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 communications to

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

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For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 10 a. m.

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GEO. V. RAND, Post Master

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

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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, } Ushers
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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 Friday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Frank A. Dixon, } Wardens.
Robert W. Storrs, }

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.

J. W. Caldwell, 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.

LIFE'S SUNSET ALL AGLOW.

Patrick Darling, aged 78 yrs.

Wife and I were the first settlers in Moro, Aroostook Co., Me., 41 yrs. ago. It was then a vast wilderness. With all its hardships our lives had been filled with happiness until the fall of '91, when we were attacked with dyspepsia, sleeplessness and their attendant evils.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY

CURED us, and we are again floating down life's river with all bright and smooth before us."

Susan Darling, age 75.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure sick headache, constipation and dyspepsia. 25 cts.

Medical Advice Free.

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

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.

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

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SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

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HAWKER'S TOLU AND WILD CHERRY BALSAM WILL CURE THAT COUGH TRY IT!

IT WAS CURED THEREFORE

of cases considered hopeless after all other remedies had failed. Do not despair, take courage be persuaded, and try this truly wonderful medicine.

IT WILL CURE YOU.

For sale by all Druggists and general dealers. Price 25 and 50 cts. a bottle.

Manufactured by

HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd.,
St. John, N. B.

Dress Making.

Mrs Henry Palmeter will cut and make Boys' Suits, and Ladies' Jackets and Dresses by the new Thompson Garment Cutter System.

Wolfville, Jan. 11th, 1894

RHEUMATISM

NEURALGIA, MUSCULAR STIFFNESS, PAIN IN SIDE & LAME BACK MUST GO WHEN THE "D.&L." MENTHOL PLASTER IS USED

POETRY.

Doing Without It.

I've found some wisdom in my quest
That's richly worth retailing;
I've learned that when one does his best,
There's little harm in failing.

I thought to gather wealth untold,
And made my boast about it;
My wit and toil bring little gold—
But I am rich without it.

I said, "The world shall hear my name,
And down the ages shout it!"
I shall not win the bauble fame—
I'm just as great without it.

I thought to know philosophy,
And teach the world about it;
My specimens will not sound the sea,
My ship sails on without it.

Another thing I've had to prove,
Though much I used to doubt it;
One can't be sure of human love,
But one can live without it.

I saw the world with wrong o'ergrown,
And bravely fought to rout it;
Some age will see it overthrown—
So I can die without it.

I may not reach what I pursue,
Yet I will keep pursuing;
Nothing is vain that I can do,
For soul-growth comes of doing.

But wherefore tell you what I know,
Since you will not receive it?
When you have lived and learned, I trow,
You're certain to believe it.

SELECT STORY.

GOOD BYE:

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

"My dear chap, I shall be enchanted," Trevor replied.

"But Major Trevor would like to come with us, perhaps," Mrs Adair suggested—for she loved to be seen with a new "boy" in attendance upon her, and Major Trevor was so big and brown, so distinguished looking, and was so charming besides, that it would have been a real treat for her to have marched him into the world's fair by her side, to make all her other "boys" jealous and all the women full of envy.

"But Major Trevor can not to be drawn out so easily—"Not to-night, thanks, a thousand times, Mrs Adair," he said. "I gave up dancing years ago, and I feel rather strange and out of it as yet—don't know the latest jargon, or the newest stars or anything. So if you really don't mind, I will stay and have a yarn with Dick and then go home quietly to bed."

"Of course as you like," she said—"though I know Lady Ventura would be enchanted to see you—she is always so glad of a few extra men. Then, Dick, will you really come to me? I shall go on to Mrs Charles Waters' at half-past twelve."

"I'll see—anyway I will be there by one o'clock if I feel inclined to come. If I don't, you'll be all right, won't you?"

"Oh, yes—don't come on my account," she answered gaily.

In about half-an-hour's time they all went off to their ball, the three ladies and the three young men, with a great deal of laughter and merriment, Adair and Major Trevor seeing them off at the door.

"She's a gay little soul," said Adair, as they went back to the dining room again—"but straight as a die, straight as a die, and that's the great thing, after all."

Now Major Trevor had during the day taken care to gather some information of the circumstances under which Adair's first marriage had been set aside. He had known Hope Adair intimately, and could as yet scarcely believe that she could have altered so utterly as to merit such a condemnation; yet several men to whom he had spoken of her were all agreed that her guilt was without doubt, her downfall deserved. No, they all admitted that they had never seen anything wrong in her conduct, but the case had been clearly proved, and of course, they said, the deep quiet ones who play a careful game are seldom found out, except through treachery.

He scarcely knew what to say when Adair thus unmistakably led up to the subject—it was a most awkward situation for him. And yet he felt that he must speak, he must say something about her.

"Old chap—" he said rather hesitatingly—"I'm afraid I made things very awkward for you in the Park yesterday—but—but you see I didn't know, I hadn't heard a word, and—and I was so astonished I couldn't help showing it."

"Oh! I understood—I understood—I am used to that sort of thing," Adair answered—"don't think of it again. Yes—the old state of things came to an end—all in a moment, like a house of cards tumbling about my ears. And I couldn't stand being by myself, so I married again—but you've heard all about it, of course."

"Yes, I've heard a little to-day," Major Trevor admitted.

"Well, it's no use talking about it now—it's all over and done with. I married miss, of course, and although we never pretended to be over head and ears in love with each other, she's made me a good wife, a very good wife indeed. I doubt if I've been much of a husband to her—you see I was embittered and soured by my first experience."

"Oh! Mrs Adair seems very happy anyway," Major Trevor remarked—"I wouldn't worry myself on that score if I were you."

They sat for an hour or so talking over old times, over the old times of their boyhood before either of them had ever heard of Hope Decring. Then Trevor got up and said that he must be going—"and by the bye," he exclaimed, "I haven't given you that packet yet—here it is."

"Oh! thanks—I didn't give it another thought."

"Adair set it upright on the chimney-shelf against the clock, and when he had seen his old friend out of the house, he came back and opened it. "I wonder what the precious thing is," he said to himself, as he broke two of the four big red seals, each bearing the monogram of the magistrate who had witnessed the declaration and sealed it from prying eyes. He glanced at the signature first—"Henry Firth," he read, "Henry Firth—why—why that was the name of the cabman who gave evidence against Hope—Good heavens, what does this mean?"

He turned the paper over with trembling hands and began at the beginning of the declaration.

"I, Henry Firth—" it began—"late a cabman in the City of London, England, No. 0101001, and now in the service of Mr Alaric Trevor, of Trevor Gap, Victoria—knowing myself to be dying, wish to make what restitution lies in my power for a great wrong which I did to Mr Richard Adair and his wife between six and seven years ago.

"I was an important witness in a divorce suit which he brought against his wife, and I gave evidence that I had driven the lady many times to the rooms of Captain St. John in St. James' street. All this was absolutely false. To my knowledge I never drove the lady in my life, nor did I ever see her until within a week of the case, when she was pointed out to me by her late maid, Rosalie Vallin. This I swear on my dying oath At that time I was keeping company with Rosalie Vallin, who was paid handsomely for giving her evidence against her mistress I had fifty pounds as my share of the booty. I don't know who paid Rosalie Vallin, nor where she is now. She lived with me for a few weeks, but her temper was such that I could not stand her any longer. I have committed many sins, but this business has weighed more heavily on me than all the rest I feel I cannot go to meet my God whom I have defied and outraged, without being clear of this secret at least. If those I wronged can find it in their hearts to forgive me, I believe my time to come will not be so bad. I am truly penitent and I am dying fast.

"HENRY FIRTH.

"Taken down verbatim
and witnessed by
"WILLIAM MCEWEN,
"Magistrate.

"Trevor Gap, March 19th, 188 "

Adair turned back and read the letter again—"I never drove the lady in my life, nor did I ever see her until within a week of the case, when she was pointed out to me by her late maid, Rosalie Vallin!"

CHAPTER XI.

I need hardly say that Adair never gave a thought to his half-promise to meet his wife at Mrs Charles Waters' ball. Indeed he never moved from the spot where he had been standing when this new and awful blow had fallen upon him. When he fully realised the meaning of Firth's declaration, he dropped into the chair immediately in front of the fire, the chair in which Trevor had sat chatting on all manner of unimportant topics, while all the time he was carrying, though unconsciously, a bomb-shell in his breast, a bomb shell which had burst at Adair's very feet. And there he sat stunned and cold, incapable of thinking out the situation, dizzy and sick and ill, with one terrible feeling tearing at his heart, that he had wronged Hope all along, and that he had driven her out of house and home without mercy and without a hearing.

He was sitting there still when Flossie came home from her dances. She came in to the dining-room, seeing the light, with a rush and a laugh. "Why, Dick, are you up still, and alone? Well, you're a nice person to promise so faithfully to come to me. I told everybody that you were coming, and they all jeered at me—jeered at me—said that they would believe it when they saw you—Why, Dick, is anything the matter? Aren't you well, Dick?"

He turned his ghastly face towards her, and the gay little woman shuddered at what she saw written there. A terrible sense of coming ill crept over her, and her quick mind coupled, in an instant, the open paper in his hand with the mysterious packet of which Major Trevor had spoken at dinner, and over which they had been so careless and so merry.

She drew the paper from his unresisting fingers, and stood there to read it in her glittering ball-gown, which somebody had within the hour described as a summer sunrise, with its clouds of delicate rose-tinted draperies, its trimmings of crystal, and the great bunch of fading blush roses upon her breast.

She did not need to read it twice, the wretched story it told was graven on her mind at once; she was cold with frozen [illegible] through her brain there rang one awful question, above all other thoughts, "What is to become of me?"

She looked at Adair at last. "Dick," she said, "it's no use sitting there like that—there's a great deal to be done."

He looked up in a blind sort of way "There is nothing to be done," he said in a thick voice.

But she caught him by the shoulder and shook him. "Dick, you are ill—you don't understand this," holding up the paper.

"I understand it perfectly," he said, and his frozen lips uttered the words in a voice quite unlike his own. "She was innocent all the time, and I have driven her to—God knows what."

She looked at him anxiously. "And what will become of me, Dick?"

"Of you? I don't understand you."

"It is easy enough," she answered half impatiently—"all this fresh evidence will, of course, annul the decree which set aside your first marriage—that will be made legal again. Hope will come back here, of course, for you will be able to find her if she is alive. It will be all right for her, she is not the kind of woman to have done anything to be ashamed of, no matter what hard times she may have had to go through. I never believed her guilty, as you know. It will be all right for her, but what, *what* shall *I do*?"

Adair's ghastly face grew paler as he heard her. "You don't know what you are talking about, Flossie," he said very gently. "I may be able to set Hope right in the eyes of the world, and perhaps, if she is very forgiving, she may consent to use her settlements which she has never touched all these years. But that is all the reparation I can make her. You are my wife—nothing—nothing can alter your position. Hope is nothing to me, can be nothing to me but a bitter regret, a shame, yes, a shame when I think of the part I have played."

Flossie was silent for a minute or two, standing still by the chimney shelf, with the lamplight shining on her brave array, so out of keeping with her scared face.

"It was all my fault," she burst out at last—"all my fault. I had no right to marry you, for I didn't believe it of Hope, you know I didn't. I didn't want to marry you, but Margaret never let me rest, and she said I was an idiot to have any scruples, and—and—I was so miserable at that time. You don't know the temptation it was to me to marry anyone who was young and rich and—and all that you were"

"But you did not love me?" he said, a spasm passing over his face.

"No more than you loved me," she answered quickly. "I liked you well enough always—oh, more than well enough, I liked you very much. If only I had said no, instead of yes! Then you would have been free and you could have brought her back at once."

"Not at all," he said. "I should probably have married somebody else—I should *surely* have done so. Don't distress yourself on that score, Flossie, I beg."

"But what are you going to do?" she asked.

He spread his hands out with a helpless gesture. "What can I do? As I said I must try to set her right before the world, and make provision for her—there is nothing more to be done—nothing—nothing."

She moved from the hearth and paced restlessly to and fro about the large and handsome room; at last, however, she stopped beside him.

"Dick," she said. "Will you answer me a question as plainly as I ask it?"

"Of course I will."

"Putting me out of the question, you love Hope still?"

He half hesitated but only for a moment—"With all my heart and soul," he answered.

"And if you were free you would marry Hope again?"

"At once," he replied.

"Couldn't you get our marriage set aside?"

"No,—not without an Act of Parliament, perhaps not then," he answered.

"Cannot you get an Act of Parliament—you are rich, and money can do much in most things."

"I don't know—I shall not try," he said decidedly—"I've been a brute I have, a stupid mistaken brute but I've never done a deliberate, cold-blooded wrong to a woman in my life, and I am not going to begin with you. I would pay neither you nor my poor girl such a bad compliment."

She walked away again, went to the window and pulled the heavy velvet curtain aside. The dawn was just beginning to break—the dawn of the day which would make such a great difference in several lives.

"Look here, Dick," she said after a few minutes—"I'm not a sentimental woman, as you know. And I meant it seriously when I suggested that you should take steps to bring Hope back again. Perhaps you are right, but—but one thing is certain, I neither can nor will go on living with you knowing that your heart is entirely given to a perfectly innocent woman whose place I have usurped. I shall go to Margaret as soon as it is broad day—and she must put up with me until I can get a place of my own."

"But, Flossie——" he cried.

"Oh! I am not going to be foolish or squeamish," she said, holding her head very high—"I shall willingly take what provision you think I ought to have. I've no money of my own, and, of course, I can't live on nothing; and I feel in a certain sense that I have a right to it. But I will not stop here, that is beyond me. While I believed that there might be a doubt about Hope,—and you never expressed any doubt as to the justice of the decree—it was different."

"You shall do exactly as you like," he said humbly, and poor fellow he did feel humble, for to himself he seemed to bring only a curse on the women who had trusted him.

"Margaret won't like it, I daresay," Flossie said, with grim amusement—"but Margaret will have to put up with it. It was she who badgered me into this position, and there is no choice for her now but to see me out of it."

Adair winced—"I'm afraid that—"

"Nothing will get me out of it," she said quickly—"No, perhaps not. Well, Dick, I am going to lie down for an hour or two. I'm worn out—simply worn out."

She went away with a careless wave of her hand and toilet wearily up to her own bed-room. The grey dawn was stealing in at the sides of the window-blinds and her maid was sitting in a chair fast asleep. Mrs Adair touched her on the shoulder.

"Louise—Louise—wake up," she said—"I am very late, much later than usual. Unlace my dress and go to bed at once. I will do my own hair."

"Ma'am," cried Louise started up.

"Yes, I know it is frightfully late," Mrs Adair went on—"I wish I had remembered you when I came in two hours ago. But I didn't—Louise, I'm in trouble and I want to be alone. Undo me quickly and go to bed."

"Cannot I help you in any way, ma'am?" Louise asked. She was exceedingly fond of her mistress, and, half asleep as she was, her tone was sympathetic and kind.

"To-morrow, Louise, perhaps—not to-night," Mrs Adair answered. "There now go—Good-night. I'm sorry to have been so late."

She had been struggling with her tears all the time, and when Louise closed the door behind her, she fairly broke down and sobbed bitterly—partly for herself, partly for him and a great deal for that other blameless one who had stood out in the darkness and the cold all these weary years.

She was still sobbing when Adair knocked gently at the door. By a mighty effort she controlled herself and crossed the room to open it.

"May I come in for a minute?" he asked.

"Oh! yes."

"You've been crying," he said, looking searchingly at her.

She smiled, a wan little smile as faint as the first hues of morning outside. "Well, it's not the sort of thing to make one feel gay."

"Flossie—need you go away to-morrow?" he asked.

"I think so. It will have to be done, and I shall feel it less the quicker it is done."

"And you will feel it?"

"Yes, Dick, I shall feel it," she said frankly.

"But—but I shall see you sometimes—we shall part good friends?" he said.

"The best of friends always I hope, Dick," she answered holding out her hand to him.

"And I have not made you unhappy?" he asked.

"Unhappy, no—I've had a royal time—but—but when I think of Hope, alone—Oh! Dick," half sobbing.

"Don't—don't—don't!" he cried in a voice of agony, and then he bent his head and kissed her little cold hands half-a-dozen times, and the next moment the door had closed behind him and she was alone.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Many a Young Man

When from over-work, possibly assisted by an inherited weakness, the health fails and rest or medical treatment must be resorted to, then no medicine can be employed with the same beneficial results as Scott's Emulsion.

"Only the Scars Remain,"

Says HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., who certifies as follows:

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc., none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old

Mother Urged Me

to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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

Cures others, will cure you