

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X.

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POETRY.

Our Idols.

We fashion still our idols—not of stone,
Nor beaten gold nor costliest Indian wood.

Yet round their brows we see celestial light,
And dream them glorious as the angels are;

Their very presence fills the gloomiest night,
With tender radiance, like some wondrous star.

On their dear shrines we lay our choicest gifts,
Devotion, faith-aye, oftentimes a life.

Oh, consecration sweet that strongly lifts
The soul from self through love's divinely stirs.

God pity those who live too long and see
That light celestial slowly fade away,
And, like some hideous midnight phantasm,
Their idols crumble into common clay.

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BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. 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 Thursday evenings at 7:30 p. m. Strangers welcome at all the services.

By JOHN'S CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a. m.; other Sundays, 9 p. m.; Holy Communion administered on the first Sunday in the month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations in the services see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Wardens, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Frank J. M. 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. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30 p. m. Strangers welcome at all the services.

By FRANCIS (B. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

By GEORGES LODGE, F. & M. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock. J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION B of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall. Wives' block, at 7:30 o'clock.

AGADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

NEC'S SISTER.

The old toll gate seemed to be a place for restless dreaming rather than of restless living. Even the rattle of a wagon served to mark more than to disturb the silence that prevailed.

At such sounds Aunt Nancy would look up from her easy-chair and knitting and say:

"That's a team a-coming, Milly Jane."

Then Milly would go out to the lever bar in the piazza and appear to watch the wagon. But though she moved lightly her steps and gestures seemed uncertain. In her mild gray eyes was a helpless wailing look that is only seen when those "windows of the soul" are forever closed.

For Milly Jane was blind. It must not be thought that she was idle or fretful, or helpless or sad. Her slender fingers, alive with the keener sense of touch, were very busy. There was knitting, sewing and general housework.

The kitchen garden behind the house was also a part of her care. Had her eyes really fastened upon the rich green of the growing plants she would not have handled them with greater nicety. It looked as if between the sharp hoe and the young shoots a mutual trust and care were exchanged, so the source was in Milly's heart that was tender toward every living thing.

Aunt Nancy was fat and sluggish; Uncle Solon hardly ever stayed at the house. Thus it fell upon Milly to attend to the gate. But since the building of the railroad travel had decreased until the task was easy even for her.

The sound of the great wagons was to the blind girl a never failing source of interest. They came from the great world's struggle far off life, and they crept down into it again, bringing noise and bustle for a moment and leaving silence behind. She never tired of listening to the stamping horses, the rattling wheels, the strange voices that marked each slow passage.

Even the long white road had its unseen attraction. It stretched from town to town—a great vein of the world's life, sweeping by, yet barely touching her own.

When the teams would halt for a rest, Milly Jane took great interest in the tired wayfarers the more so if families of "movers" were along. She would nurse the babies, bring sweet-cakes for the children and water for the mothers, and listen eagerly to their talk.

She always felt as if she knew these people and it was pleasant to see how they seemed to like her gentle interest in their behalf. When they were leaving she would look after them and listen as if old friends were going out of her life.

One night, two men came in a buggy and stopped for supper. One—a mere youth—sat on the porch wrapped in a cloak with his hat pulled over his eyes. The other talked to Uncle Solon in the dining room but kept an eye upon the youth as if he himself was a constable, and had the lad under arrest on quite a serious charge.

He do declare, though, as he sat in his chair, but—hess ye!—they usually all do that.

He'll eat a bite, I reckon? asked Aunt Nancy not wanting to see anyone go hungry.

I don't know. Talking of Ned, I don't know what he's doing. I'm always a looking for him back.

And yet you can't see, said the lad in a broken voice.

There's some things I can look for 'bout being able to see, she returned in a gently reproving tone.

Do you reckon he'll ever come?

I'm most sure on it. Uncle Solon says not; but ever since I was big enough to know, I've asked God to send him, and—some time—he'll be obliged to come.

The young man's face sank still lower. At last he said:

"Suppose—when he does come—he—comes like me?"

"He won't be that way, she replied quietly. Ned won't be wild, but he wouldn't do in no such way. Maybe she laid her hand upon his cloak. Then she didn't really do—anything?"

No—not he cried. I've been reckless but I never did what they think I did. There was a pause, then he asked: If your brother should ever come back, what would you want him to do?"

I'm quite happy here, she said, softly, but—think—I'd like for Ned and me to be together again, always just as we used to be. He's been gone a month or more. Sometimes I wonder how old he'll be when I see him again.

The prisoner sighed so deeply as to again draw her attention.

You're very poorly. If you'd only eat—

Milly—Milly Jane, called Aunt Nancy from the kitchen. What's gone with the child?

POETRY.

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On their dear shrines we lay our choicest gifts,
Devotion, faith-aye, oftentimes a life.

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FOR DYSPEPSIA, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials conclusively prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a long time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease. An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of \$5. Since that time I have been my family medicine, and sickness has become a stranger to our household. I believe it to be the best medicine on earth."—P. F. McNulty, Mackay, 20 Summer St., Lowell, Mass.

FOR DEBILITY, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is a certain cure, when the complaint originates in impoverished blood. "I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming finally so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing