

THE ACADIAN

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The ACADIAN for DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Trotter, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 3.30 p. m. Half hour prayer-meeting after evening service every Sunday, R. Y. P. U. Young People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock and regular Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Mission Aid Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 3.30 p. m.

COLEMAN W. ROBERTS, (Pastor)

Presbyterian Church—Rev. P. M. MacDonald, M. A., Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville; Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 3.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmers' Church, Lunenburg; Public Worship on Sunday at 8 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Joseph Hala, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

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REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

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S. J. Rutherford, 3 Warden.

By FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

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F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION N. O. T. M. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

Cent. Blumfield, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Tuesdays of each month at 7.30 p. m.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

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There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat-store in

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Fresh and Salt Meats,
Hams, Bacon, Bologna,
Sausages, and all kinds
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POETRY.

Until it is Settled Right.

However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto—
In questions of living light—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voice of fame with one acclaim,
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning,
And keep this motto in sight—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage;
Though the enemy seems to have won,
Tho' his ranks are falling, if he be in the
wrong,
The battle is not yet done.
For, sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,
Until it is settled right.

O man bowed down with labor!
O woman, young yet old;
Oh heart oppressed in the toiler's breast
And crushed by the power of gold!
Keep on with your weary battle
Against triumphant might;
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

—Ellis Wheeler Wilcox.

SELECT STORY.

A RENUNCIATION.

Just beyond the outskirts of the busy Canadian town stood the Doctor's house. It was long, low, and white, with green blinds and deep shady verandahs, and between it and the high road lay a smooth green lawn and carriage drive.

Perhaps no one was better known in the town, and for miles through the country round, than Dr. Wayland. His tall, distinguished figure, and kind, clever face, with its dignified air of professional calm, had been familiar now for nineteen years. When he had first come to "The Cedars," from one of the large Canadian cities, with his little motherless daughter and a sister some years older than himself, he had determined, in the first shock of recent bereavement, to nurse his grief in solitude and comparative obscurity.

However, like the most of the world, he soon found that work was the best panacea for even the deepest sorrow, and henceforth, he was wedded to his profession alone; he built up an extensive practice and made a name and fame for himself second to none among his brother medics.

Nineteen years of busy life seems a short time to look back upon, but the doctor's hair was plentifully sprinkled with grey, and he said to himself he would let Frank Neville, his young partner, do more of the work after this, as he stepped into his gig one warm September afternoon, to make his daily visit to the hospital.

His daughter Louise stood on the steps, a dainty vision of budding loveliness, her simple white gown setting off to full advantage the exquisite lines of face and figure, while a crimson rose rested against the dark hair, loosely coiled at the back of the small, shapely head. It suddenly struck the doctor with a curious pang that she was a child no longer.

"Do you know, little one," he said, looking gravely down into her shining face, "I do believe you are growing up!"

"Why, father dear, what else can I do," she answered, with a low, sweet laugh, "I am not only growing up,

but grown up,—quite. Aunt Adelaide says so," she added, with an air of conscious dignity.

"Indeed," returned her father, looking amused, "if Aunt Adelaide says so, that settles it. Pray how old are you, if one may ask?"

"Nineteen years and four months," she said, quickly raising her dark eyes.

"Ah, yes," he murmured, with a slight, his face for an instant shadowed.

She had come down the flight of steps and was standing close to him. He put his hand gently under her chin, and raising the soft sensitive face, gazed for a moment, then stooped and kissed her, passionately.

"So I have lost my little girl," he said, lightly, after a moment's silence, "and some day somebody will come and want to take this grown up edition of her away from me altogether, I suppose."

"I will not go," she answered resolutely. "I am never going to leave you."

"Not till Prince Charming comes," the Doctor persisted, half laughing, half sadly, "and then it's good-bye to the poor old father."

"Never," she cried indignantly, "you know I will never leave you, father."

"Frederick," said Miss Wayland severely, coming out from behind the leafy screen on the verandah, "how can you talk such nonsense to the child. I hope you remember," she continued, "that it is Grahame's last night with us, and that you will come home in time for dinner."

"Sure enough," said the Doctor, gathering up the reins. "We will miss Grahame, Louise, will we not," giving her a quick glance.

"Oh, so much," she replied earnestly, looking at him with such frank, innocent eyes that he felt quite satisfied.

"You are mine for just now at all events," he called out gaily, as he drove away.

"Yes, and for always," she answered in her clear young voice, as she turned and went slowly up the steps.

Miss Wayland had retired to the cool corner of the verandah again, where some divans and basket chairs were scattered about, made a cosy lounging nook. "You are not going out in this heat, Louise," she remarked, disapprovingly, glancing at her niece's garden hat and the basket on her arm.

"Only to the woods for ferns, Auntie. Grahame is coming with me," she added.

"Oh, very well," said her aunt, relenting.

Just then a door slammed, followed by the sound of some one coming down stairs, two steps at a time, and a tall, broad-shouldered young man came quickly out on the verandah. The face of Miss Wayland and her niece brightened visibly at his appearance.

It was a curious thing that Grahame Coryat's presence always had the effect of sunshine on those around. He was a ward of Dr. Wayland's, the only son of his oldest friend, and at the death of both parents had come to live at "The Cedars" some six years previously. He was very clever, and the Doctor was immensely proud of him, and his university career, just terminated, which had been a series of triumphs and successes from beginning to end. In obedience to his father's wish and his own inclination, he had studied for the Church, and his ardent enthusiastic temperament, joined to great natural gifts, both physical and mental, had caused him early already to predict a great future for the young preacher. Before settling down to his life's work, by a provision in his father's will, and with the full approval of his guardian, he was starting out for six months foreign travel.

"Yes," thanks; and the valise strapped," he said cheerfully, in response to a query from Miss Wayland. "And Louise," he continued, as he took the basket from her arm, and they went down the steps together, "I have left the books and things in my study up-stairs just as I would like them to be when I come back."

"No one shall touch them. I will look after the room myself," she said quickly. "But, Grahame, what a long time six months is. How dreadfully I shall miss you."

"Will you," he said, smiling gravely

at the naive confession, and glancing at the gentle unconscious face beside him.

"So much as that, Louise?"

"Oh, every hour of the day," she replied with a sigh.

"And I," he rejoined quickly, "do you think I shall not miss you?"

"Ah, but there will be so much for you to see and hear, and all the learned professors everywhere to talk to, and you will be so important and dignified when you come back that you will not care for any more of our long walks and talks together," she ended half sadly.

Grahame hit his lips, feeling in his heart that it was going to be even harder to say good-bye than he had thought, and wishing he had not made a certain promise to the Doctor the night before.

"Louise," he said slowly, in an altered voice, "I see a very different picture from yours. I am not one to change, neither are you. Absence will only draw us nearer each other, and when I come back you will still be my dear companion and confidante, my inspiration and help in my life's work."

He paused, watching half curiously the effect of his words.

A bright smile lighted up her face. "I should like that," she said thoughtfully.

They had passed out from behind the leafy screen on the verandah, and gone a little distance along the road in the opposite direction to the town. Suddenly the silence that had fallen between them was broken by the violent barking of Grahame's fox-terrier, who had been following close at his master's heels, but now made a sudden rush at some object lying under one of the trees by the road side. At first sight it seemed a bundle of rags, but as it gradually rose to a sitting posture, as if in a shadow picture, first the faint outline, then the more certain likeness to a human figure, slowly evolved itself. A wretched, emaciated creature, with an old fur cap pulled low on his forehead, and holding an arm like a skeleton's across the lower part of his face.

They both stopped, filled with pity at the sight, and, calling off Jap, Grahame moved a step or two nearer and spoke a few kind words. His questions met with only inarticulate mutterings, and at last, after several ineffectual efforts, he rejoined Louise, and they went slowly on. As they passed him, the man seemed to shrink lower into his rags, covering the whole of his face, and a faint, subtle scent, as shadowy and elusive as himself, was wafted towards them, enveloped them for an instant, and vanished.

They looked back several times until a bend in the road hid him from sight, and having reached a favorite spot, commanding a wide view across the country, they stopped to admire it afresh.

Far away in the distance, with here and there a white sail skimming across the blue waters of the St. Lawrence sparkled in the afternoon sunshine, and the picturesque rolling country, with its waving fields of ripening corn and grain, and comfortable homesteads dotted here and there, made a fair picture to look upon.

About an hour later, as they were returning, Louise said, "We must look out for our poor tramp. I wonder who or what he was?"

"A French habitant, I think," returned Grahame. "I fancied I caught the words, 'Misericorde' and 'Dieu.' I will speak to the Doctor about him. He was certainly very ill."

But when they reached the spot where they had left him there was no trace of him, though Grahame, assisted by Jap, searched carefully behind bushes and fences; and a succession of visitors to wish the traveller good-bye banished him from the mind of each after they reached "The Cedars."

The Doctor came late for dinner, bringing Frank Neville with him, and the evening was far advanced, and had turned chilly, when they gathered round the light wood fire that sparkled cheerily on the hearth in the big, old-fashioned drawing-room.

"Play something, Louise," said her father, as he and Dr. Neville sat sipping their coffee in the fire-light.

She and Grahame were both passionately fond of music, and at the first notes of Chopin's exquisite Andante, Spianato he followed her to the piano at the far end of the long room, and

stood watching the slender fingers as they performed their difficult task with the ease and skill of the accomplished musician.

Just above the piano hung a fine engraving of Millais' famous painting, "Les Huguenots," the last parting of the lovers, one of whom is going away to certain death. A sudden flash of firelight fell across it, lighting up the distant and shadowy corner of the room, and unconsciously the eyes of both were attracted to the picture. The passionate cadences of the music rose and fell, the sound of voices, questioning, pleading, slowly died away, and the last notes, expressive only of resignation, softened into silence.

"That is the only one of the 'Songs without words' that could have inspired the poem on that picture," said Grahame absentmindedly,—"Dedicated to H. playing One of Mendelssohn's Lieder." And in a low, musical voice he began repeating the lines. When he came to the words,

"Should not Love make us braver,
Ay, and stronger,
Either for Life or Death?"

He stopped abruptly. "I suppose there are possibilities of heroism in every one," he said at last, in lower tones.

Louise looked up, her dark eyes full of sympathetic feeling, but suddenly lowered them, her heart beating quickly, and the color rushing to her cheeks. When had Grahame ever looked at her like that, and what did it mean? She made a hasty movement and the rose in her hair fell at his feet. He bent on one knee to pick it up.

"Louise," he said, in agitated tones, "tell me I may keep it, and that you will not forget me."

She hesitated a moment; then even his quick ears could not catch the softly murmured word, but she raised her eyes to his for one brief instant and he read his answer there.

"Neville," the Doctor's voice was saying, as they came toward the little group by the fire, "Grahame is going to walk in with you to-night. His train goes soon after midnight, and I want you to look in at the hospital on your way and see for yourself that Joyce is looking carefully after that last patient."

"A new case?" said Miss Wayland, from the little table with the shaded lamp where she sat working.

"A very sad one," returned the Doctor, "a poor miserable vagrant who wandered into the town this afternoon. A sort of gipsy, I think."

"I wonder if he is the one we saw," exclaimed Louise; "father, had he an old fur cap on, and was he very thin and ragged?"

"Where did you see him?" inquired the Doctor, turning sharply round.

"This afternoon, lying by the road side, as we went to the woods, sir," explained Grahame.

"Did either of you go near him?" demanded the Doctor quickly, the ruddy colour in his face perceptibly lessening.

"Grahame spoke to him, but could not make him understand, so we left him," answered Louise.

"Did either of you go near him?" he repeated.

"No, father. Why?" she asked.

A look of relief crossed the Doctor's face, but for some reason he did not speak, and getting up walked slowly towards the window. Dr. Neville, glancing at Louise, answered easily, "Oh the poor beggar is dying. He is about worn out, and can't last through the night." His tone, and the admiring glance of his brilliant dark grey eyes, annoyed Louise and she turned away.

"Poor soul," said Grahame, thoughtfully, looking into the fire.

As the Doctor passed his sister she heard him mutter, "Thank God," and when he came back she looked up and said in a low voice, "What is it?" He took up the end of her embroidery and, bending down, replied gravely, "I am not quite certain. He is in the isolated

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