

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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No. 33.

THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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The ACADIAN'S JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

New 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 in a fictitious signature.

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Editors & Proprietors,
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REV. KENNETH G. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, }
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St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 8 o'clock p.m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION of O. 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.

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

Money to Loan.
On Good Land Security!
Apply to
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Sausages, and all kinds
of Poultry in stock.
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Harrison Bros.
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Plain and Artistic Painters, Importers of Wall Paper and Decorations.
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Money to lend on mortgage.

SEKODA'S DISCOVERY.
Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

POETRY.

Always a Song Somewhere.

Though the sun be hidden, the sky be clear
With billowy clouds of gray,
And the rain be falling o'er valley and mead,
And cheerless and sad the day,
The world is not wholly devoid of mirth,
The breaks still sing, and the breeze,
And the sun to-morrow will kiss the earth.

Take heart my friend—though the world to you
Seems dark and cold to-day,
Your sky will change from gray to blue,
Your troubles drift away—
A song somewhere is being sung,
And soon will greet your ears;
The clouds above your pathway hung
Will vanish as the years.

Roll onward, and some future day
Your eyes will gladly see
A golden lining to the gray—
And know 'twas best for thee
That darkness clouds sometimes hung low,
Obscuring all life's blue;
That losses were but lights to show
The better way and true.

There is always a song for you and me
My friend, if we list to hear,
For the world is full of melody,
Sweet love, and hopeful cheer;
You will find the old world true to you
No matter what others say—
If you're true to yourself, and to others
—And a song somewhere each day.
—Edwin D. Love.

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEAD.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Carr was an invaluable help. Some people would have said that he was a great deal too gay and cheerful—a great deal too athletic and well-knit and keen eyed for a curate.

This was not the case; he made an excellent clergyman, but he had a great sense of the fitness of things, and he believed fully in a time for everything.

Helping three merry girls to cut out red and blue marine frocks, on a cold day in January, seemed to him a very cheerful occupation. Gay laughter and light and innocent chatter filled the room, and Lillias soon became one of the merriest of the party.

In the midst of their chatter the rector entered.

"I want you, Carr," he said, abruptly; he was usually a very polite man, almost too oecumenical. Now his words came with a jerk, and the moment he had uttered them he vanished.

"As Carr left the room in obedience to this quick summons, Lillias' face became once more clouded.

The rector was pacing up and down his study. When Carr entered he asked him to bolt the door.

"Is anything the matter, sir?" asked the young man.

Mr. Wyndham's manner was so perturbed, so unlike himself, that it was scarcely wonderful that Carr should ask this question. It received, however, a short and sharp reply.

"I hope to goodness, Carr, you are not one of those imaginative people who are always foreboding a lion in the path. What I said for you was—well—"

the rector paused. He raised his eyes slowly until they rested upon the picture of Gerald's mother; the face very like Gerald's seemed to appeal to him; his lips trembled.

"I can't keep it up, Carr," he said, with an abandon which touched the younger man to the heart. "I'm not satisfied about my son. Nothing wrong, oh, no—and yet—and yet—you understand, Carr, I have only one son—a lot of girls, God bless them all—and only one son."

Carr came over and stood by the mantel-piece. If he felt any surprise, he showed none. His words came out gently, and in a matter-of-fact style.

"If you have any cause to be worried, Mr. Wyndham—and—and—you think I can help you, I shall be proud to be trusted." Then his thoughts flew to Lillias and his firm, rather thin lips took a faint smile.

"I have no doubt I am very foolish," replied the rector. "I had a letter this morning from Gerald. He tells me it that he is going to Australia in March, on some special business for his father-in-law's firm—you know he is a partner in the firm. His wife is not to accompany him."

The rector paused.

Carr made no answer for a moment. Then he said, feeling his way—
"This will be a trial for Mrs. Wyndham."

"One would suppose so. Gerald doesn't say anything on the subject."

"Well," said the rector, "how does it strike you? Perhaps you're nervous—Lilly, poor girl, is the same, and Marjory laughs at us both. How does this intelligence strike you as an outsider, Carr? Pray give me your opinion."

"Yes," said Carr, simply. "I do not think my opinion need settle any one. Doubtless, sir, you know facts which throw a different complexion on the thing. It all seems to me a commonplace affair. In big business houses partners have often to go away at short notice. It will certainly be a trial for Mrs. Wyndham to do without her husband. I don't like to prescribe change of air for you, Mr. Wyndham, as I did for Miss Lillias just now, but I should like to ask you if your acres are quite in order?"

The rector laughed.

"You are a daring fellow to talk of acres to me, Carr," he said. "Have not I prided myself all my life on having no acres? Well, well, the fact is, a great change has come over the lad's face. He used to be such a boy, too light-hearted, if anything, too young, if anything, for his years—the most unselfish fellow from his birth. Give away? Bless you, there was nothing Gerald wouldn't give away. Why, look here, Carr, we all tried to spell the boy amongst us—he was the only one—and his mother taken away when he was young—and he the image of her. Yes, all the girls resemble me, but Gerald is the image of his mother. We all tried to teach him selfishness, but we couldn't. Now, Carr, you will be surprised at what I am going to say, but if a man can be unselfish to a fault, to a fault mind you—to the verge of a crime—it's my son Gerald. I know this, I have always seen it in him. Now my boy's father-in-law, Mertimer Paget, is as selfish as I am the reverse. Why did he want a poor lad like mine to marry his rich and only daughter? Why did he make him a partner in his house of business, and why did he insure my boy's life? Insure it heavily? Answer me that, Carr. My boy would have taken your place here, Carr; humbly but worthily would he have served the Divine Master, no man happier than he. Is he happy now? Is he young for his years now? Tell me, Carr, what you really think?"

"I don't know, sir. I have not looked at things from your light. You are evidently much troubled, and I am deeply troubled for you. I don't know Wyndham very well, but I know him a little. I think that marriage and the cares of a house of business and all his fresh responsibilities may be enough to age your son's face. As to the insurance question, all business is so fluctuating that Mr. Paget was doubtless right in securing his daughter and her children from possible want in the future. See here, Mr. Wyndham, I am going up to town this evening for two or three days. Shall I call at Park lane and bring you my own impressions with regard to your son?"

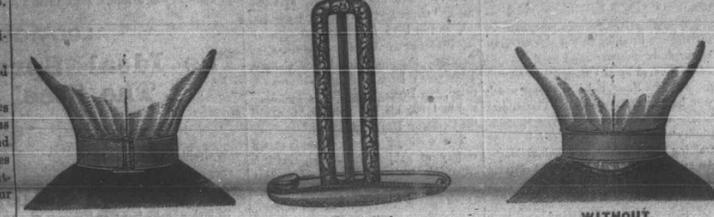
"Thank you, Carr, that is an excellent thought, and what is more you shall escort Lillias and Marjory up to town. They have a standing invitation to my boy's house, and a little change just now would do—shall I say Lillias?—good."

"Miss Lillias wants a change, sir. She is affected like yourself with, may I call it, an attack of the nerves."

CHAPTER XIX.

Valentine really made an excellent housekeeper. Nobody expected it of her; her friends, the ladies, old and young, the girls, married or otherwise, who knew Valentine as they supposed very intimately, considered the idea of getting this remarkably ignorant young person down with a fixed income and telling her to buy with it, and contrive with it, and make two ends meet with it, quite one of the best jokes of the day.

Valentine did not regard it as a joke at all. She honestly tried, honestly studied, and honestly made a success as housekeeper and household manager. She was a most undeveloped crea-



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WELL, THE WOMEN DO! They want it, they must have it, and if you have not got it, another merchant in your city will have it. Better be the leader, not the tail-ender. You can get it without the belt to sell over your NOTION or JEWELRY counters.

NOW if the above does not tell you vividly enough why the Holdfast is a good thing here are a Woman's Reasons:

The HOLDFAST holds the belt and skirt fast.
The HOLDFAST does away with the troublesome belt pin.
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The HOLDFAST Belt has a patent catch regulating the size, and
The HOLDFAST Belts are made of the best material.

AND THE BEST OF IT ALL IS
The HOLDFAST does not increase the cost of the belt, and it is advertised in a number of the leading magazines and fashion papers.

Henry G. Marr, Moncton, N. B.,
Sole Agent for Canada. Write for Wholesale Prices!

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LE BON MARCHÉ, HALIFAX, N. S.
HALIFAX, N. S.

ture, undeveloped both in mind and heart; but she not only possessed intense latent affections, but latent capacities of all sorts. She scarcely knew the name of poverty, she had no experience with regard to the value of money, but nature had given her an instinct which taught her to spend it wisely and well. She found a thousand a year a large income than she and Gerald with their modest wants needed. She scarcely used half of what she received, and yet her home was cheerful, her servants happy, her table all that was comfortable.

When she brought her housekeeping books to her husband to balance at the end of the first month, he looked at her with admiration, and then said in a voice of great sadness—
"God help me, Valentine, have I made a mistake altogether about you? Am I dreaming, Valentine, are you meant for a poor man's wife after all?"

"For your wife, whether rich or poor," she said; and she knelt down by his side, and put her hand into his. She had always possessed a sweet and beautiful face, but for the last few weeks it had altered; the sweetness had not gone, but resolution had grown round the curved pretty lips, and the eyes had a soft happiness in them.

"Pretty, charming creature!" people used to say of her. "But just a trifle common-place and dull-like."

This dull-like expression was no longer discernible in Valentine.

Gerald touched her hair tenderly.

"My little darling!" he said. His voice shook. Then he rose abruptly, with a gesture which was almost rough.

"Come upstairs, Val; the housekeeping progresses admirably. No, my dear, you made a mistake, you were never meant for a poor man's wife."

Valentine kissed his brow; she looked at him in a puzzled way.

"Do you know," she said, laying her hands on his, with a gesture half timid, half appealing; "don't go up to the drawing-room for a moment, Gerald, I want to say a thing, something I have observed. I am loved by two men, by my father and by you. I am loved by them very much—by both of them very much. Oh, yes, Gerald, I know what you feel for me, and yet I can't make either of them happy. My father is not happy. Oh, yes, I can see—love isn't blind. I never remembered my father quite, quite happy, and he is certainly less so than ever now. He tries to look all right when people are by; even succeeds, for he is so un-

selfish, and brave, and noble. But when he is alone—ah, then. Once he fell asleep when I was in the room, he looked terrible in that sleep; his face was haggard—he sighed—there was moisture on his brow. When he woke he asked me to marry you. I didn't care for you then, Gerald, but I said yes because of my father. He said if I married you he would be perfectly happy. I did so—he is not happy."

Gerald did not say a word.

"And you aren't happy, dear," she continued, coming a little nearer to him. "You used to be; before you were engaged you had such a gay face. I could never call you gay since, Gerald. You are so thin, and sometimes at night I lie awake, and I hear you sigh. Why, what is the matter, Gerald? You look ghastly now. Am I hurting you? I wouldn't hurt you, darling."

Wyndham turned round quickly. He had been white almost to fainting, now a great light seemed to leap out of his eyes.

"What did you say? What did you call me? Say it again."

"Darling."

"Then I thank my God—everything has not been in vain."

He sank down on the nearest chair and burst into tears. Tragedies go on where least expected. The servants in the servants' hall thought their young master and mistress quite the happiest people in the world. Were they not gay, young, rich? Did they not adore one another? Gerald's devotion to Valentine was almost a joke with them, and Valentine's increasing regard for him was very observable to those watchful outsiders.

Certainly the pair stayed in a good deal in the evenings, and why to-night in particular did they linger so long in the dining-room, rather to the inconvenience of the kitchen regime. But presently their steps were heard going upstairs, and then Valentine accompanied Gerald's violin on the piano.

Wyndham played very well for an amateur, so well that with a little extra practice he might almost have taken his place as a professional of no mean ability. He had exquisite taste and a sensitive ear. Music always excited him, and perhaps was not the safest recreation for such a highly strung nature.

Valentine could accompany well; she, too, loved music, but had not her husband's facility nor grace of execution. In his happiest moments Gerald could compose, and sometimes even im-

provis with success.

During their honeymoon it seemed to him one day as he looked at the somewhat impassive face of the girl for whom he had sold himself body and soul—as he looked and felt that not yet at least did her heart echo even faintly to any beat of his, it occurred to him that he might tell his story in its pain and its longing best through the medium of music. He composed a little piece which, for want of another title, he called "Waves." It was very sweet in melody, and had some minor notes of such pathos that when Valentine first heard him play it on the violin she burst into tears. He told her quite simply then that it was his story about her, that all the sweetness was her share, all the graceful melody, the sparkling joyous notes which tumbled from Gerald's violin seemed to speak like a gay and happy voice, represented his ideal of her. The deeper notes and the pain brought to him; pain must ever come nigh to her when it is strongest, she would understand this presently.

Then he put his little piece away—he only played it once for her when they were in Switzerland; he forgot it, but she did not.

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You won't have to buy new ones.
All Dyeing, Cleaning and Laundry Work done at Halifax prices. Ungar gives satisfaction.
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