THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XI. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1892. No. 28.

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Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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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
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METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranswick Jost, A. 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. Greenwich and Avonport services at 3 p m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7 30 p m; at Horton on Friday at 7 30 p m. Strangers welcomed all the services.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday afternoon at 3, except the first Sunday in the month, when there will be Morning Prayer and Celebration of the Holy Communion at 11.

ISAAC BROCK, D. D.,
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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets every Monday evening in their Hall Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

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

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in Witter's Hall every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

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—OF THE—
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The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

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"Thank Who?"
"Why the inventor of

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Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."

Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.

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Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00.

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Dealers supplied by J. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Halifax, N. S., or direct from the Mills of HILLIARD & PEPLOW, Peterborough, Ont.

JOB PRINTING of every description done at short notice at this office.

POETRY.

The Elder's Sermon.

Our elder told us yesterday we had not learned to live
Until we learned how blessed 'tis to pardon and forgive.
The dear, sweet, precious words he spake like heavenly manna fell:
The perfect peace they brought our hearts no human words can tell.

"Love brings millenial peace," he said; and though my lips were dumb,
I still kept shouting in my soul, "Amen, and let it come!"
"When men forgive all other men, the year of jubilee
Will dawn upon the world," he said; and I, "So let it be."

"So, love your neighbor as yourself," he then began again,
And Silas Fitz, across the aisle, he snouted out "Amen"
What right had he to yell amen, the low-toned measley hound!
Who took my cow, my new milch cow, and locked her in the pound!

The low-down, raw-boned, homely crank, a lunk-head and a lout,
Whose love and grace and heart and soul have all been rusted out,
To sit there in the sanctuary and holler out Amen!
If I could choke the rascal once, he'd never shout again!

One day his dog came by my house, I called the brute inside,
Gave him a chunk of meat to eat, and he crawled off and died.
He just crawled off and died right then; says I, "I'll let him see,
No long-legged simpleton like him can get the best of me."

But, oh, that sermon I would love to hear it preached again,
About forgiveness, charity, and love to fellow men.
I should have felt as if I basked in heaven's especial smile,
If that great villian, Silas Fitz, hadn't sat across the aisle.

SELECT STORY.

Pretty Miss Smith.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I COULD not go to bed. I hung about the corridor for some time listening and fancying that I heard the voices of the men in the distillery. At last, instead of going to my own room, I crept into that of my poor friend. I left the door open, so that the light from the gas in the corridor streamed faintly into the room, showing me the different objects on the dressing table which she had last used, the open ivory pin-box, the little tortoiseshell hand mirror. From commonplace they had all became sacred, and I hovered over them with the horror I had felt giving way for the first time to a tender pain which allowed the tears to flow from my eyes. Presently I slid down on to the floor, buried my face in the little sofa, and sobbed with all my heart.

I sobbed until my head ached unbearably, so that I could scarcely raise it in my hands, and until I was half blind and half deaf. Then I heard the door close. I sprang to my feet, the throbbing pain in my temples causing me to cry out as I did so.

"Who's there?" I called aloud.

For answer I heard a moan in a woman's voice.

I was not frightened; I was too miserable to feel any emotion so acute as alarm. I stood quite still, and, listening intently, asked:

"Who is it?"

Then a light was struck, and I saw a woman's form, candle in hand, coming towards me.

Then, indeed, terror seized upon me, such terror as I had never before felt in my life. For this woman approaching me with faltering, unsteady steps, with wide open, wild eyes and breath that came in sobs was Mary, Mary whom I could have sworn that I saw flung over the gallery-rails into the revolving machinery in the tun-room, whose death-cry I believed I had heard, whose mingled body I had caught sight of on the floor.

I am not superstitious, but I hung back for a few moments, not crying out, but examining every feature of the woman before me with doubtful eyes. At last I stretched out my hand and touched hers, which was icily cold.

"Mary," I whispered hoarsely, "is it you, really you?"

"I scarcely know myself," answered the poor girl in a low, broken voice.

And letting me take the candlestick from her she sank upon the sofa. For some minutes we sat together side by side without exchanging another word. Mary seemed benumbed by some great shock; while I was too much overwhelmed by the feeling that I had more horrors to hear to enjoy even a feeling of relief at my friend's apparently miraculous escape.

At last, however, one extraordinary circumstance struck me with sudden force.

"Your clothes are quite dry!" I said.

Mary bent her head in assent and comprehension.

"It was not I who was thrown in," she said in a dull voice.

"Not you! Who was it then?"

"Then, with sudden apprehension, I sprang up, drawing a deep breath.

"The woman! Dora Selton!" I gasped out.

Mary clasped her hands.

"I was there," she whispered hoarsely. "I could not see, but I heard. I heard you cry out too. I heard you say "Mary" and I knew what you thought, but I seemed to be paralyzed, and could not call back to you. I had gone into the works to try to find this poor woman; you had said she would be there I knew she could explain a great deal of this mystery if she would, and I meant to make it worth her while. But when I found her, she was struggling with this man, reproaching him, threatening him. And before I had recovered myself, the end came, and she was killed, and I did not know by whom."

"Do you know now? Do you guess?" whispered I into her ear, as she bent down her face upon her hands.

"I don't know, I don't know; I don't want to think," she answered vehemently.

After a long pause I make a hazardous remark.

"You know—that—Hilary Gold was about?"

"Yes. He had followed me into the distillery, and insisted on speaking to me. I reproached him with caring for this woman, this Dora Selton, and he seemed amazed, and swore solemnly that he had not seen her half a dozen times, and that she had represented herself to him as a friend of mine. He said I had been tricked, and he left me in a passion of indignation, and said that he must see his guardian, Uncle Charles, at once."

"But he didn't, did he?

"No, I refused to let him come into the house to make a disturbance at that time of night, and he left me, still furious, vowing that I cared more for the meanest creature in my employment than I did for him."

"And you don't know where he went then?"

"No. I thought he was going out by the distillery entrance."

"And you don't think——?"

Mary knew what I meant and she shuddered.

"I don't know, oh, I don't know. Don't make me think, don't make me guess."

The poor girl was evidently kept on the rack by her own thoughts; and I, having nothing encouraging to say to her, just sat by her silently, chafing her cold hands in mine.

I slept with her that night, neither of us daring to be left alone. The next morning we overslept ourselves, and when we got downstairs we learned that Mr Marshall had gone away by an early train. He had left affectionate little notes both for Mary and me, telling her that he should soon be back to enjoy her hospitality again, and me that he was going to sift to the bottom the mystery of the night before.

From this I guessed more certainly than before in what direction his suspicions pointed. For my own part, I knew that poor Mary's doubts of Hilary were causing her such intolerable torture, that I made up my mind to seek him out on my own account, and not to rest until I had heard his version of the story.

I had learnt Hilary's address from Mary, and was ready to start soon after breakfast, when an unexpected difficulty sprang up. A police officer came into the house from the distillery, to continue the inquiries he had begun there, and not only had we to answer fully all his detailed interrogations, concerning the events of the previous evening, but it was with great difficulty that he was induced to allow me to leave the house at all. However, I got away at last, and reached Hilary's lodgings without incident. Then I was informed by the landlady that Mr Gold, was out. He had gone, she believed, to Doncaster Races.

I remembered the mysterious mention of Doncaster made by Harry Hopkins the night before. It must be then, as Mr Marshall had once half hinted to me, that Hilary was a devotee of the race-course, and that this was the explanation of his financial ruin.

I suppose it would have seemed to a person of calm mind the decision of a madwoman that I instantly took. But I was racked with impatience, and could not wait. I would follow him to Doncaster myself, and there in the midst of his vicious dissipations, I would confront Hilary Gold, and bring him to book. I had been to "The Oaks" and to the Epsom Spring Meeting, driving down comfortably in the Marshall's carriage, so I knew just enough to understand that to make my way about a racecourse by myself would be no easy or pleasant task. But my zeal was so much stronger than my discretion that I did not hesitate to trust to luck and to start on my journey.

It was by this time getting late in the day, and all the "specials" had gone. So I went up quite comfortably, without any crowding, and should have congratulated myself upon the fact but for a counterbalancing disadvantage. I was in a slow train; and as it drew near Doncaster, having already suffered a delay further south, it was shunted so frequently to make way for returning "specials" that I began to see there was little chance of my meeting Hilary, unless he should have decided to stay in the town for the following day's racing.

When we reached Doncaster I found the platform crowded with people, noisy, clamorous, red-faced, not over sober and decidedly rough. They were making a rush in a compact body for every train as it ran into the station, and I narrowly escaped being thrown on my back as I struggled to leave the carriage. It was clear that the races were over for that day, and that my best chance of meeting Hilary lay in waiting about the station; so I pushed and edged my way through the crowd round to the up-platform and waited by a doorway, where I had a good view of the approaching stream. The crowd was pouring in rather less thickly as I took up my stand, but before long there was an onrush so thick that I despaired of being able to find out any single person. On they came, walking, running, driving, hot, dusty, vociferous. A swarm of light-coated betting-men dashed through the doors in front of me, forcing me to stand back to avoid being knocked down. I could distinguish no one in the rush. But suddenly, above the noisy laughter, I heard a voice I knew, loud, angry, and fierce, crying with savage emphasis:

"There he is, the scoundrel!"

It was Hilary Gold's voice; I could not see him, but I knew he had passed through the doors and I followed with the surging crowd to the platform.

A train for London had just come in; there was a rush in which I was borne foreward and almost crushed against the side of a carriage. As I struggled back I caught sight of Hilary. He was some paces behind me in the crowd; and with a face convulsed with rage, he was trying to get at one of the group of dust coated betting men who had entered the station so noisily. I watched him; I was so jammed in I could do nothing else. Just as the man he was struggling to reach set his foot on the carriage-step, Hilary seized him by the shoulder and dragged him backwards with a sullenly muttered oath. As the man felt himself dragged back, he turned his head sharply, and stared at his assailant. At that moment I caught sight of his face.

Grown white in a moment, haggard, wide eyed, distorted, it was the same face that had turned upon me on the night when I seized Mary's unknown enemy on the distillery staircase.

CHAPTER XXV.

I WAS so overwhelmed by the passionate excitement into which this second sight of the strange man's face threw me, that for a few moment I saw nothing distinctly. The crowd still pushed and surged. In a sort of haze I saw, through the scrambling, fighting throng, half-a-dozen strong men's arms thrust forth from the carriage at the door of which the strange man stood. Someone gave Hilary a great blow in the chest which sent him staggering backwards, the man whom he had seized was drawn by his friends into the compartment, and the door was closed. A few seconds later the train moved slowly out of the station.

On to the platform they still poured, shouting, aggressive, jubilant men, weary, downcast, silent men; the load the train had taken out scarcely seemed to diminish their numbers. I was able to watch Hilary, who stood with a stern and resolute face, evidently hardly conscious of the mob surrounding him. And as I watched, my thoughts concerning him changed, my doubts of him grew weaker.

One thing was certain! He had not come to Doncaster that day, as I had supposed, in the callous determination to enjoy a favorite dissipation. If he had even come to drown remorse, he had not succeeded. There was anger, unhappiness, steady resolution in every line of his dark face. His dress, too, was utterly unlike that of the typical racing man—utterly unlike, for instance, that of the man he had seized and who had escaped him. He was in dark, heavy looking clothes, on which the dust of the road and of the race-course lay in deep white furrows. When a movement in the crowd gave me an opportunity I went up to him and touched his arm. He did not seem to notice me.

"Mr Gold," I said.

He started and looked round. There was no guilt on his face, only a great surprise.

"You here, Miss Oliver! Not—not alone, surely!"

"Yes," said I, feeling shy and uncomfortable, and not at all carrying out my part of threatening avenger.

"Why, what on earth——Excuse me, but—did you come here to meet—to find someone?"

"Yes," said I very shyly and meekly.

"Ah!" No thought of the truth entered his mind evidently. He added very quietly: "So did I."

There was a pause. The hustling crowd threw us nearer together. I, with my face close under his looked straight into his eyes.

"Who was that man?" I asked abruptly.

"Do you mean to say you don't know?" said he brusquely.

I trembled and did not answer. I could hardly tell what the fear was that began to gather round my heart.

"No, I don't know who it was."

"You have never seen him before, I suppose?"

"Only once."

Hilary looked down at me with a penetrating expression. After a few moments' silence he said quietly:

"Pray that you may never see him again then."

I shrank away as far as I could, which was not many paces in that throng. At that moment another surging movement in the crowd announced the approach of a second train for London. Hilary elbowed his way to me.

"You had better let me see you back to town," he said shortly; "you would not find the return journey by yourself very pleasant, I'm afraid."

Indeed I was thankful to accept his escort, for the flushed faces and coarse speech of my destined fellow-travelers had frightened all the courage out of me. Somehow the thought that I was receiving a kindness from a suspected murderer never crossed my mind. They say that a woman has some mysterious instinct by which she jumps to a right conclusion which it takes a man hours of reasoning to arrive at. I suppose it was that instinct which made me now feel certain that, whoever was the murderer of Dora Selton, it was not Hilary Gold.

With great difficulty he got me safely into a compartment of the train, and with greater difficulty still secured a place in it for himself. It was a most unpleasant journey back to town. There were eleven passengers in the space intended for six, and they were chiefly of the kind that only travels first-class when the guards are too busy to be over particular. They sang comic songs which I would rather not have heard and they talked a curious slang which I was glad I did not understand. Hilary at first kindly tried to make conversation for me, but soon had to give it up amid the babble. Of course we could not approach serious subjects until, after a weary, weary while, the train at last steamed into King's Cross Station. It was past ten o'clock.

In my head had been beating, through all the din and fatigue of the journey, the one thought that if I brought Hilary down to Mary's house the whole mystery would be cleared up, and my poor girl's belief in her lover would prove to be justified. Even at the risk of laying bare secrets which I began to dread to touch, there would be a certain good gained in easing Mary's mind and securing her a devoted adherent. So I turned to the young man as soon as we got out of the train, and asked if he would accompany me to Mary's. He hesitated, however.

"I am sure," I went hurriedly, "that we have done you some injustice, I especially perhaps."

"I know you have," said he shortly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

"German Syrup"

A Farmer at Edom, Texas, Says: "We are six in family. We live in a place where we are subject to violent Colds and Lung Troubles. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many different kinds of cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. That has been my experience. If you use it once, you will go back to it whenever you need it. It gives total relief and is a quick cure. My advice to everyone suffering with Lung Troubles is—Try it. You will soon be convinced. In all the families where your German Syrup is used we have no trouble with the Lungs at all. It is the medicine for this country.

John Franklin Jones.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

$3,500 IN REWARDS

The Canadian Agriculturist's Great Winter Literary Competition.

The Fifth Half Yearly Literary Competition for the winter of 1892, of THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, America's old and reliable Illustrated Family Magazine, is now open. The following splendid prizes will be given free to persons sending in the greatest number of words made out of letters contained in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." ☞ Everyone sending in a list of not less than 100 words will receive a valuable present of silverware.

1st Grand Reward.....$500 in Gold
2nd " " .....Grand Piano, valued at $500
3rd " " .....$250 in Gold
4th " " .....Organ valued at $300
5th " " .....$100 in Gold
6th " " .....Gent's Gold Watch full Jewelled
7th " " .....Ladies' Gold Watch full Jewelled
8th " " .....$50 in Gold
9th " " .....$25 in Gold
10 Rewards of $10 each.....$100
Next 20 prizes.—20 Silver Tea Sets, quadruple plate, warranted.
Next 50 prizes.—50 Silver Dessert Sets, warranted heavy plate
Next 100 prizes.—100 Silver Butter Dishes, &c., warranted heavy plate.
Next 500 prizes consists of Heavy Plated Silver Kettles, Butter Dishes, Fruit Baskets, Biscuit Jars, Sugar Shells, Butter Knives, &c., &c., all fully warranted, making a total of 689 splendid rewards, the value of which will aggregate $3500.

This grand Literary Competition is open to everybody everywhere. The following are the conditions:

1. The words must be constructed only from letters in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST," and must be only such as are found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, in the body of the book, none of the supplement to be used.

2. The words must be written in rotation and numbered 1, 2, 3 and so on, for facilitating in deciding the winners.

3. Letters cannot be used oftener than they appear in the words "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." For instance, the word "egg" cannot be used as there is but one "g" in the three words.

4. The list containing the largest number of words will be awarded first prize, and so on in order of merit. Each list as it is received will be numbered, and if two or more tie, the first received will be awarded first prize, and so on, therefore the benefit of sending in early will readily be seen.

5. Each list must be accompanied by $1 for six months subscription to THE AGRICULTURIST.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as judges: J. G. MACDONALD, City Clerk, Peterborough, Canada, and COMMODORE CALCUTT, Peterborough.

OUR LAST COMPETITION.—"Got $1,000 prize all-right."—M. M Brandon, Vancouver, B.C. "Thanks for $500 prize."—G. W. Cunningham, Donald, B. C. "Prize received O. K."—J. D. Baptie, West Superior, Wis. "$300 prize received. Thanks."—G. V. Robertson, Toronto; and 300 others, in United States and Canada.

This is NO LOTTERY—merit only will count. The reputation for fairness gained by THE AGRICULTURIST in the past is ample guarantee that this Competition will be conducted in like manner. Send 3c stamp for full particulars, to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough Canada

REWARDS FOR BIBLE READERS.

Great Winter Competition of The Ladies Home Magazine.

QUESTIONS.—Where does the following words first appear in the Old Testament: "KNOWLEDGE," "WIFE," and "DOVE?" Where does the following words first appear in the New Testament: "JUDEA," "JAMES," and "KING?"

WEEKLY PRIZES.—Every week throughout this great competition prizes will be distributed as follows: The first correct answer received (the postmark date on each letter to be taken as the date received) at the office of the LADIES HOME MAGAZINE (each and every week during 1892) will get $200; the second correct answer, $100; the third $50; fourth, a beautiful silver service; fifth, $25 o'clock silver service, and the next 50 correct answers will get prizes ranging from $25 down to $2. Every fifth correct answer, irrespective of whether a prize winner or not, will get a special prize. Competitors residing in the southern states, as well as other distant points, have an equal chance with those nearer home, as the postmark will be our authority in every case.

RULES.—Each list of answers must be accompanied by $1 to pay for six months subscription to one of the best HOME MAGAZINES in America.

REFERENCES.—"THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE is well able to carry out its promises."—Peterborough (Canada) Times. "A splendid paper, and financially strong."—Hastings (Canada) Star. "Every prize winner will be sure to receive just what he is entitled to."—Norwood (Canada) Register. Money should be sent by post office order or registered letter. Address, THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE Peterborough, Canada.