

A. RAILWAY.
y. 2d Oct., 1893.
EST. Daily
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THE ACADIAN

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1894.

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

Vol. XIII. No. 26.
THE ACADIAN.
Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFFVILLE, KING'S 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 in advance is required to be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to the insertion.
The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.
Newspapers 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 communications, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.
Address all communications to
RAYMOND BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolffville, N. S.

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C. W. Ross, } Ushers
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REV. ROBERT W. CHANDLER, Pastor.
— Frank A. Dixon, } Wardens
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Massion.
St. GEORGES LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 30 o'clock.
J. W. Geldwell, Secretary.

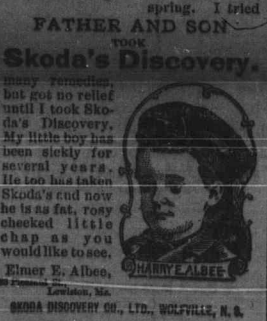
Temperance.
WOLFFVILLE DIVISION, O. T., meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7 30 o'clock.
ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7 30 o'clock.
CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 7 30 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE
For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the
Weston Nurseries,
KING'S COUNTY, N. S.
Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
ISAAC SHAW, PROPRIETOR.

YOUR CHILD
IS UNNATURALLY LOSING FLIES
REFUSING TO TAKE FOOD
LISTLESS AND DEPLETED
SCHEWELSON'S
WILL HELP WONDERFULLY.

WANTED.
Men to sell our choice and superior Stock, and Seed Potatoes, and complete line. Many can only be obtained through commission, but they pay weekly apply. Exclusive and choice only given. Don't delay, write for terms.
WYRETRY CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Nervous, Tired, Weak.
These most dreaded diseases, typhoid pneumonia left me with a cough, sore throat, tired and nervous, I could not sleep nights. To add to my many troubles, last winter I had La Grippe. It seemed I would not live until spring. I tried
FATHER AND SON'S
Skoda's Discovery.
Many remedies, but got no relief until I took Skoda's Discovery. My little boy has been sick for several years. He too has taken Skoda's and now he is as fat, rosy, and plump as a little chip as you would like to see.
Elmer E. Albee,
Lewiston, Me.
SEDER DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFFVILLE, N. S.



DIRECTORY
—OF THE—
Business Firms of WOLFFVILLE
The undermentioned firms will use your name, 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.
- DAVIS, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.
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- HARRINGTON BROTHERS—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Feeds.
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- MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.
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- PAND, 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.

ARE YOU WEAK AND NERVOUS?
HAWKERS NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC
WILL MAKE YOU STRONG

WILL MAKE YOU STRONG

WILL MAKE YOU STRONG

WILL MAKE YOU STRONG

WILL MAKE YOU STRONG

POETRY.
Hard Times.
The times are hard, and hunger and cold threaten and growl at many a door—
The wolf's long cry is fierce and bold,
Borne on the sullen night wind's roar,
But this is the hour for courage, Love,
For daring the foe with nerve and skill,
Meeting our care in the strength of prayer,
And waiting and working with steady will.
We greet each other with cherry signs
As we set our battle in heavy array,
Closer we draw the household lines,
And solemnly meet each morning day,
And there, as the darkness passes,
We catch a glimpse of the sun on high,
And, heartened, together a song we lift,
There's always blue in the upper sky.
The times are hard, but the children play,
And we tuck them under the coverlet,
When we reach the end of each struggle
—T. W. W.

SELECT STORY.
GOOD BYE!
BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.
"That's a persistent old woman," he said to himself in no very complimentary mood towards the lady. "Hope always detected her," and then he sighed to think that Hope's likes and dislikes would be nothing to him now.
But all reluctant as he was, he had readily pledged himself to go to her dinner-party, and there was no possible way out of the engagement, consistent with ordinary politeness that is so essential to modern life. So at two minutes past eight, he went into the well-remembered drawing-room in Cadogan Square, where he found about a dozen people already gathered together. Mrs. Posenby received him with a great show of attention and a cordially uncomfortable. However, happily, and even mercifully in some cases, a hostess cannot confine herself long to one guest during the quarter-of-an-hour which goes before a dinner, and after presenting him to a young lady, with a whisper that he was to take her to dinner, Mrs. Posenby had to turn her attention elsewhere.
As he had said earlier in the day, Adair had been living the life of a hermit since he had separated from Hope, and this was the very first time that he had taken a lady to dinner since the last time he had gone to a similar entertainment with her; it was with a dreadful pang that he recalled the fact and he looked at the lady who was his fate for that night with a feeling of repugnance, almost of disgust.
She was not very young, five or six and twenty perhaps, was pretty, of a pink and white type, and had rather perky features. And she had a demure air of being very, very good, which accorded badly with the little sharp features, and which would have amused him immensely if he had not been so miserable and had not felt so much like a caged lion and out of his element.
But however miserable a man he is cannot stand a tailor's dummy at a social entertainment; he must talk and appear as if nothing is wrong with him, even though his heart is breaking. Adair had to bow and say something civil, and then he stood upright again, and looked round the room that he might see who was there. And almost the first person upon whom his eyes fell was Mary Maturin.
She, of course, had seen him come in, and had therefore been expecting him to see her every moment. He moved towards her at once with a sort of instinct that here was a heart which would understand exactly all the pain and misery that he was feeling. It would be hard to say which of the two was the most ghastly white as their hands met.
"I did not expect to see you," she murmured.
"Nor I to be here until three hours ago," he answered. "But Mrs. Posenby was short of a man and insisted on my coming. I haven't been about before."
"Ah! I go everywhere," she said with a faint sigh, then remembered that he perhaps did not know of any reason why she should not be willing

to go everywhere as usual. "Of course one goes about a good deal at this time of year; I'm getting tired of it."
He pressed the hand he still held in his. "Yes, yes, I understand you at first," he said in a low voice.
"She looked at him. "You know all about it, don't you? Everybody does. These people are all reveling in our meeting like this drinking in our misery. And people look miserable, Mr. Adair."
"I look exactly what I am," he replied. "I'm miserable, as they are waiting on my heart on one's sleeve. I'll go back to my lady and try to amuse her. We shall meet again after dinner."
"Yes—yes, go back," she said.
"She understood—no one on earth better—the advantage of keeping a brave front to the world. She turned back to the man to whom she had been talking before, and Adair wheeled round to return to the young lady with the pink and white complexion. But he did not get there without interruption—a little fairish woman with a giggle and an audacious sort of manner put her hand on his arm and stopped him. "Oh, Mr. Adair, you have forgotten me I hope?"
"Certainly not, Miss Tempest," with a grave bow. "How could I possibly forget you?"
"Oh, Mr. Adair," giggling again and glancing up at him from under her eye-lashes. "How sweet of you to remember me. I think it's so mean of Margaret not to have sent me in to dinner with you. I didn't know you were coming until I saw you. She has given me a boy. Such a boy, and she knows I can't bear boys."
"Let us hope you will have an alleviating circumstance on the other side," said Adair.
"Oh, I hope you'll be on the other side," Miss Tempest burst out, then went very red and pulled herself up about as Mrs. Posenby had done. "What a man! I don't think I did a quite mean that. Really I didn't care never to put me near anyone's—always."
"You are too kind to me," murmured Adair in a very low voice.
A remarkable kind of intoxication began to steal over him. He was not fickle, indeed his was as faithful and steadfast a nature as ever lived. But for nine, ten, ten months he had been feeding on his own heart, going into no society, seeing none of the people who constituted his world. And instantly he began to feel the pleasures which the mere association with well-mannered, well-dressed women gives to most men.
A few minutes later they began to file down to dinner—he with the finger tips of the very demure young lady upon his arm. She was really very demure.
"Did you go to Ascot?" he asked as they left the drawing room.
"Oh! I don't care about races," she replied demurely.
Adair raised his eyebrows. "No? But Ascot is scarcely to be described as 'races'—I thought all ladies went there."
"Oh, yes! I do go—I have to go because the others go—but I don't like it," she protested—"in fact I hate it."
"Really, Ah! I've always found Ascot very pleasant," said he half-sighing.
They reached the dining-room then and very quickly found their places, which were about half-way down the table. Adair had barely seated himself when a gay voice at his left hand whispered—"Margaret's not so bad after all. I'm so glad she put us together."
"And so am I," he answered, with out an instant's hesitation.
And he really was glad. He saw as plainly as could be that the demure young lady who was his lawful wife had never been so starched and demure in all her life as she was then. Now Adair did not believe much in starch or in extreme demureness, and the open gaiety, even if she did giggle a little, of the hostess' sister was infinitely more dangerous to him in his forlorn and loveless condition than all the primness and stiffness that ever split propriety.
I did not say that, Flossie Tempest, as everybody called her, was Mrs. Posenby's sister. Earlier in the day Adair had spoken of her as "old." But Mrs. Posenby was not at the out-

side more than five and forty, and as she was the eldest of a very large family and Flossie the youngest, the difference in their ages was something over twenty years. And Flossie Tempest was blessed—or the reverse—with a tongue, well, a tongue of really unusual and remarkable power. She could talk—and did—on any subject and under the most awkward and distressing circumstances. Mrs. Posenby had done quite wisely in not sending her down to dinner with Adair, but in placing her upon the other side. Had she been his lawful wife he might have found her fluency a little trying after his months of seclusion; as it was he found the extreme propriety with which his own lady had sought to charm him aggravatingly dull, while every time that he had a chance he turned with relief to his other neighbor, Miss Flossie. It was such a relief, too, to be talked to as if he was quite an ordinary person with quite an ordinary story, not to be talked "good" at!
On the whole his lawful wife was a stupid girl and naturally rather dull, though upon occasion, as he had more than a shrewd suspicion, she could be gay enough. But she never saw how bored he was by her liking for serious things, by her earnestness and her very crude ideas and her profusion of valuing only the great problems of life, her open contempt for all the little frivolities and gaieties thereof. If she had only known of the inward shift with which each time, after five minutes' chat with her, he turned to Flossie with her up-ward look, her gay little brainless laugh, her ceaseless flow of questions, questions quite comfortably by themselves without any particular necessity for answers to them! However, Miss Ganthey-Dewkes, as I said just now, was not blessed with a great amount of understanding, so having begun with a story, she went on to another. She told Adair's unfortunate experience, she kept resolutely on that course of behavior to the very end of the meal.
CHAPTER VIII.
Adair went home after Mrs. Posenby's little dinner with his head on fire. He sat down in the library and thought it all out—the overdose of primness of Miss Ganthey-Dewkes, and the gay and careless good-fellowship of Flossie Tempest, positively the only person whom he had met since his troubles which he had not looked in, in some way or other, conscious of his circumstances.
"I never thought I should sit down and think about Flossie Tempest," he said with a sort of grim amusement of himself at last—"but all the same she was the only one to-night whose manner did not hurt me more or less. Miss Dewkes' propriety made me ill, and Mary Maturin's face out me like a knife. By Jove, she must have been fond of him and his sort. If I had kept quiet, I suppose he would have married her safe enough. As it is I wonder she came to speak to me at all. I daresay, though, she thinks it's always best to find it out before than afterwards. Well, Mrs. Posenby had her own way and I went to her party—I suppose I shall be going to parties now whether I care about them or not."
He had stoically gone back to his own house again, and still more stoically was sleeping in the same bedroom in which he had slept for five years. Nobody but himself knew what an effort it was to him; how every time he came in or went out, the same pang struck chill to his heart. Nobody knew how the tones of the new butler's voice grated on his ears, how the sight of his smooth decorous face offended his eyes, or how often he was vexed or pained by the new ways of the house.
But perhaps he was happier, or, I may more truthfully put it, he was less miserable that night than he had been for nearly a year, and he went to bed and slept without the long hours of wakefulness which were his nightly portion now. But he did not sleep well—he dreamed that he was making one of an endless procession down a broad flight of stairs, a procession of men and women in evening dress, and he was held fast by Miss Ganthey-Dewkes, whose fingers were fixed on his arm like a vice, while her falsely prim voice kept saying—"I am very

good—I don't care about races."
To have dreamt it once would have been nothing, but would scarcely have remembered it. But the procession seemed to be going on forever, step by step, downwards, always downwards, and he was always afraid of treading upon the trailing yellow gowns of the woman who was walking in front of him, while in his care rang unceasingly those unreal words—"I am very good—I don't care about races."
It went on so long that at last he woke up shivering and shuddering, and laughed outright as he pictured himself going on for the rest of time with Miss Ganthey-Dewkes holding fast on to his arm.
"Are you awake, Hope?" he said aloud "I've had such an idiotic dream—!" and then he remembered that no Hope was there, that Hope would never be there again for ever.
It was such moments as these that had broken the man's nerve and brought him mentally to the very shadow of his old self; that night he awoke with a start to a new sense of his utter desolation, and under the friendly shelter of the dark hours of silence he cried like a woman or a child, only, unlike a child in great distress, no sleep came again to his eyes, and he got up in the morning haggard and weary-looking, with a racking headache and a heart as heavy as lead!
Well, the busy days of the brilliant season passed away and Adair quickly slipped back into the old life, going from dinner to dinner, and to one reception after another, meeting just the same people, seeing just the same decorations, eating precisely the same dinners and suppers, hearing quite the same things—the young lady who recited semi-humorous poems with a plaintive air, the young gentleman with the lion-like voice, who delighted society after the manner of George Giddens— and a good long way after him too who sang and played on lute, harp, saukbut, psaltery and dulcimer or their equivalents of to-day, and I am bound to confess that he equally hated and loathed the whole show.

And it is a show, the season in London. I love my London, I revel in society, human beings seldom bore me, even when they are full of sham, humbug and pretentiousness—after all they are all human, and a human being, a civilized human being, is the majority of cases a delightful study. But it is hard to keep going in London, in the world that is, when your heart is broken.
And yet, sick and weary and lonely as he was, Adair kept on simply because he was afraid of finding himself once more alone and out on the resources of his own sad mind. He was so tired of the phrases he heard each and every day. "So charmed to see you!"—"Maraschino, Chantreaux de liqueur-brandy, sir?" And most of all was he weary of the ostentatious modesty and goodness of the many dancers who thought it would be a good and profitable thing to be the second Mrs. Richard Adair.
It was astonishing to him how they all hazarded on the same string—they all hated society—London bored them all. None of them cared for dress or fashion or any of the details in which they had been assiduously, say, I may even say religiously brought up. They all liked a quiet simple life and a dinner of herbs by choice, and Adair, who had known his world fairly well and loved it, grew positively to dread the very sight of a petticoat.
And almost every day he met St. John somewhere or other; they belonged to the same clubs, frequented the same places, and sometimes met in the same houses, though in the latter instance never at very close quarters. Once it happened that he went into his club to spend a quiet hour in the smoking-room. There was only one man there, sitting with his back turned towards the door. Adair could only see the back of his head from where he seated himself. And so for five minutes or so they sat without moving or even troubling to look at one another. Then the other man stretched out his hand and touched a little electric bell upon the table, and when a waiter came in answer to his summons, he asked some questions and Adair recognized the

voice as St. John's.
So they were quite alone together. St. John was evidently unaware of Adair's presence, and Adair sat there for ten minutes nerving himself to go across the room to ask his old friend boldly—"Tell me the truth—where is she? Is she well? Is she with you? Are you going to marry her or not?"
But Adair's nerve was not what it had been! Put what control upon himself he would be could not keep his lips from trembling or his limbs from shaking, his head reeled and away, and a white mist danced before his eyes—he could not get up and do what his whole heart and soul was prompting him to do, to do at any cost. And while this fierce struggle with his own weakness was going on, St. John put down his paper, got up, crossed to the table near the big bow window, picked up a paper—Punch, apparently—and glanced at its contents, then threw it back upon the table and went out of the room without so much as turning his eyes in the direction of the solitary figure by the fireplace.
I think if the ice had been broken that day that the current of several lives would have been entirely changed, and it is more than probable that two announcements which appeared six weeks later in the society papers would never have seen the light.
They were not side by side, though it is true that they were not very far apart—and they ran thus:
"Lord and Lady Cannon have returned to town from the Continent and will remain a few days in Eaton Square on their way to Scotland"; and—A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place between Mr. Richard Adair, of Grosvenor Street, and Miss Florence Tempest, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Tempest, of Tempest House, Devonshire."
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.
An Elastic Appetite.

petite that may be appropriately termed elastic. He will kill a thousand pound steer or capture the tiny field mouse for a meal with equal indifference. If a pig or a sheep is not handy to his reach, he will dine on a colony of ants or a nest of wood grubs.
He will feast on dainty birds' eggs or sweet stores of wild honey and on the foulest carrion with like gusto. He will fish for the savory trout, but at the same time snap any wary loach or slimy eel that may happen along that way. He will seek the luscious wild plum when it has ripened, or the wild grape among the branches where the vine clamber and bears its fruit, but will not miss the opportunity to make a meal of snakes that may lie in ambush there for birds that come to pick at the plants or grapes. The bear has a comprehensive palate. There is scarcely a thing in the animal or vegetable kingdom that will not tickle his

A Racking Cough
Cured by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
Mrs. J. D. HALL, 217 Genesee St., Lockport, N. Y., says:
"Over thirty years ago, I remember hearing my father describe the wonderful curative effects of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. During a recent attack of La Grippe, which assumed the form of a cough, soreness of the lungs accompanied by an aggravating cough, I used various remedies and prescriptions. While some of these medicines partially alleviated the coughing during the day, none of them afforded me any relief from that spasmodic action of the lungs which would seize me the moment I attempted to lie down at night. After ten or twelve such nights, I was
Nearly in Despair,
and had almost decided to sit up all night in my easy chair, and procure what sleep I could in that way. It then occurred to me that I had a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took a teaspoonful of this preparation in a little water, and was able to lie down without coughing. In a few moments, I fell asleep and awoke in the morning greatly refreshed and feeling much better. I took a teaspoonful of the Pectoral every night for a week, then gradually decreased the dose, and in two weeks the cough was cured."
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Prompt to act, sure to cure