THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office

WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance $4 00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on trancient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

Legal Decisions

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8.00 A. M. TO 8.30 P. M.

Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6 20 a. m.
Express west close at 10 a. m.
Express east close at 3 50 p. m.
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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 2 30 a m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COLIN W ROSCOE, } Ushers
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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar Gronlund, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p m on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7 30 p m, on Thursdays.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion 1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Starr, } Wardens.
S. J. Rutherford, }

ST FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev Mr Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m the fourth Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

THRESHER FOR SALE.

1 No. 1 Little Giant Thresher and Cleaner in use part of two seasons, in thorough repair, sold cheap for cash or on easy terms. Apply to

F. J. FAULKNER, AGENT,
Grand Pre.

or to R. L. FULLER,
39—2mos Wolfville.

Money to Loan.

On Good Land Security!

Apply to

E. S. Crawley,
SOLICITOR.

Wolfville, May 22d, 1894. tf

U don't hav 2 go 2 Halifax 2 get ciothes. But if U want them made 2 fit, wear,

and give you a gentlemanly appearance, go to

N. L. McDONALD,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
78 - Upper Water St. - 78.
Halifax, N. S. 32

Kline Granite Works.

THE PROPRIETOR of these works is now prepared to supply

Rough & Dressed Granite

—AND—

Light Blue Granite,

SUITABLE FOR

MONUMENTAL - WORK!

The Blue Granite comes from his Quarry at Nictaux, and its quality is highly endorsed by the Geological Department at Ottawa

Estimates given and orders filled for all classes of

DRESSED GRANITE.

JOHN KLINE,
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THE
'White is King of All.'
White Sewing Machine Co
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Thomas Organs

—FOR SALE BY—

Howard Pineo,
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N. B. Machine Needles and Oil. Machines and Organs repaired. 25

NEW BAKERY!

The subscriber having opened a first-class Bakery at the Wolfville Hotel is now prepared to supply to customers

White and Brown Bread, Cakes and Pastries of all kinds!

All orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction assured.

Mrs. Eastwood.

Wolfville, May 14th, 1895. tf

H. H. HARRISON. JAS. HARRISON

TELEPHONE NO. 949.

Harrison Bros.

Agents for

Canada Stained Glass Works.

Dealers in Sand-cut, Embossed, Bent and Bevelled Glass, Mirror Plates, Etc.

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Showrooms: 54 Barrington Street.
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THE WEAK LINK IN A LIFE

IS OFTEN A NEGLECTED COLD WHICH DEVELOPS Finally Into Consumption.

BREAK UP A COLD IN TIME BY USING

Pyny-Pectoral

THE QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, ETC.

Large Bottle, 25 Cts.

Miss F. E. Davison,
DRESS-MAKER,
Wolfville, - - N. S.

All kinds of Mantle and Dress Making in the Latest Styles. Rooms in F. J. Porter's building, up-stairs.

POETRY.

The Unseen.

When eyes are bright with hope, the skies are blue,
The seas are mother-o'-pearl, the world is fair;
Sunshine falls sweet on drops of diamond dew,
And fairies dwell in flower bells everywhere.

When eyes are dim with tears, the skies are grey,
The seas are foaming floods, the world is cold;
Sad mists creep down and shadow all the way,
And every face we meet seems strangely old.

But when the eyes are closed to outward sights,
In Sleep's dear Dreamland, glories meet their gaze;
Visions of hope-filled noons and love-filled nights,
Of light aye radiant, made of rainbow rays.

Then, when they look within, the realms of Thought
Lie all outspread—what has been, what shall be;
Mountain and plain into right focus brought
"The Unseen," say you? Nay! what we best see.

The inward sight is true, and clear, and strong;
Age dims it not; no blindness comes with tears;
For Time is short, Eternity is long,
And souls are made for aeons, not for years.

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Esther," said Helps, late that night, after Cherry, in a very sulky humor, had gone to bed, "Esther, this is a very terrible, a very awful thing for me!"

"How so, father!"

She was kneeling by his side. Now she put her arm round his neck, and looked into his face. Her beating, throbbing, exulting heart told her that her discovery of that day was new life to her.

"I am glad," she continued after a solemn pause; "yes, I don't mind owning I am very glad that a good man like Mr Wyndham still lives."

"Child, you don't know what you are talking about. It is awful—awful—his coming back. Even if he is alive he ought to have stayed away. His coming back like this is terrible. It means, it means——"

"What, father?"

"Child, it must never be known; he must be warned; he must go away at once. Suppose anybody else saw him?"

"Father," said Esther.

She rose and stood over the shrinking old man.

"You have got to tell me the meaning of those queer words of yours. I guessed there was a mystery about Mr Wyndham; now I am certain. If I don't know it before I leave the room to-night, I'll make mischief. There!"

"Essie—Essie—I thought you had turned into a good girl."

"I'll turn bad again. Listen. I love that man. Not as a girl loves her lover—not as a wife cares for her husband. He is married, and I should not be ashamed to tell his wife how I love him. I glory in my love; he saved me. Father, I wasn't coming home at all that night. He saved me; you can understand how I feel for him. My life wouldn't be a great deal to give up for him. There has been mischief done to him, that I am sure. Now tell me the truth; then I'll know how to act. Oh, father, you're the dearest and the kindest. Tell me the truth and you won't repent it."

"No, Essie, child, I don't suppose I shall repent. Sit there. You know too much, you may as well know all. Mr Wyndham's life was insured."

"Yes?"

"Heavily, mark you, heavily."

"Yes." She covered her face with her hands. "Let me think. Say, father"—she flung her hands into her lap—"was this done on purpose?"

"Ay, child, ay; and a better man never lived. Ay, it was done on purpose."

"He was meant not to come back?"

"That's it, Essie, my dear. That's it."

"I see; yes, I see. Was the insurance money paid?"

Also muttered something of it, child. A large sum paid in full."

"If he appeared again it would have to be refunded?"

"If it could—child."

"If it couldn't?"

"Then the story, the black story of why it was worth would have to come out; and—and—Esther, is the door locked? Come close, Essie. Your old father and my master would end our days in a—a—a scaffolds."

"Now I see," said Esther.

She did not scream nor utter any loud exclamation, but began to pace softly up and down the room. Mentally she was a strong girl; her calm in this emergency proved her mettle.

After a few moments Helps began to speak; his words were wild and broken.

"Over and over I thought I'd rather," he said. "Over, and over, and over—when I saw what it meant for him, poor young gentleman. But I can't, Essie, I can't. When it comes to the pinch I can't do it. We thought he was dead, my master and I, and my master he went off his head. And over he said, yes, over and over—'Helps, a clean cell and a clean heart would be heaven to this.' But, bless you, Essie, he couldn't stand it either at the pinch. We thought Mr Wyndham lying under the sea. Oh, poor young gentleman, he had no right to come back."

"No right? He has a wife and a child."

"A widow and orphan, you mean. No, Esther, he should have stayed away. He made a vow, and he should have stuck to it."

"He has not broken his vow, father. Oh, father, what a wicked thing you have done; you and that master to whom you have given your life. Now let me think."

"You won't send me to prison, Esther?"

"No, no. Sit down. I must think things out. Even now I don't know clearly about Mr Wyndham; you have only treated me to half-confidences. Stay, though, I don't wish to hear more. You mustn't go to prison. Mr Wyndham mustn't starve. I have it. Mr Wyndham shall come here."

"Esther!"

Poor old Helps uttered a shriek, which caused Cherry to turn uneasily on her pillow.

"Keep yourself quiet, father. I'm a determined woman, and this thing shall be. Mr Wyndham shall eat of our bread, and we will shelter him; and I—I, Esther Helps—will undertake to guard his secret and yours. No one living shall guess who he is."

"You forget—oh, this is an awful thing to do. You forget—there's Cherry."

"I'll blind Cherry. If I can't, she must go. I shall bring Mr Wyndham home to-morrow night!"

"Esther, this will kill me."

"No, it won't. On the contrary, you'll be a better and a happier man. You wouldn't have him starve, when through him you have your liberty? I'm ashamed of you."

She lit her candle and walked away. Old Helps never went to bed that night.

Esther did not go out next morning. Cherry was surprised at this. Helps went off at his usual hour. Cherry noticed that he ate little or no breakfast; but Esther did not stir. She sat quietly by the breakfast table. She ate well and deliberately. Her eyes were bright, her whole face was full of light and expression.

"Ain't you going down as usual to those dirty slums?" quoth Cherry. "I'm sick of them. You and your clothes both coming in so draggled like at night. I'm sick of the slums. But perhaps you mean to give them up."

"Oh, no," said Esther, waking from a reverie into which she had fallen, "but I'm not going this morning. I've something else to attend to."

"Then perhaps, Esther," said Cherry, with her round eyes sparkling, "you'd maybe think to remember your promise of getting that pink gauze dress out of your trunk; you know you promised it to me, and I've a mind to make it up with yellow bows. I'm sure to want it for something about Christmas."

"You shall have it," said Esther, in a sharp, short voice.

The abstracted look returned to her face. She gazed out of the window.

"Law, Essie, ain't you changed, and for the worse, I take it!" remarked Cherry. "I liked you a sight better when you were flighty and frivolous. Do you remember the night you went to the theatre with that Captain something or other? My word, wasn't uncle in a taking. 'Twas I found your tickets, and put uncle up to getting a seat near you. Weren't you struck all of a heap when you found him there? I never heard how you took it."

"Hush," said Esther, rising to her feet, her face growing very white. "I was mad, then, but I was saved. That's enough about it. Cherry, you know the box-room?"

"Yes," said Cherry. "It's stuffed pretty well, too. Mostly with your trunks, what you say belonged to your mother."

"So they did. Well, they must go downstairs."

"Whereover to? There isn't a corner for them in this scrap of a house."

"Corners must be found. Some of the trunks can go in our bed-room—some into father's; some into the passage, some into the drawing-room if necessary. You needn't stare, it has got to be done."

Esther stamped her foot and looked so imperious that Cherry shrank away.

"I suppose you're a bit mad again," she muttered, and she began to collect the breakfast things on a tray.

"Stop, Cherry, we may as well talk this out. I'll go upstairs now and help you with the boxes. Then we'll clean out the attic; if I had time I'd paper it, but there ain't. Then I'm going out to buy a bedstead and bedding, and a table and washhand stand. The attic is to be made into a bedroom for——"

Here she paused.

"Well, said Cherry, [illegible] the name of goodness?"

Esther gulped something down in her throat.

"There's a good man in the East of London, a very good man; he has no money, and he's starving, and he has to sleep out of doors; and—and—I can't stand it, Cherry—and I spoke to father, and we have agreed that he shall have the attic and his food. That's it, his name is Brother Jerome; he's a sort of an angel for goodness."

"Slums again," said Cherry; "I'll have nothing to do with it."

She took up her tray and marched into the kitchen. Esther waited a minute or two, then she went to her room, put on a coarse check apron and mounted the narrow attic stairs. She commenced pulling the trunks about; she could not lift them alone, but she intended to push them to the head of the stairs and then shove them down.

Presently a thumping step was heard, and Cherry's round face appeared.

"Disgusting job, I call it," she said; "but if I must help you, I suppose I must. I was going to learn 'Lord Tom Noddy' this morning. I thought I might wear the pink gauze with yellow bows, and recite it at Uncle Dan's Christmas party. Cousin Tom says I'm real dramatic when I'm excited, and that's a beautiful piece, so rhymic and flowing. But then we all have to bend to you, Esther, and if I must help you I suppose I must."

"I think you had better, dear, and some day perhaps you won't be sorry. He's a good man, Brother Jerome is, he won't be no trouble. I'll clean his room for him myself once it's put in order, and he's sure to go out early in the morning. He'll breakfast upstairs, and I'll take him his breakfast, and his supper shall be ready for him here at night. We must see if that chimney will draw, Cherry, for of course he'll want his bit of fire."

After this the two girls worked with a will; they cleaned and polished the tiny window, they scrubbed the floor and brushed down the walls, and polished the little grate. Then Esther went out and made her purchases. The greater part of a five pound note was expended, and by the afternoon Gerald Wyndham's room was ready for him.

"Brother Jerome will come home with me to-night, Cherry," said Esther. "I may be late—I'm sure to be late—you needn't sit up."

"But I'd like to see him. Slums or no slums, he has given me a pair of stiff arms, and I want to find out if he's worth them."

"Oh, he's nothing to look at. Just a tall, thin, starved-looking man. He'll be shy, maybe, of coming, and you'd much better go to bed. You'll leave some supper ready in his room."

"What shall I leave?"

"Oh, a jug of beer and some cheese, and the cold meat and some bread and butter. That's all, he's accustomed to roughing it."

"My word, you call that roughing. Then the slums can't be so bad. I always thought there was an uncommon fuss made about them. Now I'll get to 'Lord Tom Noddy,' and learn off a good bit before tea time; you might hear me recite if you had a mind, Essie."

CHAPTER XLI.

"Oh, yes, she's the sweetest missus in the world!"

That was the universal opinion of the servants who worked for Valentine Wyndham. They never wanted to leave her, they never grumbled about her, nor thought her gentle orders hard. The nurse, the cook, the housemaid, stayed on, the idea of change did not occur to them.

Valentine and her little son came back to the house in town at the end of October. Lilias came with them, and Adrian Carr often ran up to town and paid a visit to the two.

One day he came with a piece of news. He had got the offer of an incumbency not very far from Park Lane. A fashionable church wanted a good preacher. Carr had long ago developed unusual powers as a pulpit orator, and the post, with a good emolument, was offered to him. He came to consult Lilias and Valentine in the matter.

"Of course you must go," said [illegible] we shall all—but that isn't the point. This is a good thing for you—a great thing—you must certainly go."

"And I can often see you," responded Carr, eagerly. "Mrs Wyndham will let me come here, I hope, and you will often be here."

"I wish you would spend the winter with me, Lilias," said Valentine. She had interpreted aright the expression in Carr's eyes, and soon afterwards she left the room.

She went up to her own room, shut and locked the door, and then stood gazing into the fire with her hands tightly locked together. She inherited one gift from her father. She, too, could wear a mask. Now it dropped from her, and her young face looked jaded and old.

"It isn't the grief of losing him," she murmured under her breath. "It's the pain—the haunting fear—that things are wrong. Have I known my father all these years not to note the change in him? He shrinks from me—he dreads me. Why? His conscience is guilty. Oh, Gerald, if I had only let you look into my heart, perhaps you would not have gone away. Oh, if only I had been in time to go on board the *Esperance* you would have been living now. Yes, Gerald, the terror never leaves me day and night; you are dead, but God did not mean you to die. My own Gerald—my heart would have been broken, or I should have lost my reason, if I had not confided my fears to Mr Carr. Some people perhaps think I have forgotten—some again that I have ceased to love my husband. How little they know! Of course I am bright outwardly. But my heart is old and broken. I have had a very sad life—I am a very unhappy woman. Only for little Gerry I couldn't live. He is sweet, but I wish he were more like his father. Ah, there is nurse's knock at the door. Coming, nurse. Is baby with you?"

Mrs Wyndham unlocked her door, and a little round, dimpled, brown, tinted child scamp red in. He was followed by his nurse, a grave, nice-looking woman of about thirty. She was a widow, and had a son of her own.

"Has baby come to say good-night, Annette? Come here, sweet. Come into mother's arms."

She sat down on a low chair by the fire, and the little man climbed on her knee.

"I don't like oo, I love oo," he said.

"He's always saying that, ma'am," remarked the nurse. "He likes his toys—he loves his mother."

"Course I 'ove my mother."

He laid his brown curly head on her

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Gradually the light is breaking and our farmer boys are seeing that there are just as great opportunities for advancement in their line as in any other, and that going away to school to study agriculture is as reasonable and profitable as to go away from home to study in order to become a teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, or a minister.

AYER'S Hair VIGOR

Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents it falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, of Digby, N. S., says:

"A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray and fall out. After the use of one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. F. FENWICK, Digby, N. S.

Growth of Hair.

"Eight years ago, I had the varioloid, and lost my hair, which previously was quite abundant. I tried a variety of preparations, but without beneficial result, till I began to fear I should be permanently bald. About six months ago, my husband brought home a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began at once to use it. In a short time, new hair began to appear, and there is now every prospect of as thick a growth of hair as before my illness."—Mrs. A. WEBER, Polymnia St., New Orleans, La.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Ayer's Pills cure Sick Headache.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

If your clothes show signs of wear have them dyed at

UNGAR'S.

You won't have to buy new ones.

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

LOCAL AGENTS: 31

Rockwell & Co.,
Wolfville, - - N. S.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

"LAND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE:

On and after Monday, 3d July, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted).

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE.

Flying Bluenose	from Halifax	1.13 p. m.
Express	from Kentville	5 35, a m
Express	" Halifax	9 16, a m
F. Bluenose	from Yarmouth	12.59 p m
Express	" Yarmouth	3 09, p m
Express	" Halifax	5 55, p m
Accom.	" Richmond	11 30, a m
Accom.	" Annapolis	11 25, a m

TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE.

Flying Bluenose	for Halifax	1.13 p. m.
Express	for Halifax	5 35, a m
Express	" Yarmouth	9 16, a m
F. Bluenose	from Yarmouth	12.59, p m
Express	" Halifax	3 09, p m
Express	" Kentville	5 55, p m
Accom.	" Annapolis	11 35, a m
Accom.	" Halifax	11 40, a m

Buffet Parlor Cars run daily each way between Halifax and Yarmouth on the Flying Bluenose Expresses.

Steamship Prince Rupert.

Double Daily Service.

St. John and Digby.

Leaves St. John at 6.30 a. m.; arrives Digby 9.15 a. m.

Leaves Digby 10.15 a. m.; arrives St. John 1.00 p. m.

Leaves St. John 1.30 p. m.; arrives Digby 4.15 p. m.

Leaves Digby 4.30 p. m.; arrives St. John 7.15 p. m.

Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time.

W. R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.

K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.