# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1894. No. 1.

Vol. XIV.



THE ACADIAN.

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TERMS:

**$1.00 Per Annum.**

(IN ADVANCE.)

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 comunications to

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


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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

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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.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary

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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.

**Coughing**

leads to Consumption. Stop the Cough, heal the Lungs and strengthen the System with

**Scott's Emulsion**

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites. It is palatable and easy on the stomach. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

**Don't be deceived by Substitutes!**

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.


## 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. E.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

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DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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Palpitation OF THE Heart, Nervous Exhaustion AND Stomach Trouble.

Rockland, Mass.

My daughter, Mrs. Mars, has been suffering from the above diseases for years, and employed all the

Leading Physicians

in Rockland and specialists in Boston, but got no relief. They said it was caused by a bad state of the blood. She could not sleep nights; bowels constipated, and palpitation of the heart so bad she could hardly walk. She has taken 4 bottles of

**Skoda's Discovery,**

and Skoda's Little Tablets. Now she can work every day, eat well and sleep soundly. I can never express my gratitude. MRS. S. E. CROWELL, Rockland, Mass.

Medical Advice Free.

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


## NOTICE.

FOR SALE—A colt, 3 years old, by "Sir Brenton," dam "Old Knox." Horsemen look after her; she bids fair to be a trotter.

W. J. BALOOM,

Wolfville, May 31st, 1894.

## FOR SALE.

One Boiler and Engine, near Berwick Station, of 40 horse power, nearly as good as new, which will be sold at a bargain and on easy terms. Apply to

MILLER BROS.,
116 & 118 Granville St.,
24—tf HALIFAX, N. S.


**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 though to the best of her knowledge she had never taken cold, 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.

### Don't Crowd.

Don't crowd! This world is large enough
For you as well as me;
The doors are open wide—
The realm of thought is free.
Of all earth's places, you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

What matter though you scarce can count
Your piles of golden ore,
While he can barely strive to keep
Gaunt famine from the door?
Of willing hands and honest hearts
Alone man should be proud!
Then give him all the room he needs,
And never try to crowd.

Don't crowd, proud miss! your dainty silk
Will glisten none the less
Because it comes in contact with
A beggar's tattered dress.
This lovely world was never made
For you and me alone;
A pauper has a right to tread
The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart
By fostering all that's bad;
But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had.
Be each day such a one
That you may well be proud!
Give each his right, give each his room,
And never try to crowd.

SELECT STORY.

## At the World's Mercy.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER XVII.—*Continued.*

"That night the wine was by my very bedside—I threw it away, for I dared not trust myself. As I lay awake excited and feverish, I could bear it no longer; some spark of spirit had come back to me now that this last outrage had shown me plainly that what they called my 'cure' was simply my ruin. I started from the bed, half dressed myself, opened one of the two windows, and tried to force the iron bars in front of it. I could not. I tried those before the other windows. I told you I was weak; but my firmness seemed to give me back some of my old strength. At last one of the bars gave way on one side. I forced myself through and let myself drop. It was too dark to see. I struck my head violently against a melon frame as I came to the ground, and fell insensible. When I came to myself, I was weak, giddy, and stiff with cold. I groped my way to the outer garden wall—of course the iron gates were locked. The wall was high; but, with the help of a fruit-tree nailed against it, I climbed to the top; growing giddy again, however, I fell from it—again insensible. At daybreak I was found lying outside by a passing laborer, who, in cruel compassion, rang the gate-bell, and saw me taken in once more to my prison.

"But, after that, either alarm or compunction made them treat me better. I was half dead from weakness, cold, and the injuries I had received in my two falls; and, while I was ill in bed, I was properly fed again, and tormented no more. Even when I got up, I was so weak and my cough was so bad that I suppose they thought they might trust to my dying quietly without the trouble of getting rid of me, for they left me alone still. Doctor Longton said he would write to my father as soon as I was 'fit to be moved'—Heaven knows what he meant by that, Guinny, unless he meant as soon as my coffin was ready. He added that, although he could not yet answer for my being completely cured, yet my desperate attempt at escape had much grieved him, as he had always endeavored to treat his patients with as much consideration as was compatible with such a necessarily severe course of treatment. I did not believe him, Guinny, and I had made up my mind to disappear quietly off the face of the earth, with that scoundrel's tender cares to soothe my last moments,' when Eugene Barach called. In my abject wretchedness I was foolish enough to look upon him as the cause of all I had suffered, and to imagine that he had come to see how soon his miserable rival would be out of the way. I flung the taunt in his face, and—Guinny, forgive me—I struck him. He bore with me nobly, yet without any ostentation of pity; and, when he was gone, I was forced to own to myself how much worthier of you he was than I had ever been or could be. He came again, and got me out, as you know; and, when I had asked his pardon and acknowledged my wretched jealousy, and tried to congratulate him upon having won you, he told me that I was mistaken—that you had owned your love to me. Oh, Guinevere, it was almost too much for me! Then he explained that meeting in the Museum, and ended by saying that you—you, my lovely, loving, true-hearted darling—were pining away for me. I could scarcely believe him."

He raised his eyes and looked long into mine, and, as he looked, his last doubt melted away.

Hubert recovered so quickly from the terrible depression into which he had been crushed down that, in my joy at hearing his old light-hearted laugh and impetuous speeches, I almost overlooked the fact that his strength did not come back too. But my blindness did not last long. Most of his time he passed on the sofa; even the light fatigue of a drive soon proved too much for him—and then that terrible cough!

I was with him constantly. Mr Godfrey had told me, with tears in his eyes, that my duties in the schoolroom were at an end, that I must stay at Hawkstone now, no longer as governess, but as a daughter. He never would acknowledge that his son's weakness was more than a temporary consequence of what he had suffered in the Retreat; and one day, when he was sitting with Hubert and me, he asked jocularly when the wedding was to be.

Hubert blushed as deeply as I did, and said, with a twitching face, that he must wait until he could walk to church.

"Besides, father, I haven't even got the lady's consent yet."

His father, rather disturbed by the meaning he could not help seeing in his son's answer, looked at me.

"You won't be very hard-hearted, will you, Miss Ver—no, Guinevere?"

The tears were running down my cheeks.

"No, Mr Godfrey."

He turned his eyes hastily from my tearful face, and continued—

"Of course you will be strong again in a month or two, my boy. Still I think you will have to give up the hunting this year, at least for the first part of the season, and go away and nurse yourself in some warm corner—at Cannes, for instance. And, if you cannot get this cruel little lady to go with you—"

"Oh, Mr Godfrey!" I faltered.

"Well, well, I dare say you will relent," he muttered; and, with a hasty excuse, he left the room.

I was drying my eyes as quickly as I could, when Hubert left his sofa and came to me.

"Don't cry, darling. He is only trying to deceive himself, you know; he sha'n't tease you again. I'll tell him you have promised to see me as far as possible on—my journey," said he, with grave playfulness.

"Oh, Hubert, I won't be left behind!" I burst out, clinging to him. "Do you think I could live without you—that I can go groping on in this dreary, dreary world all alone?" I sobbed, my firmness and self-possession utterly gone.

He waited a minute before he answered, not very firmly—

"No, Guinny; I believe I should wish you to die too if I thought you would be left all alone. But I think there will be some one left to protect and care for—my darling."

I started away from him, and cried bitterly—

"Then you are quite ready to yield me up?"

"I wish to Heaven I could say 'Yes,' Guinevere!" said he passionately. "Do you think it is easy for me to give up all the hopes and joys that I have lived on almost ever since I have known you, even although they are quickly passing out of my reach—yes, quicker and quicker every day? But I should be a wretch not to try to conquer my vain longings, and, please Heaven, I will." Then his tone grew soft as he looked at my bent head and heaving frame. "I believe you think me cruel, my darling—me, your old soft-hearted Hubert. But it was you who taught me to be a man, with all the tenderness of a sister, and I want you not to be ashamed of—your brother."

I hung my head still lower; but he raised it and gently kissed my forehead, and soothed me into the semblance of resignation. After that day something like reverence mingled with my love for him.

Soon after his return he wrote to Tom, who come back direct from Paris in answer. Tom's self reproach, when he saw his brother, was painful to see. When his father had written to say that Hubert had taken to his old habits with tenfold violence, he had honestly thought that to place him under supervision would be the best thing for him for a time; but now, after hearing the account of his brother's treatment, Tom's instant cry was for proceedings against Doctor Longton. He consulted a lawyer the very next day; but the doctor had been so careful and cunning that no proof of cruelty or unlawful detention could be brought against him. However, Tom disappeared one morning, and did not turn up until the evening of the following day, when he sauntered into the drawing-room with a broken hunting-whip in his hand. He took no notice of the inquiries as to where he had been, until Mrs Godfrey asked what the whip was for.

"It's for nothing now," he answered, "unless any one would like it as a *souvenir* of a neat thing in scoundrels."

Hubert started up and clapped his brother on the back with now unusual energy.

"Thanks, Tom. I'd have given worlds to have done it myself—but that's the next best thing."

"What is the matter? What have you done?" cried Mrs Godfrey, alarmed.

"I have been paying a visit to Doctor Longton," said Tom calmly. "And, as I was told the law couldn't touch him, I took with me something that could."

"Thrashed him? Well done, Tom!" cried his father, "I'd have done it—if, if I hadn't felt that I couldn't bear to go near the place."

"But won't he have you up for assault?"

"No hope of that, Mrs Godfrey. If he were to, I'd show him up as no blackguard—I beg your pardon, I should say miscreant—ever got shown up before. He knows better. But I haven't done with him yet."

And not many months afterwards Tom told me with a chuckle that Doctor Longton had disappeared from Buckinghamshire, and that he was afraid he had forgotten to leave his address.

Meanwhile the great shadow that hung over those peaceful weeks, when Hawkstone seemed a purer place than it had ever been before, grew blacker and blacker. Mr Godfrey spoke no more of weddings; he knew now well enough what the next solemnity would be in which Hubert would bear a silent part. I knew what was coming; yet, when, after having given up going down stairs and taken to a sitting-room next his bed room, the morning came when they told me he was too weak to leave his bed, I fainted away. All day long now I sat by his bedside, and far into the night. They had to drag me away to rest sometimes. At last—I don't know how long it lasted—I lost count of the days, and I don't remember what they told me—we had to watch by him at night. They would not let me watch there always—he said I must have rest. Rest! I had no rest except in the chair by his bedside; but, when I might not watch, I lay tossing on a couch in the next room. At last he grew so weak that he could scarcely do more than smile at me and whisper, and every cough shot through my heart and made me quiver, lest the exertion should have exhausted the feeble life in him.

One day I was alone with him, watching with wistful greedy eyes the wasted face lying on the pillow; I thought he was asleep, and when he slept my eyes scarcely left his face. I was haunted by a feverish thought that if I turned my eyes away, even for a moment, some spell which hung over his life would be broken, and I should look again to find him—gone. At last his eyelids quivered, and in the still room I heard an awful warning sound that made me tremble. No time to summon the others. I put my arm around him and raised his head, while he struggled for breath.

"Lift me higher, higher; hold me in your arms, Guinny," he whispered faintly.

I did so, knowing, with agony that I could scarcely restrain, that it was for the last time. After a minute, he seemed to recover a little strength, and looked up into my eyes with a loving trustful happiness that transfigured him. I had not thought of Heaven—poor miserable wretch that I was—I had thought of nothing but losing him. But, as he looked at me then, my poor, weak, loving, mortal Hubert, my thoughts went up awe-struck to Heaven and the angels.

"I have never deserved this, Guinny to die in your arms! Thank Heaven!"

His head fell forward. I stood quite still, supporting him, waiting. But he never moved. Surely he was not—dead! No, it could not be, for I felt him trembling in my arms; and yet, and yet—was it my own arms only that were trembling? I felt for the first time that the weight I was supporting was almost too much for my strength. Blind for a moment with the mist in my eyes, I pressed my lips to his, but they never moved. Then I looked into his eyes, and knew that the light had gone out of them for ever, that, gaze as I might, call, kiss as I would, I could not kiss back life into the white face that I held to my throbbing heart—nothing but unresponsive clay. As I looked, I seemed to myself to be growing stiff and dead too, till his arm fell heavily down from my shoulder; and then I laughed and shrieked and shuddered, and laid him down, and then——

They found me on the floor beside his bed, writhing and moaning—I had lost my senses. I remember something of the nightmare I lived in after that—that I was pursued by voices and by two hideous faces, one Mrs Fitzgerald's, the other I knew to be that of Doctor Longton, whom I had never seen. And I became pursuer in my turn, and fled shrieking through all sorts of rough and rugged places, until I had hunted them down and crushed them and mangled them with savage feet and fingers. Only sometimes Hubert's face, just as I had seen it in his last look at me, would shine out upon me and stop me; and then it would fade away, and I would be hunter or hunted once more.

When I came to myself again, Hubert was under the ground. Worse than all the rest was that dreary reawakening to the world. They were all very, very kind. When I asked if I had been ill, Mrs Godfrey stammered and hesitated; then I knew that I had been out of my mind, and I grew shy and afraid of myself, and would steal off to the cemetery on the common where my darling was buried, and remain there until they sent to fetch me home. For Mr Godfrey told me gently—he was kinder to me than my own father had ever been—that Hawkstone was my home now, and I was to do just what I liked. I did not know, as I tried to thank him, whether it was most sweet or bitter to me to be in the house where Hubert's face seemed to start out of every corner, and Hubert's footfall to sound on every stair. My mind had not quite recovered yet, I suppose; for, as I sat by Hubert's grave, I could not realise that it was not he, actually he, living, breathing, as I had known him, who was down there buried under my feet, out of my reach. It seemed that, if I could only scrape and dig and gnaw away the earth at the foot of the horrible stone that said "Sacred to the Memory"—the memory only?—"of Hubert Godfrey," I should find him, and not a thing I should shudder to look upon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

One evening Mr Godfrey—I liked him better than any one at Hawkstone now, even than Tom—told me that I must have a change; that they were going to take me away with them to Switzerland, and Elsie was to be asked to come too—I might have her down to Hawkstone as soon as I liked now.

He did not know what a pang the thought of tearing myself from all that remained of Hubert and reminded me of him gave me. That evening I asked Tom—I don't know why I chose Tom for the question—why Elsie had not been to see me.

"Because we would not let her come," said he. "We told her what a shock poor Hubert's death had given you, and that the doctor thought it best for you to be quite quiet for a short time; but she has been half distracted about you."

"Then during that time, when I was—ill, didn't I see anybody? I seem to have seen so many people."

"Yes, we all saw you—my father the oftenest."

"Tell me—nobody but you will speak out—was I violent? Did I shriek and cry? I had such terrible dreams."

"Why, yes; you used to get very much excited; and, when you were so, it was curious that my father was the only person that could calm you. Sometimes you used to take him for—Hubert."

"And, tell me, I suppose I never really saw that hateful Doctor Longton or Mrs Fitzgerald?"

Tom's face changed.

"Did you think you saw them?"

"Yes," said I, curiously adding, "Did I?" as I saw a sudden expression of gratified malice on Tom's face.

"Why, yes, one of them! That harpy had the brass to come down to condole with us. My father would not see her; even Leila was shy with her—for madame has shown a little feeling at last. Mrs Fitzgerald insisted upon seeing you; but—— Shall I tell you? Perhaps you won't like to hear it?"

"Yes, yes."

"When she came into the room where you were, you flew at her like a little fiend, and accused her of killing Hubert in words that stung even her. After that, she slunk out of the house as if convicted at last; and she has since gone abroad. Do you know I was never more delighted to hear of anything than that little outbreak of yours? She could ward off my sarcasms, but there was no parrying that. So now you and I have paid off at least part of the reckoning against those two demons. Do you know that she almost got my father to cut Hubert quite out of his will when he was sent to the Retreat? And she would have done the same for me as soon as she got a chance. But I don't think she will meddle with any of us again," snarled Tom.

But I was shocked by what he had told me, and he turned the conversation.

"Would you like Elsie to come to you now?"

"No, no, not yet; I should only make her miserable," said I.

We said no more about it; but I felt, from something in his look, how selfish my grief was, and for one day I forced myself not to go to the churchyard.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Mrs. J. H. HORSNYDER, 152 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz, Cal., writes:

"When a girl at school, in Reading, Ohio, I had a severe attack of brain fever. On my recovery, I found myself perfectly bald, and, for a long time, I feared I should be permanently so. Friends urged me to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, on doing so, my hair

**Began to Grow,**

and I now have as fine a head of hair as one could wish for, being changed, however, from blonde to dark brown."

"After a fit of sickness, my hair came out in combfulls. I used two bottles of

**Ayer's Hair Vigor**

and now my hair is over a yard long and very full and heavy. I have recommended this preparation to others with like good effect."—Mrs. Sidney Carr, 1460 Regina st., Harrisburg, Pa.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years and always obtained satisfactory results. I know it is the best preparation for the hair that is made."—C. T. Arnett, Mammoth Spring, Ark.

**Ayer's Hair Vigor**

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

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy