

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIX.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1900.

No. 32.

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
in every insertion, unless by special ar-
rangement for standing notices.

Advertisements will
be accepted on application to the
office, and payment on cash on delivery
or by cheque, or by money order, or by
postal note, or by bank draft, or by
any other method of payment, and the
publisher will not be responsible for
any loss or damage to advertisements
sent by mail.

The Acadian Job Department is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
in all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts
of the country, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
names of the party writing for the ACADIAN
must invariably accompany the contribu-
tion, although the name may be written
in a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.
Office Hours, 8:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:10
a. m.
Express west close at 9:40 a. m.
Express east close at 3:50 p. m.
Kentville close at 6:40 p. m.
Geo. V. Rand, 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. Munro, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. Hugh R.
Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday
morning at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sun-
day School at 10:30 p. m. R. Y. P. U.
Thursday evening at 7:30. Women's Mis-
sionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday
morning at 10:30. Sunday School at 10 a. m.
and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School at 10:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E.
Donkin, Pastor. Services: Sunday
morning at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday
School at 10:30 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wed-
nesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers' Church
Sunday School at 10 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Prayer meeting on Sunday at 7:30 p. m.

UNITED METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E.
Donkin, Pastor. Services: Sunday
morning at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday
School at 10:30 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wed-
nesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers' Church
Sunday School at 10 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Prayer meeting on Sunday at 7:30 p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of O. T. Meet
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 2:30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the third Wednes-
day of each month at 7:30 p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of O. T. Meet
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 2:30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the third Wednes-
day of each month at 7:30 p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of O. T. Meet
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 2:30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the third Wednes-
day of each month at 7:30 p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of O. T. Meet
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 2:30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the third Wednes-
day of each month at 7:30 p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of O. T. Meet
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 2:30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the third Wednes-
day of each month at 7:30 p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of O. T. Meet
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 2:30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the third Wednes-
day of each month at 7:30 p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of O. T. Meet
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 2:30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the third Wednes-
day of each month at 7:30 p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of O. T. Meet
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 2:30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the third Wednes-
day of each month at 7:30 p. m.

THE SOLDIER.

One dreary, dreary afternoon to-
ward the end of June, having nothing
particular to do, I sauntered in the
direction of the Chelsea College gar-
den. This shady little nook holds the
home of one of our old soldiers.

There they sat in solemn rows of furs
and fives, on the wooden benches in the
cool, green shade, dropping away the
long, unbroken afternoon, while they
watched the children at play on the
grass before them.

A great longing came over me to
have something of their lives.

If I could roam across one alone, I
thought, there might be a chance of it.
So, with a lingering, backward look at
the old fellows, I walked on until I
came to a more secluded part of the
garden, where the pensioners culti-
vated little plots of ground and sold
flowers and ferns to the nurses and
children of the proceeds of which en-
abled them to buy tobacco and rum
and other small luxuries.

It had been intensely hot, but now
a refreshing breeze was tossing the
lilac and laburnum trees, and in the
cool of the day the old men were al-
most at work, watering, weeding and
raking away, while they smoked and
changed opinions as to their respective
nurseries.

Crossing the gravel path, I came
upon a bed composed entirely of mig-
nonette. Its fragrance was delightful,
and I paused a moment to enjoy the
scent.

The little garden excited my curiosi-
ty, and I looked with interest at the
gardener. His face was thin and lined
with an expression of settled mel-
ancholy on it, but there was something in
the large, dark eyes and sensitive
mouth that took my fancy.

"Here is an opportunity," I thought.
"He looks like a vicar, approachable,
old man and, I dare say, would be
glad to have a chat."

At that moment as if by some sud-
den transposition of mind, he glanced up
and fixed his speaking orbs on me.

"What lovely mignonette!" I ex-
claimed by way of opening fire.

He smiled, but it was such a sad
smile I wished he hadn't. It somehow
made me feel sick and sorry.

"Let me cut you some, madam," he
said gravely. "I will in a moment, if
you can wait."

"Oh, please, I should like nothing
better!" I answered, smiling myself
and to king on contentedly, while my
eyes turned to work with a long pair
of rusty scissors.

His face interested me strangely,
and when he noticed that the
Victoria cross adorned his breast,
How could I get him to talk?

"May I ask why you cultivate only
one flower?" I inquired, with sudden
inspiration.

He looked at me again in that in-
tense way of his for at least a minute
without speaking then said irrelevantly:

"You have a good, kind face, lady,
and—"

He paused.

"Thank you for saying so," I re-
joined, somewhat tamely, feeling half d-
and wondering what was coming next.

"You asked me just now why I only
grow one flower. I will tell you if you
care to listen."

"Yes," I replied eagerly; "I am all
attention."

"It happened so long ago, yet it
seems only like yesterday. Mignon-
netto!" he half-murmured to him-
self.

I searched rapidly to remind him of
my presence.

"Lad, did you ever love any one
very dearly?" he asked abruptly.

"Have I?" I returned somewhat
taken aback by this unexpected ques-
tion.

"Well, yes, I have been fond of
several people I have met at differ-
ent times of my life," was my discreet
reply.

"Those two were the only ones I
care for in this world—Mignon and
Ralph Stanley."

She had a passion for mignonette. That is why we called
her Mignon, and she was as sweet as
the flower itself, with her bluebell eyes
and nut brown hair.

"Who was the other?" I ventured
to ask after a pause.

"Again he veterans seemed to forget
my existence as he sighed and said
genuinely:

"To think that I ever passed it
and they were such a happy pair too!
She could not help loving him, the
social, handsome lad. Men and
officers alike adored him."

"He loved with you, then?"

"Yes, but I was only in the ranks,
while he held a commission."

"Yet you were friends?"

"Friend—ye that we were; from
our schoolboy days we were chums.
When Ralph was sent to the Crimea
war, I threw everything to the winds,
enlisted in his regiment and went, too,
and we fought in many a fierce battle
together. But one thought kept us
through all—love little Mignon, the
vicar's daughter. Ah, what happy
idyllic times they were at the vicarage!"

Mignon was an only child; her
father, our coach, Ralph's and mine.
What merry little tea parties we had
—just we four, the scent of mignonette
everywhere. The garden, the windows
and the rooms of the old house were
full of it—mignonette, all mignonette!"

My glance wandered to the flowers
blooming at my feet as I tried to pic-
ture the little scene put before me.

"And Ralph loved Mignon as well as
I," he pursued, "though neither of us
knew the other's secret. Well, those
happy days came to an end. Young
Stanley left us to study for the army,
while I remained to stagnate in my
father's office in town."

"How I envied Ralph's luck! Not
that I grudged him any good thing,
but my lot in life did seem hard in
comparison to his. As the time passed
my restlessness and discontent in-
creased. Despite my attachment to Mignon,
my humdrum, monotonous existence
was so hateful to me. So, when the
war broke out and Ralph was ordered
abroad, I made up my mind to go, too,
in the ranks of the same regiment."

He was an opportunity not to be lost
of leading a more glorious life—to fight
for my country, my people and for the
love of old England."

"How I dreamed of the home coming
after the work was done! Death had
no place in my mind. How I antici-
pated the meeting with Mignon with the
love light that I—poor fool—imagined
she felt for me shining in her soft blue
eyes. I thought I would pour out my
heart and tell her I had come back to
claim her, never to part any more.
As, if I had but known that she
loved for Ralph I should have been
spared many a headache in after
years."

The old soldier gazed abstractedly at
his mignonette and doubtless I'd over
again that memorable campaign, while
I wondered if the cross on his breast
had anything to do with his history.

He answered my glance.

"I am coming to that now, lady.
One bitter November night, or rather
morning, we awoke to find the enemy
beating down on us overwhelming
numbers before our camp was a fire.
The men, however, soon roused and
fought as soldiers to shoulder amid the
roar and din of cannon, which mad-
ded alike men and beast. After a
while I became conscious only of one
thing—a figure a few yards ahead of
me fighting for dear life. I can see
the look on his face now! It was trans-
parent, shining with dauntless courage;
that I had not before the onslaught
of the Russians. I believe, at that
moment, Ralph lived in every fibre of
his being. He glared in a light—no
more. He was surrounded and cut
off from the rest of us by six or
seven of the enemy double his size.
Suddenly he staggered and fell. Then
I found myself struggling and crushing
roughly until I reached the stricken
figure. There he lay so white and
stiff, with his bare young face up-
turned to the leaden sky. My arms
went instinctively round him, and as I
turned and looked at the lot of them—
perhaps it was fancy—but a change
tossing the flowers in my lap—"

seemed to come into their eyes, glit-
tering eyes as they involuntarily fell
back a pace or two. It was only for
a moment. They again pressed for-
ward, and no doubt the pair of us
would have been quickly cut to mince
meat but for an unexpected situation
created just then by the arrival of the
Boniakillan dragons. With their aid
the Russians were completely routed,
and in the confusion of their retreat and
as I managed to carry Ralph safely
back to camp."

"And you escaped unscathed?"

"No, unluckily, lady, I received
some very bad cuts on my head and
back, which brought about my dis-
charge from the army as being unfit
for active service. When I had some-
what recovered, Ralph told me that
Mignon had promised to become his
wife, and six months later they were
married."

"Did Mignon ever know that you
cared for her?" I asked rather haughty.

"Yes, many years after, when they
came to see me here, I think, as they
carried away some of my mignonette,
they both guessed it for the first time."

A bell near by changed not the tea
hour as he finished speaking, so, with
a close clasp of the hand my old man
and I parted.

His Case of Fright.

"Very few grow up people know
what fright really means, except, per-
haps in dreams," said the quietest
man in the group that had been spin-
ning yarns in the hotel corridor.

"When I speak of fright," he continued,
"I don't mean alarm in any of its ordi-
nary senses—I mean that sort of
brute panic that robs a man of speech,
thought and volition; that turns him
sick and cold; that leaves such a deep
and indelible scar on his whole nervous
organization that the very memory of it,
years afterward, will make him quail
and shudder. It is impossible, in my
opinion, for mere danger to produce
that feeling, even in the rankest
cowards, for you must bear in mind it
is not fear that I am endeavoring to
describe but something entirely differ-
ent, something again which personal
courage furnishes no immunity what-
ever. When a man is afraid, his in-
stinct is to run away, to escape; when
he is frightened, he has no such im-
pulse—he simply suffers. I never had
but one experience of that kind in my
life, and the circumstances of the case
were very commonplace. I'll tell you
about it in as few words as possible."

"In 1889 I was holding a job as
proof reader in a big printing establish-
ment in Chicago. The building then
occupied by the concern was a rambling
old barracks of a place, and the little
enclosure where I worked was in the
extreme rear of the upper floor, which
was used as a composing room. Next
to my cubby hole was another and
considerably larger enclosure, where
a religious weekly was set up on special
contract. That second room had a
sisister reputation, for the sufficiently
starting reason that it had been the
scene of two suicides. A former col-
lector for the firm, who was short in
his accounts, had gone there to blow
his brains out, and later on, a poor old
printer, broken down and despondent,
had cut his throat in front of the
cracked looking glass which hung over
the sink. All that happened before
my time but the memory of it abided,
and it seemed to invest the place with
a peculiar air of gloom."

"I have gone into these details to
give you an idea of the lay of the
premises, and now I'll get to the point.
One night in the fall of the year, I had
an unusual lot of proofs to read and
I decided to go back, after a late supper,
and finish them up before going to bed.
When I reached the building on my
return from the restaurant, everybody
had gone, and the place was as black
and still as a cave, but I let myself in
by a side door and groped my way up
stairs, tumbling in my pocket for a
match. To my annoyance I didn't
have a single one, but I remembered
there was a boxful on a table in the
office of the religious weekly, and,
knowing the composing room pretty
thoroughly, I started without hesita-
tion for my den."

"The sky was stormy and overcast
that night, and inside the building it
was perfectly dark, so dark that I
could not see my hand before my face—"

Nevertheless I reached the proof-room
without any mishap and had just open-
ed the door of the adjoining enclosure
to get the matches when the thought
of the two suicides flashed through my
brain and sent an icy shiver down my
spine. For a moment I had an im-
pulse to back out and beat a retreat,
and, while I put that aside, I won't
deny that I was considerably unnerved.
The loneliness of the place, the pitch
darkness, the whispering noises one
can always hear in a big empty build-
ing at night and the memory of that
ghastly story of self murder, all made
my heart beat like a drum, and it
required every particle of resolution I
possessed to enable me to take a step
forward.

"I moved slowly and cautiously,
with my right arm extended to ward
off obstacles, and had advanced perhaps
a dozen paces when my slatted hand
was laid flatly upon a human face. I
could feel the nose and eye sockets
against my fingers, and a stubble of
beard picked my palm. Now, gentle-
men, this may seem like nothing as I
tell it here; with the incandescents
ablaze and people passing to and fro,
but in that black, deserted roomery it
was the incarnation of horror. I re-
alized then and there, for the first time
in my life, the real meaning of the
word fright. If I had actually seen a
ghost, it would have shaken me less
but that face against my hand in the
dark—ah, I will never forget it, never,
as long as I live!"

"I recoiled, and as I did so my fin-
gers touched the matchbox. By pure
instinct I snatched out a dozen matches
and struck them on the table. A gas
jet was half a foot away, and in an
instant I had it lit. Then I understood
the situation, and you will smile, no
doubt, when I explain. A printer,
whom I knew very well and who was
the set of the office, was standing be-
side one of the cases in a drunken daze.
He had been on a spree, and when the
office was closed he was lying asleep,
unnoticed, behind a pile of paper. My
steps on the stairs had aroused him,
and he staggered to his feet and stood
there, silent and stupid, until I blun-
dered against him in the dark."

"That's the story, and, as I said be-
fore, it seems like nothing to tell, yet
the bare thought of it has brought the
sweat to my forehead."

Five Art in Murder.

"So they located him in St. Louis,
and they hanged him in Chicago in-
side of a year, all because of half a
broken cuff button in the dead man's
room. It was a little thing, but some-
such little thing is always there to tell
the tale. Murder will out." And the
police inspector stretched his feet on
the opposite seat of the smoking com-
partment and leaned back with the air
of a man who has thoroughly demon-
strated his proposition.

"Yes, murder will out—maybe," he
replied the mining engineer as he ad-
justed the stem of a cigar into an
amber holder for a new lease of smoke.
"There is nothing that strikes me as
more palpably moonstruck than that
same quotation. Of course some mur-
ders come out, and it is only those
that do come out that stand any chance
of being identified as murders. Take
a practical view of it. If a really
crafty man wants to commit murder
do you suppose he is going to knock
his game on the head with a club or
shoot him up a whole lot on the public
highway? Talk about De Quincey's
Murder as a Fine Art! I never could
see any art in it. All of his murders
were without any character to them
except buckets of blood. Why, I
knew an engineer of an electric plant
down in South America who could
have given De Quincey points and
who put his man out of the way so
that the coroner didn't think it worth
while to hold an inquest."

"You see, they had put in an electric
light plant in Caracas along with an
ice machine and some artesian wells
so the town was feeling pretty metro-
politan. The company had to take all
his help down there from the States,
but when the plant was up and running
they sent the most of them back or
drafted them off on other jobs, so that
about all they kept were a few line-men
and the engineer and his assistant.
These two engineers were thrown to-
gether all the time, slept in the same

Congratulations!!

Follow the Purchase of One of Our
Stylish Spring Suits and Overcoats.

We offer for your selection one of the Largest and Choicest Stocks of
English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds,

And West of England and Canadian Worsted, and Light Overcoatings ever
shown in Kings County. Goods to suit every taste and condition.

Tweed Suits from \$14.00 up.
Worsted Suits from \$18.00 up.
Stylish Light Overcoats from \$13.00 up.

Don't fail to see the very latest things in Golf Trousers and Fancy
Vestings.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.

N. Crandall, - Manager.

Telephone 35.

Now is the Time

To Book Orders for

Seeds and Fertilizers

With

Starr, Son & Franklin.

quart-ers, ate at the same table and
quite naturally in three months were
ready to kill each other on sight.

"The assistant taught the chief poker
and the chief developed rapidly, and
pretty soon put his instructor into the
hole for three months wages. It was
summer. The weather was muggy as
the inside of a Turkish bath. They
hated each other and had nobody else
to talk to. They played cards in self-
defense after work was over, and snar-
led over every jack pot. The weather
was in their nerves until they felt as
though yellow fever with a furlough
attached would be an undisguised
blessing.

"The assistant couldn't see any way
of winning himself out of the hole, and
he made up his mind to get even and
quit or kill the chief. So one night
when the other had thrown out some
slur about people that played for paper
because it was easy paid the assistant
made the chief a proposition to play
him one cold hand double or quits.
The chief had something like a full
house at a four flush, and then the
other made up his mind to kill him and
put an end to it all.

"It was before the days of direct con-
nected dynamo, and the plant was
fixed with an old Westinghouse hori-
zontal engine and a belt connected double
brush dynamo set at the other end of
the room far enough off to give the belt
a good away on the pulleys. He told
me he often sat smoking and figuring
just how he could get rid of the chief.
He was prejudiced against poison, be-
cause he didn't think it could be work-
ed without leaving a claw. He thought
sometimes of tripping the old man into
the fly wheel when the plant was run-
ning, but there might be some hitch
about that, as the fireman were always
just inside the boiler room, and besides
the chief didn't drink, and engineers
don't stumble into their machines when
sober. Finally he hit what he thought
was a good plan.

"The old man, who wasn't any older
than his assistant, always oiled round
just at midnight. When the chief look-
ed at the clock and started after his oil
can, the assistant went to the closet and
took out a good sized wad of waste and
dipped it in the water bucket. Then

he walked up close to the driving wheel
of the engine. Naturally the driving
wheel was bigger than the pulley wheel
of the dynamo, so the belt ran on a
down grade to the small pulley, passing
right along side the brass oil cup on the
main journal.

"When the chief lifted the cap of the
oil cup, the assistant called to the dogs
in the fire room to lead him a match.
That was merely to drop a witness on
hand. Then to dropped his wad of
wet waste on the running belt and
walked toward the fire room door. The
wad of waste struck where it was drop-
ped and was carried down like a flash
by the belt. It fetched up slap between
the oil cup and the brushes and ground
2,000 volts of alternating current
right through the chief's hand.

"The lights blinked just as the dogs
showed up in the doorway, and, thus
calling the assistant's attention to what
had happened, he reached over and
yanked the belt off the driver at the
imminent risk of loosing his own arm.
The engine raced a bit, but he shut her
down before any harm was done, and
then they struck a light and went to
the assistance of the chief. But it was
too late. He died without ever recover-
ing consciousness.

"The fireman who didn't know the
difference between oil and water in a
piece of waste, told marvelous tales
about the assistant's quick action in
shutting down the plant, and the direct-
ors of the company gave him the chief's
vacant berth along with a raise of wages
and a beautiful letter complimenting
him on his courage and promptitude in
the emergency.

"He worked a dredge engine for me
afterward down on the coast, and when
he was about passing out with chagrin
fever he told me the story to ease his
mind. For practical purposes I don't
think that murder ever came out."

A CARD.

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree
to refund the money on a twenty-five
cent bottle of Dr. Williams' English Pills, if,
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' En-
glish Pills are used.
GEORGE V. RAND, Druggist, Wolf-
ville, N. S.