

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.

No. 41.

Vol. XIV

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
for every insertion, unless by special ar-
rangement for standing notices.
Rates for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment on transfer advertising
must be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
on all work turned out.
Nervous 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 communi-
cation, although the name may be written
over a fictitious signature.
Address all communications to
DAVEYON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.
1. Any person who takes a paper regu-
larly from the Post Office, whether or not
he has subscribed or not—is responsible
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the publisher may continue to send it until
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the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refus-
ing to take newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
leaving them uncollected for *in prima facie*
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.
Office Hours, 8:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.
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.
G. 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 10:30 a.m.
Half hour prayer meeting after evening
services 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. ROBERTSON, Church
dean.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D.
J. Fraser, Pastor, 45 Andrew's Church,
Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday
at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School
at 10:30 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday
at 7:30 p.m. Chalmers 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. Oscar
Gould, B. A., Pastor. Services on the
Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath
School at 10 o'clock, noon. Prayer
Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30.
All the seats are free and strangers wel-
comed at all the services.—At Greenwood
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 o'clock, 11 a.m., 4th and 5th at
8 a.m. Services every Wednesday at 7:30
p.m.
REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. STORRS, Wardens.
S. J. RUTHERFORD, Organist.

ST. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
F. P.—Mass 11:00 a.m. in 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. O. F., meets
every Saturday evening in Temperance
Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Block of Hope societies in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon 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.
Bonnott H. Armstrong, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office: Main St., Wolfville.
Money to lend 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 appear-
ance, go to
N. L. McDONALD,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
78 Upper Water St.,
Halifax, N. S.

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 De-
partment 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, Ben-
and 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.
Miss F. E. Davison,
DRESS-MAKER,
Wolfville, N. S.
All kinds of Mantle and Dress Mak-
ing 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 sel-
dom 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
go;
Those close, familiar friends who loved
us so;
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 undesired 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 recollected services 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-
flexively. "But really, Val, really
now, don't you think Wyndham and I
rather spoil you? You discover at the
cleverest 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?"
"That any girl in the world is 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-
lutely 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 exact-
ly 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 overjoyed 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 did 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 a
lark some hours ago she had been miser-
able. 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 lot, 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 it first to him. I
ought to be with him—I ought to be
with my husband then. Why did
Suzanne speak about my health? No
Suzanne speak about my health? No
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 massed
me lie very still, and when he clasped
my two hands in one of his. Yes, I
quits 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;
he had a reason for not explaining what
he looked so strange that night. He had
a right reason, probably a good and
great one. Perhaps I'll ask him again
some day. Perhaps when he knows
there's a little—little child coming he'll
tell me himself. Oh, God, kind, good,
beautiful God, if you are going to give
me a child of my very own, help me to
be worthy of it. Help me to be worthy
of the child, and of the child's father."

Mr. Paget's ring was heard at the
hall door, and Valentine ran down to
meet him. He had made all arrange-
ments for her. They would catch
the 8.5 train in the morning from
Waterloo, and he would call for her in
a cab at a sufficiently early hour to
catch it.

His words were brief, but he was
quite quiet and business-like. He
kissed his daughter affectionately, told
her to go to bed at once, and soon after
left the house.

Valentine gave directions for the
morning and went back to her room.
She got quickly into bed, for she was
determined to be well rested for what
lay before her on the following day.
She laid her head on the pillow, closed
her eyes, and prepared to go to sleep.
Does not everybody know what happens
on these occasions? Does not each
individual who in his or her turn has
especially desired for the best and most
excellent reason a long sleep, a deep

sleep, an unbroken and dreamless sleep
found it recede further and further
away—found eyes more watchful—
brain more active, limbs more restless,
as the precious moments fly by? How
loud the watch ticks, how audible are
the minutest sounds!
It was thus with Valentine Wynd-
ham that night. No sleep came near
her, and by slow degrees as the fire
grew faint and the night deepened in
silence and solemnity, her happy ex-
citement, her childish joy, gave place
to vague apprehensions. All kinds of
nameless terrors came over her. Sup-
pose an accident happened to the train?
Suppose the *Esperance* sailed before
its time? Above all, and this idea
was agonizing, was so repellent that
she absolutely pushed it from her—
suppose her father was deceiving her?
She was horrified at this thought came,
and came. It would come, it would
not be banished. Suppose her father
was deceiving her?

She went over in the silence of the
night the whole scene of that evening.
Her own sudden and fierce resolve, her
father's opposition, his disappointment
—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.

**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.