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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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 fictitious signature.

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Wolfville, N. S

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METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranswick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor: Horton and Wolfville Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a m and 7 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Greenwich and Avonport services at 3 p m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7 30 p m; at Horton on Friday at 7 30 p m. Strangers welcome at all the services.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday afternoon at 3, except the first Sunday in the month, when there will be Morning Prayer with Celebration of the Holy Communion at 11.

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THOUSANDS IN REWARDS.

The Great Weekly Competition of The Ladies' Home Magazine.

[illegible] advertisement spells the same [illegible] This is a rare opportunity for [illegible], every Father and Son, to secure [illegible]

[illegible] every week throughout this great [illegible] to be distributed as follows: The [illegible] received (the postmark date on each [illegible] date received) at the office of the [illegible] each and every week during [illegible] correct answer, $100; the [illegible] silver service; 5th, five [illegible] and the next 50 correct answers will [illegible] $25 down to $2. Every correct [illegible] Letter puzzle winner or not, will [illegible] competition residing in the southern [illegible] distant points, have an equal [illegible] chance, as the postmark will be [illegible]

[illegible] must be accompanied [illegible] subscription to one of the [illegible] Magazines, and to [illegible] away in rewards one half [illegible] one half the total [illegible] the cash value of the [illegible] subscriptions to the prizes. [illegible] will be made. [illegible] HOME MAGAZINE is [illegible] Pittsburgh (Can. [illegible] and financially strong. [illegible] Every prize winner will be [illegible] satisfied to.—Norwood [illegible] Address all letters to THE LADIES' [illegible] Pittsburgh Canada.

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THE CONQUEROR HAS COME!

Heart Trouble, Dyspepsia, DIZZINESS, AND Muscular Rheumatism CURED!

REV. W. L. BROWN, FOR YEARS A MEMBER OF THE M. E. CHURCH, BUT FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS AN EVANGELIST IN THE CHURCH OF GOD. HE IS WELL KNOWN BY THOUSANDS WHO WILL VOUCH FOR THE TRUTH OF THE FOLLOWING:

GENTS:—I write to inform you that the TWO COURSES of SKODA'S DISCOVERY and LITTLE TABLETS have done wonders for me. I can hardly realize it, the change has been so marked.

I contracted the **Chronic Diarrhœa** in the Army, and since 1865 I have been a constant sufferer. In addition to this, I was troubled as follows: 1st, a **lame Back and Kidney trouble**, 2d, **Dyspepsia**, 3d, **Faintness** and an all-gone feeling; 4th, **Distress at pit of Stomach**; 5th, **Headache** and **Dizziness**; 6th, **Muscular Rheumatism in Chest** so I had to lie in bed for weeks at a time; 7th, a **Severe Heart Trouble** that would cause my pulse to run at 98 for days at a time. I was treated by very eminent Physicians, but would be compelled to leave my labors and return to my home weeks at a time—in fact I have **had 18 fits of sickness in the last 26 years**, and several times have been **given up to die**.

BETTER THAN COLD

I feel that I am **completely cured** of all my bodily diseases except the Diarrhœa, which is not cured but **greatly benefited**, and I shall take another course which I think will cure me entirely.

Yours with gratitude,
REV. W. L. BROWN.

Atkinson, Me.

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SKODA DISCOVERY CO., Wolfville, N.S.

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.

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SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows

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.

TRY OUR CELEBRATED NEW BRAND OF INCA FLOUR

A first-class grade of family flour, Winter patent, ground from choice Northern wheat. Full scale weight and of the very best quality. Superseded all others wherever put upon the market. Honest and reliable. It contains the most health-giving and nourishing properties. Guaranteed and warranted to give satisfaction.

Dealers supplied by J. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Halifax, N. S., or direct from the Mills of HILLIARD & PEPLOW, Peterborough, Ont.

SKODA'S OINTMENT, the Great German Skin Cure, and finest Cosmetic made. Removes Blackheads, Pimples, etc., as if by magic. 3 oz. tubes in elegant cartons 50 cts.

POETRY.

Vanished Dreams.

Beautiful stories, in shielings wild,
They told of the fairies when I was a child—
How with feet like the foam-bells, so light and fair,
They entered the dwellings of want and care;
And as morning dew melts off the grass,
So the cloud of sorrow was sure to pass;
No blight on the crops which the fairies had blest,
For day they brought gladness, for night they brought rest.

O heart of my childhood! what vigils vain
Were mine as I watched for the fairy train
But the feet of the fairies came not nigh;
No glimpse of their beautiful wings flashes by;
And the peasants said: "Ah, they know too well
Where peace and gladness and riches dwell.
Wait—and if clouds darken over your sky,
Surely then will you see them nigh."

Alas! for the home of our childhood days—
Its weed-chocked gardens, its moss-grown ways—
I heard them tell how, one autumn night,
Over heather and moor flashed the weird corpse-light:
I heard them whisper: "The fairies know—
O'er the homestead they love falls the shadow of woe;
The fire will be quenched, and the hearth be lone,
Ere the winter has past, or the March winds blown."

The fires are quenched, and the hearth is lone;
Dear names are carved on the grey head-stone;
Only, I think, in my heart remains
The echo of long ago joys and pains;
The half-believed legends have passed away;
Life grew too real—they could not stay.
The earth-lights have faded—the night is drear;
But the stars of heaven were never so clear!

SELECT STORY.

The Shadow of Nobility.

CHAPTER XI.

SEATED on a balcony overlooking the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, an English lady and gentleman are talking earnestly. The eyes of both rest on a white sail which shows like a dove through a forest of masts in the fine harbor of Civita Vecchia.

It is easy to tell that they are mother and son, for there is a strong likeness between the two. Only the lines on the older face are softer and more finely drawn. There are furrows which care may have traced, but over them plays a sort of gentle light, a serenity of soul such as we usually find encircled by painters with a nimbus. Sir Guy spoke truth when he said there were women canonized as saints less worthy of veneration than his mother.

Lady Hibbert had been a beauty in her day, but her friends declared she was more beautiful now than ever. Her sympathetic nature and sweetness of expression were a powerful charm. Few could resist it when brought under its influence.

The face of her son flushes a little, and he folds his arms resolutely, as if to hold himself in check. At least so it seems to his best earthly friend, the one who understands him most thoroughly.

"Does this thing lie very near your heart, Guy?"

The red on the cheek visibly deepened, but there was no attempt at evasion. He met the scrutiny of her eyes manfully.

"Very near, mother."

"Guy, I have heard from many of the Countess of Noelthorne. I know that she is young and beautiful, but she married a man as old as her father; it is said for wealth and position."

"Do you say so, mother?"

"It is ill prying into other people's secrets, my son. The heart is only known to God. But whatever was Lady Noelthorne's motive, the fact of her ill-assorted marriage remains unchanged."

She was the best of mothers—the best of women, as we have said. Yet nature is but nature still, and she did not like—how could she?—to see his love go out to one who might not be acquitted of unworthy ambition—an ambition most despicable in the eyes of a noble woman.

"Her motive is nothing to me," he returned firmly. "Her nature is not sordid, and she is above an ignoble purpose To be in her society is to have one's faith in womankind completely restored. O, mother, you must know her and win her confidence—for my sake.

The concluding words were uttered in a low tone, which gave them added weight. Lady Hibbert answered cheerfully:

"What do you propose, Guy?"

"That you go alone to see her," he rejoined, with almost boyish impetuosity, "that you speak of me as little as possible, and only in a matter-of-fact way, without giving the least hint of my intentions, and above all, that you try to see her boy."

"Why is the last item the most important?"

"Because—because she has some secret trouble, I am sure and I don't believe it is sorrow for her husband. I have never seen—I might almost add, I have never been allowed to see—her child."

Lady Hibbert mused. She had heard some speculation about the infant Earl among her acquaintance.

"Where is Lady Noelthorne?" she asked.

"At the lovely Ponte Lugano. We are but forty miles from Rome, and there is a good railway and road through the Pontine Marshes. My uncle may possibly be detained here, as he has the misfortune to have a man sick on board the yacht. The quarantine regulations are strict."

"Where does she go after that?"

"She will probably come south, unless she turns back to Venice. For some unknown reason she will pass by Florence."

"You do not seem to be fully in her confidence, Guy."

"No, mother; I wish I was."

There was silence for a few minutes. The eyes of both followed a French packet with troops for Rome, perhaps with some measure of speculation as to the turn affairs would take. Then one of the boats plying between Naples and Marseilles, which make Civita Vecchia a port of call, steamed out. Sir Guy was the first to come back from his reverie.

"Where is Marion?" he inquired.

"Is it only now you have missed her?" was the smiling rejoinder. "She is with your uncle. We did not expect you until to-morrow."

"I am not a less fervid lover than of old," he replied, with a smile which was singularly winning, as he took his mother's hand and kissed it with a gallant air.

Almost as he spoke the door of the apartment which opened on the balcony swung back, and a young lady stepped lightly into the room.

She was not more than twenty, tall and graceful and of a dignified carriage. Her small, well-set head and good figure were her chief attractions: for her features were not regular, nor her complexion clear, though her full grey eyes had a pleasant frankness. Not until she smiled did the charm of a mobile mouth and pearly teeth come into play, so that one marvelled at the first cool verdict on her beauty. She was attired in a well-fitting yachting costume of the invariable navy blue, and a round straw hat with a simple band was pushed back from her low forehead.

"It is all delightful!" she exclaimed, as she entered. "The sea and the sky and the quays and the people! Yes, even the *lazzaroni*. One forgives their laziness and pauperism for the sake of their picturesqueness. I have heard a great deal against their coloured rags, but never knew they were so becoming."

Then, as Sir Guy advanced, she suddenly stopped short in her ecstatic eulogy, and holding out her hand, greeted him with a sobriety of demeanour which did not seem natural.

"What an enthusiastic young traveller!" he said, with a smile. "You come in like a whiff from the beautiful sea itself."

"Refreshing?"

The gay *insouciant* air was very natural and easy. He answered in the same tone:

"Decidedly so."

"Then you admit yourself somewhat *blase*."

"No; I do not. I never was less so in my life."

"You have been at Rome again, Sir Guy?"

"Yes, Marion."

Such was their usual mode of address. He was her guardian with his mother, and, as there was a great disparity of years, she always gave him his title.

"I should think you were pretty well tired of study by this time," she said. "This is your second long visit to the Eternal City."

"Yet am I not weary 'Art is long,' you know. Besides, I have just known a new pleasure—that of witnessing the untutored enjoyment of one to whom Art is Nature."

"Ah! Who is your new friend? He must be young."

The wording of the question created a difficulty. Marion Gore had a quick wit and high spirits. Sir Guy met her very plainly.

"I had the honour of escorting the Countess of Noelthorne to some of the chief places of interest."

"What? The beautiful young widow whose charms are in every mouth? Then you were fortunate."

The tone was hearty. Sir Guy was satisfied. He changed the subject of conversation, however, by another inquiry.

"How is my uncle?"

"As usual," replied Miss Gore, with a laugh. "Why he has come here I cannot imagine. He says he slept all the way up the best part of the Rhine last year, and has a very hazy recollection of Coblenz. He lacks the essentials for enjoyment.

"What are they?"

"A good digestion and a poetic fancy."

The trio laughed.

"You seem to have both, Marion," said Sir Guy. "You are the embodiment of fine health and spirits. You must sit for me some day."

"No thank you. You can easily find a model more to your taste here. But what would you paint me as?"

"Dina."

"Pshaw! that is overdone. I would rather keep my old identity than become a heathen creation."

"But don't you see, the creation is that of an enlightened fancy, or better still, an old friend under a new name?" persisted Sir Guy.

"I will keep my own, thank you."

Persently she spoke again:

"Is not the language lovely? It is so different to *my* Italian. Each syllable of mine seems to be a distinct hard sound. Here the letters slide into one another, as if they never could be parted."

"You will marvel at Naples," he said.

"Is that beyond compare?"

"Indeed it is. It is said to be 'a piece of heaven let down upon earth.' As for the old saying, 'See Naples and then die,' I have found that reproduced about so many foreign cities, with only a change of name, that it has lost all significance.

"Shall we go right into the bay?"

"That is as your steersman guides or captain commands. But of course you will land and make one in what is called 'the wonderful den of human animals.' There are olive and orange groves, vineyards and forests, on the sides of great mountains. There is mendicancy in perfection, and your eyes and ears are saluted by the pitful claims of the lazy and, as you deem them, lovely beggars. It is well you have a good digestion. Do you love macaroni? The poetic fervour will stimulate your appetite."

Sis Guy was a good word as well as hand painter. He wanted to make Naples in perspective attractive to his ward. As, before, the charm of living "between sea and sky" had caught his fancy, so now he had in view delightful excursions to the Hermitaze, on the limit of the cultivated ground in the ascent to Vesuvius. Yes, it would all be very delightful if only—if only Lady Noelthorne would come thither by land, if she could not be prevailed upon to come by water.

"She should not be travelling alone," he afterwards said to his mother. "Though the belle of a season, and the wife of an earl, she is as ignorant of the world's ways as a girl in her teens, and less fitted to go alone than Marion."

He was not happy in his delineation of character, though he might be of foreign cities. The impression made upon Lady Hibbert's mind was that the Countess of Noelthorne was either a pretty simpleton or an artful feigner of innocence.

And yet no sooner did the idea occur to her than she dismissed it. In the first place, it was uncharitable; in the second, it was untenable. No woman devoid of true nobility and force of character, no mere actress or pretender to simplicity, could gain an ascendency over the heart of her son. Had he not studied mankind as well as pictures, and learned to dissever the real from the counterfeit? Must there not be in one who would hold a man of his attainments captive a corresponding integrity of purpose, a transparent and fearless pursuit of the good, blending with that feminine dependence which ever appeals to the greater might for right?

CHAPTER XII.

THE Countess of Noelthorne had made a mistake. It was not the first, nor would it probably be the last, but from its nature it was most uncommon. She had simply gratified self, while professing to be actuated by the most unselfish motives.

Why had she come to Rome?" she asked herself. She was sure to encounter English travellers, to whom part at least of her life history had become a sort of public property. Why, when seeking her son's benefit alone, and in pursuit of health for him, had she brought him to the seat of malaria, the region of sickening sights and odours, only to feast her eyes and delight her fancy amid classic ruins, triumphal arches, and villas of dead emperors?

Perhaps her intelligence was quickened and this train of thought awakened by the renewal of her acquaintance with Sir Guy Hibbert. She must not allow that acquaintance to deepen into intimacy, as it seemed on a fair road to do, lest it should subject her to remark. It would certainly subject her child to remark, though the expression might be guarded and limited by respect and regard for herself.

Some mistakes are irremediable on this side the grave. Not so in the present instance. Lady Noelthorne set herself to remedy hers.

Her visit to the rich water-course of the Campagna was but brief, though the beautiful Lago Lugano, with its exquisitely lovely compeers Coma and Maggiore, between which it lay, invited her to stay. She felt, when once her resolve to depart was taken, as if to linger longer there was to abondon her life purpose, and succumb to the first breath of temptation.

If current reports had contributed to hasten her departure from England, current reports were driving her also from the haunts of Englishmen. To confirm the somewhat wavering purpose and succumb to the first breath of temptation.

"We have heard of your visit to places of interest in the Eternal City" —so wrote Mrs Crichton—"under the escort of Sir Guy Hibbert. He is a man who stands well in Society, though looked upon as rather eccentric. His income is good, and his position undeniable."

A dangerous gleam came into the Countess's blue eyes.

"Is this plotting and planning to pursue me everywhere?" she exclaimed; "even when I deem myself most free? I am no longer a toy, but at my own disposal, and mistress of myself. Ah! how sinful it is of me to feel thus angry! Should I not rather pity and pray for her who has no higher thought than earthly pomp and state?"

This time the Countess *did* deliver her conscience. She sat down and wrote to her mother to the effect that her views and aims were entirely changed; and begged Mrs Crichton to consider whether a more satisfying portion was not to be found than earthly gain and pleasure. She mentioned, incidently as it were, the casual meeting with Sir Guy Hibbert at Rome, where they had parted, he going southward to meet his mother. She never thought that the last item of information would give rise to fresh scheming and scrutiny

There is a bold promontory overlooking a lovely and secluded bay. The rugged rocks, with their patches of verdure, and clinging plants of golden brown, take a sudden curve, and at their base, sheltered on all sides is a pebbly beach. The place is utterly lonely, but not bare. It has a ruined villa, a time-worn castle, and great vines, in Nature's beautiful trellis-work, interlaced between the trees which form a background to the picture, as seen from the sea. Over all sweeps the fresh breeze, and the delicious odour of the brine. Here, in a safe and quiet nook, fanned by the winds whose wings may well "rain balm," the Countess of Noelthorne, once the glass of fashion," a week after her departure from Lugano, finds a retreat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The use of Hall's Hair Renewer promotes the growth of the hair, and restores its natural color and beauty, frees the scalp of dandruff, tetter, and all impurities.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Makes the hair soft and glossy.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty five years." —Wm. Henry Ott, *alias* "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.

"A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory. Occasional applications since have kept my hair thick and of a natural color."—H. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores hair after fevers.

"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray.

"My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and fullness."—B. Onkmpa, Cleveland, O.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

$3,500 IN REWARDS

The Canadian Agriculturist's Great Half Yearly Literary Competition.

The Fifth Half Yearly Literary Competition for 1892, of THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, America's old and reliable Illustrated Family Magazine, will close June 30th, (all letters bearing postmark not later than June 30th will count, no matter where posted.) The following splendid prizes will be given free to persons sending in the greatest number of words made out of letters contained in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." ☞Everyone sending in a list of not less than 100 words will receive a valuable present of silverware.

1st Grand Reward.....$500 in Gold
2nd " " .....Grand Piano, valued at $500
3rd " " .....$250 in Gold
4th " " .....Organ valued at $300
5th " " .....$100 in Gold
6th " " .....Gent's Gold Watch full Jewelled
7th " " .....Ladies' Gold Watch full Jewelled
8th " " .....$50 in Gold
9th " " .....$25 in Gold
10 Rewards of $10 each.....$100
Next 20 prizes,—20 Silver Tea Sets, quadruple plate, warranted.
Next 50 prizes,—50 Silver Dessert Sets, warranted heavy plate
Next 100 prizes,—100 Silver Butter Dishes, &c., warranted heavy plate.
Next 500 prizes consists of Heavy Plated Silver Kettles, Butter Dishes, Fruit Baskets, Biscuit Jars, Sugar Shells, Butter Knives, &c., &c., all fully warranted, making a total of 689 splendid rewards, the value of which will aggregate $3500.

This grand Literary Competition is open to everybody everywhere. The following are the conditions:

1. The words must be constructed only from letters in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST," and must be only such as are found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, in the body of the book, none of the supplement to be used.

2. The words must be written in rotation and numbered 1, 2, 3 and so on, for facilitating in deciding the winners.

3. Letters cannot be used oftener than they appear in the words "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." For instance, the word "egg" cannot be used as there is but one "g" in the three words.

4. The list containing the largest number of words will be awarded first prize, and so on in order of merit. Each list as it is received will be numbered, and if two or more lists, the first received will be awarded first prize, and so on, to decide the merit of sending in early will really be seen.

5. Each list must be accompanied by $1 for six months subscription to THE AGRICULTURIST.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as judges: J. C. MACDONALD, City Clerk, Peterborough, Ontario, and CORMORANT CALCUTT, Peterborough.

GOT THE LAST COMPETITION.—"Got $100 prize all right."—M. M Drayton, Vancouver, B.C. "Thanks for $50 prize."—G. W. Cunningham, Leonald, B. C. "Received $5 R. J. Baptie, West Superior, Ont. "$300 prize received. Thanks."—G. V. Robertson, Toronto, and 300 others, in United States and Canada.

THIS IS NO LOTTERY—merit only will count. The prizes are for fairness gained by THE AGRICULTURIST being its amply guarantee that this Competition will be conducted in like manner. Send 3c stamp for full particulars to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Canada.