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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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 fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

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

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APPLE TREES for SALE.

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

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KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,
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Mrs. Warren R. Whittemore, East Dixfield, Maine.

Physicians Endorse Them, and Physicians Make Them.

Headache and Catarrh.

How many people suffer constantly from the above diseases, which ultimately lead to nervous prostration, consumption and death. Mrs. Whittemore says: "Have had headache and catarrh for years, and found no relief until I took

Skoda's Discovery.

I have not had headache once since." Skoda's Discovery purifies the Blood, tones up the nerve centers and makes you well.

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

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

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

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NO HOPE OF RECOVERY.

WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS.

A WONDERFUL CURE.

MR. VAIL, the well-known Checker of the I. C. R. Freight Dep't., St. John, N. B., makes the following statement:

St John, Oct. 12, 1892.—Last spring I was completely run down from the *effects of overwork* and an *attack of the Grip*. I was weak and nervous and *had no appetite*. COULD NOT SLEEP and felt *tired* and *depressed*. I tried Doctors and various remedies but got no better, and *had to give up work*. I became so weak and *exhausted* that I had GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF RECOVERY, when I was advised to try

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC.

I purchased 6 bottles and in a *month's time* after taking 4 of them, had *gained 20 lbs in weight*. My appetite returned, I slept well grew STRONG and VIGOROUS and am

Entirely Cured of Nervousness.

I am stronger now than I have been for *six years* and can do my work *without fatigue or exhaustion*. To anyone suffering from weakness or exhaustion I heartily commend it as a most valuable *Restorative Tonic*, as it *restored me to health and strength*, after all other remedies had failed."

We endorse the above statement of Mr. Vail's case, as we have had a personal knowledge of it, and hereby do affirm his statement to be true in every particular.

W. G. Robertson, Station Master, I. C. R. } St. John,
Fred E. Hannington, Ticket Agent, I. C. R. } N. B.

For sale by all Druggists and general dealers at 50c. a bottle. 3 bottles $1.25.

Manufactured by the HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited, St. John, N. B.

"HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure Bilious Ills."

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

Severe Pain in Shoulder 2 Years Cured by "The D. & L." Menthol Plaster.

My wife was afflicted for two years with a severe pain under the left shoulder and through to the breast; after using many remedies without relief, she tried a "D. & L." Menthol Plaster, it did its work. and owing to this cure hundreds of these plasters have been sold by us here, giving equal satisfaction.

J. D. SPURGEON, Druggist, Rice John, N.S.

Sold Everywhere. 25C. each.

POETRY.

The House of Never.

The house of Never is built, they say,
Just over the hills of the Bye-and-By,
Its gates are reached by a devious way,
Hidden from all but an angel's eye.
It winds about and in and out
The hills and dales to sever,
Once over the hills of the Bye-and-By
And you're lost in the house of Never.

The house of Never is filled with waits,
With just in a minutes and pretty-soons,
The noise of their wings as they beat the gates
Comes back to earth in the afternoons,
When shadows fly across the sky
And rush in rude endeavour
To question the hills of the By-and-By
As they ask for the house of Never.

The house of Never was built with tears,
And lost in the hills of the By-and-By
Are a million hopes and a million fears
A baby's smiles and a woman's cry.
The winding way seems bright to day
Then darkness falls forever,
For over the hills of the By-and-By
Sorrow waits in the house of Never.

SELECT STORY.

GOOD BYE:

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

"Not if you let the house—it will be best—"

Adair did not wait for him to finish the sentence—"I'll put them all in the fire," he said roughly, and taking a small bunch of keys from his waistcoat pocket, he unlocked the drawer and pulled it open.

There were several thick packets of letters, each tied up with a bit of narrow ribbon. Adair took out the one nearest to him and looked at it. He had destroyed all the envelopes, and his eyes fell upon the beginning of a letter dated three years back. "Darling Dick"—it began—"don't wait in for me. I have had a note from Madame Georgine asking me to go there at once about my drawing-room gown. I——" and there the letter was folded and the sentence was broken.

For a moment he stood irresolute, staring at the words, the tender words which he had kept as he had kept every scrap of writing she had ever sent him—then he flung it back into its place and locked the drawer again.

"It's no good, Froggart, I haven't got the heart to burn them, and I won't let the house at all," he cried. "It's been my home for five years—my God, what happy years—and I won't sully it by putting a commercial value upon it. I'll send for Mrs Potter; she was my nurse once, you know. Mrs Potter will take charge of everything, and you pay the wages—she must have a couple of maids, and you can hand over three or four pounds a week for them to live on. Then nothing need be touched, and if I'm ill or anything, I shall have a place of my own to come to."

"As you like best," replied Mr Froggart. "Then we will look over the plate and the jewellery and leave all the rest."

As Adair agreed to this they went next to Jenkins' pantry, where he produced the book containing the list of plate and brought out and counted everything before them.

"Never mind putting them back now," said Adair impatiently. "You can do that when we're gone."

"Don't you want the keys, sir?" Jenkins asked.

"The keys—why, what the devil should I do with them?" Adair burst out irritably. "Am I suddenly to find out that I can't trust you, after all these years?" What are you talking about, man? To-morrow you will have to take it all into the bank—you can leave out enough spoons and forks for two persons' use."

"Very good, sir. Then there is all that old silver in the boudoir—that in the two little glass-topped tables. There has never been a list of that, except what I have made out this week."

"Very well—it can go with the rest of the silver to the bank," Adair replied.

"Perhaps you will just look over it, sir"—Jenkins asked.

"Very well—very well. Then, Froggart, we'll go upstairs and get that over at once, eh?"

"As you wish," with a gesture of assent.

Adair therefore promptly marched upstairs and went into the lovely yellow and white boudoir which his wife had been used to call "the Nest." It was such a dainty and charming room, and oh! what a pang it cost him to go in and look round it. There were two old Dutch inlaid tables with glass tops and a well lined with deep red velvet, the better to show off the pretty silver trifles which lay within.

Jenkins got to business at once with a stolid air of indifference which he was in reality very far from feeling. He opened the lid of the first case and reading out from the list he had brought with him, he pointed out one bit of silver after another to its master, while Mr Froggart stood by, silent and vigilant, watching Adair's fast whitening face and wild haggard eyes.

"Three muffineers—date of Cromwell," Jenkins read out—"Silver box with crest and monogram F. H., date 1720—silver box, mother-o'-pearl lining, date 1760—silver pail, modern—silver pen, modern—silver snuff-box, date 1802—silver snuff-box, with agate in lid, initials N. L., date 1723—silver figure of Bacchus, antique—silver salts, date Charles First—silver shoe buckles—silver sweetmeat box, date 1747—small silver platter, date of Cromwell."

"Yes, all right," said Adair—"and the other."

In truth the man's nerves were strung up to such a pitch that he scarcely knew how to get through that part of the task which still remained before him. For every little trifle that lay in the little case brought with it a crowd of bitter memories, bitter because until now they had been so bright. Hope's fancy for gathering a collection of quaint old silver together had been quite a new one, and she had been very judicious in her way of gratifying it. She had not been unduly keen to fill her little tables, but had picked up a piece here and another there when she had happened to come across them. And many a pilgrimage had he made with her down unfrequented streets and even into [illegible] in quest of some quaint toy or small box of the precious metal with which to enrich her small collection.

And the second table was still more fraught with memories, for it was not devoted exclusively to treasures of silver. There was a small ivory figure from Herculaneum, a marriage medal of Napoleon and Marie-Louise of Austria, and a commemoration medal of Charles the First, the Martyr King, which had in its time been worn round the neck of some faithful cavalier. There were one or two carved ivory pins which had graced the head of some Roman matron or maid in ancient times, and there were half-a dozen miniatures which they had picked up in different places, and had meant to have mounted on a velvet shield when they had gathered a dozen together. Besides these there were some toys in silver which they had acquired in the Low Countries, some fine Italian cameos without setting, and also various specimens of Indian filigree-work. And to see them all now was, to Adair, like tearing his heart out by the roots.

He turned abruptly away as Jenkins read out the last item.

"Now there's only the jewellery," he said impatiently. "That will do, Jenkins. We shall not want you any more."

"Very good, sir," replied Jenkins, who was almost as thankful to get the business over as his master.

"Will you come up with meat once?" Adair said to Mr Froggart.

"Certainly," said the lawyer.

So he led the way upstairs to the room which had been his dressing-room.

"I quite thought the safe was in here," said Mr Froggart looking round the room.

"Yes, so it is—but we hid it," Adair replied.

He opened the door of a cupboard as he spoke, then swung back the heavy iron door of the safe and shewed all its valuable contents protected by leather cases. It was a long list, but they soon got through it. Mr Froggart read it over and Adair pointed out each article.

"Now, is there anything else?" the lawyer asked.

"I don't think so."

"Hadn't we better look into the bedroom and see what may be left there?" Mr Froggart suggested.

"Oh! I don't think so—but you can go in if you like," Adair added.

"Oh, you had better just look round," returned the lawyer with mild persistence—"perhaps there is nothing there at all. Come now, my dear sir, you will be better when you have got it over."

But Adair was obstinate. "No, Froggart, I don't *want* to go in there, though if it's necessary I'll do it. *You* look round yourself, and then if you think I must come, I will."

With that Mr Froggart was obliged to be contented, so he went on his errand and Adair wandered restlessly up and down the room. It was not a very small one, and was luxuriously fitted with a marble bath in an alcove and many pictures on the walls—nothing of value, but the greater part of those which had adorned his rooms at Oxford, and many photographs which he had become possessed of since those happy and careless days. Among them was one beautiful picture of his wife, Hope. It was only a photograph, but although she had been done in more costly ways several times, in oils for the Academy and in pastels for the Grosvenor, this was the one of all which had always pleased him the best. He stood now looking at it with all his love-torn soul in his eyes—"Oh! Hope—Hope—Hope—How could you?" he burst out. But the sweet smiling eyes smiled at him still; there was no change, no answer, it was only a picture, the outer husk of what she, his wife, had once been to him!

"My dear Mr Adair——" said the lawyer coming in again, but Adair turned to him with blinded eyes and a quivering mouth.

"Froggart," he said—"it's not necessary for you to call me *Mister* Adair—I was too many years just Dick to you for you to be so formal now; it makes me feel so lonely, so—so much an outcast."

The dry old lawyer melted a little towards him. "It scarcely sounds the thing for a lawyer to be calling his—client—Dick, but if you wish it, we will drop the prefix. I'll call you Adair in the future."

"That's better," Adair said, trying hard to choke down that weak womanly something in his throat which seemed to get bigger and more inconvenient every minute.

"I think, Adair," Mr Froggart said, "that you'll be obliged to just glance over the drawers and wardrobes. Mrs Adair seems to have taken little or nothing with her—there are all her gowns hanging up and her furs, everything apparently just as she left them."

"What—hasn't she even taken her clothes?" Adair cried.

"Very few, if any," Mr Froggart replied.

Adair turned away to the window. "I—I can't think of Hope without all the pretty things she was so fond of. Froggart," he added passionately—"I hope to Heaven she has gone to St. John—she's not fit to live alone, she was never made for it. If—if—he ever ill-uses her, I'll kill him—I swear I will."

"Hush—hush! Such things are best left unsaid," murmured the lawyer soothingly. "Come, let us get our work done and go away. You will lock the door of the safe, eh? Why, what's that?" pointing to something on the floor of the cupboard.

"It is her dressing-bag—I gave it to her the day we were married," Adair answered bitterly. "She has indeed shaken the very dust of my belongings off her feet."

"You could not expect or indeed wish anything else," remarked the lawyer, whose tone at once became dry and business-like in correspondence to the bitterness in Adair's. "Is there anything in it? I mean besides its fittings."

"Oh! I should think not. It can go with the rest of the things," Adair said.

And then he opened it, seeing at a glance that there was nothing within but its legitimate contents excepting an envelope addressed to himself. He hesitated for an instant, but he broke the seal then and took out something wrapped in a bit of cotton-wool and a sheet of soft paper. And when he opened those, there slipped into the palm of his hand the great half-hoop of rubies which had been Hope Deering's engagement ring.

CHAPTER VII.

In course of time the decree to dissolve the marriage between Richard Adair and his wife, Hope, was made absolute, and each was as free as air to marry or not as they chose, or to take what path in life they thought most fit.

Mrs Adair did not appear, but her lawyers intimated that she had neither the desire nor intention to show cause why the decree should not be made absolute; and Adair's heart seemed to turn to water within him as he heard. He had only returned to England a few days previous to the case being called. He came back full of life and in the best of spirits, if the truth be told as gay as any boy at the mere thought of seeing Hope again if only for a moment in court or chambers and in the fierce light of enmity. But when the day came there was no Hope; she made neither word nor sign, except in that, through her lawyers, she quietly accepted the verdict.

Against all etiquette, he impetuously began to question her lawyer, meeting with a steady and icy refusal to give him any information whatever. Then he set Mr Froggart the task of finding out something, anything, about her if he could.

Naturally Mr Froggart was more successful than he had been; but at the same time, he brought him no actual news.

Her lawyers, he told him, did not know her address and had received their instructions immediately after the first hearing. Mrs Adair they had not seen, and Mr Froggart was not able to find anyone who had seen her since the day on which the decree nisi was pronounced; so far indeed as Adair was concerned she had apparently passed out of his life on the evening that she bade him good-bye in Jermyn Street, she had vanished as completely as if she had been swallowed up by the dark night.

I think that the blank disappointment of not seeing her was the most bitter trial that Adair had yet under gone. For months past he had looked forward to that day as if everything was bound to come right then; as the days went by he had thought about her more instead of less, he had hungered and longed for her until the future seemed only a desolate and dreary blank, the present an arid and weary waste. Almost beyond the shadow of a doubt, if he had seen her at that time he would have asked her to let the doubts and troubles of the past slide into oblivion and begin life anew together, for he had found that, faithful or unfaithful, he could not live without her. Yet when the day came there was no Hope, not one word or sign to show even whether she was alive or dead.

It was then June, the very height of a gay London season. Adair remained in town with a vague idea that he would meet Hope somewhere or other; but instead of meeting Hope he met every day one or other of his old friends, who each and all welcomed him back with effusion to his old haunts, and insisted on feasting him after the true British fashion which tries to heal all wounds with meat and drink.

"Not going out much now," one gracious lady repeated after him. "Oh! but my dear Mr Adair, why shut yourself up *now*. You must not let yourself grow misanthropic, it's such shocking form, you know, and so uncomfortable for all your friends. And you will be old before your time."

Adair thought grimly that Mrs Ponsonby would never be open to a like charge herself, but before he could speak she had rattled on. "And what is there to be gained by shutting yourself up from all your friends? Positively nothing—nothing. Of course it is painful for you just at first, but everybody sympathizes so truly with you—I'm sure I never was so surprised or so shocked in all my life. I always thought she was so different. Not that I blame *her*, mind, at least not altogether. But without doubt Captain St. John is a most insidious person. All last season we were expecting an engagement to come about between him and my poor niece, Mary Maturin—they met at several country houses in the autumn, and everyone was full of it. Then all this came out, and Mary has never been the same since. Oh! yes, she is engaged. She is going to be married next month."

"And to whom?" asked Adair, now deeply interested.

"To Lord Cannock. Old? Oh! yes, sixty if he's a day—but rich, you know, very rich and a good position. And Mary looks thirty."

"But Miss Maturin is not——"

"Thirty? Oh, dear no!" the lady cried—"just twenty-two. Poor child, I shall be glad when the marriage is over—she will feel more settled then."

Adair did not speak, because he had no words in which to express his thoughts at that moment. His heart was torn in half-a-dozen ways—he had a wild longing to go and kill St. John straight away without a moment's grace or quarter. And he felt too an aching pity for the girl who had loved this man and was going to try to heal the deep wound in her heart with the companionship of a detestable old roue like Lord Cannock.

"Now I want you to come and dine with me this evening, Mr Adair," the lady continued. "I know it won't be pleasant to you at first, but I want you to be brave and give life a new trial. I have a few friends coming and I want another man to make the table right, for my brother Jack, you remember Jack, of course, has been sent off to Berlin at two hours' notice—Oh! Jack's a Queen's messenger now. Did you not know it? Now say that you will come."

Adair looked from right to left, but he saw no reasonable way out of the difficulty. "Dear Mrs Ponsonby," he said after a moment's hesitation, "I shall only spoil your party."

"I will take the risk of that," she answered confidently.

But Adair still demurred. "Mrs Ponsonby," he said, "I am not fit to go out. I've been living the life of a hermit the last ten months. I don't know what is going on—I don't take any interest in anything, and—and I would much rather not come," he broke off in desperation.

But Mrs Ponsonby was a lady who liked her own way in all things, and what was more to the point, she generally got it.

"Listen to me," she said. "I want you to come as much for your good as for my pleasure; and I mean you to come, so it is very little use our arguing the question. You are not engaged this evening, so I shall expect you at eight o'clock—the same house in Cadogan Square."

Then she got into her carriage, which was waiting beside the curb-stone, waved her hand to him and was driven away. Adair stood a moment looking after it.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

All Hesiod's works were written on leaden sheets, rolled up like a cylinder.

A Little Daughter

Of a Church of England minister cured of a distressing rash, by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mr. RICHARD BIRKS, the well-known Druggist, 297 McGill st., Montreal, P. Q., says:

I have sold Ayer's Family Medicines for 40 years, and have heard nothing but good said of them. I know of many

Wonderful Cures

performed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, one in particular being that of a little daughter of a Church of England minister. The child was literally covered from head to foot with a red and exceedingly troublesome rash, from which she had suffered for two or three years, in spite of the best medical treatment available. Her father was in great distress about the case, and, at my recommendation, at last began to administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which effected a complete cure, much to her relief and her father's delight. I am sure, were he here to-day, he would testify in the strongest terms as to the merits of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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

Cures others, will cure you