THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1894. No. 46.

THE ACADIAN.

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on trancient 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 comunications to

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

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Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.

G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

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ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion 1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Starr, } Wardens.
S. J. Rutherford, }

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.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

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

APPLE TREES for SALE!

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

Dress Making.

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

Wolfville, Jan. 11th, 1894.

"Only the Scars Remain,"

Says HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., who certifies as follows:

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc., none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old

Mother Urged Me

to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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

Cures others, will cure you

DIRECTORY.

—OF THE—

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent,

DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

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HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

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HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

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MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

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SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobaconist.

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

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

Little Josephine Libby.

Old age and Childhood NEED SPECIAL CARE, AND THEY Depend upon Others FOR Guide and Support.

HOW PLEASANT

it is to see an aged person with an elastic step, a bright smile and a kind word, and hear the child with its merry laughter ringing in our ears: these denote good health, which can be found in

Skoda's Discovery.

Mr. Chas Libby, of Auburn, Me., says: "My little girl Josephine, had congestion of the lungs, which left her very nervous and weak. She also had a humor break over her body; after giving her a bottle of Skoda's Discovery and using a tube of Skoda's Ointment, the humor entirely left her. She is now well and strong."

Medical Advice Free.

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

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS Cure Headache and Dyspepsia

POETRY.

Somebody, Long Ago.

"Here lyeth" somebody—name unknown
For the creeping moss half covers the stone.
"She died"—bend down, you can read the date—
"In seventeen hundred and eighty-eight."
That was a hundred years ago,
And of "Somebody" what do we know?

"Somebody" once had a place in life,
Played her part in its peace and strife,
Had her share in its hopes and fears
And tasted love with its smiles and tears,
But she careth little, methinks to-day,
If the long past hours were of gold or grey.

"Somebody" died, we know not how;
It matters little to "Somebody" now
If dear ones bent o'er her dying bed,
Or lone and friendless her spirit fled.
"Somebody's" sleep is calm and still
In the little kirkyard below the hill.

The sun has shone and the winds have wailed
The roses above her have glowed and paled,
And the dewdrops glittered like angels' tears
Night and morn for a hundred years.
And she heeds not question or praise or blame;
And God remembers "Somebody's" name.

SELECT STORY.

At the World's Mercy.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER XI.—*Continued.*

The garden was bare enough now in early February; but it was a pretty place in the flower-and-leaf season. Its great attraction was variety. It was divided into two parts by a steep slope covered with trees; at the top of this slope was a roomy summer-house, commanding a view, down two wide paths cut through the trees, of the lower garden, and of a very ornamental poultry-yard, one of Lady Kate's pet fancies. And Tom and I, entering the summer-house together in search of Lady Kate, had an uninterrupted view of the scene, which was at that moment improved by human interest. For at the bottom of one of the paths stood Lady Kate in furs, with a huge basket on her arm, and walking down the path towards her was a gentleman whose back was towards us; but my heart leapt up, for I knew him! Tom and I were just in time to see the meeting. She held up her radiant face without reserve, and Eugene Barach kissed her. It seemed to my fascinated eyes that the kiss was a colder, more careless one than I should have cared to take from the man I was to marry; but warm and cold were alike to Tom. He started forward with raised arm and an expression of face it were best not to see; but I seized his arm and clung to it with all my might.

"You must not go; you can do nothing; she is engaged to him," I gasped.

He turned so sharply that I staggered.

"What! And you knew it, and you never told me! Good Heaven, you false too?"

"I did not know it. I knew she had been engaged; but I thought she must be free again."

But he could only half believe.

"Do you know this fellow? Who is he?"

The blood flew to my face and the tears to my eyes.

"Look!" said I. "You know him too."

Tom turned abruptly to the window, and looked again at the pair now talking below.

"Eugene Barach!" he exclaimed, with a bitter imprecation.

"You have no right to say that; he was first," cried I.

Tom looked at me again, surprised by my sudden fire; but it died out under his gaze, and left me trembling. He had no pity upon my confusion, but continued to look straight at me.

"Have you known him long, may I ask, Miss Verney?"

"Only a few months."

"And did you know of his engagement from the first?"

I was surprised by these questions; but the subject concerned him, and I answered simply, "Not at first."

He looked at me still, but his piercing gray eyes hardly seemed to see me; then he turned away, with a short, dry, bitter laugh.

"Well, I sha'n't try my luck, after all, Miss Verney. I suppose it wouldn't do to slink off without paying our respects; but we shall have to reconcile ourselves to being *de trop*.

I felt too profoundly jealous and miserable to admire Tom much for the coolness with which he bore his mortification. I felt as if I could not face Eugene and Lady Kate together calmly. But pride came to my rescue; the shame of the meeting was for the man who had confessed love to one woman while he stood bound to another; there could be no shame for me, except in showing weakness, and my rising spirit told me I would die rather than give one sign.

Eugene and Lady Kate were now coming up the steep path towards the summer-house, Lady Kate talking with much vivacity. I stepped out just in time to avoid playing eavesdropper, and Tom followed. Eugene was speaking. He stopped short in his speech and in his walk, and his face changed; then he looked from me to Tom, with a quick glance of anger. I had not counted upon his losing his self-possession; but my own was safe enough now. After greeting Lady Kate, who had started with a flush of dismay on seeing Tom, I turned calmly to Eugene.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr Barach."

He was ready by this time with an equally bright and original answer; and, when he and Tom had shaken hands with warm cordiality, we all turned towards the house, I with Eugene, Tom following with Lady Kate. Within the last quarter of an hour we had all made unpleasant discoveries, had all received severe shocks; and I suppose we were all suffering in our wounded love or vanity as acutely as human beings safely can; yet in that short progress to the house we women, at least, were absolutely gay. I heard Lady Kate's pretty laughter behind me, and it stimulated me out of my usual gravity. I was lively, satirical, flippant, and I had the satisfaction of thoroughly annoying Eugene; yet, as we entered the house, and he looked at me with hurt, grieved surprise, I was silenced for one moment by a sudden choking in my throat which warned me that tears were too near. But, on the surface, we women had the best of it. Tom was drier, more biting than ever; Eugene simply talked nonsense. The latter did not stay long; he tried in vain to speak a few words to me apart, and I saw him look at my ringless hands with relief before he took leave. Then Tom got better. Instead of following suit and beating a retreat, he stayed to drive back the children and me; and I, unobtrusively employed in discussing crewel patterns with the aunt, and in keeping down the rising spirits of the children, could mark the skill with which he repelled all the wiles of Lady Kate, who was in her most fascinating mood.

After tea, we started for Hawkstone; we were more silent than in coming.

"This ought to cure me of boasting, Miss Verney," he said suddenly, with a short laugh, which had grown harsh to-day.

"I am so very sorry," said I sadly; "I spoke to you as openly as I dared."

"Yes, you told me you had heard she was engaged," said he slowly; "and I, like a fool, thought the report you spoke of must allude to me."

"Indeed I thought she could not have encouraged you so much if she had not been free again."

"Yes, she certainly does not allow the bond to cause her any irksome restraint;" and his tone grew savage again. "On the whole, I would rather be in my shoes than in Barach's, after all. Am I offending you by talking like this? Does 'courtesy demand' that I should still speak of her with all reverence as a guileless angel, because she is a woman? I never did think her guileless; but I believed her to be as high-minded as high spirited, and, like an ass, I thought she cared for me. As to that, she all but told me so. And I don't mind your knowing that I am hurt—bitterly hurt—and that I would give a thousand pounds just now to punch Barach's head, and have done with it, instead of—well, instead of having to express my displeasure in a more gentlemanly manner."

"What do you mean?" asked I, anxiously.

"Nothing actionable, Miss Verney; I will keep my fists off him. Didn't you see what good friends we are? And I will hire no masked myrmidon to stab him on the knifeboard of a City 'bus'"

It was the most saturnine playfulness I had ever listened to, I thought, as I watched his quivering nostril and set mouth. He went on—

"What stuff I'm talking! Revenge went out of date with 'pistols and coffee for two,' didn't it? It is a shabby substitute to black-ball a fellow at a club. We'll 'drink fair, whatever we do.'"

"What are you going to do?" asked I, moved out of prudence, out of reticence.

Tom was excited, or he would not, I think, have answered so freely.

"I'll shut up his 'Bouches du Rhone,' if I can."

"Do you call that fair?" cried I hotly.

"Yes. I never thought much of the plan; but it was no affair of mine, and I held my tongue about it. Now I will simply express my opinion that the affair isn't sound. What can be fairer than that? After all, what harm can my opinion do? I am only a young man, like himself, and not credited with half his brains. You know enough of the City to know that there are plenty of young men there, and that they are all quite at liberty to express their opinion, and that everybody else is quite at liberty to pay no attention to it. It is quite fair.

"It is not fair. You are not like other young men—you are now practically the head of a great house of business, with strong influence at your command; you might make or mar a speculative scheme of this kind, so far as its success in London goes. And, if you smash up this, you will destroy the very dearest hope of a man's heart."

I had gone, in my vehemence, farther than I meant to go; I had betrayed an interest, a knowledge I ought to have kept to myself.

But Tom did not look at me—he only asked quietly—

"Has he not destroyed mine?"

Now I knew that the blow Tom had received was a hard one; but I knew also that a disappointment to him was not to be compared with a disappointment to passionate, sensitive Eugene.

"Was it his fault that he was first in the field? Do you think it was by his wish that Lady Kate encouraged your attention? You are unreasonable, Mr Godfrey."

"I dare say I am, Miss Verney; I dare say most men are when they find they have been made fools of. I shall be better to-morrow, I have no doubt."

And he turned the conversation, leaving me in doubt and dread and shame. Would he be reasonable, and leave Eugene and his Bouches du Rhone alone? Had he found out by my unguarded eagerness what I most wished to hide?

"That night, when I was alone, I was angry with Eugene; it forced itself upon me that the man I loved had made but a poor figure vacillating between the woman he loved and the woman to whom he was bound. Yet I pitied him too—a strong man bound, or a man strongly bound—with a tender pity that broke down my anger and my pride, and reduced me to weak wailing. For hope had crept into my thoughts lately—the hope that he was free, and that he would come to me with the love and support and sympathy my heart ached so for sometimes, as I sat alone in this great miserable house that its mistress had truly called haunted. And now hope had fled out again, and I must do the best I could without it. But, put away the thought as I would, there was a dull weight on my spirits that I could not shake off. I began to feel a cowardly dread of the long morning chatter to Mr Godfrey, and I got through it with an effort that left me inert and spiritless for the rest of the day.

A week passed like this. I was standing, on the next half-holiday, by the pond, staring vacantly at the swans, with the "Divina Commedia" in my hand—but I was beyond self-improvement just then—when Hubert came through the shrubbery towards me. I had not thought much about him lately, I am afraid, having been wrapt up in other cares; and I repented when I saw his kind wistful eyes fixed on my face. He knew that I was unhappy, and he did not dare to try to comfort me; and it was best that he should not dare. But yet, in my weak, selfish depression, I felt that it would have comforted me to hear him say again, "Guinny, don't cry."

I stretched my mouth into the caricature of a smile, and tried to be sprightly.

"Swans go excellently with poetry"—holding out my book.

"And were the sighs for the swans, or for the poetry, Miss Verney?"

"Was I sighing? Oh, then the sighs were for the swans!"

"Can you spare one for me?"

"You are getting very poetical. You can sigh for yourself, you know; and the swans can't; and I don't think you have anything to sigh about, except the want of something to do."

"You have hit it exactly, Miss Verney," said he seriously. "I really do want something to do; I came to consult you about it. Loafing is a poor trade for a man, isn't it? And I do no good at all in the City; I hate it. The question is, what could I do any good at? I'm not a bad whip, and I should make a very fair groom, and I should be rather a dashing cab-driver; but you would cut me if I turned cabby, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, perhaps I should. But are you in earnest, or not? For I know you don't mean quite all that."

"I am in earnest, awfully in earnest; only I'm at my wit's end for an idea I thought you would help me."

"I turned to consider. He was not an easy person to fit with a profession.

"Couldn't you get into a Government office?" I said at last. "It would not be as bad as the City, you know, and I don't think you would have too much to do."

"No, I should have to cut pencils, and come away at four o'clock, I think I could do that. I'll speak to the governor about it. Anything is better than that eternal Crau and Bouches du Rhone."

"How is that getting on?" asked I, turning from him to look at the pond again.

"Oh, it is very shaky now, I believe! The Scudarossas—you know Charlie Scudarossas; he often comes here to dinner; he is a great chum of Tom's—well, they won't have anything to do with it, and the shares are going down like—" He stopped as he saw me start, and, moving a few steps, he looked into my face. "Miss Verney, is it possible that you—you have shares in it?"

"No—oh, no!" said I. "But some friends——"

"You had better advise them to sell out on the first opportunity. Of course they can't just now; but the shares will probably go up again for a time. The directors are making tremendous efforts; but sooner or later the crash must come—there is such a strong clique formed against it. You have heard who the prime mover is? A young man named Barach. He looks quite haggard. The thing has fallen through once already. When it fails again, people say he will go mad."

I had turned from him again, that he might not see by my face what I felt; but as these last words fell upon my ears my strength seemed suddenly to leave me. I stretched out my hand blindly as if to save myself, for I felt that I must fall; and Hubert stepped quickly to my side. I collected myself enough to refuse his support and to walk to a garden-seat close by. He followed me without a word.

"I am all right again now, thank you," said I. "I think I over-tired myself by my long walk this morning." And I looked up, trying to smile.

But my eyes fell when I saw his face, pained, bewildered, and yet full of pity. My poor excuse was useless; he had understood. Still he said nothing.

Ashamed and miserable, I was rising to go, when he sat down beside me and took my hand to detain me. His voice was hoarse and gruff.

"Miss Verney, those are only idle tales, you know; they always say a man is going off his head in the City if he looks white when times are bad. I shouldn't wonder if they were to tide over, after all. The—he—Barach"—he jerked out the name—"is just the man to carry a thing through, in spite of the prophets."

I could not answer him; the tears had sprung to my eyes at the generous words; but still I sat motionless, with my head turned away unable to see, feeling the kindly, comforting clasp of his hand round mine, and silently struggling with the impulse to burst into passionate sobbing between my shame, my gratitude, and my sorrow. He said nothing, but waited for me to speak, with my right hand in both his now; I drove back my tears, and, regaining my self-command, turned round to him and made an effort to undo the effects of my weakness by saying lightly—

"I have been making myself ridiculous, and all about nothing; for of course they exaggerate these things. My acquaintance with Mr Barach is very slight, but enough to make me interested in his career; and the idea of his brain giving way shocked me horribly, I confess."

My tone grew more and more composed as I went on, and I almost flattered myself that I was leading him off the scent of my miserably deep interest in Eugene. But, as I finished, he let my hand go sharply, and said, with the old passion and fire that he had repressed ever since that day when we walked over the common together—

"Guinny, Guinny, don't tell lies to me! You trusted me once; can't you trust me again? I am not jealous—I have no right to be jealous. If it is Barach who has had the luck to win you, I wish him well for your sake; though how he can care a rap for the success or failure of the Bouches du Rhone when he has the love of——"

"Lady Catherine Hyde," said I quietly, but with every muscle of my face quivering in spite of myself. "He is lucky to be engaged to one of the beauties of the day."

My voice quavered as I finished. Hubert was dumb with surprise. Before he could recover, I turned to him and burst out—

"Don't ask me any more questions. Don't say anything unkind about him, or about her, or about anybody. You cannot say I have not trusted you now, though it was half against my will. Now I must go."

I got up quickly; but he got up too. I was afraid of a fiery tirade against Eugene; but there was not a trace of passion, nothing but deepest tenderness in his voice, as he said—

"Don't run away, my own little sister Guinny. You had much better stay here with your book and the swans than go and cry by yourself in the schoolroom, I'm going. I'd give the sight of my eyes and the use of my limbs and everything else I prize on the earth to comfort you; but I cannot, and I must leave you to the swans. Only it will be a comfort presently, perhaps, to think there is an idle scamp in the world who is thinking of you every moment of his worthless life. Heaven bless you, Guinny!" And he bent down and kissed my hand very gently, and left me, with the tears—I could see them through my own—in his kind gray eyes.

Comfort? It was sorry comfort to think of the pain I was causing this true-hearted lad to suffer. Remorse at the wrong I had unintentionally done him now swelled my unhappiness; and I cried until I could cry no more. Yet, as I laid my head wearily upon my pillow that night, into my selfish heart crept a soothing feeling that I was not all uncared for. Elsie cared whether I was "sick, or sad, or merry, or well," and so did Hubert.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Loss of Flesh

is one of the first signs of poor health. Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Diseased Blood follow.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, cures all of these weaknesses. Take it in time to avert illness if you can. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

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