THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XI. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1892. No. 23.

CASTORIA

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The Acadian.

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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

Address all comunications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8 30 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

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METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cransick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor: Horton and Wolfville Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a m and 7 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Greenwich and Avonport services at 3 p m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7 30 p m; at Horton on Friday at 7 30 p m. Strangers welcome at all the services.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday afternoon at 3, except the first Sunday in the month, when there will be Morning Prayer with Celebration of the Holy Communion at 11.

ISAAC BROCK, D. D.,
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J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets every Monday evening in their Hall Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

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

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in Witter's Hall every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

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—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.

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

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WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

MUCH BETTER, Thank You!

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SCOTT'S EMULSION

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IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

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TRY OUR CELEBRATED NEW BRAND OF INCA FLOUR

A first-class grade of family flour, Winter patent, ground from choice Northern wheat. Full scale weight and of the very best quality. Supersedes all others wherever put upon the market. Honest and reliable. It contains the most health-giving and nourishing properties. Guaranteed and warranted to give satisfaction.

Dealers supplied by J. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Halifax, N. S., or direct from the Mills of HILLIARD & PEPLOW, Peterborough, Ont.

POETRY.

To My Friend.

Yes, I know that clouds have gathered
Thickly o'er thy path, my friend;
But the dark days do not linger,
And the longest night must end.
Ne'er was know a night so dreary,
But the glorious morning light,
Rising full, and clear, and brilliant,
Put the shadows all to flight.

If thy joyous days of sunshine
Would not linger, would not stay;
Ne'er forget that days of sadness
Also surely pass away.
And the murmuring only deepens
Lines of care upon thy face,
Making furrows deeper, surer,
Than the hand of Time can trace.

If thy burden seems too heavy
For thy slender weight to bear,
There is One who will relieve thee,
Take from thee thy load of care.
And if friends have turned them from thee,
And have hurt thy bleeding heart,
Jesus never will forsake thee
If thou choose the better path.

Every night, however gloomy,
Yields at length to morning light;
And the farest days of summer
Must at last be closed in night.
But beyond the pearly river
All is glorious, cloudless day;
Where our blessed Saviour ever
Wipes all bitter tears away.

Live for Heaven! and a comfort
That the world can never know
Shall abide forever with thee,
Brightening thy path below.
And beyond the gates so golden,
Free from sin and death's alarms,
Christ, the true and living Shepherd,
Folds his loved ones in His arms.

SELECT STORY.

Pretty Miss Smith.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER XVII.—*Concluded.*

I LEFT the room with the doctor, determined to approach the woman myself. But either she did not wish to be approached, or she had retreated into some corner whence she could not see me, for I wandered about the garden for nearly half-an-hour without catching another glimpse of her. Giving up the search at last, I left the grounds of the house and entered the distillery-yard, and passed thence, without any difficulties being offered, into the works. Hopkins would be away at his lodgins at this time, I knew; which was all the better for my investigations. I ran up the iron staircase, and passed through the long storerooms to the attics above the house.

I had scrambled, panting, up the ladder staircase and almost fallen to the dusty floor in my eagerness, when I caught sight of a row of objects hanging in the air before me which solved one one part of the mystery of the tricks played upon Mary. There were the dead bodies of eight large owls, which were suspended from side to side of the wide attic by a cord which was passed round their necks. Helpless and harmless as they were now, I shuddered as I remembered the horrible effect their weird cries and flutterings had had upon me, upon poor Mary, and even upon a hard-headed lawyer like Mr Marshall. Then I heaved a sigh of relief, for this was ocular demonstration that the trick had been played for the last time. But the mystery surrounding the perpetrator remained as profound as ever.

I crept down the staircase again with my teeth chattering although it was a hot summer day. The thought that there was only one person about in whom I could confide, and that he was so ill that it was selfish to trouble him with confidences, gave me such a sickening feeling of responsibility. When I got back to the house, I was more sorry than surprised to find Mary's manner changed towards me. With some shrewdness, she had conceived the idea that I shared Mr Marshall's distrust of Hilary, and was not likely to sympathize with her reviving feelings of affection towards him. So the day passed very uncomfortably, Mary not confiding to me whether she had answered Hilary's letter. She was too much annoyed with her uncle to do more than pay him another fleeting visit, while Mrs Camden and I spent the whole afternoon with him, reading the papers and trying to distract his thoughts by lively conversation. However, through all her petulance I saw that Mary was better; even the emotions of anger and mortification were welcome after that dangerous apathy of a few days ago.

I was sorry to find, when tea was brought into the drawing-room that afternoon, that Mary's indignation was still too warm to let her join us. I saw nothing of her for the next two hours, and then, as the first bell had rung for dinner, I asked Emily, whom I met on the stairs, what had become of her mistress.

"She went out into the grounds, ma'am, about half-an-hour ago," said the maid, in the distant tone with which she still emphasised her disapproval of the subterfuge by which I had at first gained a footing in the house. "I don't think she will be in to dinner."

"Not in to dinner!" I echoed in vague alarm. "Did she say she was going out then?"

I think Emily was glad to impart to me a piece of intelligence which evidently caused me uneasiness.

"She didn't *say* she was going out, but she was talking for some time to a lady on the river-path, and they went off together in one of our private boats!"

"A lady! A tall lady in a black and white check silk dress?" I asked, unable to hide my agitation.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Emily, with increasing satisfaction, as my expression grew more distressed. "And I think Miss Smith must have meant to go out; for she sent me a little while ago to get change for a cheque for her."

"A cheque!" I echoed faintly. "For how much?"

"Twenty pounds, ma'am."

I turned away without another word, too sick at heart to say more. It seemed to me that my silly, obstinate, generous-hearted girl was giving herself into the hands of the spoiler. And was I too fanciful in fearing absolute physical danger from the companionship she had so rashly chosen?

CHAPTER XVII.

I COULD do nothing, that was the point of it. If I had known Hilary Gold's address, I think I should have posted off hither at once, and risked bringing everybody's maledictions down on my head for an interfering busybody. But I did not. Restless and unhappy, I went into the drawing-room, instead of dressing for dinner, and hunted about for an explanatory note which I thought perhaps Mary might have left for me. But she had been too deeply offended with me for that.

While I was searching, the door-bell rang, and I started up with my heart beating fast. I guessed who the visitor was, for Mr Marshall had said that his son would come that evening to bring a report of the business transacted during the day. I had had many battles with myself since Tom's confession the day before, but they always resolved themselves into a ridiculous hunt for extenuating circumstances on the culprit's behalf. I loved him; there was an end of the matter. Whatever he might do would not alter that fact; his guilt would only lower me in my own estimation for caring for such a creature, it would not kill my feeling for him. But I meant to fight against this conviction, and not to let him see that my heart was softer than my conscience.

I must have something to do, something to occupy me in case I should have to keep up a conversation with him; so that I should not have to look at him much, and could fill up the pauses conveniently. I rushed across to the piano, therefore, and turning the whole contents of the canterbury out on to the floor, busied myself in sorting the music. Unluckly, only that I did not know it, Tom had come quickly to the open door unannounced, and had the meanness to watch the whole manœuvre.

The first intimation I had of his presence was an arm put round my waist as I sat on the floor. I had overdone my part altogether, making such a noise of rustling and leaf-turning that I had not even heard him come into the room. I tried to disengage myself, with an affectation of coldness and anger; but Tom was not so easily taken in, and he resisted all my efforts to rise, and spoke in such a humble, pleading voice that I was touched in spite of myself.

"Don't snap and scratch, Georgie dear," he said plaintively. "Why be so hard and unkind to your future husband—and just when he is in low spirits too!"

"Future husband!" I echoed, gasping for breath. "What do you mean Tom?"

"Why, that I've quite made up my mind to carry out the threat I have held over you so long, and marry you. I was touched yesterday, Georgie, by the way you spoke of me and took my part, and I made up my mind there and then that I couldn't do better."

This piece of impertinence made me furious. I managed to release myself by a great effort, and standing up towered over him as he still remained on the floor at my feet.

"And you really think," I said throwing all the dignified sarcasm I could muster into my voice, "that after all the disgraceful meanness and cruelty you confessed to yesterday, you have only to throw the handkerchief in my direction for me to seize it with rapturous gratitude?"

He had curled himself comfortably on the carpet, and was nursing one knee. He did not hurry himself to answer, and when he did, it was in sententious tones, looking at the music stool instead of at me.

"There are more women than men in the world—at least in England," he said, "so there is no doubt that matrimonially I belong to the more valuable sex of the two. Surely it is better, then, to take a husband who may be "stained with a crime," as the novelists would say, than to run the risk of not having one at all! Consider the matter calmly, and I'm sure you will agree with me."

My spirits were rising while he spoke. I was used to Tom! and it seemed to me that, since he was able to talk in just the old way, his conscience could not be very heavily burdened.

"Tom, I burst out with sudden flitting away from the subject of matrimony which was a common feature of our intercourse, "I don't believe you had much to do with those shameful tricks after all."

"That's right," said he composedly, with a face like a wall, "cultivate that beautiful, blind, trusting confidence in the face of proof; it will be very useful when I want to stay late at the club, and call it "visiting a sick friend."

"For I went on, heeding his comments, "if it had been you who worked that trick, it would not have been played again last night, and on your own father!"

"What?" cried Tom, utterly taken aback, while I laughed in triumph.

But the next moment my heart sank again, for his utter bewilderment seemed to suggest that the trick had been played for the first time without him. I turned away, full of doubt and misery.

"You wish to see your father," I said coldly.

But Tom interrupted me before I could get any further.

"No, I don't," he answered shortly. And again I was distressed by this sign of an uneasy conscience.

"You can take him these papers, and this note; it tells him all we have done during the day."

"Don't you want to know where he is, why he is not about?" asked I, surprised. Without waiting for an answer from Tom, who hung his head and looked rather abashed, I went on: "He is ill, really very ill; we had to send for the doctor, and he says so. I should think, Tom," I continued, anxious at all risks to "rub in" a little moral lesson, "that you are at least sorry your conduct has brought that about. You were always fond of your father, weren't you?"

"Yes," said he shortly, in a sort of strangled voice. "But he has been overdoing it lately. It isn't quite all the fault of the prodigal son," he added with a disaggreeable sneer in his tone. Then he sprang up suddenly from the floor. "Where's Mary?"

My face fell.

"I—I don't know. She went out about an hour ago, before you came, I am afraid—I think she went to see Hilary. But the strangest, the worst part of it is that the strange woman you and I both saw with Hilary went with her. They went in a boat, Emily said; and Mary had just changed a cheque."

I babbled this out very quickly, ashamed of having neglected the subject of Mary for so long. Tom took the news even more seriously than I had done.

"What madness! Mary is a born idiot!" he said contemptuously "I shall order the launch out and give chase. Down the river, I suppose?"

He was already at the door.

"I don't know. Won't you let me go too?"

"Make haste then. As soon as the steam is up I shall start, whether you are there or not."

Delighted to find that, whatever he might have done in the past, he was really striving to serve the poor girl now, I ran upstairs, made my excuses to Mrs Camden, to whom I entrusted the papers for Mr Marshall, and reached the little landing-stage in plenty of time for the start. Tom was looking moody and anxious, and he spoke very little.

"It is up the river they have gone, not down," I said briefly. "I asked Emily, who saw them start."

Tom received this intelligence with evident uneasiness, and gave the order to proceed slowly. It was rapidly growing dark, and we had to keep a sharp look-out for the little skiff—he on one side of the launch, and I on the other.

"They won't have gone very far, I expect," said Tom; "the tide is running out fast, and besides—the river is lonelier about here than it is higher up."

What did he fear then? Did he know more about this Dora Selton, her character and motives, than he pretended? I dared not ask him; for his face had clouded over with anxiety and suspicion which made him so unlike the Tom I knew that he seemed like a stranger.

We were on that wide reach of water, with flat shores, that is between Wandsworth and Putney. It is little frequented by pleasure-boats of the better sort; but the 'owl of the 'Arry from the four-oared tub he is doing his best to overturn frequently echoes in the trees of Hurlingham on the right bank. We passed the black hulks of a few barges coming down with the tide; except for these the river was deserted. The line of slime and mud left by the out running tide was growing wider on each side; the night shadows on the grey water were getting blacker; the air of this reach, always dreary, was more desolate than usual.

Suddenly I thought I heard a faint cry, and I shuddered. Tom, who heard it too after a moment's thought, gave directions to steam quickly to the left bank, which at this point was a mere waste of mud and barren, broken ground. Slackening speed when we were close on shore, he seized his opportunity, and regardless of the mud into which he at once sank ankle-deep, he scrambled on firmer ground and ran quickly along the bank.

I then perceived, a little way ahead of us, the skiff, of which we were in search, buried deep in the mud. There were two figures in it, the one standing, the other sitting; but at first in the gloom I could not distinguish which was which. As I leaned over the bow of the launch, straining my eyes in the gloom, there was another low cry. Getting accustomed to the darkness, and the launch being by this time nearer to the smaller boat, I was able to see that the sitting figure was Mary, who was crouching down on the seat, while leaning over her was the woman Dora Selton. The latter sprang erect as Tom came near, and, leaping out into the mud, made for the firm ground of the bank. After a short chase on the level ground, he came up with her, and by that time we had drifted near enough for me to notice a very curious thing.

Just as Tom seized the woman's arm with no gentle hand, she turned round upon him like an animal brought to bay, and uttered half-a-dozen words in a tone the fierceness of which struck me even at a distance too great for me to distinguish the words.

I saw Tom stagger back as if he had been struck, and the woman, without further hindrance on his part, walked away.

What could she have said to him?

TO BE CONTINUED.

Nobody is ever glad to see the man who comes around when you have just made a mistake about something and tell you what he would have done in your place.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, Shiloh's Vitalizer is gauranteed to cure you. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

The Prince to His Mother.

The dispatch from the Prince of Wales to his mother, the Queen, announcing the death of his son and her grandson, the Duke of Clarence, was signed simply, "Bertie." What a volume there is in the little word! Putting royalty and all the trappings of imperialitm aside, it reveals between this matured man of the world and his mother a sweet and tender relationship that is beautiful. More than half a century has passed away since the loving diminutive was bestowed on him in his cradle within the royal walls of Windsor. Since then his name has been in many ways on the lips of millions of men, and through good repute and through bad the heir to the English throne, in joy and in sorrow, has always been to the good and motherly English queen "Bertie." The palace and the cottage are not so far apart when it comes down to real human nature.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

"August Flower"

Dyspepsia. There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, and Constipation we have ever used or [illegible] and I am troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

Indigestion.

Constipation

$3,500 IN REWARDS

The Canadian Agriculturist's Great Winter Literary Competition.

The Fifth Half Yearly Literary Competition for the winter of 1892, of THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, America's old and reliable Illustrated Family Magazine, is now open. The following splendid prizes will be given free to persons sending in the greatest number of words made out of letters contained in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." ☞ Everyone sending in a list of not less than 100 words will receive a valuable present of silverware.

1st Grand Reward.....$500 in Gold
2nd " " .....Grand Piano, valued at $500
3rd " " .....$250 in Gold
4th " " .....Organ valued at $300
5th " " .....$100 in Gold
6th " " .....Gent's Gold Watch full Jewelled
7th " " .....Ladies' Gold Watch full Jewelled
8th " " .....$50 in Gold
9th " " .....$25 in Gold
10 Rewards of $10 each.....$100
Next 20 prizes.—20 Silver Tea Sets, quadruple plate, warranted.
Next 50 prizes.—50 Silver Dessert Sets, warranted heavy plate
Next 100 prizes.—100 Silver Butter Dishes, &c., warranted heavy plate.
Next 500 prizes consists of Heavy Plated Silver Kettles, Butter Dishes, Fruit Baskets, Biscuit Jars, Sugar Shells, Butter Knives, &c., &c., all fully warranted, making a total of 689 splendid rewards, the value of which will aggregate $3500.

This grand Literary Competition is open to everybody everywhere. The following are the conditions:

1. The words must be constructed only from letters in the words, "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST," and must be only such as are found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, in the body of the book, none of the supplement to be used.

2. The words must be written in rotation and numbered 1, 2, 3 and so on, for facilitating in deciding the winners.

3. Letters cannot be used oftener than they appear in the words "THE ILLUSTRATED AGRICULTURIST." For instance, the word "egg" cannot be used as there is but one "g" in the three words.

4. The list containing the largest number of words will be awarded first prize, and so on in order of merit. Each list as it is received will be numbered, and if two or more tie, the first received will be awarded first prize, and so on, therefore the benefit of sending in early will readily be seen.

5. Each list must be accompanied by $1 for six months subscription to THE AGRICULTURIST.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as Judges: J. C. MACDONALD, City Clerk, Peterborough, Canada, and COMMODORE CALCUTT, Peterborough.

OUR LAST COMPETITION.—"Got $1,000 prize all-right."—M. M Brandon, Vancouver, B.C. "Thanks for $500 prize."—G. W. Cunningham, Donald, B. C. "Prize received O. K."—J. D. Baptie, West Superior, Wis. "$300 prize received. Thanks."—J. Y. Robertson, Toronto; and 300 others, in United States and Canada.

This is NO LOTTERY—merit only will count. The reputation for fairness gained by THE AGRICULTURIST in the past is ample guarantee that this Competition will be conducted in like manner. Send 3c stamp for full particulars, to THE AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough Canada

REWARDS FOR BIBLE READERS.

Great Winter Competition of The Ladies Home Magazine.

QUESTIONS.—Where does the following words first appear in the Old Testament: "KNOWEDGE," "WITS," and "DOVE" Where does the following words first appear in the New Testament: "JUDEA," "FAME," and "KNOW?"

WEEKLY PRIZES.—Every week throughout this great competition prizes will be distributed as follows: The first correct answer received (the postmark date on each letter to be taken as the date received) at the office of the LADIES HOME MAGAZINE (each and every week during 1892) will get $300; the second correct answer, $100; the third $50; fourth, a beautiful silver service; fifth, five o'clock silver service, and the next 50 correct answers will get prizes ranging from $25 down to $2. Every fifth correct answer, irrespective of whether a prize winner or not, will get a special prize. Competitors residing in the southern states, as well as other distant points, have an equal chance with those nearer home, as the postmark will be our authority in every case.

RULES.—Each list of answers must be accompanied by $1 to pay for six months subscription to one of the best HOME MAGAZINES in America.

REFERENCES.—"THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE is well able to carry out its promises."—Peterborough (Canada) Times. "A splendid paper, and financially strong." —Hastings (Canada) Star. "Every prize winner will be sure to receive just what he is entitled to."—Norwood (Canada) Register. Money should be sent by post office order or registered letter. Address, THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE Peterborough, Canada.