

THE ACADIAN.

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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.

News 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.,
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Wolfville, N. S.

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Has a fine stock of Cloths which will be sold Cheap.

Select Poetry.

Questionings.

I wonder why some hearts are sad,
And others always gay—
Some lives are like the starless night
While others bright as day.

I wonder why the roses bloom
Only beneath some feet,
While others through the path of life
With only thorns will meet.

I wonder why the star of hope
Shines always bright for some,
While to other dark and dreary lives
Its rays will seldom come.

I wonder why sweet dreams of love
Will always fill some hearts,
While every feeling from some lives
Save bitter hate departs.

I wonder why some roll in wealth,
While others want for bread;
Content like Lazarus they must be
If with the crumbs are fed.—L. G.

Interesting Story.

For the ACADIAN.

IS SHE HAPPY?

[An original story founded on fact.]

My story opens in the beautiful village of B—, built on the banks of a lovely river which flows through the State of Minnesota. On the left bank as you ascend this stream is situated the cottage of the widow Drummond, an old and much respected lady, and at the time our story commences she sits in the cottage door watching the busy feet passing to and fro, hurrying on to the workshop, furnace, or mill; and she thinks, what a change since I came here thirty years ago: on that stream that now drives so many looms and spindles, naught disturbed its peaceful bosom but the flutter of wild-fowl or the silent dip of the red man's paddle. But we digress (as the novelist says) our story is concerning the only child of the widow. The beautiful and accomplished Kate Drummond, queenly in her brunette beauty, with such liquid expressive black eyes, a pleasant born beauty of eighteen summers; and as always follows, she had many admirers both rich and poor, but all silently withdrew as they witnessed her decided preference for a noble looking young man, a resident in the village and owner of a fine factory. This was Howard Douglas, and a finer specimen of many beauty you could not well find, a broad chested deep toned fellow with raven hair and flashing black eyes.

One afternoon a few of Kate's friends called at the cottage to inform her that they had planned an excursion to "Chestnut Island" for the next day. Kate promised to go, and the next day dawned bright and beautiful, and the village lads and lassies were jubilant over the prospect of a fine day's sport and ramble through the leafy glades of this picturesque island.

At the appointed hour all was ready, lunch baskets filled to overflowing with all the delicacies of the season, all were packed, with the more precious human freight, into the large boat provided for the occasion, the cord was cut loose, the boat swung round to the current and quickly drifted down the stream.

The island was soon reached, the boat moored, and all were to scatter through the forest, to meet at noon by the boat for dinner.

And (accidentally of course) Howard and Kate walked off together to collect moss and ferns. That was a happy day for the lovers, and before their return home that night she was the promised bride of Howard Douglas, subject to the consent of her only living parent. Weeks and months rolled by, many were the merry-makings of the youths and maidens of B—.

Kate and Howard, the acknowledged belle and beau were leaders in all their games and pastimes, and thus all went smoothly and little did think that a dark shadow was about to lit across

their path.

It came in the form of Carlos Cameron a dashing young man with chestnut curls and light-blue eyes, a good form and a fine countenance, yet under it all a close study would reveal a deceitful wicked heart, and stamped him at once as a man who would stoop to almost any crime to gain his point.

He came, he saw, and loved the beautiful Kate Drummond, and from that hour he plotted and planned the destruction of his rival, if by no other means he could gain Kate.

It happened at this time that business connected with the factory called Howard away to Europe, and six months would elapse before he could return; and at his return they were to be married. The parting of the lovers on the eve of his departure was a great trial to both of them, Kate shed many bitter tears and asked many pledges of constancy. He, man that he was, thought it undignified to cry, and pent his grief within him till it nearly crashed his heart.

Howard arrived safely in London. The hurry and bustle and strange sights of the monster city did not prevent him from immediately writing a loving letter to Kate, giving a full description of his trip across the Atlantic. Then, without taking time to visit the chief places of interest, he plunged into business, that he might soon finish his work and return to the land of his birth and Kate. In London society designing mammas set many a trap to catch the rich young American for their daughters, but all to no purpose, he remembered his first love and remained true as steel. He received but one letter from her, but thinking that Kate's letters must have gone astray, he still wrote to her loving epistles, which can only be penned by a true lover to the lady he adores. Why did she not answer his letters? Scarcely one week had passed after Howard left her, when the new face and new form of Carlos Cameron came before her. He obtained an introduction, and from that moment seemed to charm her to him by his snake nature. He was so assiduous in his attentions, and she, thinking it no harm (as she expressed it) to carry on a "harmless flirtation," they soon became fast friends, and from friends to lovers, and long before the return of Howard Douglas they were engaged to be married.

Oh fickle woman, what hast thou done? Thou hast jilted a man true as the sun.

One beautiful starlight evening Carlos and Kate sat in an arbor enjoying pleasant conversation, when a manly form sprang in the door and a clear voice rang out, Kate my darling, are you here? Carlos rose to his feet and shouted, who dares address such words to my affianced bride? and struck a full blow at the intruder. Howard (for twas he returned) easily stopped the blow with his left hand, while with the right he dealt a return stroke that would have felled an ox, which hurled him senseless and bleeding to the ground. Then Howard turning to Kate demanded, who is this man and what does it all mean; am I dreaming or did I hear aright? With shame and distress she answered "it is true, Howard; I am soon to be the wife of this man," as she knelt beside the prostrate form of Carlos.

Howard stood a moment in speechless astonishment, then in a mournful voice, cried, "Oh, Kate, you have broken my heart; I loved, I adored, I worshipped you, and in return you have proved a false, heartless flirt. May the curse of unhappiness rest on you and yours." And with a wild, maniac laugh, he sprang into the darkness and was gone.

This was a terrible shock to Kate, and when Carlos came to his senses, she was in a deep swoon. He conveyed her to the cottage, where, for weeks, she lay with brain-fever, and Howard's fearful words ringing in her ears—

"May the curse of unhappiness rest on you and yours." But at last youth, coupled with a good constitution and the careful nursing of her mother, brought her back to health again. And six months later she married Carlos Cameron, settling down seemingly happy. She lives in a beautiful house, Carlos having a Government situation is able to give her every luxury. And as she sits one morning in her neat breakfast room sipping her coffee, a servant enters and hands in the morning paper, she picks it up and carelessly glances over the local matter till her eye rests on a paragraph with a fascination.

"Died, at the State Insane Asylum, Howard Douglas, who has been the most dangerous inmate of this Institution for nearly a year. He was brought here a wild maniac from the woods in a nude state unknown to all, but inquiries since his death have proved without a doubt, he is the missing Howard Douglas, a rich mill owner of B—."

The paper dropped from her nerveless grasp. Another long illness followed, out of which she came a shadow of her former self. The beauty of Kate (Mrs. Cameron) is gone. She is a subdued, quiet woman, making charity the object of her life, and the world thinks her happy; but those who know her best feel sure she never forgets the great wrong she did Howard Douglas.

LADDIE.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"You must go to bed," he said, with a burst of overwhelming compunction. "I ought not to have let you stop up like this. I should have kept what I had to say till to-morrow when you were rested. Come, think no more of it to-night, everything will look brighter to-morrow. I'll show you your bedroom."

As he took her upstairs, such a lot of stairs to the old country legs; but her curiosity overcame her fatigue sufficiently to make her peep into the double drawing-room, where the gas-jump in the street threw weird lights and shadows on the ceiling and touched unexpectedly on parts of mirrors or gilded cornices, giving a mysterious effect to the groups of furniture and the chandelier hanging in its holland covering.

"'Tis mighty fine!" she said, but an unkind place to my mind; like a church-yard somat."

Her bedroom did not look "unkind" however, with a bright fire burning, and the inviting chintz-curtained bed and the crisp muslin-covered toilet-table, with two candles lighted. In the large looking-glass on the toilet-table the figure of the little old woman was reflected among the elegant comfort of the room, looking all the more small and shabby, and old, and out of place in contrast with her surroundings.

"Now make haste to bed, there's a good old mother; my room is next to this if you want anything, and I shall soon come to bed, I hope you'll be very comfortable. Good night."

And then he left her with a kiss, and she stood for some moments quite still, looking at the scene reflected in the glass before her, peering curiously and attentively at it.

"And so Laddie is ashamed of his old mother," she said softly, with a little sigh; "and it ain't no wonder!"

As Dr. Carter sat down again in his consulting-room by himself, he told himself that he had done wisely, though he had felt and inflicted pain, and still felt very sore and ruffled. But it was wisest, and practically kindest and best for her in the end, more surely for her happiness and comfort; so there was no need to regret it, or for that tire-some little feeling in one corner of his heart that seemed almost like remorse. This is no story-book world of chivalry,

romance, and poetry, and to get on it you must just lay aside sentimental fancies and act by the light of reason and common sense. And then he settled down to arrange the details of tomorrow's plans, and jotted down on a piece of paper a few memoranda of suitable places, times of trains, &c., and resolved that he would spare no pains or expens in making her thoroughly comfortable. He even wrote a note or two to put off some appointments, and felt quite gratified with the idea that he was sacrificing something on his mother's account. The clock struck two as he rose to go up to bed, and he went up feeling much more composed and satisfied with himself, having argued and reasoned down his troublesome, morbid misgivings. He listened at his mother's door; but all was quiet, and he made haste into bed himself, feeling that he had gone through a good deal that day.

He was just turning over to sleep when his door opened slowly and his mother came in—such a queer, funny old figure, with a shawl wrapped round her and a very large nightcap on—one of the old-fashioned sort with very broad, gapping frills. She had a candle in her hand, and set it down on the table by his bed. He jumped up as she came in.

"Why, mother, what's the matter? Not in bed! Are you ill?"

"There, there! lie down; there ain't nothing wrong. But I've been listening for ye this long time. 'Tis fifteen year and more since I tucked you up in bed, and you used to say as you never slept so sweet when I didn't do it."

She made him lie down, and smoothed his pillow, and brushed his hair off his forehead, and tucked the clothes round him, and kissed him as she spoke—

"And I thought as I liked to do it for you once more. Good night, Laddie, good night."

And then she went away quickly, and did not hear him call "Mother, oh, mother!" after her, for the carefully tucked-in clothes were flung off and Laddie was out of bed, and then on the handle of the door, and then—second thoughts being cooler, if not better—"she had better sleep," Dr. Carter said, and got back into bed.

But sleep did not come at his call; he tossed about feverishly and restlessly, with his mind tossing hither and thither as much as his body, the strong wind of his pride and will blowing against the running tide of his love and conscience, and making a rough sea between them, which would not allow of any repose. And which of them was the strongest? After long and fierce debate with himself he came to a conclusion which at all events brought peace along with it. "Come what may," he said, "I will keep my mother with me, let people say or think what they will; even if it cost me Violet herself, as most likely it will. I can't turn my mother out in her old age, so there's an end of it." And there and then he went to sleep.

It must have been soon after this that he woke with a start, with a sound in his ears like the shutting of the street-door. It was still quite dark, night to Londoners, morning to country people, who were already going to their work and labor, and Dr. Carter turned himself over and went to sleep again, saying, "It was my fancy or a dream," while his old mother stood shivering in the cold November morning outside his door murmuring,

"I'll never be a shame to my boy, my Laddie; God bless him!"

CHAPTER IV.

When Dr. Carter opened his door next morning, he found his mother's room empty, and it seemed almost as if the events of the night before had

(Continued on fourth page.)