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, JANUARY 29, 1892. No. 22.

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The Acadian.

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

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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 fictitious signature.

Address all communications to DAVISON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S

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

ISAAC BROCK, D. D., Rector of Horton.

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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.

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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.

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—OF THE—

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WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

"How are you?" "Nicely, Thank You." "Thank Who?" "Why the inventor of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."

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

Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.

Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.

Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for *Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds.*

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

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TRY OUR CELEBRATED NEW BRAND OF

INCA FLOUR

A first-class grade of family flour. Winter patent, ground from choice Northern wheat. Full scale weight and of the very best quality. Supersedes all others wherever put upon the market. Honest and reliable. It contains the most health-giving and nourishing properties. Guaranteed and warranted to give satisfaction.

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

POETRY.

An Answered Prayer.

"I ask thee not for fame," he said;
"I would not wear that weighty crown,
Nor yet for riches would I pray,
But God in heaven, bend thee down—
I pray for peace," he said.

"From my poor life, grief's stormy sea
Hath lossed my fairest hopes aside;
I ask not for return of these
Upon some fair incoming tide—
I pray for peace," he said.

He turned his head—beside him stood
A man whose face was pale but fair;
Whose quiet eyes like starlight shone
From out his dark and misty hair;
"Thy prayer is heard," he said.

"But thou art Death—thy name is writ
Upon thy still and smileless face—
I prayed for peace, why art thou here?
What bringeth thee to seek this place?
I prayed for peace," he said.

"Thy prayer is heard," the angel said;
"Men pray for peace, yet Death would shun,
Not seeing, with their blinded eyes,
That Death and Peace are ever one;
Thy prayer is heard," he said.

SELECT STORY.

Pretty Miss Smith.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE rest of the evening was passed most uncomfortably by all of us. Poor Mrs Camden, who felt that this sudden influx of friends of Mary's was a tacit reproach to her guardianship, was cold and distant to me, alternately dignified and humble to Mr Marshall. He himself was evidently worn out by fatigue and anxiety, which he in vain tried to dissemble by a forced gaiety quite unlike his habitual cheerfulness. Mary, in whose mental condition the improvement seemed to show hour by hour, was depressed by her uncle's manner, and also by certain misgivings of her own which she confided to me, much to my consternation.

It was quite late in the evening; I was shutting up the piano, after having had my efforts to wile away the melancholy of the assemblage by music very much "sat upon." Suddenly I felt Mary's hand upon my shoulder, and looking round with a start I saw that her great blue eyes were bright with excitement, and that the dull and dangerous apathy which had alarmed me so much was gone—for the time at least.

"Georgie," she whispered. "Come into my room when we go upstairs, I want to speak to you."

When, therefore, we all separated for the night, I tapped at Mary's door when I had taken my candle into my own room. She dragged me in quickly, and shut the door with one of the old, frightened glances around. I put my arm reassuringly round her waist.

"Come, Mary," I cried, laughing, "you have nothing to be afraid of now. The person or persons who played you those cruel tricks won't try them while Mr Marshall is about, you may be quite sure."

After Tom's confession, of course I had the best possible reason to believe that we were safe from any more nocturnal frights, and my confidence gave her courage. Recovering a calmer manner, she told me what was troubling her.

"Do you know, Georgie," she said in a low voice, "I am afraid I have been treating poor Hilary very badly."

What could I say? How could I sympathize with her, having such good reason to fear that he had been treated by us all a great deal to well? On the other hand, I dared not, in her present excitable state and without consulting Mr Marshall, add to her trouble by any hint of my own knowledge or suspicions. I could only listen while she went on with great earnestness:

"I know he has been irritable with me; but then, as he says, it is a very difficult position for any man without money—that of *fiance* to a girl as well off as I. And then Uncle Charles seemed to doubt him, and that made me doubtful and suspicious. And then these frights came, and he wouldn't believe them, and laughed at me. So then I wouldn't see him; and because he wrote in what I thought a jeering tone I sent back his letters. And presently, as I grew more frightened and suspicious, I refused to see him at all, and he sent me rude and angry letters. Some I read, and some I sent back; but still I wouldn't see him. But now, Georgie, that you and Uncle Charles are here, and I am safe and more like my old self once more, I feel that I may have been too hard upon him. My love for him seems to come back, and I know—I am sure that I have wronged him by my capricious treatment and my hard thoughts. Oh, Georgie, I am sure of it, and I must see him at once to tell him so."

I did not know how to meet her eyes, which were trying to look into mine with a wistful brightness that told of returning health of mind.

While I was racking my brains for something coherent and calming to say, which should yet commit me to nothing, we were both startled by a loud, harsh cry in a man's voice. Poor Mary clung to me in terror. I rushed to the door and opened it. There was a horrible, gurgling sound as of someone calling, gasping for breath.

"It is in Mr Marshall's room!" I cried. "He's in a fit, or struggling with someone. Let me go, let me go!"

I broke away from Mary, who would have detained me, and rushing to the door of the room Mr Marshall occupied, I tried to open it. But it was locked. From inside still came the hoarse, choking cries. They seemed to me, however, to be growing fainter as I knocked and called, getting no answer. In desperation I rushed to the work-room and brought back the poker, with which I proceeded to batter the door with such good-will that in the course of a few minutes I managed to burst it open.

By that time Mr Marshall's cries and moans had entirely ceased. He was lying fully dressed, on the floor, with his hands tightly clenched and his eyes rolled up. I knew that he was in a fit. About the room half-a-dozen great owls were flying, beating the air and the walls with their wings, and uttering hideous screeching noises, just as they had done in Mary's room the night before. Only now the faint light from the corridor showed me that a string was attached to the leg of each; and even as I entered, I saw them drawn up quickly, one by one, shrieking and fluttering, through the square ventilator overhead. At the same time a high, crackling laugh, that I recognized, broke upon my ears. Surely, surely, it was Hopkins' voice!

I rang the bell, and in a little while some of the servants came, entering in a body, and evidently very much alarmed. By this time Mr Marshall, whose clothes I had soaked through and through with cold water in my attempts to bring him back to consciousness, was recovering. We gave him some brandy and Mrs Camden and I stayed with him until he was himself again. But the natural color never came back to his face; I was almost afraid to leave him, least he should die in the night. For the paltry trick had had an even more startling effect upon him than it had had upon his fragile niece.

"You won't laugh at poor Mary now, will you?" I said when he declared himself "all right again."

Strong man as he was, he shuddered.

"No, indeed," he said, "I—I—we won't talk about it."

When at last we left him, he had the room bright with a whole forest of candles, and said that he should sit up reading until it was daylight. I was in such a bewildered state of mind, that when I came out of his room I turned to the right instead of to the left, and walked on until I found myself close to the door which divided the house proper from the distillery stores. There I suddenly stopped with a cry.

The door was ajar, and peeping through was the little impish face of the night-watchman, wearing a curious expression. I drew a long breath and stopped him as he was trying to draw back.

"You, it must be *you*, who are at the bottom of this! It was *your* laugh I heard!" I cried breathlessly.

And at the same moment I perceived that his hands were torn and scratched, and that there were a few loose feathers on his clothes.

"Well," said he, "you'd better have me took up then!"

And with a straight stare, half quizzical, half defiant, which I could not understand, he shut himself into his own domain.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN I woke up the next morning and remembered the events I had so recently taken part in, I felt that the mystery of it all was threatening to turn my own brain. Whose pay was Harry Hopkins in, if, as it now appeared, it was he who worked the nightly disturbance? Was it really Tom who had engaged him in this wicked business? If so, how was it that it had not been stopped since the exposure of the day before? And why, for the first time, had another victim than Mary been chosen—and that victim Mr Marshall?

There was no stisfactory answer forthcoming to any of these questions, and it was with a heavy heart I went downstairs. Mary had had a good night, but it was something more than that which made her cheeks burn and her eyes glitter, and gave her a feverish animation which alarmed me nearly as much as the apathy from which she had previously suffered. Mr Marshall sent down word that he would breakfast upstairs, and would be glad to see Mary and me afterwards, if we would not mind the trouble of coming up to his room, as he was too ill to get up.

Mary seized me after breakfast just as I was leaving the room.

"Don't go yet," she whispered. "I'm going to send Mrs Camden to see how uncle is, and we'll go up presently. I've something to show you—or at least something to tell you."

She dragged me to the window and took out of her pocket a letter which I saw was of portentous length. Of course I guessed at once that it was from Hilary.

"The poor fellow is so miserable," said Mary, with tears in her eyes. "He begs me to let him come here and see me, and says he has a right to come; which after all is true, you know, since I never formally broke it off with him. He reproaches me for having let anyone come between us; I suppose he means you, Georgie, so I want to see him to tell him he is wrong. And he says this is the last appeal his pride will let him make, Georgie," she continued, breaking down into sobs; "and that if I reject it he will go abroad again; for although he loves me just as much as ever, he can't, in his position humble himself any more."

"Young men always write like that, if they can't have any—everything their own way," said I, in the tone of one who had bales of such letters stored up as evidence of the value of her charms. "I shouldn't answer him, Mary, until you have consulted Mr Marshall."

"But I know that Uncle Charles doesn't approve of our engagement, so he is not likely to be kind!" pleaded poor Mary.

Indeed, knowing what I knew, I did not think he was, and I was very much afraid that we should have great difficulty in persuading her to give Hilary up, whatever we might succeed in proving against him. For, like many other sweet and apparently yielding women, Mary could be even more obstinate than people of stronger judgment.

We found Mr Marshall in his dressing-gown writing in an armchair by the window. He looked very ill, and in reply to our reproaches for getting up at all, he said, with a weary sort of smile, that he was not going to turn invalid until he was forced to do so. But he consented to our sending for a doctor, although he premptorily refused to let us communicate with his wife.

It was with manifested reluctance that Mary introduced the subject of Hilary and his appealing letter. Mr Marshall and I exchanged glances. In mine I tried to convey a warning to him to deal gently with her; but it was not needed. He addressed her in the very gentlest of tones.

"My dear girl," he said, while the harrassed look came again strongly into his face, "you put me in a very difficult position. I don't deny that I have heard certain reports of Hilary which I should like explained before matters go any further between you. I therefore strongly recommend—indeed I beg you—to let things rest as they are until I am able to get about again."

"But he says he shall go away!" said Mary tearfully.

"Don't be afraid. He'll not go far, with such a tender pair of blue eyes looking out for him," answered her uncle reassuringly.

But Mary was not easy to convince. She very soon made an excuse to leave the room, saying she must send for the doctor, adding a little fretful protest below her breath that she was not allowed to do as she liked in her own house. I supposed that she had gone off to write to Hilary. Mr Marshall looked grave and worried.

"Do you think she sends him money?" he asked abruptly, after a short pause, when she left the room.

"Oh, Mr Marshall, surely not! He could never have sunk so low as that!"

But the lawyer, whose experience of human nature was both more extensive and less favorable than mine, shook his head.

"There are no depths, that I know of, to which a man badly in want of money may not sink," he said with conviction. "Mary has a large balance at her banker's that she can draw upon at any time. It was, I consider, the most foolish of my brother Tom's provisions for her. The temptation may have been too strong for young Gold Mary is as open-handed as the sun."

"Yes, that is true," said I uneasily. "Now that I have a chance of speaking to you alone, Mr Marshall, I want to ask you a question about last night. I met Hopkins, the watchman, when I left your room. He was peering in through the door that leads to the works, and I am sure I heard his laugh up above our heads"—and I glanced at the ventilator—"when we came and found you here. Do you think it was he who played all those tricks on Mary? Of course at somebody else's instigation."

At my first mention of this subject Mr Marshall had grown livid; and I would have stopped, preceding my indiscretion, but that he made me a sign to go on.

"I can't tell he said. "I have not seen the man yet, you know. When I do, I dare say I shall be able to make a fairly good guess as to whether the fellow is honest or not."

And you will be able to get the truth out of him about the man I saw, whom he declares to be a detective. I believe if we got hold of him the whole mystery would be cleared up—about the woman and all. I don't like the look of that woman a bit, and I don't believe half she says. The way to get the truth, as far as she is concerned, would be to bring her face to face with Hilary Gold."

Mr Marshall had no time to reply to this suggestion, as at that moment Mrs Camden herself knocked at the door and brought in the doctor, whose brougham we had seen come up the avenue. He did not stay very long. He declared that his patient was suffering from the effects of mental overstrain and nervous shock, and advised him to give up all thoughts of business for a time, and if possible to go away for a thorough change of climate and surroundings.

"You are thoroughly run down," he pronounced as he rose to go. "Just now I noticed that the mere sight of a person crossing the garden path startled you and made you change color."

Mr Marshall, whose eyes had been wandering out of the window with a strained and eager glance, turned quickly to the doctor.

"Oh no, surely you are exaggerating my weakness," he said with a laugh.

But even as the doctor was shaking hands in farewell, Mr Marshall's restless eyes were again glancing searchingly out the window. I had perceived the cause, and it troubled me as much as it did him. Treading cautiously in and out among the trees and shrubs, haunting the place as she had haunted it the day before, was the mysterious woman with the grey-green eyes, who had given her name as Dora Selton.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Rev. W. A. Mason, Georgetown, P. E. I.:—(1st letter) "I have used one package of your famous K. D. C. and have derived great benefit from it. My case is very severe—complicated with other troubles. (2d letter) "I have been troubled with a constant pain in my stomach. I was afraid it was cancer. After using your medicine it entirely disappeared and has not returned.

Newspaper advertising commends itself to the level headed man as the most practical means of reaching the public.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker Mouth. For sale by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

Study Women's Thumbs.

Trust a woman who sits with her thumbs up; she may be determined, but she is not a liar. The one who conceals her thumbs is apt to be deceitful and untruthful. Look at the thumb if you want to judge of people's intellectual strength, for the longer it is proportionately, the stronger the brain. We forget the individuality of the thumb; we forget that in days gone by men did not write, they made their marks by imprinting their thumbs in soft sealing wax; that was a man's sign manual. And just remember, too, that Sir Isaac Newton said, "If any one ever doubts the existence of a God he has only to watch the action of a thumb of a man."

Never forget that at least twice a day a good ration of exercise should be provided the hens, and the best way to secure this is to conceal the grain feed so that constant work will be necessary to find it.

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts, 50 cts and $1. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

"German Syrup"

For Throat and Lungs

Hemorrhage Five Years. "I have been ill for "about five years, "have had the best "medical advice, "and I took the first "dose in some doubt. This result-"ed in a few hours easy sleep. There "was no further hemorrhage till next "day, when I had a slight attack "which stopped almost immediate-"ly. By the third day all trace of "blood had disappeared and I had "recovered much strength. The "fourth day I sat up in bed and ate "my dinner, the first solid food for "two months. Since that time I "have gradually gotten better and "am now able to move about the "house. My death was daily ex-"pected and my recovery has been "a great surprise to my friends and "the doctor. There can be no doubt "about the effect of German Syrup, "as I had an attack just previous to "its use. The only relief was after "the first dose." J. R. LOUGHHEAD, Adelaide Australia.

$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 699 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 $50. prize."—A. W. Cunningham, Donald, B. C. "Prize received O. K."—J. D. Baptle, 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," "FAME," 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, five 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