

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

### THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspapers 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, and the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to DAVIDSON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

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St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

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Percheron Horses and French Coach Horses, Heavy and Light Breeds, and other stock, also various kinds of fruit, and all the necessaries of life, at reasonable prices. Address: Island Home Stock Farm, Wolfville, N. S.

### DIRECTORY

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' Furnishings Goods.

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

BISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oil, Colour 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, barreled or by the car or vessel load.

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DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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

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WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, 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.

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### Select Poetry.

TO ONE WHO DOES NOT WRITE.

I watch the mails from day to day  
But yet no letter comes from you;  
I wonder has it gone astray  
As sometimes lovers letters do  
Or with the friends about you now,  
Life busy as a bee in May,  
Have you forgotten quite, somehow,  
The friend that loves you far away?

I cannot if I would believe  
A thing so cruel, and I say  
"To-morrow surely, I'll receive  
The letter that comes not to-day."  
But days go drifting on and by,  
And silence reigns our hearts between;  
I only wait and wonder why,  
And what the long delay may mean.

I wonder, do you really know  
How long it is since last you wrote?  
Six dreary months and more ago!  
And only then a little note  
That said you would do better soon;  
"Next Sunday," at the farthest date.  
That was, I think, in early June,  
Now white December reigns in state.

"But you are busy?" Yes, I know:  
I do not mean to be unjust;  
Forgive me if I seem to show  
Yet if you knew how glad and bright  
The letters that you used to send,  
Made all my day, I think you'd write  
Once more to your devoted friend.  
—GEORGE K. DAY.

### Interesting Story.

WARNED.

Summer was over. The mellowness of September had drifted into the crisp coolness of October. The fragrance of ripened fruit, of russet, wheat-stripped fields, and shocks of golden maize, blended with the salt freshness of the air, as Sibley Oliphant, luxuriating in a sun-bath on the silvery sands of the sea-shore, idly watched the waves beat against a high gray wall of rock that bounded the southern coast.

She was dreamily wondering why she had lingered after the summer solstice in this sleepy sea-side hamlet. She remembered the golden June day—a day perfumed by the scents of golden blossoms—that she wandered into this straggling settlement, and almost begged for lodgings at one of the moss-grown cottages on the hill-side overlooking the sea. Weary of the world; heart sick of its shallow pleasures; weighed down by trifling struggles that had chilled the hot blood in her veins; stricken by a trial that was a sorrow, and yet not a sorrow—she had found the rest her spirit craved in this quiet spot, and she was loth to leave it.

She turned her troubled face seaward, and her dark red-brown eyes flashed with delight, as the sunlight kissed the opal-tinted waters. For the golden glow of the October day was perfect; the air was crisp, cool and bracing, and the distant hills were aflame with autumnal colors. She pushed back the fringe of auburn curls from the white brow, and a deeper flush stole into her cheeks, as she glanced downward at her widow's weeds—sombre garments sadly at variance with the brightness of the day. She would throw them aside presently—moocheries of a grief she could not honestly acknowledge, for Sibley Oliphant had never loved her dead husband.

He was ten years her senior; a grave honorable man, whose every thought was centered in the lovely woman who bore his name. When he died, Sibley put on the outward semblance of mourning, while within her heart thrilled with an exulting sense of freedom. She had married Wilfred Oliphant to please a lover who had jilted her, and the man, loyal, tender and true, who had given her the first fruits of his heart, went to his grave chilled to the wife to its icy clutch.

"Sibley!" The low-spoken word startled her from her reverie, and she turned swiftly, her red-brown eyes growing misty, as they met the keen blue orbs of a man, evidently just arrived at the sea-side, for a satchel, travelling-rug and cane, lay on the sands at his feet.

"Charles Waring,"—her voice had a ring of pain in it,—"you here." He stroked his mustache, with a curious smile on his lips, as he lazily extended a shapely hand.

"I am here, Sibley,—or Mrs. Oliphant,"—the firm fingers clasped the

dimpled hand caressingly; "and rejoice to meet you. How do you contrive to exist in this secluded spot?"

She laughed, flushing hotly, as she nervously withdrew her hand.

"O, I love the quietness. I spend hours listening to the murmur of the sea waves."

"Glad I ran across it." His keen, bright eyes were fixed on the lovely face. Mrs. Oliphant, I—"

"Call me Sibley." She glanced up shyly, and a flash of triumph leaped into the blue eyes as he saw undisguised pleasure in the innocent face.

"Well, Sibley, I have much to say to you, although I did not expect to have a chance to exculpate myself so soon."

"You did not know I was here, then?" There was a touch of disappointment in Mrs. Oliphant's voice, for there had been a faint hope in her heart, that her old lover had sought her out—a hope that Charles Waring had suspected, and he determined to destroy; for, he mentally reasoned, nothing keeps a woman on tender hooks like doubt.

"N-o," he said slowly, "just stopped off the train for a rest, tired travelling, you know."

"Ah!" Mrs. Oliphant's countenance fell. How dearly she had once loved this man, with his handsome face, lazy, nonchalant air, and dreamy voice, none but God and herself knew. She was ready even yet, after his cruel deceit, to fall into his arms at the slightest encouragement, although some undefinable instinct warned her of his total unworthiness.

For, morally, Charles Waring was a man to be shunned—a man, one of society's favorites, who had his chief delight in ruining the happiness, if not the life, of all women who came under the spell of the mesmerizing steel-blue eyes. But Sibley Oliphant saw nothing of this—only realized that the man she had idolized stood before her, smiling, attentive, attractive, as of old.

"Sibley"—he came close to her side and looked down into the glowing eyes with a glance that set every fibre of her passionate heart to quivering—"Sibley, I scarcely know how to begin, how to explain my abominable conduct that summer we spent among the White Mountains. Every loving word I uttered then was from my heart, although my acts belied my words. Be merciful, Sibley, and believe me, when I tell you that an unfortunate episode in our lives has been an egg-splint regret. I was forced to break my engagement with you, for uncle John Waring was furious and objected to my marrying anyone but Beth Clavering."

She might have retorted that he could have broken with her in a more honorable way; but a great wave of happiness was surging over her heart, and with an upward glance of pleased surprise, she stammered:

"You—you loved me then?"

"Loved you?"—with a little flash of spirit. "A man does not often jilt the woman he loves."

"Nevertheless, I loved you"—he put his arm round Mrs. Oliphant and drew her to his breast—"and, Sibley, I love you still."

For the first time in many years Sibley was content. All the unattained yearnings of his hungry heart, all the pain, coldness and conscious unworthiness of his unhappy married life were swallowed up in the supreme bliss of this reunion.

"You see, Sibley," he went on holding her in a loving embrace, "I had been wild—horribly wild—and that time was 'over head and ears,' as the old folks say, in debt. Uncle John absolutely refused to caress them, unless I gave you up and married Beth Clavering, who was the mistress of a hundred thousand."

"And you?"

"She passed in a breathless way and made a movement to release herself, but he held her close."

"Oh, you need not think I married her with a mirrour laugh—she cut me at the seventh hour—she cut me at my general unworthiness, she said and defied the honor lines of my father's debt. O, how was it not? Imagine my feelings, Sibley—after me using you like a puppet!"

She sighed deeply and increased the

handsome face with her white fingers.

"Oh, if you had come to me and told me all, what misery you might have spared me!—for I was miserable, although Wilfred Oliphant was tenderness itself, and lavished every luxury imaginable upon me."

"Well, well, do not fret or fume over what could not be helped, Sibley, for we were both the creatures of adverse circumstances. Our experience has taught us some wholesome lessons. I, for one, have turned over a new leaf. You will forgive me, Sibley?"

"Forgive you?"—the red-brown eyes flashed with sudden, swift emotion—"I forgave you years ago."

"And we will be lovers still, Sibley?"

The long lashes half veiled the misty eyes, as she hid her blushing face on his bosom, with a whispered:

"Yes, Charles."

Charles Waring was not exactly a sounder, but he was a polished imitation of one. He had deliberately and of his own free will jilted Sibley, confident of winning Miss Beth Clavering, who, however, was astute enough to see through his motives, and led him on to the brink of marriage, to teach him, as she thought, a lesson. But the seed fell on barren soil, for Charles Waring treated the matter as a joke, and would have gone back to his old love, but for her timely marriage with Wilfred Oliphant, for Sibley was a beauty, and possessed of considerable wealth.

His flirtations went on, but for some reason, he kept free from any serious entanglements. When Mr. Oliphant died, he quietly laid his plan for winning his widow, and after holding himself aloof for a year, he deliberately traced Sibley to this little sea-side village, with what result we have seen. Waring was elated with his success, and although he secretly abhorred all manner of sentiment, he led Sibley into a "fool's paradise," by a caress that filled the fond and foolish woman's heart with a passion of love hitherto unknown.

The short October day was drawing to a close, and the sun—a blood-red ball had dropped behind the blue line of water on the western horizon, before Waring became suddenly aware, that the physical wants of man must be attended to, and he must search out lodgings for the night. Sibley directed him to comfortable rooms, and after a few loving words, he hurried away, leaving Sibley to her dreams. A blue haze was creeping up out of the hollows in the rocks, and a strange weirdness seemed to settle around the spot where Sibley stood. She drew a fussy shawl around her shoulders, and crept closer to the gray shelter of the huge rock, her thoughts too absorbed in her present happiness to notice the swift-falling darkness. She grew nervous and ill-at-ease, something within her crying out against her blind faith in this man. Wilfred Oliphant had always disliked Waring, for his pure, and unselfish nature revolted at the man's polished depravity. Some unaccountable magnetic centred Sibley's thoughts on her dead husband, and many of his serene sayings regarding Waring recurred to her mind. She put them aside again and again, but the sound of Wilfred's voice came ringing in her ears, and she seemed to stand in his presence. A cold breath struck her cheek, and she turned her head to see—what?

A shadowy form rising out of the blue haze—a dimly-outlined figure, with the pale grave face and sorrowful eyes of Wilfred Oliphant. And his voice, low, distinct, with a pathetic ring of sorrow in every word, mingled with the murmur of the waves.

"Sibley, you are a beggar, homeless, penniless! Build not your hopes of happiness on Charles Waring, for it is money he wants, not you. Remember you are warned!"

And the presence melted out of the haze, leaving Mrs. Oliphant transfixed to the spot, in a maze of fear, doubt and astonishment.

"Can it be possible," she moaned, covering her white face with her hands, "that the dead return! Oh, Wilfred, my loving, but unloved husband, if I am in peril, save me!"

She broke into a wild fit of weeping, too weak and nervous to attempt to flee from the spot. How long she covered

there—with her tearful eyes bent on the dark heaving waters, she never knew, but a sound of voices broke into the ceaseless murmur of the waves, and in the gathering gloom Sibley saw two figures approaching. She shrank into the deeper shadow, their words cutting through her numb senses like a knife.

"Glad I ran against you, Hartley," said Charles Waring's rich voice, "for I have been fretting myself into a nice mess; in fact I am into trouble already. But I can save myself by fight—that's one comfort. Poor little Sibley—it will be hard on her!"

"Don't do that!" assented his friend, Dick Hartley, knocking a shower of cigar ashes over Sibley's black raiment as he strolled within a yard of her. "All her money swallowed up in that rotten bank. But she has acres of real estate, has she not?"

"Boh!" growled Charles, "the old fool turned it all into cash, about a year before he died, to save Sibley the management of it."

"No, sir; Sibley Oliphant is a beggar; for I happen to know, she transferred her private fortune to a blind sister, after she married that old nabob."

"Wonder if she has heard the news?"

"I am afraid not. I left her down here an hour ago, one of the happiest little fools you ever saw; for she has promised to be my wife. Great Scott! What an escape I have had!"

"Why, you surely won't throw her over again?" in an astonished voice.

"Well, I will hardly marry her now," was Waring's dogged reply. "What under the sun would I do with her?" I am living on my wits—have not got a dollar but what come through uncle John Waring's fingers. No, sir; bread and cheese and kias are not in my line. Sibley will have to go!"

And then a blessed faintness overpowered Sibley Oliphant, and she sank down on the cold sands, while the two friends strolled on; and a full moon sailed up over the banks of purple haze, and turned every pebble on the beach into a glittering diamond. The haze broke and disappeared, and Mrs. Oliphant roused herself from her weakness, and dragged herself up the winding path to the cottage, where she had hid away the long peaceful summer. Before many hours the news reached her from a reliable source. She uttered no word of comment, for had she not been warned? Whether natural or unnatural, spiritual or carnal, she never knew; but her strange visitant had predicted the truth, and to Charles Waring's insouciant tenacity, for they never met again. When she went back to the city and took up her burden of life again, many wondered if he loss of Mrs. Oliphant's wealth had brought that look of settled sorrow into the red-brown eyes. She is cashier in a prominent dry goods house now—a quiet, self-contained, dignified woman; but the memory of that October day at the sea-side still brings hot blushes to her cheeks and a passionate throb to her tired heart.

### The Sand-blast.

Among the wonderful and useful inventions of the time is the sand-blast. Suppose you desire to letter a piece of marble for a grave-stone; you cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a wafer, then cut in the wax the name. Now pass it under the blast, and wax will not be injured at all, but the sand will cut letters deep into the stone. Or, if you desire raised letters, a flower or other emblem, cut the letters, flowers, &c., in wax and will cut it away. Remove the wax, and you have the raised letters. Take a piece of French plate-glass say two feet six, and cover it with fine lace; pass it under the blast, and not a thread of the lace will be injured but sand will cut deep into the glass wherever it is not covered by the lace. Now remove the lace, and you have every delicate figure raised upon the glass.

In this way beautiful figures of all kinds are cut in glass, and at small expense. The workmen can hold their hands under the blast without

### Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and

three bottles of this medicine have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendall T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing, exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

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