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AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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Vol. XVII.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. F. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor, at Andrew's Church, Wolfville. Public Worship every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. Sunday School 9:45 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton. Public Worship on Sunday at 10 A. M. Sunday School at 10:30 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Joseph H. Factor, Services on the Sabbath 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 services. At Greenwich, preaching at 8 P. M. on the Sabbath and prayer meeting at 7:30 P. M. on Wednesdays.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, O. F. M. Meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

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WANTED: Farmers' sons and other industrious persons of fair education to whom \$500 a month would be an inducement. I could also engage a few ladies at their own homes.
T. H. LINSCOTT,
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SOME OF OUR SPRING GOODS! HAVE ARRIVED, AND MORE TO COME!



It is as **STYLISH** an assortment of Goods as can be shown in the PROVINCE.


After one of the best Winter's trade in our experience we are able to offer these goods at prices that are bound to sell them.

NOW IS THE TIME! to get your Spring Suit or Overcoat. You could shut your eyes and select from our Stock and run no chance of getting a poor suit. They are all good.

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Wah Hop, CHINESE LAUNDRY,
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First-class Work Guaranteed.

LOOK!

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.

Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

W. H. DUNCANSON,
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895.

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FINE TAILORING.

TWEEDS, WORSTEDS, OVERCOATINGS.

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FARM FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale the farm on which he resides at Wallbrook, containing 200 acres of upland, and 20 acres of dikes. Has an orchard which has borne 500 barrels of apples, and a young one just coming into bearing, besides peaches, plums, and pears.

Apply to
CHAR. PAINE,
Wallbrook, Sept. 20th, 1897.

any subject under the sun. Here is this Irish question; I can pump up an article in three paragraphs on it, but I don't really seem to care whether it is ever read or not. Should we have a republic? I don't mind it, it is all the same to me; but don't give me the casting vote. Is Gladstone a god? Is Gladstone the devil? They say he is one or the other and I am content to let them fight it out. How long it is since I gave a thought to religion? What am I? There are a few who come into this room and announce that they are agnostics, as if that were a new profession. Am I an agnostic? I think not; and if I was I would keep it to myself. My soul does not trouble me at all, except for five minutes or so now and again. On the whole, I seem to be indifferent as to whether I have one, or what it is to become of it.

Dick rose and paced the room, until his face gave the lie to everything he had told himself. His lips quivered and his whole body shook. He stood in an agony against the mantel-piece with his head in his hands, and emotions had possession of him compared with which the emotions of any other person described in this book were but children's fancies. By-and-by he became calm, and began to undress. Suddenly he remembered something. He rummaged for his keys in the pocket of the coat he had cast off, and opening his desk, wrote on a slip of paper that he took from it "Sleeping Knives, Man Frightened to Get Married (humorous)!"

"My God!" he groaned, "I would write an article, I think, on my mother's coffin."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Colonel Abinger had allowed the other sportsmen to wander away from him, and now lay on his back on Bos-Shoe, occasionally raking the glen of Qaharity through a field-glass. It was a purple world he saw under a sky of gray and blue; with a white thread that was the dusty road twisting round a heavy sweep of mountain-side, and a broken thread of silver that was the Qaharity straggling back and forward in the valley like a stream reluctant to be gone.

To the naked eye there were bare black peaks that overlooked the glen from every side but the south. It was not the mountains, however, but the road, that interested the colonel. By-and-by he was sitting up, frowning, for this is what he saw.

From the clump of trees to the north that keeps Glen Qaharity Lodge warm in winter, a man and a lady emerged on horseback. They had not advanced a hundred yards, when the male rider turned back as if for something he had forgotten. The lady rode forward alone.

A pedestrian came into sight about the same time, a mile to the south of the colonel. The field-glass lost him a dozen times; but he was approaching rapidly, and he and the rider must soon meet.

The nearest habitation to Colonel Abinger was the school-house, which was some four hundred yards distant. It stands on the other side of the white road, and is approached by a straight path down which heavy carts can jolt in the summer months. Every time

POETRY.

To a Snow Bird.

Dear little bird with bright black eyes,
If you but knew my eyes were kind,
How swift the pretty form would fly
Our shining porch-berries to find.

Dear little bird with fluttering hair,
If you but felt my heart was true,
That fairy figure soon would dart
To sheltering hand held out for you.

Dear little bird with gleaming wing,
Did you but know I long to fly,
Perhaps you'd sit quite near and sing
To me in my captivity.

Dear human heart, be not afraid,
Thy need of food, thy dream of flight,
Thy love, by whom the world's made,
To speak these on to his delight.

—Frances E. Willard in Independent.

SELECT STORY.

When a Man's Single.

BY JAMES M. HARRIS.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Is it weakness or strength that has kept me what the world would call true to Nell? Is a man necessarily a villain because love dies out of his heart, or has his reason some right to think the affair over and show him where he stands?"

Yes, Nell, after all, gets the worst of the bargain. She will have for a husband a man who is evidently incapable of lasting affection for anybody. That, I suppose, means that I find myself the only really interesting person I know. Yet, I think, Richard, you would at times rather be somebody else—anybody almost would do.

"It is a little humiliating to remember that I have been lying to Angus for the last month or two—I, who always thought I had such a noble admiration for the truth. I did it very easily too; so I suppose there can be no doubt that I really am a very poor sort of creature. I wonder if it was for Mary's sake I lied, or merely because it would have been too troublesome to speak the truth? Except by some to speak the truth? Except by some to speak the truth, I have ceased apparently to be interested in anything. The only thing nowadays that rouses my indignation is the attempt on any one's part to draw me into an argument on

the old dominie goes up and down his path 'his boots take part of it along with them. There is a stone in his house, close to the door, which is chipped and scarred, owing to his habit of kicking it to get the mud off his boots before he goes inside. The dominie was at present sitting listlessly on the dike that accompanies this path to the school-house.

The colonel was taking an interest in the pedestrian as yet, but he sighed as he watched the body rise slowly forward. Where the road had broken through a bump in the valley, her lithe form in green stood out sharply as a silhouette against the high ragged bank of white earth. The colonel had recognized his daughter, and his face was troubled.

During all the time they had been at the lodge he had never mentioned Rob Angus's name to Mary, chiefly because he had not given him a chance to lose his temper. She had been more demonstrative in her love for her father than of old, and had anticipated his wants in a way that gratified him at the moment, but disturbed him afterwards. In his presence she seemed quite gaily happy; but he had noticed that she liked to slip away on to the hill-side by herself, and sit there alone for hours at a time. Sir Clement Downton was still at the lodge, but the colonel was despondent. He knew very well that, without his consent, Mary would never give her hand to any man; but he was equally aware that there his power ended. Where she got her notions he did not know; but since she became his house-keeper she had impressed the colonel curiously. He was always finding himself taking for granted her parity to be something so fine that it behooved him to be careful. Mary affected other people in the same way. They came to know that she was a very rare person, and so in her company they became almost free persons themselves. Thus the natural goodness of mankind asserted itself. Of late the colonel had felt Mary's presence more than ever; he believed in her so much (often to his annoyance) that she was a religion to him.

While Colonel Abinger sat in the heather, perturbed in mind, and trying to persuade himself that it was Mary's fault, the pedestrian drew near rapidly. Evidently he and the rider would meet near the school-house, and before the male rider, who had again emerged from the clump of trees, could make up on his companion.

The dominie, who did not have such a slice of the outer world as this every day, came to the end of his path to have a look at the persons who were leaving him from opposite directions. He saw that the pedestrian wore an elegant silk hat and black coat, such as were not to be got in these parts. Only the delirium with which he walked suggested a man from Thruams.

The pedestrian made a remark about the weather as he hurried past the dominie. He was now so near the colonel that his face could be distinctly seen through the field-glass. The colonel winced, and turned white and red. Then the field-glass jumped quickly to the horse-woman. The pedestrian started as he came suddenly in sight

of her, and at the same moment his face lit up with joy. The colonel saw it, and felt a pain at his heart. The glass shook in his hand, thus bringing the dominie accidentally into view.

The dominie was now worth watching. No sooner had the pedestrian passed him than the old man crouched so as not to seem noticeable, and ran after him. When he was within ten yards of his quarry he came to rest, and the field-glass told that he was gazing. Then the dominie turned round and hurried back to the school-house, muttering as he ran.

"It's Rob Angus come home in a lumm hat, and that's one of the loddies frae the lodge. I masn awa' to Thruams wi' this. Rob Angus, Robbie Angus, mibby, what a toon there'll be about this!"

Mary looked behind her again. "There was nothing else," she said; "I cannot understand what is detaining Sir Clement."

"I thought—" Rob began.

"You should not," said Mary, looking at the school-house.

"But your brother—" Rob was saying, when he paused, not wanting to incriminate Dick.

"Yes, I know," said Mary, whose intellect was very clear to-day. She knew why Rob stopped short, and there was a soft look in her eyes as they were turned upon him.

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"It was on the other side of the hill that my sister's child was found dead. Had she lived I might never have seen you."

"One of the game-keepers," said Mary, "showed me the place where you found her with her foot in the water."

"I have driven a cart through this glen a hundred times," continued Rob, doggedly. "You see that wooden shed at the school-house; it was my father and I who put it up. It seems but yesterday since I carted the boards from Thruams."

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Mary's thankful prayer will ascend from truly grateful and healthy men and women for the beauty and beauties of the new season. On the other hand, a

multitude of half-dead, broken down, weak, debilitated and suffering men and women will not have the capacity to appreciate the mercies so bountifully bestowed. Their thoughts are centred on their afflictions and sufferings; they are moody, despondent, morose, and some are hopeless and in despair.

It is to this suffering class that we would speak words of hope and comfort. Warning would be unnecessary if you fully realized the fact that Paine's Celery Compound cures the disease that is now making such progress and havoc in your body.

It matters not whether the trouble be rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney disease, liver complaint, nervous prostration, agonizing dyspepsia or blood diseases; Paine's Celery Compound, unlike other medicines, is a true and rapid banisher of disease; it makes the blood pure, so that life and energy flow quickly to every muscle, nerve and tissue. Nature's medicine promptly restores strength, vigor, appetite and digestion; it gives sweet sleep and repose to the wearied.

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Yes, Nell, after all, gets the worst of the bargain. She will have for a husband a man who is evidently incapable of lasting affection for anybody. That, I suppose, means that I find myself the only really interesting person I know. Yet, I think, Richard, you would at times rather be somebody else—anybody almost would do.

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April is now with us. The feathered songsters are here again warbling their sweetest notes in praise of spring for a new season. Nature is throwing off her old garb. The trees are budding, the grass is showing new life, and soon the wild flowers will put on their dazzling dress of beauty and richness. All nature seems to be calling out to man, saying, "Be happy and rejoice; give thanks to Him who makes such glorious provision for the children of earth."

Mary's thankful prayer will ascend from truly grateful and healthy men and women for the beauty and beauties of the new season. On the other hand, a

multitude of half-dead, broken down, weak, debilitated and suffering men and women will not have the capacity to appreciate the mercies so bountifully bestowed. Their thoughts are centred on their afflictions and sufferings; they are moody, despondent, morose, and some are hopeless and in despair.

It is to this suffering class that we would speak words of hope and comfort. Warning would be unnecessary if you fully realized the fact that Paine's Celery Compound cures the disease that is now making such progress and havoc in your body.

It matters not whether the trouble be rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney disease, liver complaint, nervous prostration, agonizing dyspepsia or blood diseases; Paine's Celery Compound, unlike other medicines, is a true and rapid banisher of disease; it makes the blood pure, so that life and energy flow quickly to every muscle, nerve and tissue. Nature's medicine promptly restores strength, vigor, appetite and digestion; it gives sweet sleep and repose to the wearied.

Will these honest and strong assurances induce you to give earth's best medicine a fair trial in this your time of danger? The experience of physicians

and their kindly words in favor of Paine's Celery Compound should be a guarantee of success of you.

The marvellous results given to weak, sickly and broken down clergymen, judges, members of parliament, and to worthy and honorable citizens of every city in the Dominion, speak volumes in favor of Paine's Celery Compound.

One bottle experimented with at this season is always enough to make the most critical and skeptical continue with the medicine until they are cured.

It has been truly said by an eminent Canadian press correspondent that "no physician is ever needed in homes where Paine's Celery Compound is used."

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Paine's Celery Compound the Great Spring' Cleanser and Life Giver.

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