

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1897.

No. 38.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on Friday at the office

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

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line

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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,

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Personally Selected in New York.

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DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

"LAND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE

On and after Monday, 1st March, 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 09, p.m.
Express " Halifax..... 5 55, p.m.
Accom. " Richmond..... 11 20, 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 09, p.m.
Express " Kentville..... 5 55, p.m.
Accom. " Annapolis..... 11 20, a.m.
Accom. " Richmond..... 11 25, a.m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

Royal Mail Steamship Prince Rupert Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

St. John and Digby. Leaves St. John, 8:00 a.m.; arrive in Digby, 11:00 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.
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LOOK!

There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat-store in

Crystal Palace Block I
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. DUNCANSON,
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1896.

Minerals Liniment for sale everywhere.

lit the gas. "But it's the last time, thank God!"

The room was not really bad—a bed in the corner, a washstand, a wardrobe, here and there pictures on the walls, and a table by the window, rather rickety, on which lay a heap of manuscript—a half-finished story.

"I will burn that before I go to bed to-night," said Eva, as she caught sight of it.

Then she looked at her hat and cloak, drew the only easy chair under the gas jet and sat down. Fingering the letter, she did not open it at once. Now that happiness stretched in front of her it was pleasant to linger on the confines of misery, to look back on the life she was to leave.

"It is not every one," said Eva reflectively, "who can make experiments in life—without expense."

Eva Norrington had been the pride of the provincial town which gave her birth. At the high school no girl could stand against her. Her former governess, who now and then asked her favorite pupils to tea, even said she might be a head mistress one day. Ty Eva, this seemed absurd. But when at the age of twenty she gained a guinea prize for a story in a weekly paper, she began to think that at least she might be a great novelist. At any rate she felt sure that somewhere ahead of her stretched a career, and as her twenty-first birthday approached she announced to her startled parents her intention of going to London in search of it. Thereupon ensued a series of domestic scenes, such as have been common of late in the homes of England, wherein the parents play the part of the apprehensive hen, the daughter that of the adventurous duckling. The duckling invariably gains its point, and so it was with Eva Norrington. Having refused argument and resisted persuasion, she obtained a grudging consent to her departure. The townspeople knew not whether to admire or disapprove. But they had read in novels of young ladies who took their lives and latchkeys into their own hands, became famous and married respectively after all. So during the weeks of preparation for her campaign Eva became something of a figure in local society, and more than one dinner party was given in her honor as well as plentiful advice as to the necessary precautions against London gulls, and many receipts for guarding against the colds induced by the fogs that infest the metropolis.

Eva was almost happy, for she had the hopefulness of youth and beauty and all the exhilaration of taking her life into her hands and fashioning it as she would, with none to raise objection to the process. She would have been quite happy but for Allan Craig, who when he heard that Eva was bent on going to London to make a name for herself, promptly offered her his own as a substitute. It was a good enough name, and at the foot of a check it was generally respected, as Allan Craig had lately stepped into his father's business of estate agent and was prospering. Eva was disturbed, but she turned not aside from her project. She had mapped out her life and Allan Craig was not included in the scheme.

As she sat fingering the letter in her bed sitting room she went over the parting scene in her mind. The details of it would only increase the delight of the letter, for Eva had learned during the last year that happiness is so rare that it deserves to be rolled on the tongue and not swallowed in haste. It was at a dance on the night before her departure—her last dance, so she thought, before she started life in earnest. They were sitting on a dance together, for Eva was not disposed to think unkindly of Allan, though she might resent his intrusion into her scheme of life. She remembered how there had been silence between them for some moments, how Allan had leaned his elbows on his knees, and dug the heel of his dancing shoe into the carpet.

"And are you quite determined to—leave us?" said Allan.

"Of course," said Eva. "My boxes are all packed."

"Full of manuscript novels and things?"

"One novel and several stories."

"I cannot understand why you want to go when—"

"I want to—well—to live a larger life."

"You mean you want to live in a bigger place?"

"Well—not exactly. I don't think you quite understand."

"I quite understand that there is not scope enough for you here and that I am a selfish brute for trying to keep you from your ambition. Look here, Eva, can you honestly say that you don't love me a little bit?"

Allan had risen and was standing over her. Eva looked up at him. She could see him standing there now—big, comely, with something in his eyes that thrilled her, half with fear and half with pleasure. She rose and faced him.

"I shall be very sorry to leave you—very sorry."

"Then why—?"

"Can't you see, Allan? I know I have it in me to do good work, and I must be where good work is wanted. Here I am hampered. In London—"

"You may fail," said Allan, with a note of hope in his voice.

"I shall succeed. I know I shall."

"Will you write to me?"

"Eva hesitated. She was half inclined to give in to that extent. Allan had mistaken her hesitation.

"No," he said. "There shall be no selfishness in my love for you. I will wait a year from to-night, and then if London is—no go, you know, there will always be me. You can't expect me to pray for your success, can you?"

Eva, placed on her motto, looked him in the face.

"I am bound to succeed," she said, and turned to go. The walls had ceased in the room beyond and a rustle of skirts and a ripple of tongues had taken its place.

"Eva—once—the last time perhaps."

She turned again, laughing.

"Quick!" she said. "Some one will come."

A woman may forget many things, but no woman ever forgets the first time a lover's arm was around her waist and a lover's lips upon her own.

And as Eva sat in the corner of a third class carriage in the London train next morning, looking forward to the career before her, the remembrance of the support of Allan's arm persisted in obtruding itself. Having got what she had wanted, she already began to doubt if she wanted what she had got, for a career, after all, is rather a lonesome sort of thing.

Such small success as may come to the inexperienced girl upon her first excursion into literature came to Eva. She lived sparingly, worked hard and never made the mistake of refusing invitations on the ground of work.

She staid up a little later or got up a little earlier instead. A weekly column on "Health and Beauty," placed at her disposal by the youthful editor of a new woman's paper, who had met her at the Writers' Club and thought her pretty, paid her weekly bill at the boarding house. Her stories found frequent acceptance and occasional welcome in the minor periodicals, and a happy meeting with an editor at a dinner party paved the way to her appearance in a widely read magazine.

By the end of the year Eva Norrington had got so far toward the realization of her ambition that when people heard her name mentioned they wrinkled their brows and tried to remember where they had heard it before. At home, of course, her fame was great. The papers in which she wrote circulated freely in the town, her stories were discussed at afternoon teas, and townsfolk were glad to think that they participated to some extent in the literary movement of the century.

And all this time Eva was horribly lonely. She knew plenty of people and liked them. They were kind to her, some of them because they liked her for herself, other because they saw that she was marked for ultimate success. Having advanced a certain distance along the road she had longed to travel she could judge better whether it would lead her. It would lead her to a place in the newspaper paragraphs, to a place on the bookstalls, to a place

Ask your grocer for

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

in the photographers' windows, and to a place at Baywater or South Kensington. This then, must be the end of the struggle and the turmoil of the fight. And how she hated the fight! A fight wherein victory would bring her no nearer the actualities of life, for she had come to learn in the year's struggle that our social system by no means places women on an equality with men, and that whereas men can buy the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil by the bottle, women must buy the tree outright, and pay cash. It was terribly unfair. And the most unfair thing about the whole business was that, while success was almost within her grasp, success was not what she wanted. There is no fun in living your own life when that is precisely the life you do not want to lead.

It was not as though Allan Craig had never kissed Eva Norrington.

She opened the letter, cutting the envelope with her nail scissors, for some distinction must be made between your first love letter and your boot maker's bill. She felt as one who has held in his breath to feel what suffices. The letter was long. Eva read quickly at first, then slowly, knitting her brows as she turned the pages and came at last to the signature, "Ever your friend, Allan Craig."

The letter lay for some minutes in Eva's lap, while she looked vaguely round her room.

"He is afraid of spoiling my career—my success has put an insuperable barrier between us," she murmured. The phrases of the letter had burned themselves into her brain. "Oh, Allan! I wish I could tell you—or do you want to hear?"

When the dinner bell rang an hour afterward, Eva rose wearily from her writing table, where she had been toiling over her half-finished manuscript. She had not burned it.

Five years passed before she saw Allan Craig again, and then the meeting was unexpected at the exit of the theatre whither Eva had gone to see the hundredth performance of her play. Allan was obviously proud of knowing her, and introduced his wife, to whom she gave graceful recognition. It was raining, and Allan offered to see Eva to a cab. They stood for a moment on the steps to the entrance.

"Yes," said Allan in answer to Eva's polite question, "all is going well. We have a little daughter—Eva—my wife's name, curiously enough. Her stock by the hansom as she entered, guarding her dress from the wheel. As she turned to give the address he said:

"I ought to congratulate you on your success. It is very sweet to me. You know—you owe it all to me. Are you grateful?"

"Yes. I owe it to you," she said, leaning forward as the apron closed upon her, and the attendant constabulary grew impatient. "Come and see me—Tuesdays."

"I can't think why I should be so silly," said Eva to herself as she stuffed her handkerchief back into her pocket and felt for her latchkey, when the cab drew up before the hall door of her flat in Kensington—London Black and White.

FAVORITES FOR LONG YEARS.

For long years Diamond Dyes have been the favorite family dyes in the Dominion of Canada; and although imitation package dyes have been plentifully offered for sale, their great inferiority to the "Diamond" in strength, fastness, beauty of color and brilliancy was known to the great majority of women, and they were condemned and avoided by all who valued good and bright colors. No sensible woman can afford to risk her goods with poor dyes when the "Diamond" are admittedly the world's best.

A most important point to remember is that the Diamond Dyes cost no more than the crude and common dyes sold by some dealers for the sake of large profits. Ask your dealer for the "Diamond"; if he values your trade he will be in a position to supply you.

On Keeping Your Own Counsel.

It is an old saying among schoolboys and college men that the fellow who keeps his mouth shut is always the big man; that he who deliberately says little quickly wins for himself the name for wisdom. Such statements are quite as true in the outer world to a certain degree as they are in college and school. The pith of the matter is that if in any way you arrive at a position of im-



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.

portance, the less you talk to every one the more credit you receive for care, for thoughtfulness, for sound well-considered opinions. There is nothing which urges a boy to have no opinions or to never express them; and in fact this "wise silence" at school and college as often, perhaps, covers up an empty mind as it does the wisdom of Solomon. There is, however, a good rule to follow, which may be given briefly, to the effect that it is well to say little until you have thoroughly made up your mind, and then not hesitate in your statements. The temptation of the average man is to express some opinion at once; but if that is changed later, the full force of the final opinion is lost.—Harper's Round Table.

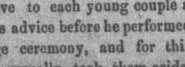
She Was Prepared.

A certain minister always felt it his duty to give to each young couple a little serious advice before he performed the marriage ceremony, and for this purpose he usually took them aside, one at a time, and talked very soberly to each of them regarding the great importance of the step they were to take, and the new responsibilities they were to assume. One day he talked in his most earnest manner for several minutes to a young woman who had come to be married to a bright looking young man.

"And now," he said, in closing, "I hope you will fully realize the extreme importance of the step you are taking and that you are prepared for it."

"Prepared," she said, innocently. "Well, if I ain't prepared I don't know who is. I've got four common quilts and two nice ones, and four brandnew feather beds, ten sheets and twelve pairs of pillow slips, four all linen table cloths, a dozen spoons and a good six-quart tea kettle. If I ain't prepared no girl in this country ever was."

It is a fortunate day for a man when he first discovers the value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood-purifier. With this medicine, he knows he has found a remedy upon which he may rely, and that his life long malady is at last conquered. Has cured others, will cure you.



Fifty Years Ago. President Polk in the White House chair; White in Lowell was Doctor Ayer; both were busy for human weal. One to govern and one to heal. And, as a president's power of will sometimes depends on a liver-pill, Mr. Polk took Ayer's Pills I trow for his liver, 50 years ago.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

were designed to supply a model purgative to people who had so long injured themselves with griping medicines. Being carefully prepared and their ingredients adjusted to the exact necessities of the bowels and liver, their popularity was instantaneous. That this popularity has been maintained is well marked in the medal awarded these pills at the World's Fair 1893.

50 Years of Cures.