THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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THE ACADIAN.

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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.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

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ST FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev Mr Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m the fourth Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

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For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

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Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranted.

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Mrs Henry Palmeter will cut and make Boys' Suits, and Ladies' Jackets and Dresses by the new Thompson Garment Cutter System.

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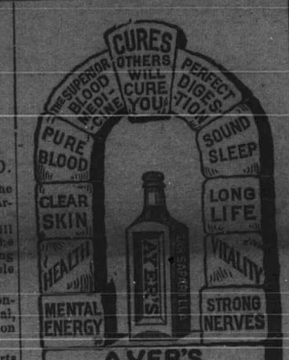

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"For eight years, I was, most of the time, a great sufferer from **constipation, kidney trouble,** and **indigestion,** so that my constitution seemed to be completely broken down. I was induced to try **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla, and took nearly seven bottles, with such **excellent results** that my stomach, bowels, and kidneys are in perfect condition, and, in all their functions, as **regular as clock-work.** At the time I began taking **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla, my weight was only 129 pounds; I now can brag of 159 pounds, and was never in so good health. If you could see me before and after using, you would want me for a **traveling advertisement.** I believe this preparation of Sarsaparilla to be the best in the market to-day."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

DIRECTORY.

—OF THE—

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The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

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

Nervous, Tired, Weak.

That most dreaded disease, typhoid pneumonia left me with a cough, sore throat, tired and nervous. I could not sleep nights. To add to my many troubles, last winter I had La Grippe. It seemed I would not live until spring. I tried many remedies, but got no relief until I took Skoda's Discovery. My little boy has been sickly for several years. He too has taken Skoda's and now he is as fat, rosy cheeked little chap as you would like to see.

FATHER AND SON TOOK

Skoda's Discovery.

Elmer E. Albee,
22 Pleasant St.,
Lewiston, Me.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS Cure Headache and Dyspepsia.

POETRY.

Beyond.

Never a word is said
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like the flashing sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait—
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.

SELECT STORY.

At the World's Mercy.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER XIII.—*Continued.*

I said I would, and tried to soothe her.

"You think I am nervous and foolish; but you don't know. I've seen him look before as he looked to-day, and,—he threatened to kill me! Oh, you must go, you must go, or I shall cry again; and then he will be angry!"

So I left her. But, on my way to my room, I met Hubert, and I at once spoke out the fear that was in my mind.

"She is so frightened; she is afraid he will—hurt her." I whispered the last words, ashamed of having to say this to his own son.

"He shall not, if I can help it, Miss Verney. I dare say he will stay in town to-night; Tom is going to, I know. At any rate, I will be on the watch; so don't be frightened."

"Thank you. Good night." And I hastened past him to my room.

I knew I could not sleep yet—my own heart seemed to echo every fear and every feeling of the unhappy woman I had just left. Every sound in the great house made me start, as it must have made her quiver too. Once or twice I opened the window, letting a rush of cold air into the warm room, because I thought I heard the sound of wheels. At last I distinctly heard a man's step in the veranda. Could it be Mr Godfrey? Again I opened the window, very softly, and then I smelt the perfume of a cigar, and heard Hubert's voice singing two lines of "Simon the Cellarer" over and over again, after the manner of men who have no "ear." The bathos of this discovery helped to calm my nervous excitement. Smiling at my absurd fancies, I was closing the window, when it creaked, and Hubert stepped out into the moonlight, cigar in hand, and looking up, gave the military salute.

"On guard," he said softly.

I nodded; and, hissing back, "You will take cold," I shut the window. I was able to laugh at the extravagance of my fancies by this time; but yet remembering my promise to Mrs Godfrey, I did not undress, but put on my dressing-gown, set my door ajar, and threw myself on my bed, with the quilt over me. In a few minutes I was asleep.

I awoke, and sprang to my feet with a horrible feeling that I had been roused by a scream. The fire was still bright; I heard no sound but the ticking of my watch; I looked at it; it was one o'clock. I was going to lock my door and prepare for bed, when, with my fingers upon the handle, I heard, in very truth, a shrill scream from the other end of the corridor—and another and another. For one instant I dropped upon my knees, then flew straight along the passage towards Mrs Godfrey's room. As I ran, I heard more cries; but they sounded fainter; the door had been shut. A few steps from it stood the housekeeper, wringing her hands and moaning. She caught me as I passed.

"Oh, don't go in, ma'am! The master is mad; he is indeed, ma'am There is no sight for a young lady in there!"

For one moment I hesitated, with shrinking cowardice. I could hear the thud of blows, Mr Godfrey cursing, his wife sobbing—I saw that frightened servants were gathering at the end of the passage, whispering, the women threatening hysterics, the men in front, less timid, if not more curious. I turned quickly to the housekeeper.

"Mrs French, don't let the servants come near unless they are wanted."

Glad to have something to do, she walked up to them, and I saw them drawing back under her sharp words as I opened the door and entered, shutting it after me.

The sight before me seemed to me at first like a ghastly dream, too horrible for reality. I saw Hubert, with Mrs Godfrey clinging to him, her long golden hair half hanging down her back, and on her white dressing-gown a deep red stain; she was unhurt; the blood was trickling from a gash in Hubert's forehead. He was shielding the trembling woman from the blows which his frenzied father aimed at her with the butt end of a hunting-whip; so the blows fell on him. Mr Godfrey faced the door, and, seeing me, paused for a moment—there was no recognition in the glare of his eyes. I stood for a moment paralysed with terror; then I sprang to his side as he raised the hunting-whip once more, and, clasping both hands round his uplifted arm, tried with the whole weight of my weak little frame to drag it down. The sight of me unmanned Hubert.

"Go away—go, Guinny! For Heaven's sake, go, my darling!" he burst out.

But I still clung, stammering incoherent pleading words, to his unhappy father, who let his arm drop while the fury in his face gradually changed into a fixed, dull stare. Hubert took advantage of this to lead his step-mother to the door. Mr Godfrey started forward, as if to detain her.

"Let her go; do let her go," I pleaded, still holding his arm, stepping in front of the great strong man, who could have brushed me out of his way like a fly.

"Let her go to——" He broke off suddenly as he looked down at me, a ray of intelligence in his eyes.

"Child, child, you have no business here; and yet—Heaven bless you!—you have prevented mischief perhaps. Hubert, I'm sorry, my boy. You were right, Hubert"—with a bitter imprecation.

"Don't, father," urged Hubert.

Mr Godfrey was not quite collected; his tone changed abruptly with every passing thought. He looked down at me again.

"No. Forgive me, child; I'm not myself. Now go, dear; I will not do more harm to any one to-night, I promise you. Good night!"

I shook his now trembling hand, and left him, as Hubert did a minute after. Mrs Godfrey's maid was waiting outside to take me to her mistress, whom I found in one of the spare rooms, trembling and sobbing on the bed, with the housekeeper beside her. When she was a little quieter, Mrs French and I left her with her maid, who was to sleep on the sofa; and in the corridor we met Hubert, looking, by the light of my candle, haggard and ghastly, with that bleeding cut on his fair forehead.

"How is she—and you?" he began.

But I could not help a shudder as I looked up at his face; and he stepped hastily back, reddening, and putting his hand up over the wound.

"I beg your pardon; I—I——"

"You must have it dressed, sir," said the housekeeper.

"No, no, thanks, Mrs French; I'll trouble nobody. I'll be my own doctor."

Mrs French was a discreet person.

"You had much better trust to us, sir. If Miss Verney will bathe your forehead——"

He turned quickly to me.

"Will you? No, no; it is a sickening sight, I know."

I could not refuse, though this was my maiden trial at doctoring. However, under Mrs French's directions, I got through the bathing and the plastering very well; he sat quiet and silent under my trembling fingers.

"Do I hurt you?" I asked once, anxiously.

"No," he answered quietly. "Do it slowly, though, please."

And I did. I was so anxiously careful that I took twice the time an experienced person would have taken; yet, when it was over, he asked—

"What! Done already?"

We were in Mrs Godfrey's boudoir. As Mrs French carried away the healing appliances, he got up.

"It is only saints who do noble and generous things for the abstract love of doing good, isn't it?" he asked gravely.

"Yes, I believe so," said I, surprised.

"And all the miserable sinners now on earth who do good, do it, partly at least, for love of the unworthy object?"

"I suppose so."

"Thank Heaven you are not a saint, Guinevere! You have done something for each one of us, and I think you must love Hawkstone a little by this time. You couldn't easily root all the wicked and turbulent Godfreys out of your heart now, could you, Guinevere?"

The tears were in my eyes.

"No, no, not one," cried I, impulsively.

"Not one? So you don't care for us only in the lump, Guinevere, but you feel an individual interest in the blackest of us, do you—or don't you?"

I was losing my composure under the deepening earnestness of his tone.

"Yes, yes, indeed, of course I do. Now good night, Mr Hubert; I must go."

I held out my hand. He took both my hands in his, and bent down towards me, whispering—

"Guinevere, I have been devoured by envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, lately; but I would not change places to-night with any man—any man in the world. Oh, Guinevere, I wonder if I shall ever feel again as I felt when you flung yourself upon my father's arm, to save me a blow?"

I drew my hands away, blushing and confused. I ought to have assured him that my interference was on Mrs Godfrey's behalf, that it was an natural action which made gratitude uncalled for; but I could not begin a connected sentence, a strange hesitation had seized me.

"Good night," I faltered, and hurried from the room.

When I again stood by the fire in my own room, as I had stood an hour and a half before, when Mrs Godfrey's screams had just awakened me, I felt as if the changes of years had passed over me. I had just finished my hundred years' sleep and felt no inclination for any more. Nor could I think at first. My head was ringing with voices, harsh, shrill, tender, and grave. Once I started, thinking I heard a scream, and again when I fancied I heard footsteps in the passage. When I grew calmer, my thoughts went to Hubert. Thoughts? No. I only heard again his passionate cry "Go away, Guinny. For Heaven's sake, go, my darling!" or his voice, low in my ear, saying, "I would not change places to-night with any man in the world!" What had I done? Had I given him rash encouragement? Had I let him think I could ever care for him as he cared for me? I hoped not. I had let him call me by my Christian name; but he always dropped the formal "Miss Verney" when he was excited, and I believed it would be unwise prudery to draw his attention to this, as he seemed himself unconscious of it. Was I right, or was I wrong? And had I hurt him by my abrupt "good night"? So my thoughts and fancies merged into dreams.

The next day Mr Godfrey was ill, and his physician was sent for. He said it was low fever, brought on by cold and imprudence, but nothing alarming at present. He even hinted that it was a good thing, as it might save him from something far worse, an illness being the only thing that could bring him under the doctor's control. Remorseful for his savage attack upon his wife at a time when he was hardly master of his own actions, Mr Godfrey received graciously her timid attentions, which both Hubert and I encouraged her to pay. I guessed from her talk that Mr Godfrey had found out the story of those unlucky letters of hers, and that jealousy had added to his fury on that terrible night. With the pertinacity of a weak brain, she had scarcely yet overcome her suspicion that it was Hubert who had betrayed her; but, knowing this, he patiently tried to win her shy confidence; and at last he seemed to have succeeded. He then exerted himself to induce her to bear patiently with her husband; Mr Godfrey's illness seconded his persuasions by exciting in her a feeling of womanly tenderness, which was, however, rather fitful. Such as it was, we all counted upon it hopefully; for, with all his faults, Mr Godfrey was neither cold, ungenerous, nor unresponsive.

What outsiders could delicately do, Tom, Hubert, and I did without discussion, but each knowing perfectly well that all three were engaged in a common work. Since that stirring night's work, both brothers had paid me all homage short of worship. I felt humbled by it, as we all must do when we feel conscious of being overrated; yet it was pleasant to know how strong their friendship was. Tom was demonstratively kind, Hubert had grown shy again; it was only when we were all together that he spoke out freely to me as he used to do.

When Mr Godfrey had begun to get better, he asked his wife one day to let me come and see him. She sent Hubert with the message. He followed me softly into the sick room, and remained standing behind the bed, holding a glass, into which his step-mother was pouring some mixture. I thought Mr Godfrey looked very little the worse for his illness, and I said so.

"Ah, that is because I'm nearly well again now! But I looked very bad indeed a little while ago; didn't I, Leila?"

"Well," answered his wife, "I think you did."

"This little sceptic doesn't believe I have been ill. Where have you been all this time, Miss Verney, that you never even sent kind inquiries?"

"I have been absorbed in the frivolities of the schoolroom, Mr Godfrey."

He had not yet got back the strength of his voice, but the old mischievous spirit was in it.

"There was pathos in that flippant answer. You can't afford to waste much more of your spring-time, exposed on all sides to the withering influence of grammer and Mrs Markham, or you will give up looking pretty, and take to looking clever And you mustn't do that. As soon as I get up again, I am going to look for a husband for you."

"Thank you, Mr Godfrey," said I, with my cheeks tingling—this was not the sort of badinage I cared for, with Hubert within hearing.

His father did not know he was there; he went on—

"Mrs Godfrey and I are much better able to choose for you than you are for yourself; but we are good enough not to leave your own tastes quite out of the question."

"You are really very kind," said I, crimson and ironical.

"I am going to bring down a young man whom I think in every way suitable, and you are not to be prejudiced against him. He is very clever and plucky, and has just succeeded in floating an immense scheme, after working through tremendous opposition."

Surely he must mean Eugene! I was trembling, almost stammering, as I interrupted him.

"Thank you; I think I would rather choose for myself."

Mr Godfrey looked at me, smiling kindly.

"Don't be offended, little woman, by my teasing. I am not all in fun, you know. You are full of care for others! you ought to have some one to take care of you. Shut up in the schoolroom, you never see anybody but Hubert and Tom—and you are far too good to be thrown away on either of my drunken boys."

At these terrible words, I glanced, against my will, at poor Hubert, whose eyes were fixed upon me with a pathetic look of longing and despair which haunted me for many a day.

"They are not that! Don't call them that!" I cried.

"Ah, I know what your influence has done for them, child. Tom may stand, perhaps; but Hubert——. You cannot expect to cure a vice as strong as that—hereditary." He was speaking gravely enough now.

A servant came to the door, announcing the doctor. Hubert abruptly went out, and I followed. He walked quickly before me along the corridor and down the stairs, with his head bent, and went straight into the study. I heard him turn the key.

As for me, I walked lingeringly down the stairs, my heart aching so for the poor lad that I could scarcely keep my lips from calling to him. I walked mechanically into the schoolroom, looked out of the window to see that the children were in sight, and remained staring out blankly, my ears painfully, involuntarily alert for any sound from the next room. The walls were thick—I could hear nothing—but the anxious life I had lately led had shaken my nerves, and now my frightened fancy began to work and to picture horrible scenes in the quiet room where the hot-tempered young man had shut himself in. As if fascinated, I drew nearer and nearer to the door, listening until I shivered at the silence, and heard my own breath in quick gasps. I could bear the agony no longer. With sudden resolution I knocked sharply at the door, flushing at my own boldness as soon as I had done so. I was shocked to be answered by a voice quite unlike Hubert's—

"What do you want? Come in." I hesitated. "Come in, come in!" he repeated impatiently.

I turned the handle, and went in. Hubert was standing with his back to the fireplace, his hands in his pockets, an unlighted cigar between his teeth, his head still bent, and his eyes staring at the floor.

"I thought I locked," he began, as he heard the door open. He stopped short on seeing me, and mechanically threw his unlighted cigar into the fire-place. But the hard expression of his face did not soften; he only exclaimed, "You!" in a kind of dull surprise.

But the sight of him moved me as nothing had ever moved me before. I was thrown quite off my guard. I started forward, with my hands stretched out towards him.

"Oh, Hubert, Hubert," I cried, my voice tremulous with pity; then, as I saw that my words melted his apathy in a moment, and brought the light to his eyes, I stopped, abashed, and put my hand on the back of a chair.

He threw himself upon the seat that he might look up into my face, and, holding my quivering hand in its place with both his, he whispered—

"Then you do care for me, 'drunken boy,' as he calls me, Guinevere?"

"He does not know you, or he would never have said so, Hubert," said I earnestly. "He will find out some day that he has a pair of noble sons, generous and manly and loyal——"

"Loyal? Yes, Guinevere, that is true. He has made me distrust myself, and with good reason; but, by Heaven, Guinevere, you may trust me. Listen, only listen; let me tell you I love you—I only ask you to listen, my darling! My love for you puts new strength into me; and, when you say a sweet, kind word to me, as you did just now, I feel as if I could go on worshipping you for a hundred years, even if I were never to see you again. Oh, my darling, are you going? Have I frightened you? Have I been rough? I meant to speak so gently!"

He had not frightened me. I was frightened by the tenderness I felt welling up in my own heart as I listened to him. I told him again to take courage, and to forget his father's unjust words; and then I left him.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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