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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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 transient 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 comunications to

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

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

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Wolfville, May 14th, 1895. tf

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POETRY.

The Other One.

Sweet little maid with winsome eyes
That laugh all day through tangled hair,
Gazing with baby looks so wise
Over the arm of the oaken chair.
Dearer than you is none to me,
Dearer than you there can be none,
Since in your laughing face I see
Eyes that tell of another one.

Here where the firelight softly glows,
Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,
What to you is the wind that blows,
Driving the sleet of the winter storm?
Round your head the ruddy light
Glints on the gold from your tresses spun;
But deep is the drifting snow to-night
Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,
Watching the dying embers shine,
Then shall I feel another hand
That nestled once in this hand of mine;
Poor little hand so cold and chill,
Shut from the light of stars and sun,
Clasping the withered roses still
That hide the face of the sleeping one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may,
Sorrow comes to us all, you know;
Better, perhaps, for her to stay
Under the drifting robe of snow.
Sing while you may your baby songs,
Sing till your baby days are done;
But, oh, the ache of the heart that longs
Night and day for the other one.

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XXV.—*Continued.*

"Augusta, you really are too rude," said Lilias with a flush on her face.

"No, I'm not, Lil. Oh, you needn't stare at me. I like him, and he knows it," nodding with her head in the direction of Adrian Carr; "but you have to be born in a place, and taught to walk in it, and you have had to steal apples in it and eggs out of birds' nests, and to get nearly drowned when fishing, and to get some shot in your ankle, and you've got to know every soul in all the country round, and to come back from school to them in the holidays, and for them first to see your moustache coming; and then, beyond and above all that, you've got just to be *Gerry*, to have his way of looking, and his way of walking, and his way of shaking your hand, and to have his voice and his heart, to be loved as well. So how *could* Mr Carr expect it?"

"Bravo, Augusta," said Adrian Carr. "I'd like you for a friend better than any girl I know."

"Please, Gerry, tell us a story," exclaimed the younger children. They did not want Augusta to have all the talking.

"Let it be about a mouse, and a cricket on the hearth, and a white elephant, and a roaring bull, and a grizzly bear."

"And let the ten little nigger-boys come into it," said Betty.

"And Bo-Peep," said Rosie.

"And the Old Man who wouldn't say his prayers," exclaimed Joan.

"And let it last for hours," exclaimed they all.

Gerald begged the rest of the audience to go away, but they refused to budge an inch. So the story began. All the characters appeared in due order; it lasted a long time, and everybody was delighted.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lilias Wyndham never forgot that last Sunday with Gerald spent at Jewsbury-on-the-Wold. The day in itself was perfect, the air blew softly from the west, the sun shone in a nearly cloudless heaven; the gentle breezes, the opening flowers, the first faint buds of spring on tree and hedge-row seemed all to give a foretaste of summer. Nobody knew, none could guess, that in one sense they foretold the desolation of dark winter.

It was in this light that Wyndham himself regarded the lovely day.

"I leap from calm to storm," he said to himself. "Never mind, I will enjoy the present bliss!"

He did enjoy it, really, not seemingly. He took every scrap of sweetness out of it, almost forgetting Valentine for the time being, and living over again the days when he was a light-hearted boy.

He went to church twice, and sat in the corner of the square family pew which had always been reserved for him. As of old, Lilias sat by his side, and when the sermon came he lifted little Joan into his arms, and she fell asleep with her golden head on his breast. The rector preached and Gerald listened. It was an old-fashioned sermon, somewhat long for the taste of the present day. It had been carefully prepared, and was read aloud, for the benefit of the congregation, in a clear, gentlemanly voice.

Gerald almost forgot that he was a man with an unusual load of suffering upon him, as he listened to the time-honored softly-flowing sentences.

"Blessed are the pure in heart," was the rector's text, and it seemed to more than one of that little village congregation that he was describing his own son when he drew his picture of the man of purity.

In the evening Carr preached. He was as modern as the rector was the reverse. He used neither M. S. nor notes, and his sermon scarcely occupied ten minutes.

"To die is gain," was his text. There were some in the congregation who scarcely understood the vigorous words, but they seemed to one weary man like the first trumpet notes of coming battle. They spoke of a fight which led to a victory. Wyndham remembered them by-and-bye.

It was the custom at the rectory to have a kind of open house on Sunday evening, and to night many of Gerald's friends dropped in. The large party seemed a happy one. The merriment of the night before had deepened into something better. Lilias spoke of it afterwards as bliss.

"Do you remember," she said to Marjory, in the desolate days which followed, "how Gerald looked when he played the organ in the hall? Do you remember his face when we sang 'Sun of my soul?'"

The happiest days come to an end. The children went to bed, the friends one by one departed. Even Lilias and Marjory kissed their brother and bade him good-night. He was to leave before they were up in the morning. This he insisted on, against their will.

"But we shall see you soon in London," they both said, for they were coming up in a few weeks to stay with an aunt. Then they told him to kiss Valentine for them, and went upstairs, chatting lightly to one another.

The rector and his son were alone.

"We have had a happy day," said Gerald abruptly.

"We have, my son. It does us all good to have you with us, Gerald. I could have wished—but there's no good regretting now. Each man must choose his own path, and you seem happy, my dear son; that is the main thing."

"I never thought primarily of happiness," responded Gerald. "Did you listen to Carr's sermon to night? He proved his case well. To die is sometimes gain."

The rector, who was seated by the fire, softly patted his knee with one hand.

"Yes, yes," he said, "Carr proved his case ably. He's a good fellow. A *little* inclined to the broad church, don't you think?"

"Perhaps so."

Gerald stood up. His face had suddenly grown deadly white.

"Father, I kept a secret from you all day. I did not wish to do anything to mar the bliss of this perfect Sunday. You—you'll break it to Lilias and Maggie, and the younger children. I'm going to Sydney on Wednesday. I came down to say good bye."

He held out his hand. The rector stood up and grasped it.

"My dear lad—my boy. Well—well—you'll come back again. Of course, I did know that you expected to go abroad on business for your firm. My dear son. Yes, my boy—aye—you'll come back again soon. How queer you look, Gerald. Sit down. I'm afraid you're a little overdone."

"Good-bye, father. You're an old man, and Sydney is a long way off. Good-bye. I have a queer request to make. Grant it, and don't think me weak or foolish. Give me your blessing before I go."

Suddenly Wyndham fell on his knees, and taking his father's hand laid it on his head.

"I am like Esau," he said. "Is there not one blessing left for me?"

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The rector was deeply moved.

"Heaven above bless you, my boy," he said. "Your mother's God go with you. There, Gerald, you are morbid. You will be back with me before the snows of next winter fall. But God bless you, my boy, wherever you are and whatever you do!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Valentine was sitting in her pretty drawing-room. It was dinner time, but she had not changed her dress. She was too young, too fresh, and unused to trouble, for it yet to leave any strong marks on her face. The delicate color in her cheeks had slightly paled, it is true, her bright hair was in confusion, and her eyes looked larger and more wistful than their wont, but otherwise no one could tell that her heart was beating heavily and that she was listening eagerly for a footstep.

Seven o'clock came—half-past seven. This was Gerald's last night at home; he was to sail in the *Esperance* for Sydney to-morrow. Valentine felt stunned and cold, though she kept on repeating to herself over and over:—

"This parting is nothing. He's sure to be home in six months at the latest. Six months at the very latest. In these days there is really no such thing as distance. What is a six months' parting? Besides, it is not as if I were really in love with him. Father asked me the question direct last night, and I said I wasn't. How could I love him with all my heart when I remember that scene at the Gaiety? Oh, that scene! It burns into me like fire, and father's look—I almost hated father that night. I did really. Fancy, Valentine hating her father! Oh, of course it passed. There is no one like my father. Husbands aren't like fathers, not in the long run. Oh, Gerald, you might have told me the truth? I'd have forgiven you, I would really, if you had told me the truth. Oh, why don't you come? Why don't you come? You might be in time this last evening. It is a quarter to eight now. I am impatient—I am frightened. Oh, there's a ring at the hall door. Oh, thank God. No, of course, Gerald, I don't love you—not as I could have loved—and yet I do—I *do* love you—I *do!*"

She clasped her hands—a footstep was on the stairs. The door was opened, Masters brought her a thick letter on a salver.

"Has not Mr Wyndham come? Was not that ring Mr Wyndham's?"

"No, madam, a messenger brought this letter. He said there was no answer."

The page withdrew, and Valentine tore open the envelope. A letter somewhat blotted, bearing strong marks of agitation, but in her husband's writing, lay in her hand. Her eager eyes devoured the contents.

"I can't say good-bye, my darling—there are limits even to my endurance—I can't look at you and hear you say 'Good-bye, Gerald.' I bade you farewell this morning when you were asleep. I am not coming home to-night, but your father will spend the evening with you. You love him better than me, and I pray the God of all mercy that he may soften any little pang that may come to you in this separation. When you are reading this I shall be on my way to Southampton. I have bid your father good-bye, and he will tell you everything there is to tell about me. The *Esperance* sails at noon to-morrow, and it is a good plan to be on board in good time. I cannot tell you, Valentine, what my own feelings are. I cannot gauge my love for you. I don't think anything could probe it to its depths. I am a sinful man, but I sometimes hope that God will forgive me, because I have loved as much as the human heart is capable of loving. You must remember that, dear. You must always know that you have inspired in one man's breast the extreme of love!

"Good-bye, my darling. It is my comfort to know that the bitterness of this six month's separation falls on me. If I thought otherwise, if I thought even for a moment that you cared more for your husband than you do for the world's opinion, or for riches, or for honor, that you would rather have him with poverty and shame, that he was more to you even than the father who gave you your being, then I would say even now, at the eleventh hour, 'fly to me, Valentine. Let us go away together on board the *Esperance*, and forget all promises and all honor, and all truth.' Yes, I would say it. But that is a mad dream. Forget this part of my letter, Valentine. It has been wrung from a tortured and almost maddened heart. Good-bye, my wife. Be thankful that you have not it in you to love recklessly.

"Your husband,
"GERALD WYNDHAM."

"But I have!" said Valentine. She raised her eyes. Her father was in the room.

"Yes, I can love—I too can give back the extreme of love. Father, I am going to my husband. I am going to Southampton. What's the matter? What are you looking at me like that for? Why did you send Gerald away without letting him come to say good-bye? Not that it matters, for I am going to him. I shall take the very next train to Southampton."

"My darling," began Mr Paget.

"Oh, yes, father, yes. But there's no time for loving words just now. I've had a letter from my husband, and I'm going to him. I'm going to Sydney with him. Yes—you can't prevent me!"

"You are talking folly, Valentine," said Mr Paget. "You are excited, my child; you are talking wildly. Going with your husband? My poor little girl. There, dear, there. He'll soon be back. You can't go with him, you know, my love. Show me his letter. What has he dared to say to excite you like this?"

"No, you shan't see a word of his dear letter. No, not for all the world. I understand him at last, and I love him with all my heart and soul. Yes, I do. Oh, no, I don't love you as I love my husband."

Mr Paget stepped back a pace or two. There was no doubting Valentine's word's, no doubting the look on her face. She was no longer a child. She was a woman, a woman aroused to passion, almost to fury.

"I am going to my husband," she said. And she took no notice of her father when he sank into the nearest chair and pressed his hand to his heart.

"I have got a blow," he said. "I have got an awful blow."

But Valentine did not heed him.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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