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

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Wolfville, N. S

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For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

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PROPRIETOR.

Little Josephine Libby.

Old age and Childhood NEED SPECIAL CARE, AND THEY Depend upon Others FOR Guide and Support.

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it is to see an aged person with an elastic step, a bright smile and a kind word, and hear the child with its merry laughter ringing in our ears: these denote good health, which can be found in

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Medical Advice Free.

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AT DEATH'S DOOR.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

EXTREME DEBILITY AFTER THE GRIP.

Mr. Peter Lingley, Councillor, Petersville, Queens Co., N. B., says:

"Oct. 31, 1892.—Last winter I had a very severe attack of the Grip, which left me *very feeble* and *reduced in flesh*. I had no appetite, and was *so nervous I could not sleep*. I was under Doctors' treatment for months, but received no benefit. My friends thought I had consumption and I got so low that they were *expecting my death* at any day. As a last resort they decided to try

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC,

3 bottles of which Rapidly Restored Me To Health.

I slept well, my appetite was restored and I soon became *stronger, stouter and more vigorous* than I had been for years. I cannot speak too highly of this medicine, as I feel that

I Owe My Life to its Virtues.

Mr. Isaac G. Stevens, Gate Keeper I. C. R. Depot, St. John, N. B. says: I was with Mr. Lingley during his severe illness and was daily expecting to have to notify his relatives of his death.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers for 50 cts, per bottle. 3 bottles $1.25.

Manufactured by the HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited, St. John, N. B.

"HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure all Stomach ills."

Dress Making.

Mrs Henry Palmeter will cut and make Boys' Suits, and Ladies' Jackets and Dresses by the new Thompson Garment Cutter System.

Wolfville, Jan. 11th, 1894

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NEURALGIA, MUSCULAR STIFFNESS, PAIN IN SIDE & LIMB BACK **MUST GO** WHEN THE **"D.&L." MENTHOL PLASTER** IS USED

POETRY.

Original.

Buttercup.

Aim high; do not be satisfied
With half your ladder yet to climb,
But think of this before you rest,—
"Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

Be not content with lower aim,
That you may crown it with success.
You still may reach your highest goal
If you will on and upward press.

To reach your aim you must work and strive,
And up steep mountains toil and climb;
But may this urge you to succeed,—
"Not failure, but low aim is crime."

Aim high; those on the higher slopes
More beauty see than those below;
And seek the pleasures by your path,
To cheer and guide you as you go.

Do you think a sculptor carving
On a work to bring him fame,
Would at random make his chisel
Carve the marble without aim?

Why should you be afraid to climb?
You can but fail. 'Tis said to me
"Beyond the Alpine summits of great pain
Lieth mine Italy."

They who will climb the mountain steep,
Will in the end rewarded be;
And they will hold it true they can
More clearly from the summit see.

'Tis hard to climb. You do not know
That all along the weary way
Bright flowers in their beauty grow,
Which you can gather if you stay.

But toil and climb up higher still;
The clouds will part above your head;
Then you may view the sunlit vales,
And rocks and mountains need not dread.

In all the walks and ways of life,
Till winter touch your head with rime,
Remember this, whate'er you do,
"Not failure but low aim is crime."

SELECT STORY.

GOOD BYE:

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

"She always behaved well enough. I never heard Mrs Adair blame her in my life," Adair said.

"But you didn't expect, sir, that the mistress' own maid would be the one to turn round and ruin her, did *you*? It was Rosalie that brought you that letter—it was Rosalie's manner that made you open it—it was somehow or other through Rosalie that the letter ever came to be there at all."

"Rubbish!" cried Adair quickly.

But Jenkins shook his head. "Well, sir, I've had nothing to say about it so far, out of obedience to the mistress' wishes, and when the lawyers came and asked to see me she said, 'No, if my character to the world is not good enough to refute this charge, I would rather not refute it by bringing my own servants to give me a reference. Those that are against me can go and give their false evidence against me—those that wish to please me will please me best by remaining perfectly silent on the subject.' So until the trial was over we upper servants kept silent; but now that it is done with, I feel able to express to certain persons exactly what I have felt about it all along."

"And you have felt—" asked Adair.

"That Rosalie Vallin had a motive in arranging the whole thing," said Jenkins bluntly.

"Nonsense—what motive could she have? She was greatly attached to Mrs Adair—she gave her evidence most unwillingly and with tears——"

"Ah! she was always a deb hand at that," muttered Jenkins drily. "But she was paid for it all, and likely enough the tears was an extra."

"But who could or would pay her to do anything of the sort?" Adair cried. "You forget, Jenkins, all this is not a story book—it is real, sober, solemn, damnable fact. You'll say next that *I* paid Rosalie."

"No—no, Master Richard," said Jenkins in a wise tone—"but I do think you might have bought the truth of her if you had bid high enough."

"Pooh! The woman who would lie on one side would lie on the other side. Besides she was a perfectly respectable young woman, and came to Mrs Adair with an excellent character; a long character, too, from a lady of the highest position. As a matter of fact I opened that letter by the merest chance, and simply because I wanted to know what Captain St John was doing before I went out. I had no thought that Mrs Adair would mind—she opened my letters often enough and I here. I had *no* suspicion until I was made suspicious, more than suspicious, by Captain St. John's own words. And even then—why the devil didn't you come and tell me all this at first?"

"I obeyed Mrs Adair's orders, Master Richard," Jenkins said promptly. "And as you went away out of the house I supposed you wished me to do so. Besides I did not know for certain, sir, but that you wished to——"

But Adair was fast losing patience. "Good heavens, man, don't you know that I would rather have had her proved innocent than guilty? Don't you understand that the whole affair has been more bitter than death to me? Don't you see that I am thoroughly crushed with all that I have gone through? Look at me, Jenkins, do I look like a man who is glad to get rid of his wife?"

"You look mortal bad, Master Richard," Jenkins admitted, "but the poor young mistress if you'd seen her——"

"Oh! for God'd sake stop," Adair cried passionately; "it's bad enough as it is, desolate enough, wretched enough. I don't want to hear any more. I thought you were as fixed in Grosvenor Street as the poles—but now the sooner you and I see the last of one another the better. As to the house, I'll see Mr Froggart about it to morrow—it will be sold, or—anyway he will see about it. There, go. Good-night, Jenkins. Good bye."

So Adair was left alone but with a new idea, for a little frail tender hope had sprung up in his mind, that perhaps, if his wife appealed against the verdict, a fresh light might be brought to bear upon the character of Rosalie Vallin, and that the testimony of Jenkins and the other old servants in Grosvenor Street might be brought forward in their mistress' favor. Then who knows what might happen—Hope and he—— But no—Hope was false, and they could never come together again now, not together in reality as they had been once, even though the verdict might be reversed and the impossible made possible.

CHAPTER V.

But Richard Adair did not break up the house in Grosvenor Street, although as early as was practicable the next morning he went to his lawyer's office and announced that such was his intention.

"Sell everything," repeated the lawyer, looking at him over his spectacles—"H'm—that seems a great pity."

"I know it's a pity," Adair burst out irritably—"it's *all* a pity, but I can't—at least I won't live in that house by myself—I'd as soon live in my grave."

"You may not always wish to live in it by yourself," remarked the lawyer meaningly.

Adair moved restlessly on his chair. "That's as may be," he answered brusquely. "At present I don't feel like running the risk. I shall never believe in anyone again, Froggart."

Mr Froggart looked at him over the spectacles again. "H'm!" he said drily.

Adair looked up—"What do you mean by that?" he asked abruptly.

The lawyer, who had known Adair from a boy, shrugged his shoulders. "You would not be persuaded to stay proceedings or to give your wife another chance, my dear sir. You seemed most eager to get a divorce, and now that you have got it——"

"There isn't a more miserable devil than I on earth," Adair interrupted promptly—"you're quite right, Froggart, quite right. But what is to be done about it?"

"Nothing can be done, Mr Adair," replied the lawyer, in a tone which utterly extinguished the little ray of hope that had, in spite of all, still lingered in the unhappy young man's breast. "*Nothing* can be done from our side. Mrs Adair may appeal, that is if she has any fresh evidence she may produce it when the case comes on again for the decree to be made absolute. Or she may do so during the time fixed by the judge, it may be a week more or less. If she has anything fresh to say, she will be given a chance of saying it. But Mrs Adair has no intention of questioning the verdict—she simply accepts it."

"How do you know?" Adair cried eagerly.

"I was told so yesterday on authority which I believe to be good. The exact words were that all the appeals in the world could not undo what has been done, and that she would rather die than go through another day in court. In one respect she is right—nothing can undo what has been done! I begged you to think of that when you first consulted me on the subject."

Adair said nothing, but sat with his eyes fixed on space, a fine handsome young man with every line of face and figure stamped with misery. The dry as-dust old lawyer did not pity him one bit.

"She is still in Grosvenor Street, I suppose," he said after a minute or two, finding that his client was still silent.

"She has left it," replied Adair briefly.

"And gone——?"

"I do not know."

"And her means of living—there were settlements."

"I believe that she has gone absolutely away. I believe that she will never touch one penny of that money—it was eight hundred a year. Look here, Froggart, on Tuesday night she came to see me. She—she brought me the keys of the safe and of her desk. She still swears that she is innocent and—and—I have had a letter from St. John—I—I—Froggart, I wish to God I had never begun this business. I—I'd take her back to-morrow, innocent or not, if she'd come."

The lawyer's next words acted like a douche of cold water upon the heat of his passion. "Is she with St. John?" he inquired, with an appearance of interest which made Adair long wildly to knock him down.

"I think not—I feel sure not. I met him just now in Pall Mall."

Adair did not add that Captain St. John had looked, or seemed to look, right through him as if he were a mist or a blank, and that so far from feeling the outraged and wronged one of the two, he had never felt so small or so [illegible] in all his life. And Adair was not a small man by any means, for he stood just over six feet, and was nearly three inches taller than the man who had once been his best friend.

"H'm. And you think of getting rid of the house in Grosvenor Street," Mr Froggart replied. "*I* wouldn't if I were you. For one thing you would lose tremendously over it—every one loses at sales. Why shouldn't you let the house for the season as it stands? You will be more decided in your mind about it later on."

Adair rose to his feet. "Well, Froggart," he said, "I don't in the least care what you do with it. I'll give you the keys and you can put the diamonds and the plate into the bank—you have the lists of both. For the rest, let it or sell it as you think fit; only don't bother me about it. I am going abroad at once—I am going to—well, Froggart, I don't know where I am going—somewhere, anywhere out of the way of people I know. After a while I daresay I shall get over all this—as it is, I can't stand what my friends have to say about it and still worse what they *look* about it. Only yesterday I met a man in St. James' Street who stopped and shook my hand as if it was a pump-handle and he wanted to work the sympathy up. 'How are you, old chap?' he said in what he meant to be a sympathetic tone. D—n him, I hated him. I'd like to have knocked him down," he ended irritably.

"It must be very painful for you," remarked Mr Froggart with a dry sniff.

I have said that Mr Froggart did not feel any sympathy whatever for his client, nor did he pretend to do so. He had not thought, on first hearing of Adair's determination to go in for a divorce, that his case was a very strong one. He had, in fact, put before him all the *disadvantages* of his taking that course whatever the verdict might happen to be, and as he had forcibly put it, in all such cases "the verdict is more or less a toss-up."

As strongly as he could he had urged the desirability of condoning the somewhat doubtful offence; but Adair had been unbending and unyielding, he had talked a good deal of his outraged honor, had insisted on going in for a divorce, and therefore Mr Froggart had done his best to get it for him, succeeding easily and altogether beyond his own expectations. And now that all was over, and Adair had no choice but to face the fact that his wife was his wife no longer, and that he would have to live the rest of his life without her, Mr Froggart had but very little patience with the unhappiness and dissatisfaction which he showed so plainly.

"I think," he continued in a calm judicial tone, "that you are doing very wisely to go abroad for a time—it is wonderful in London what short memories people have, and the greatest scandal is over and forgotten in a few days. But about the house—it is practically a necessity for you to go over it at least once."

"No, Froggart, you can do it very well," Adair replied.

But Mr Froggart had no intention of letting his headstrong young client so easily off the consequences and duties which had been brought about entirely by his own course of action. He had done his best to stave off the divorce suit, and Adair would have none of his wisdom; so now he would not spare him any of the many unpleasantnesses which had naturally followed in its train.

"My dear sir," he said quietly, "there are diamonds and plate, family diamonds and family plate of which I have lists. But there are also to my certain knowledge a good many jewels both of your mother's and your wife's and also much silver of which there is no list. For the sake of the poor lady whose home the house has been for five years, it is absolutely necessary that you should be satisfied that she has taken nothing away with her. It is due also to my old friend, Jenkins, that you should see that everything is right before you leave the country."

"Very well," Adair returned, seeing that he could not well get out of what he knew would be the most unpalatable task of all—"since you put it in that way, Froggart, of course I must go. When will you go—to-day—to-morrow?"

"To-morrow I am busy all day—I have six or seven appointments," Mr Froggart replied—"I shall be free at five o'clock this afternoon if you are anxious to get it over."

"I am—I'll be there at five," Adair said, moving to the door. "By-the-bye, Froggart, Jenkins has given me the sack," with a hard laugh at the make-believe joke.

"Jenkins—given you notice," echoed the lawyer—"and why?"

"His ostensible reason was his deep attachment to his mistress and his sense of the wrong that *I* have done her," answered the other bitterly.

"Ah! well, of course if he feels like *that*, he is quite right to leave you," Mr Froggart remarked—"I must say Jenkins is a man for whom I have always entertained a great respect—a great respect——" but Adair had not waited to hear the end of the sentence, and Mr Froggart sat down again at his desk, alternately shaking his head and nodding wisely at nothing.

CHAPTER VI.

Adair's first act after leaving the lawyer's office was to go into the nearest telegraph office and send a message to Jenkins which would let him know that he would be in Grosvenor Street at five o'clock. This done he had to get through the day as best he could; but, although he went to one or two shops, and even forced himself to go into his club and make a pretence of eating some lunch, the hours dragged heavily away, and he was punctual to the very moment, when he drove up to the house in Grosvenor Street.

It was a large and handsome house, rich in fine ceilings and large heavy doors which swung back with a great sweep almost flat against the walls in which they stood. The hall was large and spacious, with red and blue Turkey carpets spread upon it and upon the wide shallow stairs which led to the upper part of the house.

There were pictures and china and quaint curiosities everywhere, which gave the place an appearance of luxury and culture. Adair looked round the hall—which he had not seen for more than three months—with eager yet sad eyes. Oh! it was a hard wrench to force himself to look once more upon the dainty nest which he had made with such lavish cost and care for his love, his false love, as he reminded himself bitterly.

"Is Mr Froggart here—has he come?" he asked of Jenkins.

"Mr Froggart is in the library, sir," Jenkins answered, in the every-day unmoved voice which he always wore officially.

Adair went to the library without another word; he found Mr Froggart sitting comfortably before a good fire which Jenkins had lighted as soon as he received his master's telegram.

"You are here before me, Froggart," Adair said civilly—"I hope I haven't kept you waiting."

"Not at all. I have only been here a few minutes," the lawyer replied.

"Can I offer you anything?"

"Nothing at all, thanks. I am ready to begin whenever you like."

But Adair had, apparently, no desire to hurry. He got up from the chair on which he had scarcely sat for a minute and wandered once or twice round the room, opening a book here, touching a little ornament there. "She used to like this room," he said at last, half under his breath—"she often used to sit here with me when she was—but there, what's the good of thinking of that? It's all over and done with now—I suppose she'll go and sit in St. John's study now. Well"—turning round to Mr Froggart with a stifled sigh—"I suppose we needn't go over the chairs and tables! Any auctioneer's man can do that, and Jenkins is as honest as the day. What is it you want me to see?"

"First of all," said the lawyer in a dry tone, "to see that all papers are locked up. Or did you clear them all out when—when you left home?"

"I touched nothing—took nothing but my cheque book," Adair replied bitterly—"I cleared myself out, that was all. I let all the rest slide."

"Then they should all be looked over, rubbish should be destroyed and anything of importance preserved," said Mr Froggart.

"It will take hours," exclaimed Adair forcibly—"Froggart, I really cannot and will not do it. You can come and sort them over at your leisure—you know better than I what to do with them."

"Yes—I could do the ordinary papers, and will if you wish it," Mr Froggart answered dispassionately—"but the more private ones, I cannot. You must have some private papers—letters for instance—which you would not wish even me to meddle with."

For a moment Adair stood irresolute, "Yes," he said, in a strangled voice—"I have all *her* letters in that drawer—but—but they can stop there."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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