

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1894.

No. 51.

THE ACADIAN.

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(IN ADVANCE.)
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The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new types and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspapers from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names of the party writing for the Acadian must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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For Halifax and Windsor close at 7:10 a. m.
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Express east close at 4:30 p. m.
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Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturdays and Sundays.
Geo. W. Murray, 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. HOSKINS, { Warden
A. DEW BARR, }
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor, at Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 1:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar Gronlund, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, noon, Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free, and strangers welcome at all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Thursday.

St. John's Church—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 6th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.
REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storer, { Warden
S. J. Rutherford, }

Masonic.
St. Andrew's Lodge, A. F. & M. S. M. meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.
P. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. F. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., 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 3 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.

Have a Very Bad Cough. Are Suffering from Lung Troubles. Have Lost Flesh through Illness. Are Throatened with Consumption.

Remember that the
DR. THOMPSON'S
IS WHAT YOU REQUIRE

Physicians,

the world over, endorse it; babies and children like the taste of it. Weak mothers respond readily to its nourishing powers.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, is the life of the blood, the maker of sound flesh, solid bones and lung tissue, and the very essence of nourishment. Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bown, Sole-Importers, All Drug Stores, etc. &c.

DIRECTORY.

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

DORDEN, 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. PAZANT & SON, Dentists.
DUNCANSON BROTHERS.—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Feed.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods, Clothing and Gent's 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. Repairs neatly done.
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ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Frames, and Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.
RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.
SLEEP, L. W.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Groceries, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.
SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Toilet Shaviner.
WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

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

Skoda's German Soap.
A very careful examination of it has shown it to be composed of ingredients of a chemically pure and healing nature. It can be used for all highly recommended, both for medicinal and toilet use. It is also an excellent detergent for general every-day use.
Mr. Baymore, whose picture appears above, and who for many years was afflicted with the most obstinate of skin diseases, cured himself by the use of this soap, and has since used it as his only soap, and has never again been troubled with the disease.

Skoda's German Ointment.
Perfectly pure and possessing high medicinal qualities. It can be used with perfect safety on the most delicate skin, and is an excellent ointment for general every-day use.
Mr. Baymore, whose picture appears above, and who for many years was afflicted with the most obstinate of skin diseases, cured himself by the use of this ointment, and has since used it as his only ointment, and has never again been troubled with the disease.

NEGLECTED Coughs & Deep Seated Coughs.
SAFELY AND SURELY CURED BY
Allen's Lung Balsam.
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.

IF YOU
Remember that the
DR. THOMPSON'S
IS WHAT YOU REQUIRE

POETRY.

Fettered.

Within the room that soft hands daily dress
With all that speaks of love and tender care,
And near the casement, where the
grass-green air
Steals gently in, with drowsiest caress;
I sit in letters which my God hath wound
About my limbs, the heavy chains of pain;
The door is guarded by his angels' train,
And I sit, weak and helpless and fast bound.
Patience and Love are those that guard my door.
And Patience counsels me to wait and pray,
Ah! but the flesh is spent with sufferings!
Patience is hard—but Love, ne'er heard before,
Whispers within my ear, "Bear every day.
For my sake, only that which each day brings."

SELECT STORY.

At the World's Mercy.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

The days and weeks went drearily by after my return. I saw little of either Mr or Mrs Godfrey, and spent nearly all my time in the schoolroom. I heard nothing of Hubert; only once Mr Godfrey lent me a letter from Tom to his father, mentioning Hubert, saying that he thought his going away would do him good. This half reassured me, for I had thought of writing to Tom to find out the truth about his brother's departure, knowing that Mr and Mrs Godfrey would not dare to deceive him. After that letter of his, I felt that my suspicions had no reasonable ground, and, though even then I was not convinced, I began to be ashamed of them. But my anxiety grew strong again at the weeks yet to pass.

A sudden resolution to go abroad brought jealousy or distrust of me, founded, as I supposed, upon his having seen me with Eugene. His faith I never doubted for an instant; but I had the strongest fears for his self-control. If I had only known where he was, I knew that a letter from me would call him back at once; but no one could tell me.

Six weeks had passed; I had not seen Mr Godfrey for several days, when, meeting me one morning, he was struck by my paleness, and told me kindly, with a look that seemed almost remorseful, that I was making myself ill.

"You are growing quite thin and white. We must get Mrs Godfrey to take you to a ball, and see if the compliments of your numerous admirers won't bring the roses into your cheeks again."

But the tears welled up into my eyes at these words. Nobody's compliments could please me now. He looked still more disturbed.

"My dear child," he began; and then, his voice getting husky, he patted my shoulder and turned away. But the next moment he turned back to me, and said hurriedly, "You must not fret, you know, Hubert is getting on all right now."

My heart seemed to stand still. I raised my eyes, wide with dread, to his face, without a word or a cry. Mr Godfrey could not bear it; and, leaving his sentence unended, he walked quickly away. I knew now that Hubert was not travelling abroad; his father's good-natured hesitation and half-hearted assurance that he was well had told me that. I darted across the room, and stopped him as he put his hand upon the door handle.

"Mr Godfrey, tell me—where is he?"

"You must not ask me; you can do him no good—he is quite well."

He was looking troubled, but stern; and I dared not ask him anything more.

That night I could bear my misery by myself no longer, and I wrote a long, bitter, heart-broken letter to Elsie, telling her all that I knew and nearly all that I feared. I fell asleep, with the bitter tears of despair upon my cheeks.

CHAPTER XVI.

I was surprised, when nearly a week had slipped by, to have received an answering letter from Elsie. On the

Sunday after I had written, I was returning alone from afternoon church, when, just outside the park gates, I met Eugene Baruch. He seemed startled by the change in my look. I greeted him very coldly; but he was more at his ease than at our last meeting.

"I hope you will pardon my way-laying you, Mrs Verney," he said; "but I have something to say to you, and I did not venture to write."

I bowed, and walked on with him away towards the common.

"Ever since I last saw you, I have been regretting my foolish and vain behavior, not knowing how to make amends. At last I determined to call upon your sister—I had found out where she lived when you were staying there—and beg a good-natured message in her next letter to you. I found her in great distress about a letter from you. As first she would only tell me you were in great trouble; but, when she saw how miserable this bare information made me, she was kind enough to trust me a little further. I raised my head indignantly. 'You do not think I would insult you or her by idle curiosity?' She told me enough to give me a hope of being of use to you."

"How?" asked I, still indignant at Elsie's breach of confidence.

He did not look at me as he answered.

"She told me you were unhappy because you were unable to obtain any tidings of a person you were interested in. If this is so, I will make every effort to get the information you wish for, if you will only trust me with the search."

I could see that he was striving to speak more calmly than his feelings prompted. I looked into his face, astonished.

"Whoever it may be, Miss Verney, it is enough for me that to hear from him would give you pleasure. You need not hesitate to accept my services. I went on earnestly. 'I owe you a debt of gratitude and reparation for a repeated offence. Be generous, and let me serve you.'

After a moment of painful shame and hesitation, I held out my hand impulsively.

"Thank you. I am very, very grateful to you—I cannot tell you how grateful; but I cannot accept your offer. There are many difficulties in the way which make it impossible."

Then, as Eugene caught at the words and pressed me earnestly to trust him, I gave way and burst into passionate tears. With gentle, brotherly words he soothed me, until the tears he asked for came into my heart; and, with my head hung down and my hands tightly clasped, trying to speak calmly and evenly, I told him what I knew and what I feared. When I confessed my dread that Hubert had been put under the supervision of a diplomatic agent, Eugene burst out, shocked.

"And you love this man?"

This challenge brought a spark of the old spirit into my eyes; and I answered passionately—

"I love him with all his heart! I have to give, and I should love him if he had lost every trace of the sweetness and generosity that first won me. Eugene said nothing; and, after a few minutes' silence, I broke out again. 'You don't understand. You are shocked, disgusted perhaps, that I can care for a man with such a vice hanging over him. Do you think I don't feel degraded myself at the thought? You think he must have been deeply lovable; but he was not—I not only loved him, I respected him. He was weak; but I have seen him constantly exercising the self-control of the strong; and was it for me to despise him because he did so for my sake? I am miserably certain that that self-control would never have left him if he had not been led to doubt my faith.'

"But, pardon me, are you so sure of his faith?"

"Yes," said I sadly. "However low he may have sunk, crushed down by the tender hands of his friends, I know he is true to me."

"But, supposing your suspicions were founded, what sufficient motive could Mrs Godfrey and Mrs Fitzgerald have for abetting him?"

"Mrs Godfrey hates him, through the cruellest prejudice; and she is encouraged in her dislike by her mother, who would use any means to leave Mr Godfrey's fortune unburdened by provision for his eldest son. Mrs Fitzgerald was acquiring such a strong influence over Mr Godfrey—who has been much weaker of will since his illness—when I went away, that I believe she could have persuaded him into anything she wished."

"But don't you know that no man can be forced into an establishment of this kind without his own free consent?"

"Who knows by what hateful means they may have wrung it from him?" I burst forth, in such misery of conviction that Eugene was silenced.

I told him I had no clue to help him in his search; yet I felt hope rising even as he quietly listened to me. He asked for Mrs Fitzgerald's address, which I gave him, and then I had him gratefully good-bye, and his face flushed with pleasure as I, holding his hand, looked up tearfully and thanked him.

Awakening from my dull torpor into an agony of alternate hope and despair, feeling almost guilty of treachery towards my employers, I found these days of suspense the hardest to bear of all. On the fourth morning after my interview with Eugene, Mr Godfrey received at breakfast-time a letter which seemed to affect him powerfully; at once I guessed that it concerned Hubert. He looked at it with furrowed brows, and then, withdrawing his eyes from my white, anxious face, I dared ask no question; but I felt that on that day and the two following days an unusual excitement moved both him and Mrs Godfrey, who avoided me. No one told me anything. I dared not ask; but I waited and watched and listened in a fever of hope and dread.

On the third evening after the arrival of that letter, while Mr and Mrs Godfrey were at dinner, I was sitting in the schoolroom by the open window. It was June; but the nights were chilly; I had just risen to shut the window, when the faint sound of wheels and a horse's hoofs at the front of the house made me stop and listen with an agony of intention that I could not have explained. I seemed to have stood like that for an hour—it must have been two or three minutes—when the door-bell rang. Then, no more doubt, delay, hesitation! In a moment I had darted across the room, opened the door, flown through the great hall, the little hall, through the great front-door, which a footman had just opened, and was standing upon the doorstep with my heart upon my lips. I was not surprised, I was not shocked as I stood there, to see Eugene at the door of a carriage, holding out his arm gently. I knew Hubert was inside; I knew he was ill; I knew that in another moment he would be in my arms. But I was not prepared for the terrible pang which shot through my heart when I first caught sight of his face, white, thin, and haggard, and saw him totter up the steps leaning on Eugene's arm. Did he not see me? Would he pass me? I seemed unable to move. I did not know that, while the hall-lamps shone full upon him, I was in shadow. He was half-way up the steps when I whispered hoarsely, "Hubert!" He looked up—it was with the old radiant smile again; he left Eugene's support, sprang up the remaining steps, and snatched me into his arms.

I do not know what helpless, broken confession I made as I stood there, with his tears falling fast upon my face and his loving arms round me, though I remember the sound of my voice as it rang in the night air. I know that Eugene's hands led us in; and then I turned to see Mr Godfrey, with bowed head and tears on his own face, with one arm in mine, gently patting my shoulder, and to see Mrs Godfrey shrinking back, pitiful, frightened and guilty! In another minute Hubert

had given her the kiss of forgiveness; but, even as he did so, I felt that I hated her for all that she and her heartless, grasping mother had brought upon him. When he had greeted his father, and the latter had begun to thank Eugene, Hubert turned again to me, and it was on my arm that he leaned as he went up-stairs to his room; for no one disputed my right to be by his side. One more kiss he gave me, as, blinded by my tears, I left him.

Eugene would not stay, as Mr Godfrey entreated him to do; but before he went he told me, at my request, how he had found Hubert.

He had first called upon Mrs Fitzgerald, and told her that he was a friend of Tom's come straight from Paris, commissioned by him to call upon his brother and find out if he were improving in the Retreat. That Eugene had boldly taken for granted that my suspicions were true. Then he told her that he had mislaid the address of the Retreat in question, and knowing Mrs Fitzgerald to be a connection of the family, had ventured to call upon her as he was passing through town, in the hope that she might be able to give it to him. Then he had led the conversation off to his business, and promised her some shares in the "Bouches du Rhone" Company. After that, growing more confidential, he had confided to her his admiration of "the governess at Hawkestone." Catching at this, Mrs Fitzgerald had told him he had a rival in Hubert, at present safely out of the way. Eugene had agreed heartily that the Retreat was the best place for him, and had gone away triumphantly with the address.

He then started immediately for Doctor Longton's, the Retreat in question, in Buckinghamshire, where he was received rather suspiciously, though stating that he came by commission of the family of Mr Hubert Godfrey. Doctor Longton said Mr Godfrey declined to receive anybody; but Eugene insisted upon seeing him, and was struck by his wan, sunken face and evident weakness. The Doctor hastened to show him, before his leaving-taking, Hubert's hand, stating that he entered Doctor Longton's establishment of his own free will, and undertook to remain there until such time as the Doctor should consider him cured of his temperate habits. Eugene had not been able to speak alone to Hubert, who assumed to have had all spirit crushed out of him, and had a hopeless look in his eyes that touched Eugene to the quick. The latter had gone back to his hotel in the nearest town, and written to Mr Godfrey, telling him his son was seriously ill, and that he feared that he was in bad hands. Mr Godfrey had replied at once, saying he should be deeply obliged if Mr Baruch, being still in the neighborhood of the Retreat, would effect his son's release, as he had written to Doctor Longton, desiring that he would let his son go off with Mr Baruch.

On returning to the Retreat, it was only under threat of a visit from the police that the Doctor had allowed his "patient" to leave; and, on their journey back, which they were obliged to make in short stages, on account of Hubert's weakness, the latter had given him such an account of his stay as seemed to make Eugene's blood freeze in his veins.

I could not thank Eugene; I could only clasp his hands in mine and try to press them to my lips.

"Don't, Guinevere; I deserve no gratitude. I thank Heaven I have been able to help you at last. Good night," said he.

I went up-stairs, and for his sake, and for Hubert's, but with a deep peace and joy at the bottom of my heart at the thought that my love was near me again, mine for ever now. As I slowly passed his door, I was stopped by a sound that tolled away my happiness like a knell. It was only a cough; but, little as I knew of illness, I felt that that cough was a signal of danger; and, with my brow wet with fear, I leaned against the wall by his door. Before I had recovered, Mrs French came out. She started on seeing me.

"Miss Verney!"

"Oh, Mrs French!" I whispered back.

But Hubert's quick ears had caught

the sound of my voice; and he called out, "Good night, Guinevere."

"Good night, good night," returned I, hardly able to steady my breaking voice; and then, all in tears, I let Mrs French lead me away to my room. When we reached it, she came in with me, put me into a chair, and began in a tone much less firm than usual—

"Miss Verney, why did you not let me see how much you cared for him, when you came back, instead of putting me through the agonies which half-deceived me? I should not have had the heart to resist you, if you had let me see how much you cared."

"Did you know all then? You told me you were away when he went!"

"Not quite, though I let you understand me so. I did go away; but it was not until after he had left. But I thought with them all that it was best for you not to know where he had gone."

"Oh, how could you all be so cruel, so hatefully cruel! I burst out, moaning.

She paused, full of pity and remorse.

"Indeed, my dear Miss Verney, I did think it cruel when I saw you; and, if you had only given way when you asked about him, I must have told you everything."

"And so you left it to chance whether he should be murdered in that fearful place or come home to die before my eyes!"

"Don't, my dear Miss Verney; you are over-excited, and cannot see things calmly. Mr Hubert is ill—and no wonder, after all he has gone through, poor young man—but he will soon get well now he is among his friends again."

"Friends!" I echoed bitterly.

"And with you to nurse him," added Mrs French.

Yes, I might nurse him; there was comfort in that; and I grew calmer, and begged her to tell me what had happened between my departure and

She said that, on the day I left and the following, Hubert had seemed very light-hearted and happy. But on the next, which was Saturday—the day I met Mr Baruch in the Museum—he had come home late, gloomy and irritable, and had sat up drinking with some gentlemen staying in the house. The next day he came down very late. Mrs Fitzgerald met him, and Mrs French had heard his voice in loud and violent discussion with her. After that, he had been scarcely sober for the rest of the day, and at night he drank harder than ever.

"That wretched woman!" cried I, starting up in frenzy. "What had she been saying to him?"

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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The Best Medicine.

J. O. WILSON, Contractor and Builder, Sulphur Springs, Texas, thus speaks of Ayer's Pills:

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine I ever tried; and, in my judgment, no better general remedy could be devised. I have used them in my family and recommended them to my friends and employes for more than twenty years. To my certain knowledge, many cases of the following complaints have been completely and

Permanently Cured
by the use of Ayer's Pills alone: Third day chills, dumb ague, bilious fever, headache, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, constipation, and hard stools. I know that a moderate use of Ayer's Pills, continued for a few days or weeks, is a sure and absolute cure for the disorders I have named above."

"I have been selling medicine for eight years, and I can safely say that Ayer's Pills give better satisfaction than any other pill I ever sold."—J. J. Perry, Sperrytown, C. H., Va.

AYER'S PILLS
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Every Dose Effective

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

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by the use of Ayer's Pills alone: Third day chills, dumb ague, bilious fever, headache, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, constipation, and hard stools. I know that a moderate use of Ayer's Pills, continued for a few days or weeks, is a sure and absolute cure for the disorders I have named above."

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AYER'S PILLS
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Every Dose Effective

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