

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1895.

No. 1

Vol. XV.
THE ACADIAN.
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MERCHANT TAILOR,
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THE PROPRIETOR of these works is now prepared to supply
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Light Blue Granite,
SUITABLE FOR
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The Blue Granite comes from his Quarry at Niagara, and its quality is highly endorsed by the Geological Department at Ottawa.
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NORTH AND OXFORD STREETS,
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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. J. Francis, Pastor—of Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 A. M. and at 7 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 P. M. Chalmers' Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Joseph Hall, Pastor—Services on the Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. Noon Prayer Meeting at 12 o'clock on Wednesday. All the services are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwick, preaching at 3 P. M. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 P. M. on Thursday.

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.

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F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8 o'clock.
ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7.30 o'clock.
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1 No. 1 Little Giant Thresher and Cleaner in use part of two seasons, in thorough repair, sold cheap for cash or easy terms. Apply to
F. J. FAULKNER, AGENT,
Grand Pre.
or to **R. L. FULLER,**
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Wolfville.

Money to Loan.
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E. S. CRAWLEY,
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Wolfville, May 23d, 1894.

POETRY.
Deciduousness.
Taint th' feller talks th' proudest,
'Wat kin stan' th' hardes' knock,
Taint th' feller prays th' loudest,
Puts the mooster' in th' box,
'Taint th' gals w'at dress th' neatest,
Got th' riches' folks in town;
'Taint th' ooman licks th' sweetest,
'At is allers meeker' foun'.

SELECT STORY.
A Life for a Love.
BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XLII.—Continued.
The cold, however, was intense, and I doubt that I could have lived till morning had not another chance of deliverance just then appeared. The clouds had almost cleared from the sky, and by the brightness of the southern constellations I saw something gleaming white a little further off. It was not the ship, which must have been a league or two away by now, but something I could see in my present horizontal position. I ventured to raise my head a very little, and saw a strange boat painted white—which, strange to say, had not been overturned by the roughness of the waves. It was gently floating onwards in my direction. The same Esperance was painted in gold letters on the outside of the boat, near the bow. I guessed at once what had happened. One of the ship's boats had got loose from its moorings in the gale, and was now sent to me as an ark of deliverance. It was evidently on one of the ship's cars, too, that I was supporting my head.

"Then I saw that God did not mean me to die, and a great glow of gratitude and even happiness ran through me. You will wonder at this, but you don't know how horrible death looked in the jaws of that angry sea.
"The boat came nearer, and nearer, and my happiness and sense of relief grew to almost rapture. I cried aloud:—
"God, I thank thee! Take the life you have thought preserving almost through a miracle, as your own absolutely. Take my body, take my spirit, to spend, to worship, to lose myself in Thee! Then the boat came up, and I had to duck under to avoid being stunned by her.
"It is no easy matter to get into an empty boat in a rough sea. My hands were almost numb, too, for I had been a couple of hours in the water. I felt, however, quite cool, self-possessed and quiet. I could think clearly, and bring my little knowledge of boats to my aid. I knew my only chance of not upsetting the boat was to climb over by the stern. This, after tremendous difficulties, I accomplished. I lay in the bottom of the boat for some time quite unconscious. When at last I was able to rouse myself, daylight had come and the storm had gone down. My clothes were drenched through with salt water, I could not keep from shivering, and every bone ached. I was not the least hungry, but I was consumed with thirst. There were two or three cans lashed to the side of the boat. I could not, therefore, and the exercise warmed me. Presently the sun came up in the heavens. I was glad of this, but its rays beating on my uncovered head soon produced headache, which in its turn brought on a queer giddiness and a feeling of sickness. I saw now that I was going to be very ill, and I wondered how long I should retain my senses. I knew that it behoved me to be very careful. I was alive, but for my wife's sake I must appear to be dead. I saw that I had taken the very best possible step to insure this end, and if I could only carry on my purpose to its conclusion I should have adopted a far better plan for securing the establishment of my own apparatus death than the one originally devised for me.
"Asking as I did from head to foot I found it difficult to keep my thoughts collected. I managed, however, to do so, and also to scratch out the name of the Esperance from the bows of the boat. This I accomplished with my

pocket knife. I also cut away my own name from my lines, and from two handkerchiefs which I found in my pockets. These handkerchiefs had been marked by my wife. After this I must drift along and take my chance of being picked up. I cannot recall how I passed the day. I believe I roved a little when I felt cold; but the greater part of the time I simply allowed the boat to drift.
"That evening I was picked up by a trading vessel bound for the Cape. Its crew were mostly Dutch, and several of the sailors were black. I faintly remember going on board the vessel. Then all memory leaves me. I had a long illness—a fever which changed me, turning my hair very grey. I grew a beard in my illness, and would not allow it to be removed when I got better, as I knew that in the future I must live under the shadow of death, I must completely sink the identity which made life of value.
"I was put into hospital when we arrived at Cape Town, and when I got better was given a small purse of money which had been collected by some people who professed to take an interest in me. On the day I left the hospital I really commenced a new life.
"It is unnecessary to tell you all that followed. I had not forgotten my vow—the vow I made to God verily out of the deeps. I determined, as far as it was in me, absolutely to renounce myself and to live for God. He reveals himself in suffering men. I did not resolve to do this with any ulterior motive of saving my own soul, and atoning for the sin of the past. I felt that God deserved all that I could possibly give Him, and to give it absolutely and without reservation kept me, I believe, from losing my senses. For a time all went well. Then the hunger which had been my curse came back. You will ask what that was. It was a sense of utter starvation which no physical food could satisfy, which no mental food could assuage. I must get near my wife. I had staid for her, and now I could not keep away from her. I must at least live in the same country. I prayed against this hunger; I fought with it, I struggled with it, but I could not beat it down. A year ago I came back to England. I came to London, to the safest place for a man who must hide. Willing hands are always needed to help to lighten some of the load of misery in this great city. I called myself Brother Jerome, and presently I found my niche. I worked, and I could have been happy. Yes, starving in body, but nowhere near my head, I could have been happy following The Blessed example, but for the hunger which always drove me mad, which was gnawing at my heart, which gnaws there still—
"Wyndham dropped his head on his hands. He uttered one groan. When he raised his head again his eyes were wet.
"I am close to my wife," he said; "but I have never heard of her once—not since I returned."
That day, however, the father he did not press two or three burning kisses on his round cheek. Esther sat down on a chair near a very worn and shabby-looking man. His back was partly to her. She said a word and he turned round. He looked at the child. Suddenly a light filled his sunken eyes—a beautiful light. He stretched out his arms, and straight as an arrow from a bow, Baby Bunting found a shelter in their close embrace.
"Kiss me," said the man.
The little lips pressed his cheek.
"I love you," said baby, in his contented voice. "Has no little boys of my own?"
"One little boy."
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Esther was a woman of acute observation. It seemed to her that if there was an individual on earth to be envied it was Valentine Wyndham. What matter thought she thought herself a widow? Still she had won a love of a quality and depth which surely must satisfy the most exacting heart. Esther often said to herself that if she were Valentine she must surely regret, except as to her forgetting Wyndham that could surely, surely never be. These were Esther's thoughts, always supposing the case to be her own; but she had not been many weeks in the house in Park Lane before she began to open her eyes and to suspect that matters were otherwise with her young mistress. Valentine, although still a wife, supposed herself a widow. All the world thought her such. What more natural than that she should turn her thoughts once more to love. At the time of her supposed widowhood she was under twenty years of age. Why should she mourn for her young husband all her days? Surely there was somebody who considered that she ought not to mourn—somebody who came almost daily to the house, whom Mrs. Wyndham liked to talk to. For Esther noticed that her eyes were brighter after Adrian Carr went away. She did not guess that their brightness was generally caused by the shedding of tears.
Esther began to feel very uncomfortable. Should she or should she not tell Wyndham of the danger which was threatening Valentine?
There came a Sunday when Mrs. Wyndham entered her nursery with a request.
"Nurse, my head aches dreadfully. I know you stipulated to have every Sunday afternoon to yourself, but if you could stay at home to-day I should be grateful."
No one could make requests more sweetly than Valentine, and Esther felt herself coloring up with the pain of refusing.
"I am very sorry, madam," she said in a low constrained voice; "but—my father will expect me. You know it was an understood thing, madam, that I was to see him once a week. You remember my telling you I am his only child."
"Yes, yes," said Valentine, "and I have thought of that. If you will take care of Gerry this afternoon I will send the page in a cab to your house to fetch your father here." Esther changed color, from red to white.
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"Jane has already gone out," replied Valentine coldly. Then with an effort she swallowed down her resentment. "I will be frank with you, Esther. If it was simply a headache I could certainly take care of my little boy, even at some inconvenience. But there is more behind. I promised Miss Wyndham, who is now in town to meet her this afternoon at Mr. Carr's new church. She is most anxious to hear him preach, and I should be sorry to disappoint her."
"You mean you are anxious to hear him preach," quoth Esther, under her breath. "And is it on that account I will leave a hungry heart to starve?"
Aloud she said: "Do you object to my taking master baby with me, madam?"
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"Yes, madam, a friend of mine, and of my father's. A gentleman with a very sorrowful story. I think it comforted him to kiss master baby."
Esther was a woman of acute observation. It seemed to her that if there was an individual on earth to be envied it was Valentine Wyndham. What matter thought she thought herself a widow? Still she had won a love of a quality and depth which surely must satisfy the most exacting heart. Esther often said to herself that if she were Valentine she must surely regret, except as to her forgetting Wyndham that could surely, surely never be. These were Esther's thoughts, always supposing the case to be her own; but she had not been many weeks in the house in Park Lane before she began to open her eyes and to suspect that matters were otherwise with her young mistress. Valentine, although still a wife, supposed herself a widow. All the world thought her such. What more natural than that she should turn her thoughts once more to love. At the time of her supposed widowhood she was under twenty years of age. Why should she mourn for her young husband all her days? Surely there was somebody who considered that she ought not to mourn—somebody who came almost daily to the house, whom Mrs. Wyndham liked to talk to. For Esther noticed that her eyes were brighter after Adrian Carr went away. She did not guess that their brightness was generally caused by the shedding of tears.
Esther began to feel very uncomfortable. Should she or should she not tell Wyndham of the danger which was threatening Valentine?
There came a Sunday when Mrs. Wyndham entered her nursery with a request.
"Nurse, my head aches dreadfully. I know you stipulated to have every Sunday afternoon to yourself, but if you could stay at home to-day I should be grateful."
No one could make requests more sweetly than Valentine, and Esther felt herself coloring up with the pain of refusing.
"I am very sorry, madam," she said in a low constrained voice; "but—my father will expect me. You know it was an understood thing, madam, that I was to see him once a week. You remember my telling you I am his only child."
"Yes, yes," said Valentine, "and I have thought of that. If you will take care of Gerry this afternoon I will send the page in a cab to your house to fetch your father here." Esther changed color, from red to white.
"I am more sorry than I can express, my dear madam, but it would make all the difference to my father seeing me in my own little home and here. My father is very humble in his ways, dear madam. I think, perhaps, if you have a headache, Jane, the under-housemaid, might be trusted for once with master baby."
"Jane has already gone out," replied Valentine coldly. Then with an effort she swallowed down her resentment. "I will be frank with you, Esther. If it was simply a headache I could certainly take care of my little boy, even at some inconvenience. But there is more behind. I promised Miss Wyndham, who is now in town to meet her this afternoon at Mr. Carr's new church. She is most anxious to hear him preach, and I should be sorry to disappoint her."
"You mean you are anxious to hear him preach," quoth Esther, under her breath. "And is it on that account I will leave a hungry heart to starve?"
Aloud she said: "Do you object to my taking master baby with me, madam?"
"I do object. The child must not be out so late. Then you distinctly refuse to accommodate me, Esther?"
"I am obliged to adhere to our arrangement, Mrs. Wyndham. I am truly sorry."
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

"It seems to me," said the manager, "that you do that part of receiving the money from the chief villain in a most awkward manner." "Maybe I do," admitted the actor; "it has been so long since I had any chance to rehearse with the real stuff."
To act on the liver, and cleanse the bowels, no other medicine equals Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

POETRY.
Deciduousness.
Taint th' feller talks th' proudest,
'Wat kin stan' th' hardes' knock,
Taint th' feller prays th' loudest,
Puts the mooster' in th' box,
'Taint th' gals w'at dress th' neatest,
Got th' riches' folks in town;
'Taint th' ooman licks th' sweetest,
'At is allers meeker' foun'.

SELECT STORY.
A Life for a Love.
BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XLII.—Continued.
The cold, however, was intense, and I doubt that I could have lived till morning had not another chance of deliverance just then appeared. The clouds had almost cleared from the sky, and by the brightness of the southern constellations I saw something gleaming white a little further off. It was not the ship, which must have been a league or two away by now, but something I could see in my present horizontal position. I ventured to raise my head a very little, and saw a strange boat painted white—which, strange to say, had not been overturned by the roughness of the waves. It was gently floating onwards in my direction. The same Esperance was painted in gold letters on the outside of the boat, near the bow. I guessed at once what had happened. One of the ship's boats had got loose from its moorings in the gale, and was now sent to me as an ark of deliverance. It was evidently on one of the ship's cars, too, that I was supporting my head.

"Then I saw that God did not mean me to die, and a great glow of gratitude and even happiness ran through me. You will wonder at this, but you don't know how horrible death looked in the jaws of that angry sea.
"The boat came nearer, and nearer, and my happiness and sense of relief grew to almost rapture. I cried aloud:—
"God, I thank thee! Take the life you have thought preserving almost through a miracle, as your own absolutely. Take my body, take my spirit, to spend, to worship, to lose myself in Thee! Then the boat came up, and I had to duck under to avoid being stunned by her.
"It is no easy matter to get into an empty boat in a rough sea. My hands were almost numb, too, for I had been a couple of hours in the water. I felt, however, quite cool, self-possessed and quiet. I could think clearly, and bring my little knowledge of boats to my aid. I knew my only chance of not upsetting the boat was to climb over by the stern. This, after tremendous difficulties, I accomplished. I lay in the bottom of the boat for some time quite unconscious. When at last I was able to rouse myself, daylight had come and the storm had gone down. My clothes were drenched through with salt water, I could not keep from shivering, and every bone ached. I was not the least hungry, but I was consumed with thirst. There were two or three cans lashed to the side of the boat. I could not, therefore, and the exercise warmed me. Presently the sun came up in the heavens. I was glad of this, but its rays beating on my uncovered head soon produced headache, which in its turn brought on a queer giddiness and a feeling of sickness. I saw now that I was going to be very ill, and I wondered how long I should retain my senses. I knew that it behoved me to be very careful. I was alive, but for my wife's sake I must appear to be dead. I saw that I had taken the very best possible step to insure this end, and if I could only carry on my purpose to its conclusion I should have adopted a far better plan for securing the establishment of my own apparatus death than the one originally devised for me.
"Asking as I did from head to foot I found it difficult to keep my thoughts collected. I managed, however, to do so, and also to scratch out the name of the Esperance from the bows of the boat. This I accomplished with my

pocket knife. I also cut away my own name from my lines, and from two handkerchiefs which I found in my pockets. These handkerchiefs had been marked by my wife. After this I must drift along and take my chance of being picked up. I cannot recall how I passed the day. I believe I roved a little when I felt cold; but the greater part of the time I simply allowed the boat to drift.
"That evening I was picked up by a trading vessel bound for the Cape. Its crew were mostly Dutch, and several of the sailors were black. I faintly remember going on board the vessel. Then all memory leaves me. I had a long illness—a fever which changed me, turning my hair very grey. I grew a beard in my illness, and would not allow it to be removed when I got better, as I knew that in the future I must live under the shadow of death, I must completely sink the identity which made life of value.
"I was put into hospital when we arrived at Cape Town, and when I got better was given a small purse of money which had been collected by some people who professed to take an interest in me. On the day I left the hospital I really commenced a new life.
"It is unnecessary to tell you all that followed. I had not forgotten my vow—the vow I made to God verily out of the deeps. I determined, as far as it was in me, absolutely to renounce myself and to live for God. He reveals himself in suffering men. I did not resolve to do this with any ulterior motive of saving my own soul, and atoning for the sin of the past. I felt that God deserved all that I could possibly give Him, and to give it absolutely and without reservation kept me, I believe, from losing my senses. For a time all went well. Then the hunger which had been my curse came back. You will ask what that was. It was a sense of utter starvation which no physical food could satisfy, which no mental food could assuage. I must get near my wife. I had staid for her, and now I could not keep away from her. I must at least live in the same country. I prayed against this hunger; I fought with it, I struggled with it, but I could not beat it down. A year ago I came back to England. I came to London, to the safest place for a man who must hide. Willing hands are always needed to help to lighten some of the load of misery in this great city. I called myself Brother Jerome, and presently I found my niche. I worked, and I could have been happy. Yes, starving in body, but nowhere near my head, I could have been happy following The Blessed example, but for the hunger which always drove me mad, which was gnawing at my heart, which gnaws there still—
"Wyndham dropped his head on his hands. He uttered one groan. When he raised his head again his eyes were wet.
"I am close to my wife," he said; "but I have never heard of her once—not since I returned."
That day, however, the father he did not press two or three burning kisses on his round cheek. Esther sat down on a chair near a very worn and shabby-looking man. His back was partly to her. She said a word and he turned round. He looked at the child. Suddenly a light filled his sunken eyes—a beautiful light. He stretched out his arms, and straight as an arrow from a bow, Baby Bunting found a shelter in their close embrace.
"Kiss me," said the man.
The little lips pressed his cheek.
"I love you," said baby, in his contented voice. "Has no little boys of my own?"
"One little boy."
"Oo' love him, I peee?"
"Ay."
Three kisses were pressed on baby's face and he was returned to Esther.
"Nice man," he said patronizingly, by-and-by. "But he gived raver hard kisses when he crunched me up."
That evening baby told his mother that a man met him in the Park, who kissed him and looked sad, and said he had a little boy of his own.
"And he crunched me up with kisses, mow!" exclaimed baby.
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