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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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

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 A. M. TO 6.30 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 10 a. m.
Express west close at 10.20 a. m.
Express east close at 4 25 p. m.
Kentville close at 7 00 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, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

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, S. J. Rutherford, } Wardens.

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 8 00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE!

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranted.

ISAAC SHAW, PROPRIETOR.

Scrofula

is Disease Germs living in the Blood and feeding upon its Life. Overcome these germs with

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, and make your blood healthy, skin pure and system strong. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

DIRECTORY.

—OF THE—

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS.—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Feed.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, L. W.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows

SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

PERFECTLY WELL.

John H. Varney, E. Bath, Me.

Was all run down, poor in flesh, could not sleep, his food distressed him, and he felt tired all the time. He took

Skoda's Discovery,

the great nerve and tissue builder, and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS, that cure dyspepsia, indigestion and headache. He says: "I am perfectly well."

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

MONEY FOR YOU

The D&L Emulsion.

If taken in time it will cure most severe cases of Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, or chronic irritation of Throat or Lungs.

THUS YOU SAVE a heavy doctor's bill, loss of wages, much discomfort.

W. J. Balcom

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

RHEUMATISM

NEURALGIA, MUSCULAR STIFFNESS, PAIN IN SIDE & LAME BACK MUST GO

WHEN THE "D.&L." MENTHOL PLASTER IS USED

POETRY.

After Awhile.

After awhile, we often say,
When shadows fall and clouds arise;
There's sure to come a brighter day,
With balmy air and sunny skies.

After awhile a day of rest
Will come to worn and weary feet;
What seems the worst will prove the best,
And bitter things be turned to sweet.

After awhile the aching heart
Will find a cordial for its pain;
And as the flying days depart
The joy of love will come again.

After awhile the Right will reign,
And conquered Wrong will lose its sway.
While ancient Error's icy chain
Will break and slowly melt away.

After awhile the clashing creeds
That lead to strife and hate with men
Will yield to our superior needs,
And love will prompt the lip and pen.

After awhile the golden hours
Will come with life's supernal days,
And higher thoughts and nobler powers
Will lead us into grander ways.

SELECT STORY.

At the World's Mercy.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER XVI.—*Continued.*

"I don't know indeed, ma'am; but—"

"She never checked him! She encouraged him! She is a demon!"

"Hush, hush, Miss Verney! I cannot go on if you talk like that."

"Go on, go on. I won't cut you short again. You must tell me."

"Next day he stayed at home, by——" she hesitated.

"By what, Mrs French?" asked I, on fire.

"Do keep calm, ma'am, and I will tell you everything. He stayed at home, by Mrs Fitzgerald's advice."

I slipped on to the floor, and fastened my hands tightly round Mrs French's arm, trying to keep quiet.

"Go on."

"But he went on just the same; and— Oh, Miss Verney, I must say it—I believe you are right; she did encourage him! At least, he was always worse after talking to her."

I dared not speak then, for I could not have controlled the bitter hatred that welled up in my heart. Mrs French continued—

"I pitied the poor young fellow with all my heart, for he seemed to be abandoned by every one except Mrs Fitzgerald, and I could not help suspecting her. Mrs Godfrey avoided him. His father, after a few words of remonstrance which his son hardly listened to, left him to himself, with a shrug of his shoulders. He seemed half afraid of looking on what was partly, you know, his own doing. I made up my mind to speak to him myself; and on the Tuesday, as I passed through the great hall, where he was sitting, with brandy, as usual, on a table beside him, I went up to him and said, 'Mr Hubert, you must forgive my interference; but you are doing yourself harm by staying so much indoors. Why don't you go out for a ride?'

"'I like staying indoors better, Mrs French, thank you,' said he, looking up at me sleepily.

"I would not give up; so I said, 'Oh, Mr Hubert, what would Miss Guinevere say if she could see you now?' You see, ma'am, I could not help knowing that your influence was stronger than any one else's over him. He looked up with a black frown that frightened me.

"'She doesn't care what becomes of me any more than the rest of 'em do. She's got a nice, new, sober lover now. My turn's over!'"

I was listening to Mrs French half paralysed. She went on—

"I was so shocked, ma'am, I could scarcely speak at first. Then I said, 'You ought to know Miss Guinevere better than to doubt her like that. Even if——'

"'Doubt her!' he cried out fiercely. 'Do you think I'd doubt her without reason, without proof? But I have proof. On the very day she left I wrote to her, asking if I might go and see her; and she never answered. I waited till Saturday, and then I went to see her, and I did see her. Oh, great Heaven!'

"Miss Verney, the despair in his face and voice brought the tears to my eyes. If he had not been so excited, I'm sure he would not have told me so much; for he went on—

"'I saw her with her other lover, Mrs French, hanging on his arm, just two days after she had sent me almost off my head with happiness by looking into my eyes as if— Oh, I shall go mad! Get me some more brandy!'

"'No, no,' said I, trying to soothe him, 'not just yet. I am sure you are mistaken, sir; it was some old friend of hers, I am sure.'

"'Yes, it was,' he said, with an oath; 'a friend she—' He stopped short, and I broke in again—

"'But, sir, pray listen to reason.'

"'Oh, I can give you reason enough to listen to, Mrs French! Next day Mrs Fitzgerald told me she was engaged to him.'

"'But, sir,' said I, 'excuse me; but how did Mrs Fitzgerald find it out?'

"'How the deuce should I know?' Those were his own words, ma'am; and he went on—'I wouldn't believe her at first, and wanted to rush off then and there to Guinevere. But Mrs Fitzgerald reminded me that she would not be very likely to answer me in the state I was in; and she offered to write herself to Guinevere. I caught at the offer, and she wrote a letter before my eyes, saying she was sorry to interrupt the enjoyment of Miss Verney's holidays; but, knowing her kindness, she ventured to ask if Miss Verney would come down and spend a couple of days merely as a visitor at Hawkstone, as one member of the family was in sore need of her advice and influence. I scrawled a "P. S." myself,' he went on, 'begging her to come, if only for a day, or to let me go to her, and—and——'

"Here I interrupted him, ma'am. 'Mrs Fitzgerald never posted it.'

"'Yes, she did,' he broke out, fierce. 'and this morning she got the answer. Here it is.' And he threw it over to me. Oh, Miss Verney, I read it, and I could scarcely believe——"

I had listened to Mrs French in bewilderment; then the truth broke upon me and I started up, with a shriek.

"Oh, Mrs French, let me go! I must go to him and tell him. I never got the letter."

"But you answered?"

"Not that letter; she never sent it; but—— Oh, I must go to him!"

But she held me.

"Miss Verney, consider. He is in bed, and very likely asleep by this time. You must wait till the morning."

I had forgotten that. I sank down by my bedside, sobbing miserably.

"She wrote me a curt note asking me to spend my holidays with her in town as her amanuensis. I at once wrote a refusal; and she must have shown it to him as the answer to the letter she never sent."

Mrs French's pity soothed me a little, and then she told me the rest.

He had got worse and worse after that day. Two or three gentlemen came to see him, brought, Mrs French thought, by Mrs Fitzgerald, to prove that he was incapable of controlling his own actions. On the following Saturday he had gone off in a carriage, apparently without making any opposition.

"Indeed, Miss Verney, I am afraid he was not in a state to oppose anything;" and Mrs French was told he had consented to go to an establishment where he would be put under treatment for his curse. "Mr Godfrey seemed unhappy about him, but glad to be rid of the sight of him, ma'am. He felt his presence in that state a reproach to himself, I believe. He said to me that I was to tell you Mr Hubert was travelling, as he was afraid the truth would shock you. You see, ma'am, he knew nothing about the despair that had had such a terrible effect upon his son. I believe he thought it was the natural reaction from the restraint Mr Hubest had put upon himself for the last few months, since you have been here ma'am."

Long after Mrs French left me, I lay tossing in a fever of despair and impatience. After that, I slept a deep sleep of exhaustion until morning.

CHAPTER XVII.

The next morning it was hard to keep my attention with my pupils while my ears were on the alert for Hubert's footstep coming downstairs, and doubly hard when I had heard him pause outside the schoolroom door and then go on to the morning-room. But soon after a maid appeared with a message from Mrs Godfrey, saying that the nurse would take care of the children, and that she and Mr Hubert would be glad to see me in the morning-room. With my heart beating fast, I crossed the great hall. Mrs Godfrey was painfully nervous, and kept up a stream of rapid talk as she greeted me, Hubert was shy this morning, and so was I; the blood rose in his thin white cheeks when he looked at me, and I felt my hand tremble as I shook hands with him. After a few minutes, Mrs Godfrey made her escape, asking me if I would entertain Hubert, as the invalid must not be left alone, and she could not stay. I guessed this to be an arrangement of Mr Godfrey's, as she was not likely to be pleased that Hubert and I should exchange confidences about the events of the past ten weeks. When she had left us, I tried to keep up trifling talk for a few minutes; but, when I paused, he broke in—

"Guinevere, why wouldn't you come when Mrs Fitzgerald wrote?"

"With trembling fingers I took from my pocket the letter I had received from her.

"She never sent the letter she showed you, with your postscript. Mrs French told me about it. This is what I got from her."

He took it and read it through. Then he started up as if he had been struck, and taking from his pocket-book the fragments of my answer to Mrs Fitzgerald, he placed them with shaking fingers upon the table beside me.

"And this letter——"

"I wrote in answer to the one I have just shown you. Oh, Hubert, how could you believe for one moment that I would have stayed away after such an appeal?"

But he still stood bewildered.

"Then my first letter that I wrote directly after I had seen you off at the station——"

"I never got it. I was miserable at not hearing from you; I don't know how I lived through that wretched fortnight, expecting, waiting, and always disappointed."

"Then she stopped my letter!" cried Hubert, suddenly. "I left it in the hall-box to be posted, and she must have guessed I would write, or seen me put it in, and she never let it go!"

He stood beside me for a minute, as if lost in a maze of thoughts; then he threw himself upon the sofa and buried his face in his hands.

"Why, that woman has hunted me down like a fiend! What did she want to ruin me for?" said he, in a low hoarse voice, looking up at me at last.

"Because she wanted to work round your father as she liked, and to get as much out of him as she could. Tom was already out of the way; so she never rested until she had got rid of you—and fair means or foul were all alike to her! Oh, Hubert, she is a fiend!"

"Before Heaven, I believe it, Guinevere!" said he, staring at me with feverishly glittering eyes. "That Saturday, after you left, I saw you at the Museum with Barach—I was in a fever to meet you because you had not answered my letter. And you were hanging on his arm, Guinny; and how could I know? He has told me all since; but I knew nothing then—and I had felt so sure you cared for me after that look as you went away—and the blow sent me half mad. I thought I had been a fool to think you cared for me, and I felt I hated you. And that she devil, Mrs Fitzgerald, when she saw the humor I was in, she seemed to say things that goaded me on in my madness, and—and—and I gave way, Guinny—I dare say they've told you—and you know—you can guess——" His head sank down in shame, and so did mine; he could not see my arms held out to him. "It was worse after your answer came; I didn't care a rush what became of me. I know I was a weak fool; but you know, Guinny, I never was strong till you taught me how; and, when I thought you had thrown me over, I—I let myself go—and I did go, fast enough, Heaven knows! Then they got me to sign a paper asking for admission into Doctor Longton's 'Retreat'—I didn't care what I did, and I wasn't sober when I signed it; and she took care to get the necessary witnesses to the fact that I was an habitual drunkard.'"

"Oh, don't, Hubert!" I moaned bitterly.

He looked up, and my loving tearful eyes met his. In a moment he was kneeling at my feet, looking up into my face with the old sweet smile I knew so well.

"I have a lot more to confess to you, Guinny; but I'll tell it you—so, now, if you'll let me." And he put his head upon my lap.

I let my clasped hands fall softly on his neck, where they quivered as he went on—

"I can't tell you what an *inferno* that place was. That Doctor Longton is no more human than she. It was his interest to keep his patients, especially me—Mrs Fitzgerald had no doubt made it worth his while—and I felt that I was, in truth, condemned, with no mercy to hope for. His treatment was torture. It was a system you must have heard of—to kill the taste by excess. Everything I ate or drank or touched was seasoned with brandy—no escape from the taste or the smell—till I grew sick with every mouthful, refused to eat, and lived in never-satisfied hunger and thirst. I implored him to change the course, told him he must be content, that I was cured, that the taste now filled me with loathing, begged him to try me with temptation, to leave the hateful drink in my way all through the night, through the day, for a week. He did so; it was a temptation no longer; but he would not let me go. I was shut in by bars and bolts, not formidable looking, but strong and safe: I was watched and warded.

"All the while no letter ever came from any one to me. The letters I wrote were not sent, I am sure—I wrote to you, to my father, to Tom, with never an answer. I knew they had not been sent; for, worse than all, my doubts of you had grown weak in the wretched hours of my imprisonment, and I longed to escape from the degrading bondage I was in, and recover my self esteem for your sake—even if you did love Barach. I wondered, in my degradation, how I could ever have had the wretched self-conceit to think you could care for a worthless fellow like me."

My hands closed my tightly as he said this, and I stooped and kissed his forehead. He looked up at me, stammering passionate words of love and gratitude; then he broke down, and sobbed as he knelt. I soothed him with all the tender, caressing words my love could suggest, while he struggled to regain his self-command.

"Heaven bless you, Guinevere! I have nothing left but the shape of a man; and yet you pour your love out to me now as if I were a hero."

"You are my hero," I whispered; and, after a long pause, while he drew my hands into his and held them with a loving pressure, he went on—

"Twice I attempted to escape. The first time I tried to over-power a warder, a fellow whom I could have floored with one hand once. But I had grown so weak that he held me easily until some one else came to help him. Guinny, that was awful hard to bear; the only thing I ever had to boast of was my muscle, and to find that I had lost my strength seemed to finish me. I used to pride myself upon having at least a pair of strong arms to protect you, and now—"

"And now I should feel safer in your arms than anywhere else in the world," I whispered. "Go on, go on, my darling, and remember it is all over now."

After a little while he continued—

"The second attempt I made to escape was about three weeks ago. By that time I had settled down into a stubborn, sullen despondency, seeing nothing before me but slow starvation. I thought of you day and night; I began to feel that I had been deceived in some way, and to feel sure that, though you might not love me, you would never abandon me without a thought. I was haunted during the long wretched nights by the idea that you were waiting outside the gates for me, and that they would not let you in. It was simply childish, but already I was a wreck in body and mind.

"I broke out one day, and roughly demanded that the brutal treatment I was under should be changed. To my surprise, the doctor promised that it should. That very day, instead of the cursed brandy, they put before me Madeira. I drank it greedily; of course, in the feeble state I was in, it got into my head; yet, at the next meal, though all the food had the hated taste I loathed, the drink was again Madeira. Guinny, I had the sense to see that this was the vilest of traps; it was not put there to try my strength, but to tempt my weakness. Yet I am ashamed to say how I longed for it. Remember what a relief the change was; that I was weak for want of food, burning with thirst; remember that I thought myself abandoned by every one whose respect I cared for; and remember too, Guinny, the terrible craving that was born with me. It seemed to wake again in me then with a violence I had never known before. I conquered it that time, Guinny; I didn't even dash down the decanter as I used to do with the brandy at first; but I left it untasted. I must tell you that I used to get a little water through one of the warders, or I could not have lived; for that in the water-jug and bottle was all dashed with brandy.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The *Canadian Magazine* for August has a large variety of reading matter, including several remarkable articles and several short stories. The illustrations are chiefly from original drawings. An article which will be read with much interest by the large class which studies the deepest problem of the age is that by Hon. David Mills on "The Missing Link in the Hypothesis of Evolution," in which the writer ably joins issue with those who maintain that evolution explains the phenomena of creation. "The Physical Basis of Knowledge," by John Cameron, M. A., M. D., D. D., deals in a most interesting way with brain functions, and, in passing, exposes the absurdities taught under the name of phrenology. "The Hudson Bay Route," by Hugh Sutherland, Ex-M. P., is a timely contribution in these days, when the problems of cheap transportation are engaging so much public attention. E. P. Well's graceful pen contributes "McMaster University," an excellent illustrated article of one of Ontario's best equipped groups of educational institutions. "The Silver Wedding of the Emperor of Japan," by Charles T. Long, gives a charming account of an eye-witness of the imposing ceremonies which attended the celebration of the event. For sweetness, naturalness and pathos, William Wilfred Campbell's "Love's Tragedy at Scratch's Point" is seldom excelled. A number of Poems of considerable merit add to the interest of the current number of a magazine which deserves the hearty support of the reading public. Published by the Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto. $2.50 per annum.

"Only the Scars Remain,"

Says HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., who certifies as follows:

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc., none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old

Mother Urged Me

to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy