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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Money to Loan.

On Good Land Security!

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CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

TAKE THE BEST

25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

This GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival. It has cured thousands, and will cure you if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER. 25c.

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Showrooms: 54 Barrington Street.
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POETRY.

Short on Future, Long on Now.

Feller what shirks an' is lazy
Ain't no use livin', I vow!
But I tell yer who is the daisy—
The feller that does things now.

He's never procrastinatin'
An' tellin' ye "why" an' "how,"
When the doin' on't's what he's hatin';
He jest goes an' does it now.

Ef the cordwood calls fer a tussle
That'll bring the sweat to his brow
He gits out his saw with a hustle
An' tackles the job right now.

The chap thet talks of termorrow
Is crocked somewheres, I 'low;
In payin' what he may borrer
He never gits 'round ter now.

But the feller that starts on the minute
The crows don't roost on his plow—
Ef't rains he ain't workin' out in it,
'Cause he gits his hay in now.

Ef yer lookin' fer what'll suit yer
Yer kin take off yer hat an' bow
Ter the chap thet's short on the future
An' ekerly long on the now.

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

When the wandering minstrel, with his violin under his arm, left the neighborhood of Park-lane, he walked with a somewhat feeble and faltering step through Grosvenor-square and into Bond-street. A few people looked at him as he passed, and a hungry-looking girl who was leaning against a wall suddenly asked him to play for her. He stopped at the sound of her voice and said a word or two.

"I am sorry my violin only knows one air, and I have played it."

"Can you not play it again?"

"It is not meant for you, poor girl. Good-night."

"Good-night, kind sir. I'll say a prayer for you if you like; you look miserable enough."

The minstrel removed his soft hat, made a gesture of thanks, and hurried on. He was going to Queen's Gate. The walk was long, and he was very feeble. He had a few coins in his pocket from the change of Esther's sovereigns; he determined to ride, and mounted on the roof of a Hammersmith omnibus in Piccadilly.

By-and-bye he reached his destination, and found himself in familiar ground. He walked slowly now, hesitating—sometimes inclined to turn back. Presently he reached a house; he went up the steps, and took shelter for a moment from the biting east winds under the portico. It was late, but the lights were still shining in the great mansion.

He was glad of this; he could not have done what he meant to do except under strong excitement, and sheltered by the friendly gas light. He turned and gave the visitor's bell a full peal. The door was opened almost instantly by a liveried footman.

"Is Mr Paget within?"

The man stared. The voice was not only refined, but to a certain extent familiar. The voice, oh, yes; but then the figure, the thin, long reed-like figure, slouching forward with weakness, buttoned up tight in the seedy frock coat whose better days must have been a matter of the very distant past.

"Is Mr Paget within?"

The tone was so assured and even peremptory that the servant, in spite of himself, was overawed.

"I believe so, sir," he said.

"Ask if I can see him."

"Mr Paget is not very well, sir, and it is late."

"Ask if I can see him."

The footman turned a little surly.

"I'll inquire," he said; "he's sure to say no, but I'll inquire. Your name, if you please. My master will require to know your name."

"I am known as Brother Jerome. Tell your master that my business is urgent. Go; I am in a hurry."

"Rum party, that," murmured the servant. "Don't understand him; don't like him. All the same, I can't shut the door in his face. He's the sort of party as has seen better days; 'ops as the umbrellas is safe."

Then he walked across the hall and entered his master's study.

The room, with its old oak and painted glass, and electric light, looked the perfection of comfort. The tall, white-headed man who sat crushed up in the big arm chair was the envied of many.

"If you please, sir," said the servant.

"Yes; don't leave the door open. Who were you chatting to in the hall?"

"A man who has called, and wants to see you very particular, sir."

"I can't see him."

"He says his name is Brother Jerome."

"I can't see him. Go away, and shut the door."

"I knew it would be no use," muttered the footman. "Only he seems a sort of a gentleman, sir, and in trouble like."

"I can't see him. Shut the door, and go away!"

"Yes, you can see me," said a voice. The minstrel walked into the room.

"Good heavens."

CHAPTER XLIX.

At the sound of his voice the footman fell back as white as a sheet. Mr Paget rose, walked over to him, took him by the shoulders, and pushed him out of the room. He locked the door behind him. Then he turned, and backing step by step almost as far as the window, raised his hands, and looked at his forbidden visitor with a frozen expression of horror.

Wyndham took his hat off and laid it on the table. Mr Paget raised his hands, covered his face with them, and groaned.

"Spirit!" he said. "Spirit, why have you come to torment me before the time?"

"I am no spirit," replied Wyndham, "I am a living man—a defrauded and injured man—but as much alive as you are."

"It is false—don't touch me—don't come a step nearer—you are dead—you have been dead for the last three years. On the 25th April, 18—, you committed suicide by jumping into the sea; you did it on purpose to revenge yourself, and since then you have haunted me, and made my life as hell I always said, Wyndham, you would make an awful ghost—you do, you do."

"I am not a ghost," said Wyndham. "Touch me, and you will see. This wrist and hand are thin enough, but they are alive. I fell into the sea, but I was rescued. I came to you to-night—I troubled you to-night because you have broken our contract, because—— What is the matter? Touch me, you will see I am no ghost."

Wyndham came nearer; Mr Paget uttered a piercing shriek.

"Don't—don't!" he implored. "You are a lying spirit; you have often lied—often—to me. You want to take me with you; you know if you touch me I shall have to go. Don't—oh, I beseech of you, leave me the little time longer that I've got to live. Don't torment me before the time."

He dropped on his knees; his streaming white hair fell behind him; his hands were raised in supplication.

"Don't," said Wyndham, terribly distressed. "You have wronged me bitterly, but I, too, am a sinner; I would not willingly hurt mortal on this earth. Get up, don't degrade yourself. I am a living man like yourself. I have come to speak to you of my wife—of Valentine."

"Don't breathe her name. I lost her through you. No, you are dead—I have murdered you—your blood is on my soul—but I won't go with you yet, not yet. Ha! ha! I'll outwit you. Don't touch me!"

He gave another scream, an awful scream, half of triumph, half of despair, sprang to the door, unlocked it and vanished.

Wyndham took up his violin and left the house.

"Mad, poor fellow!" he muttered to himself. "Who'd have thought it? Even from a worldly point of view what fools people are to sin! What luck does it ever bring them? He made me his accomplice, his victim, in order to keep his daughter's love, in order to escape dishonor and penal servitude. He told me the whole story of that trust money—to be his if there was no child—to be kept for a child if there was. He was a good fellow before he got the trust money I have no doubt. The friend died, and soon afterwards Paget learned that he had left a son behind him. Mr Paget told me—how well I remember his face when he told me how he felt about the son, who was then only an infant, but to whom he must deliver the trust money when he came of age. 'I wanted that money badly,' he said, 'and I resolved to suppress the trust papers and use the money. I thought the chances were that the child would never know.'"

The chances, however, were against Mr Paget. The friend who had left him the money in trust had not so absolutely believed in him as he supposed. He had left duplicate papers, and these papers were in the boy's possession. One day Mr Paget learned this fact. When he knew this he knew also that when his friend's son came of age he should have to repay the trust with interest; in short, he would have to give the young man the enormous sum of eighty thousand pounds or be branded as a thief and a criminal.

"I remember the night he told me this story," concluded Wyndham with a sigh.

He was walking slowly now in the direction of the Embankment.

"So the plot was made up," he continued. "The insurance on my life was to pay back the trust. Valentine would never know her father's dishonor. She would continue to love him best of all men, and he would escape shame, ruin—penal servitude. How have matters turned out? For the love of a woman I performed my part; for the love of a woman and self combined, he performed his. How has he fared? The woman ceases to love him, and he is mad. I—how have matters fared with me? How? The wages of sin are hard. I saw a sight to-night which might well turn a stronger brain than mine. I saw my wife, and the man who may soon be her husband. I must not dwell on that, I dare not."

Wyndham walked on, a burning fever gave him fake strength. He reached the Embankment and presently sat down near a girl who looked even poorer and more miserable than himself. There were several men and girls occupying the same bench. It was a bitter cold, foggy night; all the seats along the Embankment were full, some poor creatures even lay about on the pavement. Wyndham turned to look at the slight young creature by his side. She was very young, rather fair in appearance, and very poorly clad.

"You are shivering," said Wyndham, in a voice which still could be one of the kindest in the world.

The poor worn young face turned to look at him in surprise and even confidence.

"Yes," said the girl. "I'm bitter cold, and numb, and starved. It's a cruel world, and I hate God Almighty for having made me."

"Hush, don't say that. It does no good to speak against the one who loves you. Lean against me. Let me put my arm round you. Think of me as a brother for the next hour or two. I would not harm a hair of your head."

"I believe you," said the girl beginning to sob.

With a touching movement of absolute confidence she laid her faded face against his shoulder.

"That is better, is it not?" said Wyndham.

"Yes, thank you, sir. I'm desperate sleepy, and I shan't slip off the bench now. I was afraid to go to sleep before, for if I slipped off somebody else would get my seat, and I know I'd be dead if I lay on the pavement till morning."

"Well, go to sleep, now. I shan't let you slip off."

"Sir, how badly you are coughing."

"I am sorry if my cough disturbs you. I cannot help giving way to it now and then."

"Oh, sir, it is not that; you seem like a good angel to me. I even love the sound of your cough, for it is kind. But have you not a home, sir?"

"I certainly have a shelter for the night. Not a home in the true sense of the word."

"Ought you not to go to your shelter, sir?"

"No, I shall stay here with you until you have had a good sleep. Now shut your eyes."

The girl tried to obey. For about ten minutes she sat quiet, and Wyndham held her close, trying to impart some of the warmth from his own body to her frozen frame. Suddenly the girl raised her eyes, looked him in the face, and smiled.

"Sir, you are an angel."

"You make a great mistake. On the contrary I have sinned more deeply than most."

"Sir?"

"It is true."

"I don't want you to preach to me, sir; but I know from your face however you have sinned you have been forgiven."

"You make another mistake; my sin is unabsolved."

"Sir?"

The girl's astonishment showed itself in her tone.

"Don't talk about me," continued Wyndham. "It is a curious fact that I love God, although it is impossible for Him to forgive me until I do something which I find impossible to do. I go unforgiven through life, still I love God. I delight in His justice, I glory in the love He has even for me, and still more for those who like you can repent and come to Him, and be really forgiven."

He paused, he saw that he was talking over the girl's head. Presently he resumed in a very gentle pleading voice:—

"I don't want to hear your story, but——"

The girl interrupted him with a sort of cry.

"It is the usual story, sir. There is nothing to conceal. Once I was innocent, now I am what men and women call *lost*. Lost and fallen. That's what they say of girls like me."

"God can say something quite different to you. He can say found and restored. Listen. No one loves you like God. Loving He forgives. All things are possible to love."

"Yes, sir; when you speak like that you make me weep."

"Crying will do you good. Poor little girl, we are never likely to meet again in this world. I want you to promise me that you won't turn against God Almighty. He is your best friend."

"Sir! And He leaves me to starve. To starve, and sin."

"He wants you not to sin. The starving, even if it must come, is only a small matter, for there is the whole of eternity to make up for it. Now I won't say another word, except to assure you from the lips of a dying man, for I know I am dying, that God is your best friend, and that He loves you. Go to sleep."

The girl smiled again, and presently dropped off into an uneasy slumber with her head on Wyndham's shoulder.

By-and-bye a stout woman, with a basket on her arm, came up. She looked curiously at Wyndham. He saw at a glance that she must have walked from a long distance, and would like his seat. He beckoned her over.

"You are tired. Shall I give you my seat?"

"Eh, sir, you are kind. I have come a long way and am fair spent."

"You shall sit here, if you will let this tired girl lay her head on your breast."

"Eh, but she don't look as good as she might be!"

"Never mind. Jesus Christ would have let her put her head on His breast. Thank you, I know you were a kind-hearted woman. She will be much better near you than near me. Here is a shilling. Give it her when she wakes. Good-night."

CHAPTER L.

Esther longed to go to Acacia Villas during the week. She often felt on the point of asking Mrs Wyndham to give her leave, but then again she felt afraid to raise suspicions; and besides her mistress was ill, and clung to her. Although Esther listened with a kind of terror on the following evening, the sound of the violin was not again heard.

Sunday came at last, and she could claim her privilege of going home. She arrived at Acacia Villas with her heart in a tumult. How much she would have to tell Wyndham! It was in her power to make him happy, to relieve his heart of its worst load.

Cherry alone was in the kitchen when she arrived, and Cherry was in a very snappish humor.

"No, Esther, I don't know where uncle is. He's not often at home now. I hear say that Mr Paget is very bad—gone in the head you know. They'll have to put him into an asylum, and that'll be a good thing for poor uncle. Take off your bonnet and cloak, Esther, and have a cup of tea cosy-like. I'm learning one of Macaulay's Lays now for a recitation. Maybe you'd hear me a few of the stanzas when you're drinking your tea."

"Yes, Cherry, dear, but I want to go up to Brother Jerome first. I can see him while you're getting the kettle to boil. I've a little parcel here which I want him to take down to Sister Josephine to the Mission House to-morrow."

Cherry laughed in a half-startled way.

"Don't you know?" she said.

"Don't I know what?"

"Why Brother Jerome ain't here; he went out on Tuesday evening and never came home. I thought, for sure, uncle would have gone and told you."

"Never came home since Tuesday? No, I didn't hear."

Esther sat down and put her hand to her heart. Her face was ghastly.

"I knew it," murmured Cherry under her breath. "She have gone and fallen in love with a chap from one of them slums."

Aloud she said in a brisk tone:—

"Yes, he's gone. I don't suppose there's much in it. He were tired of the attic, that's all. I sleep easy of nights now. No more pacing the boards overhead, nor hack, hack, hack coughing fit to wake the seven sleepers. What's the matter, Esther?"

"You are the most heartless girl I ever met," said Esther. "No, I don't want your tea."

She tied her bonnet strings and left the house without glancing at her crestfallen cousin.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Sick Headache
CURED PERMANENTLY
BY TAKING
Ayer's Pills

'I was troubled a long time with sick headache. It was usually accompanied with severe pain in the temples, a sense of fullness and tenderness in one eye, a bad taste in my mouth, tongue coated, hands and feet cold, and sickness at the stomach. I tried a good many remedies recommended for this complaint; but it was not until I

Began Taking
Ayer's Pills

that I received anything like permanent benefit. A single box of these pills did the work for me, and I am now free from headaches, and a well man.'—C. H. HUTCHINGS, East Auburn, Me

AYER'S PILLS
Awarded Medal at World's Fair
Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Best.

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You won't have to buy new ones.

All Dyeing, Cleaning and Leather Work done at Halifax prices. Ungar gives satisfaction.

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CURE CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, REGULATE THE LIVER.
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