

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1895.

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THE ACADIAN.

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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.

Verby 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 name may be written in a fictitious signature.

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

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Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:30 a.m.
Express west close at 10:10 a.m.
Express east close at 4:30 p.m.
Keystone close at 6:45 p.m.
Geo. V. HARRIS, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p.m.
U. W. MURPHY, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday school at 10 a.m. and 7 p.m.; prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday; prayer meetings on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by
GEO. W. ROBERTS, Overseer
A. NEW BARRIS, Usher.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School at 10 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School at 10 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oscar Goudland, 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 welcome at all the services.—At Greatwich, preaching at 7:30 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 at 10 a.m. and 11 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Services every Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, Warden.
S. J. Rutherford, Usher.

ST. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, F. P.—Mass 11 o'clock on 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 o'clock p.m.
F. A. DIXON, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8 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 Friday afternoon at 3 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.

Bonnett H. Armstrong, LL. B.
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office: Main St., Wolfville.

Miss F. E. Davison,
DRESS-MAKER,
Wolfville, N. S.
All kinds of Mantle and Dress Making in the Latest Styles. Rooms in F. J. Porter's building, up-stairs.

Money to loan on mortgages. (4)

U don't hav 2 go 2 Halifax 2 get clothes. But if U want them made 2 fit, wear,
and give you a gentlemanly appearance, go to
N. L. McDONALD,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
78 Upper Water St. - 78
Halifax, N. S. 32

Kline Granite Works.
THE PROPRIETOR of these works is now prepared to supply
Rough & Dressed Granite
—AND—
Light Blue Granite,
SUITABLE FOR
MONUMENTAL WORK!
The Blue Granite comes from his Quarry at Niagara, and its quality is highly endorsed by the Geological Department at Ottawa.
Estimates given and orders filled for all classes of
DRESSED GRANITE.

JOHN KLINE,
NORTH AND OXFORD STREETS,
HALIFAX.

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

NEW BAKERY!
The subscriber having opened a first-class Bakery at the Wolfville Hotel is now prepared to supply to customers
White and Brown Bread, Cakes and Pastries of all kinds!
All orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction assured.
Mrs. Eastwood,
Wolfville, May 14th, 1895.

W. J. Balcom
has secured an Auctioneer's license and is prepared to sell all kinds of Real and Personal Property at a moderate rate.

MEAT!
You will find us at our new stand in
Crystal Palace Block!
Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon, Bologna, Sausages, and all kinds of Poultry in stock.
Davidson & Duncanson,
Wolfville, Jan. 17th, 1894.

H. H. HARRISON, JAS. HARRISON
TELEPHONE NO. 949.
Harrison Bros.
Agents for
Canada Stained Glass Works.
Dealers in Sand-cut, Embossed, Beveled Glass, Mirror Plates, Etc.
Plain and Artistic Painters, Importers of Wall Paper and Decorations.
Showrooms: 54 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

Money to Loan.
On Good Land Security!
Apply to
E. S. Crawley,
SOLICITOR,
Wolfville, May 22d, 1894.

Dr. DeWitt,
OFFICE IN HIS RESIDENCE, MAIN ST., WOLFVILLE. 7-1

Miss F. E. Davison,
DRESS-MAKER,
Wolfville, N. S.
All kinds of Mantle and Dress Making in the Latest Styles. Rooms in F. J. Porter's building, up-stairs.

POETRY.

Too Late.

What silence we keep year after year
With those who are most dear to us
and dear!

We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full sweet word that lies just in our
reach.

Beneath the commonplace of common
speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they
us go!

Those close, familiar friends who loved
And sitting in the shadow they have left.
Alone with loneliness, and sore bereft.
We think with vain regret of some fond
word.

That once we might have said, and
they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we ex-
pressed.

Now seems beside the sad, sweet unex-
pressed.

And slight the deeds we did to those un-
done,
And small the service spent, to treasure
won.

And undeserved the praise for word or
deed,
That should have overflowed the sim-
ple need.

This is the cruel fault of life—to be
Fall visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the
place
Of some dear presence is but empty
space.

What recollections service can then
Give consolation for the "might have
been?"

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. S. MEADE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Yes, my darling," said Mr. Paget,
two hours later; his arms were round
his daughter, and her head was on his
shoulder. "Oh, yes, my dear one, cer-
tainly, if you wish it."

"And you'll go with me, father?
Father, couldn't you come too?
Couldn't we three go? Yes, that
would be nice, that would be happi-
ness."

"A good idea," said Mr. Paget, re-
flectively. "But really, Val, really
now, don't you think Wyndham and I
rather spoil you? You discover at the
eleventh hour that you can't live with-
out your husband, that as he must
go to the other side of the world, you
must go there too. And now in addi-
tion I have to accompany you.—Do
you think you are worth all this?"

"Perhaps not, father."

Valentine was strangely subdued and
quiet.

"I suppose it would be selfish to
bring you," she said; "and we shall be
back in six months."

"True," said Mr. Paget in a thought-
ful voice; "and even for my daughter's
sake my business must not go abor-
tively to the dogs. Well, child, a
wifely woman—you know the proverb—
a wifely woman must have her way.
I own I'm disappointed. I looked
forward to six months all alone with
you. Six months with my own child
—a last six months, for of course I
always guessed that when Wyndham
came back you'd give yourself up to
him body and soul. Oh, no, my dear,
I'm not going to disappoint you. A
wife fretting and mourning for her
husband is the last person I should
consider a desirable companion. Run
upstairs now and get your maid to put
your things together. I shall take you
down to Southampton on an early train
in the morning, and in the meantime,
if you'll excuse me, Valentine, I'll go
out and send a telegram to your hus-
band."

"To tell him that I'm coming?"

"Yes, are you not pleased?"

"No, don't do that. I will meet
him on board the boat. I know exactly
what the scene will be. He'll be
looking—no, I shan't say how he'll be
looking—but I'll steal up behind him,
and slip my hand through his arm, and
then—and then! Father, kiss me, I
love you for making me so happy!"

Mr. Paget pressed his lips to his
daughter's forehead. For a brief
moment his eyes looked into hers. She
remembered by-and-by their queer ex-
pression. Just now, however, she was
too overbright and excited to have
room for any ideas except the one
supreme longing and passion, which was
drawing her to her husband.

"Shall we have dinner?" said Mr.

Paget after another pause.
Valentine laughed rather wildly.
"Dinner? I came out. Had not
you better go home and have some-
thing? Perhaps I had order dinner,
but I can't remember. My head feels
queer; I can't think properly. Go
home and have something to eat
father. You can come back later on.
I am going upstairs now to pack."

She left the room without a word,
and Mortimer Paget heard her light
step as she ran up to her bedroom. He
began to talk vehemently to himself.

"Does that child, that little girl,
whom I reared and fostered—that
creature whom I brought into existence
—think she will checkmate me now at
the supreme moment. No, there are
limits. I find that even my love for
Valentine has a bottom, and I reach it
when I see the prisoner's cell, solitary
confinement, penal servitude, looming
large on the horizon. Even your heart
must suffer, little Valentine, to keep
such a fate as that from my door.
Poor little Val! Well, the best
scheme, the most carefully laid plans
sometimes meet with defeat. It did
not enter into my calculations that Val
would fall madly in love with that
long-faced fellow. Pah! where's her
taste? What men women will admire.
Well, Valentine, you must pay the
penalty for my plans cannot be distur-
bed at the eleventh hour!"

Mr. Paget went softly out of the
house, but he did not go, as Valentine
innocently supposed, home to dinner.
No, he had something far more im-
portant to attend to. Something in which
he could be very largely assisted by
that confidential clerk of his, Jonathan
Helps.

Meanwhile, Valentine and her maid
were having a busy time. Dresses
were pulled out, trunks dusted and
brought into the middle of the room,
and hasty preparations were made for
a journey.

Valentine's low spirits had changed
to high ones. She was as happy as
some hours ago she had been miserable.
Her heart was now at rest, it had ac-
knowledged its own need—it had given
expression to the love which was fast
becoming its life.

"You are surprised, Suzanne," said
Mrs. Wyndham to her maid. "Yes, it
is a hurried journey. I had no idea
of going with Mr. Wyndham, but he—
poor fellow—he can't do without me,
Suzanne, so I am going. I shall join
him on board the *Esperance* in the
morning. You can fancy his surprise
—his pleasure. Put in plenty of din-
ner dresses, Suzanne. Those white
dresses that Mr. Wyndham likes—yes,
that is right. Of course I shall dress
every evening for dinner on board the
Esperance. I wonder if many other
ladies are going. Not that it matters
—I shall have my husband. What
are you saying, Suzanne?"

"That it is beautiful to see," replied
the maid, looking up with adoring eyes
at her pretty animated young mistress.

She was both young and pretty her-
self, and she sympathized with Valen-
tine, and admired her immensely for
her sudden resolve.

"Yes, love is beautiful," answered
Valentine gravely. Her eyes filled
with sudden soft tears of happiness.

"And there is something better even
than love," she said, looking at Suzanne,
and speaking with a sudden burst of
confidence. "The highest bliss of all
is to give joy to those who love you."

"And you will do that to-morrow,
madame," replied Suzanne fervently,
"Oh, this life, so beautiful, so rare—
you will lay it at monsieur's feet—he
is good, monsieur is, and how great is
his passion for madame!"

"The young Swiss girl flitted gaily
about, and by-and-by the packing
even for this sudden voyage was ac-
complished.

"You will take me with you,
madame?" said Suzanne.

"No, Suzanne, there is no time to
arrange that, nor shall I really want
you. We may have to rough it a
little, my husband and I; but that we
mind, it will be like a continual picnic
—quite delicious."

"But madame must be careful of
her precious health."

The color flushed into Valentine's
cheeks.

"My husband will take care of me,"
she said. "No, Suzanne, I shall not
take you with me. You will stay here

STRAINING EVERY NERVE

Are we to keep up with the avalanche of or-
ders that our Patrons have entrusted to us.

OUR STYLES OF MILLINERY

have captured the entire country and the coun-
try has nearly captured us. We most earnest-
ly thank our multitude of customers, who have
honored us with commands for bearing with us
for the moment till we have caught our
breath. Our staff of help is complete, and or-
ders given in now will receive our usual
prompt attention.

LE BON MARCHÉ, HALIFAX, N. S.

HALIFAX, N. S.
TELEPHONE 1041.

for the present, and my father will
arrange matters for you. Now you
can go downstairs and have some sup-
per. I shall not wait you again to-
night."

The girl withdrew, and Valentine
stood by the fire, gazing into its cheer-
ful depths, and seeing many happy
dream pictures.

"Yes, I shall certainly go with him.
Even if what I dread and hope and
long for in the case, I shall be with
him. I can whisper to him. Why did
Suzanne speak about my health? No
Suzanne will take such care of me as Gerald.
Even my father cannot approach Ger-
ald for tenderness, for sympathy when
one is out of sorts. How soothing is
Gerald's hand; how quieting. Once I
was ill for a few hours. Only a bad
headache, but it went when he massaged
me lie very still, and when he clasped
my two hands in one of his. Yes, I
quite believe in Gerald. Even though
I do not understand that night at the
Gaiety, still I absolutely believe in my
husband. He is too noble to tell a lie;
—then his sudden yielding. The
more she thought, the more apprehen-
sive she grew; the more she pondered,
the longer, the more real grew her fears.
At last she could bear them no longer.
She lit a candle and looked at her
watch. Three o'clock. Had ever
passed a night so long and dreadful?
There would not be even a ray of day-
light for some time. She could not
endure that hot and restless pillow.
She would get up and dress.

All the time she was putting on her
clothes the dread that her father was
deceiving her kept strengthening—
strengthening. At last it almost reach-
ed a panic. What a fool she had been
not to go to Southampton the night
before. Suppose Gerald's ship sailed
before she reached it or him.

Suddenly an idea came like a ray of
light. Why should she wait for her
father? Why should she not take an
earlier train to Southampton? The
relative depths of Valentine's two loves
were clearly shown when she did not re-
ject this thought. It mattered nothing
at all to her at this supreme moment
whether she offended her father or not.
She determined to go to Southampton
by the first train that left Waterloo
that morning. She ran downstairs,
found a time-table, saw that a train
left at 5:50, and resolved to catch it.
She would take Suzanne with her, and
leave a message for her father; she

could follow by the 8.5 train if he
liked.

She went upstairs and woke her
maid.

"Suzanne, go up at once. Dress
yourself, and come to me, to my room."
In an incredible short time Suzanne
had obeyed this mandate.

"I am going to take you with me to
Southampton, Suzanne. I mean to
catch the train which leaves here at
ten minutes to six. We have plenty
of time, but not too much. Can you
make some coffee for us both? And
then either you or Masters must find a
cab."

Suzanne opened her bright eyes wide,
"I will go with you, my good
madam," she said to herself. "The
early hour is nothing, the strangeness is
nothing. That old man—I hate that
old man! I will go alone with you,
mine good mistress, to find the good
husband what is so devoted. Ah! I
Suzanne does not like that old man!"

Coffee was served in Valentine's
bedroom. Mistress and maid partook
of it together. Masters was aroused,
was fortunate enough in procuring a
cab, and at five o'clock, for Valentine's
impatience could brook no longer delay,
she and Suzanne had started together
for Waterloo.

Once more her spirits were high.
She had dared something for Gerald.
It was already sweet to her to be brave
for his sake.

Before she left she wrote a short
letter to her father—a constrained little
note—for her fears stood between her
and him.

She and Suzanne arrived at Water-
loo long before the train started.

"Oh, how impatient I am!" whis-
pered Mrs. Wyndham to her maid. "Will
time never pass? I am sure all the
clocks in London must be wrong, this
last night has been like three."

The longest hours, however, do come
to an end, and presently Valentine and
Suzanne found themselves being whirled
out of London, and into the early
morning of a bright clear March day.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.
If your clothes show signs of wear
have them dyed at

UNGAR'S.
You won't have to buy new ones.

All Dyeing, Cleaning and Laundry
Work done at Halifax prices. Un-
gar gives satisfaction.

LOCAL AGENTS: 31
Rockwell & Co.,
Wolfville, N. S.