

THE ACADIAN

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THE ACADIAN.

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The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new types and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction in all work turned out.
New communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The editor of the paper writing for the Acadian must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written in a fictitious signature.
Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors and Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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—OF THE—
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The undersigned firms will use your right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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POETRY.

Heaven Down Here.

I call it a sin to be longing for heaven,
When God has created a beautiful earth
To live in and work in and love in and
hope in,
And share in our fellow man's sorrow
and mirth;
There is plenty to do for the man who
wills to do it,
And if you are idle some day you will
 rue it.
To be sure there are thistles and
weeds,
And tears and disaster and trouble and
death,
But do your own part and forever re-
member
To thank the good Lord for your
hands and your breath.
Keep moving and let the world know
you are living
And instead of repining try loving and
giving.
Be hopeful and earnest and cheerful
and willing,
The best is ahead and the worst may
be past.
Oh, never turn back, nor look over your
shoulder
To glance at the shadow by dead sor-
rows cast.
Whatever is done let it be done and
ended;
Gray dust and bright rose can never
be blended.
'Tis a work-a-day world and a hard world
it may be,
But do what you can to make one
more bright,
And spur on your neighbor to his best
endeavor
And soon all around you will shine a
new light.
There is nothing like living, my im-
patient brother;
We have heaven down here if we help
one another.

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.
"God bless you!" he said, when the other had ceased to speak. He turned his head away, for a moment tears of joy had softened the burning feverish light in his eyes.
"No, don't say that, Wyndham," responded Mr. Paget, his own voice for the first time a little shaken. "We'll leave God altogether out of this business, if you have no objection. It is simply a question of how much a man will give up for love. Will he sell himself, body and soul, for it? That is the question of questions. I know all about you, Wyndham; I know that you have not a penny to bless yourself with. I know that you are about to embrace a beggarly profession. Oh, yes, we'll leave out the religious aspect of the question. A curacy in the Church of England is a beggarly profession in these days. I know too that you are your father's only son, and that you have seven sisters, who will one day look to you to protect them. I know all that; nevertheless I believe you to be the kindest of men who will dare for love. If you will Valen-
tine, you have got to pay a price for her. It is a heavy one—I won't tell you about it yet. When you agree to pay this price, for the sake of a brief joy for yourself, for necessarily it will be brief; and for her life-long good and well-being, then you rise to be her equal in every sense of the word, and you earn my undying gratitude, Wyndham."
"I don't understand you, sir. You speak very darkly, and you hint at things which—which shock me."
"I must shock you more before you hold Valentine in your arms. You have heard enough for to-day. Mark, someone is knocking at the door."
Mr. Paget rose in the passage, and the next moment a brilliant, lovely apparition entered the room.
"Val herself!" exclaimed her father. "No, my darling, I cannot go for a drive with you just now, but you and Mrs. Johnstone shall take Wyndham. You will like a drive in the park, Wyndham. You have got to scold this young man, Val, for acting so true on Saturday night. Now go off, both of you, I am frightfully busy. Yes, Help, coming, coming. Valentine, be sure you ask Mr. Wyndham home to tea. If you can induce him to dine, so much the better, and afterwards we can go to the play together."
CHAPTER VII.
On a certain evening about ten days after the events related in the last chapter, Valentine Paget and her

father were seated together in the old library. Good-natured Mrs. Johnstone had popped in her head at the door, but seeing the girl's face bent over a book, and Mr. Paget apparently absorbed in the advertisement sheet of the Times, she had discreetly with-
drawn.
"They look very snug," soliloquized the widowed and spinster woman with a sigh. "I wonder what Mortimer Paget will do when that poor handsome Mrs. Wyndham goes for Val? I never saw anyone so far gone. Even my poor Geoffrey long ago, who said his passion consumed him to tatters—yes, these were poor dear Geoffrey's very words—was nothing to Mr. Wyndham. Val is a desperately saucy girl—does not she see that she is breaking that poor fellow's heart? Such a nice young fellow, too. He looks exactly the sort of young man who would commit suicide. Dear me, what is the world coming to? That girl seems not in the very least troubled about the matter. How indifferent and easy-going she is! I know I could not calmly sit and read a novel when I knew that I was consuming the vitals out of poor dear Geoffrey. But it's all one to Val. I am very much afraid that girl is developing into a regular flirt. How she did go on and amuse herself with Mr. Carr at the cricket match to-day. Adrian Carr has a stronger face than poor young Wyndham—not half as devoted to Val—I doubt if he even admires her, and yet how white Gerald Wyndham turned when he walked her off across the field. Poor Val—it is a great pity Mr. Paget spoils her so dreadfully. It is plain to be seen she has never had the advantage of a mother's bringing up."
Mrs. Johnstone entered the beautiful-furnished drawing-room, seated herself by the open window, and taking up the third volume of a novel, soon forgot Valentine's late affairs.
Meanwhile that young lady with her cheeks puffed on her hands, and her eyes devouring the final pages of "Jane Eyre," gave no thought to any uncomfortable combinations. Her present life was so full and happy that she did not, like most girls, look far ahead—she never indulged in day dreams, and had an angel come to her with the promise of any golden boon she liked to ask for, she would have begged of him to leave her always as happy as she was now.
She came to the last page of her book, and, drumming with her little fingers on the cover, she raised her eyes in a half-dreaming fashion.
Mr. Paget had dropped his sheet of the Times—his hand had fallen back in the old leather arm-chair—his eyes were closed—he was fast asleep.
In his sleep this astute and careful and keen man of business dropped his mask—the smiling smooth face showed wrinkles, the gay expression was succeeded by a careworn look—lines of sadness were about the mouth, and deep crow's-feet wrinkled and aged the expression round the eyes.
The mantle of care had never yet touched Valentine. For the first time in all her life a pang of mental pain went through her as she gazed at her sleeping father. For the first time in her young existence the awful possibility stared her in the face that some time she might have to live in a cold and dreary world without him.
"Why, my father looks quite old," she half-stammered. "Old, and—yes, unhappy. What does it mean?"
She rose very gently, moved her chair until it touched his, and then nestling up close to him laid her soft little hand on his shoulder.
"I don't think so, daddy—at least only pin-pricks. You know I used to hate my spelling lessons long ago, and Milla. Laccout used to worry me over the French irregular verbs. But such things were only pin-pricks. Yes, I am seventeen, and I have never had a real care all my life."
"You are seventeen and four months, Valentine. You were born on the 14th of February, and your mother and I called you after St. Valentine. Your mother died when you were a week old. I promised her then that her baby should never know a sorrow if I could help it."
"You have helped it, daddy; I am as happy as the day is long. I don't wish for a thing in the wide world. I

just want us both to live together as we are doing now. Of course we will—why not? Shall we go up to the drawing-room now, father?"
"My dear child, in a little time, I have not said yet what I want to say. Valentine, you were quite right when you watched my face as I slumbered. Child, I have got a care upon me. I can't speak of it to anybody—only it could crush me—and—and—part of me, Valentine. If it fell upon you, it—would crush you, my child."
Mr. Paget rose. Valentine, deadly white and frightened, clung to him. She was half crying. The effort of such terrible and sudden words nearly paralyzed her; but when she felt the arm which her father put round her tremble, she made a valiant and brave effort—the tears which filled her brow eyes were arrested, and she looked up with courage in her face.
"You speak of my doing something," she whispered. "What is it? Tell me. Nothing shall part us. I don't mind anything else, but nothing shall ever part us."
"Val, I have not spoken of this care to any one but you."
"No, father."
"And I don't show it in my face as a rule, do I?"
"Oh, no! Oh, no! You always seem bright and cheerful."
Her tears were raining fast now. She took his hand and pressed it to her lips.
"But I have had this trouble for some time, my little girl."
"You will tell me all about it, please, dad?"
"No, my darling, you would not understand, and my keenest pain would be that you should ever know. You can remove this trouble, little Val, and then we need not be parted. Now, sit down by my side."
Mr. Paget sank again into the leather armchair. He was still trembling visibly. This moment through which he was passing was one of the most bitter of his life.
"You will not breathe a word of what I have told you to any mortal, Valentine."
"Death itself should not drag it from me," replied the girl.
She set her lips, her eyes shone fiercely. Then she looked at her trembling father, and they glowed with love and pity.
"I can save you," she whispered, going on her knees by his side. "It is lovely to think of saving you. What can I do?"
"My little Val—my little precious darling!"
"What can I do to save you, father?"
"Valentine, dear—you can marry Gerald Wyndham."
Valentine had put her arms round her father's neck, now they dropped slowly away—her eyes grew big and frightened.
"I don't love him," she whispered. "Never mind, he loves you—he is a good fellow—he will treat you well. If you marry him you need not be parted from me. You and he can live together here—here, in this house. There need be no difference at all, except that you will have saved your father."
Paget spoke with outward calmness, but the anxiety under his words made them thrill. Each slowly uttered sentence fell like a hammer of pain on the girl's head.
"I don't understand," she said again in a husky tone. "I would, I will do anything to save you. But Mr. Wyndham is poor and young—in some things he is younger than I am. How can my marrying him take the load off your heart, father? Father, dear, speak."
"I can give you no reason, Valentine, you must take it on trust. It is all a question of your faith in me. I do not see any loophole of salvation but through you, my little girl. If you marry Wyndham I see peace and rest ahead, otherwise we are amongst the breakers. If you do this thing for your old father, Valentine, you will have to do it in the dark, for never, never, I pray, until eternity comes, must you know what you have done."
Valentine Paget had always a delicate and bright color in her cheeks. It was soft as the inmost blush of a rose, and this delicate and lovely color

was one of her chief charms. Now it faded, leaving her young face pinched and small and drawn. She sank down on the hearthrug, clasping her hands in her lap, her eyes looking straight before her.
"I never wanted to marry," she said at last. "Certainly not yet, for I am only a child. I am only seventeen, but other girls of seventeen are old compared to me. When you are only a child, it is dreadful to marry someone you don't care about, and it is dreadful to do a deed in the dark. If you trusted me, father—if you told me all the dreadful truth whatever it is, it might turn me into a woman—an old woman even—but it would be less bad than this. This seems to crush me—and oh, it does frighten me so dreadfully."
Mr. Paget rose from his seat and walked up and down the room.
"You shan't be crushed or frightened," he said. "I will give it up."
"And then the blow will fall on you?"
"I may be able to avert it, I will see. Forget what I said to night, little girl."
Mortimer Paget's face just now was a good deal whiter than his daughter's, but there was a new light in his eyes—a momentary gleam of nobility.
"I won't crush you, Val," he said, and he meant his words.
"And I won't crush you," said the girl.
She went up to his side, and, taking his hand, slipped his arm round her neck. "We will live together, and I will have perfect faith in you, and I'll marry Mr. Wyndham. He is good—oh, yes, he is good and kind; and he did not frighten me so much, if he did not frighten me with just being too loving when I don't care at all. I might get an very well with him. Now dismiss your care, father. If this can save you, your little Val has done it. Let us come up to the drawing-room. Mrs. Johnstone must think herself forsaken. Shall I sing to you to-night, daddy, some of the old-fashioned songs I come, you have got to smile and look cheerful for Val's sake. If I give myself up for you, you must do as much for me. Come, a smile if you please, sir. 'Begone, dull care! You and I will never agree.'"
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Val, child, what are you humming under your breath?" said her father, suddenly rousing himself from his slumbers and looking into his daughter's pretty face. "Your voice is like that of a bird, my darling. I think it has gained in sweetness a good deal lately. Have you and Wyndham been practising much together. Wyndham has one of the purest tones I ever heard in an amateur."
"Oh, what a worry Mr. Wyndham is," said Valentine, rising from her seat and shaking out her muslin dress. "Everybody talks to me of his perfection. I'm perfectly tired of them. I wish he wouldn't come here so often. No, I was not thinking of any of his songs. I was humming some words Mr. Carr sings—'Bid me to Live'—you know the words—I like Mr. Carr so much—don't you, dad, dear?"
"Adrian Carr—yes," replied Mr. Paget in a slow deliberate voice. "Yes, a good sort of fellow, I've no doubts. I heard some gossip about him at my club yesterday—what was it? Oh, that he was engaged, or about to be engaged, to Lady Mabel Pennant. You know the Pennants, don't you, Val? Have you seen Lady Mabel? She is one of the youngest, I think."
"Yes, she's a fright," responded Valentine, with a decided show of temper in her voice.
Her face had flushed too, she could not tell why.
"I did not know Lady Mabel was such a plain girl," responded Mr. Paget such a plain girl, "at any rate it is a good occasion for Carr. He seems a fairly clever fellow. Valentine, my child, I have something of importance to talk to you about. Don't let us worry about Carr just now—I have something to say to you, something that I'm troubled to have to say. You love your old father very much, don't you, darling?"
"Love you, daddy! Oh, yes, how need you ask? I was frightened about you a few minutes ago, father. When you were asleep just now, your face looked odd, and there were lines about it. It frightens me to think of you ever growing old."
"Sit close to me, my dear daughter. I have a great deal to say. We will leave the subject of my looks just at present. It is true that I am not young, but I may have many years before me yet. It greatly depends on you."
"On me, father?"
"Yes. I will explain to you by-and-by. Now I want to talk about yourself. You have never had a care all your life, have you, my little Val?"
"I don't think so, daddy—at least only pin-pricks. You know I used to hate my spelling lessons long ago, and Milla. Laccout used to worry me over the French irregular verbs. But such things were only pin-pricks. Yes, I am seventeen, and I have never had a real care all my life."
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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

LEGAL DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a paper registered by the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the publication.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and having them recalled for *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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Celia W. Benson, Ushers
A. W. Basse

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Dr. J. Fraser, Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville; Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School at 9.30 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 11.30 p.m.; Chalmers Church, Lower Horton; Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School at 10 a.m.; Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Holy Communion at 10 a.m. and 7 p.m.; 4th and 5th at 8 a.m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

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Fresh and Salt Meats,
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