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.

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 communications to

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

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For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

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

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In time to any irregularity of the Stomach, Liver, or Bowels may prevent serious consequences. Indigestion, costiveness, headache, nausea, biliousness, and vertigo indicate certain functional derangements, the best remedy for which is Ayer's Pills. Purely vegetable, sugar coated, easy to take and quick to assimilate, this is the ideal family medicine—the most popular, safe, and useful aperient in pharmacy. Mrs. M. A. BROCKWELL, Harris, Tenn., says:

"Ayer's Cathartic Pills cured me of sick headache and my husband of neuralgia. We think there is

No Better Medicine,

and have induced many to use it.

"Thirty-five years ago this Spring, I was run down by hard work and a succession of colds, which made me so feeble that it was an effort for me to walk. I consulted the doctors, but kept sinking lower until I had given up all hope of ever being better. Happening to be in a store, one day, where medicines were sold, the proprietor noticed my weak and sickly appearance, and, after a few questions as to my health, recommended me to try Ayer's Pills. I had little faith in these or any other medicine, but concluded, at last, to take his advice and try a box. Before I had used them all, I was very much better, and two boxes cured me. I am now 80 years old; but I believe that if it had not been for Ayer's Pills, I should have been in my grave long ago. I buy 6 boxes every year, which make 210 boxes up to this time, and I would no more be without them than without bread."—H. H. Ingraham, Rockland, Me.

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

DIRECTORY.

—OF THE—

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MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

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Injured Nerves. A Sad Accident. Thrown From Carriage, and Suffered Eight Years.

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Eight years ago I was thrown from a carriage, striking on the back of my neck, completely shattering my nervous system. I could not sleep; was very constipated, and the least thing worried me; my friends feared I would become insane. I tried physicians and patent medicines, but I received no benefit until I took

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I AM PERFECTLY CURED.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation and sick headache. 25 cts.

Medical Advice Free.

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SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS
Cure Headache and Dyspepsia.

POETRY.

The Eternal.

We met and passed, two friends of long ago!
Between his path and mine the waves of time
Have swept, and buried in their silent flow
Our youth, our prime.

But what was ours, is ours, and shall remain;
And what was then a dream flits on a dream;
And what was wrong, alas! is seen a stain;
And what we are, we seem.

SELECT STORY.

At the World's Mercy.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER XIV.

Alone in my room that night, with the day's events floating in my mind, I felt puzzled and dismayed by the recollection of that sudden impulse of mine, when I had surprised Hubert by breaking through my usual reserve and calling him, for the first time, by his Christian name. I tried to analyse the feelings which had moved me during the day, though I was still in the whirl of them. However, I drew out—first, joy at hearing of Eugene's final success, and, secondly, consequent readiness to sympathise with others. Then I felt more satisfied. Next, I fell to thinking of Eugene. So he was successful at last, as I felt he would be—indeed, I had felt so sure of it that I had received the news with more calmness than I had expected. Ah, and now he would celebrate his success by marrying Lady Kate! I started up, with my heart beating faster. Marry her! Why not? I had known it for so long, it was cowardly to shrink from the thought, wicked to grieve at it. Thank Heaven, I was even now more resigned, much more resigned to the thought of it than I had been a few weeks ago. I had been thrown out of myself, and, in the cares and the fears of the Godfrey's, I had been able, in great part, to suppress my own. I could believe now that the heartache which, in my first misery, had threatened to be lifelong would wear away in time; and so would Elsie's for Mr Burns, if she felt any; so certainly would Tom's for Lady Kate—he seemed quite cured already—and so would—Hubert's for me. Would it? Yes, yes, poor lad, I hoped so, I trusted so; of course it would, it must! But—would it? I wondered myself to sleep about it.

When Mr Godfrey got well, and able to go again to the City, a long-considered plan was finally carried out. This was the establishment of Tom in Paris, in which city Mr Godfrey had long had a business-branch, which he thought might develop with a clever head like Tom to work it. Tom liked the plan. Having been the real head of the office in London during his father's long indisposition, he did not care, as he expressed it, "to play second whip to my papa again."

"It seem rather like leaving the governor in the lurch, though, Miss Verney," he said to me one day; "for, do you know, I have a strong suspicion that he will never be quite the same man again, at business or anything else; and I'm awfully afraid of his losing his head in any crisis, such as our house, doing a good deal of speculative business, is liable to have. I wish Hubert would give up his humbugging idea of a Government office, and run with the old pack. It is a pity to waste the stuff of a man on biting india-rubber, isn't it?"

"But he seems to think he could do no good in the City?"

"He could if he chose; and I think he is a fool if he doesn't choose. He need not work his head off; but, if he were at hand to take the reins, if needful, out of my father's hands, he is quite sharp enough to pull the coach out of the mire."

Tom had too much tact to ask me again to "use my influence," but I knew that he wished it, and I thought I ought to try. But whenever I thought of approaching the subject a feeling of shyness seized me, and so I put it off from time to time for several days. When, in the first month of my stay at Hawkstone, Hubert had seemed to me only an idle, ill mannered, dissipated lad, easily led and influenced, I had felt little diffidence in advising and lecturing him; but, now that I recognized in him high and manly qualities, I felt reluctant to give advice, unasked, to a man who treasured every word I uttered. Besides, a change had taken place in our intercourse; he was as gentle and unobtrusive in his manner to me as ever, yet I was losing my freedom of speech with him; just a little stiffness was the result of the reaction from my impulsive conduct during that conversation in the study.

But I broke the ice at last, stammering.

"Then you have no compunction in recommending to me a life that I have told you a thousand times I hate, Miss Verney?" said he, smiling however.

I hesitated, feeling ashamed and doubtful.

"But I think you and Tom are quite right, so I'll try it."

I was astonished at the ease with which I had gained my point.

"I will be in harness to-morrow," he cried energetically, "though there is nothing doing in the City just now—except those Bouches du Rhone," he added, glancing down at me and blushing like a girl.

I blushed too; but I answered calmly—

"Yes, I am glad that he has succeeded at last. Mr Barach will be a great man in the City some day, I suppose?"

"Oh, don't you know he is going to 'cut the shop'? His elder brother is just dead, and his father not expected to live; so he will soon be Sir Eugene, and be a great swell in the county."

"Ah, that will just suit Lady Kate!" I felt that Hubert was looking at me penetratingly, but I stood fire this time; I was getting secure. "And she will be called 'brilliant Lady Barach,' and open a *salon*," added I, lightly.

Hubert enjoyed this small joke amazingly; indeed I never remember meeting with so hearty a response to a piece of humor. After I had left him, I heard him singing and whistling in doors and out of doors, never in tune, but never out of temper; and these high spirits set me thinking. He thought I had forgotten Eugene. Ah, he little knew the constancy of a woman! Somehow this last reflection made me blush, all alone as I was, and I took up a book to avoid making any more.

Hubert's decision gave strong satisfaction to his father and to Tom, who lost no time in starting for Paris.

"I suppose I would be too presumptuous of me to ask you to write to me, Miss Verney?" said he. "But will you dictate a page or two now and then to Hubert for me? And then the proprieties will have been strictly observed, and my brother will have had a lesson in composition, of which he stands much in need."

The day before his departure, Tom took a basket of fruit—"With your sister's love"—to Elsie. He had done so several times since their tea at the Museum. I had demurred at first—"You are very kind, and she likes them very much; but we would rather not trouble you to go so far out of your way." But he explained quite simply that Onslow Square was close to Pelham Crescent, where he liked to call sometimes; and I knew what he evidently meant to remind me of, that in the Crescent lived Miss Falconer, for whom he had professed admiration before the appearance of Lady Kate. So I smiled and made no further objection. But I thought it no breach of faith to mention the story of the Crescent in my next letter to Elsie; it would never do for her to fall in love with Mr Tom Godfrey.

I missed Tom very much when he went away. He had never had the least diffidence about seeking my society, nor had Hubert had the least diffidence about following him and joining in the conversation. But, now that Tom was gone, he lacked the courage to come to me; and we scarcely did more than exchange a few shy words during the day. As a natural consequence, our intercourse became more and more awkward; I began to drop my eyelids and to feel a hot blush rising in my cheeks when he met me and bade me good night, as he always contrived to do, even when I passed my evenings in the schoolroom.

One evening, when I was in the drawing-room, playing softly on the piano, I overheard part of a playful dialogue between Mr Godfrey and a lively widow—"And it is a fundamental principle that, if she blushes and looks down, he may feel safe." Hubert was listening to the talk; and, at these words, he glanced at me shyly, with rising color. I played on, with a malicious thought in my mind. Hubert was not in the room when I left it; but on the landing, half-way up the stairs, I met him. With a strange effort, I raised my head and looked straight into his face as I gave him my hand. But, on meeting his eyes, mine faltered and fell, and I felt that I was blushing like a schoolgirl of fifteen at a threadbare compliment.

"Good night," I faltered.

"Good night, my darling Guinevere!" he whispered softly, close to my ear.

A door opened somewhere, and I started away. In a moment more I think he would have kissed me, and Heaven knows whether I could have repulsed him. But at that sound of the door, I snatched my hand away and fled to my room like a hare. When I reached it, I was panting and quivering, and whispering to myself, "Good night, good night." I could not deceive myself now; I could not grieve over my unlucky constancy; if I wanted to lament, it must be over my own fickleness. For I knew, and in spite of my shame it was with a throb of joy that I knew, that Eugene Barach might marry whom he pleased, and forget me as soon as he pleased, if only Hubert would go on loving me. Inconstant! Was I inconstant? I laughed at the thought. What could that mild affection which had only troubled me at unoccupied moments, or when I was enjoying a fit of general despondency, do against the love which had mastered me now? Was it my self? Was it cold, calm Guinevere Verney who was passionately kissing the hand he had held, and caressing the ear his lips had so nearly touched? Yes, yes, but a new Guinevere, grateful, tender, happy with such a glorified kind of gratitude, tenderness, happiness, that she seemed to have slipped out of earth into heaven. As, with wide-awake eyes, I gazed on the fire—I would not try to go to sleep; no mere sleep-dreams could be so golden as mine; I must enjoy them just a little longer—I thought of my mother, my father, of my darling Elsie, of all my few friends—only just then they seemed a great many—with a new love, a new pity for them, out in the cold there, without Hubert's caring for them a bit! And I laughed aloud at my own silliness. "Good night, good night, good—" I think I went on whispering it until I fell asleep.

But, of course, the morning light brought very different behavior. If I had been coy before, what was I now? It had been difficult to be indifferent and calm while I still believed myself to be only slowly recovering from a hopeless love; but, now that I felt ready to burst into singing when I heard him shout for his boots in the morning, and felt a childish impulse to run away and hide myself when he came into the breakfast-room, I found it quite easy to treat him as if I had known him just a week. I reproached myself for my waywardness every evening, and was wayward again the next day. I could not help it. When Mr Godfrey's melancholy began to creep over him again, and Hubert stammered out to me his fears about him, the sympathising words that used to be so ready failed me, and Hubert left me, surprised and hurt by my seeming apathy, leaving me vexed to the heart at having wounded him. I think he, poor fellow, never for a moment guessed the cause of my dulness; I believe he put it down to Eugene.

As Mr Godfrey's irritability increased again, his unhappy wife's old distrust of Hubert awoke afresh. I gathered from her talk to me that she was angry with him for having dissuaded her from the thought of a separation, which would, she thought, have saved her from a repetition of the scenes of two months ago. I listened quietly, I reasoned, I soothed; but at last, when she touched the old chord and lamented that Hubert was "weak and untrustworthy, and unable to control his own actions, and ought to be under supervision," I took fire, and cried—

"Hubert! Oh, Mrs Godfrey, remember what he did for——" I stopped.

She only colored, and said discontentedly—

"Of course—of course you stand up for him, Miss Verney. I happen to know that he only dissuaded me from trying to get a separation because he was afraid that a scandal in the house might injure you. So I have no reason to be grateful to him, though you may have."

And she rang the bell for her maid, while I said good night, and left the room sadly. I could believe that that had been one of Hubert's reasons, but that it had not been the sole one I knew. He was too loyal to advise one woman to her own hurt for the sake of another, however he might love the latter. I felt anxious about him. That any one should hate him and wish him harm seemed so horrible, and that person a woman he had helped and protected.

I felt still more uneasy when, a few days before the Easter holidays, Mrs Fitzgerald came. It seemed as if I were leaving him, careless and unsuspicious, in a camp of enemies. I noticed with alarm that Mr Godfrey, whose mind seemed to be growing gradually enfeebled, was letting himself slip into Mrs Fitzgerald's hands; she managed him with much gentleness and cleverness, and Hubert began to repent of his dislike of her, and to be grateful for her kindness to his father. I wondered at his short-sightedness. Not for one moment did I think that her influence, good as it seemed, would prove to be good in the end. This feeling was something more than prejudice. I had watched the effect of her visits upon her daughter's easily-read mind, and I knew she was not to be trusted. I knew that it was by artful praise of me that she was disarming Hubert. With all my heart I wished that Tom were back again—Tom, the only member of the household whom I knew to be a match for her. She repaid my interest in her; she had that cleverness which prides itself upon "taking in a situation at a glance," and, even without her daughter's help, she could have found out that I loved Hubert and he did not know it, and that Hubert loved me and I did know it, on the very day of her arrival. I believed that, if he had tried his utmost for a *tete-a-tete* with me between her coming and my going away for the Easter holidays, he would have failed—until the last day. I could not refuse to let him take me to the station; the drive was almost a silent one; but, when he had put me into a carriage by myself, and the porters were busy getting my luggage into the van, and Hubert had put my ticket into my hand, I retained his fingers for a minute, to gasp out—

"Listen, listen! Oh, Hubert, be careful! Don't trust her!"

He looked surprised and glad; but the surprise belonged, I think, to the gladness at the tenderness in my voice.

"Not trust who? Mrs Fitzgerald?"

"Yes, yes!" cried I, getting more eager. "Be serious, please. Don't say it is a woman's prejudice; you know it is something more. Don't trust either of them, for my sake—oh, Hubert, for my sake!"

The train was moving off. My words had taken effect indeed, but not the effect I wanted. He walked a few steps by the side of the moving train, looking into my imploring eyes with a radiance of happiness on his face that struck me dumb. For he had read in mine what for months he would have given his heart's blood to read there.

CHAPTER XV.

Elsie was waiting on the platform at London Bridge, looking very well and very pretty. I could not wait until we got home to attack her about her stage plan, but poured out my wrath in soft undertones in a second-class carriage on the Underground Railway.

"Perhaps you will listen to the defence presently, when you are tired of making out the accusation," murmured she saucily.

Elsie was certainly growing more independent. Could this be through Tom's influence? I wondered, in dismay. When we got to her lodging, I saw on the side-table of her sitting-room a canary in a pretty cage.

"Why, you never told me you had got a bird!" cried I. "And what a handsome cage! You extravagant child!"

"It is not my extravagance; it is Mr Godfrey's. He gave it to me as a parting *souvenir* before going to Paris," said she mischievously, as she saw the dismay on my face.

"Tom?" cried I.

"I haven't got so far as to call him by his Christian name yet," answered she, still more archly. Then she burst out laughing. "Poor old Guinny! What a burden and care a younger sister is! Isn't she? You think I have lost my erratic heart again, and to Mr Godfrey, or 'Tom,' as you call him."

But I was really unhappy.

"Oh, Elsie, I ought never to have let him come! And don't you know he is as fickle as the wind, nice and straightforward as he is?"

"Ah, that is why we get on so well together; I'm fickle too."

"When I first went to Hawkstone he admired a Miss Falconer," I continued. "Then he seemed devoted to Lady Catherine Hyde. When he found she was engaged, he threatened to ruin Mr Barach. Yet now he seems to have forgotten all about her, and he has long since withdrawn his opposition to Mr Barach and his scheme."

"Ah, and I happen to know why! Mr Godfrey told me all about it himself."

I was silent with surprise. What had she and Tom not told each other?

"Now, listen, Guinny, and please don't be angry with him or with me," said she, nestling up to me appeasingly. "It seems that he thought, from something you said, that Mr Barach had treated you badly, and he wanted to know me in order to find out the truth. When, in answer to some discreet questions on his part, I assured him it was not so, he said in that case he would forgive Mr Barach for 'saving him from Lady Kate'—those were his own words. I fancy he has got over Lady Kate, Guinny."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The Stewart Case.

Mr Stewart Pays a Visit to Pictou—Congratulated by his Many Friends on his Restoration to Health.

PICTOU, N. S., July 16—Good news sometimes travels as fast as bad news, which is proverbially fast. Many people here know that Mr Allan Stewart of Springton, P. E. I., had been for many years afflicted with Kidney disease and gravel. It was known, too, that last year he was so bad that public opinion put him down as likely to die soon. Mr Stewart fooled public opinion though, for he began using Dodd's Kidney Pills and ten boxes of them completely cured him. When he had paid a flying visit to this city a few days ago, he received many hearty congratulations on his restoration to health and improved appearance. Dodd's Kidney Pills have never yet failed to cure in this part of the Dominion.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Only a Step

from Weak Lungs to Consumption. from Depleted Blood to Anæmia, from Diseased Blood to Scrofula, from Loss of Flesh to Illness.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, prevents this step from being taken and restores Health. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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

You Need It!

The "D.&L." Emulsion.

It Will....
Cure That Cough,
Heal Your Lungs,
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USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY,
The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy