

THE ACADIAN

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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 in all work turned out.

Newspapers from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names of the writers for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the contributions, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

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LOOK!

There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat store in
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Fresh and Salt Meats,
Hams, Bacon, Bologna,
Sausages, and all kinds
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Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

W. H. DUNCANSON.
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Of those who value health, will find MATHER'S "HOME MADE" Flour their ideal. Samples to any address.

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Troubles That Do Not Come.

Of the hand and weary hands
Which we bend and fall,
The trouble that do not come
Are the heaviest ones of all.
For grief that cuts like a knife
There's oil of comfort and cure,
And the hand which binds the weight
Bids strength and grace to endure.
But to phantom of pain and woe
The lips of pity are dumb,
For troubles that do not come
Are the heaviest ones of all.
There's no light in the rail,
And a staff for climbing the height,
But never an alpenstock
For the hills that are out of sight.
There are bitter herbs enough
In the brimming cup of to-day,
Without the sprig of rue,
From to-morrow's unknown way.
Then take the meal that is spread,
And go with a song on thy way,
And let not the morrow shade
The sunshine and joy of to-day.
—Lettie S. Bishop, in Zion's Herald.

LAZY DICK.

"I tell you I can't do it, and that's flat." The tone was one of good-humoured defiance, and the speaker with an air of elaborate politeness, held out the letter he had been reading. "Why don't you take it, Cisay?" he added.

The Cisay appealed to was a pretty, lady-like looking woman of thirty, or thereabouts, who sat at work in a shady corner of the verandah: a certain resemblance between herself and her companion bespoke their relationship.

"I sometimes think," she said, with the delightful candour of an older sister, "that you are becoming admirably selfish, Dick. What should hinder you from going to meet Miss Travers?"

"Pressing engagements," answered Dick, solemnly. "And I would have you remember, Cisay, that a sensitive nature feels keenly an unmerited rebuke."

"Then you must have suffered very little," replied Cisay, laughing, "for you deserve a great many scoldings that you never receive—unfortunately."

To this speech her brother vouchsafed no reply; but stretching a hand out of the hammock in which he had been lazily swinging, he lifted up a little girl, who had been standing by all this time begging "uncle" for a ride—and set her down upon his own broad chest.

"Now, Mistress May, steady, or as sure as Humpty Dumpty did we shall come to grief. Come, come; no blows! Don't you know it's unfair to lift a man when he's down? A woman always does it though," with a sly glance at his sister, "so you are no worse than the rest of your sex. A song, you say? Be prepared to be!" Very well here goes. And he trolled out in a sweet voice, the nursery rhyme, his niece accompanying him with her tiny treble.

Everybody said Dick's singing was very fine, and, indeed, I believe he thought so himself.

"It's very good to the children," thought Cisay, relenting, as she listened to their merry chatter. "After all he's little more than a boy still; I must be too hard on him."

"The boy" at this moment, looking very tall and brown, and somewhat heated with exertions which he pronounced to have been "superhuman," got out of the hammock, and challenging two children who appeared at the window, to catch him if they could, ran down the path to the end of the long garden, where in spite of his "presidential" connections he remained for over an hour amusing himself with his nephew and niece.

Cisay, meanwhile, picked up the letter which had caused the slight disagreement above described, and proceeded to re-read it. It was from a very old friend of her mother's, and when the usual inquiries had been made concerning her husband and children, the writer proceeded to ask a favor of her dear Cisay. A lady, a very nice person whom she had known for some years, was coming down to Woodrich to take the situation of governess in the Edgars' family. Very nice people they seemed to be; she remembered Cisay mentioning them in her letters, but they were going to remain at the sea-side two weeks longer than they had at first intended, and had unfortunately neglected to inform the governess of this decision before she

had purchased her ticket. "Would it therefore inconvenience you, my dear," wrote the kind-hearted lady, "to have my friend (Miss Travers) remain a fortnight with you until the Edgars return. Of course she does not wish to repurchase her ticket; and staying in an hotel is not altogether agreeable. The train arrives at Woodrich at 7 p. m., and if you could drive over to meet her, you would oblige me very much. Your old friend, Ellen Hood."

Cisay, or Mrs Norman, as we shall now call her, was always ready to do a little service for anybody, and wrote to say that she would be most happy to receive Miss Travers, and having posted her reply, informed her brother of the proposed visit, requesting him to drive over for Miss Travers the following day.

Dick was spending the summer with his sister. He was fond of her and the children, and he got on very well with his brother-in-law, as in fact he did with everybody. He liked St. Agnes, too. It was a pretty village; the boating was excellent; and the Normans' house lay close to the river, just on the outskirts of the village. Woodrich, the country town, was about twelve miles from St. Agnes, and Dick, when he got tired of his bachelor lodgings there, was in the habit of driving over to his sister's "just to see" if any of you are in danger of remembering me," he would come in saying, with his cheery laugh. Then his nephew and niece would rush upon him with shouts of delight, for with children he was always a prime favorite. Good-humored, good looking "Dick Elton," as he was called, was everywhere popular. Women liked him, "because he was always a gentleman," they said; and it was pronounced by the Boat Club, which comprised most of the young men about town, and of which Dick was secretary, that he was "a very decent fellow." As this oracle was invariably right, according to its own profound conviction, we may be sure that Dick was so, for of course this had nothing to do with his being better off than a great many of his companions, and always free with his money. But the truth is, Dick was by no means perfect. His sister, who was a good deal older than himself, had been married a very young man, so that, Dick had been treated much the same as an only child, where his word was law in the household.

During her lifetime his mother did her best to spoil him, and after her death, his father, a grave, studious man completely wrapped up in his books, left him pretty much to his own devices. The wonder was that the young fellow was not altogether ruined between the indulgence of one parent and the neglect of the other; but there was good stuff in him, in spite of his numerous shortcomings. Mr Elton only survived his wife two years, and at his death left his only heir, a fortune, by no means large, but quite enough to satisfy our easy-going friend.

Since then Dick had travelled a good deal, and afterwards settled down to what he called "a life of elegant leisure." To be sure his amusements were not very reprehensible, for Dick was not difficult to please, and had a certain refinement which had been his safeguard against many a temptation common to men in his position. Nevertheless, both Cisay and her husband had had occasion to remonstrate with him more than once, about his idleness. Cisay wanted her brother to go through college, or become a civil engineer, for which his talents just fitted him, she thought; but Dick professed himself quite unequal to the task. "But my dear fellow," John Norman, his sensible brother-in-law, would exclaim, "at twenty four, with life before you, it is a sin and a shame to sit idly and do nothing. If you dislike the idea of a profession, go into business; indeed rather than waste the best years of your life in idleness, No man is worth two pence who does that; and a youth of pleasure-seeking makes a sorry middle-aged man." At such seasons Dick would have the grace to feel ashamed of himself, and would promise to think about it, but it never had taken him a long time to make up his mind, since he was now twenty six, and had not yet come to the end of his deliberations.

It was a pity his life had always been so prosperous, for, to use a homely

phrase, he was too good to spoil.

He laughed when his sister sometimes called him selfish, and had no idea that his own comfort and convenience were becoming the chief end of his existence, yet occasionally, to the eye of a keen observer, a very trifling incident would lead to that inference.

Dick had refused to meet Miss Travers under the plea of pressing engagements, but if the truth must be avowed, he might easily have broken them. When Cisay made her request his thought had been something in this wise: "Extremely provoking; I've had quite enough of that hot town lately, and really need a rest. It takes a day to go over to Woodrich and back, what with resting the horses, seeing the fellows, and so on. Besides I promised Hudson to go fishing in the morning, and had better not put him off. A nice dark drive it will be, too, at night; no moon, and Miss Travers screaming out at every shadow. Of course she's timid; those middle-aged ladies always are. The coachman can protect her quite as well as I can, and I'll go home with Hudson, so when she arrives she won't think there was any one else to come for her." And politely declining to oblige his sister, he went down, as we have seen, to the garden with the children. By noon however, he had begun to think better of the matter, and was, perhaps, the least bit displeased with himself—a most uncommon thing with the young fellow. The luncheon bell had rung, and he was going back to the house, when he heard some one calling him by name, and, turning round, saw Jack Hudson at the gate.

"I say, Dick," cried his friend, "we have decided to have the Club dinner to-morrow night; you're coming of course?"

"Am I?" said Dick. "Well, I suppose you know best."

"I always do, though if you've only just made the discovery you're even duller than I imagined. But about the dinner; we'll change the night if you like, that is if it's not convenient for you."

"Not so," answered Dick, hesitating, "better not do that, Jack."

I suppose by this time you have perceived that what Dick thought better, was often the best for himself. "And you won't disappoint us Dick?"

"No, I can come."

The substance of this conversation Dick repeated to his sister at the table, adding,

"So you see, Cisay, I cannot go to meet Miss Travers, although if it had not been for the dinner, I should like to oblige you."

"And you won't disappoint us Dick?"

"No, I can come."

The Club dinner passed off as such things usually do, the best part of it being the noise and laughter; pleasant enough while it lasted, no doubt, but not worth looking back to afterwards.

At least something like this was in Dick's mind as he drove home very late to the next evening. "A lot of the fellows got drunk," he afterwards told Cisay, with some disgust. He did not come down to breakfast very early the following morning, and then he found the table deserted. They were all out in the garden, the servant told him. Had Mr Norman returned then? Yes last night; his business had not detained him as long as he expected, and he had come down on the train with Miss Travers.

"Oh," thought Dick, feeling relieved for the small act of selfishness had troubled his conscience more than many a graver offence, perhaps because he rather prided himself on his good nature; that's all right, then, as she had John to do the civil. He finished his breakfast leisurely, yawning over the newspapers, and finally lounged into the garden. Half way down among the currant bushes, the children were squabbling over the fruit. "I'm going to give them to Miss Travers." "No, you shan't," "No, I am," were the sentences which greeted Dick as he approached the trio. Further down under an apple-tree, his sister was talk-

ing with their guest, who had her back to the others and was standing up with her hat in her hand.

"Not a bad figure, by Jove," said Dick, as with a slight feeling of curiosity he went on. Just then Cisay saw him.

"My brother, Miss Travers," she said, as he came up and the girl turned. Yes, and such a pretty one too. Dick was so taken by surprise that he could not help looking a little confused. Mentally he was asking himself why he had been such an idiot as to take it for granted that Miss Travers was old enough to be his mother. Middle-aged why she must be four or five years younger than himself. How well that white dress became her! He wondered why women did not always wear white. How lucky that John should have come home last night; he hoped she would never find out he had refused to meet her. Meanwhile Miss Travers had bowed and was replying to some questions of Mrs Norman's concerning the journey; Dick seized the moment when she was looking away from him to observe her closely. She had a tall, thin figure, and her hands were filled with flowers, not more fresh and fair than the girl herself. A stray sunbeam stealing through the leaves over her head made a bright spot on her dark brown hair. Her eyes were grey and very clear, and had a brave, straight way of looking at you when she was talked. Dick Elton was quite charmed.

"I have not seen John this morning," said Mrs Norman presently, "so I must leave you, Dick, to amuse Miss Travers for a little while, as he said last night he had some matters he wished to consult me about," and Mrs Norman departed, leaving Dick by no means displeased with his task. Of course they became good friends at once. You and I, elderly reader, might be for weeks in each other's society and never get beyond a formal acquaintance; but these two young people, walking about in the bright sunshine, amidst the singing of birds and the blooming of flowers, in health and high spirits, were soon on almost intimate terms with each other. First, they played at croquet with two balls each, Dick magnanimously determining to give Miss Travers the game; but when he was leisurely bringing his ball through the third hoop she hid his half-way stick with one of her own, and the other was far on its way towards becoming a rover.

"I say, this won't do," cried Dick, and straightway began to look about him; but of course Miss Travers won the game, and then civilly inquired, if he wanted to be beaten again. This time the young man was in earnest and played his very best, and proved that he was no mean antagonist, but whether from lack or greater skill, Miss Travers was again victorious, playing all the time with one hand.

"Quite a masculine accomplishment," Miss Travers said.

"Yes, it's too bad that we should be allowed to practice it, since it's one of the few things men do well," said Katherine, with a humorous twinkle in her eyes.

"You are too severe, I declare," he answered, laughing, and he moved a camp-chair forward for her to rest upon. "How did you like the drive from Woodrich last night; I suppose you were dreadfully frightened?"

"Oh no; why?" she asked in surprise.

"It was so dark, you know, and there are some horrid holes in one part of the road."

"Mr Norman was very kind," Katherine answered; "he told me there was nothing to be alarmed about; and to catch hold of him when the carriage jolted."

"Well, John's not a bad protector," said his brother-in-law, with kind patronage.

"Oh, as for protection," said Miss Travers, with a defiant flush coloring her face, "that's another name for bumping at the present day. Women can take care of themselves under ordinary circumstances."

"By Jove, I believe you could," he cried. "But in such a case I'd rather like to be in John's place;" and Dick looked sentimental, and then blushed, remembering that last night he might have been.

"But perhaps I shouldn't," said

Miss Travers saucily.

"Thank you;" and she made her a magnificent bow. "Miss Travers," he continued solemnly, "I fear you are dreadfully strong-minded."

"And I hope so without the fear," was her quick retort.

"But just think how much nicer it is to be pretty timid. Last night for instance, we are driving along the road," said Dick, stepping into John's place with the coolest audacity, "and after a while you became exceedingly nervous—"

"I was!" exclaimed Katherine mischievously; "not unlikely, when I have small confidence in the ability of the driver."

All this time the two elder children had been playing a game of croquet, declining the assistance of little May, on the ground of her being too small in imitation of their uncle, who had given a similar reason with regard to themselves when he had played with Miss Travers a quarter of an hour before. So May had been sitting at the young lady's feet, regarding her with wide open eyes, though the conversation was beyond the grasp of her small intellect; but by-and-by, when in reply to some remark of Miss Travers, Dick professed himself only too willing to be of service to her, and begged her to command him, May's moral sense revolted against what she considered a barefaced falsehood, and she cried out, "Oh, uncle, you know it's a dreadful story."

Dick stared at the tiny creature a moment, and then burst into most honest laughter.

"You impertinent little monkey, what do you mean?" he cried, catching hold of her and tossing her up as if she had been a kitten, for Dick was as strong as a blacksmith.

"You know it's a story," repeated the enfant terrible, when he had not her down flushed and panting, "for you wouldn't go to meet her yesterday when mamma wanted you to; and she asked you over and over again."

Poor Dick blushed hotly. He was extremely fond of his little niece, but at that moment he would have strangled her gladly.

"You don't know what you're talk-

ing about, May," he said hurriedly, scarcely daring to glance at Katherine. She was looking on with provoking coolness, with just the faintest gleam of roguish malice in her grey eyes.

"I do know," persisted May, stating the facts with dreadful clearness, "for at luncheon you told mamma that you wouldn't have minded anything else so much, but you couldn't give up your dinner for her."

Dick was almost boiling over; all the mere because there was no one on whom he could decently vent his displeasure; but the last sentence was too much for Miss Travers, and she broke into a ringing laugh.

"Pry don't apologize, Mr Elton," she said, when she had recovered herself; "least said soonest mended and it was such a pardonable weakness." And then the wicked creature laughed again.

"It was a club affair, of course," said the young fellow wrathfully, and hastened to explain; but Miss Travers would not listen, and many a satiric allusion she made to it then and afterwards.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A CARD.

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Williams' English Pills, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. I also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Williams' English Pills are used.

GEORGE Y. RAND, Druggist, Wolfville, N. S.

Another instance of the misjudging and misuse of "big words" by the negroes happened in a hotel in Louisville. One day, when the hotel was unusually crowded, the waiter who served meals to our small party did not appear with his customary bow and smile of welcome. After some delay he came up hurriedly, with the apologetic words, "You men excuse me, for you know of course, I had to wait on the transient first."

There was no bunco about the gold brick which the people of New Zealand sent to Sir George White, the defender of Ladysmith. It is solid gold and bears on one side the inscription, "This is a brick," while on the opposite is the information, "You are another."

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