

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1897.

No. 20.

THE ACADIAN.
Published on FRIDAY at the office
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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 county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names of the writers for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.
Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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Churches.
BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. T. Trotter, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 10 a. m.; Half hour prayer-meeting after evening service every Sunday, B. Y. P. U. Young People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock and regular Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Woman's Mission Aid Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 8:30 a. m.
G. W. Ross, Treasurer.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 10 a. m.; Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.; Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 8 p. m.; Sunday School at 10 a. m.; Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.; Methodist Church, Wolfville: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m.; Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenway, preaching at 8 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Holy Communion 1st and 3rd at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.
REV. KENNETH G. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, Wardens.
B. J. Bushford, Organist.

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

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION, O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.
CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

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Court Hamilton, I. O. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Fridays of each month at 8 p. m.

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We offer
"The Orphan's Prayer"
THE
The Family Herald and Weekly Star.
(One Year), and
THE ACADIAN (one year).
All for \$1.75.
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Sample Picture can be seen here.

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There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat-store in
Crystal Palace Block!
Fresh and Salt Meats,
Hams, Bacon, Bologna,
Sausages, and all kinds
of Poultry in stock.
Well, that's all right," said Neville, in his cool, composed voice. "We can't do anything more for him, I expect."
"He is just about gone," continued the other, "the last half hour he's been

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conscious, and it was quite entertaining to hear him, one moment swearing in his broken English, and the next bestowing his aid and calling for a priest. I suppose he thinks he can't die without the last rites or something."
"I'm afraid you'll have to go without absolution and take his chance," returned Neville, with a short laugh.
"Frank," said Grahame quietly, coming forward, "I will go to him. It is awful to think of any poor soul entering eternity in that state."
Both men turned and looked at him silently, while a strange expression flitted across the face of the young doctor.
"Oh, but you can't go, Mr Grahame," said Joyce aghast, "you don't know what a wretched creature he is, nor what a risk you may be running," he continued, glancing uneasily at Neville, who still kept silence.
"You forget my calling," the young man answered gravely. "Do you think either of those considerations would weigh with me for a moment? Neville," he continued, turning to him, "my duty here is plain, and unless you positively forbid it my conscience will not hold me clear."
"Oh, well, if that's the way you feel about it," his friend replied in a half reluctant tone, keeping his cold, grey eyes fixed on Joyce's face, "of course I shall not think of arguing with you, but you had better go at once, I suppose, or you'll be too late both for him and your train." He rose as he spoke, "Lead the way, Joyce," he said, briefly, with a steady look, under which the young fellow seemed to shift uneasily.
They went out in silence, and after passing down a long hall, with many doors opening to right and left, entered a covered passage-way leading to a detached wing. As they emerged into the open courtyard beyond, Joyce broke the silence.
"Be persuaded not to go," Mr Grahame, he said earnestly, in an agitated voice. "Do you forget," turning to the other deprecatingly, "that Dr. Wayland said—"
Neville suddenly faced him, his eyes blazing with passion. "You are forgetting, I think," he said, in low, distinct tones, that made the person addressed tremble and shrink within himself, "in Dr. Wayland's absence I am master here. Do not presume to remind me of my duty."
Grahame looked from one to the other.
"What is the matter with the man?" he said simply.
"Fatigue, starvation, and dirt," principally, returned his friend, carelessly, avoiding Grahame's direct glance.
"Nothing so very appalling" the latter said, turning to Joyce with one of his sunny smiles, "but your intention was kind, and I thank you for it, Joyce," he added, as Neville opened the door and stood holding it for him to enter.
As he paused on the threshold, above the strong disinfectants that filled the air, came the faint, peculiar odour he had noticed in the afternoon. It brought back the memory of their last walk together, and the vision of Louise, as she stood with her face full of sweet compassion; but at the same moment there was borne in upon his soul, in that strange, subtle language that hath no speech, a swift conviction that he would never look upon her face again. He turned a troubled look on Neville, who was watching him attentively.
"Afraid?" he inquired lightly, in a tone that made Grahame flush.
He fixed his clear blue eyes upon him, and drawing himself up to his full height said slowly, "I fear nothing but God and sin," and passed quickly into the room.
"Are you mad?" said Joyce hoarsely, as they stood alone together in the corridor. Neville took him by the arm, which he held in a grip of steel as they walked back to the main building.
"Are you?" he inquired in a voice of suppressed fury, pausing near the reception room. "I think you must be, stark, staring mad, to dare to interfere with any of my plans."
"Do you mean to say that you would let him go in there?" demanded the other, frowning back.
"That's my affair," returned Neville

coolly. "What you have to do is to hold your tongue. Do you understand?"
"But to let him go without a word of caution or warning," he faltered, "after the strict orders we got from Dr. Wayland?"
"Look here, Joyce," said Neville, tightening his grasp, and speaking with slow deliberation.
"I'm afraid you'll have to go without absolution and take his chance," returned Neville, with a short laugh.
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opened the door of the ward, and he saw him start back and raise his hands with a gesture of despair. Looking over his shoulder he saw Grahame kneeling by the bed, his left hand closely clasped in both those of the dying man, who suddenly gave a convulsive struggle, and falling back, lay motionless and still. He pushed past Joyce roughly.
"You're just five minutes to catch your train, Grahame," he said hastily, drawing him out of the room. "Take the short cut and you'll do it. Sorry I can't go with you on account of this," pointing back to the quiet figure on the bed.
"No, of course not," his friend rejoined, a little absently, as they hurried along the corridor. "Well, good-bye, Frank."
"Good-bye, old fellow. Take good care of yourself, and I hope you'll have no end of a good time."
"Thanks," said Grahame, brightening at the cordial tones, his generous nature at once forgiving the previous misjudgment of his motives, and with a silent hand-clasp they parted.

The brief summer of St. Martin, or Indian summer, succeeded the first frosts following those bright September days, and then the long Canadian winter, sometimes lasting five months, cast its white mantle over the frost-bound earth. Nowhere is this season of the year so devoted to outdoor sports and pastimes as among Canadians, and at "The Cedars" the rule proved no exception. Blazing fires burned all day long in the cosy dining-room and great old drawing room, and many were the bright young faces gathered round them, in blanket coats and toques, ready for the invigorating snow-shoe tramp, tobogganing, skating or sleighing expedition.
"No need for my services here, with all these roses blooming," the Doctor would say laughingly, when they returned to the bountiful supper Miss Wayland's care provided, pinching Louise's brilliant cheeks as he spoke, and looking round approvingly at the glowing health reflected in the faces of all after the exercise in the keen frosty air.
Dr. Neville generally formed one of the party on these occasions. Indeed he had gradually become such a constant visitor at the Doctor's hospitable house that his appearance at any hour surprised no one. Yet he had to confess with secret mortification and anger, as the winter went by, that his suit made no progress at all, and he was as far from supplanting Grahame in the house and in the affections of Louise as on the night of his rival's departure. He was too wise to commit himself until he saw some hope of success. The example of more than one rash youth who that winter spent some bad "quarters of an hour" with Louise after a significant interview with the Doctor previously, warned him not to be too precipitate, and also convinced him that he had only one rival to fear. It often happened that he was present when Grahame's long letters from abroad arrived, and he had to swallow many a bitter pill, watching the proud face of the Doctor as he read, the softening of Mi a Wayland's somewhat severe features as she and Louise listened, and the glow of conscious pride and something more in the sweet face of the latter, which his enlightened vision easily enabled him to interpret.

Once he had ventured to insinuate a slightly derogatory remark, only half veiling a covert sneer, in connection with a letter he had himself received from Grahame, and he never forgot the swift flash of scorn that shot from Louise's dark eyes, nor the look of displeasure that overpoured the Doctor's face. He bit his lips whenever he remembered the weeks of assiduous devotion and abject humiliation he had undergone before he felt himself forgiven and Louise would again look

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.
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CURED BY THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT COULD CURE.
Cured by the Medicine that Can Surely Meet Your Case.
Cured! Yes, perfectly and permanently cured. Paine's Celery Compound does not, like other medicines, confer only temporary relief. Its work is thorough and far-reaching, and nothing is left undone. Happy indeed are they who, suffering from disease and sickness, make use of Paine's Celery Compound to renew their lives.
Mrs John Belanger, of St. Henri, P. Q., whose daughter had been brought to realize that she was nearing the end of her life's journey, and who was perfectly cured by Paine's Celery Compound, writes gladly the following letter regarding the permanency of the wonderful cure:
"Eighteen months ago I sent you a testimonial for your wonderful Paine's Celery Compound which has quite restored my daughter to health and strength after other medicines failed to cure her.
"I am pleased to inform you that the cure has been a permanent one, and that my daughter owes her present good health to your life-giving medicine. I think more of Paine's Celery Compound day than ever before."

upon him with even the small amount of favor she had formerly bestowed.
But at the end of the allotted six months Grahame still remained abroad. He wrote saying he would like the time extended a little longer, as he wished to visit the Holy Land, and the Doctor, though secretly disappointed, consented. After this his letters were necessarily fewer, but a shadow of anxiety became visible in his guardian's face as he read the short, strained epistles which began to take the place of the lengthy effusions which had so delighted them all at first.
"This was Neville's opportunity, and he hastened to avail himself of it. Cautiously at first, with a vivid remembrance of his former failure, then more openly as the weeks and months went by and Grahame neither returned nor wrote, he dropped a seed of doubt here, a word of two reluctant blame there, or a half hint implying that he knew more than he chose to tell, until the Doctor, against his will and better judgment, and angry both with Neville and himself, began to have doubts of his own. Day by day his anxieties and disappointment increased, but the disappointment far outweighed the uncertainty.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A wonderful souvenir has recently been presented to Queen Victoria by a Calcutta firm. It is an album containing fifty-seven portraits of the ruling princes and chiefs of India, and sixty-six views of their capitals and palaces. The photos were taken especially for this work. The album is an oblong, twenty-one inches by fifteen inches, the front cover of Oak-wood silver repousse work figured over with Indian deities, and having on an oval cover a medallion inscription. The back cover is of gold embroidery with silver rim, and the back and end linings are blue. The leaves are illuminated in Oriental style, and the photos give a better idea of the social state of India than any six books of travel.

"Do I love George?" mused Clara softly, "or is it simply a sister's affection that I feel for—?" Just then Bobby burst noisily into the room and interrupted her meditations. "Get out of here you little brat!" she shouted, and searing him by the arm, she shot him through the door. "Ah, no," she sighed, as she resumed her interrupted train of thought; "my love for George is not a sister's love. It is something sweeter, purer, higher and holier."
Do you consider Smibertson a dishonest man? Well I should think it would make him blush to look at an upright piano.

Sarsaparilla Sense.
Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you? When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market 50 years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many Sarsaparillas—but only one Ayer's. It cures.