

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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No. 40.

THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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The Acadian Job Printers are constantly receiving new type and machinery, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.
New 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 under a fictitious signature.
Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
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Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor closes at 6:15 a.m.
Express west close at 9:50 a.m.
Express east close at 3:50 p.m.
Kentville close at 6:35 p.m.
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Open from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p.m.
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Churches.
BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. T. Trotter, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p.m. Half hour prayer-meeting after evening service every Sunday. B. Y. F. U. Young People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock and regular church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Woman's Mission A.M.S. Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 5:30 p.m.
CHURCH OF THE HOLY COMMUNION.—Rev. J. M. Macdonald, M.A., Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville; Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a.m. and at 7 p.m. Sunday School at 3 p.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Chalmers' Church, Lower Horton. Public Worship on Sunday at 2 p.m. Sunday School at 10 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Joseph Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a.m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the week services are held at 7:30. The service at 8 p.m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesdays.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Holy Communion at 10:30 a.m.; 2d, 4th and 6th at 10 a.m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 a.m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 a.m.
REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storrs, Warden.
S. J. Rutherford, Organist.

ST. FRANCIS (C.O.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P.—Mass 11:00 a.m. the fourth Sunday of each month.
Masonic.
ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M. meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock, p.m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S.O.T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.
FOREMANS.
Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third days of each month at 8 p.m.

White is King of All.
White Sewing Machine Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.
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FOR SALE BY—
Howard Pineo,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
B. Machine, Needles and Oil.
Rines and Organs repaired. 25

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Men and Women who can work hard and writing six hours daily, for \$10 a week, and will be content on dollar basis weekly. Address
WIDEAS CO., Bradford, Ont.

Crystal Palace Block!
Fresh and Salt Meats,
Hams, Bacon, Bologna,
Sausages, and all kinds
of Poultry in stock.
Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.
W. H. DUNSONSON,
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895. 11
Ninards Linctum for Rheumatism.



NEW GOODS!

We are all ready for
Our Friends and Customers,
—WITH THE FINEST ARRAY OF—
Spring Suitings,
that has ever been shown in
KINGS COUNTY.
Our duty alone on Scotch and English
Cloths was nearly \$1000.00.
That means the largest import order given
in Nova Scotia this year.
—Will you benefit by it?
Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

Wolfville Clothing Company,
NOBLE CRANDALL,
MANAGER.
TELEPHONE NO. 35.

A DRESS FOR \$1.49!

6 Yards of Double Width Summer Dress Goods for \$1.49.

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61 BARRINGTON ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

Wah Hop,
CHINESE LAUNDRY,
Wolfville, N. S.,
First-class Work Guaranteed.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.
"LAND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE
On and after Tuesday, 1st June, 1897, the Steamship and train service of this Railway will be as follows:
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE.
(Sunday excepted.)
Express from Kentville.....5:35, a.m.
Express "Halifax".....9:10, a.m.
Express "Yarmouth".....3:50, p.m.
Express "Halifax".....11:30, a.m.
Accom. "Richmond".....11:30, a.m.
Accom. "Annapolis".....11:25, a.m.
TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE.
(Sunday excepted.)
Express for Halifax.....5:35, a.m.
Express "Yarmouth".....9:10, a.m.
Express "Halifax".....3:50, p.m.
Accom. "Annapolis".....11:30, a.m.
Accom. "Halifax".....11:35, a.m.
Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.
Royal Mail Steamship Prince Rupert Daily Service (Sunday Excepted).
St. John and Digby.
Leaves St. John, 8:00 a.m.; arrive in Digby, 11:50 a.m.; leave Digby 1:00 p.m.; arrive St. John 4:00 p.m.
Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time.
W. R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.
K. SUTHERLAND,
Superintendent.

LOOK!

There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat-store in
Crystal Palace Block!
Fresh and Salt Meats,
Hams, Bacon, Bologna,
Sausages, and all kinds
of Poultry in stock.
Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.
W. H. DUNSONSON,
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895. 11
Ninards Linctum for Rheumatism.

POETRY.

Only.
KATE L. WHEELER.
It was only a gleam of sunshine
After a day of gloom,
Yet it brought its warmth and blessing
To a dreary, darkened room.
It was only a strain of music
Wafted upon the air,
Yet a heart caught up its meaning,
Till peace was a sovereign there.
It was only a smile of welcome
And a loving clasp of the hand,
Yet it made the world an Eden
To one who could understand.
It was only a word, low spoken,
To a spirit burdened case,
Yet the angels sang: "Good tidings,
For it saved a soul at last."

SELECT STORY.

Wildmere.

(CONTINUED.)
CHAPTER II.
MISSING.
When she had gone a strange loneliness seemed to fall upon the place. It was always as when she had been with him for a while. He had not thought of it; he had only felt it.
He watched her until the fluttering pink skirt was quite lost to view and then he turned toward home. The woods in which they had spent the morning was a pretty strip that ran up one side and crowned the top of a low hill.
As he emerged from it into the road that lay along the edge of the wood and across the hill, Wildmere was spread like a picture before him.
The grand old mansion, with its towers and turrets and gables, its clinging balconies and long pillared verandahs, its deep, wide doorways and rows of irregular windows, rested upon a high somewhat higher than those about it, and wide, graceful terraces swept down to the lake which had been carried round the hill so that the mansion with its mighty old trees and tangles of flowers was like a wonderful gem in a setting of burnished silver.
Beautiful rustic bridges were thrown across the lake in the narrow places. Strong old stone bridges most of them were, that looked with their burdens of

treasures and ferns and vines as if they had been formed by nature when the world was young.

There were picturesque boat houses along the shore, and clusters of trees whose tops were lost in a tangle of trumpet vine and wild grape. There were ferny, flowery dingles and grassy banks and shady dells. There were green meadows and gardens and meadows spread out beyond the lake on every side. A strange, fascinating, old world look hung about the place.
It was so big and restful and dreamy that it seemed out of place in busy, bustling America.
But no American had ever been master here. The first eccentric owner had begun the mansion and the grounds, and those who followed him changed nothing that he had done except adding whatever fancy dictated. And now the quaint, irregular mansion would have perished an architect and delighted an artist.
Maurice was not a painter but he was not devoid of artistic taste. He loved the beautiful. And now he stood in the roadway and looked upon the home which was to be his own. His heart swelled with pride and his eyes brightened.

He was a home-loving man, and his mother lived in their cramped city quarters, she working and he studying, he had always before him the picture of a home that he should work for by and when he was ready for the stage, his chosen profession.
And then Howard Drayton had met and loved his mother. She had exerted a strong influence over the master of Wildmere. His love had been a sort of passionate fascination, and he readily consented to make her his heir in Wildmere in case no child should be born to them.
Mrs. Drayton had died within two years, but she had seen the will that had been made in favor of her son.
Maurice had been urged by his step-father to give up his profession and devote himself to the business of the estate. After a sharp struggle with himself Maurice had yielded.
He had travelled in his own and foreign lands, and had come home to find within the very shadow of Wildmere the fairest face his eyes had ever seen. And his beauty-loving soul bowed before Lois Annesley and he offered her all he had to give. She would be mistress of Wildmere some day. No wonder his heart swelled with pride as he looked upon his fair inheritance.
"Maurice."
His face flushed a little. He had not heard the sound of the pony's feet on the sandy road.
"Why, Lois, I was not expecting this pleasure. I thought you were at home by this time." He went up to her as she sat in the pretty phaeton. "You knew I was out?"
"Yes, Dimple told me; I saw her just a while ago."
He smiled a little. Dimple would have time to get home and put too pink dress away!
"Was she here?"
"Oh, no. She was walking in the wood. I had stopped here to admire Wildmere. Isn't it lovely from this spot?"
She turned her eyes away and let them move slowly over the beautiful picture.
"It is indeed; quite the prettiest place I ever saw. But then I have seen so few! I've never been away, you know."
"But you are going very soon," he said quietly, for there was something like discontent in the sweet, cold voice.
"But I really don't believe you will ever find anything more beautiful than Wildmere," he went on, a little wistful look creeping into his blue eyes. "It always seemed very grand to me," she said, leaning forward and gazing at the wonderful picture. "I wonder to come here and look at it and wonder what life over there was like. I wanted to be rich, even then, you know. I could pay any price for wealth—give up anything for luxury."
"Yes, I know," he said, a strange feeling of pain tugging at his heart. "I've been poor and I don't like it—nobody does."
"I don't know. It seems to me that father and Dimple never mind it.

do?"
"Nothing."
"They were in the great dim hall now."
"Then I'll be back in no time ready for my cozy dinner," Maurice said hurrying away.
She was waiting when he entered the dining-room. In one of the deep windows stood a small table laid for a late dinner.
"You have not dined?" he asked in surprise.
She laughed softly and took her place at the table.
She was a handsome girl with a dark oriental face and great heavy lidded black eyes and a beautiful loving mouth. Just now her eyes were soft as the starlit darkness of a summer night. But Mr. Drayton's beautiful ward might have been as plain and poor as Mr. Westerman, the housekeeper, so far as her beauty or wealth affected Maurice. He had grown accustomed to her manner—the half worshipful look in her dusky eyes, the caressing tone in her rich voice.
She talked to him now in her graceful way, but she ate almost nothing, and the dinner was a short one.
"I must go to the Pater," Maurice said laying down his napkin.
"I have not seen him to-day—it is such a journey to his rooms," Yashti said going over to him.
"I hope he isn't worse. Don't you think he has looked more worn and broken lately?" Maurice asked.
"Yes, Maurice, you'll soon be here." She looked at him with a life in her eyes.
"Don't say that," Maurice commanded sternly, leaving the room.
She stood still for a moment, and then throwing out her hands toward the door he had just closed a low wailing cry escaped her.
"If only he loved me," she said hopelessly sinking down upon the floor and burying her face in her hands.
"What a good woman I must be—how I could warm and brighten his life! Oh, how I love him! And he has given himself to Lois Annesley. What does she care for him? It is Wildmere that she wants. It is for Wildmere that she has sold herself. What do such women know of love? I must win him, I must." She stood up again, proud and beautiful. With one hand she swept the curtain from a tall mirror and stood before it.
"What man could resist the love of a woman like me?" she said, gazing at the splendid reflection. "I would give my soul for his love. Ah, it is love like this that makes heaven or—" She stopped suddenly, her face pale, her eyes hard and cruel.
"I would bring him a blessing if he would take it. Is it my fault if it becomes a curse?"

I think I am more like mother. She hated her cramped life."
"What a pity!" he exclaimed involuntarily.
"Yes, she expected something different. There was only one life between my father and a title, but an unexpected marriage and two healthy boys spoiled that prospect. Mother's disappointment must have been very great. And then father came to America, and after a while mother followed him. But the disappointment killed her all the same. We were only two years old when she died. But you have heard all this before, and I must be going. It is past our dinner time now."
"I have kept you! How sorry I am. Will Miss Leslie scold you?"
"Perhaps you are thinking of Dimple," Lois said, looking at him with mild surprise in her great velvety brown eyes. "She is afraid of aunt Leslie."
His face flushed. Somehow he had been thinking of Dimple. He had forgotten that queenly Lois Annesley feared no one and that her own sweet will was the only law she recognised.
"I was only thinking that my morning had been a long one," she went on but she let the pony stand still and he small gloved hands lay idly upon the reins in her lap.
She was looking again toward Wildmere. "Maurice looking at her as another being so wondered if there were any such thing as fate."
Her lovely, delicate face was perturbed by a look of anxiety. Her dark brown eyes, and small, exquisitely chiselled features. Soft curls of fine flaxen hair crowned the stately little head. Her every movement was full of grace and there was about her an air of elegance. Nature had done her best. And surely this flawless gem deserved a rich setting. Maurice smiled. He had half blamed her a while ago. Why should this lovely creature not know and long for her native element? He felt glad that he had thought of this.
"Still I must not detain you, Lois, pleasant as it is, for I have an engagement with my step-father this afternoon. He is not well and seems to have some sort of worry on his mind. It's a pity that a man like the Pater must yield to Father Time along with the rest. Good-bye."
He took the little hand that was lying idly on her lap, pressed it gently and laid it down. He had never kissed her.
She smiled and drove away, and he stood watching her wistfully. Some time when Dimple should have a lover what a different sort of sweetheart she would be! As this thought half formed itself in his mind he turned away and went slowly down to the bridge and across to the fower strewing terrace.
Above him, leaning against one of the white marble pillars of the verandah was the figure of a woman. He lifted his hat and she left her place, moving slowly down to meet him.
"And so you have come? Mr. Drayton has sent Jupiter down three times!" she said in a rich musical voice.
"Then he is waiting!" Maurice quickened his steps.
"Yes, I suppose so. Dr. Sykes has been here this morning and Mr. Dennis is only just gone. Shouldn't you have been here?"
"Why, I'm afraid so, Yashti. I didn't know that Sykes and Dennis were expected," Maurice said looking anxiously into the girl's face.
"Nor I either. Perhaps they were not. Dr. Sykes comes often of late. Perhaps it was only an accident that both came to-day," she said.
"I hope so," Maurice replied and walked on in silence.
"It is long past dinner time. Did you know? Mrs. Westerman waited a while and then she decided that you were dining at the Rectory."
"I was not, however."
"Then I shall give you your dinner myself," she interrupted. "You will like that?"
"Very much, thank you, Yashti, but there is not something else you'd rather

ask your grocer for

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purset and Best

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Take No Risks.
DO NOT FOOLISHLY EXPERIMENT WITH MEDICINES THAT HAVE NO STANDING OR REPUTATION.
TATTON.
Paine's Celery Compound The Only Medicine That Cures and Blesses The Sick.
In matters of health and life no man or woman can afford to take risks or experiment foolishly. A wrong move, or following the advice of the careless or ignorant, may result in serious complications. This is especially true in regard to the use of medicines when people are in a low condition of health.
When the physical powers are impaired, when you are weak, nervous, irritable, dependent, sleepless or weighed down with that dull, and tired feeling that usually commences at the season of the year, it is wise and prudent to use the medicine that has given health, vim and activity to thousands of weak people in the past.
This safe, certain and health-giving remedy is Paine's Celery Compound which is now so extensively prescribed by the ablest doctors in Canada. The ingredients of Paine's Celery Compound, besides those in the ordinary walks of life, are clergymen, lawyers, judges, members of parliament and bankers, hundreds of whom it has rescued from suffering and death.
Avoid the numberless liquid medicines that are worthless from a medical standpoint, and that have never gained the shadow of a reputation. Put your faith in Paine's Celery Compound, and when you purchase be sure you are supplied with the right article. See that the bottle and box bear the name "Paine's Celery Compound" and the style of celery; this is the only genuine make—the kind that makes people well.

Before Retiring...

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Before Retiring...

take Ayer's Pills, and you will sleep better and wake in better condition for the day's work. Ayer's Cathartic Pills have no equal as a pleasant and effectual remedy for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all liver troubles. They are sugar-coated, and so perfectly prepared, that they cure without the annoyances experienced in the use of so many of the pills on the market. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Cathartic Pills. When other pills won't help you, Ayer's is

THE PILL THAT WILL.

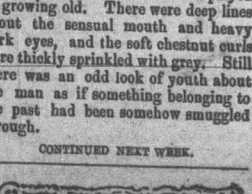
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

She turned away from the mirror and went out into the hall where even so early as this the evening shadows were gathering.
Maurice opened the door of Mr. Drayton's sitting-room and went noiselessly in.
"Am I late, sir?" he asked with his hand on the handle of the door, and glancing at the little French clock that stood among the costly bric-a-brac on the velvet draped mantel.
"I'm sorry," he went on, raising his head and throwing back his hair with a boyish gesture. "Have I put you out?"
He went forward a genial smile on his handsome face, his clear eyes full of good humor.
"I wanted to get it over, that's all," Mr. Drayton said.
Maurice stopped and looked down compassionately at the man who sat leaning back in the great velvet easy chair.
"The master of Wildmere was a handsome fellow, his clear eyes with a rather under size with a heavy shadow in the eye and the heavy full, sensual mouth."
"The eyes in which he sat was a dream of beauty. The hangings were of royal purple and the white velvets carpet was strewed with garlands of violets. Beautiful statues gleamed among the purple shadows, and lovely faces smiled down from the wall.
The two windows were open. There was a pretty fret work of gilded wire above the deep sill of one, and from the other a balcony full of tropical plants hung out over the blue waters of the lake far below.
Mr. Drayton turned his face to the window and the light fell full upon it. He was no longer a young man. Age sits queerly upon a face like his. Time seemed to have toyed with the features hardly knowing where to set his seal. Mr. Drayton looked as if he had played at growing old. There were deep lines about the sensual mouth and heavy dark eyes, and the soft chestnut curls were thickly sprinkled with gray. Still there was an odd look of youth about the man as if something belonging to the past had been somehow smuggled through.

some man, full, sensual mouth... soft eyes of the pleasure love...
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Continued next week.



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