30 p. m. Prayer Meetings
on Thursday at 7:30 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 7:30 p. m.
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

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

Temperance.

WOLFFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall,
Witmer's block, at 8 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

—OR—

Every Description

DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, 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 sub-
scriptions when said in advance.

DIRECTORY

OF THE
**Business Firms of
WOLFFVILLE**

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 Bolted, Repaired, and Painted.

DISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils,
Colors, Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery,
Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

DISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Wholesale
Dealer in Flour and Feed, Mowers,
Rakes, &c., &c. N. B. Potatoes supplied
in any quantity, bartered or by the car
or vessel load.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Mak-
er 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 Pub-
lishers.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent,
Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life
Association, of New York.

CODFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of
Boots and Shoes.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods
Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and
Jeweler.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Deal-
er. Coal always on hand.

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

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Mak-
er and Repairer.

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.

DOCKWELL & 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 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, Makes, in
all kinds of Wolffville where his 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.

WOLFFVILLE N. S.

Watches, Clocks,

and Jewelry

REPAIRED

—BY—

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.

Cuthbert, Harrison & Co.,

DEALERS IN

DYES, ETC.

Ask your Druggists and Merchants for the
celebrated *Excelsior* *Reserve* *Dyes* and
take no other, for they are the only genuine
and unadulterated ones sold, for they are
guaranteed to give better satisfaction than
any other known dye, and will dye more
goods.

PRICE EIGHT CENTS PER PACKAGE.
Testimonials and samples furnished on
application.

CAMBRIDGE, KING'S CO., N. S.

Agents Wanted!

To sell the NEW HOME PARALLEL BIBLE—
the best published. Splendid opportu-
nity for the right man. Write for par-
ticulars. Address—

C. F. RATHBUN,

Horton Landing, King's Co.

Select Poetry.

"THOU SHALT KNOW HEREAFTER."

Sometimes, when all life's lessons 'have
been learned,
And sun and stars forever more have
set,
The things which our weak judgment
here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with
lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark
night,
As stars' shine more in deeper tints of
blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were
right,
And how what seemed reproof was
love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown
and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and
me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our
cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could
see;

And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving baby-
hood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seem-
eth good.

And if, sometimes commingled with life's
wine,
We find the worm-wood, and rebel and
shrink,
Be wiser a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to
drink,
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his
face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient
grace.

And you shall shortly know that length-
ened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his
friend,
And that sometimes the sabbal pall of
death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can
send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within all God's work-
ings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and
strife,
And for each mystery would find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor
heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white
unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves
apart;
Time will reveal the hidden cups of
gold,
And if through patient toil we reach the
land
Where weary feet, with sandals loose,
may rest,
Then shall we know and clearly under-
stand—
I think that we shall say, "God knew
the best!"

—Mary R. Smith.

Interesting Story.

The Boys at Dr. Murray's.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Dick turned away in disgust, his
eyes blazing with indignation, say-
ing—

"Diver me from friends, if that is
a sample of their friendship!" and
walked off to the other end of the
room.

For a moment Will stood stunned
by the blow which his friend had given
him. He looked around on the crowd
of faces on either side, all betraying
amusement, rather than sympathy, saw
Ripley's smile of triumph, then carried
away by the storm of passion that
rushed back into his heart, he bounded
to his former friend, crying—

"Ned Hall! you do know when
I'm a thief or not! If I am one, then
tell them so; but if I'm not, then do
you tell them differently! You shall
I tell you you shall!"

Ned stood quite still in his grasp,
only saying—

"What are you coming at me in
such a way for? Go away, Howth."

"I will not go away!" said Will,
vehemently, "I shall stay here till you
tell them. Come, tell them quick!"

"Howth," said Ned, struggling a
little, "what a fuss you're making
let go of me!"

"No," never! You shall tell them
first. Tell them quick, or I shall make
you!" said Will.

"Well, stop shaking me! I don't
know anything about the matter.
There I am, you satisfied?"

"Ned Hall!" said Will, more fur-
iously than ever, "you know perfectly
well whether I'm a thief or not! Now
tell!"

But Ned preserved a strict silence.
No one offered to interfere with the
two, and the room was growing quite
dark, so that the boys who looked

curiously on gathered closely around.
Once, indeed, Hawley North had en-
deavored to draw Will away, but he
shook off his friend's hand, and would
not listen to anything which the peace-
maker had to say. A few more words
followed between them, then came the
sound of a sharp stinging blow, follow-
ed by Will's saying—

"Now tell!"

"At this point, the boys were about
to interfere, but suddenly another blow
fell,—it was so dark that no one could
really see who struck it,—and then,
just as if he had woke out of a dream
and found himself committing some
horrible crime, Will let go his hold of
Ned, and walked quickly out of the
room. No one offered to stop him,
and Dick Welles, who stood in the
play-room door, in order to speak with
him, fell back without a word, when he
saw his face.

"Are you hurt, Hall?" inquired a
dozen.

"No," said Ned, coolly, "not in the
least."

The bell rang for supper, and the
boys hurried out. Ned felt himself
held back by some one in the shadow
of the doorway. It was Dick Welles.

"Hall," said he, "wait a minute. I
want to free my mind. Do you know
what I think of you? I think you're
the coolest and cruelest scoundrel that
I ever saw! Ripley can't be compared
with you. He came out a square, open
enemy; but you stuck Will from be-
hind. You may not care, but I
shouldn't want his ruin on my head!
That's all."

Ned passed on in silence. Quite a
gloom seemed to have fallen upon the
supper-table. Dick Welles said not a
word during the whole meal, and
Hawley North's usually calm and quiet
face was very much troubled. Ripley
made his end of the table quite noisy,
but no one could hear Will's empty
chair.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FLIGHT.

From the play-room, Will made his
way slowly up to his own chamber. A
little faint light still shone in through
the windows, all that was left of the
golden, delicious day which morn-
ing-dawn had brought. His brain was
in such a whirl of tumultuous thought
that he sank down in the window-seat,
gazing blankly at the dim view of
storm without. But soon the bewil-
dered feeling rolled away, and then
came a torrent of anxious, torturing
questions. *What had he done? What
had his wild overmastering passion led
him to do? He had struck his friend!*
The thought making him shrink with
shame and sorrow. Ned would never
forgive him now, even if there had
been a hope of reconciliation before.

"But," he thought, with tingling
checks, "he struck me too! He tempt-
ed me to do it! He made me wild with
his conduct! Oh, why did I do it?"

His vivid imagination brought back
the whole scene,—the crowd of unem-
pathizing faces,—Ned's cold, unfriend-
ly conduct, and his own wild and
passionate actions. But the bitterest
regret of all was for that angry blow
and though his own cheek tingled from
the one he had received, it seemed
nothing compared with the one that
he had dealt. He felt as if he had
poured a great gulf between himself and
his former friend by that one act,—a
gulf that he was sure could never be
bridged over. The magnitude of the
act quite drove from his mind all
thoughts of the half-suspicion that Ned
had cast upon his character. And then
he suddenly thought of Grant.
What would he say? How surprised
and vexed he would be, and would he
not resent this indignity to his friend
Ned? Would he not think such an
action too low and unworthy to be for-
given?

"Oh dear!" cried poor Will, "why
did I ever do it?"

These thoughts tortured him so that
he left his seat and walked for a long
time, up and down the room. His ex-
cited imagination pictured everything
twice as large as it really was. To
him it seemed as though Grant and
Ned would never forgive him, and then,
he asked himself, what would become
of him? No one else cared ought for
his welfare, and if these two forsok
him, as he was certain they would,
what pleasure could there ever be in

store for him again? For a short
time he experienced all the misery of
desolation that he had felt while a
prisoner.

"It is no use," he thought, with a
bitter sigh; "I rained myself when I
committed that wrong thing, and there's
no hope of ever being anybody or any-
thing but a thief again. If I manage
to rise a little, they're all ready to pull
me down again where I belong. I
shan't try any more; it's no use!"

Then there came to him a remem-
brance of those happy, happy days
when he first left his prison-room, and
went back into school and found such
kindness and love there; and when he
had thought of that, and how he had
toiled and risen little by little in his
class, the tears came in spite of him-
self.

"Ah," he thought, "that's all over
now, and I'm ruined for the rest of my
life."

When the room had grown quite
dark, and its inmate had been still a
long time, he groped his way to the
table and lit his lamp. Then he
searched in his trunk, among books
and boxes upon the table, at last finding
the missing article, which proved to be
a little miniature of Grant Welles-ry.
Then he put on his overcoat and cap,
and taking one long, last look at all,
blew out the light. The lamp in the
hall had been lit, so that he easily
found his way to the stairs. Then he
stopped to listen, but all was silent
below, save a solitary footfall that
echoed for a moment in the hall, and
then died away. Softly and silently
he descended. The dimly-lighted lower
hall was deserted. Meeting with no
interruption he gained the door, paused
for a moment to see if anybody was
coming or going, and then passed out.
The damp, chill wind felt pure and
refreshing. The gray curtain of fog
beyond the line of guardian oaks seemed
to promise silence and secrecy, so he
hurried down the avenue, found
the big gate unlocked, and passed
quickly through into the vaporous wall
that hid all behind him.

A minute after the great hall door
swung open, and some one ran out into
the snowy path, gazing curiously in
every direction. There was nothing
unusual to reward the gaze, however,
and he ran back into the hall, saying—
"Dick! Dick Welles! come here,
quick!"

"Why," said North, excitedly, "the
strangest thing! I was coming through
the hall, when some one began to come
down the stairs very soft, so I stopped
right here in the shadow, and I'm sure
it was Will! He had on his overcoat
and cap, and hurried out the door;
but when I went out to look there was
no one to be seen!"

"Pooh!" said Dick, indifferently;
"it must have been some one else; or
perhaps your eyes deceived you here
in the shadow."

"No, they didn't!" said North, pos-
itively; "somebody came down those
stairs and went out the door. It may
not have been Will, but it was some-
body!"

Dick was still sceptical, and both
boys left the hall and passed out doors.
Hidden by the vapory clouds, there
was a full moon that dispelled the
darkness sufficiently to make all things
within the Institute-yard plainly vis-
ible. But though they strained their
eyes, they could not discern a human
figure.

"Well," said Dick, "there's no one
here."

"No,—but there has been," said
Hawley confidently. "The fog is so
thick that we can't see but a little
ways."

They walked on as far as the gate.
Great drops from the canopy of over-
spreading oak fell upon their heads as
they stood there. The night was
very quiet and still, but there was no
sound of footsteps in any direction.

"You've had a vision, Hawley!"
said Dick, laughing; "I can't account
for it in any other way. Come, let's
run in!"

"Vision or not," said Hawley, his
faith somewhat shaken, "I thought it
was Will! If he isn't here to-mor-
row—"

"Then," said Dick, "you'll know
who it was. But to-morrow'll show
you your mistake!"

"I hope so!" said Hawley, as they
hurried in, shaking the great drops

from their bare heads; "for Ned Hall's
sake, at any rate.

"He don't deserve any pity!" said
Dick, savagely; "I'm disgusted!"

"O yes! everybody in the Institute
deserves it," said Hawley, quietly; "I
wouldn't like to deny that to the low-
est wretch. And I hope these two
fellows will be friends again soon!"

"Well, well," said Dick, good-na-
turedly, "always at your peace-making
business. But you've got no small
job, if you intend to set matters right
between Ned Hall and Will!"

In the hall they separated to go to
their rooms.

Meanwhile, under the screen of the
friendly fog, Will was plodding along
the miry road, hurrying and stumbling
through the mixture of mud and snow,
that so impeded his progress,—some-
times finding a little space where the
ground had not yielded its frost to rest
a minute, and then starting afresh
through the wastes of mud and pools
of snow-water. He had started with
only to get away,—somewhere,—it
mattered little where. He took the
road leading off into the country, where
there were quiet farm-houses with
gleaming, friendly windows on either
hand. The strange hush and quiet of
the night soothed him somewhat, and
there were a thousand objects beside
his path to distract his attention from
the tumult of thoughts that filled his
brain.

The wonderfully luminous night,
distorting and exaggerating everything
with its veil of fog half pleased, half
awed him. The road-side trees, ordi-
nary enough in broad day-light, now
loomed grandly on either hand, like
some old gothic pile, with turrets,
vanes, and spires innumerable. A
shrubby bush with some winter-shriv-
elled leaves still clinging to its twig,
started up like a human form with
huge, shadowy hands outspread to
clutch him. Houses, sheds, rock, bush,
and tree shared alike in this strange,
fantastic, transformation. Nothing
seemed quite natural,—all was vague,
and shadowy, and fanciful.

By and by he came to a lonely
stretch of road, having left the farm-
houses quite behind. The highway
sank gradually into a hollow between
the hills that stood up like mountains
on either side, while across his path
there rose an indistinct barrier, as if
that were the end of the road. But on
approach it proved to be only a bridge
over a river that slipped with a noise-
less rush, between the piers, into the
blank of fog and gloom. Here Will
passed to rest, leaning against the
cold, wet railing, and gazing down at
the inky flood beneath him. Some
keen sense of his own elation and deso-
lation came to him here, for he let fall
several irrepressible tears into the near-
ing river. But it seemed no nearer
overflowing than before, nor his heart
any the less heavy. After a little
resting-spell he started on again, be-
ginning now to feel tired and cold.
His boots were soaked with snow-
water, that chilled and benumbed his
feet. His clothes, too, were splashed,
and beginning to be heavy with the
drizzling mist.

When the road had climbed up from
the hollow, and was once more upon
its old level, Will came upon farm-
houses again. He passed two or three
dwellings where the lights were ex-
tinguished and the inmates abed. But
pretty soon he came to one whose
windows were not rayless, and there he
paused. The gate was wide