

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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No. 36

**THE ACADIAN.**  
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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 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.  
New communications from all parts of the country, 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.  
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DAVISON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

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**St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal),** Services on 31 Sunday morning at 11, evening at 7. Mr. J. W. Fullerton of King's College, is Curate.  
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**Masonic.**  
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**OUR JOB ROOM**  
IS SUPPLIED WITH  
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE  
**JOB PRINTING**  
—OF—  
**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 subscriptions when paid in advance.

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—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.  
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**BLACKADDER, W. C.**—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.  
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**WILSON, JAS.**—Harness Makes, still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

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**JOHN W. WALLACE,**  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,  
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.  
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.  
WOLFVILLE N. S.

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

**CARD.**  
**DR J. R. DEWOLF, M. D.,**  
Edin'.  
L. B. C. S. E., & L. M., Edin'.  
AND  
**DR G. H. DEWOLF, M. D.,**  
M. B., C. M., & L. M., Edin'.  
Wolfville, Oct. 6th, 1886 3m pd

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

**Select Poetry.**  
**FATE.**  
Fate leaves unturned within the book no single leaf.  
The grain is ever garnered to the last small sheaf;  
Within the song remains no simple word unmeaning,  
The final tear from weary eyes is ever wrung.  
Think you the tale half read may from your hands be dropped?  
The song, if discord comes, can instantly be stopped;  
Think you to quit the field when sun is high at noon?  
Or if the hot tears fall some joy will stem them soon!  
It may seem so, 'tis true, the book be thrust aside,  
The music checked, the harvest left, the tears be dried,  
And you may turn to brighter tales, to songs more sweet,  
May rest your lightened heart within some cool retreat.  
But yet a day will come, though time be e'er so slow,  
When you will read the book, commenced so long ago;  
Page after page you'll turn until you reach the last,  
While every word is fraught with memories of the past.  
Some day your lips will sound a long forgotten strain,  
The same sad notes you left, nor thought to hear again;  
And as the chords you touch, their harmony will seem  
To echo as a dirge for all youth's happy dream.  
Some day from shady nook you'll turn with brightened face,  
And seek, mid harvest-fields, your former well-known place;  
But while you shake the grain which lies about your path,  
Others who toiled at noon will reap the aftermath.  
Some day the past you'll view with calm, reflective eyes,  
And watch with painless smiles your memory as it dies.  
When, lo! it is a touch, a look, a simple word maybe,  
The tears you thought were quenched e'en to the last are free.

**Interesting Story.**  
**The Boys at Dr Murray's.**  
CHAPTER VIII.  
PROGRESS.  
Dr Murray, being troubled with some scruples of conscience, concluded at last that he had inflicted punishment enough upon his delinquent pupil; and, as the weeks slipped away, and the boys continued to treat him kindly and considerately, and the culprit himself both studied and behaved well, the Doctor's angry and resentful feeling began to subside; he mentally concluded that kindness was a very tolerable way of correcting a boy, after all—and, when the holidays had past, and the school really commenced work again, Will stood tolerably high in the Doctor's opinion. Not that he ever forgot the boy's transgression, or ceased to remember the money which the deed had cost him; but the time had softened his anger, and disposed him to regard his home-learned pupil as meriting, at least, moderate kindness and attention.  
As for Will, himself, he found his school-life far pleasanter than he had ever expected it to be again. True, some little things would occur now and then which brought back to him, vivid and bitter, the remembrance of the wicked thing which he had done, and the disgrace which befell him. At such times it would require all the kindness and persuasion that Grant and his friends could use, to soothe his proud and sensitive spirit. But, after a while, matters would go quietly and smoothly again, and Will would take heart and redouble his energies to win a high place in his class, and the regards of his schoolmates. But he rarely went to the city. Even in the midst of holidays, when the Institute boys (those who had not gone home) frequently received permission to go down to the city for a half-day, he would never consent to be one of the party. The thought of seeing M. Chantilly's shop once more, was quite too much.  
And when, for an unusual high standing in his class, the Doctor rewarded him with the privilege of selecting some books for him at a city bookstore, he declined the proffered honor in favor of his friend, Ned Hall.  
But now that the holidays were quite past, and everybody had settled down to busy, earnest work,—Will working as hard as the best of them,—there seemed no reason why his life should not be as pleasant and untroubled as any of them, with the not unpleasant routine of duties to attend to;—the quiet, cosy study-hour at evening, and after that the long pleasant hours before bedtime, spent usually in the rooms of some of his friends. One evening there came a letter for him. It was a very unusual event,—having never received one before since entering the school. Even Harris looked puzzled when he brought the buff-colored missive; and read and re-read the direction as if he thought that after all it must be a mistake. But it was not, and Will recognized the handwriting immediately as that of an old friend of his dead father's, the one, in fact, who had placed him in Dr Murray's charge. In some wonder he opened it.  
It was as follows:  
CASTLETON, Jan. 30, 18--  
TO WILLET HOWTH.—  
You will probably be somewhat surprised at receiving a letter from me at this late date. I intended to have found time long ago to inquire after your health and studies, but pressure of business prevented. I have now only time for a few words. I hope you are making such progress in the various branches which you have probably entered long before this, as will not disappoint your friends. I hope that for your own sake you will endeavor to take a high rank in your class. If I were at liberty to do so, I could show you good reasons why achieving these things would be very greatly to your interest, and the good always resulting from study and attention; but as I am not, I trust these hints will suffice to awaken your interest in these matters, if you are not already. If you do not hear from me soon again, prepare yourself for some good news. My friend, JOHN PHILLIPS.  
Will slowly read the letter, then folded it up reverently. What could Mr Phillips mean by such mysterious hints? and what should have induced him to write at this particular time, when, in all Will's long year at school, he had never received a line from the above named gentleman? And then that strange sentence,—“prepare yourself for some good news.”  
“What good news can I possibly have?” Will asked himself, “and who should care whether I study well or not?”  
But Mr Phillips's letter preserved a very mysterious silence on these points. Though he slowly read it again, he got no trace of an answer to his question. The note was so carefully written, that it gave its possessor no clue to whom the person or persons might be whom it hinted were his friends. It was altogether such a puzzling affair that Will carried it off to Grant.  
“Look here,” said Will, as he entered, “I've got a letter. Did you ever know such a thing happen to me before? Harris really looked dumfounded when he brought it! But he wasn't a bit more surprised than I was when I read it. Had you just as lief hear it, or are you too busy?”  
Grant declared himself to be at leisure, and Will read.  
“There,” he exclaimed, when he had finished, “isn't that puzzling to a fellow that's never received a letter before since he's entered school?”  
“Yes,” said Grant; “but who is this Mr Phillips?”  
He had never known that Will had a friend; he did not know, even, where he had come from. All that Dr Murray's boys knew about him was that he was an orphan, and homeless.  
“Why,” said Will, “he was a friend of my father's a long time ago. He's a merchant in Castleton. But I don't see what news he could have for me, anyhow.”  
“He doesn't say that he is to give you the good news. I should think that it meant it was somebody else. At any rate you can see that he is anxious to have you go to studying.”  
“I don't think he can find fault with me, there,” said Will, in a tone that was half decisive, half interrogatory.  
“Nor I,” said Grant; “I don't think you need to trouble at all about that. It's a queer letter, anyhow, and I don't believe that you'll understand it till this 'good news' comes.”  
“Good news!” said Will; “it'll be anything but that, I guess. There's no one in the wide world to bring me any, that I know of.”  
“Haven't you any friends?” asked Grant.

**CHAPTER IX.**  
A CLOUD IN THE SKY.  
Very early in March, before the snow had hardly thought of fleeing, Grant was called to Winterton by the death of a friend with whom he had lived when a very little boy. It was the busiest season of the whole term, when even the dullest of the Doctor's boys were putting forth their utmost energies to pass a successful examination, and though it threatened to seriously interfere with his studies, Grant got the Doctor's permission and went, telling Will, as he bade him good-by, that he should return at the earliest moment.  
Now, though very busy, the days seemed very long to Will, and the evenings dull and tedious. To be sure, there was only one absent from among the great number that made up the school, but he suddenly found that that one's absence made a vast deal of difference with him; he became aware how much he had unconsciously leaned upon that friend's kind, strong arm, and how much support he had derived from the ever-ready hand that was wont to aid him in all emergencies. So he began to count the days and almost the hours when it would be possible for his friend to return, feeling the while half troubled and insecure, as if, now that his champion and friend was gone, there was danger lest his former friends should turn to enemies.  
Feeling something like this he went down to prayers one morning, side by side with Ned Hall, who, he fancied, did not greet him as cordially of late, nor wear the kind, frank manner of old. Will even looked searchingly in his friend's face to read, if possible, whether this fancy were really a fact, or one of his own vagaries; but Ned suddenly became very much interested in something that turned his face in another direction.  
But the fresh, sweet sunbeams shone so brightly through the windows, and tinged everything with their own cheerful gold-color so profusely, that Will felt his heart bound when they entered the long room for breakfast.  
“I wonder,” said Hawley North, in the midst of the repast, “when Westery is coming back? Does anybody know?”  
All looked at Ned for a reply, but he ate his breakfast very coolly, as if unconscious that he was expected to answer the question.  
“Say, Hall,” said Dick Welles, “are you deaf? Hawley spoke to you.”  
“To me,” said Ned; “what did he say?”  
“I asked when Grant was coming back. Do you know?”  
“No,” said Ned, coldly; “you must ask Howth.”  
Will looked up in surprise.  
“I thought you knew,” he said.  
“It happens that I don't!” said Ned, crossly.  
“Well, he told me that he would be back by day after to-morrow. That is Thursday,” said Will.  
“Well,” observed Hawley, “it's going to make a great gap in his studies anyhow. If you'll study hard, Ned, you may come out ahead this term?”  
“I'm not going to take advantage of him,” said Ned, hotly.  
“Of course not! but it would be a great honor!”  
“Then try it yourself,” said Ned.  
Hawley smiled. He was proverbial among the boys for holding his temper, and was very seldom roused to anger.

application and good behavior, and the boys by his kindness and amiability. The Doctor even said to the first teacher, as they were making out a course of lessons one evening—  
“Your class is going ahead of everything. There's smartness there, sir! Look at Westery, Hall, North, and hat Howth! Well, well, that boy is thoroughly reformed.”  
“No doubt of it, sir,” said the teacher; “he's as good a pupil as I have.”  
Of course Will knew nothing of other people's thoughts; he only knew that everybody was kind, and that he should be very happy indeed, if it were not for the remorseful, and disgraced feeling that would rankle at times in his breast. But sleek and storms, and glorious days, alike filled up winter's complement of days, till all the earth began to whisper of Spring.

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“Hall,” said Dick, in his blunt way, “you are cross this morning!”  
Ned silently ate his breakfast, and stonily made no reply. Then Hawley said—  
“Really, Ned Hall, I haven't ambition enough to jump to the head of my class. I've been contented with ranking fourth so long that I've quite lost all idea of getting any higher.”  
“That's a frank confession,” said Dick; “look out, for Will, here, is studying furiously, and may step in ahead of you at the end of the term.”  
“I'm willing, then, if he can. I'm not sure but he'll take Grant's place yet.”  
“How would that suit you, Ned?” asked Dick.  
“First-rate!” said Ned, coolly.  
Here Dick laughed merrily, but what about no one really knew.  
Hall surveyed him with his half-angry eyes.  
“What are you laughing at?” he said.  
“At you,” said Dick, smiling still.  
Ned bowed stiffly, saying, “You're welcome!”  
“Now,” persisted Dick, “who are you angry with?”  
“You're welcome!” said Dick, catching Ned's bow and tone so precisely, that everybody laughed.  
“Pshaw!” exclaimed Hawley, always a peace-maker, “what nonsense we're talking! Take notice of Will there, he's as grave and as solemn as a judge. I wish you'd imitate him!”  
“Do you?—well, I'm going to!” said Dick, jumping up from the table; “come on, anybody that's through breakfast, and have a game with me! Here,” running round to Ned, “come with me, Sir Cynic, and have a good time!”  
But Ned refused to stir, and Dick went off with some one else.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**The Appetite**  
May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the Bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.  
I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

**IMPROVED**  
my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logan, Wilmington, Del.  
I was troubled, for over a year, with Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and, before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored.—G. C. Clark, Danbury, Conn.  
Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

**BY USING**  
three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.  
Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache, was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Hemmingsway, Rockport, Mass.  
I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of that painful disorder, but gave me increased vigor, and restored my health.—John Lazarus, St. John, N. B.  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

**Ayer's Pills,**  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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**SURPRISE SOAP**  
THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT  
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St. Croix, N. B.