THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIV. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1895. No. 30.

THE ACADIAN.

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on trancient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

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

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Mails are made up as follows:

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ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion 1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a.m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Storrs, } Wardens.
S. J. Rutherford, }

ST FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev Mr Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m the fourth Sunday of each month.

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F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of 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 2 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE!

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

Bennett H. Armstrong, LL. B.

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office: Main St., Wolfville.

Money to lend on mortgage. [45

Don't Forget

that when you buy Scott's Emulsion you are not getting a secret mixture containing worthless or harmful drugs.

Scott's Emulsion *cannot* be secret for an analysis reveals all there is in it. Consequently the endorsement of the medical world *means something*.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes *Wasting*, promotes the making of *Solid Flesh*, and gives *Vital Strength*. It has no equal as a cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Emaciation, and Wasting Diseases of Children.

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

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—OF THE—

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

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

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THE

'White is King of All.'

White Sewing Machine Co

Cleveland, Ohio.

—FOR SALE BY—

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WOLFVILLE, N. S.

N. B. Machine Needles and Oil. Machines repaired. 25

For Sale!

OR TO LET!

The Subscriber offers for sale or to let his house and land in Wolfville known as the Andrew DeWolf property, containing house, barn and outbuildings, and 1½ acres of land—including orchard. Sold en bloc or in lots. Apply to

R. W. STORRS,
or E. S. CRAWLEY.

W. J. Balcom

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

MEAT!

You will find us at our new stand in

Crystal Palace Block!

Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon, Bologna, Sausages, and all kinds of Poultry in stock.

Davidson & Duncanson.

Wolfville, Jan. 17th, 1894.

Dr. DeWitt,

OFFICE IN HIS RESIDENCE, MAIN ST.

WOLFVILLE. 7-t

POETRY.

A Cheerful View.

The winter's almost past an' soon the warmer winds will blow,
The snow'll melt, the brooks'll break away,
The tramp'll come a beggin' full of whiskey and of woe,
The robin trill his merry roundelay.
An' then there'll be a spell o' mud—there always is, but still
It won't take that so very long to pass,
An' when it does, the buds'll be a-burstin' with a will,
And the butter be a-tastin' o' the grass.

The cows'll have a twinkle in their peaceful lookin' eyes,
To see the medders gettin' green again;
An' the haughty, struttin' rooster be so full o' pleased surprise
That he'll crow real kind o' crazy, now and then,
The violets will be peepin' jes' ez bashful ez can be,
The dandelions a-sproutin' bold ez brass,
Together with the daisies an' the tempt-in' cherry tree,
While the butter keeps a-tastin' o' the grass.

The pigeons will be cooin' in a sentimental style
A-nestin' on the barn in lovin' pairs;
An' the landscape all a-bloomin' in a broad and beamin' smile,
With a sort of funny fragrance everywhere.
O, yes, I know the sultry days'll follow mighty close
An' Nature then be jes' a molten mass;
Still I'm feelin' awful frisky—tain't no use to be morose
When the butter is a-tastin' o' the grass.

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XIV.—*Continued.*

"There's no use in taking up things that one must leave off again," he added, somewhat enigmatically. Then he opened a copy of Browning which lay near, and forgot Valentine and her troubles, at least she thought he forgot her.

She looked at him for a moment with a half-pleased, half-puzzled expression coming into her face.

"He is very handsome and interesting," she murmured under her breath. "I like him, I certainly do like him, not as well as my father of course—I'm not sorry I married him now. I like him quite as well as I could ever have cared for the other man—the man who wore white flannels and had a determined voice, and now has been turned into a dreadful prosy curate. Yes, I do like Gerald. He perplexes me a good deal, but that is interesting. He is mysterious, and that is captivating—yes, yes—yes. Now, what did he mean by that queer remark about my housekeeping—'that it wasn't worth while?' I hope he's not superstitious—if anything could be worth while it would be well for a young girl like me to learn something useful and definite. I'll ask him what he means."

She drew a footstool to her husband's side, and taking one of his hands laid her cheek against it. Wyndham dropped his book and smiled down at her.

"Gerry, do you believe in omens?" she asked.

Gerald gave a slight start. Circumstances inclined him to superstition—then he laughed. He must not encourage his wife in any such folly.

"I don't quite understand you, my love," he replied.

"Only you said it was not worth my while to learn to housekeep. Why do you say that? I am very young, you are young. If we are to go on always together, I ought to become wise and sensible. I ought to have knowledge. What do you mean, Gerald? Have you had an omen? Do you think you will die? Or perhaps that I shall die? I should not at all like it. I hope—I trust—no token of death has been sent to you about me."

"None, my very dearest, none. I see before you a life of—of peace. Peace and plenty—and—and—honor—a good life, Valentine, a guarded life."

"How white you are, Gerald. And why do you say 'you' all the time? The life, the peaceful life, and it sounds rather dull, is for us both, isn't it?"

"I don't know—I can't say. You wouldn't care, would you, Val—I mean—I mean——"

"What?"

Valentine had risen, her arms were thrown round Gerald's neck.

"Are you trying to tell me that I could be happy now without you?" she whispered. "Then I couldn't, darling. I don't mind telling you I couldn't. I—I——"

"What, Val, what?"

"I like you, Gerald. Yes, I know it—I do like you—much."

It ought to have been the most dreadful sound to him, and yet it wasn't. Wyndham strained his wife to his heart. Then he raised his eyes, and with a start Valentine and he stepped asunder.

Mr Paget had come into the room. He had come in softly, and he must have heard Valentine's words, and seen that close embrace.

With a glad cry the girl flew to his side, but when he kissed her his lips trembled, he sank down on the nearest chair like a man who had received a great shock.

CHAPTER XV.

"I'm afraid I can't help it, sir," said Wyndham.

Mr Paget and his son-in-law were standing together in the very comfortable private room before alluded to in the office of the former.

Wyndham was standing with his back to the mantlepiece; Valentine's lovely picture was over his head. Her eyes, which were almost dancing with life, seemed to have something mocking in them to Mr Paget, as he encountered their gaze now. As eyes will in a picture, they followed him wherever he moved. He was restless and ill at ease, and he wished either that the picture might be removed, or that he could take up Wyndham's position with his back to it.

"I tell you," he said, in a voice that betrayed his perturbation, "that you must help it. It's a clear breaking of contract to do otherwise."

"You see," said Wyndham, with a slow smile, "you under-rated my attractions I was not the man for your purpose after all."

"Sit down for God's sake, Wyndham. Don't stand there looking so provokingly indifferent. One would think the whole matter was nothing to you."

"I am not sure that it is much; that is, I am not at all sure that I shall not take my full meed of pleasure out of the short time allotted to me."

"Sit down, take that chair, no, not that one—that—ah, that's better. Valentine's eyes are positively uncomfortable the way they pursue me this evening. Wyndham, you must feel for me—you must see that it will be a perfectly awful thing if my—my child loses her heart to you."

"Well, Mr Paget, you can judge for yourself how matters stand. I—I cannot quite agree with you about what you fear being a catastrophe."

"You must be mad, Wyndham—you must either be mad, or you mean to cheat me after all."

"No, I don't. I have a certain amount of honor left—not much, or I shouldn't have lent myself to this, but the rag remaining is at your service. Seriously now, I don't think you have grave cause for alarm. Valentine is affectionate, but I am not to her as you are."

"You are growing dearer to her every day. I am not blind, I have watched her face. She follows you with her eyes—when you don't eat she is anxious, when you look dismal—you have an infernally dismal face at times, Wyndham—she is puzzled. It wasn't only what I saw last night. Valentine is waking up. It was in the contract that she was not to wake up. I gave you a child for your wife. She was to remain a child when——"

"When she became my widow," Wyndham answered calmly.

"Yes. My God, it is awful to think of it. We must go in, we daren't turn back, and she may suffer, she may suffer horribly, she has a great heart—a deep heart. It is playing with edged tools to make it live."

"Can't you shorten the time of probation?" asked Wyndham.

"I wish to heaven I could, but I am powerless. Wyndham, my good friend, my son—something must be done."

"Don't call me your son," said the younger man, rising and shaking himself. "I have a father who besides you is—there, I won't name what I think of you. I have a mother—through your machinations I shall never see her face any more. Don't call me your son. You are very wise, you have the wisdom of a devil, but even you can overreach yourself. You thought you had found everything you needed, when you found me—the weak young fool, the despairing idiotic lover. Poor? Yes, cursedly poor, and with a certain sense of generosity, but nothing at all in myself to win the heart of a beautiful young girl. You should have gone down to Jewsbury-on-the-Wold for a little, before you summed up your estimate of my character, for the one thing I have always found lying at my feet is—love. Even the cats and dogs loved me—those to whom I gave nothing regarded me with affection. Alack—and alas—my wife only follows the universal example."

"But it must be stopped, Wyndham. You cannot fail to see that it must be stopped. Can you not help me—can you not devise some plan?"

"Wyndham dropped his head on his hands.

"Hasten the crisis," he said. "I want the plunge over; hasten it."

There came a tap at the room door, Mr Paget drew back the curtain which stood before it, slipped the bolts, and opened it.

"Ah, I guessed you were here!" said Valentine's gay voice; "yes, and Gerald too. This is delightful," added she, as she stepped into the room.

"What is it, Val?" asked her father.

"I was busy—I was talking to your husband. I am very much occupied this afternoon. I forgot it was the day you generally called for me. No, I'm afraid I can't go with you, my pet."

Valentine was looking radiant in winter furs.

"I'll go with Gerald, then," she said. "He's not too busy."

She smiled at him.

"No, my dear, I'll go with you," said the younger man. "I don't think, sir," he added, turning round, with a desperately white but smiling face, "that we can advance business much by prolonging this interview, and if you have no objection, I should like to take a drive with my wife as she has called."

Valentine instinctively felt that these smoothly spoken words were meant to hide something. She glanced from the face of one man to another; then she went up to her father and linked her hand in his arm.

"Come, too, daddy," she said. "You used always to be able to make horrid business wait upon your own Valentine's pleasure."

Mr Paget hesitated for a moment. Then he stooped and lightly kissed his daughter's blooming cheek.

"Go with your husband, dear," he said, gently. "I am really busy, and we shall meet at dinner time."

"Yes, we are to dine with you to night—I've a most important request to make after dinner. You know what it is, Gerry. Won't father be electrified? Promise beforehand that you'll grant it, dad."

"Yes, my child, yes. Now run away both of you. I am really much occupied."

Valentine and her husband disappeared. Mr Paget shut and locked the door behind them—he drew the velvet curtains to insure perfect privacy. Then he sank down in his easy-chair to indulge in anxious meditation.

He thought some of these hard thoughts, some of those abstruse, worrying, almost despairing thoughts, which add years to a man's life.

As he thought the mask dropped from his handsome face; he looked old and wicked.

After about a quarter-of-an-hour of these meditations, he moved slightly and touched an electric bell in the wall. His signal was answered in about a minute by a tap at the room door. He slipped the bolts again, and admitted his confidential clerk, Helps.

"Sit down, Helps. Yes, bolt the door, quite right. Now, sit down, Helps, I am worried."

"I'm sorry to observe it, sir," said Helps. "Worries is nat'ral, but not agreeable. They come to the good and they come to the bad alike; worries is like the sun—they shines upon all."

"A particularly agreeable kind of glare they make," responded Mr Paget, testily. "Your similes are remarkable for their aptitude, Helps. Now, have the goodness to confine yourself to briefly replying to my questions. Has there been any news from India since last week?

"Nothing fresh, sir."

"No sign of stir; no awakening of interest—of—of—suspicion?"

"Not yet, sir. It isn't to be expected, is it?"

"I suppose not. Sometimes I get impatient, Helps."

"You needn't now, sir. Your train is, so to speak, laid. Any moment you can apply the match. Any moment, Mr. Paget. Sometimes, if you'll excuse me for speaking of that same, I have a heart in my bosom, that pities the victim. You shouldn't have done it from among the clergy, Mr Paget, and him an only son, too."

"Hush, it's done There is no help now. Helps, you are the only soul in the world who knows everything. Helps, there may be two victims."

Helps had a sallow face. It grew sickly now.

"I don't like it," he muttered. "I never did approve of meddling with the clergy—he was meant for the Church, and them is the Lord's anointed."

"Don't talk so much," thundered Mr Paget. "I tell you there are two victims—and one of them is my child. She is falling in love with her husband. It is true—it is awful. It must be prevented. Helps, you and I have got to prevent it."

Helps sat perfectly still. His eyes were lowered; they were following the patterns of the carpet. He moved his lips softly.

"It must be prevented," said Mr Paget. "Why do you sit like that? Will you help me, or will you not?"

Helps raised his greeny-blue eyes with great deliberation.

"I don't know that I will help you, Mr Paget," he replied; and then he lowered them again.

"You won't help me? You don't know what you are saying, Helps. Did you understand my words? I told you that my daughter was falling in love with that scamp Wyndham."

"He ain't a scamp," replied the clerk. "He's in the conspiracy, poor lad, he's the victim of the conspiracy, but he's no scamp. Now I never liked it. I may as well own to you, Mr Paget, that I never liked your meddling with the clergy. I said, from the first, as no good would come of it. It's my opinion, sir—" here Helps rose, and raising one thin hand shook it feebly at his employer, "it's my opinion as the Lord is agen you—agen us both for that matter. We can't do nothing if He is, you know. I had a dream last night—I didn't like the dream, it was a hominous dream. I didn't like your scheme, Mr Paget, and I don't think I'll help you more'n I have done."

"Oh, you don't? You are a wicked old scoundrel. You think you can have things all your own way. You are a thief. You know the kind of accommodation thieves get when their follies get found out. Of course, it's inexpensive, but it's scarcely agreeable."

Helps smiled slightly.

"No one could lock me up but you, and you wouldn't dare," he replied.

These words seemed somehow or other to have a very calming effect on Mr Paget. He did not speak for a full moment, then he said quietly—

"We won't go into painful scenes of the past, Helps. Yes, we have both committed folly, and must stand or fall together. We have both got only daughters—it is our life's work to shield them from dishonor, to guard them from pain. Suppose, Helps, suppose your Esther was in the position of my child? Suppose she was learning to love her husband, and you knew what that husband had before him, how would you feel, Helps? Put yourself in my place, and tell me how you'd feel."

"It 'ud all turn on one point," said Helps. "Whether I loved the girl or myself most. Ef I saw that the girl was going deep in love with her husband—deep, mind you—mortal deep—so I was nothing at all to her beside him, why then, maybe, I'd save the young man for her sake, and go under myself. I might do that, it 'ud depend on how much I loved."

"Nonsense; you would bring dishonor and ruin on her. How could she ever hold up her head again?"

"Maybe he'd comfort her through it. There's no saying. Love, deep love, mind you, does wonders."

Mr Paget began to pace up and down the room.

"You are the greatest old fool I ever came across," he said. "Now, mind you, your sentiments with regard to your low-born daughter are nothing at all to me. *Noblesse oblige* doesn't come into the case with you as it does with my child. Dishonor shall never touch her; it would kill her. She must be guarded against it. Listen, Helps. We have talked folly and sentiment enough. Now to business. That young man must not rise in my daughter's esteem. There is such a thing—listen, Helps, come close—such a thing as blackening a man's character. You think it over—you're a crafty old dog. Go home and look at Esther, and think it over. God bless me, I'd not an idea how late it was. Here's a five pound note for your pretty girl, Helps. Now go home and think it over."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Spraying Pump.

SIR,—Would you be kind enough to tell me where I can get a good spraying pump, and what nozzle to use? I have sent to Montreal, Toronto and Boston for the McGowan nozzle, but no one seemed to have it.

EDWARD BAYFIELD, Charlottetown, Ont.

There are few really satisfactory spraying pumps manufactured in Canada, and, as a rule, we have found it necessary to import from the United States our first-class pumps. The one which has been advertised in our journal, first under the name of Little Dandy, and later, as the Ideal, which is now being made in Brantford, comes closer to our requirements of any manufactured in Canada, so far as we know. If the manufacturers will remedy some little faults in it, which can be done without much trouble, we would be able to highly recomend this pump. It is not so expensive as American pumps, and works quite satisfactorily indeed. The McGowan nozzle can be purchased from Mr W. H. Bunting, of St. Catharines, Ont. The price is $2.25, but these nozzles do excellent work. For a small hand pump write Mr W. E. Saunders, London.

—*Canadian Horticulturist.*

For Rheumatism.

A Remedy that has Sprung into Popularity because it Never Fails to Cure.

Detroit, Mich., March 25—People in this state are specially subject to rheumatism. The young and the old are attacked by it and until the introduction of Dodd's Kidney Pills a few months ago, no reliable cure for the disease was obtainable. But these pills have eradicated the disease in every case where they were used, and nobody need suffer from it while this remedy can be had from every druggist on the continent. The reason they cure is that rheumatism is due to diseased kidneys or impaired action of these organs. By making these organs whole, the cause is removed and the rheumatism speedily disappears.

"It's all blamed nonsense!" said Constable Haycraft, at the town meeting, bringing his fist down on the desk with great violence, "it's all blamed nonsense talkin' about children needin' a 'higher education' than what they did when I was a boy. A one-storey buildin' was good enough fur me, and that's the kind of a school buildin' we'll put up in this deestrict if it depends on my vote, b'gosh!"

Girl (jokingly)—"I'd like a place where I'll have everything I want, nothing to do and no one to boss me."

Clerk—"This, miss, is an employment office, not a matrimonial agency."

J. F. Raymore, 17 Hudson St., Roxbury Mass.

R. Bryce-Gemmel, M. D., F. C. S., Consulting and Analytical Chemist, 288 Boylston St., Boston, Mass., says:

After a careful examination of

Skoda's German Soap,

I find it composed of ingredients of a chemically pure and healing nature. It cannot be too highly recommended, both for medicinal and toilet use. I also find

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. Raymore, whose picture appears above, and who for many years, was engaged in the manufacture of toilet soap, writes, under date of Feb. 4, 95: "I am surprised at its soft and purifying qualities. It is pure, unadulterated, and free from alkali, which most soaps contain."

Miss Alice L. Welton, a graduate of the Victoria General Hospital Training School for Nurses, Halifax, N. S., says: "Truly Skoda's Soap is soft as velvet and pure as gold. It makes the skin soft, white and beautiful."

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

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY,

The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.