THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIV | WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1895. | No. 52.

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 communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious 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. Oskar Gronlund, B. A., 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. 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.

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 23d, 1894.

U don't hav 2 go 2 Halifax 2 get ciothes. But if U want them made 2 fit, wear,

and give you a gentlemanly appearance, go to

N. L. McDONALD,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
78 - Upper Water St. - 78.
Halifax, N. S. 32

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
'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

NEW BAKERY!

The subscriber having opened a first-class Bakery at the Wolfville Hotel is now prepared to supply to customers

White and Brown Bread, Cakes and Pastries of all kinds!

All orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction assured.

Mrs. Eastwood.
Wolfville, May 14th, 1895. tf

Patch Grief with Proverbs

but don't try to patch up a lingering cough or cold by trying experimental remedies. Take

PYNY-PECTORAL

and relief is certain to follow. Cures the most obstinate coughs, colds, sore throats, in fact every form of throat, lung or bronchial inflammation induced by cold.

Large Bottle. 25 Cents.

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.

Miss F. E. Davison,
DRESS-MAKER,
Wolfville, - - N. S.
All kinds of Mantle and Dress Making in the Latest Styles. Rooms in

POETRY.

Love is Never Lost.

What was the song we sang together,
You and I in the long lost June?
Something to-day in the dreamy weather
Brought back a strain of the tune;
And it carried me back to a moon-lit even,
Roses, music, beautiful eyes;
You seemed an angel out of Heaven,
And I was in Paradise.

I think it was something that night we were singing
About the sea—I cannot say,
For only a strain of that song comes ringing
Into my life to-day.
Our barks on the sea of life have drifted
Widely asunder since that June night,
And clouds have gathered, and clouds have lifted,
And days have been dark and bright.

But I think of the love that brightened our May time,
Though lost and forgotten in time's swift flow,
Has been with us always in night time and day time—
I think it is always so;
Love is never outlived completely—
Is never wasted or thrown away;
Some part of it lives and comes back to us sweetly,
Like the strain of that song to-day.

Words we forget, but a strain of the measure
Floats back to us ever, now and then,
In days of labor, or hours of pleasure,
As we move about with men.
And our steps keep time to it, beating, beating
Into our lives the measured time;
So ever and ever we go on repeating
The song of our youth's glad prime.

—ELLA WHEELER.

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XLI.—*Continued.*

"Nurse, is anything the matter? You don't look well."

"That's it, madam. I'm not ill in body, but I'm sore fretted in mind. Now, baby, darling, don't you pull your dear ma to bits! The fact is, ma'am, and sore I am to say it, I'm afraid I must leave this precious child."

"Nurse!"

Valentine's arms dropped away from baby; baby raised his own curly head, and fixed his brown eyes on the woman, his rosy lips pouted.

"Sore I am to say it, ma'am," repeated Annette, "but there's no help. I've put off the evil day all I could, ma'am; but my mother's old, and my own boy has been ill, and she says I must go home and see after them both. Of course, madam, I'll suit your convenience as to the time of my going, and I hope you'll get some one else as will love the dear child. Come to bed, master baby, dear; your mother wants to go down to dinner."

. . . . . .

A few days after this, as Helps was taking his comfortable breakfast, cooked to perfection by Cherry's willing hands, he raised his eyes suddenly, looked across at his daughter Esther, and made a remark.

"I'm told poor young madam is in no end of a taking."

"What young madam, father?"

"Mrs Wyndham. The nurse is going and the child has got whooping cough. He's bad, too, poor little 'un, and frets about the nurse like anything. My master's in a way, too; he's wrapped up in that little lad. It was he told me; he said perhaps you'd know of a nurse as would suit, Esther."

"Don't stare so, Cherry," said Esther. "Anybody would think father was talking of ghosts, to see the bigness of your eyes. Well, father, yes, I'll think about a nurse. I'm sorry the child is ill."

"Don't you go and get a nurse from the slums," retorted Cherry. "You're all slums, you are. My word, I am having a time since that new lodger took possession."

Here Cherry paused to pour fresh water into the tea-pot. Esther and her father exchanged frightened glances.

"Brother Jerome, indeed!" proceeded this energetic young person. "He's a mighty uneasy sort of Brother Jerome. His good deeds don't seem to quieten him, anyway. And why does he always keep a hat stuck on his head, and never raise it when he passes me on the stairs. I know I'm broad and I'm stout, and I've no looks to boast of, but it's meant for men to raise their hats to women, and I don't see why he shoulda't. Then at night he walks the boards overhead fit to receive half so dramatic as I did, because I can't get my sleep unbroken."

"Your tongue ain't stopped, anyway," said her uncle, almost crossly. "Esther, you'll think about the nurse for young madam."

He rose and left the room.

Esther sat still a little longer. She heard Cherry rattling the plates in the kitchen. Presently she got up, put on her bonnet and cloak, called good-bye to her cousin, and went out. There could scarcely be a better Sister of the Poor than Esther Helps. She was near enough to them socially to understand their sorrows. She had never known starvation, but she could take in what tiny means meant—their mode of speech was comprehensible to her, she was sufficiently unfastidious to go into their dirty rooms, to witness their uncouth, semi-savage ways without repulsion. She liked the life, it suited her, and her it. She was the kind of woman to be popular as a district visitor. She had abundance of both sympathy and tact. When her sympathies were aroused, her manners could be affectionate. In addition, she had a very lovely face. The poor of East London adore beauty; it comes so rarely near them in any case that they look upon it as an inestimable treasure. The women and children liked to watch Esther when she talked and when she smiled. The men treated her with the respect due to a regal presence.

Esther went down as usual to her mission work to-day. Sister Josephine, the head of this branch of work, greeted the handsome girl with a smile when she came in, drew her aside, and spoke to her about a particularly difficult undertaking which was soon to be commenced. This undertaking would require the utmost tact and talent; the sister asked Esther if she would be willing to become the head of the movement.

"I don't know anyone more suitable," she said in conclusion. "Only if you come, you must consent to sleep away from home. Some of our work—our principal work—will take place at night."

Esther's clear ivory-tinted skin became a shade paler. She looked full at the sister with troubled but unshrinking eyes.

"You do me a great honor," she said. "But I am afraid I must decline it. At present I cannot sleep away from home. It is also possible—yes, it is quite possible—that I may have to give up the work altogether for a time."

"Esther, are you putting your hand to the plough and looking back?"

"I don't know, Sister Josephine. Perhaps I am."

The sister laid her hand solemnly on the girl's arm.

"Esther, if you love anyone better than God, you have no right to come here," she said.

Then she turned away and walked sorrowfully down the long mission room. She was disappointed in Esther Helps, and though Esther's own heart never faltered, she felt a sharp pang pierce it.

That night she came home late.

"Has Brother Jerome come in?" she asked Cherry.

"No. How you do fash about that man! His supper's waiting for him, and I saw to his fire. Now I'm going to bed. I'm dead tired."

"Do, Cherry. I'll sit up for Brother Jerome."

"Ask him, for goodness sake, not to march the boards so frequent. He'll have my grey hairs to account for. He's picked up a cough, too, and between the creaking of the boards, and the coughing, I have nice nights lately."

"You study too much, Cherry, or you wouldn't mind such little noises. Now go to bed, dear. I'll give Brother Jerome a hint."

"Good-night, Esther. Uncle's been in bed an hour or more. I hope that brother of the slums won't keep you long."

Cherry ran upstairs, and Esther went into the bright warm little kitchen. She left the door wide open, and then she sat and waited.

The substance of Sister Josephine's words rang in her ears.

"If you love another better than God, you have no right to come here."

God? No, no, impossible. A man had influenced her life, and because of his influence she had given herself up, soul and body, to God's service. How could she love the man best? He had only pointed to the higher way.

Then she heard his step outside; his latch key in the door, and she felt herself tremble. He went straight upstairs, never glancing in the direction of the kitchen; as he went he coughed, and his cough sounded hollow. His figure, never remarkably upright, was much bent.

Esther waited a few minutes; then, her heart going pit-a-pat, she crept very softly upstairs, passed her own room and Cherry's, and knocked at Wyndham's door.

He came and opened it.

"Can I speak with you, brother?"

"Certainly. Come in, Esther?"

The attic had been converted into a wonderfully snug apartment. The bed and washing apparatus were curtained off, and the part of the room which surrounded the hearth revealed a bright fire, a little table on which a tempting cold supper was spread, and a deep easy chair.

"Sit down, brother," said Esther, "and eat. Let me help you. I can talk while you eat your supper. Are you very tired to-night? Yes, I am afraid you are dreadfully tired."

"I am always tired, Esther. That is in the condition of things."

He sank back into his chair as if he were too weary to keep out of it. Then, with a flash of the old Gerald Wyndham in his eyes and manner, he sprang up.

"I was forgetting myself. Will you sit here!"

"What do you take me for, Mr—Brother Jerome, I mean. I have come up here to see you eat, to see you rest, and to—to—talk to you."

"Esther, I have no words to thank you. You are, yes, you are the noblest woman I know."

She flushed all over; her eyes shone.

"And isn't that thanks for ever and ever?" she said in a voice in which passion trembled.

Wyndham did not notice. He had taken off his hat, and Cherry's good supper stood by his side. He ate a little, then put down his knife and fork.

"Ain't you hungry, sir?"

"No. At first, when I came here, I was so starved that I never could eat enough. Now I am the other way, not hungry at all."

"And, sir, you have got a cough."

"Yes, I had a very bad wetting last week, and a cough is the result. Strange. I had no cough when I slept out of doors."

"Mr Wynd—Brother Jerome, I mean, you wouldn't go back to that old life? Say you wouldn't go back."

The almost anguish in her voice penetrated for the first time to Wyndham's ear. He gave her a startled glance, then said with warmth:—

"Esther, you and your father have been good Samaritans to me; as long as it is safe I will stay with you."

"It shall and must be safe. Who would look for you here, of all places, when they think you are buried under the waves of the sea?"

"That is true. I expect it is perfectly safe for me to stay."

He lay back in his chair, and gazed into the fire; he had almost forgotten Esther's presence.

"And you like it—you feel happier since you came?" she asked, presently, in a timid voice.

"What did you say?"

"Mr Wyndham," the forbidden name came out with a burst, "do tell poor Esther Helps that you are happier since she found you."

She had fallen on her knees, the tears were streaming from her eyes; she held out her hands to him.

"Oh," she said, "I would give my life for yours."

In a moment Wyndham's dreamy attitude left him; he sprang to his feet, all alive and keen and watchful. He was the old Wyndham; his eyes were full of pity, which made his whole face radiant.

"Hush," he said. "Get up. Don't say any more. Not another word—not a syllable. You forget yourself. Esther, I saved you once—I must save you again. Sit there, yes, there; I

truth. Esther, I said just now that you were the noblest woman I know. You must go on being noble. I will stay here on that condition."

"Oh, sir, will you?" Poor Esther would have liked to shrink through the very boards. "Will you forgive me, sir?"

"Hush; don't talk about forgiveness. There is nothing to forgive. Esther, I will show you how much I trust you. I will talk to you about my wife. I will tell you a little of my story; I mean the part I can tell without implicating others."

CHAPTER XLII.

Esther was now seated in the easy-chair; Wyndham stood by the mantel-piece. He had got a shock, and that shock had given him strength, and a good deal of his old manner.

"Esther," he said, "I cannot tell you all the story, but some of it I should like you to hear. You are a friend to me, Esther, and the part that relates to myself I will confide to you."

"Sir, I know the other part; you have been the victim of a wicked man."

"Hush; I don't wish to speak about anyone but myself. I don't blame anyone but myself. I loved a woman, Esther Helps, so much better than myself that for her sake I resolved to die to the world. I need not give you the reason of this. It seemed to me necessary for her happiness that I should do this; and I did not think it too much to do. I married my wife knowing that the great love I had for her was not returned. This seemed all for the best, as when I died, as die to all appearance I should, her heart would not be broken. She could continue to live happy and honored. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, sir, yes. Are you tired? Will you sit, Mr Wyndham?"

"I was never less tired. When I speak of my wife I feel as if a fresh vigor were coming into me. We were married, and I soon found that I had overtaxed my own resolve. In one particular I could not complete the sacrifice I had undertaken. I tried to make her love me, and for a time—a short time—I thought I had succeeded."

The speaker paused, and the eagerness of his tone changed

I failed. The heart that I most craved for was not to be mine. I tested it, but it did not respond. This was best, no doubt, but the fact preyed on me dreadfully. I went on board the *Esperance*, and then, God forgive me, the thought took possession of me, the idea overmastered me, that I would make my fictitious death real. Every thing had been carefully arranged with regard to my apparent death. That part implicates others, so I will not touch upon it. I resolved to make certainty doubly certain by dying in earnest. Thus my wife's future would be assured. My death would be real, the thing that might come upon her would be averted for ever. I was in a condition when I could not balance right and wrong; but my intellect was sufficiently keen and sensible to make me prepare for the deed I contemplated. I took steps which would prevent anyone on board thinking that I had fallen overboard by design. My death would be attributed to the merest accident. Thus all was made absolutely safe. What is the matter, Esther?"

"Oh, Mr Wyndham! Oh, you frighten me. Did you—did you think of your soul, sir?"

"I did, Esther. But I loved my wife better than my hope of heaven. I resolved to risk even that for her. As I tell you, I had no sense of personal right or wrong at that time. You see that I am a very wicked man, Esther—no hero—a man who yielded to a dire temptation. I won't talk about this. The night came, and I dropped into the water. There was a storm that night. It was dark, but now and then the stars could be seen through the rifts of the clouds. As I leapt over board I looked up, and saw the brightness of the Southern Cross. Then I went under. The great waves closed over my head. The next instant I came to the surface only possessed with one fierce frantic desire, to save the life I meant to throw away. Better be a living dog than a dead lion, I said to myself. You [illegible]

W. H. Ward.

Almost a Hopeless Case.

A Terrible Cough. No Rest Night nor Day. Given up by Doctors.

A LIFE SAVED
BY TAKING
AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. The doctors, after working over me to the best of their ability, pronounced my case hopeless, and said they could do no more for me. A friend, learning of my trouble, sent me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I began to take, and very soon I was greatly relieved. By the time I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured. I have never had much of a cough since that time, and I firmly believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."—W. H. WARD, 8 Quimby Ave., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
HIGHEST AWARDS AT WORLD'S FAIR.
Ayer's Pills the Best Family Physic.

towns. I would live as an outcast, as the scum of the earth—I would live. I had done a horrible thing in seeking to throw away my life. I cried aloud in my anguish of terror—'God spare me! God leave my breath in my body! Don't take my spirit before the judgment seat!' Through the rifts in the clouds I saw a boat at a little distance manned by some of the sailors who were looking for me. I shouted, but no living voice could be heard in the gale. Then I resolved to husband my strength. I was an excellent swimmer, and I could always float like a cork. I could not swim in that sea, but I could lie quite passive on the waves. I turned on my back, and waited for the issue of events. I closed my eyes and felt myself being moved up and down. The motion in itself was not unpleasant. The waves were wonderfully buoyant. Instead of losing my strength I was rested. My heart beat steadily. I knew that my chance of life depended on my keeping very cool. Presently something struck me. I put out my hand and grasped a floating oar. By means of the oar I knew that unless I froze with the cold I could keep above the water for hours. I placed it under my arms and kept above the water with very little effort.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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.

YOU PUSH
A WHEELBARROW
and the GROCER who pushes
Woodill's German Baking Powder
will find it PROFITABLE to himself, and SATISFACTORY to customers.

J. Snow & Son,
Embalmers and Funeral Directors.