

# THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. III.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1884.

No. 22.

[ORIGINAL.]  
HAD NOT.

The world had clung too closely round  
our hearts,  
Through long and sunlit years,  
And life had been too beautiful to  
yield,—  
Had not our God sent tears.

The summer day had wearied with its  
length,  
Though swift its hours and bright;  
We had not known the freshness of  
the moon,  
Had not our God sent night.

The fierce glare of the noon day sun  
would blind,  
Had we no tempest rain;  
We should not seek our Fathers face  
did He  
Send down no mist of pain.

Life's road had been more rugged still  
and rough,  
More dull time's heavy hours;  
More weary still our drooping eyes and  
hearts,  
Had not our God sent flowers.

Sin would have been less deadly in our  
sight,  
Had not the fleeting breath  
Left the chill clay; and we had never  
looked  
With awe-struck eyes on death.

And life itself had been too hard to  
bear,  
The crown of heaven ne'er won,  
Had not the God of love looked down  
on earth,  
And sent to us his Son.

April 22d 1884.

## THREE DAYS.

### CHAPTER I.

There has been a silence for at least half an hour, rather a long time, considering our difference of sex. We are as far apart as possible. Jack reclining nonchalantly in an easy chair, reads a book upside down, and gnaws the end of his moustache. I, at the farthest extremity of the room, sit bolt upright, and embroider diligently. I detest embroidery, and I love conversation; but all the same I work silently. It is needless to say we have quarrelled. An hour ago, the low chair that I have abased into a footstool, sustained the weight of six feet of manhood, the embroidery rested happily upon the floor, and Jack's book adorned a distant table. In short; we were a pair of turtle doves, cooing, as befitted our situation, for Jack and I have come to the conclusion that two fools united may equal

a wise man, so we intend entering the bonds of matrimony. This is our first quarrel, and proportionately bitter. Jack knows my weak points, and I know his, consequently there has been no lack of fuel to our fire. Who has not felt the delight of saying cruel things when every word goes home like a dagger? Very cruel things we have been saying, and much we have been enjoying ourselves, but now we are getting cool we feel rather embarrassed. Jack had begun the quarrel, and this was the head and front of his offending. He had ventured to laugh at a ring which I wore always on my right hand, a common, ordinary little ring enough, but one which I prized highly as the property of my dead mother. Mistaking the cause of my righteous indignation, he had insisted on knowing who gave me my valuable ornament. Woe betide him who dares to insist on my doing anything. The vials of my wrath burst on his head, I refused all explanation, he all apology, and so it has come about that the length of the room is barely sufficient space to put between us.

Already Jack has begun to grow repentant. I can feel that he shifts the leaves of his book uneasily, and has eaten more of his moustache than is good for his digestion. But I do not turn my eyes in his direction, and my whole appearance denotes inflexibility of purpose. Not the humblest apology will sooth me now. His first remark, however, is not an apology, simply a truism.

"It is a disgustingly wet day."

Silence has become irksome to me, so I make reply.

"It is no fault of mine that I am aware of."

"It may clear up, there will be a new moon to-night."

"I am sure I have no objection."

Jack's anger boils up again.

"I think I had better go home," he says, hotly, "perhaps when you want me you will leave off imitating a poker, and send for me."

"Good afternoon," I return, without looking up; and off he goes.

I feel just a little uncomfortable, but I do not call him back. I console myself by peeping behind the blind, and watch him striding down the street in the rain, with his head well up, and

anger in every movement of his light cane. I am not sorry, oh, dear, no; but some feeling of tenderness makes me wait until he is out of sight, and there is rather a lump in my throat, as I turn round, and see his book standing on its head on the floor. It is something new for us to part like this. Not that it really matters. We are to meet again this evening at a large party. There it is my determination to hedge him into a corner, and show him the error of his ways. Very gentle I shall be, but very firm; nothing but utter self-abasement on his part shall induce me to smile; and of course he will abase himself when he understands how deeply he has offended.

So I resolve during the intervening hours, and eight o'clock finds me charmingly dignified and agravatingly condescending. My dignity has not prevented my attending to my toilet, neither has it objected to my wearing the flowers Jack brought me this afternoon. They are fresh and becoming, and it would be a thousand pities to sacrifice one's personal appearance to one's desire for vengeance. Jack is not there when we arrive, and so adds one more reproof to the lecture hanging over his devoted head. I punish him by engaging myself far on into the evening; hugging to my heart the pleasure I shall feel in handing him my full card, when he comes lazily to ask for his waltz. I am so far loyal that I spend the round dances in conversation, and very lively I am, but I am not particularly happy. At every sound I turn my eyes towards the door, and a sickening sense of disappointment comes over me at each fresh arrival. But with the advancing hours, comes a new mood. Jack objects to my waltzing with any one but himself; accordingly, I give myself to the arms of every man in the room. He is not there to see, but he shall hear of my noble revenge. Once my little sister came to me, with a wonderful look in her soft eyes, and asks—"Where is Jack?"

And I answer that I neither know nor care. Supper time finds me livelier than ever, fathoms deep in flirtation with my most frequent partner. And all the while there is a great pain in my heart: the music, the lights, the people, are all a confused dream, through which I am listening for a voice I know, and watching for a face I love. Not that I am softened; my anger is at boiling pitch; but I want his presence all the same, "Just

to prove to him how well I can get on without him," I argue to myself with a woman's contradiction. But he does not come, and things go from bad to worse. I dance three waltzes running with my supper partner, and as a culminating stroke, Jack's flowers find their way from my dress to his button-hole. My conscience does prick me a little as we drive home, but I snub poor Amy unmercifully when she ventures to ask what has become of those lovely roses. Once in my own room, I can leave off appearing to be happy. I do not cry; that is seldom my habit; but I look about as warm and soft as flint; my mouth is tightly compressed, and my movements are rapid and silent. Only once my indignation comes to the surface. I catch sight of the offending ring, and without a moment's pause, I dash it angrily across the room. Then I remember the thin finger where I saw it first, and I go on my hands and knees grovelling under the furniture in search of it. It is long before I find it and when I do I go to sleep with it on my hand.

### CHAPTER II.

This morning Jack will come and apologize. I feel firmly convinced of it, so I amiably determine that I will not see him. I will go and spend the day with a friend, and he shall feel for himself what it is to be neglected. For his further aggravation I leave last night's programme negligently on the side table. It will be a delightful little *bonne bouche* when he comes to eat his humble pie.

My friend is "delighted to see me," and I am "charmed to have a day to spare." She is not particularly fond of me nor I of her, but that does not make us the less friends. I do not enjoy myself in the very least. I look forward all the time to the evening, when I can hear what Jack said when he found that I was out. I leave a full hour earlier than I intended and walk home very quickly. Perhaps he will have waited to see me, and I begin to think I will be good to him. In the hall I find a lovely bouquet with a card attached. Then he has been! My hand shakes a little as I take up the flowers, but that is not the reason that I drop them so suddenly, on the card I read—"With compliments from Mr. George Clifford, trusting that Miss Willis is not over fatigued." My partner of last night! There is no harm in the man sending me flowers, yet I flush all over with a sense of insult. How willingly I would give them all back in exchange for those few dead roses I gave away so carelessly. Amy sits alone in the drawing-room, but I cannot trust my voice to ask for Jack.

My programme lies where I left it

(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.

EDITORIAL NOTES

We see by the Halifax Press that the rival Grenade Fire Extinguishers were tested this week in that city. By the reports it seems hard to decide between them. Why couldn't these grenades be used to advantage in connection with our new Fire Company.

We have read in a prominent county paper, "the easily corroborated fact," that from "700 to 1000 bushels of potatoes to the acre can be raised without hoeing." As a great proportion of the potato crop this year has been hoed but once and in very many cases not at all, we anxiously await for this "easily corroborated fact" to be corroborated.

We would like to know how long the Dominion Government intend to allow the new weather prophet to continue acting as he has this summer. After being washed all to pieces with rain, we are now having a little variation in temperature of from 95 in the shade to 40 or 50 without any sun. Some one will have to invent a new adjustable suit of clothes that can be changed at a minute's notice from duster to macintosh, and from linen to furs, if we are to live with anything approaching comfort.

What about the Fire company? We do not like to see this matter drop. Anyone here who has to pay insurance should be and is interested. With an efficient Fire Company our insurance must come down. We are paying today for shop insurance 2 per cent. and in some cases much higher per annum. Let us at least give it a trial. To test the matter the Editor of the ACADIAN will open a list, at his office, and all those who will help the matter along either by money, subscription, or by volunteering to act as a fireman, will

please call and sign this list. If a sufficient number will do so we will bear the expense of calling and advertising a public meeting and then find out just what the people think of it. It is a poor excuse to say we have had no fires for several months or a year. Fires don't consult our convenience when they do occur, but in most cases come at the worst possible time. Delays are dangerous. Come and sign our list at once and let it be a large one so that matters can be brought to a focus quickly.

The *Methodist Recorder* gives this description of an alarming and widely prevalent malady—"It is a peculiar disease of an intermittent character, recurring at intervals of seven days. It generally attacks persons on Sunday morning with great drowsiness, followed by lassitude, disinclination to motion; resulting in dishabille. Toward evening it sometimes wears off to such an extent, that persons afflicted with it are able to take a little stroll, or sit on the front steps till nine or ten o'clock. Any reference to church services generally aggravates the disease and adds to the discomfort of the patient. Generally by Monday morning the patient is carried off—to attend to household duties, shopping, making neighborly calls, or to the ordinary business pursuits of life."

Unhappily, the disease above described is not confined to the Methodist body.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

INTERESTING TO FRUIT GROWERS.

To the Editor of the *Acadian*.

Three years ago Elias Boutlier of Port Williams planted 11 currant bushes, and this year picked 100 qts. of superior fruit and sold them at ten cents per quart. Now as 2800 bushes can be set on one acre the yield would be 25,200 qts. worth \$2520.00. What crop can beat this for profit? a clear profit, above all cost of bushes and labor, of \$2000 in three years.

L. W. Kimball.  
Kentville, Aug. 1884.

STUCK IN THE MUD.

Last Monday afternoon Mr. D. R. Munro's new yacht left her moorings bearing away with her a gay and festive party, consisting of four gentlemen six ladies and three children. It was the intention of the party to go over to Pereau, leave part of the company, and return the same tide; but little did they dream of the long list of adventures and hair-breadth escapes that were in store for them ere they saw the shores, or sniffed the spicy breezes of mud creek again. Under a stiff breeze

the yacht sped along beautifully, soon leaving Wolfville shore in the distance, past Starr's Point, around the "Coy and Calf" (minus the calf), and the charming scenery of Pereau Harbor appeared to the delighted eyes of our tourists. All hands were in ecstasies, the baby in hysterics, the bottle passed freely around, (nursing bottle) jokes were cracked by cracked brain jokers, and all went merrily, while the yacht careened gaily up the harbor. But alas for man's wisdom! In the midst of their merriment there comes a crash, a harsh grating sound, then a shriek, a groan, a giggle, a soft swear word from the regions of the helm. What's the matter? yell a chorus of voices. Boat aground in two feet of water, the Captain replies. It would be hard to picture the look of blank amazement that overspread every face, even the baby stopped crying and became interested in the situation. All hands on the lee side! sung out the Captain. The order was quickly responded to by all hands, the ladies hanging on to the rigging and doing their best to list the boat over, but no use, she would not move an inch. The tide setting out soon left the flat completely bare, and our light-hearted jovial tourists stuck in the mud fifteen miles from home with nothing to eat or drink except what the baby's bottle contained.

The prospect was now exceedingly blue. Luckily a boat came off and took one of the gentlemen ashore, who went in search of assistance. In the meantime our friends tried to make the best of the situation. In about an hour the one sent for, assistance arrived, having succeeded in getting a place for the party to stop all night, and a team to take the ladies off the boat. Soon all hands were safely ashore, except those who remained to dig a trench in order to get the boat off the next tide. On arriving at the house of Mr. Newcombe a good tea was found provided, of which our hungry shipwrecked friends needed no coaxing to partake. Mrs. Newcombe being ill the honors were done by a young lady *pro tem*. After spending a pleasant evening strolling about Mr. Newcombe's handsome place the party retired. In the morning it was found that those left in charge had not succeeded in getting the boat off and not a very good prospect of getting her off that day. A team was hired and all hands drove home, except those who remained to look after the boat, arriving at one o'clock p. m. Thus ended what was only intended a few hours' sail, one of the most eventful picnics of the season.

To set the mind above appetites is the end of abstinence; not a virtue, but the groundwork of virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigor to resolution, and secure the power of resistance when pleasure or interest shall lend their charms to guilt.

The truly great and good, in affliction, bear a countenance more princely than they are wont: for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm tree, to strive most upward when it is most burthened.

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,  
Men's Straw Hats,  
Men's Felt Hats hard and soft,  
Men's Collars and Ties,  
Men's Boots and Shoes,  
Men's 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 WOOING O'T, by Miss Akx-  
ander 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  
an 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. S.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds at this office.

RA...  
Half Squa...  
Square  
Half Col...  
Column

All adv...  
number of...  
manuscript...  
ged for acc...

In order...  
tisements s...  
later than

Local

Public S

NEW C...  
fine assortm

Mr. H. C...  
home for...  
Boston on

NOTICE...  
for Watch

The Bas...  
Mills on...  
great succ...  
to eat.

Beckman...  
burned las...  
Boarding...  
300,000 fee

A. McP...  
tailoring est...  
not be beater

ACCIDENT...  
while at a...  
week, sprain...  
He will pro...  
for a week

PANTING

Rev. Dr...  
dent of the...  
session at...  
Keirstead w

D. A. Mu...  
Sashes and...  
tion for hou...  
up my shop...  
the above bu...  
stock I am...  
persons favo...  
Wolfville, A

Rev. R. I...  
serious acc...  
crossing the...  
his carriage...  
he met a...  
state of the...  
of the driv...  
occurred an...  
considerably...  
his horse, a...  
fright, and...  
We sympa...  
and think t...  
responsible...  
ed.

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.

Public School opens next Monday.

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

Mr. H. C. Gillmore, who has been home for a few weeks, returned to Boston on Tuesday.

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

The Basket Social at White Rock Mills on Wednesday evening was a great success. Lots of fun and plenty to eat.

Beckman's Mill at Ellershouse was burned last Sunday night, also the Boarding House near by and about 300,000 feet of lumber.

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

ACCIDENT.—Mr. J. W. Caldwell, while at a private picnic one day last week, sprained his ankle very severely. He will probably not be able to use it for a week or ten days.

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

Rev. Dr. Sawyer was elected president of the Baptist Convention now in session at Moncton, and Rev. Prof. Keirstead was elected secretary.

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.

Rev. R. D. Ross met with quite a serious accident last Friday. He was crossing the Port Williams bridge in his carriage, and when near the centre he met a team. Owing to the bad state of the bridge and the carelessness of the driver of the team, a collision occurred and Mr. Ross' carriage was considerably damaged. Fortunately his horse, although young, did not take fright, and Mr. R. escaped uninjured. We sympathise with him in his loss and think the municipality should be responsible for damage he has sustained.

Local and other Matters.

There was a slight frost on Wednesday night last.

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

We deeply regret to learn of the demise of Mrs. Capt. Geo. Coalfleet, of Hantsport, daughter of William Davidson, Esq. She had only been ill a short time.

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

The Presbyterians of Windsor and Kentville held a picnic at Berwick yesterday. They passed here at 9.20 a. m. on special train and returned about 6.30 p. m.

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

We would call the attention of our readers to the new advertisement of J. McLeod in this issue.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. R. D. Ross preached in the Methodist church last Sunday evening.

Mr. Locke occupied the Baptist pulpit morning and evening.

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

We understand that numbers of part-ridge are being shot on the South Mountain. Isn't it somebody's place to look after this matter and see that our game is not completely destroyed.

We are now furnishing Letter and Note Heads, Envelopes (cornered or address'd), Bill Heads, Counter Heads, Statements, Business Cards, Shipping Tags, and all kinds of plain and ornamental printing at extremely low prices. Samples and prices furnished on application.

The following are the entries for the races on Kentville Driving Park, next Tuesday:

2d Race—For horses that have never won first money.

- "King Nelson" ch s, Wm. Culp.
- "Dexter" b g, Alex Fader.
- "Gazelle" b m, G. H. Love
- "Barbara" ch m, Rufus Porter
- "Nellie" b m, John Blanchard
- "Hanlon" g g, W. E. Newcomb.

3d Race—For three year old and under colt race.

- "Confidential Charley" b s J I Brown
- "North Light" g, J. E. Bishop.
- "Consolation" b s, J. L. Neary.
- "Lady Confidence" bay filly, A. S. Boyle.

The two-fifty race declared off, there not being sufficient entries to fill.

NOTICE.—We have on hand a few copies of that remarkable pamphlet entitled "The Scio-comic History of Patric O'Flannagan, H. D. E., M. S. G. by O'Reilly O'Shookhanssey, Esq., D. C. L.," which amusing and reliable work we will furnish to earliest applicants at a nominal price.

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.

Respectfully informs the public of Wolfville, Kentville, and the surrounding districts, that he has for sale a good selection of WALTHAM WATCHES, JEWELLERY, SILVERWARE & CLOCKS.

Just received—A New assortment of Silver Ware, consisting of Cake Baskets, Card Baskets, Castors, Pickle Dishes, Sugar Bowls, Cream Pitchers, Pie Knives, Butter Knives, Dinner Knives and Forks, Dinner and Dessert Spoons, Tea Spoons, Napkin Rings, Butter Coolers, etc., etc.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS!

Manufactured by French, Canadian, and American makers, the best selection out of Halifax, French Gilt Clocks under glass shades, Full finished Canadian Clocks in polished walnut, American Clocks in Veneered cases.

CATHEDRAL GONG!

Eight day Clocks with Cathedral gong, strikes hours and half hours. Constructed expressly for the Wolfville Jewellery Store.

The above goods are of a superior quality to what are generally sold by traveling mountebanks.

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, commonly 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.

(Continued from First page.)

this morning, and I take it up and fling it into the fire. There is some pleasure in watching it writhe and wriggle in the flames, and finally disappear altogether. I am morbidly thinking about exorcising one's sins with fire, when Amy interrupts my lively meditations.

"Has Jack gone away?"

"Jack? Oh no, he'll be around to-morrow. He's busy to-day, I think I'll go to bed."

And I gave a gigantic yawn to cover my embarrassment. Honest little Amy suspects nothing. She fetches my flowers from the hall and arranges them carefully.

"I wish people sent me bouquets," she says longingly. Is it because you are engaged?"

"It's because I hate them," I burst forth angrily, "I wish he had swallowed his flowers instead of sending them. I wish he was dead."

With which kindly sentiment I betake myself to rest.

For some time I toss about recklessly, wondering what has become of Jack, trying to revive the dying embers of my resentment with the remembrance of all the unkind things he said during our quarrel. But, somehow, I can only recall my own spiteful retorts, and that last speech of his—"Perhaps when you want me you will send for me." That unpleasant illusion to the fire-irons strikes me now as being comic, and in the midst of my vigil, I laugh.

"Poor old Jack," I think, "I was rather hard on him. I will write to him in the morning, and tell him he may come; most likely he is waiting for me to send for him."

There is consolation in the thought, and I worry no more.

CHAPTER III.

I have written a letter to Jack, an absurd little note, full of mock humility, yet with an under current of command in it, telling him that I expect him to come to me at once, with a face as full of amiability as mine is clouded of woe. And now I sit twirling it round my fingers, considering whether I shall send it after all. The first advance ought to come from him; but then he seems in no hurry to make it. I might wait till to-morrow; but the prospect of another whole day without Jack is too much for my fortitude. I seize my pen and begin the address—"J. Graham, Esq." A knock at the street door. My letter disappears into my blotting book, and I go to the window.

A man, but not my man. A short stout gentleman, in a black coat. No one for me, so back I go to my writing. I will send my letter by the servant. It will go there quicker, and I begin to get impatient. I am rather lively this morning. I hum a waltz tune, and beat time with my pen against my desk, while I wait for an answer to my ring. The dog is barking vociferously, humming is to him what scarlet is to a mad bull. The stout gentleman closeted with my father must think we are a noisy household. The servant does not seem to be coming, I will go and take her my letter. I open the door, and stand face to face with Amy, not our bright happy little Amy, but a pale, trembling girl, with a deep sorrow in

her eyes. The waltz tune dies on my lips, the note falls from my hand, and I ask hoarsely, "What is it?"

The answer comes in a terrified whisper.

"Oh, how shall I tell you? Jack—he—he is dead."

And then she puts her head on my shoulder, and bursts into a passion of tears. I do not cry. I don't even think that I am sorry, only there is a strange numb feeling at my heart, as though it were turning to stone. I know I stroke Amy's hair tenderly and say, poor "little girl," as though it were her sorrow, not mine. Then somebody puts me into a chair, and I hear all about it: hear quite composedly how Jack was summoned up to London on business, and traveled up by the midnight train. I am told how many hours he spent with his Lawyer listening to the bitter news of the loss of his fortune, and it does not move me in the very least. He went to his hotel, and was taken ill, heart disease the doctors had said. Yes, it was all very sad, but it has nothing to do with me. I wish Amy wouldn't cry so, it makes me feel as though I ought to be sorry. I walk away to my own room, and sit dry-eyed and still for a long long time. I know that Jack is dead, the very ticking of the clock says it over and over again "Dead, dead—dead, dead."

I put up my hands to keep out the sound, but I feel it just the same. And then my eyes fall on my mother's ring, the little worn old ring, that has caused all my troubles. I draw it slowly off my finger and look at it dreamily. It seems to bring me a message, "When you want me, send for me." Send for him! Where? Where is he? Oh, very mockingly to say he is in heaven! And then comes a great burst of sobs, mingled with cries for Jack. The memory of my vengeance stabs me with a bitter unendurable pain. Could I but blot these three days out of my life! And through all the agony of my remorse, I hear the clock tick on, "Dead, dead—dead, dead."

**Burpee Witter**

IS OFFERING

**Special Bargains**

—IN—

**English, Scotch and Canadian TWEEDS, Grey Flannels**

AND

**READY-MADE CLOTHING.**

Some of the above lines are being sold **BELOW COST.**

All persons indebted to the subscriber are hereby notified to settle their accounts within **THIRTY DAYS** from this date.

**Burpee Witter.**

Wolfville, Aug. 1st. 1884.

**LIME! LIME!**

I have just received **150 CASKS & BARRELS CELEBRATED ROGER'S LIME.**

This Lime has won **Two First Prizes,** And is second to none in the Dominion.

FOR SALE LOW BY

**R. PRAT,**

**FARM FOR SALE.**

A superior Mountain Farm, situated on the north side of the Gaspereau Mountain and within a few miles of Wolfville, pleasantly situated under good Cultivation, cuts about 30 tons of English hay and with but little labor could be made to produce twice that quantity. Will be sold on easy terms to a good purchaser.

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.	Accm.	Exp.
	Daily.	T.T.S.	Daily
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Annapolis Le've		5 30	1 45
14 Bridgetown "		6 25	2 23
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 Junc "	10 00	3 10	6 50
130 Halifax arrive	10 45	3 55	7 25

GOING WEST.	Exp.	Accm.	Accm.
	Daily.	M W F	daily.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Halifax—leave	7 20		2 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 48	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 Ar've	1 00	5 50	

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. Wolfville, 30th May 1884

**COAL! COAL!**

In Store and for sale at lowest possible rates, a good supply constantly, from all the best mines. Good facilities for loading cars to go by rail.

All orders promptly attended to.

Price-list on application.

**W. J. HIGGINS.**

Wolfville, Aug. 22d.

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

**J. WESTON**

**MERCHANT TAILOR, WOLFVILLE, N. S.**

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

**CARRIAGES**

of all kinds **Made At Shortest Notice.**

—ALSO—

**PAINTING**

Neatly done, at

**A. B. ROOD'S.**

Repairing promptly attended to.

**C. A. PATRIQUIN, HARNESS MAKER.**

**Carriage, Cart, and Team Harnesses** Made to order and kept in stock.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

None but first-class workmen employed and all work guaranteed.

Opposite People's Bank, Wolfville.

**OUR JOB ROOM**

IS SUPPLIED WITH THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE From the best Foundries

**PRINTING**

—OF—

**Every Description**

DONE WITH

**NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.**

**"Acadian" Office.**

Wolfville, N. S.

Vol. III

THERE BL

An artist of And sket The gold of the And the A child look And que Do you mix blac When yo

"Only beca I am pai And he soft "It is on Not the lily Nor the There is lig in li And blac

There are f To sooth For mortal The daz Our consol Awaking There are l sain There is

When then Lilies wh Shall we do dew Drops pe We may dw in t No veil o But good is Though l

We have re fash Of one in Whose gaze broo Before wh And the ho thou Of a Tru That possib No black

For The A P Picnics, our "bill of for picnics. a place. Y of the seaso year one. would take wouldn't. and that ai