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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(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 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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OFFICE HOURS, 9.00 A. M. TO 8.30 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

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Express west close at 10 a. m.
Express east close at 3 50 p. m.
Kentville close at 6 40 p m.

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BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 2 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

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A DEW BARSS }

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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. 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,
78 - Upper Wator 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

W. J. Balcom

has secured an Auctioneer's license and is prepared to sell oll kinds of Real and Personal Property at a moderate rate.

MEAT!

You will find us at our new stand in

Crystal Palace Block!

Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon, Bologna, Sausages, and all kinds of Poultry in stock.

Davidson & Duncanson.
Wolfville, Jan. 17th, 1894.

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.

SHE HAS BACKACHE
Feels sore aches with muscular Pains, and has just put on that Banisher of Backaches
The D&L MENTHOL PLASTER
J. McLACHLAN, Point au Chene, writes: Nothing better for Lame Back and Lumbago than the D. & L. Menthol Plaster.
A. E. MacLEAN writes from Windsor: "The D. & L. Menthol Plaster is curing Sore Backs and Rheumatism at a great rate in this vicinity."
25c. each in air-tight tin box.

Miss F. E. Davison,
DRESS-MAKER,
Wolfville, - - N. S.

All kinds of Mantle and Dress Making in the Latest Styles. Rooms in F. J. Porter's building, up-stairs.

POETRY.

The Old School-House.

With the red paint worn from the humble walls,
With its shutterless windows blank and wide,
With never a foot of land of its own
Of the fields about it on every side.
With a rusted lock and a worn doorstone,
The little old school-house to ruin falls,
While the shadows and sun throw warp and woof
Aslant the shingles askew on its roof.
Within, the desks are few and small and straight
And short the aisles that run across the floor;
A broken chair, the teacher's vacant throne,
Still keeps its place beside the sagging door,
Through whose wide crack a bright eye sometimes shone,
To spy the land when lagging feet came late,
But the night is day, and the day is night.
And there's never a teacher or child in sight.
A mile away, where the brown river runs,
The old-time teacher is taking his rest,
Careless if scholars shall work or shall play,
Idle himself, with his hands on his breast,
He has lain in his grave for many a day;
And the wind and the rain loiter on at will,
Where the old man sleeps on the brow of the hill.
On land and on sea, in field and in town
The old-time pupils are doing their work,
But their eyes are dim and their hair is white,
And the shoulder that pushed now fain would shirk,
As the schoolday lengthens into the night,
But the master Time, and his colleague Fate,
Know no excuse for the boy who is late.
Yet so perverse are the souls of men,
Though we struggle and strain till hearts shall break
For the prizes we leave when school is done
For the foolish baubles the masters make,
Not one of us would go back—not one
To be a child in the schoolhouse again,
When the shadow and sun throw warp and woof
Aslant the shingles askew on the roof.

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—*Continued.*

They exchanged a few commonplaces. Then Mr George Carmichael, who showed far more uneasiness than his host, explained the motive of his visit.

"You knew my father," he said. "Owing to a strange circumstance, which perhaps you are aware of, but which scarcely concerns the object of this call, certain papers of importance did not come into my hands until I was of age. These are the papers."

He placed two yellow documents on the table.

"I find by these that I am entitled to money which you hold in trust."

"You are," said Mr Paget, with a kindly smile.

"I am puzzled to know why I was never made aware of the fact. I was brought up as a poor man. I had no expectations. I have not been educated to meet the position which in reality awaited me. Somebody has done me a wrong."

"I assure you not me, Mr Carmichael. Perhaps, however, I can throw some light on the subject. If you will do me the favor of dining with me some evening we can talk the matter over at our leisure."

"Thank you, I have very little leisure."

The stranger was wonderfully restless.

"After a struggle I have succeeded in obtaining a good post in Calcutta. I hurried over to see you. I must hurry back to my work. Oh, yes, thanks, I like India. The main point is, when can you hand me over my money. With interest it amounts to——"

"Including interest it amounts to eighty thousand pounds, Mr Carmichael. Allow me to congratulate you, sir, as a man of fortune. There is no need to hurry back to that beggarly clerkship."

"It's not a clerkship, Mr Paget, nor beggarly. I'm a partner in a rising concern. The other man's name is Parr; he has a wife and children, and I wouldn't desert him for the world. Eighty thousand pounds! By Jove, won't Parr open his eyes."

Mr George Carmichael was now so excited that his shyness vanished.

"When can I have my money, sir?"

"In a month's time."

"Not until then? I wanted to go back to India next week."

"It can be sent after you."

A slow suspicious smile crept round the young man's lips; he looked more well-bred than he was.

"None of that," he said. "I don't stir until I get the cheque. I say, can't you give it me at once? It's mine."

"Not a day sooner than a month. I must take that time to realize so large a sum. You shall have it this day month."

"Beastly inconvenient. Parr will be in no end of a taking. I suppose there's no help for it, however."

"None."

"This is the 17th of June. Now your not playing me a trick, are you? You'll pay me over that money all square on the 17th of July."

Mr Paget had an imposing presence. He rose now, slowly, stood on the hearthrug, under his daughter's picture, and looked down at his guest.

"I am sorry for you," he said. "Your education has certainly been imperfect. Your father was a gentleman, and my friend. You, I regret to say, are not a gentleman. I don't repeat my invitation to dine at my house. With regard to the money it shall be in your hands on the 17th July. I am rather pressed for time this morning, Mr Carmichael, and must ask you to leave me. Stay, however, a moment. You are, of course, prepared to give me all proofs of identity?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"What I say. The certificate of the marriage of your parents and certificate of the proof that you are the person you represent yourself to be. I must also have letters from your friends in India. No doubt, of course—no doubt who you are, but these things are necessary."

Notwithstanding that he was the owner of eighty thousand pounds, Mr George Carmichael left the august presence of the head of Paget Brothers feeling somewhat crestfallen.

He had scarcely done so before Helps rushed in.

"A cable, sir! Praise the Lord, a cable at last!"

He thrust the sheet of paper into his employer's hands. It came from Melbourne, and bore the date of the day before.

"*Esperance* arrived safely. Delay caused by broken machinery. Accident of a painful nature on board. Full particulars by mail. JELLYBY."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mr Paget was most careful that the full contents of the cable did not go to his daughter at Jewsbury-on-the-Wold. He read it three or four times, then he took up a telegraph form and wired to her as follows:—

"*Esperance* arrived safely. Delay caused by injury to machinery."

This telegram caused intense rejoicing at the rectory, and Mr Paget had his gloomy part to himself. He conned that part over and over.

A serious accident. To whom? About whom? What a fool that Jellyby was not to have given him more particulars. Why did that part of the cablegram fill him with consternation? Why should he feel so certain that the accident in question referred to his son-in-law? Well, he must wait over a month for news, and during that month he must collect together eighty thousand pounds. Surely he had enough to think of. Why should his thoughts revert to Wyndham with an ever increasing dread?

"Wyndham is safe enough," he said. "Jolly enough, too, I make no doubt. His money waits for him at Ballarat. Of course bad news will come, but I shall see through it. Oh, yes, I shall see through it fast enough."

Days of suspense are hard days—long and weary days. As these days crept one by one away Mr Paget became by no means an easy person to live with. His temper grew morose, he was irritable, manifestly ill at ease, and he would often for hours scarcely utter a word.

The 17th of July passed. Mr Carmichael again called for his money. A part was paid to him, the balance the head of the great shipping firm assured the young man could not possibly be forthcoming for another month or six weeks.

"I am sorry," Mr Paget said, "extremely sorry not to be able to fulfil my word to the letter. But I must have time to realize such a large sum, and I greatly fear I must claim it."

Mr Carmichael had a cheque in his hand for ten thousand pounds. He could scarcely feel discontented at such a moment, and took his departure grumbling but elated.

"Helps," said Mr Paget, "I have taken that ten thousand pounds out of the business, and it can ill afford to lose it. If news does not come soon we are undone, and all our plotting and planning won't save the old place nor the honor of the old house."

"No fear," muttered Helps. "The news will come. I have bad dreams at night. The house will be saved. Don't you fret, Mr Paget."

He went out of the room looking as morose and ugly as possible, and Mortimer Paget hurled no blessings after him.

The next day was fraught with tidings. A thick packet lay on the chief's desk, bearing the imprint of the *Esperance* on it. By the side of the packet was a telegram. He opened the telegram first:—

"Jewsbury-on-the-Wold, 10 a. m.

"Valentine had a son this morning. Both doing well."

The tears absolutely sprang to Mr Paget's eyes. His hands trembled; he looked round furitively; there was no one by. Then he raised the telegram to his lips and kissed it. Valentine had a son—he had a grandson. Another head of the old house had arisen on the horizon.

He rang his electric bell; he was so excited that he could not keep these tidings to himself.

"I have sent for you to receive your congratulations, Helps," he said; "and—and here's a cheque for ten pounds. You must go home early and have a good supper—champagne and all that sort of thing. Not a word, Helps, my good fellow, you deserve it. You quite deserve it!"

"May I ask what for, Mr Paget? Forgive me, sir. I see that the packet from the *Esperance* has come."

"So it has. It can wait. Take your money, Helps, and drink my grandson's health. He arrived this morning, bless him—my daughter had a son this morning."

"Indeed, sir. It's a pity the father isn't there. It would have been pretty to have seen Mr Wyndham as a father. Yes, sir. I'm glad your young lady is doing well. Babes come with trouble, and it seems to me they mostly go with trouble. All the same, we make a fuss of them—and the world's too full as it is."

"This child supplies a long felt need," replied the baby's grandfather, frowning. "He is the future head of the house."

"Poor innocent. Yes, sir, I congratulate you as in duty bound. You'll soon read that packet, won't you, sir. It seems a sort of a coincidence like, getting news of the father and the babe in one breath."

"I'll read the packet presently," said Mr Paget. "Go away now, Helps; don't disturb me."

Left alone, the pleased man spread out the pink sheet of paper in such a position that his eye could constantly rest on it. Then he broke the seal of Captain Jellyby's yarn, and began to read.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"*Esperance*, April 10.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"I begin a letter to you under peculiarly afflicting circumstances. Your son-in-law, the favorite of every one on board, one of the nicest young gentlemen I have had the luck to meet, fell overboard last night, between nine and ten o'clock, when a very heavy sea was running. He was standing at the wheel, talking to a sailor of the name of Loggan. Loggan said he was very cheerful and keen to watch the storm. He was helping to tighten up a bit of rope when the boat gave a lurch. Loggan shouted to him to take care, but he was taken off his feet, and the next moment was in the water. We put out the boats and did all in our power, but in addition to the storm the night was very dark, and we never saw nor heard anything more of the unfortunate young gentleman. The night was so rough he must have gone to the bottom almost directly. I cannot express to you, sir, what a gloom this has cast upon all on board. As I said already, your son-in-law was beloved by passengers and sailors alike. His death was due to the most ordinary accident.

"Well, sir, regrets are useless, but if regrets would bring Mr Wyndham back, he would be safe and well now; he was one of the most taking young men I ever came across, and also one of the best. Please give my respectful condolences to his poor young widow——"

Here there was a break in the narrative. It was taken up some days later.

"I had scarcely written the last when an awful thing happened. There was a fearful crash on board, and in short, sir, our funnel was blown down. I can scarcely go into particulars now, but for many days we lay at the mercy of the waves, and I never thought to see land any more. It speaks well for the worthiness of the *Esperance* that she weathered such a gale. But for many days and nights the destruction to your property, for the water poured in in all parts, and the miserable state of the passengers, baffles description. The ship was in such a condition that we could not use steam, and when the storm abated had to drift as best we could. For our main masts were also broken, and we could put on scarcely any sail. Our provisions were also becoming short.

"A week ago, by the mercy of God, we came within hail of the steamer *Salamanca*, which towed us into port, and the *Esperance* has been put into dock at Melbourne for repairs.

"Under these appalling circumstances, Mr Wyndham's loss has not been forgotten, but to a certain extent cast on one side. Perhaps I ought to say here, sir, that when your son-in-law commenced his voyage to Sydney under my auspices, he appeared to be in such a state of agitation, and in such distress of mind, that I feared for his brain, and wondered if you had sent him on this voyage by a doctor's orders. He made also a request to me which seemed to confirm this view. He begged me not to let out to anyone on board the smallest particulars (I really did not know any) of his history. In especial he did not wish his wife spoken of. He looked strange when he made these requests, and even now I can see the despair in his eyes when I refused—you will remember, sir, by your express desire—to touch at Plymouth. I may as well say frankly, that had Mr Wyndham continued as depressed as he was the first few days of the voyage, I should have scarcely considered his untimely end altogether due to accident. But I am happy to be able to [illegible] That he felt the separation from his wife terribly at first there is no doubt, but there is also no doubt that he got over this feeling, that he was healthily happy, and altogether the brightest fellow on board. In short, sir, he was the life of the ship; even now we are never done lamenting him. Untimely as his fate was, no one could have been more ready to rush suddenly into the presence of his Maker. I enclose with this a formal certificate of Mr Wyndham's death, with the latitude and longitude of the exact spot where he must have gone down accurately described. This certificate is duly attested by the Consul here, and I delayed one day in writing to you in order that it should go.

"I remain, sir,
"Yours respectfully,
"HARRY JELLYBY."

"P. S.—I forgot to mention that two of our boats have been absolutely lost; but I will send you a full list of casualties by next mail."

Helps had never felt more restless than he did that morning; he could not attend to his ordinary avocations. Truth to tell, Helps' position in the house of Paget Brothers had always been more or less a dubious one. It was patent to all that he was confided in to a remarkable degree by the head of the house. It was also observed that he had no special or defined post. In short that he did a little of everybody's work, and seemed to have nothing absolutely depending on himself.

All the same, when Helps was away the whole establishment felt a loss. If the old clerk was useful for no other purpose, he was at least valuable as a scapegoat. He could bear blame which belonged to others. It was convenient to make excuses, and to shift uncomfortable omissions of all sorts from one's own shoulders.

"Oh, I thought Helps would have seen to that."

Helps saw to a great deal, and was perfectly indifferent to these inuendoes. Of one thing he was certain, that they would never reach the chief's ears.

On this particular morning Helps would assist no one; he had ten pounds in his pocket, and he knew that the future owner of the great business lay in his cradle at Jewsbury-on-the-Wold. Little cared he for that.

"What news of Mr Wyndham?" This was his thought of thoughts. "What secret lies hidden within that sealed packet? What is my master doing now? When will he ring for me? How soon shall I know the best and the worst? Oh, God, why did I let that young man go? Why didn't I split? What's prison, after all? My God, what is prison compared to a heart on fire!"

Helps pottered about. He was a very wizened grey little fellow. The clerks found him decidedly in the way. They muttered to one another about him, and Mr Manners, one of the juniors, requested him in a very cutting voice to shut the door and go away.

Helps obeyed the command to the very letter. By this time his state of mind might have been described as on the rack. For two hours Mr Paget had been reading that letter. Impossible; no letter would take that time to read. Why had he not rung? Surely he must know what Helps was enduring. Surely at this crisis of his fate—at this crisis of both their fates he must want to see his faithful servant. Why then did he not ring?

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Mrs. May Johnson.

Ayer's Pills

"I would like to add my testimony to that of others who have used Ayer's Pills, and to say that I have taken them for many years, and always derived the best results from their use.

For Stomach

and liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equaled. When my friends ask me what is the best remedy for disorders of the stomach,

Liver, or Bowels,

my invariable answer is, Ayer's Pills. Taken in season they will break up a cold, prevent la grippe, check fever, and regulate the digestive organs. They are easy to take, and

Are the best

all-round family medicine I have ever known."—Mrs. MAY JOHNSON, 368 Rider Ave., New York City.

AYER'S PILLS

Highest Awards at World's Fair.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the blood.

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.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

"LAND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE:

On and after Monday, 3d July, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted).

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE.

Flying Bluenose from Halifax 1,13 p. m.
Express from Kentville.....5 35, a m
Express " Halifax.....9 16, a m
F. Bluenose from Yarmouth...12,59 p m
Express " Yarmouth.....3 09, p m
Express " Halifax.....5 55, p m
Accom. " Richmond.....11 30, a m
Accom. " Annapolis.....11 25, a m

TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE.

Flying Bluenose from Halifax 1,13 P. M.
Express for Halifax.....5 35, a m
Express " Yarmouth.....9 16, a m
F. Bluenose from Yarmouth. 12,59, p m
Express " Halifax.....3 09, p m
Express " Kentville.....5 55, p m
Accom. " Annapolis.....11 35, a m
Accom. " Halifax.....11 40, a m

Buffet Parlor Cars run daily each way between Halifax and Yarmouth on the Flying Bluenose Expresses.

Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time.

W. R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.

R. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

Dr. DeWitt,

OFFICE IN HIS RESIDENCE, MAIN ST.

WOLFVILLE. 7-tf