

# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. III.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1884.

No. 18.

## OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,—  
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see, [aside]  
But their voices are drowned in the rushing  
tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own  
blue;  
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view  
We saw not the angels who met him there;  
The gate of the city we could not see;  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another,—the household pet:  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,—  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands  
And tearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We watched it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
We know she is safe on the farther side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be:  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail—  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning  
hearts;  
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye  
We may not sunder the veil apart,  
That hides from our vision the gates of day—  
We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for a gleam of his flapping sail  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman  
To the better shore of the spirit land; [pale]  
I shall know the loved who have gone before  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

## THROUGH WIND AND RAIN.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

"Yes, that's the portrait of the present Squire. Handsome? No; I don't think we old servants ever called him handsome. I daresay you are right, though, and if we'd known him less, we might have spoken of his being handsome. We only know him as the kindest master and the tenderest son in all the world. Yet I daresay you are right, for when I'm here by myself among the portraits (the servants wondering why their old housekeeper wanders over the house so much alone) it is always to his face I turn with the best memories, and there is nothing then to dim my spectacles, as there is when my

eyes rest on the portraits opposite—you can see them? the portraits of his father and grand-father.

It was just such a night as this that ushered in the new year five-and-twenty years ago, and even now, that evening is as clear in my memory as this has been though Wesmede to-day is filled with guest and gait, and the old house echoes music and laughter, instead of that one strange cry.—Promised to tell you, did I? Come nearer to the fire then, and throw on another log. Many a night I've sat just here to see the old year die. Sometimes in that wonderful silence of the starshine? sometimes in brilliant moonlight, when that line of heath road beyond the park lay like a broad white ribbon on the brown; and sometimes, as it does to-night—and did upon that other night just five-and-twenty years ago—panting for its breath and dying in passionate tears. You can see now how the poplars, far away against the sky there, bend like reeds; and when the hurrying clouds fly by and leave the young moon uncovered, you can trace that bridle path across the heath, glistening like a shallow brook. Just such a night as this it was, wild, wet, and gusty, when the old Squire and I stood watching—

But how's this? I ought not to be in the middle of my story before I begin. Let me see—there's another New Year's Eve that I can remember, fifty years ago, when the Squire held his new-born infant in his arms, with such a smile as we had never seen upon his face before, and stood there in a dream, until they roused him to tell him his young wife could not live.

All in all, was the boy to his father from that very night; yet at first there was sometimes a fancy among us that our master's great affection for his son came second to his pride for his heir. He was growing old, you see, and of course there must have been times when he had feared that the proud old name would die, and the place he loved go to that distant branch of the Capletons of which Captain Warder was the living representative—a cold, middle-aged man, whom the old Squire never had liked. But now that the son and heir was born, Mr. Capleton (with some new feeling) turned round and seemed to grow fond of this heir presumptive—as they called him. But we didn't, and

there was a conviction among us that whenever he came to Wesmede it was because he wanted money in a hurry, or had nowhere else to go.

For years after the little heir was born, Captain Warder didn't come to Wesmede at all. He might have been too angry, or he might have been really abroad, as it was reported. But gradually his visits were resumed, and then year by year, they grew long and more frequent.

At Wesmede everything went smoothly and happily for the Squire through his son's boyhood; for though of course Mr. Will got into trouble sometimes as school-boys do, the trouble never lasted, for the boy was gentle and true-hearted, even if he had a share of his father's self-will. So the time went on, until within a few days of Mr. Will's leaving college—when he was to come home for a few weeks, then join a party of friends, and travel for a year, before settling at Wesmede and taking the Squire's duties upon himself. Just as we were dreading lest Mr. Capleton should fret through his son's long absence, a distant connection of his died, leaving his only daughter unprovided for. So the squire, when he heard this, went off at once and brought back the orphan girl with him.

Her portrait here? Of course it is, for she was one of the Capletons, you know, though she was so poor that I've seen her turn the bows of ribbon on her dress, and patch the pages of her music. Beautiful? I don't know, because I've seen so many faces called beautiful. At first the servants called her "puny"; then I noticed that the maids grew to imitate her, and dropped their voices when they spoke of her. As for me, from the very first moment that my eyes rested on her, I saw what won my heart. Her face was narrow and delicate, yet there was a sweet and steadfast look upon it which made it beautiful beyond what I had ever before understood of the world.

How well I remember the day Mr. Will came home from college and found her standing shyly at his father's side waiting for him. Such a glance came into his eyes that, though I'd known them all my life, I felt I'd never seen them properly till then. Of course I could only guess how he spent that evening, the first through which he ev-

er had a girl companion at home; but before a week had passed, I had seen what made me sad enough.

"If Agnes does her duty, Will," I heard the Squire say one morning while Mr. Will stood beside the low oak chimney-piece in the hall with his face bent, "I shall give her a wedding portion, and marry her to Warder. I shall be doing both of them a good turn. And that reminds me, Will, Luxleigh tells me that his daughter returns from Paris next year to take her place at the head of his house."

No answer from Mr. Will, but the Squire didn't notice it, and went on in a pleasant, satisfied tone.

"I've never kept you in the dark as to my intentions, Will, have I? You've always been fully aware of the good fortune in store for you. Luxleigh's estate and Luxleigh's daughter go together, and the prize is to be yours on your return, always supposing, Will, that you act your own part like a gentleman and a—lover."

"And if I don't?"

The Squire's laugh rang out with a merriment which had not a grain of suspicion in it. "If you lose your reason during the next year—put it that way Will." When Mr. Will looked up I was passing him, in leaving the hall and I remember wondering how it was the Squire was so unsuspecting. When I reached my own room, still thinking over that expression on my young master's face, I found Miss Agnes standing at the window looking out into the park—as she waited for me. When we had held our usual morning discussion, she turned to the window again before leaving the room.

"If you are looking for Mr. Will, Miss Agnes," said I, standing with my back to her, and speaking easily what, with my old-fashioned notions, I fancied it would be wise to say, "he's in the hall. The master has been talking to him of his wedding with Miss Luxleigh. I was rearranging the curtains, and the master told me not to go, so I heard them."

She was facing me now, innocently and wistfully meeting my eyes, so my next words almost choked me.

"For years this has been an understood thing, Miss Agnes—did you never hear it? You see the Luxleigh prop-

(Continued on Fourth page.)

THE ACADIAN

-PUBLISHED AT-  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO. N. S.  
DAVISON BROS., Publishers and Proprietors  
A. M. HOARE, Editor.

Terms.—The ACADIAN is published every Friday at FIFTY CENTS per annum in advance.

Any person sending the names of FIVE subscribers, accompanied with the CASH, will receive a copy of the ACADIAN for one year free.

All communications should be addressed to the ACADIAN, Wolfville N. S.

We cannot engage to preserve or return communications that are not used.

AMERICAN TOURISTS.

All over the country just now comes the wail of the Tourists for more hotel accommodation. Halifax, it is said, has not a decent hotel in it, and what they have are not near sufficient to accommodate those going to them. In the country we hear the same cry. The report about Wolfville is, that there is no accommodation here. That no teams can be obtained to go to noted places off the line of rail. That what few teams are here are busy farming or something of that sort when needed. Supposing this to be true it is of course a thing that our hotel keepers should look after. But the question arises, would it pay them to keep such teams as are asked for. In the first place, the season is very short especially in a wet season like the present, and we doubt if enough could be made to pay for keeping teams all the year around. Horses are scarce and hotels could not buy or hire them for the season when they are in demand for farm work and sell them in the winter when they are little needed. Then we doubt if our American cousins are anxious to pay our people any-where near what they have to pay at their own summer resorts from which we are told to take pattern. A business which only lasts two or three months certainly can't be run as cheaply as one lasting the whole year, and the only remedy we can see is to put the prices up to Newport, Long Island and other favorite resorts, and then aim to give the needed accommodation. Any way people are bound to grumble under any circumstances, and it might as well be at less comfort as at big prices, the only alternative.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

After a lot of debate, and as far as we can see, a good deal of wire pulling, the local government has been reconstructed as follows:

Mr. W. S. Fielding, Provincial Secretary and President of the Council.  
Mr. A. J. White, Attorney-General.  
Mr. C. E. Church, Commissioner of Works and Mines.

Members without office:

Mr. Thomas F. Morrison.  
Mr. Thomas Johnson.  
Mr. I. LeBlanc.  
Mr. J. W. Longley.

We do hope they will now settle down to some sensible work and get something done. According to a prominent Liberal authority the Holmes Government was a poor useless affair and the late administration was but little better, so that the new ministers won't have to work very hard to improve on their predecessors.

THE CAMPAIGN OPENS.

The Democratic National Convention, which met at Chicago July 8th, set the political battle of 1884 in order. Both great parties having now selected their candidates and announced their principles, the issue is fairly joined. Like its Republican predecessor, the Democratic gathering was marked by much enthusiasm and noise, and the struggle is doubly sure of being a stirring one.

In opposition to Blain and Logan, the Democrats chose for their leaders Grover Cleveland, of New York, and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana. Mr. Cleveland has had but little experience of public life, having held only two important offices, those of Mayor of Buffalo and Governor of New York. During his terms of service, however, he has commended himself by his business-like way of managing the public affairs, and by an apparent desire to be rather the servant of the citizens in general than of a party. Mr. Hendricks has been prominent as a member of the United States Senate, and one whose public and private character are above reproach. The Democrats, therefore, have been fortunate in selecting good men for their standard bearers. It may be said of them that, while they are less brilliant than the Republican candidates, they have given less occasion for personal attack and enmity.

It is claimed for Mr. Cleveland that he will be in favor of honest reform in administering the business of the Government. On this account he will probably receive the support of a portion of the Republican party, who charge Mr. Blaine with being a politician in the baser sense of the word. It is said against Mr. Cleveland that he is an aristocrat, because, as Governor of New York, he vetoed some bills intended to benefit the working men. As to this, Mr. Cleveland says that he examined the bills carefully and found them so faulty that they would have injured rather than helped the classes for whose benefit they were intended.

The Democratic platform is more a campaign document against the Republicans than a declaration of doctrines. However, while the Republicans assert the principle of protection to home industry by means of a tariff, the Democrats say the tariff should be used mainly for revenue. But, in point of fact,

neither party can take decided ground, for the reason that their members are not agreed. There are doubtless as many protectionists among the Democrats as there are free-traders among the Republicans. That both parties favor the principle of protection, when it suits them, is shown in the fact that both platforms favor keeping Chinese workmen out of the country, which is the most obsolete method of protecting American workers from foreign competition.

The Democratic platform declares against "sumptuary laws," that is, prohibitory temperance acts and other methods of compelling men to observe correct habits. It has also a clause which seems to denounce our present eighty-five cent silver "dollar" as dishonest. In general it may be said of both platforms that they are, in the main, declarations of good character and merit and charges of unworthiness against their opponents.

The parties are not divided by any distinct questions of public policy, in point of fact. The battle will be in part a strife of organization, and in part a struggle for principles which are supposed to be embodied by the two candidates.—*American Paper.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.]

To the Editor of the Acadian.

DEAR SIR,—I would like to ask through the medium of your paper how much imposition it is necessary to stand in the way of feeding and entertaining tramps to be considered a good and loyal citizen. We have always had a certain amount of that class, both foreign and domestic, which we were proud to be able to administer to their comfort, to give them a opportunity to rest their wearied limbs, with a little wholesome stimulants to revive the inner man. But we have an individual that is going the rounds, and has been for a number of years, in this county and other parts of the province. I think his legal settlement is that beautiful land of Evangeline. I understand he is a gentleman's son and has had the benefit of a pretty liberal education; and is the possessor of an annuity, which used judiciously, would be sufficient to support him comfortably. But notwithstanding all this he continues to act the vagrant and to travel the country in a state of obscenity and is covered with filth and vermin. He comes to our houses on cold and stormy nights when humanity if nothing else would forbid us to refuse him shelter when by doing so we run the risk of having our premises stalked with a low order of cattle. If there was no other way of doing I suppose we would put up with it, as it is a proverb "What can't be cured must be endured," but it seems to me that after being to so much expense as the Township of Horton has been to for the last few years in buying a farm and fixing up comfortable quarters for such unfortunates, with a full staff of officers, and a very plain statute law on this point, that it is time this public nuisance was looked into. Thanking you for space, I remain  
A SUFFERER.

OPENING THIS WEEK

-AT-

CALDWELL & MURRAY'S,

Grey Cotton, 5 & 10 cents.  
White Shirts,  
Fancy  
Table Linens,  
Carriage Dusters,  
Prints Cottons,  
" Cambrics,

Cretonnes,  
Ladies' Embroidered Silk Ties,  
Ladies' Parasols and Umbrellas,  
Ladies' Merino Vests,  
Ladies' Silk Gloves,  
Ladies' Kid Gloves,  
Ladies' Hose,  
Ladies' Serge and Kid Slippers.

ON HAND

A fine stock of—  
Lace Curtains,  
White & Colored Counterpanes  
Men's Linen Coats and Dusters,  
Mens Straw Hats,  
Mens Felt Hats hard and soft,  
Mens Collars and Ties,  
Mens Boots and Shoes,  
Mens Ready Made Clothing,  
&c., &c., &c., &c.

We want 3 tons of Good Wool by July 1st, for which we will pay the highest market price.

CALDWELL & MURRAY.

Wolfville, June 20, 1884

NEW BOOKS,  
NEW BOOKS!

- NANCY, by Rhoda Broughton 20c
- THE WOOLING O'T, by Miss Alexander 20
- THE GIANT'S ROBE, F. Ansty 20
- PRETTY MISS NEVILLE, Croker 20
- HARRY LORREQUER, Lever 20
- PRINCESS NAPRAXINE, Ouida 25
- MINISTERS WIFE, Mrs Oliphant 35
- WHITE WINGS, William Black, 13
- THE NEW ABELARD, R. Buchanan 13
- THE WAY OF THE WORLD by David Christie Murray 20
- AN OLD MAN'S LOVE, Trollope 13
- IDONEA, Anne Beale, 25
- FRIENDSHIP, Ouida 25
- HIDDEN PERILS, Mary C. Hay 13
- AGNES SOREL, G. P. R. James 20
- THE MAN SHE CARED FOR, F. W. Robinson 20

The above books and a large assortment of the best Seaside Library Pocket Edition in stock at

Western Book & News Co.,

WOLFVILLE - N.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds at this office.

RAT  
Half Squa  
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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half Square one ins.	\$0.50
Square	1.00
Half Column	2.00
Column	3.00

All advertisements not having the number of insertions specified in the manuscript will be continued and charged for accordingly.

In order to insure insertion, advertisements should be in the office not later than Monday morning.

Local and other Matters.

Nice line of Walking Sticks at Western Book & News Co's.

Rev. J. B. Logan occupied the Presbyterian pulpit last Sabbath.

St. George's Lodge, A. F. & A. M. holds its regular meeting next Friday evening.

NOTICE—J. McLeod's Price List for Watch Repairs.

Shortly after the wash-out on the Gaspereau road a man drove his horse into the hole and had quite a time getting it out.

5 quires of fine note paper at the Western Book & News Co's for 25c.

NOTICE.—Wolfville Division S. of T. is now holding its meetings in the room back of Witter's Hall, every Mon. evening. Visitors are cordially invited.

NEW CLOTHS.—Bran new cloths, a fine assortment at A. McPHERSON's Webster St Kentville

The Bairnsfather Family played here on Monday night to a fair audience, in Witter's Hall. The entertainment seemed to please the majority of those present.

PANTINGS.—New lot just received at A. McPHERSON'S Webster St Kentville.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Chas. Stirling, of the Halifax Herald was in Wolfville this week.

Mr. Wm. Dennis of the Herald is on an interviewing tour of this county and has published some very interesting facts in relation to our resources and past history also the W. & A. Ry., in his paper.

A. McPHERSON.—Go and visit his tailoring establishment. His Styles cannot be beaten, cloths in all the latest styles Webster St Kentville.

I. O. O. F.—At a regular meeting of Orpheus Lodge No. 31, on Tuesday evening July 29th, the following officers were installed by D. D. G. M., C. M. Vaughan, for the ensuing term:—

P. G.—D. B. Shaw, N. G.—J. E. Palmeter, V. G.—J. M. Shaw, Record. Secty.—C. H. Borden, Per. Secty.—J. W. Hamilton, Treas.—S. C. Moore, Warden—D. A. Munro, Cond.—B. D. Bishop.

Local and other Matters.

The Taylor Quartette Club gives an entertainment in Witter's Hall here to-night.

A few nice Croquet Sets for sale at Western Book & News Co's, for \$2.00 and \$ 2.25,

The Steamer "Frances" of the Annapolis and Mount Desert Line, until further notice, will make but one trip a week between these two points, leaving Annapolis every Tuesday.

LOOK HERE!—Jas. McLeod is now selling P. S. Bartlet's best Watches, in 3 oz. Silver cases, with all the latest improvements, for the extremely low price of \$25.00.

Go to Western Book & News Co's. for Text and Birthday Cards, large and extra fine assortment.

The W. & A. R. passenger trains are now nearly all newly painted and present a really fine appearance.

WASHOUT.—The heavy rain of Wednesday committed great havoc on the Gaspereau road near Mr. John M. Shaw's residence. The brook crossed the road at the turn, but the rush of water was so great that the bridge way could not carry it off. Consequently it took a course down the east side of the road, about sixty feet, cutting through the solid sand bank, and gullying it out to a depth of five feet at the outside edge, and in some places ten or fifteen feet next the bank and from ten to fifteen feet wide. The quantity of water must have been very great to remove such a quantity of sand and it is washed clean out too.

D. A. Munro, Manufacturer of Doors Sashes and Mouldings of every description for house finishing. Having fitted up my shop with new machinery for the above business and using kiln-dried stock I am able to give satisfaction to persons favoring me with their orders. Wolfville, April 17th '84 6 mos.

Hotel Arrivals.

AMERICAN HOUSE, J. W. Harris Prop.— July 25th: Miss Mary E. Calif, Exeter, N. H.; J. T. Johnson, Toronto Ont. July 28th: S. A. Williams, Miss Hoher, Bel Air; Mrs. A. S. Williams, Harre deGrace; Miss. M. Williams, Mrs. F. R. Williams, Baltimore Md. 29th: W. J. Balcom, Aylesford; Miss Allie Fisher, St. John, N. B.

SHIPPING.

PORT OF HORTON.

ARRIVED  
July 26th Schr. Bella Barry, Holmes, from St. John, N. B., general cargo  
July 28 Schr. Mary Grace, Card, from Parrsboro, coal to W. J. Higgins.  
July 30 Schr. Surprise, Morris, from Windsor, general cargo.

CLEARED  
July 23 Schr. Flora E, Elliot, for Port Williams, mdse.  
July 26 Schr. Bella Barry, Holmes, for Windsor, general cargo,  
July 28 Schr. Mary Grace, Card, for Parrsboro, Ballast.  
30 Schr. Surprise, Morris, for St. John, ballast.

ROCKWELL & Co.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

PIANOS, ORGANS

AND

Musical Merchandise,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

And a variety of Fancy Articles.

—COMPRISING—

Photo, Autograph & Scrap Albums Scrap Pictures, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, Wallets, Photo. Frames, a choice selection of Xmas Cards, Dolls and children's Toys in variety, a few Vols. Poems, also fine German Accordians, etc.etc. etc.

ALSO

Agents for the Celebrated "BOSTON" Sewing Machine, and findings for all the leading machines in use.

ROOM PAPER!

Just received, a large and well assorted stock of Room Paper, personally selected from a great variety of samples.

As this is our first importation in this line, customers will be sure they are not buying old stock.

Rockwell & Co.

Main St., Wolfville.

N. B.—Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.

We have also a fine assortment of Easter and Birthday Cards.

ACADIA

Iron Foundry.

The subscribers respectfully inform the Public that they have opened a Foundry in

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

and are prepared to manufacture

RANGES, STOVES, PLOUGHS, Hollow Ware, And General Castings

—AT—

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

—ALSO—

TIN and SHEET IRON-WARE

In connection with the above.

STOVES

Repaired at shortest notice.

ORDERS SOLICITED

BY

SLEEP & McADAM, Proprietors.

Wolfville June 13th 1884

Death-blow TO LARGE PROFITS!



Jas. McLeod, PRACTICAL WATCH & CLOCK MAKER.

(FROM LONDON, ENGLAND)

Opposite the store of Caldwell & Murray.

J. McLeod's Price List of WATCH REPAIRS.

Cleaning Watch 50c.

(usual price 75c. to \$1.00)

New Main Spring 50c.

(usual price 75c. to \$1.00.)

New Jewel from 25--50c.

(Usual price 75c. to \$1.00.)

New Balance Spring, com

monly called Hair Spring 50c.

(usual price 75c. to \$1.00.)

Watch Crystals 10c.

(usual price 20c.)

Watch Hand 10 to 15c.

(usual price 20 to 25c.)

P. S.—All other repairs at a reduced rate.

Watch Work guaranteed 12 months.

I have for sale a good and well selected stock of Waltham Watches and Jewellery, consisting of Ladies' Gold and Silver Necklaces, Locketts, Crosses, Earrings, Brooches, Collar Buttons, Bracelets, Gold Wedding Rings, and Gents' Cuff Buttons, Scarf Pins, Shirt Studs, Albert Chains in roll plate and nickle; also an assortment of Silver Ware, Clocks, and Spectacles.

I will send by mail carefully packed to any address, on receipt of Money Order for \$25 one of P. S. Bartlet's Best Watches, in 3 oz. Silver case, gold joints, patent pinion, patent regulator, Compensation balance 12 Jewels, and all the latest improvements, usual price \$32. Or Ladies' Patent Lever, 15 jewels, for \$12.

I have for sale a few new and second hand Swiss stem and key winders from \$5 to \$9.

JEWELLERY MADE TO ORDER & REPAIRED.

(Continued from First page.)

erty touches Wesmede north, south, and east. Of course it will be a wise marriage."

She was looking at me still, and the old light was within her eyes, and the gentle smile upon her lips; but oh, the whiteness of her face!

"I dare say, Miss Agnes," said I, bending over my fire, "that you never heard of it."

"Not—yet."

When she went away from the room so quietly, of course I wished I hadn't said a word; but still I'd done it with the fancy that it might be kinder to do it at once. Somehow it never seemed to enter the Squire's head that there could be danger to his plans in the close intimacy between his son and Miss Agnes; or in the charm to Mr. Will of such a sweet girl-companion in the home in which he'd never known a mother or sister. As for Mr. Will, I don't think he ever even tried to feel that Miss Agnes was like a sister to him, for from the first he had loved her as brothers don't love; and—yes, after all these years I can say it confidently as I said it then—firmly as Mr. Capleton's heart was set upon the projected marriage for his son, everything would have ended happily for Miss Agnes and Mr. Will if it had not been for Captain Warder. No; even yet I cannot tell how, but I feel as sure of it as I am that that's the wind, sobbing on its way across the heath.

When the day came for Mr. Will to leave home no one saw his parting with Miss Agnes, but two hours after I had watched the carriage out of sight, I found her standing at the window with her eyes fixed on the spot where it had disappeared; and though they were filled with tears, I never saw that trustful look upon her face so trustful as it was at that moment.

I think that Miss Agnes made a determination that, as far as she could, she would be both son and daughter to Mr. Capleton in his son's absence; and it was prettier than any picture to see them together—always together. She would walk with him round the estate, discussing alterations and improvements just as his son would have done; his arm in hers, and always the brightest interest in her face. She would drive him for hours among his tenants, remembering everything for him, and doing as much in her gentle, quiet way, to win their hearts as he could with all his wealth and power. She would ride beside him into Exeter on his weekly visits, and the two horses, by force of habit, kept so close together that it became a proverb there. She would go with him to the heavy county courts, leaning on his arm as his own

daughter would have done, and so grateful to him for her plain white dress (and making so much of it in her quiet way) that often when I've watched them off, my eyes have been too full to meet hers—the idea of it! Tears because she loved the old man so well.

But best of all was it to see them together through those long winter evenings at home, when she would sing to him, read to him, talk to him—ah, well, it is such a nature as hers, I think, that can make home for a man, in its highest and holiest sense.

For many weeks after Mr. Will left us, Captain Warder did not show himself at Wesmede, and when he came at last, walking quietly and undemonstratively through the little east door, it wasn't very wonderful that none of us could suspect, or be guarded against the misery he brought. After that first visit, others followed rapidly; and I understood very well how the Squire, having planned that marriage between Captain Warder and Miss Agnes, should be very willing to throw them together.

But still Miss Agnes avoided him whenever she could; and once when I asked her just for no purpose at all, which of her cousins she liked best, the rush of pink to her face, and the trembling of her lips when she said "one was all truth and honor"—and then failed for words—was proof enough that she had sounded Captain Warder's nature.

Gradually, during those visits of Captain Warder's to Wesmede, there came a consciousness of something being wrong. I don't suppose I can make you understand, for I couldn't understand it myself, but all the peaceful calm of the old house seemed ruffled, and not only did we see that the Squire had grown suspicious of his adopted daughter, but we noticed that in every word he uttered of his absent son his voice had a fretfulness which I had never heard in it before. Quite sure I felt that Captain Warder's influence was effecting this change, but I could never have fully comprehended if I had not chanced to over hear him speaking unrestrainedly. The master had sent for me to the library to check some bills for him, and while I did it Captain Warder came in, bringing two foreign letters which he had called for in Exeter; thinking—so he said—to please his cousin by anticipating next morning's post. The master's eyes brightened at the sight of his son's hand; but with a slow smile—I remember thinking it the ugliest smile I ever saw—Captain Warder laid upon the Squire's letter one addressed in the same hand to Miss Agnes.

"Well?" questioned Mr. Capleton.

To be continued.

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

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I have just received  
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This Lime has won  
**Two First Prizes,**  
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FOR SALE LOW BY  
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For further particulars apply to  
**J. B. DAVISON**  
Wolfville, May 30, 1884

## W. & A. Railway

### Time Table

1884—Summer Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 2nd June.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily.	Accm. T.T.S.			Exp. Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Annapolis Leave		5 30		1 45	
14 Bridgetown "		6 25		2 25	
28 Middleton "		7 25		2 57	
42 Aylesford "		8 32		3 30	
47 Berwick "		8 55		3 43	
50 Waterville "		9 10		3 50	
59 Kentville d'pt	5 40	10 40		4 20	
64 Port Williams "	6 00	11 00		4 33	
66 Wolfville "	6 10	11 10		4 38	
69 Grand Pre "	6 25	11 22		4 46	
72 Avonport "	6 37	11 35		4 54	
77 Hantsport "	6 55	11 55		5 08	
84 Windsor "	7 45	12 45		5 30	
116 Windsor June "	10 00	3 10		6 50	
130 Halifax arrive	10 45	3 55		7 25	

GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. M.W.F.			Accm. daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Halifax leave	7 20			3 30	
14 Windsor Jun "	8 00		8 30	3 30	
46 Windsor "	9 15		11 00	5 35	
53 Hantsport "	9 35		11 30	6 03	
58 Avonport "	9 45		11 50	6 20	
61 Grand Pre "	9 56		12 06	6 33	
64 Wolfville "	10 05		12 24	6 46	
66 Port Williams "	10 10		12 36	6 55	
71 Kentville "	10 40		1 25	7 10	
80 Waterville "	10 58		2 02		
83 Berwick "	11 05		2 17		
88 Aylesford "	11 18		2 40		
102 Middleton "	11 48		3 47		
116 Bridgetown "	12 23		4 52		
130 Annapolis Arive	1 00		5 25		

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for St. John every Tues Thurs and Sat. p. m.  
Steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis for Boston every Sat. p. m.  
Steamer Cleopatra leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Wed. p. m.  
Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. Innes,  
General Manager.  
Ketville, 30th May 1884

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