

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VI. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1887. No. 47

The Acadian

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S.

TERMS PER ANNUM.
\$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.

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, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed 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 discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, 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 refusing 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, 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.
Express west close at 10.35 A.M.
Express east close at 5.20 P.M.
Kentville close at 7.30 P.M.
Geo. V. Ross, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.
A. McW. Barnes, Agent.

Churches.

FRESHWATER CHURCH—Rev. R. B. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 10 A.M. and 7 P.M. Sabbath School at 11 A.M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 P.M.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 A.M. and 7.00 P.M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P.M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 P.M. and Thursday at 7.30 P.M.

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 P.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. R.—Mass 11.00 A.M. in the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M.—meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock P.M.
J. B. Davidson, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

"ORPHANS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock P.M.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wilton's block, at 8 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 8 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE
JOB PRINTING
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.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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 Gen's 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, Bakes, &c. N. B. Postboxes supplied in any quantity, barreled or by the car or vessel load.

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 and Clothing and Gen's 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.

REDDEN, 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 Tobaccoist.

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

WITTER, BURPEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gen's Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Makes, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

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!
IT DOES
LIVEN COMPLAINT,
EASES DISCOMFORT,
AND STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
BILIOUS HEADACHE,
CONSTIPATION OR OVERDOSE.

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,
Horton Landing, King's Co.

Select Poetry.

A MAN'S MAN FOR A THAT.
(A new song to an old tune.)
"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a that, and a' that."
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shrink his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a' that,
Or beg when he might earn his bread,
Is not a man for a' that.

If all who "line on homely fare"
Were true and brave and a' that,
And mine whose girth is "hidden grey"
Were fool or knave and a' that,
The vice and crime that shame our time
Would disappear and a' that,
And plowmen be as good as kings,
And churls as earls for a' that.

But 'tis not so; you branny fool,
Who swagers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks because his strong right arm
Might fall an ox and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord and a' that,
Is but an animal at best,
And not a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be three a man for a' that,
And Donald herding on the moor,
Who beats his wife and a' that,
Is nothing but a brutal boor,
Not half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns,
The truth is dear and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that,
And though you'd put the self-same mark
On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
The soul and heart and a' that,
That make the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that,
And whether he be rich or poor,
The best is he for a' that,
Who stands erect in self-respect,
And acts the man for a' that.
—Charles Mackay.

Interesting Story.

The Boys at Dr Murray's.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

Harris was silent.

"Can't you suggest something?" said the Doctor, impatiently.

"You might hire a nurse," said Harris, offering the only idea that was in his head.

"I know,—but that would not be sufficient. It would require at least two,—one for night, and the other for day attendance. I can't get but one, and the rest of the time we must manage some other way. I'll do it, Harris. Send for a nurse somewhere, I don't care where, only get one,—and then we'll try to manage some way. But stay!" as Harris was about to depart, "has the despatch to Ripley's father been sent yet?"

"No, sir; but I'll attend to it immediately," and Harris hurried away in time to escape the Doctor's wrath.

Ripley's home was in a distant State. There was no opportunity for either of his parents to reach him at a very early date. So a nurse was hired to take care of him during the night, till some intelligence could be received from his home, and for day-attendants they were dependent upon those who could be spared from other duties.

Meanwhile, Grant Westery was pondering in his mind what it was his duty to do in the case.

"Ripley has a friend,—not a real friend in the whole school," he said to himself one evening,—"four or five days after the accident," and though I don't hardly think he deserves any, yet that doesn't make any difference about one doing their duty. I suppose, I wonder what it's my duty to do?" To help take care of him, or not?

Ned Hall interrupted his thoughts, just then, by making his appearance and asking, "How's Ripley this evening?" a question which was always upon the boys' lips of late.

"About the same, I believe," said Grant, mentioning him to take a seat beside him on the rustic bench under one of the oaks.

"I'll tell you what I was thinking about, Ned," said he, as his friend sat down. "I've been thinking whether it isn't my duty to help take care of Ripley. What do you think?"

"Think?" said Ned Hall, "why, I think he's no claim upon you, nor upon any of us as for that matter. When he was well he wouldn't hardly look at us, and now—"

"You wouldn't be so weak as to

want to revenge, Ned? No! I know you wouldn't. And I'm thinking whether—"

"But," said Ned, interrupting, "he has care enough,—and the best of it, I'm sure! There's the nurse,—and then for daytimes he has Harris, or Mr. Monks. What more would you have?"

Grant was silent a few minutes, revolving in his mind how he should best present the subject to his friend. At last he said—

"Well, Ned, when Will was sick, and when I've been ill myself, I've found that there was something necessary besides just the bare 'care' of one; something—I don't know just what to call it—that is a different kind of good from what one gets from the medicine. I mean the sympathy and all the little attentions, and the bringing a cool pillow, or fresh water; all those little words and things which brighten one up so, and make him feel as if he were something beside a case to hold medicine. Now I dare say that Ripley gets his medicine at the appointed minute, and has enough to eat and drink, but the rest I'm not sure of."

Ned Hall laughed, then said, soberly enough—

"But Ripley,—he's so proud, and disagreeable, and hard to please! It would be like throwing pearls before swine, to speak the plain truth. Wouldn't it now?"

"That's where the trouble lies," said Grant, candidly; "I found it pleasant work to do for Will, he was so grateful, and so easily pleased; but when I come to think of doing the same for Ripley, the thought keeps rising—'He'll be haughty, and cross, and disagreeable. You'd better leave him alone.' But for all that, I'm pretty certain that it's my duty, just the same."

"You're great for working out those sort of problems," said Ned, "but for myself I never have the patience." But he did not deny that Grant was right.

The stars were coming out over their heads as they sat there,—the solemn, silent stars, that are ever looking down upon us with their calm, unwavering eyes. Hall leaned his head against one of the old oaks, and looked up at them as they twinkled through the lace-work of branches. At last he said, slowly—

"I suppose you are right, Grant; I feel that you are, but I haven't the courage to undertake such disagreeable duties; it frets me, and galls me, and makes me miserable. I'm not very strong to do right, unless I've somebody to help me."

"I know of no one that is!" said Grant, "unless they ask for higher help than their own." And then he said—"Do you ever ask for that help, Ned?"

"No,—no," said Hall, slowly, "not often. Sometimes, perhaps, if I'm sick, or in trouble. That's just the way with me; I'll be exalted, with sudden humbleness, I'll want God's help when I'm in trouble, but when I'm out of it, I get careless and forget Him. I'm so thoughtless, and wild, maybe you'd call it, that I'm not fit for anything!"

Then you need all the more of His help, don't you?" asked Grant.

"Yes; but I never expect to be like you—so!"

But Grant's hand was over his mouth, and he was saying—

"There, Ned, don't think of anything like that, again. I pity those that don't like to do their duty any better than I do. I'm selfish, and want my own pleasure, and had a great deal to say about my books, than with Ripley, when I really ought to love to do my duty."

"Some quick steps came bounding out under the trees: it was Dick Welles.

"Two muffled figures in the darkness, and they brigadiers, or burglars? Palaw! only two of Dr Murray's proteges armed with Latin grammar, I fancied I was to have an encounter,—but it's only Ned Hall,—and Grant Westery," peering into their faces. "Where do you guess I've been," he asked, as he seated himself.

"Into some mischief or another," said Ned.

"No; but up into the sick-room. You see, Harris was eating his supper

and there was some water to be carried up, so I offered to go. Harris was glad enough of the chance to finish his supper, and sent me up. Dr Leigh was there, and had just finished reading a telegram to him from his father, and, if you'll believe me, Ripley actually looked sorrowful. I believe he would have cried if I hadn't been there."

"What did the despatch say?" asked Ned.

"That he—Ripley's father—couldn't come on in a week, yet. You should have seen Harry's face! I didn't know the fellow had so much heart before."

"You have judged him, then?"

"I declare!" said Dick, remembering his words on a former occasion, "I had judged him, that's a fact. But you see it takes a good while to get a resolution in working order!"

This scene in the sick-room, which Dick had described, only strengthened Grant's resolve to help take care of Ripley. And in his prayers that night, he asked God to bless his plan and make him willing to do his duty at all times, whether the way led in "paths of pleasantness," or through thorny thickets.

CHAPTER XXV.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

When recitation hours came the next day, Ned Hall was not at all surprised to find Grant absent from the class. And, to the astonishment of the sufferer on his sick-bed, when he awoke that same morning, who should be sitting by his bedside, but Grant Westery! Ripley opened his eyes very wide with surprise at first, then discontentedly turned his face to the wall. But a desire to know what was transpiring in school got the better of his ill-nature at last, so he turned his face back again, and said—

"You see what a fix I'm in, Westery?—doomed to lie here nobody knows how long! It's awful, and nobody to talk to but that hateful old nurse, who hasn't an idea in his head beyond 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"Well," said Grant, "it must be hard work. But I'm going to stay with you to-day, and help Harris, and I'll agree to answer all the questions you ask."

"Will you?" said Ripley, eagerly.

"That's good in you, anyhow! But I've got a stock of them, you'll find. Now, in the first place, what have you done with Diamond?"

"He's at the stable, I believe," said Grant.

"Good! I was afraid they'd send him off home. You see, I'm going to ride to my heart's content, when I get better—they won't deny me now, I guess. Confound those broken-legs and things! I sometimes wish pony had thrown me a little harder. I get so awful tired of this bed."

"He added presently, by way of explanation.

"And the next topic was about the school and the boys; Ripley being an eager listener to all that had transpired since his accident, which, to the ears of one who had mingled and participated in it all, seemed uneventful and commonplace enough. Then they talked upon all subjects, Ripley averring that he had been so long silent, that he could talk about anything. When Dr Leigh came, and found Grant sitting there, he said—

"Humph! how came you here? Does Murray employ you to nurse the whole school?—because if he does, I've got some patients for you, as soon as you're through with this job."

"I have business enough here, doctor," said Grant.

"So I should think!" as he turned away to Ripley, and sat down by the bedside.

The long day was spent in trying all manner of devices to amuse the patient. Grant rummaged the school-library all over in search of something to read, and though there was an abundance to select from, very little of it was to Ripley's taste. Then, when that plan had lost its novelty, something else must be thought of, and with these tasks to perform, and cool water to bring, and pillows to shake up and freshen, and all the spoiled boy's little whims and caprices to gratify, the day was busy enough.

Grant was not sorry to see the sun sink lower and lower, and the shadows

lengthen. By-and-by the supper bell rang, and the night-nurse came in to take his place. Grant got up to go.

"Going?" said Ripley. "Well,—too proud to say thank-you; 'come and see me again some time, won't you?"

"O yes," said Grant, as he went out.

"You didn't even thank him," said the night-nurse, a trifle indignant.

"Well, what's that to you?" said Harry, petulantly. "I'd thank you to go, pretty quick! I wish you were anywhere but here."

"I wish I was," said the nurse, good-naturedly.

Ripley had tried to break down his nurse's imperturbably good-nature, too many times to attempt it again; so he lay still, thinking how much pleasanter it would be if he could only have Grant Westery for a nurse. "I wonder what made him come here to stay with me?" he thought. "I should think that after the scrape I got—Will Howth into, he would give me the cold shoulder. I wonder why he didn't say something about that affair? But he didn't, and he was just as handy at turning a pillow or getting up some amusement, as could be! I hope he'll come again, anyhow. But," addressing himself, "you silly fool, you didn't thank him! Likely enough he'll never come again, and then what'll you do? O, but I know how I'll fix it!—he's poor—and—nurse!"

"What?" said the nurse, who was preparing a draught for his patient.

"Is my wallet on the table?"

The nurse, after a minute's search, answered—

"Yes."

"See if there's any gold in it," commanded the patient.

The man emptied the contents on the table, exposing two or three pieces of the precious metal to view.

"There!—now give me the biggest one."

"What for?" said the nurse.

If Ripley had had a well foot he would have kicked, but as it was he was forced to give vent to his wrath by exclaiming—

"No matter what for! You've no right to ask me so many questions! Now give me the money,—here, in my hand, where I can get it when I want it."

The nurse complied, placing the money in the hand that Ripley could not raise, and closing the fingers over it.

"There," said Harry, in a satisfied tone, "now I wish he would come and see me again."

Meanwhile, Grant, after leaving the sick-room, ran down stairs, and as he reached the hall met—Will Howth, who was just coming in. The two clasped hands warmly.

"So glad to see you!" said Will.

"I'm glad to see you, too," said Grant.

It was not so very unexpected, however, and when Will's coat and cap were laid aside, the two hurried off to supper. A buzz of delight ran around the table as they entered the supper-room.

"Will Howth! as true as I'm alive," cried Dick Welles, and left his seat at the table to greet him.

Hawley North followed Dick, to give him a shake of the hand. A little group gathered around to testify in rough, though sincere ways, how glad they were to see him back once more, well and strong. And then they sat down at the table.

"Never saw you look so well before in my life," said Dick, who could not keep his eyes off Will, nor his tongue still.

Of course all had to look at the newcomer then, to see if Dick was right. There were no dissenters from this verdict, however, as Will had really grown both strong and ruddy. There was a warm, bright color in his cheeks, instead of the old paleness; his eyes were clear and bright, and his hair, which was shorn during his long illness, had grown out wavy and handsome. Castleton was evidently a famous place for invalids.

"You," said Will, after the boys' scrutiny, "I'm perfectly well now, and going at my books in a way that'll put you all to shame."

"But, now, wouldn't you be sur-

prised to find that one of our number had taken your place, and concluded to lay abed awhile?" asked Dick.

Will looked up with a little stare of astonishment, saying,—"Who?" and then looking up and down the board, missed Ripley. "Why, what has happened to him?" he asked, a brighter color coming into his cheek at the remembrance of the old troubles which the name called up.

Dick undertook to relate what had befallen the missing occupant of the chair at the end of the table, but met with so many interruptions, and found so many aids, that he was fain to give it up. But Will made out that Ripley had broken his legs and an arm, while taking a stolen ride, and pretty soon found out that Grant had been spending the day in the sick-room.

"Now," thought Dick Welles to himself, as he ate his bread and butter, and took occasional glances at Will, "I wonder if he's ever forgiven Ripley yet? I'm not quite sure of it, yet, for though Ned Hall and he are fast friends now, it's a different matter to forgive such a fellow as Ripley. Will's great for remembering old scores; I should just like to know how he feels toward his old enemy."

Will's face grew more and more sober and thoughtful, toward the end of the meal, when Hawley North rallied him about being homesick.

"No!" exclaimed Will, looking up and laughing, "I was only thinking."

"I wonder what about?" thought Dick Welles, with his keen eyes upon him.

But that he was not able to read, and when supper was over, and the boys were gathered about Will,—some trying to persuade him into a game in the yard, others to coax him off to their rooms,—he was somewhat puzzled to see him go off up-stairs, alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The First Sign

Of falling health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Falling Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 83 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25¢ a bottle, 65¢.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality that is unsurpassed. The most perfect for household purposes; washing and cleaning without return to hand or fabric. By boiling, soaking or least rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens wooden goods and makes colored goods brighter. Cleans out each wringer and collar. Softens laundry, scrubbing, etc. Holds the clothes hanging time, money, labor and worry of the old way. The new surprise soap is made of the best of ingredients and is so pure and clean that the manufacturer with your clothes more get a beautiful picture of them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. Samples sent free on application. Write for particulars at your home send a cent in stamps to us for sample box.

The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co.
St. Paul, Minn.

