THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1895. No. 25.

Vol. XIV.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S.

TERMS:

$1.00 Per Annum.

(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 paymenton 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 comm unication, although the same may be writt n over a ficticious signature.

Address all communications to

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

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, 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 leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

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

Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6 30 a m.

Express west close at 10.10 a. m.

Express east close at 4 20 p. m.

Kentville close at 6 45 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.

G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 9 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, A DEW BARSS } Ushers

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, S. J. Rutherford, } Wardens.

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 7.30 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 Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE!

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

☞ Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranted.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

FOR SALE.

A DESIRABLE HOUSE AND LOT, IN WOLFVILLE, Apply to

Geo. H. Patriquin.

Wolfville, Nov. 25th, 1892. [Jan22

The Best Medicine.

J. O. WILSON, Contractor and Builder, Sulphur Springs, Yarmouth, thus speaks of Ayer's Pills:

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine I ever tried; and, in my judgment, no better general remedy could be devised. I have used them in my family and recommended them to my friends and employes for more than twenty years. To my certain knowledge, many cases of the following complaints have been completely and

Permanently Cured

by the use of Ayer's Pills alone: Third day chills, dumb ague, bilious fever, sick headache, rheumatism, flux, dyspepsia, constipation, and hard colds. I know that a moderate use of Ayer's Pills, continued for a few days or weeks, as the nature of the complaint required, would be found an absolute cure for the disorders I have named above."

"I have been selling medicine for eight years, and I can safely say that Ayer's Pills give better satisfaction than any other Pill I ever sold."—A. S. Perry, Spottsylvania C. H., Va.

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

DIRECTORY
—OF THE—
Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS.—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Feed.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, L. W.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows

SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobaconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Milliuery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

Little Josephine Libby.

Old age and Childhood NEED SPECIAL CARE, AND THEY Depend upon Others FOR Guide and Support.

HOW PLEASANT

it is to see an aged person with an elastic step, a bright smile and a kind word, and hear the child with its merry laughter ringing in our ears: these denote good health, which can be found in

Skoda's Discovery.

Mr. Chas. Libby, of Auburn, Me., says: "My little girl Josephine, had congestion of the lungs, which left her very nervous and weak. She also had a humor break over her body; after giving her a bottle of Skoda's Discovery and using a tube of Skoda's Ointment, the humor entirely left her. She is now well and strong."

Medical Advice Free.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS Cure Headache and Dyspepsia.

POETRY.

"Be Strong."

BY ALICE DANNER JONES.

Be strong to bear, O heart of mine!
Faint not when sorrows come.
The summit of these hills of earth
Touch the blue skys of home.
So many burdened ones there are,
Close journeying by thy side;
Assist, encourage, comfort them,
Thine own deep sorrow hide.
What though thy trials may seem great,
Thy strength is known to God;
And pathways steep and rugged lead
To pastures green and broad.

Be strong to love, O heart of mine!
Live not for self alone,
But find, in blessing other lives,
Completeness for thine own.
Seek every hungering heart to feed;
Each saddened heart to cheer;
And when stern justice stands aloof,
In pity, draw thou near.
Kind, loving words and helping hands,
Have won more souls for heaven
Than all the dogmas and the creeds
By priests and sages given.

Be strong to hope, O heart of mine!
Look not on life's dark side;
For just beyond these gloomy hours,
Rich, radiant days abide.
Let hope, like summer's rainbow bright,
Scatter thy falling tears;
And let God's precious promises
Dispel thy anxious fears.
For every grief a Lethe comes;
For every toil a rest,
So hope, so love, so patient bear,
God doeth all things well.

—*Womankind*

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

"It is too provoking!" burst from Marjory,—"you know, Lilias, we can't put Gerald into his old room, it is being papered, and you haven't half finished decorating the door. Gerry, darling, you might have let us know you were coming and we'd have worked at it day and night. Do your mind awfully sleeping in the spare room? We'll promise to make it as fresh as possible for you?"

"I'll—I'll—fill the vases with flowers—" burst spasmodically from Augusta. "Do you like roses or hollyhocks best in the tall vases on the mantel-piece, Gerry?"

"By the way, Gerald," remarked the rector, who was standing leaning against the mantel-piece, gazing complacently at his son and daughters, "I should like to ask your opinion with regard to that notice on Herring's book in the *Saturday*. Have you read it? It struck me as over critical, but I should like to have your opinion."

So the conversation went on, all adoring, all making much of the darling of the house. Years afterwards, Gerald Wyndham remembered that summer's evening, the scent of the roses coming in at the open window, the touch of Marjory's little white hand as it rested on his knee, the kind of half-irritated, half-pleased thrill which went through him when Augusta touched his hair, the courteous and proud look on the rector's face when he addressed him, above all the glow of love in Lilias' beautiful eyes. He remembered that evening—he was not likely ever to forget it, for it was one of the last of his happy boyhood, before he took upon him his manhood's burden of sin and sorrow and shame.

After tea Lilias and Gerald walked about the garden arm in-arm.

"I am going to confess something to you," said the brother. "I want your advice, Lilly. I want you to cure me, by showing me that I am the greatest fool that ever lived."

"But you are not, Gerald; I can't say it when I look up to you, and think there is no one like you. You are first in all the world to me—you know that, don't you?"

"Poor Lil, that is just the point—that is where the arrow will pierce you. I am going to aim a blow at you, dear. Take me down from your pedestal at once—I love someone else much, much better than I love you."

Lilias' hand as it rested on Gerald's arm trembled very slightly. He looked at her, and saw that her lips were moving, and that her eyes were looking downwards. She did not make any audible sound, however, and he went on hastily:—

"And you and I, we always promised each other that such a day should not come—no wonder you are angry with me, Lil."

"But I'm not, dear Gerald—I just got a nasty bit of jealous pain for a minute, but it is over. I always knew that such a day would come, that it would have to come—if not for me, at least for you. Tell me about her, Gerry. Is she nice—is she half—or a quarter nice enough for you?"

Then Gerald launched into his subject, forgetting what he supposed could only be a very brief sorrow on Lilias' part in the enthralling interest of his theme. Valentine Paget would not have recognized the portrait which was drawn of her, for this young and ardent lover crowned her with all that was noble, and decked her with attributes little short of divine.

"I am absolutely unworthy of her," he said in conclusion, and when Lilias shook her head, and refused to believe this latter statement, he felt almost angry with her.

The two walked about and talked together until darkness fell, but, although they discussed the subject in all its bearings, Gerald felt by no means cured when he retired to rest, while Lilias absolutely cried herself to sleep.

Marjory and she slept in little white beds, side by side.

"Oh, Lil, what's the matter?" exclaimed the younger sister, disturbed out of her own sweet slumbers by those unusual tokens of distress.

"Nothing much," replied Lilias, "only—only—I am a little lonely—don't ask me any questions, Maggie, I'll be all right in the morning."

Marjory was too wise to say anything further, but she lay awake herself and wondered. What could ail Lilias?—Lilias, the brightest, the gayest of them all. Was she fretting about their mother. But it was seven years now since the mother had been taken away from the rectory children, and Lilias had got over the grief which had nearly broken her child heart at the time.

Marjory felt puzzled and a little fearful,—the evening before had been so sweet,—Gerald had been so delightful. Surely in all the world there was not a happier home than Jewsbury-on-the-Wold. Why should Lilias cry, and say that she was lonely?

CHAPTER VI.

On Monday morning Wyndham returned to town. His father had strained a point to give his only son the season in London, and Gerald was paying part of the expenses by coaching one or two young fellows for the next Cambridge term. He had just concluded his own University course, and was only waiting until his twenty-third birthday had passed, to be ordained for the curacy which his father was keeping for him. Gerald's birthday would be in September, and the rectory girls were looking forward to this date as though it were the beginning of the millennium.

"Even the cats won't fight, nor the dogs bark when Gerald is in the room," whispered little Joan. "I 'spect they know he don't like it."

Wyndham returned to London feeling both low and excited. His conversation with Lilias and the rather pallid look of her face, the black shadows under her eyes, and the pathetic expression which the shedding of so many tears had given to them, could not cure him nor extinguish the flame which was burning into his heart, and making all the other good things of life seem but as dust and ashes to his taste.

He arrived in town, went straight to his lodgings, preparatory to keeping his engagement with one of his young pupils, and there saw waiting for him a letter in the firm upright handwriting of Mortimer Paget. He fore the envelope open in feverish haste. The lines within were very few:—

"DEAR WYNDHAM,

"Val and I were disappointed at your not putting in an appearance at her dinner-party last night, but no doubt you had good reasons for going into the country. This note will meet you on your return. Can you come and lunch with me in the City on Monday at two o'clock? Come to my place in Billiter-square. I shall expect you and won't keep you waiting. I have a matter of some importance I should like to discuss with you.—Yours, my dear Wyndham, sincerely,

"MORTIMER PAGET."

Wyndham put the letter into his pocket, flew to keep his appointment with his pupil, and at two o'clock precisely was inquiring for Mr Paget at the offices of the shipping firm in Billiter-square.

Mortimer Paget was now head of the large establishment. He was the sole surviving partner out of many, and on him alone devolved the carrying out of one of the largest business concerns in the city.

Wyndham never felt smaller than when he entered those great doors, and found himself passing on from one clerk to another, until at last he was admitted to the ante-room of the chief himself.

Here there was a hush and stillness, and the young man sank down into one of the easy chairs, and looked around him expectantly. He was in the ante chamber of one of the great kings of commerce, the depressing influence of wealth when we have no share in it came over him. He longed to turn and fly, and but that his fingers, even now, fiddled with Mr Paget's very pressing note he would have done so. What could the great man possibly want with him? With his secret in his breast, with the knowledge that he, a poor young expectant curate, had dared to lift up his eyes to the only daughter of this great house, he could not but feel ill at ease.

When Wyndham was not at home with any one he instantly lost his charm. He was painfully conscious of this himself, and felt sure that he would be on stilts while he ate his lunch with Mr Paget. Nay more, he was almost sure that that astute personage would read his secret in his eyes.

A clerk came into the room, an elderly man, with reddish whiskers, small deep-set eyes, and thin hair rapidly turning white. He stared inquisitively at young Wyndham, walked past him, drew up the blinds, arranged some papers on the table, and then as he passed him again said in a quick, half-frightened aside:

"If I was you, young man, I'd go."

The tone in which this was said was both anxious and familiar. Wyndham started aside from the familiarity. His face flushed and he gazed haughtily at the speaker.

"Did you address me?" he said.

"I did, young man, don't say nothing, for the good Lord's sake, don't say nothing. My name is Jonathan Helps. I have been here man and boy for close on forty years. I know the old house Sound! no house in the whole city sounder, sound as a nut, or as an apple when *it's rotten at the core*. You keep that to yourself, young man—why I'd venture every penny I have in this yer establishment. I'm confidential clerk here! I'm a rough sort—and not what you'd expect from a big house, nor from a master like Mr Paget. Now, young man, you go away, and believe that there ain't a sounder house in all the city than that of Paget, Brake and Carter. I, Jonathan Helps, say it, and surely I ought to know."

An electric bell sounded in the other room. Wiping his brow with his handkerchief as though the queer words he had uttered had cost him an effort, Helps flew to answer the summons.

"Ask Mr Wyndham to walk in and have lunch served in my room," said an authoritative voice. "And see here, Helps, you are not to disturb us on any excuse before three o'clock."

Shutting the door behind him, Helps came back again to Gerald's side.

"I you don't want to run away at once you're to go in there," he said, "Remember, there isn't a sounder house in all London than that of Paget, Brake and Carter. Paget's head of the whole concern now. Don't he boss it over us though! Oh! you're going in?—you've made up your mind not to run away. Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird. Good Lord, if that ain't the least true word that David ever writ. Well, here you are. Don't forget that this house is sound—sound as an apple when it is—Mr Wyndham, sir."

"You seem to have got a very extraordinary clerk," said Gerald, when he had shaken hands with his host, who had expressed himself delighted to see him.

"Helps?" responded Mr Paget. "Yes, poor fellow—has he been entertaining you—telling you about the soundness of the house, eh? Poor Helps—the best fellow in the world, but just a little—a very little—touched in the head."

"So I should think," said Gerald, laughing; "he compared me to a bird in a fowler's net, and all kinds of ridiculous similes. What a snug room you have here."

"I am glad you think it so. I have a still snugger room at the other side of this curtain, which I hope to introduce to you. Come along and see it. This was furnished at Val's suggestion. She comes here to have lunch with me once a week. Friday is her day. Will you come and join us here next Friday at two o'clock?"

"I—I shall be delighted," stammered Wyndham.

"She has good taste, hasn't she, little puss? All these arrangements are hers. I never saw any one with a better eye for color, and she has that true sympathy with her surroundings which teaches her to adapt rooms to their circumstances. Now, for instance, at Queen's Gate we are all cool greys and blues—plenty of sunshine comes into the house at Queen's Gate. Into this room the sun never shows his face. Val accordingly substitutes for his brightness golden tones and warm colors. Artistic, is it not? She is very proud of the remark which invariably falls from the lips of each person who visits this sanctum sanctorum, that it does not look the least like an office."

"Nor does it," responded Gerald. "It is a lovely room. What a beautiful portrait that is of your daughter—how well those warm grays suit her complexion."

"Yes, that is Richmond's, he painted her two years ago. Sit down at this side of the table, Wyndham, where you can have a good view of the saucy puss. Does she not look alive, as if she meant to say something very impertinent to us both. Thanks, Helps, you can leave us now. Pray see that we are not disturbed."

Helps withdrew with noiseless slippered feet. A curtain was drawn in front of the door, which the clerk closed softly after him.

"Excellent fellow, Helps," said Mr Paget, "but mortal, decidedly mortal. If you will excuse me, Wyndham, I will take the precaution of turning the key in that door. This little room, Val's room, I call it, has often been privileged to listen to state secrets. That being the case one must take due precautions against eaves-droppers. Now, my dear fellow, I hope you are hungry. Help yourself to some of those cutlets—I can recommend this champagne."

The lunch proceeded, the elder man eating with real appetite, the younger with effort. He was excited, his mind was full of trouble—he avoided looking at Valentine's picture, and wished himself at the other side of those locked doors.

"You don't seem quite the thing," said Mr Paget, presently, "I hope you have had no trouble at home, Wyndham. Is your father well? Let me see, he must be about my age—we were at Trinity College, Cambridge, some time in the forties."

"My father is very well, sir," said Gerald. "He is a hale man, he does not look his years."

"Have some more champagne? I think you told me you had several sisters."

"Yes, there are seven girls at home."

"Good heavens—Wyndham is a lucky man. Fancy seven Valentines filling a house with mirth! And you are the only son—and your mother is dead."

"My mother is not living," responded Wyndham with a flush. "And—yes, I am the only son. I won't have any more champagne, thank you, sir."

"Try one of these cigars—I can recommend them. Wyndham, I am going to say something very frank. I have taken a fancy to you. There, I don't often take fancies. Why, what is the matter, my dear fellow?"

Gerald had suddenly risen to his feet, his face was white. There was a strained, eager, pained look in his eyes.

"You wouldn't, if you knew," he stammered. "I—I have made a fool of myself, sir. I oughtn't to be sitting here, your hospitality chokes me. I—I have made the greatest fool of myself in all Christendom, sir."

"I think I know what you mean," said Mr Paget, also rising to his feet. His voice was perfectly calm, quiet, friendly.

"I am not sorry you have let it out in this fashion, my poor lad. You have—shall I tell you that I know your secret, Wyndham?"

"No, sir; don't let us talk of it. You cannot rate me for my folly more severely than I rate myself. I'll go away now if you have no objection. Thank you for being kind to me. Try and forget that I made an ass of myself."

"Sit down again, Wyndham. I am not angry—I don't look upon you as a fool. I should have done just the same were I in your shoes. You are in love with Valentine—you would like to make her your wife."

"Good heavens, sir, don't let us say anything more about it."

"Why not? Under certain conditions I think you would make her a suitable husband. I guessed your secret some weeks ago. Since then I have been watching you carefully. I have also made private inquiries about you. All that I hear pleases me. I asked you to lunch with me, to-day, on purpose that we should talk the matter over."

Mr Paget spoke in a calm, almost drawling, voice. The young man opposite to him, his face deadly white, his hands nervously clutching at a paper-knife, his burning eyes fixed upon the older man's face, drank in every word. It was an intoxicating draught, going straight to Gerald Wyndham's brain.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Making up Lost Time

In regard to the difficulty of making up lost time on railways, a writer in a foreign paper says: Thus, to take a case, ten miles to be run at sixty miles an hour, average line, suppose the engineer is a couple of minutes late when he comes to this length of ten miles, which he generally runs in ten minutes. If he runs it at sixty-five miles an hour, he is then only making up one minute in every thirteen miles; and if he runs it at seventy miles an hour, he makes up one minute in every seven miles. He is probably timed to make it necessary to do the ten miles about as fast as he can every day, so that trying to gain even a couple of minutes in this length is out of the question. Again, if he relaxes the speed ten miles, say to fifty, he is losing time at the rate of one minute in every five miles. Thus, from a speed of sixty an increase of ten miles only gains one minute in every seven miles; but a decrease of ten miles loses one minute in every five miles.

STAMPING PATTERNS FREE. All our readers should send to the Publishers of *The Home*, 141 Milk St., Boston, Mass., and get a set of their beautiful Stamping Patterns. They can be used for embroidery, outlining or painting. All desirable and good size; some 8 x 10 others 5 x 8 inches. There are ninety (91) one different patterns and two alphabets, one a large forget-me-not pattern. With this outfit the publishers send *The Home*, a 16-page page paper containing Stories, Fashions, Fancy Work, etc., for 3 months, and only ask for 10 cents, to cover cost of postage on patterns and paper. Our illustrated Premium List sent free to any address.

Babies

and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion, than all the rest of the food they eat. Its nourishing powers are felt almost immediately. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of food is assimilated.

Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, enriches the blood, overcomes wasting and gives strength to all who take it. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Emaciation, Consumption, Blood Diseases and all Forms of Wasting. *Send for pamphlet. Free.* Scott & Bowne, Toronto. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

NIAGARA NURSERIES ESTABLISHED 1839

PLUM TREES AND ALL OTHER NURSERY PRODUCTS

E. MOODY & SONS LOCKPORT, N.Y.

Dr. DeWitt,

OFFICE IN HIS RESIDENCE, MAIN ST

WOLFVILLE. 7-4

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.