

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

RAILWAY.

July 4, 1894.

Station	Time
Wolville	7:00
St. John	7:15
St. John	7:30
St. John	7:45
St. John	8:00
St. John	8:15
St. John	8:30
St. John	8:45
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St. John	10:45
St. John	11:00
St. John	11:15
St. John	11:30
St. John	11:45
St. John	12:00

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

No. 4.

WOLVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1894.

Vol. XIV.

### THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office  
WOLVILLE, 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 arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and no insertion of advertising matter will be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

THE ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or anywhere, and material of the day are cordially solicited. The names of the party writing for the ACADIAN will be published unless otherwise stated, and will invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written under a fictitious signature.

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

Legal Decisions  
1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears of the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for 30 days, is evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLVILLE  
Office hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7:10 p. m.  
Express west close at 10:30 a. m.  
Express east close at 4:30 p. m.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.  
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.

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 at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. on the meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7:30 p. m. All are welcome. Strangers will be cared for.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Thursdays.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar Gronlund, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. All the saints are free and strangers welcome at all the services. 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. on the 1st, 4th and 5th of each month. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.  
Robert W. Stors, } Wardens.  
S. J. Butcher, }

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. F.—Mass 11:00 a. m. on the fourth Sunday of each month.

Masonic.  
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.

Temperance.  
WOLVILLE DIVISION S. O. F. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 2 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.

For that Bad Cough of yours  
Allen's Lung Balm

Allen's Lung Balm

Allen's Lung Balm

Allen's Lung Balm

Allen's Lung Balm

Allen's Lung Balm

Allen's Lung Balm

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Allen's Lung Balm

Allen's Lung Balm

### CONSUMPTION

is averted, or if too late to avert it is often cured and always relieved by

### Scott's Emulsion

The Cream of Cod-liver Oil.  
Cures Coughs, Colds and Weak Lungs. Physicians and the World over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes  
Scott & Borden, All Druggists, etc. & S. G. L.

### DIRECTORY.

Business Firms of WOLVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use your right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriage and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted.

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS.—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Poultry.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods, Clothing and Gent's Furnishings.

HEBBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal delivered on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Book and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

POCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

DAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, L. W.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Flowing Snow. J. M.—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURFEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gent's Furnishings.

Old age and Childhood  
Great Care  
Depend upon  
Others  
Support.

HOW PLEASANT  
It is to see an aged person with an elastic step, a bright smile and a kind word, and hear the child with its merry laughter ringing in our ears: these denote good health, which can be found in

Skoda's Discovery.  
Mr. Chas. Libby, of Auburn, Me., says: "My little girl Josephine, had a congestion of the lungs, which she was giving her nervous and weak. After giving her a bottle of Skoda's Discovery and using a tube of Skoda's Ointment, the humor entirely left her. She is now well and strong."

Medical Advice Free.  
SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLVILLE, N.S.

FOR SALE.  
One Boiler and Engine, near Berwick Station, of 40 horse power, nearly new and good, which will be sold at bargain and on easy terms. Apply to MILLER BROS., 116 & 118 Grandville St., HALIFAX, N.S.

TO LET.  
A comfortable dwelling just outside the limits of the town of Wolville. Fifteen minutes walk from post office. Possession immediate.  
Apply to A. J. WOODMAN.

### POETRY.

The Love of God.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,  
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,  
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping  
On a little face below.

Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,  
Falls the light of God's face bending  
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,  
Toss and cry, and will not rest,  
Are the ones the tender mother  
Holds the closest, loves the best.

By our sins weighed down, distressed,  
Then it is that God's great patience  
Holds us closest, loves us best.

Oh, great heart of God! whose loving  
Cannot hindered be and ceased,  
Will not weary, will not even  
In our death itself be lost.

Love divine! of such great loving  
Only mothers know the cost—  
Cost of love which, all love passing,  
Gave a Son to save the lost.

### SELECT STORY.

#### A JEALOUS WIFE.

"I wouldn't marry her, if I were you!"

That was the gist of his friend's counsel, spoken or implied. They all admitted her graces of person, heart and mind. But the undeniable fact of her jealousy remained.

"A jealous woman," his aunt assured him, "can make any man miserable."

"A jealous woman," declared his nearest friend, will make you wish you had taken my advice, which is that the immortal Weller gave to his son.

"Don't marry a first," he said. "Go hang yourself first, and you'll be glad on it afterward!" I am presumptuous enough to paraphrase that: "Go hang yourself before you marry a jealous woman, and you'll be glad on it afterward!"

But Harold Groves had only laughed. When was a man or a woman in love ever apt to listen to anything so disagreeable as common sense? And he was in love, honestly, sincerely and passionately. So he married Norine Hale, and was most ridiculously happy for two years. Their life altogether was simply ideal. His few faults he corrected. If faults she had, they remained undiscussed by him. One day he summoned courage to tell her the remarks that had been made concerning her jealous disposition.

She looked up at him with grave, shining eyes.

"I do love loyalty," she replied simply.

"And it may be he would never have discovered all that Norine was if it were not for the burglary."

Harold Groves was a lawyer. He transacted much of his business at home and had in his study a large desk, in which he kept papers of importance, deeds and memoranda relating to the affairs of clients. The desk looked sadly untidy, and in the opinion of Norine, was a decided blot in the exquisitely neat little room, where some of their pleasant hours were spent.

"Harold," she said to him one evening, as she leaned over his chair, and smoothed back his dark locks carelessly with her pretty white fingers, "I really shall tidy up that desk one of these days. The litter of dusty papers, books and pipes is positively disgraceful."

He gave her a glance of alarm.

"Don't for mercy's sake, dearest! I know now where to put my hand on everything I want—don't!"

But the fear that she might do so induced him to lock his desk, and keep it locked thereafter. Norine noticed it and laughed.

"At least you have shut the disorder out of sight," she avowed gaily. "My threat was efficacious to that extent. Indeed, dear, how you can ever tell one of those tiresome documents of yours from another is a mystery to me."

A certain blue, starlike March night they went upstairs, leaving the cozy apartment in dainty order. During the night Norine was awakened by what sounded like a click. She sat bolt upright in bed.

"Hark!" she breathed. "Listen, Harold!"

Both listened intently.

"It is a very cold night," he said, at length. "You merely heard the frost creaking on the window pane. Go to sleep, love."

Reassured, she did as bidden, but

on being aroused early by the servant's cry of dismay, she hastened down to find the lower rooms in a state of extreme confusion. Drawers had been pulled out, the desk of the master forced open, and papers were scattered broadcast in an evident search for valuables.

"My ruby ring!" cried Mrs. Groves. "I left it on the mantle last night. And my watch was in the Chinese cabinet—where I put my pocketbook. Send for the police, Harold! They have all been stolen!"

"I shall go," cried Groves.

And he started off on a run.

For several moments Norine stood staring around in bewilderment. Then, mechanically, she began to arrange the pieces of a shattered vase, threw them in the grate, straightened a twisted drape, lifted some scattered sheets of paper, laid them on the leaf of her husband's forced desk, and, dazedly retreated a step, turning very white. Open before her, having evidently been wrenched wide, in the hope of finding money, was a square morocco box. In the box was a bundle of letters and a photograph. The letters were in a woman's hand, and the smiling pictured face was that of Norine's dearest friend.

She held tight to a chair-back, to keep from falling. Her temples throbbed. A hot flush drove the pallor from her cheeks. The buzz in her ears was deafening. She put out her hand, took up one of the letters, read it through. It was just such a love letter as any refined, affectionate girl might have written. It began "My Dearest," and ended "Your loving Annie."

It bore the date of the year previous to Norine's marriage. She took up another folded sheet, opened, glanced through it. A brief, sad little note it was.

"My dear, if I had, I would have been hard to love. It is good-by to me now—say we love each other so! But not good-by forever. We must keep on loving in each other, and hoping for ultimate happiness together. It shall surely come.—Your desolate 'ANNIE.'"

Hark! There were footsteps—voices!

The young wife hastily replaced the letters, drew back from the desk. The next instant Harold, accompanied by policemen and detectives, was in the room. He went directly to Norine.

"My love," he said, "what a shock this has given you! You are white as a ghost."

She thrust his gentle hand away.

"I am very well," she said.

And all the time she was going over and over in her mind the details of her husband's acquaintance with Annie Hubbard. He had known her from childhood—long before he met Norine. She recollected his telling her that he had gone to dancing school together, but she had never dreamed that he was in love with Annie, or she with him. Now she knew that it was so, since he treasured her letters, her picture. She understood why he had looked his desk up on her for her money—loving Annie Hubbard all the time. That fact was patent and plain.

All day long she went around like a woman in a dream. She was very pale, and her lips were rigidly set, and her eyes were staring.

Her changed appearance and demeanor her husband attributed to the fright she had had. And the whole time one terrible thought was beating itself in upon her brain. "You love them both. You stand in their sunshine. Move out of it!"

Toward evening she left the house, walked to a drug store, entered, asked for a certain powder, at once caressing and deadly.

The clerk looked at her curiously, she fancied, as he gave her the package and her change.

She went home. Harold was out. She sat down and wrote him a few lines.

"You accused me of being jealous," she wrote, "I don't think I was—I know I am. I have read Annie's letters to you. If I had dreamed before I married you that you cared for each other I would have done then what I am about to do now."

It seemed a long time before the drug took effect, but at last she felt the desired sense of unconsciousness creeping upon her.

It was almost eleven o'clock when Harold, who had been on a wild goose chase after the burglars, reached his own door. A voice out of the shadows spoke to him.

"Mr. Groves, I've been waiting for you. I'm Jim Dinard."

"Oh, yes—of course. Wait, and I'll get this door open."

"No—I only wish to speak to you a moment. You did me a good turn last year, when I was miles deep in that lawsuit, and couldn't pay you. I think I've done you one now. Your wife came into my drug store to-night. She didn't know me, but I know her. She asked for morphine—an amount that would be a fatal dose. She looked wild and strange. I gave her a harmless sedative powder. I may have been mistaken in regard to her evident intention, but I don't think so."

"My God!" murmured Groves.

"Thank you, Jim," he said then.

He let himself in, went quietly upstairs, noiselessly entered the room, Norine lay asleep; the note she had written was on a small table beside the bed. He took up the sheet—read a few calm, desperate words. Then he dropped the note on the floor between the table and the bed. It was late next morning when Norine lifted her heavy eyelids.

"Well, you lazy girl!" cried a dear familiar voice, "I'm tired waiting breakfast for you. I never knew you to sleep so late. I hear they've caught our intruders. I hope so—although they didn't get very much. I suppose they thought they had a great find when they broke open the locked box which Dave Harding gave me to keep for him, when his folks broke up the engagement between him and Annie Hubbard, and sent him out west. However, in a letter I got from him only this morning, he writes me that the course of true love is running back to marry Annie next month. Make haste, dear. The chops will be like leather."

He left the room. She looked wildly around for her note and picked it up. "The draught from the window must have blown it off the table. Was ever anything so fortunate? But how did that young druggist happen to make such a mistake? Oh! I have been wicked—wicked! Forgive me, dear God, my jealousy, my rash attempt both dark sins! I will never again doubt your love, nor his!"

And, in the sweet humility of her happiness, she never did.

#### The Fortress at Gibraltar.

Up above, where the signal station is, and where no one, not even an officer in uniform, not engaged on the real work, is allowed to go are the real fortifications. What looks like a rock is a monster gun painted gray, of a tree hides the mouth of another. And in this forbidden territory are great cannon, which are worked from the lowest ramparts. These are the present triumphs of Gibraltar. Before they came, the clouds which shut out the sight of the Rock as well as the rest of the world from its summit rendered the great pieces of artillery there as useless in bad weather as they are harmless in times of peace. The very elements threatened to war against the English, and a shower of rain or a veering wind might have altered the fortunes of a battle. But a clever man named Watkins has invented a position funder, by means of which those on the lowest ramparts, well out of the clouds can aim the great guns on the summit at a vessel in great bay. 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