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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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 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 fictitious signature.

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

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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.

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

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 10 a m.
Express west close at 10.20 a. m.
Express east close at 4 25 p. m.
Kentville close at 7 00 p. m.

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.

G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

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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
A DEW BARSS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 3 p. m., Sunday School at 2 p. m., and the Pastor's Bible Class (open to all) at 7 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. 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, 3d and 5th at 8 a. m.; 2d and 4th at 11 a. m. Service every Friday at 7.30 p. m.
REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

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

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.

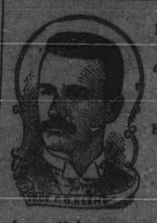
APPLE TREES for SALE.

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!
KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.



Principal of the Commercial Department of Kent's Hill Seminary, says:

A well-known PHYSICIAN RECOMMENDED

Skoda's Discovery

for my wife, which she has taken with the most satisfactory results. This led me to try Skoda's German Soap, as I was troubled a great deal with a sensitive face which shaving would irritate.

Skoda's German Soap

has entirely rid me of this trouble. For softening and clearing up the skin one has only to try it to appreciate its superiority over all others.

Skoda's Discovery

makes you eat, it makes you sleep, it makes you well. 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.

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

DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

DE FAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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

HARRIS, C. 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 Tobacconist.

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

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

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

EXTREME DEBILITY AFTER THE GRIP.

Mr. Peter Lingley, Councillor, Petersville, Queens Co., N. B., says:

"Oct. 21, 1892.—Last winter I had a very severe attack of the Grip, which left me *very feeble* and *reduced in flesh*. I had no appetite, and was *so nervous I could not sleep*. I was under Doctors' treatment for months, but received no benefit. My friends thought I had consumption and I got so low that they were *expecting my death* at any day. As a last resort they decided to try

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC,

of which bottles

Rapidly Restored Me To Health.

I slept well, my appetite was restored and I soon became *stronger, stouter and more vigorous* than I had been for years. I cannot speak too highly of this medicine, as I feel that

I Owe My Life to its Virtues.

Mr. Isaac G. Stevens, Gate Keeper I. C. R. Depot, St. John, N. B. says: I was with Mr. Lingley during his severe illness and was daily expecting to have to notify his relatives of his death.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers for 50 cts. per bottle. 3 bottles $1.25

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

"HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure all Stomach ills."

For Service.

The thoroughbred Jersey Bull, "Luther," No. 257, will be at the stables of Aubrey Brown, Wolfville, until further notice.

Grand Pre, Dec. 8, 1893.

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 heart; 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 me here, giving equal satisfaction.

J. B. SUTHERLAND Druggist, River John, N.S.

Sold Everywhere, 25c. each.

POETRY

Contrasts.

If the world were filled with gladness,
And no suffering could be,
And if hearts from toil and sadness
Forever should be free,
Would life be more worth living,
Or the days more happy seem;
Would we then care more for giving
To dark lives a brighter gleam?

Would joy for us be brighter
Did we know no anxious thought,
Would ever rest seem lighter
Than after care is brought?

If all the birds of summer
With song our hearts could cheer,
Would the notes of a new-comer
Sound as welcome to the ear;
Would the morning song it raises
To the world from here and there
So thrill us with its praises
As its music fills the air?

And were summer air o'erlaid
With fragrance from each flower,
Would we care then for the shade
Of some blossom-scented bower?

If all the arch of Heaven
With heavy clouds were veiled,
Or the blue sky were not riven,
And no storm-clouds o'er it sailed,
Would the floating mists seem whiter—
More lovely, or the blue
To us appear then brighter
Than to see the cloud-forms too?

And if no friend were nearer,
But each to all were friends,
Would love be any dearer
Than the charm which now it lends?

No, in all it is the contrast,
Each in its given sphere,
That makes the harmonies which cast
Their beauties everywhere.
'Tis the sweet that makes the bitter,
And the bitter makes the sweet,
'Tis in gloom we see the glitter,
After night the day we greet.

Oft 'mid gladsome hours come sorrows,
Into sunshine shadows steal,
So throughout the days and morrows
Each thing others will reveal.

SELECT STORY.

GOOD BYE;

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

CHAPTER I.

The crowded court was hushed and quiet—not a soul moved so much as a finger. The judge, grave and stern, sat motionless—keen-eyed counsel were on the alert—fashionable ladies held their breath, while in some lovely eyes the scalding tears rose and fell fast over lovely cheeks out of pity for the unspeakable anguish on the face of the fair girl at the barrister's table below.

The awful stillness lasted but for a moment, and as the jury began to file into their box, a sound between a shiver and a sob crept through the court, and all eyes turned toward those who had come to bring the verdict which, to three lives in that place, would be of far graver import than if it were one of life or death.

And oh! what agonized faces did the three principal actors in the drama turn in the direction of the jury—the wife and husband, and he who had been the chosen friend of both! The wife but a couple of hours ago had stood forth and, denying the charges against her, had in a choking voice declared that she had never in all her life given word or thought of love to any man except her husband; the husband had given his evidence unwillingly enough, yet his very hesitation had carried conviction with it to more than one half-sympathetic heart, conviction of the wife's guilt, that is.

After her had come the third actor in the pitiful drama, and he had stood up like a man, hotly denying that he had ever wronged his friend or his friend's wife by a look, by a word, by a thought, and had boldly declared that the fatal letter which his friend had opened had not been written to Mrs Adair at all, but to another lady—the lady, in fact, whom he hoped would ultimately become his wife—and how it had come to be addressed to Mrs Adair he did not know. Yes, he did sometimes write to Mrs Adair, mere notes, answers to invitations or such trifling matters, but never as a secret from her husband, never on his word of honor as a gentleman.

No, he did not think it possible that he could have put it in the wrong envelope because he had not written to Mrs Adair at all during that week—therefore he could not conjecture how it had happened.

He had been asked whether he denied that the handwriting of the envelope was his? No, he replied that it looked uncommonly like his, and admitted that if he had been shown the envelope casually he should have said that it was his handwriting. But he would positively swear that he had never written or spoken one word to her which all the world, especially her husband, might not have seen and heard.

So, with some additional evidence from Mrs Adair's own maid, the case stood when the jury returned into court to give their verdict, and a death-like silence fell upon the persons therein assembled.

It was broken by the solemn questions put to and answered by the foreman of the jury—and after he had spoken it lasted for full two minutes longer, two minutes that seemed like hours.

The great counsel who had defended Mrs Adair uttered an exclamation of disgust and turned to speak to his client—"I shall give notice of appeal when the time comes," he said in a vexed undertone—"you never know what clowns like these—" with a slight gesture towards the jury—"may or may not do. We must appeal."

"Appeal——" Mrs Adair echoed; she looked at him with wild and vacant eyes—"Appeal—what is that?"

"It's the only chance we have of upsetting this blundering verdict," he answered, "but I will see you in a day or two, Mrs Adair, and go into it all with you."

But Mrs Adair shook her head resolutely. "No," she said in a pained voice, "all the appeals in the world could not undo what has been done. Let it all go! I could not go through another day like this—I would rather die. I—I will go—away." She had been on the point of saying "home," but checked herself and substituted the other word for that tender one to which henceforward she would be a stranger. "You have done your best for me, and I thank you. And, Sir John—" more hesitatingly than before—"*if* you *can* believe that I am innocent, I would like you to do so. Whatever happens, it will always comfort me to think that you believe in me, that *any* one believed in me—" with a wild sob in her throat.

The great counsel had something very like tears in his eyes as he took her hand. "My dear lady—" he said with a sincerity that was unmistakable—"I believe in your innocence implicitly—*implicitly*. But, let me see you safely through the crowd and into your carriage. God knows," he added under his breath, "that I would do much more than that to help you, my poor child, if I could."

"You have been very good," she murmured in a dull hopeless tone. "Nay, you *are* very good. It will all come back to you some day. God bless you, Sir John. Good bye."

By this time they had reached the busy street, and the great counsel looked in vain for Mrs Adair's brougham. She saw the look and answered it. "No, a cab please. I did not care to keep the carriage waiting."

He hailed a cab and helped her into it, then leant forward after he had shut the doors and asked her a question.

"What are you going to do—when can I come and see you?"

She looked at him with her sad eyes and shook her head vaguely, hopelessly. "I don't know what I shall do; I don't know yet what will become of me," she said, "and why should I trouble you any more? You have done all that you could do for me, and I am grateful, oh! so grateful. But you and I have nothing in common now. Good-bye."

She held out her hand to him and he leant yet nearer towards her. "Mrs Adair," he said, "you told me that you had no money of your own—what will you do?"

"I did not mean that I was quite penniless," she answered with a wan smile. "I have about a hundred pounds left quite of my own. That will tide me over the immediate future. For the rest I cannot tell you, for I do not know myself what I am going to do."

"But in the time to come if you should want help of *any* kind," said Sir John earnestly, "you will come to me. Promise me that you will. My poor child, you have never known what it is to battle with the hard world—you will find it so much easier and lighter if you have a friend that you can trust. You will come to me if you are in any kind of difficulty, won't you?" You will let me know where you are—what you are doing? There are so many ways in which a man can help a woman."

She looked away over the horse's head as if she was trying to look into the future. "Yes," she said at last, "when I have found a resting-place I will let you know it. I can't say any more now, and—and I must go back to Grosvenor Street, please."

He released her hand, stepped back, gave the address to the cabman and waved his hand to her as the horse moved forward. Then he turned and went back into the building again, too pressed with work to have more than five minutes to spare, even for the woman whose case and whose personality had interested him more than he had ever been interested in all his life before. But he went back to his work with head and heart both full of the girl who had just lost the day.

"Heaven help that poor little woman," he said to himself, "and d—n the fool of a husband for his suspicions! He looked out up enough when those blockheads gave their verdict—the greater ass he for putting it in their power to give a verdict at all."

Mrs Adair, meantime, was driving along the Strand, that street of all others so full of busy human life, of men and women all hurrying along, none of them seeming to have time to give a word or thought of sympathy to the ruined hearts and hopes that they meet by the way. She was very wretched! She felt so old and worn, and she was still so young, only three-and-twenty two months ago!

Her thoughts went back to Sir John Wigram. "That is a good man—a good man," she said to herself, "and so kind, so considerate. I wonder what sort of a wife he has? I think she must be a happy woman."

She was still thinking of him when she drove up, for the last time, to the house which had been her happy home for five years, five happy years and two weary and wretched months. The servant who opened the door looked at her with respectful enquiry, and she answered the mute question in his eyes at once.

"I am going away in half-an-hour, Jenkins," she said in a strange hushed voice—"and I shall not come back here at all. To-morrow I daresay your master will come—he will settle everything with you and make arrangements for the house and so on."

She turned to go up the stairs, but the man followed her a step or two and coughed apologetically. "May I say, ma'am," he said, "that I am grieved—that we are all deeply grieved to lose so kind a mistress. We were hoping it might be otherwise, ma'am."

The man's tone touched her, she turned back with her hand on the oaken stair-rail. "And I also, Jenkins—" she sighed—"and I also. Well—" sighing again and with a hopeless gesture—"it was not to be. I hope you will get on well, all of you, you have been good servants to me, and I—I can do nothing for any of you, I cannot even give you a character now."

Her voice broke piteously, she turned and went quickly up the wide stairs, the steps up and down which she and Dick had gone hand in hand so many times together, with gay laughter and fond looks which were all over now, gone for ever into the past which was agony and anguish to remember had ever been.

They tell us that the English are stiff and cold, that nothing ever rouses the ordinary Englishman out of his decorous reserve. Perhaps it is so, but I know that Jenkins the plain serving man, who was no longer young and had never been troubled by even the very smallest touch of romance in all his life, who was staid and old-fashioned to a degree, I do know that as soon as his young mistress was out of sight, he bent down and kissed the handrail just where her little cold hand had rested. Then, as if ashamed of his little exhibition of feeling, he hurried away to his pantry, where he stood shaking his head at the rows of glasses, and muttering darkly—"Oh! Master Richard—Master Richard, you've done this day what you will rue to the end of time—oh, Master Richard, how could you do it—how could you do it?"

In less than half-an-hour he heard Mrs Adair coming downstairs, and he went into the hall to meet her. "I have set tea in the boudoir, ma'am," he said in an everyday respectful tone as if he had never given way to a burst of feeling in all his life, and she was but going out to pay an afternoon visit and would assuredly be back by dinner time.

"Thank you, Jenkins," she said, "but I cannot wait for it. Call me a cab, if you please."

"But you will take something, ma'am, before you go out," he urged, laying aside his deference in his anxiety.

"No, Jenkins, thank you—I would rather not have anything here. Yes, a cab at once please—Thanks."

Her tone admitted of no delay, of no remonstrance, and Jenkins went out into the fast-fading day and whistled sharply. A moment later Mrs Adair had looked her last on her home, and as she passed out of the door, her maid came running down with a small portmanteau and a rather shabby little dressing bag. "Give them to Jenkins," Mrs Adair said—"and go straight in doors, Marie—no need to make your cold worse—Good bye—" then she stopped and held out her hand to Jenkins.

"You will say good bye to all the others for me, Jenkins," she said—"I could not bear to see them all—I have left a remembrance for each of you with Marie—Good-bye, Jenkins, good-bye."

She pressed a bit of rustling paper into his hand and got quickly into the cab—"Drive to No. 00 Jermyn Street," she said; and then the driver gave a jerk to the reins, and the next moment Jenkins was standing alone on the doorstep, looking after the retreating vehicle.

No. 00 Jermyn Street," he repeated—"She's going to see *him!* Well, Master Richard, I've never been afraid of man, woman nor child in all my life yet, but I'd rather that you had to face her than me, that's all. And if ever I gets hold of Rosalie Vallin there'll be a heavy reckoning to settle, and I mean to settle it."

CHAPTER II.

In less than ten minutes the cab stopped at the door of No. 00 Jermyn Street, the house where Richard Adair had taken chambers after leaving his own home in Grosvenor Street.

"Can you wait for me?" Mrs Adair asked—"I shall not be long—not many minutes."

"Oh! yes, lady," he answered cheerfully, "as long as ever you like."

She rang the bell and the summons was answered by a quiet-looking young man.

"Is Mr Adair here?" she asked.

The young man hesitated. "Well, ma'am," he answered, "Mr Adair is at home; but I don't think he will see any one to-day."

"I think he will see me. I come on business," she said coldly. "Stay, I will write a line to him."

She went into the house and scribbled a few words on a leaf of her pocket-book which she tore out and twisted into a semblance of a note. "Give that to Mr Adair," she said, "I will wait here."

The young man departed quickly on his mission, returning almost immediately saying—"Mr Adair will see you, ma'am, if you will walk this way."

She followed him with an outward appearance of calmness although her limbs were shaking under her and her face was ashen white. She walked into the room, a handsome room flooded with rich light from the fire and from two red shaded lamps. She was conscious that the door had been closed behind her, and that she was alone with the man who had been her husband, and whom, God help her, she loved still with all her heart and soul.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

What Makes Successful Men.

The most successful merchants and manufacturers to-day are those who served a conscientious apprenticeship in their chosen business. The successful man of to-day was not the shirk of 25 years ago. He was the young man who made himself useful and invaluable, and filled his place so well that a week's absence made such a vacancy that he was missed from his post. The successful man of to-day was not the young man who tried to kill time, who tried to earn his salary by the least exertion, and who did not have the interest of his employer at heart.

There are hundreds of practical illustrations of the above assertions. We might mention one of the most successful paper manufacturers in New England, who died some years ago one of the wealthiest men of Fitchburg, who worked while a lad for two brothers who had formed a partnership in the paper manufacturing business at Franklin, N. H. He was a quiet, industrious, conscientious lad, who had been well brought up. He did not share in the levity and nonsense of the other boys about the mill. He attended church regularly on the Sabbath and behaved himself every day in the week. When the other boys would guy him about his church going habits and even steal his shoes and hide them, he would go on just the same, barefooted. He turned neither to the right nor to the left from his path of duty. What was the result?

After he had been in their employ for several years, one of the brothers came to him and said: "Young man, my brother and I do not get along well together, and we have decided to dissolve partnership, and I should like to buy out my brother's interest and sell it to you, making any reasonable terms for payment, and you and I will build up a large business." The young man said he felt complimented at this manifestation of confidence and would take the matter into consideration.

The very next day he was called aside by the other brother, and was told that existing relations between the two brothers was not exactly what they should be, and that he had formed the idea of either buying out the entire plant or starting elsewhere, and would like to have the young man join him in the enterprise, the members of the firm agreeing to furnish the capital and make easy terms of payment. The young man was somewhat bewildered by the two offers, and, feeling that it might result in some embarrassment to him to accept either of them, he gave reasonable and left the employ of the firm at Franklin, going to Fitchburg, where he soon worked his way up as a manager and owner of paper mills, and finally as one of the most successful paper manufacturers in New England.

Such instances are not rare, and should serve as example to the rising generation so to inspire them to work for the best interests of their employers feeling sure that if their present employers do not fully appreciate their services, they are attracting the attention of other manufacturers, and, at the same time, educating themselves for higher positions in other concerns. The young man who fools away his time, who fritters away his opportunities, is cheating himself. This is a crime equally as that of cheating his neighbor. Real worth never fails of appreciation.

The Happy Home.

I have peeped into quiet parlors where the carpet is clean and not old, the furniture is polished and bright, says Rev. John Hall, into rooms where the chairs are neat and the floor carpeted, into kitchens where the family live, and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and girls are as blithe and joyous as the sparrows overhead, and I see it is not so much wealth, or learning, or clothes, or servants, or toil, or idleness, or town, or country, or station, as it is tone and temper that render homes happy or wretched. And I see, too, that in town or country, good sense and kind feeling and God's grace make life what no teachers, or accomplishment, or means, or society can make it—the opening stave of an everlasting psalm—the fair beginning of an endless and blessed existence—the goodly, modest, well-proportioned vestibule to a temple of God's building that shall never decay or wax old or vanish away.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR

SPRAINS, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS & CUTS.