HOWELL & CO.,
WER WATER ST.,
- N. S.
Engineers, Machinists,
Marine, Stationary and
mple and Compound En-
and Mining Machinery.
Repairs. 30

C. SMITH,
TAILORING,
41 Hollis Street,
Halifax, N. S. 31

ES A. GRAY
dertaker and
Embalmer.
Grafton St., (Cor. Jacob)
Halifax.
TELEPHONE 619

RUSSELL & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF—
Iron and Tinware
CANS OF EVERY SIZE
A SPECIALTY.
of Portland and Dundas
ets, Dartmouth, N. S.

AVID ROCHE,
WSTOCK
, SUNDRIES, ROOM PAPER,
OM 4 CTS. UPWARDS.) 31
rgyle St., Halifax, N. S.

. Sandford and Sons,
rble and
nite Works.
& 84 Argyle St,
Halifax, N S.
ery description of
emetery Work in
Polished Grantie
and Marble.
signs and prices furnished on
application.

r Sale.
A desirable building-lot on Main
St., adjoining the residence of
Rev. Mr Martell. The purchase
money may remain on mortgage
J. E. Mulloney.
lfville, April 25th, 1894.

For Sale!
OR TO LET!
e Subscriber offers for sale or to
is house and land in Wolfville
n as the Andrew DeWolf pro-
, containing house, barn and out-
ings, and 1½ acres of land—in-
ng orchard. Sold en bloc or in
Apply to
R. W. STORRS,
or E. S. CRAWLEY.

WANTED.
good man in your district to repre-
the "Fonthill Nurseries of Canada,"
ver 700 acres. The largest in the
minion. Position permanent. Salary
Commission to right man.
With the increasing demand for fruit
osition with us as salesman will pay
better than engaging in farm-work.
d us your application and we will
w you how to earn good money.
chool Teachers!! it's just the thing
you during the summer. Write for
ticulars.
STONE & WELLINGTON,
W. BEALL, Manager. MONTREAL

Dr. W. V. JONES,
VETERINARIAN,
in WOLFVILLE.
Calls promptly attended to. 134

DOMINION ATLANTIC
RAILWAY.
"LAND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE.
On and after Monday, 3d July,
895, the trains of this Railway will run
ily (Sunday excepted).
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE.
lying Bluenose from Halifax 1.13 p. m.
xpress from Kentville.....5 35, a m
xpress " Halifax.....9 16, a m
. Bluenose from Yarmouth...12.59 p m
xpress " Yarmouth.....3 09, p m
xpress " Halifax.....5 55, p m
ccom. " Richmond.....11 30, a m
ccom. " Annapolis.....11 25, a m
TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE.
lying Bluenose from Halifax 1.13 P. M.
xpress for Halifax.....5 35, a m
xpress " Yarmouth.....9 16, a m
. Bluenose from Yarmouth.12.59, p m
xpress " Halifax.....3 09, p m
xpress " Kentville.....5 55, p m
ccom. " Annapolis.....11 35, a m
ccom. " Halifax.....11 40, a m
Buffet Parlor Cars run daily each way
between Halifax and Yarmouth on the
Flying Bluenose Expresses.
Steamship Prince Rupert.
Double Daily Service.
St. John and Digby.
Leaves St. John at 6.30 a. m.; arrives
Digby 9.15 a. m.
Leaves Digby 10.15 a. m.; arrives St.
John 1.00 p. m.
Leaves St. John 1.30 p. m.; arrives
Digby 4.15 p. m.
Leaves Digby 4.30 p. m.; arrives St.
John 7.15 p. m.
Trains are run on Eastern Standard
Time.
W. R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.
H. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XV. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1895. No. 2.

THE ACADIAN.
Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S.
TERMS:
$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)
CLUBS of five in advance $4 00.
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 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 comm unication, although the same may be writ n over a fictious signature.
Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8.00 A. M. TO 8.30 P. M.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6 20 a m.
Express west close at 10 a. m.
Express east close at 3 50 p. m.
Kentville close at 6 40 p m.
GEO. V. RAND, Post Master

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.
G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 9 30 a m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by
COLIN W ROSCOE, } Ushers
A DEW BARSS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Joseph Hall, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p m on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7 30 p m, on Thursdays.

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. Storrs, } 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.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 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 Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

THRESHER FOR SALE.
1 No. 1 Little Giant Thresher and Cleaner in use part of two seasons, in thorough repair, sold cheap for cash or on easy terms. Apply to
F. J. FAULKNER, AGENT,
Grand Pre.
or to R. L. FULLER,
39—2mos Wolfville.

Money to Loan.
On Good Land Security!
Apply to
E. S. Crawley,
SOLICITOR.
Wolfville, May 22d, 1894. tf

U don't hav 2 go 2 Halifax 2 get clothes. But if U want them made 2 fit, wear,
and give you a gentlemanly appearance, go to
N. L. McDONALD,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
73 Upper Water St. 73.
Halifax, N. S. 32

YOU CAN'T GO TO SLEEP IN CHURCH
IF YOU'VE GOT A BAD COUGH.
A quick Pleasant Cure for an obstinate Cough, Cold Hoarseness or Bronchitis
PYNY-PECTORAL
Big Bottle 25¢

Kline Granite Works.
THE PROPRIETOR of these works is now prepared to supply
Rough & Dressed Granite
—AND—
Light Blue Granite,
SUITABLE FOR
MONUMENTAL - WORK!
The Blue Granite comes from his Quarry at Nictaux, and its quality is highly endorsed by the Geological Department at Ottawa
Estimates given and orders filled for all classes of
DRESSED GRANITE.
JOHN KLINE,
NORTH AND OXFORD STREETS, HALIFAX.

THE ART OF CURING SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, PAINS IN BACK OR SIDE OR ANY MUSCULAR PAINS LIES IN USING D&L MENTHOL PLASTER
IN ALL RELIABLE DRUG STORES
SOLD EVERYWHERE 25¢

THE
'White is King of All.'
White Sewing Machine Co
Cleveland, Ohio.
Thomas Organs
—FOR SALE BY—
Howard Pineo,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
N. B. Machine Needles and Oil. Machines and Organs repaired. 25

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT PURIFIES THE BLOOD
IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN.
CURES CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION DIZZINESS ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN
BEAUTIFIES COMPLEXION
IT IS FOR A CASE IF IT WILL NOT CURE
An agreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per package. Samples free.

KO NO The Favorite Toilet Powder for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

Captain Sweeney, U.S.A., San Diego, Cal. says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50 cts. Sold by Druggists.

SHILOH'S CURE.
THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU, if taken in time. Price 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.00.
For sale by all dealers.

H. H. HARRISON, JAS. HARRISON
TELEPHONE NO. 949.
Harrison Bros.
Agents for
Canada Stained Glass Works.
Dealers in Sand-cut, Embossed, Bent and Bevelled Glass, Mirror Plates, Etc.
Plain and Artistic Painters, Importers of Wall Paper and Decorations. 31
Showrooms: 54 Barrington Street.
Halifax, N. S.

POETRY.

Mother's Room.

'Tis the cheeriest room in the household,
With window-seat battered and bruised;
Where the carpet, the chairs and the table
Are never too good to be used.
Here little ones come with their sorrows,
Or bubble with laughter and noise;
Bring sweetest caresses and kisses,
And scatter their books and their toys.
There's an unceasing patter of small feet,
And opening and shutting of doors;
And the room that was sweet and garnished
Is covered with spoils and stores.
In the dawn of a summer morning
There's a scampering down the stairs,
And every one knows they are coming,
They whisper so loud their affairs.
And when the day's lesson is over,
They come with their chatter and song,
To the sunniest room, where dear mother
And all that is lovely belong.
If the thread of their lives gets tangled,
She quietly straightens them out,
And gathers them, sweetly united,
Her little low rocker about.
Dear mother, o'er all presiding,
O, honored and beautiful queen,
You gather your loving subjects
With a grace that is rarely seen.
Then who, to keep spotless and tidy
The carpets and windows and doors,
Would lose the sweet laughter of childhood
And love from such beautiful stores?

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XLIII.—*Continued.*

Valentine held out her hand to her little boy.

"Come, then, Baby Bunting," she said. "Mother will play with her boy; and poor Aunt Lilias must go to church alone."

She did not look at Esther, but went quietly away, holding the child's hand.

"What a brute I am," soliloquized the nurse. "And yet, she, poor young lady, how can she—how can she forget?"

Esther's home was in all it's Sunday quiet when she reached it. Helps was having his afternoon siesta in the kitchen. Cherry was spending the day with the cousins who admired her recitations. Helps started out of his slumbers when his daughter came in.

"Essie," he said, "I'm glad you've come. That young man upstairs is very ill."

Esther felt her heart sinking down. She pressed her hand to her side.

"Is he worse, father?" she gasped.

"Oh, I don't know that he's worse; he's bad enough as it is, without going in for being worse. He coughs constant, and Cherry says he don't eat enough to keep a robin going. Esther, I wish to goodness we could get him out of this."

"Why so, father? He doesn't hurt you. Even Cherry can't name any fault in him."

"No, but suppose he was to die here. There'd be an inquest, maybe, and all kinds of questions. Well, I'm not hard-hearted, but I do wish he'd go."

Esther sank down into the nearest chair.

"You speak cruel words now and then, father," she said. "Who talks of dying? *He* won't die. If it comes to that, or any chance of it, I'll come back and nurse him to life again."

"Essie, you think a sight of that young man."

"Well, I do. I'm not going to deny it. I'm going upstairs to see him now."

CHAPTER XLIV.

AT THE SOUND OF THE CLOCK.

She left the room, tripping lightly upstairs in her neat nurse's dress. When she got to Wyndham's door and knocked gently for admission her heart, however, was beating so wildly that she feared he might notice it.

"Come in," said his voice; she entered.

He was lying back in his easy-chair. When he saw Esther he took off the soft hat which he always wore in Cherry's presence, and greeted her with that brightness in his eyes which was the greatest reward he could possibly offer her.

"You are a little late," he said; "but I thought you would not fail me."

"I won't ever fail you, Mr Wyndham; you know that."

"Esther, it is safer to call me Brother Jerome."

"Not at the present moment. The house is empty but for my father. Still, if you wish it, sir."

"I think I do wish it. A habit is a habit. The name may slip out at a wrong moment, and then—my God, think what would happen then!"

"Don't excite yourself, sir. Esther Helps is never likely to forget herself. Still I see the sense of your wishes. You are Brother Jerome to me always from this out. And now, before I go any further, I want to state a fact. Brother Jerome, you are ill."

"I am ill, Esther. Ill, nigh unto death."

"My God, you shan't die!"

"Hush; the question of dying does not rest with you or me. I want to die, so probably I shall live."

"You look like dying. Does Cherry feed you well?"

"Better than well. I want for nothing."

"Is your fire kept up all night?"

"Esther, I have not come to require a night nurse yet. My fire goes out in the early hours before the dawn."

"The coldest part of the twenty-four hours. Brother Jerome, you must give up visiting in East London at present."

"No, not while I can crawl. You forget that on a certain night I surrendered my body as well as my spirit to the service of comfort. While I can comfort others I will. There is nothing else left to me."

"Then, sir, you will die—you will deliberately kill yourself."

"No, I tried that once. I won't again. Esther, what is the matter? You are a good girl. It is a mistake for you to waste your pity on me."

"You must forgive me, sir. Pity comes to one unbidden. Pity—and—and sympathy. If you get worse, I shall leave my situation and come home and nurse you."

"Then you will indeed kill me. You will take away my last hope. My one goblet of new wine will be denied me. Then I shall surely die. Esther, what is your budget of news? How is my wife? Begin—go on—tell me everything."

"Mrs Wyndham is well, sir."

"Well? Do you mean by that that she is happy? Does she laugh much? Does she sing?"

"Sometimes she laughs. Once I heard her sing."

"Only once, Esther? She had a very sweet voice. I used sometimes to tell her that it was never silent."

"Once, sir, I heard her sing."

"Oh, once? Was it a cheerful song?"

"It was on a Sunday evening. She was singing to your little boy. I think she sang the 'Happy Land.' I don't quite remember. I came to fetch the boy to bed, and she was singing to him. She took her hands off the piano suddenly when I came in, and there were tears in her eyes."

"Tears? She was always sensitive to music. And yet you say she does not look sad."

"I should not call her sad, Brother Jerome. Her face is calm and quiet. I think she is a very good young lady."

"You need not tell me that, Esther; you managed very well about the boy."

"Thank you, sir. I think I did. What did you feel when you saw him, sir?"

"Rapture. All my blood flowed swiftly. I lived and breathed. I had an exquisite five minutes."

"The boy is not like his mother, sir."

"No, nor like me. He resembles my sister Lilias. Esther, I must see him again."

"You shall, by-and-by, but not too soon. We must not run any risks."

"Certainly not. I will have much patience. Hold out the hope only, and I will cling to it indefinitely."

"You shall see the child again, Brother Jerome."

"God abundantly bless you. Now go on. Tell me more. How does my wife spend her time? Has she many visitors?"

"Sometimes her father."

"Only sometimes? They used to be inseparable."

"Not now, sir. There is something wrong between them. When they meet they are constrained with one another, and they don't meet very often. I have orders, though, to take the child every morning to see Mr Paget."

"Have you? I am sorry for that. He kisses my son, does he?"

"Yes, sir. He seems wrapped up in him; he——"

"Don't talk of him. That subject turns my blood into vinegar. Go on. Tell me more. What other visitor has my wife?"

"Sometimes your sister, Miss Lilias Wyndham."

"My sister? Esther, you don't know what that name recalls. All the old innocent days; the little hymns before we went to bed, and the little prayers at our mother's knee. I don't think I can bear to hear much about Lilias; but I am glad she loves my wife."

"She does, sir. She is devoted to Mrs Wyndham. I don't think any other visitors come except Mr Carr."

"Adrian Carr, a clergyman?"

Wyndham's tone had suddenly become alert and wakeful.

"I believe the gentleman's name is the Rev. Adrian Carr, Brother Jerome."

"Why do you speak in that guarded voice, Esther? Have you anything to conceal?"

"No, sir, no. Don't excite yourself. I conceal nothing; he comes, that is all."

"But surely, not often? He is my father's curate; he cannot often come to London."

"He is not Mr Wyndham's curate now, sir; he has a church of his own. St. Jude's they call it, at the corner of Butler street."

"And he comes constantly to my house? To—to see my wife?"

"Your—your widow, sir."

"God help me, Esther! God help me! How am I to endure this! My poor—my beloved—my sweet—and are you exposed to this? Esther, Esther, this care turns me into a madman."

"You must stay quiet, Brother Jerome. Mr Carr comes, and your—your widow sees him."

"Do you think she likes him?"

"Oh, sir, I would rather die than have to tell it to you."

"I cannot listen to your sentimentalisms. Does my wife seem happy when Adrian Carr calls upon her?"

"I think she is interested in him, Brother Jerome."

"Does she see him alone?"

"Often alone."

"And you say she seems pleased?"

"I think so. It is incomprehensible to me."

"Never mind whether you understand it or not. Do you know that by this news you are turning me into a devil? I'll risk everything—everything. I'll expose the whole vile conspiracy if my wife is entrapped into engaging herself to Adrian Carr."

Brother Jerome was no longer a weak-looking invalid; he began to pace his attic floor; a fire burnt in his sunken eyes, and he clenched his thin hands. For the time he was strong.

"Listen to me, Esther Helps. My wife shall run no risk of that kind. It was in the contract that *that* should be prevented. I sinned for her—yes, I willingly sinned for her—but she shall never sin for me. Rather than that we'll all go to penal servitude. I, and your father, and her father."

"Do quiet yourself, Mr Wyndham. There may be nothing in what I told you."

Esther felt really frightened.

"Perhaps the gentleman comes to see your sister, Miss Wyndham. He certainly comes, but—but——"

"Esther, the whole thing must be put a stop to—the faintest shadow of risk must not be run. My wife thinks herself a widow, but she must retain the feelings of a wife. It must be impossible for her, while I live, to think of another man."

"Can you not bring yourself back to her memory, sir? Is there no way?"

"That is a good thought. Don't speak for a little. Let me think."

Wyndham continued to pace the floor. Esther softly built up the fire with trembling fingers. In this mood she was afraid of Wyndham. That fire in his eyes was new to her. She was cowed—she shivered. With her mental vision she already saw her grey-headed father in the prisoner's dock.

"Esther," said Wyndham, coming up to her suddenly, "I have thought of a plan. It won't implicate anyone, and if a chord in Valentine's heart still beats true to me this must touch it. At what hour does Carr generally call to see my wife?"

"He is a busy man; he comes mostly at night, about nine o'clock. He has a cup of tea, and goes away at ten. When Miss Wyndham is there he sometimes stays on till nearly eleven."

"He comes every night?"

"Almost every night."

"And he leaves at ten?"

"A few minutes after ten. When the clock strikes ten it seems to be a sort of a signal to him, and he gets up and goes away."

"Thank you. Ten, then, will be the hour. Esther, something else may happen at ten of the clock. You need not look so white. I said no risk would be run. It is possible, however that my wife may be agitated. No! you don't suppose I am going to reveal myself to her—nothing of the sort. Still, something will happen which may break down her nerve and calm. In that case she may even appeal to you. Esther, you will be very guarded. You must remember that on the success of this scheme of mine depends your father's safety, for if she engages herself to Carr I swear by the God above me that we three, Paget, your father, and I, go to prison."

"Sir, I must own that I feel dreadfully frightened."

"Poor Esther! And you don't deserve it, for you are the best of girls and quite innocent. But that is ever the way. The innocent bear the sins of the guilty. In this matter, however, Esther, you must trust me, and keep your own counsel. Now, I want to know if you have any money you can lend me?"

"I have two sovereigns in my purse, sir. Will that do?"

"Plentifully. I will tell you what I want the money for. I want to hire a violin—a good one. Once, Esther, I used to express my feelings through the violin. It talked for me. It revealed some of the tortures of my soul. The violin shall speak again and to my wife. Now you are prepared at all points. Good-bye. Be as brave as you are good, and the worst may be averted."

CHAPTER XLV.

On the following night, as Esther was preparing to go to bed, the nursery door was suddenly opened and Mrs Wyndham entered.

"Esther," she said, "I want baby."

"He is sound asleep, madam. You would not wake him?"

"He can be moved without disturbing him. I want him to sleep in my bed. I want his company. My little child?"

She was trembling. She caught hold of the rails of the baby's cot.

"Little children are sacred innocent things, aren't they, nurse? I want my little child to-night."

"Strange," thought Esther. "I listened with all my might, and I could not hear anything except the usual barrel-organs and German bands in the street. But *she* has heard something, there isn't a doubt. How queer and shaken she looks. Poor young thing, I do pity her; she can't help thinking she is a widow when she is a wife."

Aloud Esther complied with Mrs Wyndham's request cheerfully.

"Certainly, madam. The child will never know that we are moving him. If you will go on to your room, ma'am, I'll follow with master baby."

Mrs Wyndham turned away at once. When the nurse entered her mistress' room with the child, there was a soft nest made in the big bed to receive him, and the fire in the grate cast a cheerful glow over everything.

"Let me kiss him," said the mother. "My darling, my beloved. I'll take him into my arms presently, nurse, and then all fears will fly away."

"Fears, Mrs Wyndham? No one ought to fear in this cheerful room."

"Perhaps not, nurse; but sometimes I am superstitious—painfully so. Yes, put baby there. Is he not a handsome boy? Although I could wish he were more like his father."

"He seems to feature your sister-in-law, Miss Lilias Wyndham, madam."

"How queer that you should find that out! He is not like what Lilias is now, but they all say she was just such another child. Nurse, I hate high winds—there is going to be a storm to-night."

"Would you like me to sleep on the sofa in your room, madam?"

"Yes, no—yes, oh, yes."

"I will bring a shawl, and wrap it round me and lie down."

"No, don't, nurse, don't. I must not yield to this nameless thing. I must—I will be brave. And the child, my own little child, will comfort me."

"What is the nameless thing, dear madam?"

"I cannot—I won't speak of it, Esther, are you—are you *going*?"

"Certainly not, Mrs Wyndham. I mean, not yet."

"That is right. Take this chair; warm yourself. Esther, I don't look on you as an ordinary nurse. Long ago I used to be so much interested in you."

"It was very kind of you, madam; young ladies, as a rule, have no time to interest themselves in poor girls."

"But I had plenty of time, and did interest myself. My father was always so much attached to yours. I was an only child, and you were an only child. I used to wonder if you and your father cared for each other as passionately, as loyally, as I and my father cared."

"I don't know that, madam; we did love each other. Our love remains unchanged. True love ought never to change, ought it?"

"It ought never to change," repeated Mrs Wyndham. Her face grew white, her lips trembled. "Sometimes true love is killed by a blow," she said suddenly. Then her expression changed again, she tried to look cheerful. "I won't talk any more. I am sleepy, and that nest near baby looks inviting. Good night, dear nurse."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Thomas A. Johns.

A Common Affliction
Permanently Cured by Taking
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
A CAB-DRIVER'S STORY.
"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by a friend who told me that I must purchase six bottles, and use them according to directions. I yielded to his persuasion, bought the six bottles, and took the contents of three of these bottles without noticing any direct benefit. Before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as
Free from Eruptions
as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, and the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.
Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla
Admitted at the World's Fair.
Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.
If your clothes show signs of wear have them dyed at
UNGAR'S.
You won't have to buy new ones.
All Dyeing, Cleaning and Laundry Work done at Halifax prices. Ungar gives satisfaction.
LOCAL AGENTS: 31
Rockwell & Co.,
Wolfville, - - N. S.

J. Snow & Son,
Embalmers and Funeral Directors.
56 Argyle St., Halifax,
Telephone Day 387. 30 Night 388.